

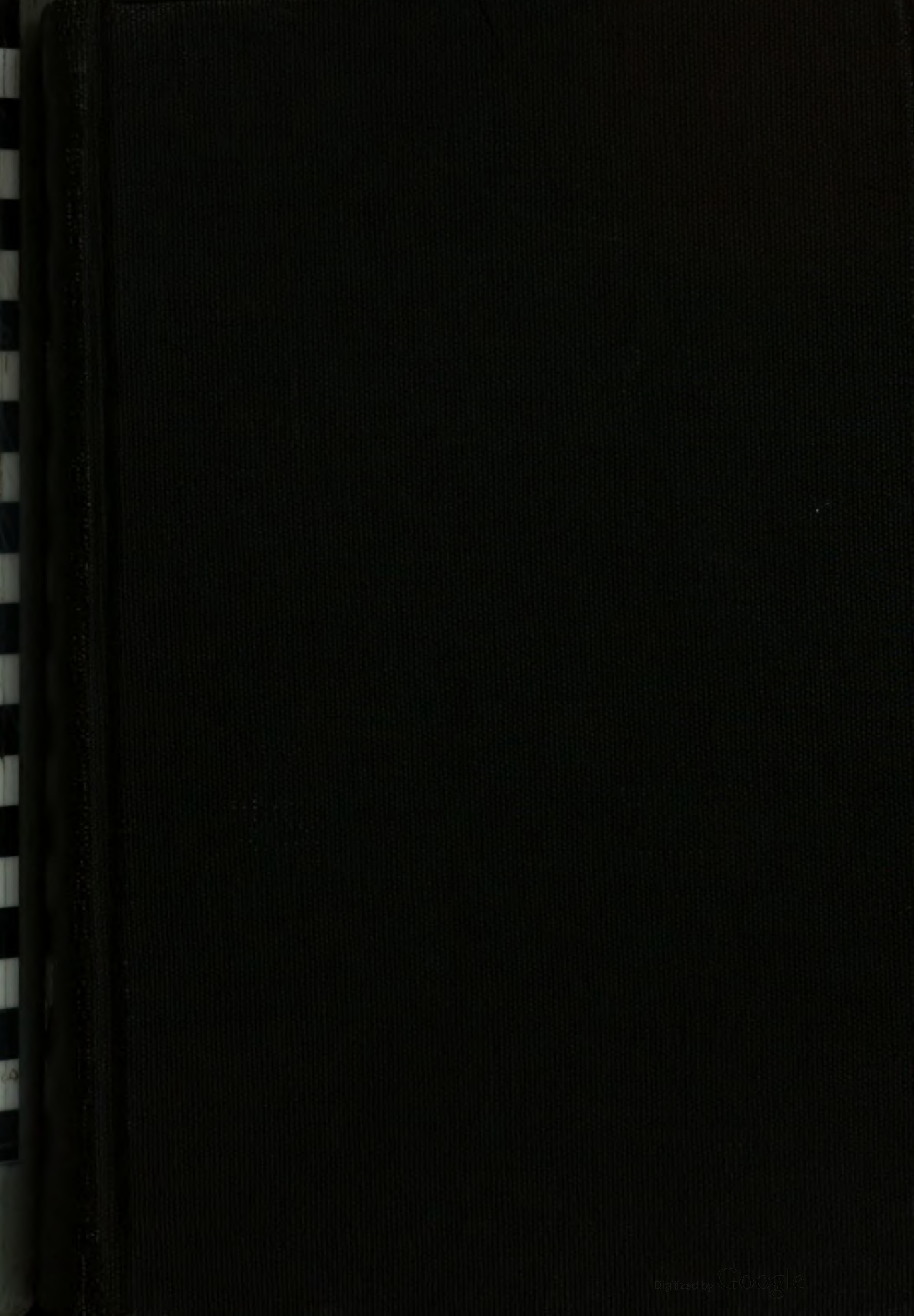
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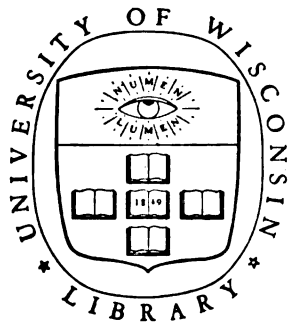
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THE



WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

VOLUME LVIII.

JULY AND OCTOBER, 1852.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

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

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD STREET.

1852.



*[Handwritten signature]*

.....  
**E. CRAIGHEAD, Printer and Stereotyper,**  
83 Vesey street, N. Y.

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*TERMS.—For one Review, \$3 a year; for Two, \$5; for Three, \$7; for the Four, \$8; Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; Blackwood and the Four Reviews, \$10.*

RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster

QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCLXXXVIII.

THE

WESTMINSTER

REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. CXIII.—JULY, 1852.

AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXV. No. I.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.  
FETRIDGE & Co., CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., and REDDING & Co., Boston; LITTLE & Co.  
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*TERMS.—For one Review, \$3 a year; for Two, \$5; for Three, \$7; for the Four, \$8; Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; Blackwood and the Four Reviews, \$10.*

RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster

QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCXCH.

THE

**WESTMINSTER  
REVIEW.**

**N<sup>o</sup>. CXIV.—OCTOBER, 1852.**

**AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXV. No. II.**

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.  
FETTRIDGE & Co., CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., and REDDING & Co., Boston; LITTLE & Co.,  
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THE  
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No. CXIII.

FOR JULY, 1852.

ART. I.—SECULAR EDUCATION.

1. *Education as a Means of Preventing Destitution; with Exemplifications from the teaching of the Conditions of Well-Being, and the Principles and Applications of Economical Science, at the Birkbeck Schools. Prefaced by a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P.* By William Ellis, Author of the "Outlines of Social Economy," &c. 8vo. pp. 153. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.
2. *The Rise and Progress of National Education in England; its Obstacles, Wants, and Prospects: a Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M. P.* By Richard Church, Hon. Sec. of the Yorkshire Society for Promoting National Education. 8vo. pp. 125. London. John Chapman.
3. *The First, Second, and Third Annual Reports of Williams's Secular School.* Edinburgh. Maclachlan and Stewart. London. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

In the *Home Journal* of New York, of the 25th of October, 1851, we read the following remarks:—

"There are two classes of philanthropists—the feelers and the thinkers, the impulsive and the systematic—those who devote themselves to the relief or the mitigation of existing misery, and those who, with a long patience, a deep insight, and a wider vision, endeavour to prevent its recurrence and perpetuation by an investigation and eradication of its causes. The former, in imitation, as they imagine, of their master, go from house to house, assuaging wretchedness; but, alas! not always doing good; relieving present evils, but too often leaving an increasing crop ever springing up under their footsteps; attended and rewarded by blessings, but doomed, probably, at length to feel that they have ill-deserved them.

Far different is the course of the latter class: their life is spent in a laborious research into remote and hidden causes—in a patient and painful analysis of the operation of principles from the misapplication or forgetfulness of which our social disorders have sprung—in sowing seeds and elucidating laws that are to destroy the evil at a distant date which they themselves may never see, while sometimes its pressure may be aggravated during the period which they do see.

"They are neither rewarded by the gratitude of those for whom they toil—since the blessings they confer are often in disguise and *in futurum*—nor gratified by beholding the fruit of their benevolent exertions, for the harvest may not be ripe till all of them have passed away, and till most of them have been forgotten. Nay, more, they are misrepresented, misconstrued, accused of hardness of heart by a misconceiving generation, and too often cursed and thwarted by the very men in whose service they have spent their strength. And while those who have chosen the simpler and easier path are reaping blessings, in return for the troubles they have ignorantly stimulated and perpetuated by relieving, these men—the martyrs of philanthropy—must find their consolation and support in unswerving adherence to true principles, and unshrinking faith in final victory; and must seek their recompense, if they need one, in the tardy recognition of their virtues by a distant and a wiser time—addressing themselves to the most unthankful task of attacking the source rather than the symptoms—of eradicating social evils rather than alleviating them."

There is great beauty and truth in this representation, and the advocates of the universal education of the people must take their lot with the second class of philanthropists here described. We have published so much on this subject, that it is difficult to find new topics either to enforce or illustrate it; but as new minds are constantly entering the field, and old opponents continue to repeat oft-refuted objections, the friends of the cause should never relax in the dissemi-

nation of their principles until victory has crowned their efforts.

On the present occasion we propose to consider, *First*, The necessity for educating the people; *Secondly*, What kind of education should be given to them; and, *Thirdly*, By what means that education should be supplied.

It may appear superfluous, in the present day, to discuss the necessity for educating the people; but there are many well-meaning, influential, and by no means unintelligent persons, in both the higher and middle ranks, who continue to express doubts of the expediency of such a measure. We lately heard an extensive landed proprietor, a man of taste and talent, and himself an author, gravely expounding the danger of rendering the working classes too refined for their inevitable condition and duties, and, in consequence, discontented and dangerous, if their tastes and intellect were awakened and enlarged by a really good education. "If," said he, "all are rendered intelligent, and trained to skilled labour, where shall we find hewers of wood and drawers of water?" This gentleman and all of his class may keep their minds at ease on this point. Different capacities are bestowed by nature on different individuals, and after we shall have done our best to instruct and train the people, there will always remain a sufficient number of them whom no education, however much it may improve their morality, will ever raise intellectually above the humbler duties of civilized life. By a thorough education of the employers of labour, also, and by the interposition of science, the duties of the humblest working man may be rendered far less irksome than they now are, and by this means his position may be improved to an extent quite equal to his advance in intelligence and refinement. The necessity for educating the working man is dictated by the very reasons which these objectors urge as arguments against it. In the savage and barbarian states of society, the humblest member of the tribe is not, in point of acquired information, intellectual power, and refinement of taste, nearly so far below his chief and the magnates of the land, as is the peasant or labourer who can neither read nor write, beneath our educated upper and middle ranks. The high instruction of the minority, and the unabated savage-like ignorance of the majority of our population, have silently effected the greatest social revolution that the world has ever witnessed. Education has given a scope of knowledge and an intellectual capacity to the former, which have placed in their hands the resources of nature, wealth, refinement,

and political power, to an extent unparalleled in the history of nations, while scarcely one step in advance in all these advantages has been made by that portion of the people which continues altogether uneducated. The consequence is, that in helplessness, ignorance, intellectual incapacity, improvidence, vices, and coarseness of feeling, the latter exhibit many of the characteristics of the red Indian, without his self-respect, power of endurance, and circumspection. The atmosphere of civilization has dimmed their manhood, while it has left many of the worst features of the savage or barbarian state unchanged. Need we wonder, then, that those mental qualities ripen into crime and pauperism, and overflow the land as with a wasting flood?

This degradation punishes, with scorpions' stings, the upper and middle classes, through whose blindness and apathy it has occurred. If they have human sympathies, they are galled, particularly in seasons of scarcity, by the spectacle of wan-faced, sickly, starving men; emaciated, half-naked, dirty, and debased women; ragged, shivering, and famished children, whose numbers are so overwhelming that they plunge the kind-hearted in despair. Again, they are visited by tax-collectors, claiming their substance for the support of criminal officers, gaols, houses of correction, ships for transportation, and pauper workhouses, to an extent that often seriously impairs their power of educating and providing for their own offspring and dependents, and this solely to restrain and maintain this abject portion of our people. They are exposed also to the overflowings of infectious diseases, which ever and anon break out in the dens of filth and misery where those unfortunate creatures reside, and which, occasionally reaching the higher ranks, sweep away, indiscriminately, youth and age among them as if by an avenging scourge. Finally, they live in a habitual sense of danger from the overwhelming physical power, unguided by knowledge, and unrestrained by moral and religious principle, which is known to reside in the masses. They fear that if pressed upon beyond endurance, it may, at any moment, burst forth like a volcano, and deluge the country with blood.

These are some of the reasons which dictate the necessity for educating the people; and they appear to us so cogent, that our surprise is great that they have not sooner produced energetic action. One grand cause of the prevailing indifference may be found in the want of political power on the part of the masses. We are no believers in the capacity of ignorance successfully to execute

social functions which require knowledge and experience for their beneficial exercise, and still less in the notion that any multiples of ignorance will constitute knowledge. But in *this* we have undoubted faith—that if the people possessed political power, the mere selfish instincts of the upper and middle classes would render them as anxious to educate them, as they have hitherto been apathetic. When we visit the lion in his cage, and are satisfied that the bars have strength sufficient to confine him, we look with indifference, or mere curiosity, on his teeth and his claws; but break down the iron gratings, and let him loose upon us, or shut us up beside him, and we should hasten to extract, if we could, those implements of destruction. Thus it is with the people. While we are able, by horse, foot, and artillery, criminal officers, judges, and gaols, to restrain them, with all their rude habits and fierce instincts rife within them, we quietly leave them in degradation until we settle our own ecclesiastical and theological disputes regarding the persons by whom, and the manner in which, their teeth and claws should be removed. Were they once invested with votes for parliamentary representatives, and let loose into the political arena, other counsels would speedily be seen to prevail. In the United States of North America we were witnesses to this result. When the masses, enjoying universal suffrage, began to take an interest in political questions, and to decide them by their votes, every form of Conservatism became alarmed. The rich discovered that their lives and property were in the hands of the people, and there arose among them one unanimous cry, Let us educate them, or we perish! The philanthropists who, from benevolent and patriotic motives, had long called aloud for education unheeded, and the religious public who, from the love of souls, but with the same want of success, had petitioned for the instruction of the people, suddenly found their ranks recruited and their spirits cheered by the owners of lands and dollars, who cared not for the people, but who now feared them as the fountains of legislative power; and also by the better class of trading politicians, who, looking only to place and profit, perceived that ignorant electors would be prone to bestow these on the most unprincipled candidates who promised most recklessly and flattered most egregiously. All interests, therefore, were now united, and the legislatures of the States entered upon the work of education in earnest. The issue was, that entrance to a school for secular instruction was provided free to every child in the commonwealth.

There is a general conviction in the States that on the success of the teaching and training in these schools, more than on any other single cause, will henceforth depend the prosperity and endurance of the Union.

Who that is endowed with a sense of justice will not condemn the spirit in which the education of the people is resisted in our own country? The abject ignorance of the masses is urged as a plea for denying them the political franchise; yet we refuse to remove that ignorance! We complain of their recklessness, drunkenness, vices, and crimes, and of the load of taxation which these entail upon us; yet we decline to use the most effectual means for diminishing these evils! And why? Because, forsooth, we profess to be so deeply interested about their souls, that we cannot consent to remove their temporal sufferings without at the same time securing their salvation! But we cannot agree among ourselves regarding the true way of salvation! And the practical result is, that although there is little difficulty in deciding on the means of improving their temporal well-being, this must not be attempted until we have settled also the faith which they must be taught, to insure the welfare of their souls! Such a mode of action is disowned by justice, reason, benevolence, and, let us add, by true religion; and we must look for its source in something different from all these. It springs from Churchism, and Sectarianism, consciously or unconsciously cloaking themselves under the pretence of care for the souls of the people. These *isms*, when closely examined, are embodiments of mere self-love, the love of dominion, bigotry, and all uncharitableness; and their fruit corresponds with the trees which produce it.

Assuming, then, that the people should be educated, we proceed to inquire, what kind of education should be given to them? Hitherto, it has generally been supposed that instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism, constitutes an ample education for the lower orders of the people. We wholly dissent from this opinion. To reach the merits of this question, we must look deeper than the surface of existing social institutions. We must examine into the nature of man, and into that of the divine government to which he is subjected.

The Scriptures describe to us a divine government conducted by supernatural means. In the time of the Commonwealth many of our ancestors believed in the permanent continuance of this form of administration, and conceived themselves to be living under it. They sought for tem-

poral well-being, in soundness of religious faith, and for victory, in prayer. They ascribed famine, defeat, pestilence, and other calamities, to Heaven's avenging wrath, excited by their sins and unbelief. But the progress of science, and an extended experience, have banished this notion from the minds of the great majority of Englishmen of our own generation. Is there, then, any other form of divine government cognizable by man? If there is not, then the world must be a theatre of anarchy, without the practical manifestation of a God! and Atheism must be true! If another form of divine rule exists, and is comprehensible by man, it follows that a really practical education can be no other than one which instructs the youthful mind in the method and leading details of this government, and trains it to subordinate all its desires, pursuits, and actions, to the divine requirements.

Now, do reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism fulfil this condition? Words are mere arbitrary sounds invented to express ideas and emotions, and have no natural connection with the things signified. This fact is palpably demonstrated by the difference of the words invented by different nations to express the same object or desire. Trite and obvious as this remark is, the educators of the people in past ages have generally been blind to the practical conclusion which follows from it. They have taught the children of the poor to read words, but they have used no adequate means to enable the reader to attach ideas to the sounds he utters. In consequence, the reading, except in the case of individuals of superior native talent, conveyed but little instruction, and excited no interest. In his school books, the pupil found most meagre information concerning the objects with which he was to deal in practical life—such, for example, as the qualities and modes of action of the things which are the fountains of wealth, and also of health or disease; the qualities of the animals which men are called on to rear, the faculties of the mind, which, operating in himself and his fellow-men, constantly affect his social condition; the laws of his country which he is called on to obey; and a thousand other items of information on which every man's well-being on earth depends. "Our education," says the shrewd and sensible Montaigne, "has not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but it has imprinted in us their derivation and etymology. We know how to decline virtue, but we know not how to love it. If we do not know what prudence is really, and in effect, and by experience, we have it,

however, by heart!" So blind were even men called educated to the fact that words do not convey their own meaning, that in the Highlands of Scotland, the Celtic peasantry, who understood no language but Gaelic, were, for half a century, taught to spell, pronounce, and read English, without its having ever occurred to the schoolmasters who taught them, to the clergy who superintended the schools, or to the landlords who paid the schoolmasters, that it was necessary also to tell the children what the English words meant in Gaelic, before they could understand them! These children read English fluently, but they did not attach a single idea to the sounds. When they were spoken to in the words which they had read, they stared vacantly as if they had been addressed in Dutch or French! This fact would appear incredible, were it not authenticated beyond the possibility of dispute. An irrefragable record of it appears in a *Prize Essay on the State of Society and Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland*, from 1745 to 1825, by Mr. John Anderson, Writer to the Signet, published at Edinburgh in 1827. After stating the facts now mentioned, Mr. Anderson gives an extract from a letter of "a Highland clergyman to an intimate friend" of the author, in which the clergyman says:—

"Pray, what is the use of forcing children to read and repeat what they do not understand? I could find thousands in the Highlands of Scotland who will read the *English Bible* tolerably well, but cannot understand more than *yes*, or *no*; and being thus obliged to continue reading a language completely unintelligible to them, it gives them no pleasure, but rather disgust; and the moment they leave school, if they remain at home, they lay their books aside and never look at them more."

This practice continued in the Highlands till the beginning of the present century, and in particular localities to a much later date.

The example is instructive to all educators. The labourers of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, and other counties of England, speak dialects certainly more nearly related than the Gaelic to the English language, but still so remote from the language of English classical literature, presented in books, that to them, also, English is, to a very considerable extent, a foreign tongue, and, therefore, unintelligible until explained. Moreover, no word can, in any country or circumstances, be correctly understood until it has been connected in the mind with some definite comprehensible idea, emotion, or sensation. The common

reading of schools, therefore, is not in itself knowledge of anything beyond that of the sounds of certain combinations of letters. Acute minds, as they grow up, may learn the meaning of many words by insensible induction from hearing them used, or by reading and guessing at their signification. But to enjoy the former source of instruction, they must mingle familiarly with persons who speak the language of books, which few labourers do; and to profit by the latter they must be endowed with something approaching to a genius for literature in its highest forms.

Need we be surprised, then, at the slender improvement which our peasantry and labouring people generally derive from the art of reading, and at the rapidity with which many of them forget it? The grand difficulty in the way of improving our schools is, as we have said, the ardour of the religious public to provide for the salvation of the people as a concomitant to teaching them the things conducive to their temporal well-being. But this zeal has a parently blinded their understandings to the utter inadequacy of the "reading" which they have so long taught in common schools to accomplish this object. It does not enable the humbler classes to understand the language of the liturgy and the pulpit! If the religious opponents of secular education will only try an experiment on a class of labourers of forty years of age, they will make a discovery that will probably prove little less astounding to them than was that made by the Scotch clergy, when an enlightened Highland landlord opened their eyes to the profound ignorance of the Celts concerning the meaning of the English language after half a century of instruction in its words. Let them read some pages of the prayer-book, and of the last sermon that was preached, to twenty such persons, taken at random, in a country parish, and ask the assembled hearers what notions they attach to the words; their answers will reveal the extent to which they are capable of profiting by listening to such exercises, and we venture to predict that it will be limited indeed. The influence of the lay preachers sent forth by some sects, over the common people, may be traced, to a considerable extent, to the colloquial language which they employ. Their words and sentences convey ideas, and awaken emotions in the listeners, because they are already the representatives of ideas and emotions in uncultivated minds. The Church will never enjoy this advantage until the "reading" in schools is rendered significant; and this cannot be done without a system of in-

struction that shall convey the information and awaken the feelings in the humbler hearers which the language of the pulpit is intended, although not in their case calculated, to express.

The second element in the people's education is "writing." In general this is carried little farther than instructing them how to form the letters and words of the language. They are not taught composition; many of them scarcely the common rules of grammar. And there is too good a reason for this omission; they cannot learn composition, or the art of forming intelligible sentences (lacking which "writing" is a shadow), without knowing the meaning of the words they employ; and their common education does not teach them such meaning! If, then, we except individuals of great natural talent, who surmount difficulties by inherent acuteness and energy, we may safely affirm that the "writing" taught in the schools for the people is as inefficient for raising their condition as is their "reading."

"Arithmetic" is the third branch of instruction, and it is all good, however limited in extent; for children can scarcely fail to discover the meaning of "twice one is two;" and "three times four are twelve." But if we give them no more solid instruction than a knowledge of numbers, we shall bestow on them the power of counting without anything to reckon. Arithmetic may be compared to a common yard measure, or a sliding rule, placed in the hands of a labourer. If he have nothing corporeal, or incorporeal, to compute or measure, it will be of small utility to him in his daily life.

The last element in our common school education is "the catechism," and whatever portion of religious instruction usually accompanies it. We shall allow the advocates of this instruction to attach to it the highest importance which their most sanguine estimates of its advantages can reach; but we ask them—is its object the spiritual welfare of the pupil in the world to come, or his temporal well-being in the present life? Notoriously, and undeniably, it is chiefly the former, and it was not framed with any systematic or intentional view to the latter. That it contains not only metaphysical theology which can never be practically applied to the improvement of mankind in this world, but also moral precepts which are conducive to that end, as well as to salvation, is freely allowed; but the secular Educationists desire to introduce into schools not only these precepts, but such an exposition of the order of nature as shall give them force as practical

rules, and such a training of the understanding and affections as shall render them guides to conduct in this life. Moral precepts are taught in the schools of the United States of North America, and can be successfully taught in this country, apart from theological dogmas. The former are based on nature, as well as commanded in Scripture; they are invariable, and bind all sects alike; while the latter vary as sects differ. Each sect will teach its own dogmas to its own children, and, as all agree in the precepts of morality, each will enforce these as an appendage to its own theology, and thus give new efficacy to the moral lessons of the secular school.

But a good deal more than moral precepts and religious dogmas teaching the way to salvation, is necessary to remove the wretchedness of our present condition. The social evil with which England is afflicted is *temporal*. Large masses of her people are destitute of food, clothing, and shelter; they are ignorant of the natural causes which have placed them in this condition, and of the natural means of escaping from it; and in consequence they are unhappy, restless, reckless, vicious, criminal! The Churches of nearly all denominations say, "As a remedy for this temporal misery, let us teach them religious truth." There may be a benevolent piety in such a proposal, but there is little practical wisdom. It is to some extent the counterpart of the conduct of the slave-holders in America. They fine, imprison, or banish any benevolent person who presumes to teach their slaves to read, write, and think; while they not only allow, but many of them pay missionaries to instruct them in the way of salvation! Nor is this instruction without its advantages. It is not meant, nor does it tend, to *remove* the miseries of their temporal condition; but it soothes their minds under them with the hope of a futurity in which "no Christians shall thirst for gold," and in which the slave shall be free from his master; and this prospect renders them more tranquil and resigned under the load of their present ills. If the religious opponents of secular instruction would acknowledge that this is also *their* object, we could understand them; but as they profess to be as desirous to remove the temporal sufferings of the people as we are, we are forced to inquire into the relation of the catechism, and the religious instruction which accompanies it *to this end*.

The late Dr. Chalmers attempted to grapple with this question. In the third number of the *North British Review*, he published an

article on the Political Economy of the Bible, in which he arrived at the conclusion that it is not necessary to teach the laws of Political Economy to the people, but only the morality and religion of the Gospel, and that in virtue of the governing laws of Providence, public prosperity will result from the sum of private duties duly discharged, without the individuals knowing *how* this is brought about. Most of the existing schools for the people appear to have been founded on this principle. They omit instruction in physical, physiological, and economical causation, and give moral and religious instruction often of the most general kind, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and their conductors appear to consider these as sufficient guides to *temporal* prosperity. This instruction expounds no practical plan, order, or rules, according to which temporal well-being is bestowed or withheld by Providence. According to Dr. Chalmers, it is not necessary to teach this to the people. But is such a conclusion warranted by philosophy? We shall by and by inquire into this point: meantime, as comprehending the origin of a vicious system often disposes men to desire its removal, we shall briefly advert to the history of our existing scholastic institutions. This has been ably given by Dr. Adam Smith in his book v., chapter i., of *The Wealth of Nations*.

"In the ancient philosophy," says he, "whatever was taught concerning the nature either of the human mind or of the Deity, made a part of the 'System of Physica.' The object which the ancient moral philosophy proposed to investigate was, wherein consisted the happiness and perfection of a man, considered not only as an individual, but as the member of a family, of a state, and of the great society of mankind."

But the greater part of the universities of Europe were ecclesiastical corporations, institutions for the education of churchmen founded by authority of the Pope; and the subjects taught in them were suitable to the end of their institution, either theology, or something that was merely preparatory to theology.

"At last," says he, "the doctrine of spirits, of which so little can be known, came to take up as much room in the system of philosophy as the doctrine of bodies, of which so much can be known. The doctrines concerning these two subjects were considered as making two distinct sciences. What are called metaphysics or pneumatics were set in opposition to physics, and were cultivated not only as the more sublime, but, for the purpose of a particular profession, as the more useful science of the two. The proper

subject of experiment and observation, a subject in which a careful attention is capable of making so many useful discoveries, was almost entirely neglected. The subject, in which, after a few simple and almost obvious truths, the most careful attention can discover nothing but obscurity and uncertainty, and can consequently produce nothing but subtleties and sophisms, was greatly cultivated."

He concludes—

"The institutions for the instruction of the people of all ages are chiefly those for religious instruction. This is a species of instruction of which the object is not so much to render the people good citizens in this world, as to prepare them for another and a better world in the life to come."

The influence of this state of things is conspicuous in our schools. The clergy and aristocracy of England who govern them have been educated in universities which still correspond essentially to the description here given, and they have no adequate ideas of the importance of teaching the elements, agencies, and laws of the physical and physiological world as branches of general education. They have omitted from the common schools Greek, Latin, and Metaphysics, as unnecessary for the people, and left in them reading, writing, arithmetic, and occasionally a smattering of mathematics, which they consider useful for persons engaged in labour; and in doing so, they have acted according to the views of Dr. Chalmers. But is this philosophy sound? Is it true that Providence will evolve temporal prosperity out of moral and religious duty duly discharged, and the practice of a secular calling, without the individual understanding how his prosperity is accomplished? With all deference, the doctrine of Dr. Chalmers is founded on a false analogy. Even if it were true, that a great city like London is daily supplied with the necessaries of life by thousands of individuals, pursuing each his own vocation and contributing his part in this magnificent result, without knowing, or needing to know, what his neighbours are doing, it does not follow that these persons can with equal safety dispense with all knowledge of the natural conditions which regulate their own trades. Will not the market-gardener who knows and practises the best and most economical methods of rearing vegetables succeed best? Will not the miller best play his part in this great drama, who is best instructed in the qualities of grain, and the modes of converting it into flour and meal? And will not the farmer who supplies cattle for the market discharge his

duty most successfully, when, to the knowledge of agriculture, he adds skill in animal physiology and chemistry, sufficient to enable him to preserve his beasts in the highest health, and to combine the elements of their food so as to accomplish with it the highest attainable nutrition? Even the great general results which seem to be regulated by divine Providence by inscrutable laws, really are not withdrawn from individual ken. The farmer who studies the report of the relation between supply and demand furnished by the *Mark Lane Express* may bring his produce to a more profitable market, than another who, following Dr. Chalmers's advice, merely cultivates his fields, says his prayers, and sends his grain to market when it suits himself, without regarding what his neighbours are doing, but merely trusting to an over-ruling, though to him incomprehensible Providence, to prompt him to send the right quantity at the right time. The same remarks apply to all other branches of industry devoted to the supply of social wants. In every one of them knowledge of the natural conditions, physical and moral, on which success depends, will prove a safer guide to prosperity than ignorance and piety, however sound the faith, and exemplary the moral and religious conduct of the trader may be. The condition of Europe is greatly changed since the ancient universities, and the system of instruction pursued in them, were instituted. Modern civilisation has advanced chiefly by the application of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions to the purposes of life, and mere piety and muscular strength no longer suffice to preserve the labourer in the same place which, before these innovations, he occupied relatively to the superior ranks.

In opposition to Dr. Chalmers's view, Archbishop Whately\* advocates the necessity of "a liberal education" for the labouring classes.

"This," says he, "is what some persons are found to grudge any share of to the mass of the people, as not only useless but dangerous; while others again regard it as at least a matter with which the clergy are nowise concerned. And some seem to think that, generally, each man has the greater advantage in respect of religious education the less he possesses of any other education. . . . Other things being equal," he continues, "you will find that those who have had the best general training, are the best prepared for a correct and profitable reception of religious instruction, and that those who have been taught little or nothing besides what are called 'the

\* The Right Use of National Afflictions, p. 29.



'general principles of religion and morality' not only do not embrace those principles so well as those of more cultivated understanding, but will be still more deficient in the right *application* of such principles."

The Archbishop illustrates this proposition as follows:—

"That it is a Christian duty to relieve the distressed, and to promote the general happiness of the community, is beyond dispute. Now different men, acting on that principle, may seek to promote this end, one, by striving to establish a *community of goods* (according to a plan which you must all have heard of); another, by *despoiling the rich*, and introducing *equality of property*; and, again, another by *securing to each man the fruits of his own and his ancestors' industry*, and encouraging the accumulation of capital. Whichever of these persons is *practically right*, the others must be most *mischievously wrong*. Yet they differ, not in the *general principle they set out from*, but in their *applications of it*. . . . *Ill-directed charity*, again, frequently produces (as you are doubtless aware) much more evil than good. And against this no man can be guarded by a mere inculcation of the Christian duty of *charity*."

Having thus shown the origin of our present scholastic establishments, and their unsoundness in philosophy and inefficiency in practice, we proceed to the question, What, then, should be taught in the schools for the people? The grand reform now needed is, to teach, *first*, things that exist; *secondly*, their modes of action; *thirdly*, the nature of man; *fourthly*, how the elements of nature are adapted to the human mind and body, and how their action gives rise to most of the pleasures and pains of life. And, *lastly*, in every step of this instruction, we should direct the emotional faculties of wonder, reverence, benevolence, conscientiousness, and the love of the beautiful, to God as the author of all, and train these faculties practically to the faith, that, in conforming to His laws, we are paying Him the highest homage that can be offered by a rational being to his Creator; and at the same time expanding, elevating, and improving our own minds. Under such a system of instruction and training, the laws of nature, by which health and disease, poverty and riches, honour and disgrace, and every other worldly enjoyment or suffering are produced, would become the finger posts and trumpet tongues of Providence warning the people that "in this direction lies happiness—in that misery;" and we may hope that, if comprehended to be divine enunciations, and taught and revered as such from infancy, they would produce practical effects on conduct, if man be really a ra-

tional being. Indeed, until he shall be so instructed and trained, and until he shall thus regulate his conduct, he will never exhibit the true characteristics of a rational creature; and when he has done so for a few generations, he will find himself in a state of civilisation and well-being, such as, in his present circumstances, he cannot believe ever to be attainable.

One effect of teaching religion dissociated from science, and founding it on the Bible alone, has been to produce a general unconsciousness that the Book of Nature is truly a divine revelation calculated to guide human conduct. It is viewed by practical men as a repository of materials for realizing wealth, and by the rich as a source of polite amusement; but by neither as embodying a code of rules for the direction of conduct, each duty having its reward and each its penalty attached to it. And yet it is really such, and only misdirection of our education prevents us from seeing this to be the case.

In reference to personal and social well-doing, religion, severed from the laws of nature, stands in the same predicament that mathematics do when unapplied to practical objects. The profoundest mathematician could not by his science steer a ship to China. To his abstract propositions and their solutions he must add a practical knowledge of ships, and of the mode of applying mathematics to direct their course at sea. In like manner, all personal and social processes which lead to human improvement, depend on physical and physiological conditions. Health and life depend on them; wealth and destitution depend on them; mental vigour, even the ability to pray, depends on them; for when the brain is incapable of action, the religious emotions vanish. Before, therefore, religion can accomplish its full practical effects in promoting the temporal improvement of man, its teachers must study and inculcate obedience to the laws of nature. In so far as it *has* benefited the world without having designedly allied itself with these laws, it has *undesignedly* acted in accordance with them; for, up to a certain point, they are forced upon the human understanding by their inherent relations to its faculties, and by their irresistible influence on our happiness. But we must advance beyond a blind obedience.

Those who have been accustomed to connect religious emotion exclusively with the Bible, find a difficulty in understanding *how* it can be associated with science. But this difficulty may easily be removed. God has endowed man with emotions of awe, reve-

rence, admiration, hope, fear, love, and aversion, which by early training may be directed to, and intimately associated with, a great variety of objects. Priests know this law of the human mind well, and largely turn it to account. In training the young of his flock, the Roman Catholic clergyman directs the emotions of hope, love, awe, and reverence, first to God and the saints, next to the Pope, the Romish church, and himself; and the feelings of fear and aversion to the Protestants and their worship. The Protestant clergy reverse the greater portion of this process. They direct the religious emotions of their hearers first to God, and then to their own church, its doctrinal standards, and themselves: the emotions of fear and aversion they associate with the Pope, and his priests and doctrines; and by these means Roman Catholic Christians and Protestant Christians, each with their peculiar reverences and aversions, are *manufactured* as obviously and systematically, as different patterns of Coventry ribbons, or Paisley shawls! But the clergy of neither of these sects, with a few honourable exceptions, train these affections to love, reverence, and obey God as manifested in the laws which He has instituted in nature, and by means of which He dispenses temporal well-being and misery.

By directing the religious emotions too exclusively to the objects treated of in the Bible, and dis severing them nearly altogether from nature, the clergy have produced, in the minds of the people, a desecration of nature and its Author, which is the twin brother of that infidelity which they so much deplore. They are blind to the fact that adaptation of conduct to the laws of action impressed on external nature, is as indispensable to *temporal* well-being, as a knowledge of Christianity can possibly be to *eternal* happiness. They do not perceive that the Bible is directed chiefly to teaching the latter, while the duty of using our reason, under the guidance of our religious emotions, to discover the laws of nature, is imposed upon us by our own constitution and its relations to external objects. With great seriousness they propose to remove "*spiritual destitution*," as an infallible means of putting an end to *temporal* ignorance and want, and all their debasing consequences. But this is sheer fanaticism. The real question is, Are the natural conditions of temporal well-being practically embodied in the emotions and conceptions awakened by the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel? Assuredly they are not; for no spectacle is more common, and at the same

time more lamentable, than to see undoubtedly religious persons grossly violating the natural laws of health, and bringing suffering, and perhaps premature death, on themselves and their offspring; violating the laws of political economy, and involving themselves and their friends in ruin; or mistaking the laws of social well-being, and advocating the most injurious political institutions. To act with success in temporal affairs, we must learn the laws by which temporal affairs are governed; and as youth is the appropriate season for acquiring all knowledge that is necessary for our welfare, instruction in these laws should undoubtedly be introduced into the schools for the people.

Fortunately for the cause of education, the desire and the capacity of the people for this kind of instruction, wherever it has been placed within their reach, is no longer doubtful. In point of fact, wherever able teachers have presented really useful knowledge of nature to children, the mental appetite of the learners for it has been found to be much more nearly on a par with their appetite for food than has hitherto been generally believed. This is proved by the rapid growth of schools for the children of the working classes, in which not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also the elements of natural history, chemistry, physiology, mechanical philosophy, and social economy, with their practical applications, are taught. The pupils pay a considerable fee: in London, 6s.; in Edinburgh, 4s.; in Manchester, 6s. per quarter. Mr. Ellis, the author of the work in our title, which we shall presently notice, has the merit of having brought out and demonstrated the truth of what we have stated. In the autumn of 1846 he commenced teaching social economy to a class of boys in the British and Foreign Society's school, in Camberwell, of which Mr. Holmes is the master; and his success was complete. He offered his services to the Borough-road school and to the Church Training College at Battersea, to give lessons in social economy, but they were politely declined. This led him, aided by other enlightened and benevolent men, to institute the Birkbeck Schools in London. It was only in July, 1848, that the first of these was opened at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, and now there are the following schools in active operation, in which are taught the branches of *secular instruction* before mentioned.

	Attended by	
	Boys.	Girls.
The British and Foreign School, Cambridge	280	
Birkbeck School, London Mechanics' Institute	350	50
Finsbury Birkbeck School	280	
Paddington and Mary-le-bone (Birkbeck)	130	
Bethnal Green (Birkbeck)	160	80
Vincent Square (Birkbeck)	110	
National Hall School, Holborn	150	70
Mr. Brooks's School, John Street	140	
Mr. Angell's School, Manchester	110	
Mr. Williams's School, Edinburgh	103	54
Glasgow Secular School (Boys and Girls)	143	
Glasgow Secular School (Boys and Girls)	40	
<b>Total</b>	<b>1996</b>	<b>254</b>

This list of successful schools establishes two points of importance in secular education: *first*, that it is *possible* to give the children of the working classes a far higher and more useful education than has hitherto generally been placed with their reach; and, *secondly*, that they appreciate its value, and eagerly avail themselves of its advantages.

It will probably be asked, Do we, then, altogether object to Christian Churches taking up the work of education? Certainly not. We divide education into two branches: *First*, instruction in religious truth, and training to act in conformity with it: *Secondly*, instruction in the objects and agencies of nature, and in their influence on temporal well-being. The leading aim of Bible religious instruction is to communicate such principles of faith and practice as may insure the salvation and happiness of the individual in a life to come. That of secular instruction is to impart such knowledge and habits of action as may conduce to well-being in the world in which we now live. We propose to disjoin these two branches, and to establish a separate school for each; and this leads us to

The *third* question which we named for discussion, viz., By whom and by what social arrangements should these two branches be taught? The clergy, of nearly all denominations, answer that both should be taught by *them*, or by teachers directed and controlled by them. We at once consign the teaching of the religious department to them; but let us inquire into their qualifications for superintending and controlling the *secular* branch of public instruction. If experience is to guide us in solving this question, we should at once say that they are most unfit for this latter duty. Hitherto, with few exceptions, they have alto-

gether failed to appreciate the necessity and advantage of this instruction to the well-being of the people; for the reading and writing which they patronised were avowedly given chiefly to enable the young to read the Bible. They boasted of this as their leading object; so that we are justified by facts when we affirm that, generally speaking, the clergy, in their education of the people, have ignored and withheld all profitable instruction in the order and agencies of nature by which temporal well-being is determined. They have done so, because their own education and professional pursuits were devoted to the administration, not of temporal, but of spiritual interests; and this is still, and will long continue to be, the case. They are, therefore, not qualified by experience, education, or position, to superintend the secular branch of public instruction; while, on the contrary, laymen, who live, move, and have their being in the thick and throng of temporal affairs, are better qualified for this duty. Moreover, from the overwhelming importance attached by the clergy to eternity in comparison with time, they would lie under a constant temptation, often unperceived by themselves, unduly to subordinate secular to spiritual instruction. While, therefore, they are naturally indicated as the proper directors of the religious branch of education, regard to the public welfare leads us to deprecate the consignment of the secular branch to their administration.

But the best of all reasons, in our opinion, why secular should be separated from religious instruction, is, that it is *impossible*, in the present state of opinion, to unite them in a manner that will satisfy the *whole* people; or, what is practically the same thing, an overwhelming majority of them. And *this* is an indispensable condition in any efficient system of national education.

In regard to the doctrines to be believed, and the conduct to be pursued, as the means of securing salvation in the world to come, and also in regard to the form of church government sanctioned by Scripture, there exist great, and, at present, irreconcilable differences of opinion among men equally enlightened, benevolent, and sincere. Hence the conscientious Episcopalian declines to allow his children to be instructed in the religious standards of the Church of Scotland; while the Presbyterian objects to the instruction of his children in Episcopal tenets. The Roman Catholic protests against the doctrines and church government of both, as unauthorized by Scripture, and dangerous to the souls of

men; while these Protestant sects denounce the Church of Rome as the promulgator of "soul-destroying" errors. The practical question is—How, while these and many other differences exist, is the religious instruction of the children of the whole people to be accomplished?

The multitudes of neglected and vicious children who infest the streets and lanes of our large towns are the offspring of Roman Catholic, Socialist, or other dissenting parents, who, although they may not frequent any place of public worship themselves, still cling to some form of faith, or of unbelief, which induces them to withhold their children from the religious teaching of the Church of England or of Scotland. We saw it lately stated, on the authority of Dr. Strang, the Chamberlain of Glasgow, that in that town there are 80,000 persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion. These, as a body, would as soon allow their children to be educated by the Jews as by the Church of Scotland. In point of fact, they have exactly the same repugnance to send their children to receive religious instruction from the schoolmasters of the Established Church, as any evangelical Protestant would have to send his own children for doctrinal faith to the school of a Roman Catholic priest. The proposal, therefore, which has been made to extend the religious teaching of the Church of Scotland as a means of giving religious instruction to these children, and rescuing them from personal and social degradation, is preposterous—it is an indication of that blindness of understanding which ardent partisanship in religion is so apt to induce.

The advocates of secular education are not opponents of the religious instruction of the people, but they are not blinded by sectarian zeal. If they were hostile to religious education they would shake hands with their religious opponents, and join in proposing to commit to *one* sect, no matter which, the duty of educating *all* in religious faith. By this means their irreligious end would be certain to be gained; because, in the present state of opinion, no sect could collect all the destitute children into its fold, not even if aided by her Majesty's Horse, Foot, and Artillery. Being sincere in their desire to furnish religious instruction to the people, these advocates, therefore, propose to do so in a manner which is not a mockery, but practical and real. They suggest that religious should be separated from secular instruction, and that each sect should give religious instruction to the children which it claims as its own. If there be children deserted by their pa-

rents and guardians, claimed by no sect, and left destitute of all religious guidance, there can be no objection to their being delivered over to the parish which maintains them, for religious training as well as for food and raiment; but these do not constitute the mass of our degraded juvenile population.

It is vain to urge as an objection that ignorant and debased parents cannot be expected to give religious instruction to their children. Those who urge this fight with a shadow; because secular educationists have never propounded such an idea as the objection assumes. Their fundamental proposition is, that, in order to induce the children of all sects to enter a school for secular instruction, it is necessary to separate that school from the school in which they propose to teach religious doctrines about which sects differ in opinion. They urge as earnestly as the sectarians the establishment of religious schools, but separate from the secular; and managed not by one sect, as the churchmen propose, nor by hostile sects, but by individuals belonging to each sect, who will charge themselves with superintending the religious instruction of the young belonging to their own persuasion.

This point being settled, the next question is, Why do we propose to give such instruction in secular schools as will be acceptable to all sects? Because the order of God's secular providence is the same for Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, believer and unbeliever. The sun shines on them alike, ripens their corn by the same process, warms them by the same influence, and its retreat to the distant regions of the south leaves them all alike enveloped in winter's desolation. The atmosphere carries health or sickness, the storm destruction, and the fire warmth or torture to all alike, according as they expose themselves, wisely or unwisely, to the action of the elements. The laws of social well-being which determine the production and distribution of wealth, the destitution of some and the riches of others, are the same to all; and secular instruction means the communication of these and other natural things and agencies.

If, then, it be not only objectionable in principle, but impossible in practice, to accomplish the secular education of the whole people by means of churches and the clergy, the question occurs, To whom should the task be committed? Should we leave the people to depend on adventure schools, and schools instituted and maintained by voluntary associations? Or should we raise rates by Acts of Parliament for enabling

the community of every district to found and maintain schools for themselves? The objections to adventure schools are, first, that when they are instituted for the lowest class of the people, they will never remunerate the teachers, and therefore cannot continue to exist; and, secondly, that the teachers who will attempt to establish them, will be men of slender expectations, and equally slender accomplishments, and therefore incapable of giving the kind of instruction which the people need. When we speak of educating the *people*, we should think chiefly of the lowest class; for all above them are capable of doing something for themselves; and moreover, we should keep constantly in view that the education wanted is one which shall impart not only real, useful, practical *knowledge*, but ardour to the moral emotions, and vigour to the understanding. We must aim at strengthening the minds of this class, so as to enable them to cope with the difficulties of life, which beset them more severely than any other order of the community.

In regard to schools supported by voluntary associations, we appeal to every practical observer whether the leading motives of the members of such bodies have not been religious? We do not state this as an objection to the individuals composing such associations, or as implying disrespect to their principle of action, but simply to call attention to the fact that their *leading aim* was to impart *religious* and not *secular* instruction. They have generally stopped short at reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism or Bible, and left all the natural laws of social well-being untaught. The schools referred to have been the appendages of churches, or the recruiting stations of chapels; and in their addresses they have dwelt largely on the spiritual benefits they were conferring on the pupils whom they educated. Let them have their meed of praise, and by all means let them continue their benevolent exertions; but let them not deceive themselves and imagine, as hitherto they have too often done, that in communicating spiritual instruction they are conveying at the same time that secular knowledge which is indispensable to terrestrial well-being. We have no hope that the excellent persons who have spent their lives in conducting these schools on religious principles, will ever become thoroughly conscious of their great error in omitting from their curriculum the whole counsel of God as revealed in the constitution and laws of the material world. Before, therefore, we can hope for an adequate supply of schools for the lowest class of the people, founded

on truly practical principles, and supported by voluntary associations of the rich, we must effect an entire change in the views and convictions of the middle and upper classes themselves, and half a century may be needed for accomplishing this purpose. We do not, therefore, enter further into the merits of the scheme for educating the people by voluntary efforts; nor is it necessary to do so, since its inadequacy to realize the object in view has been abundantly demonstrated, and it has now only a few, although these are very earnest and respectable adherents.

In our opinion the true plan for educating the people is that which has been frequently explained and advocated in this journal, and which is universally known as that of the National Public School Association for England and Wales, whose head-quarters is Manchester. It proposes to separate religious from secular instruction; to leave the former to parents and pastors, and to impart the latter in schools supported by local rates, and managed by local committees of ratepayers: the schools to be open to, but not controlled by, government inspectors, and every form of sectarian theology to be rigidly excluded.

Some of the advantages which we should expect to follow from the scheme are the following. The separation of the religious from the secular element would insure a better treatment of both branches. Religious instruction given by men educated in theology, and whose profession it is to teach it, would become earnest, substantial, and practical. It would sink deep into the young hearts, and live there, associated with emotions of love and reverence for the teacher and his doctrines, instead of being, as at present, too often hated and expelled from the memory under the recollection of blows and drudgery associated with it in our common schools. In the next place, the understandings of teachers and the public would open to the real nature and unspeakable importance of the secular branch of public instruction, and it would acquire a character of substantive reality and practicability, which it has never yet attained, and which it never can reach while the minds of laymen remain confused by the prevailing error of believing that the religious element *includes* the secular. When once the separation is made, the distinction between the two branches will become so palpable, and the advantages of teaching them apart so conspicuous, that men will wonder at their past repugnance to sever them. They will see that while the *supernatural* constitutes the basis of the faith that is to lead to sal-

vation, the fixed, permanent, and undeviating elements of nature form the groundwork on which temporal well-being reposes, and out of which it must be educed by human intelligence and effort. Not only is there this palpable distinction, but the action of the mind in studying the different branches is widely dissimilar. In learning theology resting on a supernatural basis, the intellect, in many instances, must yield itself up to the emotions of awe, wonder, reverence, hope, and fear: "*Faith is the evidence of things not seen.*" In studying secular science, on the contrary, the intellectual process is reversed. Everything must be closely observed, profoundly analyzed, and rigidly investigated. The pupil who, under the present system of training, goes into actual business without any distinct perception of the line of demarcation between faith and reason, is prone, in many temporal affairs, to act with a neglect of due investigation, and a blindness to inevitable consequences, which are evidently referrible to the habits of easy trust and reliance which he has acquired in the department of faith. How often do we see sincerely religious persons relying on prayer as a means of securing health, while, through lack of physiological knowledge, they are living in habitual violation of the laws on which God has seen it proper to make this blessing depend! How many prayers are offered up for the success of mercantile and manufacturing enterprises by religious men, who in conducting them have disregarded every natural law of social well-being! And after ruin—the natural, and therefore inevitable, termination of their course of action—has overtaken them, how frequently and sincerely have they sought consolation in religion for their sorrows and mortifications; ascribing their miscarriages to sin, or to the chastening hand of God, out of love to their souls, instead of to their own ignorance, rashness, and folly. The confusion occasioned in men's minds by the jumbling of the supernatural and natural in their training can alone account for such senseless abuses of religion. By the separation of the two, the inflexible reality of Nature will be recognised, and the young will be trained to the investigation of the laws of her operations, and to yield obedience to their requirements. Secular instruction will then embrace the substances, agencies, and laws of the material and mental worlds, and their relations to human well-being—including the human organism itself, with all its corporeal and mental functions, on the latter of which the laws of natural morality and natural religion will be found to rest as on a

rock. Historical events and biographical characters (instruction in which will naturally form a branch of such a curriculum) will then be expounded in connection with the basis on which they rest, and thus become far more effectual guides to practical conduct than the empirical expositions of them which have hitherto been given even in the best schools.

After a few generations shall have enjoyed this improved instruction, modifications in religious faith may be expected to follow; but they will be gradually introduced, will rest on moral and intellectual convictions, and be supported by divine truth drawn from the infallible book of revelation in nature. Under the present system, religious belief is hastening to a state of anarchy. The Bible is undergoing a criticism of reason, such as it was never before exposed to, and the discoveries of science are daily shaking the established interpretations of it to the foundation. To ignore natural science in our common schools is not the way to strengthen the falling faith, but the reverse; it tends to encourage atheism. In point of fact, many of the professors of atheism among the working classes are strong-minded and dauntless thinkers, who, owing to the entire omission of logical and scientific instruction and training in their youth, have been left to flounder in a chaos of crude and disjointed facts and inferences until their understandings have become bewildered. The orthodox custom of expressing horror and alarm at the avowal of their opinions, and proposing mere bible teaching as the only remedy for it, proceeds from blindness to its cause. Let the professors of orthodoxy cease to obstruct the introduction of secular knowledge into our schools, and let them try the power of a clear and forcible exposition to the youthful mind of God's agencies in nature, accompanied by an appeal to the religious emotions, as a cure for this form of unbelief, and reserve their horror until this teaching, too, has failed, as *theirs* has done, to render these individuals religious. Horror and abuse of our erring brethren may be reserved till we have fulfilled our own duty towards them in a rational form, as well as in a benevolent and religious spirit.

But it is time that we should advert to the works whose titles stand at the head of this article. The first, on "Education as a Means of Preventing Destitution," &c., is from the pen of Mr. William Ellis, and is distinguished by his well-known qualities of clear perception, and lucid exposition, of the true and the useful in economical science.

The introductory letter to Lord John Russell contains a forcible appeal to him as the Prime Minister of the country to take up the education of the people as a national measure; and from Lord John's announcement when in office of a Government Bill for education for the next Session, we may infer that this and other similar appeals had not been without their effect on him. Mr. Ellis has done more than call aloud for the boon. As already mentioned, he has shown practically how it may be conferred, and how eagerly the small portion of it dispensed by him and a few other individuals has been received by the people. In the present work he embodies many of his principles.

"Education," says he, "deals with causes — punishment with effects." What volumes of practical wisdom are embodied in this simple remark! He continues:—

"Men in want steal. All agree that theft, if possible, must be prevented. The educator would prevent theft by providing such teaching and training as will enable all to keep themselves from want, and out of temptation. The punisher would prevent theft by exhibiting to hungry men how other hungry men have brought down legal penalties upon themselves by stealing, in order to allay the pangs of hunger. (P. 11.) . . . . To grant that education is indispensable for all is to grant that the withholding it from some is an act of revolting atrocity."

Mr. Ellis gives a forcible exposition of the things which should be taught, and the manner of teaching them; and if we do not here quote largely from his pages, it is only because we have already extracted their substance, and made use of it in the foregoing remarks. After mentioning most of the branches of knowledge before named, as proper to be included in a good education, he proceeds:—

"There is another portion of knowledge that must not be omitted. It can readily be shown that every man of us all greatly depends for his own well-being or happiness upon the conduct of his fellow-men, as they do, in their turn, upon his. The investigation of the consequences of this undeniable and important fact leads to the discrimination between what conduct is good, and what is bad—leads to a thorough appreciation of what are called the social duties. If, for example, it be seen that men are dependent for their well-being upon an abundant supply of food, clothing, shelter, and fuel, and that these can be obtained only by a general prevalence of industry, skill, knowledge, and economy, and that those who are deficient in these qualities must suffer from want, or procure relief from others who are pre-eminently gifted with these qualities, does it not follow, that to work, to apply, to learn, and to save, are social duties? And if it be seen that division of labour, interchange, partnerships, buy-

ing and selling, and credit and confidence, materially assist man in making his labour productive, does it not follow that honesty, fidelity, punctuality, and order, are social duties? It need scarcely be mentioned, that, as drunkenness is sure to incapacitate for the proper performance of these duties, so its opposite, sobriety, must be classed among social duties. That a population knowing these duties, and performing them, will surely be in possession of abundant supplies of the necessaries and comforts of life, seems to be one of those truths so obvious, that to enunciate it is enough. But, it may be asked, will they who know, always do what they ought? Our experience of man's history and nature forces us to admit that, as ignorance causes good conduct to be improbable, so knowledge by itself does not necessarily prevent ill conduct. The consideration of what must be brought to co-operate with knowledge to make sure of good conduct, brings us to the second educational function—the training or forming the disposition."—P. 19.

This extract will indicate how grievously those religious persons err, who imagine that if the Bible and catechism are excluded from secular schools, no moral precepts or moral training can find admission into them.

The second section of the work embraces "the conditions of well-being," as taught in the Birkbeck schools, and as they "ought to be taught everywhere else." A rapid and masterly survey is taken "of the whole field of knowledge, that we may the better appreciate how far knowledge and well-being depend one upon the other;" and in pursuing this theme the author brings into constant and prominent view the indispensable necessity of moral principles and habits being associated at every step with knowledge, to render it fruitful of good.

"The task of creating the virtues belongs chiefly to the educators of the people; that of repressing the vices to the governors of the people. . . . Can we fail to perceive, that, in proportion as we succeed in accomplishing the first, the difficulty of the latter diminishes, the sacrifices for the purpose becomes less onerous, and well-being more diffused?"

The conclusion arrived at in this section is, that the means at our disposal for promoting well-being "all resolve themselves into human conduct," and this can be most effectually influenced for good by instruction and training in youth.

The third section is on "The Morality of Expenditure, or of the Disposal of Wealth in General," and is the most original portion of the work.

"The answer to the question, 'May I not do as I like with my own?' will, says Mr. Ellis, vary according to the meaning that we attach to the little word *may*, with which the question begins. *Legally*, we may do what the law per-

mits; morally, we may do nothing that to our knowledge tends to diminish the general well-being. . . . A man may thus do legally what he may not do morally. A lawmaker does not say, 'Do everything that I do not prohibit;' but he says, 'Make a moral use of the licence that I am bound to trust you with in my efforts to promote the general well-being.'

By this aphorism may the truth be concisely expressed; "Property has its *moral* duties as well as its *legal* rights."

"A wide field of inquiry here opens upon us. How is a man to spend his income morally, or to make a moral use of his wealth? Ought he to sell all, and give to the poor? Ought he to spend hospitably? Ought he to live sparingly, so as to be able in the end to endow a charity or found a family? Or ought he to do a little bit of each of these things, or what proportion of each?" Mr. Ellis says, "You must not look to me for answers to these questions, for I do not pretend to be competent to give them."

Shall we turn, then, to our clerical educators, and ask them whether they have introduced these questions and the answers to them into the schools under their direction, or into their pulpit discourses?—because, for the guidance of conduct in *this world*, they could scarcely deal with more important topics. In point of fact, they never dream of grappling with such practical questions as these. Their education, based on religion, leaves unheeded this, and almost every other practical inquiry into the due management of temporal affairs. Mr. Ellis, however, does more than he promises. He supplies us with very instructive, if not exhaustively complete, answers. He classes the various modes of expenditure, or of dealing with wealth, under four different heads, represented by so many individual types.

"Lord Mere-acres has inherited an income of 20,000*l.* a year. He is amiable, hospitable, and in no respect ill-disposed. He has a town-house and country-mansion, in both of which he maintains respectable establishments. He hunts and shoots, visits watering places, attends quarter-sessions occasionally, and takes his seat from time to time in the Upper House. He spends the whole of his income, and, according to general report, liberally—but lives within it."

He takes no share in railways or other industrial undertakings, and is guided in his conduct by the opinions of his order.

"Lord Care-nought inherited a similar income, but by racing, betting, riotous hospitality, and indulgence in sensual pleasures, he found himself deeply involved in debt at the expiration of the first year of his coming into possession of the

paternal property. . . . After a wild career of five years, he found himself an outlaw and a beggar."

"John Save-all likewise possesses an income of 20,000*l.* a year. His career has been very different from that of either of the the two lords just mentioned."

He received a common school education, started without property, and by energy, industry, frugality, and integrity, acquired a large fortune. "The habits which elevated him to his position stick to him." He lives in his work, limits his expenditure to 500*l.* a year, and every year adds the whole remainder of his income to his capital, employing it in productive machinery and other remunerative forms. "Robert Steer-well," whose start in life was somewhat similar to that of Save-all, has not been so saving, although quite as industrious as he. While saving, he has looked on wealth as a means to an end; for self-support in the first place; for the due performance of the nearer and dearer duties of domestic life in the second; and, "lastly, to aid in the performance of some of the wider and nobler duties of social life. No attempts at gorgeous display meet the eye in his dwelling, but within and without and around may be seen traces of advancing civilisation, towards which his wealth, guided by his intelligence and benevolence, has contributed."

Then follows a searching analysis of the effects produced by these several methods of disposing of income:—"Lord Mere-acres is intent upon his own gratification, and, in pursuing it, does that modicum of good which is inseparable from the interchange which he is compelled to take part in." The butcher and baker, confectioner, wine-merchant, upholsterer, tailor, coachmaker, *et hoc genus omne*, besides a large class of diners-out, regard him as a pattern nobleman; but to any higher praise he has no claim. Lord Care-nought excites our active dislike and censure. Mr. Save-all does the same good through interchange as Lord Mere-acres; only he employs a different class of workmen. He encourages skilled artizans in making new machinery, and skilled labourers in working it; and, although he does not practise hospitality, "he promotes all those useful social qualities which necessarily rally round successful industrial enterprise." But "his accumulative efforts, so protracted, strike us as purposeless." His example

"Does not satisfy our yearnings after excellence. Industry and economy, admirable as they are, do



not comprise the whole duty of a man. A good use of the results of industry and economy is required before we can even consent to bestow our highest meed of praise upon those indispensable virtues. This recalls our attention to Mr. Steer-well, who may, perhaps, be considered to represent the style of man that we can admire throughout. He accumulates up to a certain point—beyond that he spends. In his estimation, wealth to one extent provided by the parent is a blessing to his children—to a greater extent, it has a tendency to degenerate into a curse; and wealth destined to more general purposes of benevolence is better applied under his own superintendence, than reserved to be administered by he knows not whom, and he knows not how. He thus closes his life, having worked well, saved well, and, what is more rare, spent well.

“A reflection suggests itself here, which it would be wrong to suppress. The man who spends productively—that is, with a view to have his expenditure returned to him with increase, if he conduct his operations with skill, will always afford encouragement to those social qualities, upon the prevalence of which the general well-being of society depends. The man who spends unproductively, especially in the exercise of benevolence, if he be not circumspect, may afford encouragement, however unintentionally, to idleness, vice, and improvidence.”

Mr. Ellis touches on the expenditure of fashionable life, and shows how little it contributes to social well-being:—

“Are you not deeming grace and elegance,” he continues, “in thus running down the kind of expenditure which distinguishes what is called fashionable life? I hope not. Display and luxury are not identical with grace and elegance, which are more often than otherwise found in company with modest simplicity. The fine arts, and everything that conduces to elevation and refinement of taste, must on no account be disparaged. Their influence upon well-being is so precious that I should deeply regret were words expressed, or words omitted, to expose me to the imputation of undervaluing any conduct that tends to favour them. But elegance, refinement, and taste, as far as I can judge, owe as little to the Mere-butterflies of society, as the more substantial parts of the social fabric do to the Mere-acres.”

This Essay, as we have said, contains an able analysis of a most important social and moral question, and it appears to us calculated greatly to enlighten and assist the rich and benevolent, who abound in England, who desire to do public good with their surplus wealth, but often do not know how successfully to realize their object.

The fourth section of the work is entitled “What is Competition?” and is—as we are informed—“little less than a connected summary of the answers given by the boys attending the Social Economy Class at the

Birkbeck School (London Mechanics’ Institution), during two interrogative lessons upon the effects of competition.” It is dedicated to Mr. Runtz—“the excellent master of that school”—as an expression of regard and esteem for his efforts “to aid in the extension of a sound and useful education to all classes of his countrymen.”

We notice this little incident because we consider the example highly worthy of imitation. We have repeatedly visited Mr. Runtz’s school, and heartily concur in the encomium here passed upon him. Indeed, we consider it a sacred duty of the press to do justice to the merits of the able, energetic, well-instructed, and laborious men who are now dedicating their lives to the introduction of a superior system of education for the people; and Mr. Runtz stands high in the list of these benefactors of their country.

The fifth section bears the title of “Not Over-Population, but Under-Education, the Cause of Destitution; not more Emigration, but more Education, and of better quality, the remedy for Destitution.” This is another lesson in Mr. Runtz’s Birkbeck School, and is admirably reasoned and illustrated; but we cannot enter into its details.

The sixth and last section consists of “Reasons for insisting that Instruction in Economical Science shall no longer be excluded from our Schools.” Mr. Ellis says:—

“Of late years I have been giving lessons in this science in many schools, and have been endeavouring to persuade others to obtain the introduction of similar teaching into schools over which they exercise control or influence. It is gratifying to me to be able to state that I have met with much success. I must also admit that disappointments and rebuffs have not been unknown to me. The result of my experience, thus far, is a growing conviction that if once the public can be made to see what Economical Science really is—how simple, how beautiful, how interesting, I might almost say, how grand, when unfolded step by step, without pedantry or pretence—what blessings would be secured, what suffering warded off, what heart-burnings and asperities softened down by a general familiarity with its leading principles—all other difficulties would vanish, and instruction in Economical Science would speedily be as common in all our schools and colleges as its exclusion is at present.”

We subscribe to every word of these remarks, and testify from the closest observation and experience that children from ten to fourteen years of age are not only capable of understanding, but actually take a lively interest in, the truths of economical

science, when expounded in the manner pursued in the Birkbeck schools. In May last we accompanied one of the most distinguished Members of the House of Commons to Mr. Runtz's school, and, for forty minutes, listened to a lesson on this subject given by a monitor of fourteen years of age, to a class of sixty boys, most of whom were younger than himself. Our friend remarked, on leaving the room, "One-half of the House of Commons might listen to these lessons with advantage." We recommend this section to the consideration of all interested in communicating *real* instruction, not mere words, to the children attending schools under their charge or influence.

We take leave of Mr. Ellis's little work, with the hope that it will be extensively read and practically applied. It opens a new vista in education, which cannot be too seriously contemplated, or too earnestly urged upon public attention.

The second publication in our title is, "The Rise and Progress of National Education in England; its Obstacles, Wants, and Prospects: a Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P.," and were we to follow the impulse with which it has inspired us, we should transfer it entire to our pages. But this cannot be: suffice it, then, to say that the object which Mr. Church proposes to himself is—

"To touch upon the rise, progress, obstacles, wants, and prospects of working-class education. To effect this I shall—

"*First*, Endeavour to give a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the Education question, especially noting the development of what is called Voluntaryism,—the motives that produced and the arguments that have been adduced to support it. From this sketch—imperfect though it must necessarily be—we shall learn how little the great question of National Education in this country has been treated on its own merits; how fatally subordinated to antagonist ambitions; how systematically diverted from its grand object of enabling the popular intellect to judge independently and soundly of all matters that concern it; and how used as a mere instrument for perpetuating or overthrowing existing ascendencies, and stereotyping received opinions.

"*In the second place*, I shall ask your attention to the utter inadequacy of the actual means of education, whether material or moral, and the utter improbability of their being supplied by any of the resources now in existence.

"From the evidence which I shall adduce on this point, we shall be able to come to a pretty clear notion whether it is our duty and interest to have recourse to some new and powerful machinery, or to be satisfied with that which we have.

"*In the third place*, I shall touch upon the

schemes of improvement which have been suggested, and endeavour to show which of them has the best chances of success."

The author pursues the discussion of these questions with a degree of vivacity, earnestness, perspicuity, and force of reasoning that renders his pamphlet not only most instructive, but highly interesting as a psychological history. It embraces all the *debateable* questions of national education (omitting only the subjects that should be taught), and it deals with them with a master's hand. It is well timed, and will do excellent service to the cause. It is a proof, among many others, that the question of national education is at last rousing the higher minds of England, and that a copious stream of moral zeal, practical knowledge, and intellectual power is flowing towards it. A more noble cause never solicited the aid of these high qualities, and now that they have entered the lists, victory is certain; victory, not only for education, but for social progress generally.

This letter is most appropriately addressed to Mr. Cobden. Having been one of the grand instruments for insuring a constant supply of food for the bodies of the people, the still more important work remains for him, to bring his great moral and intellectual power to bear on the supply of useful knowledge and moral training for their minds. Success in this will form the crowning merit of his life. Without education, all other boons provided for the people—food, the franchise, personal liberty, and freedom of thought and speech—are incomplete, for the recipients do not know *how* to employ them to produce their greatest happiness. Add sound knowledge and moral training, and the workman will rise above the adventitious disadvantages of his condition, and become an intelligent co-operator in the great plan of Providence on earth. His sufferings will diminish and his enjoyments increase, and life will wear to him the aspect of a boon, instead of being, as now, in the language of his clerical instructors, a weary wilderness in which there is no resting-place. This is literally true for the sons of toil; but these guides to heaven contrive to find both rest and enjoyment for their own souls and bodies while journeying through this wilderness of thorns; and we consider it possible to place the same advantages, by education, within the reach of the working man.

Those who desire to learn how the principles now advocated work when practically applied have only to visit any of the schools

before named, or to read the reports of Mr. Williams's seminary mentioned in the third head of our title, and they will be able to form a judgment on this important subject for themselves. Many competent judges have reported the results to be highly satisfactory.

ART. II.—ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

1. *The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage in the South Sea in 1593.* Reprinted from the Edition of 1622, and Edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. Published by the Hakluyt Society.
2. *The Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana.* By Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes, and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Phil. D., &c.
3. *Narratives of Early Voyages undertaken for the Discovery of a Passage to Cathaia and India by the North-west;* with Selections from the Records of the worshipful Fellowship of the Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies, and from MSS. in the Library of the British Museum, now first published, by Thomas Rundell, Esq.

THE Reformation, the Antipodes, the American Continent, the Planetary system, and the Infinite deep of the Heavens have now become common and familiar facts to us. Globes and orreries are the playthings of our school-days; we inhale the spirit of Protestantism with our earliest breath of consciousness; it is all but impossible to throw back our imagination into the time when, as new grand discoveries, they stirred every mind which they touched with awe and wonder at the revelation which God had sent down among mankind. Vast spiritual and material continents lay for the first time displayed, opening fields of thought and fields of enterprise of which none could conjecture the limit. Old routine was broken up. Men were thrown back on their own strength and their own power, unshackled to accomplish whatever they might dare. And although we do not speak of these discoveries as the cause of that enormous force of heart and intellect which accompanied them (for they were as much the effect as the cause, and one reacted on the other), yet at any rate they afforded scope and room for the play of powers, which without such scope, let them

have been as transcendent as they would, must have passed away unproductive and blighted.

An earnest faith in the supernatural, an intensely real conviction of the divine and devilish forces by which the universe was guided and misguided, was the inheritance of the Elizabethan age from Catholic Christianity. The fiercest and most lawless men did then really and truly believe in the actual personal presence of God or the devil in every accident, or scene, or action. They brought to the contemplation of the new heaven and the new earth an imagination saturated with the spiritual convictions of the old era, which were not lost, but only infinitely expanded. The planets whose vastness they now learnt to recognise were, therefore, only the more powerful for evil or for good; the tides were the breathing of Demogorgon; and the idolatrous American tribes were real worshippers of the real devil, and were assisted with the full power of his real army.

It is a form of thought which, however in a vague and general way we may continue to use its phraseology, has become, in its detailed application to life, utterly strange to us. We congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of our understanding when we read the decisions of grave law-courts in cases of supposed witchcraft; we smile complacently over Raleigh's story of the island of the Amazons, and rejoice that we are not such as he entangled in the cobwebs of effete and foolish superstition. The true conclusion is the opposite of the conclusion which we draw. That Raleigh and Bacon could believe what they believed, and could be what they were notwithstanding, is to us a proof that the injury which such mistakes can inflict is unspeakably insignificant: and arising, as they arose, from a never-failing sense of the real awfulness and mystery of the world, and of the life of human souls upon it, they witness to the presence in such minds of a spirit, the loss of which not the most perfect acquaintance with every law by which the whole creation moves can compensate. We wonder at the grandeur, the moral majesty, of some of Shakespeare's characters, so far beyond what the noblest among ourselves can imitate, and at first thought we attribute it to the genius of the poet who has outstripped nature in his creations; but we are misunderstanding the power and the meaning of poetry in attributing creativeness to it in any such sense; Shakespeare created, but only as the spirit of nature created around him, working in him as it worked abroad in those among whom he lived. The men

whom he draws were such men as he saw and knew; the words they utter were such as he heard in the ordinary conversations in which he joined. At the Mermaid, with Raleigh and with Sidney, and at a thousand un-named English firesides, he found the living originals for his Prince Hals, his Orlandos, his Antonios, his Portias, his Isabellas. The closer personal acquaintance which we can form with the English of the age of Elizabeth, the more we are satisfied that Shakespeare's great poetry is no more than the rhythmic echo of the life which it depicts.

It was, therefore, with no little interest that we heard of the formation of a society which was to employ itself, as we understood, in republishing in accessible form some, if not all, of the invaluable records compiled or composed by Richard Hakluyt. Books, like everything else, have their appointed death day; the souls of them, unless they be found worthy of a second birth in a new body, perish with the paper in which they lived, and the early folio Hakluyts, not from their own want of merit, but from our neglect of them, were expiring of old age. The five-volume quarto edition, published in 1811, so little people then cared for the exploits of their ancestors, was but of 270 copies; it was intended for no more than for curious antiquaries or for the great libraries, where it could be consulted as a book of reference; and among a people, the greater part of whom had never heard Hakluyt's name, the editors are scarcely to be blamed if it never so much as occurred to them that general readers would ever come to care to have it within their reach.

And yet those five volumes may be called the Prose Epic of the modern English nation. They contain the heroic tales of the exploits of the great men in whom the new era was inaugurated; not mythic, like the Iliads and the Eddas, but plain broad narratives of substantial facts, which rival them in interest and grandeur. What the old epics were to the royally or nobly born, this modern epic is to the common people. We have no longer kings or princes for chief actors, to whom the heroism, like the dominion, of the world had in times past been confined. But, as it was in the days of the apostles, when a few poor fishermen from an obscure lake in Palestine assumed, under the divine mission, the spiritual authority over mankind, so, in the days of our own Elizabeth, the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Avon, the Plym and the Dart, self-taught and self-directed, with no impulse but what

was beating in their own royal hearts, went out across the unknown seas fighting, discovering, colonizing, and graved out the channels, and at last paved them with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out over all the world. We can conceive nothing, not the songs of Homer himself, which would be read, among us at least, with more enthusiastic interest than these plain massive tales; and a people's edition of them in these days when the writings of Ainsworth and Eugène Sue circulate in tens of thousands, would perhaps be the most blessed antidote which could be bestowed upon us. The heroes themselves were the men of the people—the Joneses, the Smiths, the Davises, the Drakes; and no courtly pen, with the one exception of Raleigh, lent its polish or its varnish to set them off. In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer, sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared, and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages. With us the sailor is scarcely himself beyond his quarterdeck. If he is distinguished in his profession, he is professional merely; or if he is more than that, he owes it not to his work as a sailor, but to independent domestic culture. With them their profession was the school of their nature, a high moral education which most brought out what was most nobly human in them; and the wonders of earth and air and sea and sky were a real intelligible language in which they heard Almighty God speaking to them.

That such hopes of what might be accomplished by the Hakluyt Society should in some measure be disappointed is only what might naturally be anticipated of all very sanguine expectation. Cheap editions are expensive editions to the publisher, and historical societies, from a necessity which appears to encumber all corporate English action, rarely fail to do their work expensively and infelicitously; yet, after all allowances and deductions, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the mortification of having found but one volume in the series to be even tolerably edited, and that one to be edited by a gentleman to whom England is but an adopted country—Sir Robert Schomburgk. Raleigh's "Conquest of Guiana," with Sir Robert's sketch of Raleigh's history and character, forms in everything but its cost

a very model of an excellent volume. For every one of the rest we are obliged to say of them that they have left little undone to paralyse whatever interest was reviving in Hakluyt, and to consign their own volumes to the same obscurity to which time and accident were consigning the earlier editions. Very little which was really noteworthy escaped the industry of Hakluyt himself, and we looked to find reprints of the most remarkable of the stories which were to be found in his collection. They began unfortunately with proposing to continue the work where he had left it, and produce narratives hitherto unpublished of other voyages of inferior interest, or not of English origin. Better thoughts appear to have occurred to them in the course of the work; but their evil destiny overtook them before their thoughts could get themselves executed. We opened one volume with eagerness, bearing the title of "Voyages to the Northwest," in hope of finding our old friends Davis and Frobisher, and we found a vast unnecessary Editor's Preface; and instead of the voyages themselves, which with their picturesqueness and moral beauty shine among the fairest jewels in the diamond mine of Hakluyt, an analysis and digest of their results, which Milton was called in to justify in an inappropriate quotation. It is much as if they had undertaken to edit "Bacon's Essays," and had retailed what they conceived to be the substance of them in their own language; strangely failing to see that the real value of the actions or the thought of remarkable men does not lie in the material result which can be gathered from them, but in the heart and soul of those who do or utter them. Consider what Homer's "Odyssey" would be reduced into an analysis.

The editor of the "Letters of Columbus" apologizes for the rudeness of their phraseology. Columbus, he tells us, was not so great a master of the pen as of the art of navigation. We are to make excuses for him. We are put on our guard and warned not to be offended before we are introduced to the sublime record of sufferings under which his great soul was staggering towards the end of his earthly calamities, where the inarticulate fragments in which his thought breaks out from him, are strokes of natural art by the side of which the highest literary pathos is poor and meaningless.

And even in the subjects which they select they are pursued by the same curious fatality. Why is Drake to be best known, or to be only known, in his last voyage?

Why pass over the success, and endeavour to immortalize the failure? When Drake climbed the tree in Panama, and saw both oceans, and vowed that he would sail a ship in the Pacific; when he crawled out upon the cliffs of Terra del Fuego, and leaned his head over the southernmost angle of the world; when he scored a furrow round the globe with his keel, and received the homage of the barbarians of the antipodes in the name of the Virgin Queen;—he was another man from what he had become after twenty years of court life and intrigue, and Spanish fighting, and gold-hunting. There is a tragic solemnity in his end, if we take it as the last act of his career; but it is his life, not his death, which we desire—not what he failed to do, but what he did.

But every bad has a worse below it, and more offensive than all these is the editor of the Hawkins's "Voyage to the South Sea." The book is striking in itself; it is not one of the best, but it is very good; and as it is republished complete, if we read it through, carefully shutting off Captain Bethune's notes with one hand, we shall find in it the same beauty which breathes in the tone of all the writings of the period.

It is a record of misfortune, but of misfortune which did no dishonour to him who sunk under it; and there is a melancholy dignity in the style in which Hawkins tells his story, which seems to say, that though he had been defeated, and had never again an opportunity of winning back his lost laurels, he respects himself still for the heart with which he endured a shame which would have broken a smaller man. It would have required no large exertion of editorial self-denial to have abstained from marring the pages with puns of which *Punch* would be ashamed, and with the vulgar affectation of patronage with which the sea captain of the nineteenth century condescends to criticize and approve of his half barbarous precursor; but it must have been a defect in his heart, rather than in his understanding, which betrayed him into such an offence as this which follows. The war of freedom of the Araucan Indians is the most gallant episode in the history of the New World. The Spaniards themselves were not behindhand in acknowledging the chivalry before which they quailed, and, after many years of ineffectual attempts to crush them, they gave up a conflict which they never afterwards resumed; leaving the Araucans alone of all the American races with which they came in contact a liberty which they were unable to tear from

them. It is a subject for an epic poem, and whatever admiration is due to the heroism of a brave people whom no inequality of strength could appal and no defeats could crush, these poor Indians have a right to demand of us. The story of the war was well known in Europe; and Hawkins, in coasting the western shores of South America, fell in with them, and the finest passage in his book is the relation of one of the incidents of the war.

"An Indian captain was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and for that he was of name, and known to have done his devoir against them, they cut off his hands, thereby intending to disable him to fight any more against them. But he, returning home, desirous to revenge this injury, to maintain his liberty, with the reputation of his nation, and to help to banish the Spaniard, with his tongue intreated and incited them to persevere in their accustomed valour and reputation, abasing the enemy and advancing his nation; condemning their contraries of cowardliness, and confirming it by the cruelty used with him and other his companions in their mishaps; showing them his arms without hands, and naming his brethren whose half feet they had cut off, because they might be able to sit on horseback; with force arguing that if they feared them not, they would not have used so great inhumanity—for fear produceth cruelty, the companion of cowardice. Thus encouraged he them to fight for their lives, limbs, and liberty, choosing rather to die an honourable death fighting, than to live in servitude as fruitless members of the commonwealth. Thus using the office of a sergeant-major, and having loaden his two stumps with bundles of arrows, he succoured them who, in the succeeding battle, had their store wasted; and changing himself from place to place, animated and encouraged his countrymen with such comfortable persuasions, as it is reported and credibly believed, that he did more good with his words and presence, without striking a stroke, than a great part of the army did with fighting to the utmost."

It is an action which may take its place by the side of the myth of Mucius Scaevola, or the real exploit of that brother of the poet Æschylus, who, when the Persians were flying from Marathon, clung to a ship till both his hands were hewn away, and then seized it with his teeth, leaving his name as a portent even in the splendid calendar of Athenian heroes. Captain Bethune, without call or need, making his notes merely, as he tells us, from the suggestions of his own mind as he revised the proof-sheets, informs us, at the bottom of the page, that "it reminds him of the familiar lines,—

"For Widdrington I needs must wail,  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For, when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps."

It must not avail him, that he has but quoted from the ballad of Chevy Chase. It is the most deformed stanza\* of the modern deformed version which was composed in the eclipse of heart and taste, on the restoration of the Stuarts; and if such verses could then pass for serious poetry, they have ceased to sound in any ear as other than a burlesque; the associations which they arouse are only absurd, and they could only have continued to ring in his memory through their ludicrous doggrel.

When to these offences of the Society we add that in the long-laboured appendices and introductions which fill up valuable space, which increase the expense of the edition, and into reading which many readers are, no doubt, betrayed, we have found nothing which assists the understanding of the stories which they are supposed to illustrate; when we have found what is most uncommon passed without notice, and what is most trite and familiar encumbered with comment; we have unpacked our hearts of the bitterness which these volumes have aroused in us, and can now take our leave of them and go on with our own more grateful subject.

Elizabeth, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyse the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system might have made the struggle a deadly one; and the history of England is not the history of France, because the inflexible will of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown. The Catholic faith was no longer able to furnish standing ground on which the English or any other nation could live a manly and a godly life. Feud-

\* Here is the old stanza. Let whoever is disposed to think us too hard on Captain Bethune compare them.

"For Wetharrington my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne sholde be:  
For when both his leggis were hewen in to,  
He knyled and fought on his knee."  
Even Percy, who, on the whole, thinks well of the modern ballad, gives up this stanza as hopeless.

alism, as a social organization, was not any more a system under which their energies could have scope to move. Thenceforward not the Catholic Church, but any man to whom God had given a heart to feel and a voice to speak, was to be the teacher to whom men were to listen; and great actions were not to remain the privilege of the families of the Norman nobles, but were to be laid within the reach of the poorest plebeian who had the stuff in him to perform them. Alone of all the sovereigns in Europe, Elizabeth saw the change which had passed over the world. She saw it, and saw it in faith, and accepted it. The England of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and to become the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture, which was to plough the ocean with its navies, and sow its colonies over the globe; and the first thunder birth of these enormous forces and the flash of the earliest achievements of the new era roll and glitter through the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is written, will be seen to be among the most sublime phenomena which the earth as yet has witnessed. The work was not of her creation; the heart of the whole English nation was stirred to its depths; and Elizabeth's place was to recognise, to love, to foster, and to guide. The government originated nothing; at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it should do so; but wherever expensive enterprises were on foot which promised ultimate good, but no immediate profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the Queen's Majesty, Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham. Never chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend, when ships were fitting for distant voyages in the river, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present. She honoured her people, and her people loved her; and the result was that with no cost to the government, she saw them scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for honour or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together

and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and take possession, in the name of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there in the hope of opening a trade; and let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard, to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian Sofee, and other unheard-of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not. The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyse—impossible to analyse perfectly—possible to analyse only very proximately, and the force by which a man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree. The motives which we find men urging for their enterprises seem often insufficient to have prompted them to so large a daring. They did what they did from the great unrest in them which made them do it, and what it was may be best measured by the results, by the present England and America. Nevertheless, there was enough in the state of the world, and in the position of England, to have furnished abundance of conscious motive, and to have stirred the drowsiest routinier statesman.

Among material occasions for exertion, the population began to outgrow the employment, and there was a necessity for plantations to serve as an outlet. Men who, under happier circumstances, might have led decent lives, and done good service, were now driven by want to desperate courses; "Witness," as Richard Hakluyt says, "twenty tall fellows hanged last Rochester assizes for small robberies;" and there is an admirable paper addressed to the Privy Council by Christopher Carlile, Walsingham's son-in-law, pointing out the possible openings to be made in or through such plantations for home produce and manufacture.

Far below all such prudential economies and mercantile ambitions, however, lay a noble enthusiasm which in these dull days we can hardly, without an effort, realize. The life-and-death wrestle between the Reformation and the old religion had settled in the last quarter of the sixteenth century into a permanent struggle between England and Spain. France was disabled. All the

help which Elizabeth could spare barely enabled the Netherlands to defend themselves. Protestantism, if it conquered, must conquer on another field; and by the circumstances of the time the championship of the Reformed faith fell to the English sailors. The sword of Spain was forged in the gold-mines of Peru; the legions of Alva were only to be disarmed by intercepting the gold ships on their passage; and, inspired by an enthusiasm like that which four centuries before had precipitated the chivalry of Europe upon the East, the same spirit which in its present degeneracy covers our bays and rivers with pleasure yachts then fitted out armed privateers, to sweep the Atlantic, and plunder and destroy Spanish ships wherever they could meet them.

Thus, from a combination of causes, the whole force and energy of the age was directed towards the sea. The wide excitement and the greatness of the interests at stake, raised even common men above themselves; and people who in ordinary times would have been no more than mere seamen, or mere money-making merchants, appear before us with a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other.

Ordinary English traders we find fighting Spanish war ships in behalf of the Protestant faith; the cruisers of the Spanish main were full of generous eagerness for the conversion of the savage nations to Christianity; and what is even more surprising, sites for colonization were examined and scrutinized by such men in a lofty statesmanlike spirit, and a ready insight was displayed by them into the indirect effects of a wisely-extended commerce on every highest human interest.

Again, in the conflict with the Spaniards, there was a further feeling, a feeling of genuine chivalry which was spurring on the English, and one which must be well understood and well remembered, if men like Drake, and Hawkins, and Raleigh, are to be tolerably understood. One of the English Reviews, a short time ago, was much amused with a story of Drake having excommunicated a petty officer as a punishment for some moral offence; the reviewer not being able to see in Drake, as a man, anything more than a highly brave and successful buccaneer, whose pretences to religion might rank with the devotion of an Italian bandit to the Madonna. And so Hawkins, and even Raleigh, are regarded by superficial persons, who see only such outward circumstances of their history as

correspond with their own impressions. The high nature of these men, and the high objects which they pursued, will only rise out and become visible to us as we can throw ourselves back into their times and teach our hearts to feel as they felt. We do not find in the language of the voyagers themselves, or of those who lent them their help at home, any of that weak watery talk of "protection of aborigines," which as soon as it is translated into fact becomes the most active policy for their destruction, soul and body. But the stories of the dealings of the Spaniards with the conquered Indians, which were widely known in England, seem to have affected all classes of people, not with pious passive horror, but with a genuine human indignation. A thousand anecdotes in detail we find scattered up and down the pages of Hakluyt, who, with a view to make them known, translated Peter Martyr's letters; and each commonest sailor-boy who had heard them from his childhood among the tales of his father's fireside, had longed to be a man, that he might go out and become the avenger of a gallant and suffering people. A high mission, undertaken with a generous heart, seldom fails to make those worthy of it to whom it is given, and it was a point of honour, if of nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause. The high courtesy, the chivalry of the Spanish nobles, so conspicuous in their dealings with their European rivals, either failed to touch them in their dealings with uncultivated idolators, or the high temper of the aristocracy was unable to restrain or to influence the masses of the soldiers. It would be as ungenerous as it would be untrue, to charge upon their religion the grievous actions of men who called themselves the armed missionaries of Catholicism, when the Catholic priests and bishops were the loudest in the indignation with which they denounced them. But we are obliged to charge upon it that slow and subtle influence so inevitably exercised by any religion which is divorced from life, and converted into a thing of form, or creed, or ceremony, or system, which could permit the same men to be extravagant in a sincere devotion to the Queen of Heaven, whose entire lower nature, unsubdued and unaffected, was given up to thirst of gold, and plunder, and sensuality. If religion does not make men more humane than they would be without it, it makes them fatally less so; and it is to be feared that the spirit of the pilgrim fathers, which had oscillated to the other extreme, and had again crystallized into a



formal antinomian fanaticism, reproduced the same fatal results as those in which the Spaniards had set them their unworthy precedent. But the Elizabethan navigators, full without exception of large kindness, wisdom, gentleness, and beauty, bear names untainted, as far as we know, with a single crime against the savages; and the name of England was as famous in the Indian seas as that of Spain was infamous. On the banks of the Oronooko there was remembered for a hundred years the noble captain who had come there from the great Queen beyond the seas; and Raleigh speaks the language of the heart of his country, when he urges the English statesmen to colonize Guiana, and exults in the glorious hope of driving the white marauder into the Pacific, and restoring the Incas to the throne of Peru.

“Who will not be persuaded,” he says, “that now at length the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strappado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as any Christian.”

Poor Raleigh! if peace and comfort in this world were of much importance to him, it was in an ill day that he provoked the revenge of Spain. The strength of England was needed at the moment at its own door; the Armada came, and there was no means of executing such an enterprise. And afterwards the throne of Elizabeth was filled by a Stuart, and Guiana was to be no scene of glory for Raleigh; but, as later historians are pleased to think, it was the grave of his reputation.

But the hope burned clear in him through all the weary years of unjust imprisonment; and when he was a gray-headed old man, the base son of a bad mother used it to betray him. The success of his last enterprise was made the condition under which he was to be pardoned for a crime which he had not committed; and its success depended, as he knew, on its being kept secret from the Spaniards. James required of him on his allegiance a detail of what he proposed, giving him at the same time his word as a king that the secret should be safe with him, and the next day it was sweeping out of the port of London in the swiftest of the Spanish ships, with private orders to the

Governor of St. Thomas to provoke a collision when Raleigh should arrive there, which should afterwards cost him his heart's blood.

We modern readers may run rapidly over the series of epithets under which he has catalogued the Indian sufferings, hoping that they are exaggerated, seeing that they are horrible, and closing our eyes against them with swiftest haste; but it was not so when every epithet suggested a hundred familiar facts; and some of these (not resting on English prejudice, but on sad Spanish evidence, which is too full of shame and sorrow to be suspected) shall be given in this place, however old a story it may be thought; because, as we said above, it is impossible to understand the actions of these men, unless we are familiar with the feelings of which their hearts were full.

The massacres under Cortez and Pizarro, terrible as they were, were not the occasion which stirred the deepest indignation. They had the excuse of what might be called, for want of a better word, necessity, and of the desperate position of small bands of men in the midst of enemies who might be counted by millions. And in De Soto, when he burnt his guides in Florida (it was his practice when there was danger of treachery, that those who were left alive might take warning); or in Vasco Nunnez, praying to the Virgin on the mountains of Darien, and going down from off them into the valleys to hunt the Indian caciques, and fling them alive to his bloodhounds; there was, at least, with all this fierceness and cruelty, a desperate courage which we cannot refuse to admire, and which mingles with and corrects our horror. It is the refinement of the Spaniards' cruelty in the settled and conquered provinces, excused by no danger and provoked by no resistance, the details of which witness to the infernal coolness with which it was perpetrated; and the great bearing of the Indians themselves under an oppression which they despaired of resisting, which raises the whole history to the rank of a world-wide tragedy, in which the nobler but weaker nature was crushed under a malignant force which was stronger and yet meaner than itself. Gold hunting and lust were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the Indian women was only more dreadful than that of the men, who were ganged and chained to a labour in the mines which was only to cease with their lives, in a land where but a little before they had lived a free contented people, more innocent of crime than perhaps any people upon earth. If we can conceive what our own feelings would be, if, in the “development of the mammalia” some

baser but more powerful race than man were to appear upon this planet, and we and our wives and children at our own happy firesides were degraded from our freedom, and became to them what the lower animals are to us, we can perhaps realize the feelings of the enslaved nations of Espanola.

As a harsh justification of slavery, it is sometimes urged, that men who do not deserve to be slaves will prefer death to the endurance of it; and that if they prize their liberty, it is always in their power to assert it in the old Roman fashion. Tried even by so hard a rule, the Indians vindicated their right, and before the close of the sixteenth century, the entire group of the Western Islands in the hands of the Spaniards, containing, when Columbus discovered them, many millions of inhabitants, were left literally desolate from suicide. Of the anecdotes of this terrible self-immolation, as they were then known in England, here are a few out of many.

The first is simple, and a specimen of the ordinary method. A Yucatan cacique, who was forced with his old subjects to labour in the mines, at last "calling those miners into an house, to the number of ninety-five, he thus debateth with them :"—

"My worthy companions and friends, why desire we to live any longer under so cruel a servitude? Let us now go unto the perpetual seat of our ancestors, for we shall there have rest from those intolerable cares and grievances which we endure under the subjection of the unthankful. Go ye before, I will presently follow you.' Having so spoken, he held out whole handfuls of those leaves which take away life, prepared for the purpose, and giving every one part thereof, being kindled to suck up the fume; who obeyed his command, the king and his chief kinsmen reserving the last place for themselves."

We speak of the crime of suicide, but few persons will see a crime in this sad and stately leave-taking of a life which it was no longer possible to bear with unbroken hearts. We do not envy the Indian, who, with Spaniards before him as an evidence of the fruits which their creed brought forth, deliberately exchanged for it the old religion of his country, which could sustain him in an action of such melancholy grandeur. But the Indians did not always reply to their oppressors with escaping passively beyond their hands. Here is a story with matter in it for as rich a tragedy as *Œdipus* or *Agamemnon*; and in its stern and tremendous features, more nearly resembling them than any which were conceived even by Shakespeare.

An officer named Orlando had taken the

daughter of a Cuban cacique to be his mistress. She was with child by him, but, suspecting her of being engaged in some other intrigue, he had her fastened to two wooden spits, not intending to kill her, but to terrify her; and setting her before the fire, he ordered that she should be turned by the servants of the kitchen.

"The maiden, stricken with fear through the cruelty thereof, and strange kind of torment, presently gave up the ghost. The cacique her father, understanding the matter, took thirty of his men and went to the house of the captain, who was then absent, and slew his wife, whom he had married after that wicked act committed, and the women who were companions of the wife, and her servants every one. Then shutting the door of the house, and putting fire under it, he burnt himself and all his companions that assisted him, together with the captain's dead family and goods."

This is no fiction or poet's romance. It is a tale of wrath and revenge, which in sober dreadful truth enacted itself upon this earth, and remains among the eternal records of the doings of mankind upon it. As some relief to its most terrible features, we follow it with a story which has a touch in it of diabolic humour.

The slave-owners finding their slaves escaping thus unprosperously out of their grasp, set themselves to find a remedy for so desperate a disease, and were swift to avail themselves of any weakness, mental or bodily, through which to retain them in life. One of these proprietors being informed that a number of his people intended to kill themselves on a certain day, at a particular spot, and knowing by experience that they were too likely to do it, presented himself there at the time which had been fixed upon, and telling the Indians when they arrived, that he knew their intention, and that it was vain for them to attempt to keep anything a secret for him, he ended with saying, that he had come there to kill himself with them; that as he had used them ill in this world, he might use them worse in the next; "with which he did dissuade them presently from their purpose." With what efficacy such believers in the immortality of the soul were likely to recommend either their faith or their God; rather, how terribly all the devotion and all the earnestness with which the poor priests who followed in the wake of the conquerors laboured to recommend it were shamed and paralysed, they themselves too bitterly lament. It was idle to send out governor after governor with orders to stay such practices. They had but to arrive on the scenes to become infected with the same fever, or

if any remnant of Castilian honour, or any faintest echoes of the faith which they professed, still flickered in a few of the best and noblest, they could but look on with folded hands in ineffectual mourning; they could do nothing without soldiers, and the soldiers were the worst offenders. Hispaniola became a mere desert; the gold was in the mines, and there were no poor slaves left remaining to extract it. One means which the Spaniards dared to employ to supply the vacancy, brought about an incident which in its piteous pathos exceeds any story we have ever heard. Crimes and criminals are swept away by time, nature finds an antidote for their poison, and they and their ill consequences alike are blotted out and perish. If we do not forgive them, at least we cease to hate them, as it grows more clear to us that they injured none so deeply as themselves. But the *θηριώδης μαχία*, the enormous wickedness by which Humanity itself has been outraged and disgraced, we cannot forgive, we cannot cease to hate that; the years roll away, but the tints of it remain on the pages of history, deep and horrible as the day on which they were entered there.

“When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the Yucaian islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains should pass into the south, to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade those poor wretches, that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and should enjoy all kinds of delights with the embraces and fruition of all beloved things. And they, being infected and possessed with these crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing left their country, and followed vain and idle hope. But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and extreme labour, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucaians came to their end.”

It was once more as it was in the days of the apostles. The New World was first offered to the holders of the old traditions. They were the husbandmen first chosen for the new vineyard, and blood and desolation were the only fruits which they reared upon it. In their hands it was becoming a kingdom not of God, but of the devil, and a sentence of blight went out against them and against their works. How fatally it

has worked, let modern Spain and Spanish America bear witness. We need not follow further the history of their dealings with the Indians. For their colonies, a fatality appears to have followed all attempts at Catholic colonization. Like shoots from an old decaying tree which no skill and no care can rear, they were planted, and for a while they might seem to grow; but their life was never more than a lingering death, a failure, which to a thinking person would outweigh in the arguments against Catholicism whole libraries of faultless *catenas*, and a *consensus patrum* unbroken through fifteen centuries for the supremacy of St. Peter.

There is no occasion to look for superstitious causes to explain it. The Catholic faith had ceased to be the faith of the large mass of earnest thinking capable persons; and to those who can best do the work, all work in this world sooner or later is committed. America was the natural home for Protestants; persecuted at home, they sought a place where they might worship God in their own way, without danger of stake or gibbet, and the French Huguenots, as afterwards the English Puritans, early found their way there. The fate of a party of Coligny's people, who had gone out as settlers, shall be the last of these stories, illustrating, as it does in the highest degree, the wrath and fury with which the passions on both sides were boiling. A certain John Ribault, with about 400 companions, had emigrated to Florida. They were quiet, inoffensive people, and lived in peace there several years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and on the best possible terms with the natives. Spain was at the time at peace with France; we are, therefore, to suppose that it was in pursuance of the great crusade, in which they might feel secure of the secret, if not the confessed, sympathy of the Guises, that a powerful Spanish fleet bore down upon this settlement. The French made no resistance, and they were seized and flayed alive, and their bodies hung out upon the trees, with an inscription suspended over them, “Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.” At Paris all was sweetness and silence. The settlement was tranquilly surrendered to the same men who had made it the scene of their atrocity; and two years later, 500 of the very Spaniards who had been most active in the murder were living there in peaceable possession, in two forts which their relation with the natives had obliged them to build. It was well that there were other Frenchmen living, of whose consciences the Court had not the keeping, and who were able on emergencies to do

what was right without consulting it. A certain privateer named Doinique de Gourges, secretly armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, and, stealing across the Atlantic and in two days collecting a strong party of Indians, he came down suddenly upon the forts, and taking them by storm, slew or afterwards hanged every man he found there, leaving their bodies on the trees on which they had hanged the Huguenots, with their own inscription reversed against them, "Not as Spaniards, but as murderers." For which exploit, well deserving of all honest men's praise, Dominique de Gourges had to fly his country for his life; and, coming to England, was received with honourable welcome by Elizabeth.

It was at such a time, and to take their part amidst such scenes as these, that the English navigators appeared along the shores of South America, as the armed soldiers of the Reformation, and as the avengers of humanity; and as their enterprise was grand and lofty, so was the manner in which they bore themselves in all ways worthy of it. They were no nation of saints, in the modern sentimental sense of that word; they were prompt, stern men—more ready ever to strike an enemy than to parley with him; and private adventurers as they all were, it was natural enough that private foolishness and private badness should be found among them as among other mortals. Every Englishman who had the means was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the Court. The battles of England were fought by her children, at their own risk and cost, and they were at liberty to repay themselves the expense of their expeditions by plundering at the cost of the national enemy. Thus, of course, in a mixed world, there were found mixed marauding crews of scoundrels, who played the game which a century later was played with such effect by the pirates of Tortuga. But we have to remark, first, that such stories are singularly rare; and then, that the victims are never the Indians, never any but the Spaniards or the French, when the English were at war with them; and, on the whole, the conduct and character of the English sailors, considering what they were and the work which they were set to do, present us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high heroic energy, as has never been over-matched; the more remarkable, as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no system, no organized training, but was

the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.

Before starting on an expedition, it was usual for the crew and the officers to meet and arrange among themselves a series of articles of conduct, to which they bound themselves by a formal agreement, the entire body itself undertaking to see to their observance. It is quite possible that strong religious profession, and even sincere profession, might be accompanied, as it was in the Spaniards, with everything most detestable. It is not sufficient of itself to prove that their actions would correspond with it, but it is one among a number of evidences; and, coming, as they come before us, with hands clear of any blood but of fair and open enemies, these articles may pass at least as indications of what they were.

Here we have a few instances—

Hawkins's ship's company was, as he himself informs us, an unusually loose one. Nevertheless, we find them "gathered together every morning and evening to serve God;" and a fire on board, which only Hawkins's presence of mind prevented from destroying ship and crew together, was made use of by the men as an occasion to banish swearing out of the ship.

"With a general consent of all our company, it was ordained that there should be a palmer or ferula which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath; and that he who had the palmer should give to every one that he took swearing, a palmada with it and the ferula; and whosoever at the time of evening or morning prayer was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captain or the master; and that he should still be bound to free himself by taking another, or else to run in danger of continuing the penalty, which, being executed a few days, reformed the vice, so that in three days together was not one oath heard to be sworn."

The regulations for Luke Fox's voyage commence thus:—

"For as much as the good success and prosperity of every action doth consist in the due service and glorifying of God, knowing that not only our being and preservation, but the prosperity of all our actions and enterprises do immediately depend on His Almighty goodness and mercy; it is provided—

"First, that all the company, as well officers as others, shall duly repair every day twice at the call of the bell to hear public prayers to be read, such as are authorized by the church, and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought.

"Secondly, that no man shall swear by the name of God, or use any profane oath, or blaspheme His holy name."

To symptoms such as these, we cannot but attach a very different value when they are the spontaneous growth of common minds, unstimulated by sense of propriety or rules of the service, or other official influence lay or ecclesiastic, from what we attach to the somewhat similar ceremonials in which, among persons whose position is conspicuous, important enterprises are now and then inaugurated.

We have said as much as we intend to say of the treatment by the Spaniards of the Indian women. Sir Walter Raleigh is commonly represented by historians as rather defective, if he was remarkable at all, on the moral side of his character. Yet Raleigh can declare proudly, that all the time he was on the *Oronoko*, "neither by force nor other means had any of his men intercourse with any woman there;" and the narrator of the incidents of Raleigh's last voyage acquaints his correspondent "with some particulars touching the government of the fleet, which, although other men in their voyages doubtless in some measure observed, yet in all the great volumes which have been written touching voyages, there is no precedent of so godly severe and martial government, which not only in itself is laudable and worthy of imitation, but is also fit to be written and engraven on every man's soul that coveteth to do honour to his country."

Once more, the modern theory of Drake is, as we said above, that he was a gentleman-like pirate on a large scale, who is indebted for the place which he fills in history to the indistinct ideas of right and wrong prevailing in the unlightened age in which he lived, and who therefore demands all the toleration of our own enlarged humanity to allow him to remain there. Let us see how the following incident can be made to coincide with this hypothesis:—

A few days after clearing the channel on his first great voyage, he fell in with a small Spanish ship, which he took for a prize. He committed the care of it to a certain Mr. Doughtie, a person much trusted by, and personally very dear to him, and this second vessel was to follow him as a tender.

In dangerous expeditions into unknown seas, a second smaller ship was often indispensable to success; but many finely intended enterprises were ruined by the cowardice of the officers to whom such ships were entrusted; who shrank as danger thickened, and again and again took advantage of darkness or heavy weather to make sail for England and forsake their commander. Hawkins twice suffered in

this way; so did Sir Humfrey Gilbert; and, although Drake's own kind feeling for his old friend has prevented him from leaving an exact account of his offence, we gather from the scattered hints which are let fall, that he, too, was meditating a similar piece of treason. However, it may or may not have been thus. But when at Port St. Julien, "our General," says one of the crew,—

"Began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughtie, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redresse, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughtie's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughtie (as he then, in the presence of us all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care which he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our law in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughtie should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action, which, being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our General, and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

The simple majesty of this anecdote can gain nothing from any comment which we might offer upon it. The crew of a common English ship, organizing of their own free motion on that wild shore a judgment hall more grand and awful than any most elaborate law court, with its ermine and black cap, and robes of ceremony for mind as well as body, is not to be reconciled with the pirate theory, which we may as well henceforth put away from us.

Of such stuff were the early English navigators; we are reaping the magnificent

harvest of their great heroism ; and we may see once more in their history and in what has arisen out of it, that on these deep moral foundations, and on none others, enduring prosperities of what kind soever, politic or religious, material or spiritual, are alone in this divinely governed world permitted to base themselves and grow. Wherever we find them they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China, fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or prisoners among the Algerines, founding colonies which by and by were to grow into enormous transatlantic republics, or exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the Polar seas, they are the same indomitable God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy. "The ice was strong, but God was stronger," says one of Frobisher's men, after grinding a night and a day among the icebergs, not waiting for God to come down and split them, but toiling through the long hours, himself and the rest fending off the vessel with poles and planks, with death glaring at them out of the ice rocks, and so saving themselves and it. Icebergs were strong, Spaniards were strong, and storms, and corsairs, and rocks, and reefs, which no chart had then noted—they were all strong, but God was stronger, and that was all which they cared to know.

Out of the vast number it is difficult to make wise selections, but the attention floats loosely over generalities, and only individual men can seize it and hold it fast. We shall attempt to bring our readers face to face with some of these men ; not, of course, to write their biographies, but to sketch the details of a few scenes, in the hope that they may tempt those under whose eyes they may fall to look for themselves to complete the perfect figure.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride in safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream ; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and

carved prows of the ships which thronged it ; or climbing on board, and listening with hearts beating to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset ; and here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness ;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a northwest passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures, and insisting with so much loudness on these important matters that they reached the all-attentive ears of Walsingham, and through Walsingham were conveyed to the Queen. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, the record of which examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures ; and invaluable practical discoveries, among imaginations at which all our love for him cannot hinder us from smiling : the whole of it from first to last saturated through and through with his inborn nobility of nature.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and America, therefore, is necessarily an island. The gulf stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's

Straits in the south, he believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, the land to the south being unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them. But we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the Queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author of it. But Sir Humfrey's

nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurements of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. Johns was taken possession of and a colony left there, and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south; he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. Johns. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer, examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haughtboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Hum-

frey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable loss. But it was little matter; he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion to our seeming in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the General came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his book and papers; and Mr. Hayes considered that the loss of manuscripts could not be so very distressing, and that there

must have been something behind, certain gold ore, for instance, which had perished also—considerations not perhaps of particular value. He was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with all eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, who were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold)," continues Mr. Hayes, "to God who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

Albeit, thinks the writer, who is unable to comprehend such high gallantry, there must have been something on his mind of what the world would say of him, "and it was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life," for the writing of which sentence we will trust the author, either in this world or the other, has before this done due penance and repented of it.

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call *Castor and Pollux*."

"Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night,



about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being a-head of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The General was cast away,' which was too true."

*So stirbt ein Held.* It was a fine end for a mortal man. We will not call it sad or tragic, but heroic and sublime; and if our eyes water as we write it down, it is not with sorrow, but with joy and pride.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes (in some degree rising above himself), "I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; we know but little more of him, and we can only conjecture that he was still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries; but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion. He was one of a race which have ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

Our space is sadly limited for historical portrait painting; but we must find room for another of that Greenaway party whose nature was as fine as that of Gilbert, and who intellectually was more largely gifted. The latter was drowned in 1583. In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Polar seas; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success

as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis's epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seems to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or motion; and silver bullets were cast to shoot him in a mutiny; the hard rude natures of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; one of those, by the by, which the Hakluyt Society have mutilated; and there is an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is a true natural poetry, called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

To show what he was, we should have preferred, if possible, to have taken the story of his expedition into the South Seas, in which, under circumstances of singular difficulty, he was deserted by Candish, under whom he had sailed; and after inconceivable trials, from famine, mutiny, and storm, ultimately saved himself and his ship, and such of the crew as had chosen to submit to his orders. But it is a long history, and will not admit of being mutilated. As an instance of the stuff of which it was composed, he ran back in the black night in a gale of wind through the Straits of Magellan, by a chart which he had made with the eye in passing up. His anchors were lost or broken; the cables were parted. He could not bring up the ship; there was nothing for it but to run, and he carried her safe through along a channel often not three miles broad, sixty miles from end to end, and twisting like the reaches of a river. For the present, however, we are forced to content ourselves with a few sketches out of the north-west voyages. Here is one, for instance, which shows how an Englishman could deal with the Indians. Davis had landed at Gilbert's Sound, and gone up the country exploring. On his return, he found his crew loud in complaints of the thievish propensities of the natives, and urgent to have an example made of some of them. On the next occasion he fired a gun at them with blank cartridge; but their nature was still too strong for them.

"Seeing iron," he says, "they could in no case forbear stealing; which, when I perceived, it did

but minister to me occasion of laughter to see their simplicity, and I willed that they should not be hardly used, but that our company should be more diligent to keep their things, supposing it to be very hard in so short a time to make them know their evils."

In his own way, however, he took an opportunity of administering a lesson to them of a more wholesome kind than could be given with gunpowder and bullets. Like the rest of his countrymen, he believed the savage Indians in their idolatries to be worshippers of the devil. "They are witches," he says; "they have images in great store, and use many kinds of enchantments." And these enchantments they tried on one occasion to put in force against himself and his crew.

"Being on shore on the 4th day of July, one of them made a long oration, and then kindled a fire, into which with many strange words and gestures he put divers things, which we supposed to be a sacrifice. Myself and certain of my company standing by, they desired us to go into the smoke. I desired them to go into the smoke, which they would by no means do. I then took one of them and thrust him into the smoke, and willed one of my company to tread out the fire, and spurn it into the sea, which was done to show them that we did condemn their sorceries."

It is a very English story—exactly what a modern Englishman would do; only, perhaps, not believing that there was any real devil in the case, which makes a difference. However, real or not real, after seeing him patiently put up with such an injury, we will hope the poor Greenlander had less respect for him than formerly.

Leaving Gilbert's Sound, Davis went on to the north-west, and in lat. 63° fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all his crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was midsummer, becoming compassed with ice,—

"The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted—whereupon, very orderly, with good discretion, they entreated me to regard the safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through overboldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

"Whereupon, seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory, and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

He had two vessels, one of some burthen, the other a pinnacle of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had sought was, that he made over his own large vessel

to such as wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with honour than to return with infamy," went on, with such volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the sea now called Davis's Straits, in commemoration of that adventure, 4° north of the furthest known point, among storms and icebergs, by which the long days and twilight nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and, coasting back along the American shore, discovered Hudson's Straits, supposed then to be the long-desired entrance into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsingham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was also pleased to show him great encouragement." If either these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger, his name would have filled a larger space in history than a small corner of the map of the world; but if he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has been found to celebrate his work, and no clue is left to guide us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and to have returned five times from India. But the details are all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Michellthorne to India in 1604, he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He supposed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them to so wretched a death, and took them on board, and in a few hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambuscade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few indeed of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer holyday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the

fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work on earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink; and so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men, and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honourable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:—

“Θανέειν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκη  
 τί κέ τις ἀνώγειον γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ  
 καθήμενος ἐφοι μάτων, ἀπάντων  
 καλῶν ἄμμορος.”

“Seeing,” in Gilbert's own brave words, “that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.”

In the conclusion of these light sketches we pass into an element different from that in which we have been lately dwelling. The scenes in which Gilbert and Davis played out their high natures were of the kind which we call peaceful, and the enemies with which they contended were principally the ice and the wind, and the stormy seas and the dangers of unknown and savage lands; we shall close amidst the roar of cannon and the wrath and rage of battle. Hume, who alludes to the engagement we are going to describe, speaks of it in a tone which shows that he looked upon it as something portentous and prodigious; as a thing to wonder at—but scarcely as deserving the admiration which we pay to actions

properly within the scope of humanity—and as if the strength which was displayed in it was like the unnatural strength of madness. He does not say this, but he appears to feel it; and he scarcely would have felt it, if he had cared more deeply to saturate himself with the temper of the age of which he was writing. At the time all England and all the world rang with it. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people, it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength, than the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans who in the summer morning sate “combing their long hair—for death” in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, were lying at anchor under the island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half their men disabled by sickness, they were unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which they had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore; the ships themselves “all pestered and rommaging,” with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of 53 men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the Admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow; of her crew of 190, 90 being sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there being some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. “He was of great revenues,” they said, “of his own inheritance, but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars,” and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood eating, he had volunteered his services to the Queen; “of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here,

and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down." Such he was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast, and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative and follow it in his words) "to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship."

"But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alledging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way, which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing: notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light; the *San Philip*, "a huge high-cargued ship," of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

"After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many enterchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through

her by the *Armadas*, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the due honour to the brave English heart who commanded the *George Noble*; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphur clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries." "But as the day increased so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge* was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped."

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, 40 out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head; and his surgeon was killed while attending on him. The masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards;

seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men of war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But such *δαμονίη ἀρετή* was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men, at least than men were then. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 men were killed, and the Spanish Admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition." Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it, gained over the majority of the surviving crew; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed. And "the ship being marvellous unsavourie," Alonzo de Bacon, the Spanish Admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied, that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not;" and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The Admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved." The officers of the rest of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him, and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the "Portugals," each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*.

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my

soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur*; nor did it end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before." A fleet of merchantmen joined the armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only 32 ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest all foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail, and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

"And it may well be thought and presumed," says John Huyghen, "that it was no other than a just plague purposely sent upon the Spaniards; and that it might be truly said, the taking of the *Revenge* was justly revenged on them; and not by the might of force of man, but by the power of God. As some of them openly said in the Isle of Terceira, that they believed verily God would consume them, and that he took part with the Lutherans and heretics . . . saying further, that so soon as they had thrown the dead body of the Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grenville overboard, they verily thought that as he had a devilish faith and religion, and therefore the devil loved him, so he presently sunk into the bottom of the sea and down into hell where he raised up all the devils to the revenge of his death, and that they brought so great a storm and torments upon the Spaniards, because they only maintained the Catholic and Romish religion. Such and the like blasphemies against God they ceased not openly to utter."

## ART. III.—THE FUTURE OF GEOLOGY.

1. *Histoire des Progrès de la Géologie de 1834 à 1850, par le Vicomte D'Archiac. Publiée par la Société Géologique de France, sous les auspices de M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* 1847—1851.
2. *The Geological Observer.* By Sir Henry T. de la Beche, C.B., F.R.S. Longmans. 1851.
3. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and of the Museum of Economic Geology.* Vols. I. and II. Longmans 1846—1848.
4. *Records of the School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts.* Vol. I. Part I. Longmans. 1852.
5. *A Manual of Elementary Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell, M.A., F.R.S. Murray. 1852.
6. *Principles of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Eighth edition. Murray. 1850.
7. *Address delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Geological Society of London, on the 20th of February, 1852.* By William Hopkins, Esq., President of the Society. R. Taylor. 1852.
8. *Passages in the History of Geology.* By Andrew C. Ramsay, F.R.S. Taylor and Walton. 1849.

GEOLOGY is in the ascendant. It counts in its ranks some of the most energetic and able men of science of the day; it claims for its service the only scientific Society that can bring together a considerable congregation of attentive and intelligent listeners; it occupies and fills, at the annual gatherings of the British Association, the largest meeting hall of all the sections, and wins admiration in the provinces by a yearly sitting of six almost consecutive days, distinguished for the liveliness of the debate and the interest of the subjects discussed; it enforces its importance on the attention of Governments, and into the ears of politicians, usually dull of hearing when addressed concerning matters purely intellectual, or calculated to advance rather than impede human progress. Extensive surveys are instituted for the prosecution of geological research; noble museums are erected for the display of geological treasures; lectureships are endowed for the inculcation of geological truths. A conviction has taken root among the people, that the history of the formation of the earth, and the investigation of its structure and contents, are worthy subjects of national inquiry, and—what with practical men

weighs more heavily—likely to prove conducive to the development of national wealth. A few years ago, geology was perhaps more fashionable and more amusing; as the work became harder, and the talk less diverting, her fashionable friends fell away. But better and truer allies are arising among the masses of the people. Let geology put trust in them, work for them, teach what she has learnt to them, and there shall be greater honours in store for her than can be conferred by the applause of magnates, and the smiles of fine ladies. The hard and horny hand of the miner and mechanic will be frankly proffered for the pledge of fraternity—no languid pressure there, but a warm grasp and hearty shake. The farmer, ever slow and suspicious, will hold back awhile; but the good sense that lies smouldering in this dullest of the avatars of John Bull will, sooner or later, burn up, and, like the light streaming from the eye of a dark lantern, shew science at hand to help, where an enemy and plunderer was suspected.

Neither man nor science can work the way to permanent position without a struggle. Whatever is worth gaining must be fought for. The rest of peace, which is faith either in virtue, or in truth, or in order, must be won according to its kind by war moral, or intellectual, or physical. The man whose course through life provokes no enemy, and excites no opposition, must be a nonentity; so, too, with doctrine, discovery, and science. A late eminent and eccentric Scotch naturalist and antiquarian professed to disbelieve the results of his researches, and set about seeking for errors in them, whenever they were at once accepted without opposition or cavil. There was reason in this odd fancy—more than critics gave him credit for. Geology would not have been now what it is, had the path of its progress been less thorny, and its opponents less active. The energy and enthusiasm of geologists has made the growth of their science seem almost magical in rapidity; yet it was no unsubstantial Boletus, springing in a night, or it had been trampled down by its adversaries as fast as it grew. It had, however, its adventitious helps, that served to gain for it the attention of the unscientific and of men of the world. The younger of all the Minervas that have budded from the brain of Jupiter, Geology would have languished, and possibly pined away beneath the cold glances of her stern and mature sisters, and the more damaging enmity of her father's priests, had not paternal love endowed her with an Ægis in the shape of a winning pre-

sence, and the gift of the gab. Her missionaries during the time—scarcely yet gone by—when she won her way most rapidly into public favour, were orators and men of mark. There was no orack modesty about her; perhaps not overmuch of the reality of that virtue. Like a woman of genius—and a handsome one too—she was opinionative and dogmatical; bold in assertions, and apt to let imagination get the mastery over judgment. But these were the failings of healthy youth—the consequences of fulness and richness of blood, and much more likely to end—as they have done—in a sound condition of ripened limb and body, than if they had been substituted by excess of caution, fear of giving offence, shrinking timidity, and dread of authority.

Of the three subjects which seem to suggest themselves most naturally to the inquisitive faculty of the human mind—the constitution of man himself, the constitution of the world upon which he lives, and the constitution of the universe, of which that world forms a part—it is remarkable that the second, and apparently easiest, should have been neglected for ages after earnest study of the other two had commenced and advanced, or was so treated as to be prolific only in vague fancies, and generate no true science. Geology, as contradistinguished from cosmogony, seems to have lain dormant during the brightest epochs of antiquity, and to have excited scarcely a spark of thought, even in the combustible brain of Aristotle himself. A shrewd and accurate observer, old Strabo, it is true, had notions about volcanoes and the isolation of morsels of land, that made a fair approach to geological theorizing; but with this almost solitary exception, it was reserved for modern—in reality, for very modern—philosophers to inaugurate a science which, during its brief infancy and shorter youth, attained the dimensions of a giant, and claimed and won an equal seat with its proudest compeers. Solitary prophets arose from time to time, and seemed in imperfectly understood predictions to foretel the advent of a new philosophy. Great men were among them; men who, in the midst of sterner and fairer pursuits, saw dim indications of mysterious and wonderful workings in the soil beneath their feet, and the mountains that cast long shadows. They asked of themselves, why should there be hills to cast these shadows; and how grew up the mountain tops? They demanded whether there was not an anatomy to be dissected out of the corpse of mother earth, as in the bodies of her living and moving children? They ventured to

think that rugosities of the world's surface were the wrinkles of age, the stamps of ancient cares, the ravages of unrecorded convulsions. They gathered petrifications out of the rocks, and, comparing them with ejectamenta of the ocean, saw, and what is more, admitted to themselves that they saw, the unquestionable proofs of a similar organization and an identical origin. In Italy especially was a light seen dimly heralding the dawn; and foremost among those who marked the glimmer was that astonishing old painter, Leonardo da Vinci, on whose active mind all the sciences of his time, and scraps of sciences then unborn, seem to have been spread in dabs, like the colours on his professional palette. It is a great glory to Italy to have played the part she did in the nursing and nourishing of infant geology. Alas! too many of the children reared by that most beautiful of mothers have been abandoned by her in their childhood, or disowned after attaining their youth or manhood. Not so with this sturdy science; Italy has still her geologists, and good ones too; yet even these might have been denied to her had the training of the infant rested in her care. Under the colder and cloudier skies, amid the rougher and sterner minds of Britain, did geology attain that vigour which has resulted in the strength of an immortal.

"L'histoire de la géologie," remarks Count d'Archiac, "ressemble assez à celle des peuples anciens. Comme eux, elle a eu son époque fabuleuse, et elle se trouve mêlée à toutes les théogonies de l'Orient; puis son époque héroïque, encore enveloppée d'une certaine obscurité jusque vers la fin du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle; enfin, son époque critique ou de l'histoire proprement dite, qui ne remonte pas à plus de soixante ans." The historical and critical epoch of geology owes its development in a great measure to the energy of Britons. In the philosophical speculations of Hutton, and the practical generalisations of William Smith, were laid the firm foundations of the science. To the indefatigable exertions and disinterested enthusiasm of the early members of the Geological Society of London, is due its rapid advance when young and rising. On the establishment of that society, indeed, the development of practical geological research has mainly depended. More than forty years ago, it commenced its labours under the presidency of its most active founder, who still sits at its council-board, the Nestor of geologists, enthusiastic as the youngest, learned even to the latest memoir, impartial yet sternly critical, always encouraging his juniors by advice and the wisdom gained

through a long experience of field-research. In the history of geology the name of GREENOUGH will ever hold a conspicuous and honoured place. Most of those who along with him so successfully worked the Society during its early years, after labouring sedulously in the geological field, directed their attention eventually to other objects of science or public benefit. Such were WOLLASTON, HORNER, WARBURTON, STOKES, and others; some of whom are no more, some fortunately still visitors of the institution, in which they retain all their interest and much just pride. A body so founded could not but prosper, and under its genial protection soon arose a rapid succession of illustrious men, whose names are now geological watchwords, and most of whom are still active and doing. By well-directed labour in the field, each filled up some great gap in geology, and by public spirit and personal qualities, aided in diffusing its influence. Earliest came FIRTON, the explorer and classifier of the upper secondary strata, warm-hearted, fervid, eloquent, and witty, ever ready to conduct the defence of all who seemed unjustly assailed, and dreaded only by the luckless unfortunates who ventured to trespass on his own chosen and well-protected preserve of green sand. BUCKLAND, whose accumulations of original observations and collected information, not only on geology, but on all collateral subjects, astonished his esoteric listeners, and whose redundant humour and picturesque descriptions inveigled into the precincts of science many a delighted congregation of unscientific hearers, is, alas, though near us, no longer amongst us. CONYBEARE, a rare visitor of these meetings now, but one of the fathers of geology, enriching its early stages by solid labour, and enlightening it by ripe learning and ardent genius; SEDGWICK, impetuous, eloquent, charming by sparkling wit and thoughts of exquisite beauty, mingling pathos with humour, varying his exposition of the results of laborious research among the intricacies of the most ancient and disturbed regions of our islands with unexpected similes and episodes of personal adventure; MURCHISON, his friend and colleague in work, the founder of a Silurian empire which will hold together longer than any realm of King or Czar, the most active and energetic of observers, clear and fluent in statement and description, possessing a rare and almost instinctive power of perceiving the essentials of the subject of his research, foremost among the contributors to comparative geology; DR LA BECHE, ever justly insisting on the necessity of cau-

tion and the remembrance of physical conditions, whose lasting monument will be the great geological map of the British islands, the beautiful museum and its associated college, that have been founded through his unceasing exertions and wise foresight for the application of British science to the development and advance of our national arts and pursuits; LYELL, pre-eminently a philosopher, the demonstrator and classifier of Tertiary formations, the great interest and increasing importance of which he clearly perceived and insisted upon when these more recent strata were disregarded, whose admirable writings have done more to diffuse a sound spirit of geological inquiry and reasoning than any ever published; MANTELL, who, working alone, and in the midst of unceasing professional duties, did inestimable service to British palæontology, the discoverer of the Wealden, the enthusiastic chronicler and firm friend of Iguanodons and other draconic prodigies; PHILLIPS, the cleverest of expounders and best of advisers, most fluent and persuasive in his eloquence, a contributor to almost every department of the geology of our country, and a worthy inheritor of the mantle of his illustrious uncle, William Smith—these are the men whose presence in friendly debate filled the benches of the Geological Society of London with an audience remarkable for the variety of its pursuits and extent of its acquirements. Under their auspices, and through their exertions, a second stage of the historical epoch of geology became gradually inaugurated; one to which more especially the invaluable and precise labours of OWEN in palæontology and of HOPKINS in dynamical geology belong. It can claim many able and earnest labourers, worthy associates and followers of those who so nobly led the way.

Whilst we bear testimony to the sterling merits of the geological chiefs whose good-humoured and elegant word-combats have delighted many an intellectual assembly, and won fresh converts to their charming science, we must not forget to remind our readers that there are soldiers of equal merit, highly honoured and appreciated by those very leaders, but who, from natural reserve, dislike of display, or too retiring modesty, never figure in the tournay, though taking an active and laborious part in the serious battle where there are no idle spectators. The transactions and records of geological societies are stored with the fruits of men who may appropriately be termed *unseen* geologists. Their works are as often embodied in the memoirs of their



more dashing colleagues, as put forward in the names of their authors. Thoroughly loving their science for truth's sake only, equally uncovetous of temporary *éclat* and lasting fame (though sure of the laurel, whether they seek for it or not), delighting in feeding great fires, in helping more daring spirits to do the work which after all can be done only by daring spirits, happier still when cheering on the promising beginner, guiding his first steps and the first strokes of his hammer, these are the men who like good angels guard over academies, suppress errors, cherish truths, and see that justice is done unto all. Geology owes much to such earnest and faithful adherents. One name, little known out of the limited sphere of working geologists, must be mentioned, in justice, as a type of the class: the name of LONSDALE.

If we seek for the cause of the prominent position held by British geology, we shall find it in the eclectic treatment of the science by British geologists. The debates of the Geological Society of London, and the writings of its members, are alike characterized by an equal and just appreciation of the physical and natural history evidences with which they have to deal. Occasionally a stern mineralogist will utter a crystallized growl at the overpraise of a rotten bone or shell; or a supercilious collector turn aside in disgust from an unfossiliferous lump of sandstone, dignified with a conspicuous position on the Society's table; but, far oftener, almost always, palæontological, physical and mineral evidences combined, are treated as constituting necessary elements of the question under discussion, the tendency on the part of the debater being rather to lay an overstress upon that department with which he is least practically acquainted, than to despise the light which its resources may throw upon the problem. On the continent, these constitutional notions are supplanted, in too many instances, by extremes of opinion. Out of twelve geologists abroad, we shall find two, it may be, eclectic in their views, and opposed by the ten, five of whom will be ultra-palæontologists, and five ultra-mineralogists or physicists. A puts his faith entirely in his acid-bottle and microscope, using the latter only for the determination of the number and shape of mineral grains; the sight of a stratum without a fossil gives zest to his search, whilst organic remains are to him nuisances, confusers, and impediments. B sides with A in his rejection of natural history data, but holds, besides, that mineral character is a very poor guide, and that unconformities and indications of physical con-

vulsions must supplant all other evidence in illustrating the age and value of formations. C, on the contrary, slights both A and B; declares his utter contempt of all inorganized matter, except so far as it is a matrix for the preservation of organic remains; holds a fault to be a bore; and scorns even superposition as valueless in comparison with palæontological facts. A has his pupils, B his disciples, and C his followers, all of whom, as usual, exaggerate the opinions of their masters. In the train of each are irregulars and camp-followers, as loud in dispute without any knowledge of what they are squabbling about, attracted, either by interest or personal admiration, to one or other of the philosophic generals. The mineral-dealers stand by A; the fossil-sellers by C; whilst B, less encumbered by such embarrassing adherents, has the interested division of his tail limited, probably, to a few half-informed land-surveyors. The disinterested section of *claqueurs* attached to each will be swelled or diminished according to the genius, affability, eloquence, personal influence, public position, and private fortune of their heroes. Urged on by vanity, indiscreet praise, or the persuadings of too zealous partizanship, A, B, and C become more and more convinced that the exclusive views with which they started are all in all, and thus are apt to travel farther from the truth year after year. In the meantime, the small minority of eclectics pursue their way with sorry escorts (for the multitude will always, in the long run, prefer extreme opinions, however absurd) and, through their disgust, are apt to contract an affection for, and advocacy of, negotiations, as opposed to progress as the headlong advances in a wrong direction of their exclusive opponents.

There are, however, many distinguished exceptions to this general censure. The patriarch of German geologists, the illustrious VOX BUCHI, has set a very different example during his long and laborious, but glorious career. A geologist in every sense of the word, no living man has so thoroughly appreciated the co-ordination of the physical, chemical (mineralogical), and biological elements of his favourite science. All his writings are filled with evidences of a rare combination of minute research with great powers of generalization. In those parts of palæontology which advance geology most, as distinguished from those divisions of the science which rather conduce to the advancement of zoology and botany, (a distinction not always, indeed rarely, borne in mind by the writers of general geological treatises,) no man has worked with more

success than this veteran philosopher, whose presence, with that of HUMBOLDT—*par nobile fratrum*—confers a lasting light and honour on the court of Berlin. Whatever may be the monarch of Prussia's political shortcomings, it is but fair to render him the meed of praise for his enlightened appreciation of such men as those we have just named, and of many more, high in the ranks of science; not in the shape of grudging and demeaning patronage, but manifested by unmistakable proofs of sincere and reverential admiration, and by unassuming attentions that show how all artificial distinctions, drawn on the wrong side by human vanity, between king and philosopher, cannot prevent the growth of a true friendship in the bosoms of each.

In France, too, the justest views on the nature and extent of geological evidence characterized all the writings of D'ARCHIAC, who in an important work, the title of which is enumerated at the head of this article, has undertaken, at the request of the Geological Society of France, and with the sanction and aid of several successive governments, to perform the difficult duty of being at once the historian and judge of the progress of geology during the epoch of its most precise condition and surest advance. No one who is unacquainted with the extent and variety of geological literature, the host of memoirs, great and small, scattered through all sorts of transactions and journals, in all manner of languages, can form an idea of the difficulty of the undertaking. Five closely printed volumes of his "Histoire des Progrès de la Géologie, de 1834 à 1850," have already appeared, of which tertiary and cretaceous geology constitute the chief themes. They are most remarkable documents, full of learning, personal knowledge, original views, and sound criticism. M. D'Archiac has endeavoured to execute his delicate task in the strictest spirit of justice, and however we may differ with him on occasional points of detail, and here and there of theory, we freely admit that he has succeeded. His work is distinguished for perspicuity of style and clearness of arrangement, and we look forward, with many anticipations of instruction and pleasure, to the future volumes concerning the oolitic and palæozoic stratas, which doubtless will appear in due time, unless the Autocrat of France, whose love for either literature or science is not becoming proverbial, should take it into his sapient head that all pre-Napoleonic ideas (such as those ancient formations were) should be extinguished.

Astronomy was the black sheep among

the sciences during the middle ages; geology has played that unpleasant part in later and more enlightened times; nay, is even shunned as disreputable by numbers of generally well-informed and well-intentioned people at the present day. Although, to the honour of the priesthood, not a few of its ablest advocates, and some of its earliest and boldest supporters have come from their ranks, parsons as a body still fight shy of geology and geologists, and were martyrdom by roasting in fashion, we might see Greenough, Lyell, Murchison, De la Beche, Filton, and Mantell all protesting against plutonic agencies at Smithfield, whilst Conybeare, Sedgwick, Henslow, and possibly even the Bishop of Oxford (who knows more of geology than common people give him credit for,) would be doing penance for their unsanctified acquirements in chilly dungeons on a neptunian diet of cold water. The two cardinal sins of geologists in the eyes of good people, are their belief in the world's preadamitic antiquity, and their disbelief in the universality of the deluge. The vague general distrust of them that pervades respectable country society, and concentrates into positive abhorrence in the congregations of Exeter Hall will, when minutely analyzed, be found to resolve itself into more or less clearly understood objections against the two articles just mentioned. Of course, truth must conquer, and before twenty years are over, the world's antiquity and the partiality of the deluge will be taught to children in schools with no more hesitation than is now entertained about teaching the motion of the earth round the sun. Strange to say, the first of these obnoxious doctrines was treated as an open question by many divines before geological discovery brought facts to bear upon it. Almost exactly two hundred years ago, one of the brightest and purest spirits among the clergy of the Church of England, Dr. Henry More, published his "Conjectural Essay of Interpreting the Mind of Moses."\* In this singular treatise he boldly maintained that the narrative of the Creation contained in the commencing chapters of Genesis, professes on principle to describe the appearance (as distinguished from the reality) of things to sense and obvious fancies, "accommodating the outward cortex of Scripture to the most narrow and slow apprehension of the vulgar," and offering "reasons of sundry notable phenomena of nature, bearing al-

\* "Conjectura Cabalistica; or, a Conjectural Essay of interpreting the mind of Moses, according to a three-fold Cabbala—Literal, Philosophical, Mystical, or Divinely Moral. London: 1653."

together a most palpable compliance with the most rude and ignorant conceits of the vulgar." In accordance with his somewhat eccentric plan, he makes Moses interpret his history, verse by verse, for the benefit of the more enlightened. His "philosophic" interpretation of the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis is very remarkable:—"I (*i. e.*, Moses) do not take upon me to define the time wherein God made the heavens and the earth; for he might do it at once by his absolute omnipotency, or he might, when he had created all substance, as well material or immaterial, let them act one upon the other, and in such periods of time, as the nature of the production of the things themselves required." This curious passage (and the volume containing it) seems to have escaped the researches of Pye Smith and others who battled in controversies about scriptural geology; discussions, the only value of which is their tendency to remove the prejudices or scruples of honest but timid men who fear to confront their faith with scientific truth. Such interpretation as this may prove to them how dangerous it is to lay an overstress on the apparent meaning of passages susceptible of various readings. On the view taken by More of the meaning of the scriptural text cited, the most heretical of cosmogonists, Lamarckian transmutationists, spontaneous generationists, and believers in the doctrines of the "Vestiges of Creation," might all stoutly, and with equal reason, maintain that their peculiar tenets are scriptural and orthodox. Let this be a warning to those who would dogmatically put down scientific speculations on religious grounds alone. Let it also be a warning to geologists who are over-anxious to reconcile the literal reading of the Sacred Writings with the logical interpretation of the facts revealed to them in the course of scientific research. We might extend the caution to the best informed of writers upon scriptural geology, and in that category we would place among the foremost Professor Hitchcock, whose recent work, entitled "The Religion of Geology," is the safest and best of an unsafe class. Far superior to Pye Smith in practical acquaintance with his subject, he treats it in a more masterly and convincing style, but the resulting conviction is more in favour of the earnestness of the author than of the soundness of his arguments.

Some of the older and steadier sciences, who, having long ago come to years of discretion, ought to have known and behaved better, have been inclined now and then to disparage and trip up their younger and

more impetuous sister, whose enthusiasm, haste, and occasional levity, excited their ill-will. The enemies of geology delighted in seeing the slight put upon her by these grave and ancient maidens, who used her very much as the proud sisters treated Cinderella. One cause of dislike arose from the circumstance that the active advocates of geology were not always trained workmen, but volunteers, who had assumed the hammer without previous preparation, or very much consideration respecting its purpose or their own. To see good work done by such undisciplined troops troubled the disciplinarians much in the manner that old soldiers become troubled when they find militia-men fighting a good battle, or amateur tacticians developing excellent plans of warfare. In truth, however, if a man had wished to educate himself regularly into a geologist during the earlier days of the science, there was no school—certainly none in England—where he could be instructed in even the elements of the subject. Things have been altered for the better since, and there are now many opportunities of acquiring the fundamental knowledge desirable for those who would enter upon geological research. In a few years a number of young men will be engaged in occupations of which geology forms, or should form, an element, better trained for their work than any of the builders-up of the science were. The examination papers submitted during this spring to the students of the newly established Government School of Mines would demand for answering a long sitting of even the leading members of the Geological Society, and, (just possibly, of course,) might not be answered after all.

It was the tremendous pace at which some of the early geologists went, that threatened to kill their own, and called forth the censures of the slower sciences. They thought nothing of submitting our planet to sudden extremes of heat and cold; shivering it into small fragments as suddenly as a Prince Rupert's drop; doubling it into intricate contortions with the facility (a not unusual illustration) that a pocket-handkerchief or a sheet of paper may be crumpled; melting it down, stirring it up, and keeping a sufficient supply of internal heat to produce a hypertropical climate during immeasurable ages; killing off whole floras and faunas at a moment's notice, and creating a new batch of beasts and vegetables with equal ease and rapidity; swamping the earth with no end of universal deluges; investing it in all but unbounded fluvial formations; or, wrap-

ping it in a chilling crystalline coat of solid ice. With them our unlucky planet was fast becoming—

“ A world of wonders, where creation seems  
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams ; ”

and there is no surer proof of the good stuff of which geology is made, than the awful trials to which she was submitted by her over-zealous disciples.

Among the mysterious problems upon which geology promised, from its starting, to throw some light, is that concerning the first appearance of life upon our globe. The mind of man is prone to search out beginnings, and too apt to assume that the search has been successful. In the majority of the writings of geologists, allusions are made to the first dawnings of existence, to the very earliest forms of life, the first efforts of creation—as if we had really arrived at unquestionable traces of the protozoic proto-plasts. Nevertheless it is certain that the deeper geological research has penetrated among the secrets of pre-Adamite time the farther have receded the evidences of life and being. Like unsubstantial and vanishing phantasmagoria the shapes of the first creatures are ever evading our grasp. We speak familiarly of *palæozoic* and *protozoic* fossils—are we really convinced that we have as yet found them? Are they not merely provisional terms, convenient for the nonce, and only inconvenient when showy and unsubstantial theories are built upon the assumption? If types truly deserving of such epithets have not as yet been clearly revealed, is there a hope of discovering them during the progress of future research? Let us look for a moment dispassionately at the real condition of the evidence on this important question.

The most ancient traces of living beings as yet made known occur in rocks belonging to the older or lower division of the Silurian system. As far as we know at present, the rocks in question are the oldest fossiliferous formations. The only symptom of an exception to this statement shall presently be cited. According to the usual interpretation these precious relics are the remains of creatures that formed a portion of what may emphatically be termed the *PRIMEVAL* fauna. They were the Adams and Eves of their respective species, or, if not precisely first, were at least the Cains and Abels. The Cains had a considerable run in time, and we find their descendants in many successive strata; but the Abels were killed off at the beginning, and we see

no more of them after having noted their first appearance. These reputed first-born of the earth are not very wonderful to look upon—a few trilobites, low creatures that were distant relatives of crabs; a few shell-fish, which, if hauled up to-morrow, would require the zeal and acuteness of Hugh Cuming to see at a glance that they were not already contained in his own or in any other collection; then a radiate animal or two, essentially but not wonderfully or strikingly different from some that did not appear until long afterwards; and a few corals, who chiefly distinguished themselves by stretching out their fingers in all-fours instead of all-sixes, but otherwise had shapes and sizes very comparable with more modern zoophytes—these, none of them a giant for size or angel for beauty, were the reputed first colonizers of the world Man now calls his. Many a great family, it is true, has had even a more insignificant origin, and assuredly cannot show such authentic portraits of its founders as are displayed in the illustrated works of palæontologists of the little beasts we have just mentioned.

Why are these modest buddings of nature regarded as her first fruits? Because, triumphantly replies the geologist, older than these there is no sure trace of a living thing. That was said before of creatures who flourished, judging by the thickness of the sea-beds deposited in the interval, myriads of years after these which we now would honour as prototypes. It will be said, again, when these so-called earliest of beings shall be proved to have succeeded others of far earlier origin. But is not this an assumption? Not quite; in older rocks even than those recognised as lower Silurian, in rocks which, if Professor Sedgwick would wish to see a cherished term of his own invention stereotyped in geology, we should like to call Cambrian, as something probably distinct from, certainly lower in place and more ancient in time than the lowest Silurian, a few unmistakable traces of organic remains have been detected, especially a zoophyte, or zoophytoidal mollusk, to which the name of *Oldhamia* has been assigned. These are sorry indications, but not the less sure, of a pre-existing creation. When Robinson Crusoe saw one single foot print on the sand, the inference he drew was that savages—in the plural—had been there. Judging from the style of argument used not unfrequently by geologists, when they infer the insignificance and paucity of the primeval faunas, from the scantiness of relics of them as yet brought to light, we can fancy, had one of these gen-

tlemen been placed in the position of the immortal Crusoe, he would have concluded that a single savage only had visited the island, and that the said barbarian had only one leg. Below the whole vast mass of Silurian strata are mighty rocks that exhibit in their structure no evidence in favour of a beginning of things—sandstones, mudstones, and conglomerates, that testify unmistakably of calms and storms, seas and shores, torrents, and mountains whence those torrents flowed. Many of these rocks are so changed in texture by metamorphic action—the true cause of the change is still a matter of dispute—that had the seas in which the sediment composing them was deposited, been teeming with living beings, animal and vegetable, we could hardly expect to find a trace of their organisms preserved in their petrified envelope. In the conglomerates forming part of them are pebbles of rocks still older, fragments of ground-up ante-worlds. Can we conceive, arguing from all the analogies at our command, that those early seas and lands were silent and unpeopled; that the continents and islands of our planet were bare and cheerless expanses of rock, and the rivers and oceans desert, unenlivened flows and sheets of water? Deserts we can understand—deserts in sea as well as on land; but we can no more realize the notion of a desert world, a world on which there was no sign of living thing, animal or vegetable, whilst, at the same time, atmospheric influences were in action, making soil on the shore, and sediment in the sea,—the conditions that accompany, cherish, and serve life, active and manifest,—than we can comprehend our planet with its present terrestrial population, without water to break the expanse of the land, or without land to circumscribe the boundaries of its mighty oceans.

Let those who look for physical evidences of a beginning of things cease to rack geology for affirmative answers to their momentous questions, and leave the science to march onwards, truthwards, through the as yet interminable vistas of palæozoic ages. Surely it has been tortured enough for such replies, and many a lie forced from the agonized sufferer. Geology knows of no beginning—the first is beyond her ken and search. So far as we know, and so far as we can anticipate the future, the oldest sedimentary rocks contain fragments of others that preceded them, and of which no traces have as yet been found in either. As far as the unassisted eye and mind of man can observe and discover, there is sign neither of beginning nor of end to be dis-

cerned in purely geological phenomena. But in the midst of these there is one mighty beginning indicated—the advent of Man, the beginning of reason. And with indicating—not demonstrating, that would be too strong an expression—strong as are the data upon which the naturalist founds his belief in the recent origin of the human race as compared with the great mass, if not the whole of animal and vegetable species extinct and existing—with indicating that most wonderful of all beginnings the geologist must be content, and resign the demonstration to the theologian, the philologist, the ethnologist, and the historian—to each separately and all combined—according to their faith in their capability to make it clear.

Throughout, too, the long series of geological phenomena, we have the appearance and disappearance of specific types, marking, as it were, by animated milestones, the sections of geological time. What we wish to impress alike on our geological and un-geological readers is, that there has been obtained as yet no sufficient proof that creatures whose existence can be traced farthest back in time, were members of the first battalions of that mighty army with which we have only a fragmentary acquaintance, and of which we can, alas, never have a complete knowledge, however much more the progress of research shall make known to us. Families, tribes, and even entire orders, may have perished so as to leave no traces, since to leave any implies the presence of preservable portions in their framework, and the cooperation of favourable conditions for their petrification. How many beings now living are there whose organization is anomalous, and in a manner isolated! Are not such only representatives of lost tribes, legions of animals and plants that have been, and ceased to be, but of whose aspect and extent man can never form an idea? That strange fish, the *Branchiostoma* or *Amphioxus*, for example—how solitary it seems amidst its piscine brethren! If buried suddenly in the sea-mud at the present day, with every circumstance that could favour its preservation, what notion could the geologist of a billion or two centuries hence form of its shape and features? None. And yet, in all probability, this fish is but one out of many—an ichthyic ‘Last of the Mohicans.’

The desire to lay stress upon the earliest types of life of which remains are found in the fossil state, and to consider them as the first created, as well as oldest yet discovered, has sprung from the preconceived impressions of two very different classes of theo-

rists. One set is intent upon fixing the positive epoch of the first creation, because they dread the notion of an unlimited past, and, through some strange confusion of ideas, regard the acceptance of such a view as antagonistic to Christianity and sound religion. That this most illogical fancy is abroad and mischievous is too certain to be passed without notice, although too incongruous to merit more than a moment's regard. A very different order of minds is anxious to discover a starting point or first genesis of life, from which to develop a system of succession of types proceeding from simplicity towards perfection, and evolving its successive phases through the action of an inherent law. In this latter division are thinkers of the most opposite tendencies; some, earnest and philosophical, seeking only for the truth, but over-influenced by a favourite hypothesis, and often too slightly acquainted with the facts to which they look for support for their arguments; others, biassed unconsciously by peculiar theologies, or by prejudices opposed to all theology. Both classes have contributed to impede the progress of sound geology; but such is the love of mankind for premature certainties and definite creeds, that the great majority of readers of geological treatises, in spite of all the repeated cautions and sound arguments urged in the clearest of language by Lyell and the few who have written in a like spirit, will be found distributed through one or other of the categories we have just indicated.

All, whatsoever may be their favourite hypothesis, so as they do not hermetically seal their minds against scientific evidence—and alas, in these days not a few men of high capacity and ample acquirements feel a pleasure in this self-mutilation of their intellects—all ask of geology to inform them respecting the manner of beginning of the separate species which careful research has shown to mark the epochs of time. Has geology yet answered this question, and if not, can it be answered through her aid?

There are three modes, in one or other of which the variety of specific forms can be supposed to have originated; but which are incompatible with each other. The first is that known as the Lamarckian hypothesis; it supposes all forms now regarded as specific to have been gradually evolved under the influences of time and change, by transmutation from one original germ. In strict biological language, it regards all types of life, existing or extinct, as modifications of one species. The second assumes an immediate evolution of protoplasts of new species from pre-existing species, all being so derived

from an original one. The third and most generally accepted holds the independent creation or calling into being of a protoplast for each species. What might appear at first sight as a fourth mode, viz., the evolution of all the various types either by transmutation or immediate production from several independent original protoplasts or germs, properly falls under the third category, with the idea of evolution, either gradual or sudden, to account for the multiplicity of types, superadded.

To stigmatize any of these propositions as absurd *à priori*, is to talk nonsense. Any one of them may be fairly maintained as a likely hypothesis, until facts can be shown to militate against it. Yet not a little abuse has been lavished on each by the advocates of the others, even when the discussers of the question have professed to argue on purely scientific grounds. Geology has been appealed to in favour of all three: can it give more than provisional support to any one?

The facts of palæontology are most certainly every day going more and more distinctly against the first of these hypotheses—that of evolution by transmutation of the descendants of a single original type. Within the limits of known geological time, we can find no support for this notion. That modifying influences may and do produce varieties in species capable of surviving their action, is known for certain. But we cannot assert in the face of the long array of geological and palæontological facts, that the changes of conditions exhibited in the succession of strata which have been as yet sufficiently explored, effected the gradual transmutation of a primæval type into the numerous and wonderfully dissimilar specific forms of which the remains are preserved in Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Tertiary strata. Unless the import of geological facts changes materially as research progresses, and new and unsuspected data be brought to light, the science must pronounce against the probability of the first hypothesis; recollecting, however, as we must strongly urge, that there is no inherent absurdity in the notion.

The advocacy of the first and third modes has absorbed most of the controversialists about origin of species. For the second there are but few maintainers, although it is really much more capable of a palæontological defence than the first. The geological difficulties are of a kind that might be seriously opposed by those who hold the scale of formations, as at present received, to be very incomplete; a notion which we shall presently have occasion to show, is more

than probably true. In the present state of our knowledge, it is not in geology that we can hope to find sound support for this mode of genesis; nor, indeed, can we see how it can ever be maintained except as an hypothesis. It is just possible that in the course of zoological or botanical discovery—and we are rapidly advancing in our acquaintance with the facts and laws of physiology—new and unexpected light may dawn upon us respecting the origin of animal and vegetable species. Indeed, only a few months ago, one of the greatest of living physiologists, J. Müller of Berlin, believed—for a moment at least—that he had solved the problem, and proclaimed, from observation, that “animals with separate sexes did not arise in the air, nor in the mud of the sea, but in an organ *ad hoc* within a pre-existing animal.” He believed that he had demonstrated the development of mollusks within radiate animals of the order *Holothuriadae*.\* The facts upon which he founded his conclusion were indisputable, but there was a fallacy in the interpretation which has left us in the position in which we were before.

The simplest interpretation of geological facts, such as we have them, favours the belief in the independent origin of species, and in the permanency of specific types; though this last quality or accident of species need not be affected if we regard them as productions derived by immediate evolution from pre-existing types. Many persons entertain a repugnance to the idea of independent creation of protoplasts. If we analyse their objections, we shall find these, in most instances, to spring from the difficulty they have in comprehending the first appearance of a highly-organized being without a progenitor for it. But if we suppose each new form of being to be derived from another preceding it, whether by gradual transmutation, or by immediate evolution, we must, in the course of what an illustrious Irish philosopher styled “retrograde progression,” come eventually to a protoplast, whose origin, however simple its organization, is as difficult to conceive as the beginning of any number of primary types and genitors, simple or complex. When a sceptical but reasonable old lady was urged by her father-confessor to believe in the miracle of St. Denis walking away with his head under his arm after martyrdom, she, quoting the proverb, replied, that “the first step was the only difficulty.” So it is surely in this discussion about one or more protoplasts. It is as difficult, or rather as impos-

sible, to conceive the manner of creation of the first monad as of the first man, or of one as of many. The balance of facts at present supports the hypothesis of many.

Among the unsettled questions which have sprung out of geological research, that respecting the much disputed progression of organization of animals and plants in time, is one upon which future labours are sure to throw much light. Even within the limits of the portions of the world minutely explored, the doctrine of progression has assumed a different phase, as the work of each year reveals new forms of ancient life. At first maintained to be true with respect to class, order, and tribe, it has gradually been narrowed to the maintenance of the precedence, in time, of invertebrata before vertebrata, and, very nearly, to the precession of appearance of the great groups of vertebrata only. Among them there is assuredly, at present, the semblance of a progression. But the question still comes up, how far does this semblance depend on the chances of preservation of aquatic creatures as compared with terrestrial? It is an ominous fact, that in those tribes of animals which, above all others, are most likely to be preserved abundantly in the fossil state, there is no, or to put the expression in the mildest form, only very obscure indication of progression. This is well stated by Sir Charles Lyell in his excellent introductory remarks to the latest edition of his “Manual of Elementary Geology,” from which we quote the following passage:—

“In our efforts to arrive at sound theoretical views on such a question, it would seem most natural to turn to the marine invertebrate animals as to a class affording the most complete series of monuments that have come down to us, and where we can find corresponding terms of comparison, in strata of every age. If in this more complete series of her archives, nature had really exhibited a more simple grade of organization in fossils of the remotest antiquity, we might have suspected that there was some foundation of facts in the theory of successive development. But what do we find? In the lower silurian there is a full representation of the radiata, mollusca, and articulata, proper to the sea. The marine fauna, indeed, in these three classes, is so rich as almost to imply a more perfect development than that which now peoples the ocean. Thus in the great division of the radiata, we find asteroid and heli-anthoid zoophytes, besides crinoid and cystidean echinoderms. In the mollusca of the same most ancient epoch, M. Barrande enumerates, in Bohemia alone, the astonishing number of 253 species of cephalopoda. In the articulata we have the crustaceans, represented by more than 200 species of trilobites, not to mention other genera. It is only then, in reference to the vertebrata, that the argument of degeneracy, in proportion as we trace fossils back to older formations, can be main-

\* See “Annals of Natural History,” for January, 1852.

tained; and the dogma rests mainly for its support on negative evidence, whether deduced from the entire absence of the fossil representatives of certain classes in particular rocks, or the low grades of the first few species of a class which chance has thrown in our way."

The supposed progression of forms in the vegetable world is not likely to hold its ground any more than that of animal types. Gymnospermous trees seem to have replaced angiosperms during the earlier periods, but this was a replacement of compensation, one great section of exogens developed at the expense of another; a phenomenon commonly seen in palæontology, and often mistaken for evidence of progression. But even the angiosperms once supposed to date the epoch of their ample development and variety from the commencement of the tertiary period, threaten to give way before the remarkable discoveries of Dr. Debey of Aix, who, in strata referred by him to the base of the cretaceous system, and by M. Dumont placed still lower, has found an accumulation of foliage in exquisite preservation reminding us more nearly of the fossil plants of our own London clays than of any other extinct flora as yet observed. To the correctness of Dr. Debey's statements we can ourselves bear personal witness, and are sure that the publication of the full details and illustrations of his researches will make a deep impression upon geologists and botanists. Strange to say, amid all the abundant relics of numerous species of dicotyledonous trees and shrubs discovered at Aix, there has not as yet been found a single fragment of corresponding wood! The fragile portions of these ancient vegetables have been preserved in exquisite perfection; the most solid have hitherto evaded the search of indefatigable collectors. What a warning is this to believers in the importance of vegetable facts! We suggest the consideration of its significance to those who are not sufficiently convinced by the many instances adduced by Sir Charles Lyell.

In refusing our assent to the inference that a clear progression of organization is indicated by the fossil fauna and flora of successive epochs, as yet discovered, we would not be misunderstood, and supposed to dissent altogether from the idea of progression. In the face of the great fact of the advent of Man, morally and physically greatest and apparently last, at the head of the animal kingdom, as well as standing alone in his intellect, a kingdom so to speak, in himself, we cannot but suspect, if we do not already believe in, a progression of organized types in time. The analogies between the moral and physical spheres are too striking not to be laid stress upon, and in the advance of human principle

and human intellect—we have unshaken faith in their progress, even although we read the news from France daily in the *Times*—we see evidences of a law of progression that we cannot but believe is universal and all-pervading in its operation. But because we believe in such a law, it does not necessarily follow, that we must, in spite of facts, insist upon demonstrating it amid the fragments of extinct faunas and floras that have survived the wreck of worlds. For us, the arks that bore the primæval types, and those that succeeded again, had foundered in the seas of protozoic time long before the earliest creatures, of which we now find remains in the crust of our globe, flourished. If there were transformations and transmutations, and progressions among genera, it was during the dark and impenetrable ages of pre-geologic time.

Mr. Hopkins, of all living geologists the one whose opinions upon purely physical questions are entitled to most weight, has, in his anniversary address, as President of the Geological Society for this year, put forward in his character as a natural philosopher, an ingenious and weighty argument in favour of a progression in the arrangement of the inorganic matter composing our planet, well deserving of earnest consideration.

"There is one most important agent which has doubtless been most active, not only in producing the phenomena of elevation, but also in modifying the characters of the inorganic matter composing the crust of the globe, and it is extremely difficult to conceive how the activity of that agent can have consisted with non-progression.

"The agent I speak of is *heat*. I assume the truth of the simple proposition, that if a mass of matter, such, for instance, as the earth with its waters and its atmosphere, be placed in space, of which the temperature is lower than its own, it will necessarily lose a portion of its heat by radiation, until its temperature ultimately approximates to that of the circumambient space, unless this reduction of temperature be prevented by the continued generation of heat. If there be any propositions in experimental science which may be deemed incontrovertible, this, I conceive, is one of them. Now we know that the interior temperature of the earth is higher than that of its surface; and, in order that this state of terrestrial temperature may be consistent with non-progression, it must either be a permanent state, or must belong to a series of changes recurring periodically, but producing no permanent temperature. If the present temperature be permanent, it must be maintained by some cause constantly acting within the earth, and generating a quantity of heat exactly equal to that which is lost by radiation into surrounding space. No external cause, such as solar or stellar radiation, could produce an absolutely constant, stationary temperature which should increase in descending beneath the earth's surface. Chemical action might produce this effect, possibly, for a finite time; but philosophers, I



imagine, would no more believe that or any other internal cause capable of producing such an effect for an *infinite* time, than they would believe in perpetual motion, in the ordinary sense of the expression. I cannot conceive, therefore, the present state of terrestrial temperature to be a *permanent* state. Can it belong to a perpetually-recurring series of changes? I would reply, that no internal cause could account for any such *infinite* recurrence, more than for unlimited permanence of temperature. Such infinite recurrence could only be attributed to the external causes of solar and stellar radiation. If to the former, the quantity of heat radiating from the sun must be subject to enormous periodical changes, but still without permanent diminution; if to the latter, it might be attributed either to similar periodical changes in the radiation of the stars, or more probably to a change in the position of the solar system with reference to them, as I have explained in my paper on Terrestrial Temperature. But we shall probably all agree in regarding such hypotheses as extremely unsatisfactory, and utterly unfit to be made the foundation on which a great speculative theory may rest. But however unsatisfactory they may be, I repeat that we have no other alternative but that of adopting one of them, consistent with the most fundamental properties of heat, if we maintain the theory of non-progression, in the strict sense in which I have used the term. And, having placed the theory in this point of view, I might leave it there, without venturing into those speculations which assume the properties of the matter, constituting the stellar universe, to be the same as those which characterize the matter of our planet. Views founded on such assumptions ought to be advanced with diffidence, and held with cautious reserve; but if, with such reservation we assume the sun and the stars to have the same properties as our own planet, with respect to the generation and emission of heat, we must conclude that those bodies must be subject to permanent changes of temperature as well as the earth itself, from the effect of radiation. In such cases even solar and stellar radiation must necessarily fail to preserve the earth from that permanent change of temperature which would constitute essentially a state of progression. In fact, adopting the assumption just stated respecting the nature of the sun and stars, and reasoning from all we know of the properties of matter and of heat, I am unable in any manner to recognize the seal and impress of eternity stamped on the physical universe; regarded as subjected to those laws alone by which we conceive it at present to be governed."

In admitting the possibility of geological evidence hereafter going in favour of rather than against the idea of evolution of species by immediate derivation of their protoplasts from pre-existing types, we are bearing in mind the probable incompleteness of the received geological scale of formations. We are apt to forget that the tabular classification of epochs—period, and formation, and bed marshalled in linear series, the little epochs printed in small letters, the great ones

in small capitals, those still mightier in large capitals, and so on, as custom sanctions—is only a provisional and conventional arrangement, well adapted, if used discreetly, to further the advance of the science, but as likely, if it be received as an article of geological faith, to arrest progress and delay the recognition of truths. It is what the sexual system was in botany, and what Linnæus, its immortal inventor, intended that memorable device should be, a great assistance in gathering and arranging facts, a good index and a means towards a mighty end. Let us beware of the mistake made by so many botanists, who contrived to fetter their science by the very scheme invented to set it free. Equally let us not, because disgusted with a misuse of a good thing, fall into the stupidity of confounding the abuse with the instrument. Geology is just at the stage of its career when this danger is likely to waylay it. Such terms as *silurian*, *devonian*, *oolitic*, *cretaceous*, *eocene*, *miocene*, are employed in speech and writing frequently as if they were fixed, unchangeable, and cosmopolitan. Moreover, they are enumerated with their principal subdivisions as if they expressed the full and complete sequence of sections of geological time, and by too many persons, as if there was a definite and sharp line of separation between each chronological division. What do they really signify? Do they represent truly the terms of the chrono-geological scale? Is future discovery likely seriously to modify them?

They profess to mean systems. A system in geology is like a genus in zoology and botany, an arbitrary division for one person, an attempt to express a natural group for another and more philosophical head. It is consequently a term of very different value in the writings of one geologist to that which it enjoys in the works of another. What one calls a *formation*, his neighbour calls a *system*. Yet each, if he be aiming, as we presume is the purpose in most instances, at the establishment of a natural group in time, is really treating of the same order of thing, with a difference only in degree. It would be desirable, doubtless, that we should have one uniform terminology—but the age is not ripe for such an invention yet. We are working towards it, but must not hurry. An idea is gradually being evolved out of the efforts at the discovery and defining of geological subdivisions. It is the idea of *facies*. The faunas and floras that have succeeded each other, interlacing in their succession, during the course of geological ages, exhibited from time to time peculiar combinations of forms, affinities and analogies, which taken in their totality, im-

printed a recognisable *facies* on each assemblage of organisms—on the population of the earth and sea during successive epochs or groups of ages. When a palæontologist is shown a number of unknown fossils from a distant and unexplored country, he recognises almost instinctively an aspect in the collection which induces him to declare them, with little hesitation, to be palæozoic, or oolitic, or whatever the term may be. The pure geologist seizes with avidity on this determination, and assigns to the rocks from whence the specimens have been obtained a definite position in his scale of formations. If the naturalist recognise a previously determined species, his colleague is the more certain of his decision, and from the shell or plant or coral that is known decides upon the age, to a nicety, of the rock and region that are unknown. Nevertheless, it is more than questionable whether identity of species in two or more very distant localities should imply synchronism of age of the strata wherein they occur; indeed, it is less than improbable that the inference drawn from the fact should be exactly the reverse. If so, what becomes of the hard horizontal lines drawn on our tables and diagrams between systems and formations? They have been assumed, it is true, from the consideration of facts—but facts of a local character, and important only in connexion with limited regions. In reality, we are often endeavouring to apply a scale which, in its subdivisions, is true only in Britain and part of Europe, to the whole world. The procrustean operation has been too often performed by geologists.

Regarding, then, the geological scale of formations as an artificial scheme founded on local considerations, although an instrument and standard of comparison of great value when used judiciously, the questions have still to be answered which demand whether the terms of its graduation be required, and whether, such as we have them, they are complete. There are reasons for believing that they are far from being so, and that future research will intercalate many unrecognised stages.

See those jetty, sturdy stripes of demarcation painted on every diagram between the terms palæozoic and secondary, secondary and tertiary! Those lines are popularly understood to mark the boundaries between a complete cessation of one great system of types of species, and the commencement of an entirely new series of creatures, animal and vegetable. They really mark prodigious gaps in our knowledge of the sequence of formations and the procession of life. We endeavour to conceal our ignorance by the narrowness of the strip of black paint and

the proximity of the words on each side of it, where the minutest subdivisions of palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic are blazoned forth in all the hues of lecture-room heraldry over a space that buries in insignificance the intervening band of black, itself a bar sinister, which for the legitimate geologist has no attractions. One of these supposed impassable barriers, that between "tertiary" and "cretaceous," threatens rapidly to give way and to vanish in due time as speedily as artificial social distinctions in society. In France, in Germany, in Belgium, in England, there are symptoms of an intergrowth between the long separated chalk and eocene. Strata are coming to light which rudely insist on finding elbow-room among our neatly-packed systems and formations. Janus-like fossils are turning up with two sets of features. Our preconceived notions of what ought to be are sadly disconcerted. An already extensive terminology is threatened with an inundation of new terms, too necessary to be evaded.

If we are not greatly mistaken there are little clouds rising on the geological horizon that indicate revolutions elsewhere in the series. That black line drawn between the words "Trias" and "Permian," has more meaning in it than its thin dimensions indicate. The line between "eocene" and "cretaceous," has swollen out, broken up, and is enlarging fast into intermediate sections. But all its changes and increase will be as nothing compared with those which must take place by and by in its representative lower down. If we interpret aright the signs indicated by extinct organisms preserved to us in palæozoic rocks, and the comparison of them with others contained in the lowest mesozoic, or secondary strata, there is a gap in our knowledge of the succession of formations, the extent of which it is almost disheartening to think upon. Although the palæozoic fauna and flora are assuredly portions of the same unique system of organised nature with the assemblages of creatures of after-date in time, they exhibit differences in detail so great that on superficial consideration we might almost be inclined to regard them as belonging to some other world than our own. These differences are such as at present set all our calculations respecting the climatal conditions of the primæval (palæozoic) epochs at defiance. But that these oldest of creations were linked with those that came after and those amidst which we live, is evident in the number of generic types common to all, and expressed yet more strongly in the presence of straggling representatives of types of life, characteristically palæozoic, among the very latest strata of the secondary period. All ana-

logy, however, teaches us that there is a graduation of one geological epoch into another; and every day's advance in research goes to confirm this belief. The facts to which we have alluded indicate evidences of such a graduation of palæozoic into mesozoic. But the stages of that graduation, the intermediate formations, have not yet been discovered. Calculating from the amount of the blank in the series of organized types, there must have been a vast interval of time intervening between the Permian and Triassic epochs, during which, doubtless, sediments were being deposited in seas, sea-beds upheaved, animals and plants flourishing, generations and generations, nay more, creations and creations (we use the popular and hypothetical term, for want of a better) appearing, succeeding, and disappearing; and yet of all these mineral accumulations and organized assemblages there has not been as yet a fragment found.

"They are but ill discoverers," wrote Lord Bacon, "that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea." Columbus had fewer signs to warrant his belief in a new continent than we have to indicate an unexplored, and, as yet, unseen geological world. Such signs cannot be dissipated by any appeal to the series of strata already investigated. The answer to that appeal would be favourable to our hypothesis; moreover, in the present state of our knowledge of comparative geology, it would be folly to claim infallibility for geological scales founded upon the examination, partly minute, partly superficial, of regions chiefly confined to the land of the northern hemisphere. If we jot out on the map of the world those portions which have been sufficiently examined at once palæontologically and geologically, the space covered by our ink makes but a poor show; yet only about such districts can we lay claim to sufficient knowledge—if, indeed, knowledge be ever sufficient. Our hope lies in the rapidly advancing progress of comparative geology, especially through the aid and sure operation of organized surveys. All over Europe such surveys are in progress, or about to commence, sanctioned, as they ought to be, by governments of every shade of opinion. At their head are able and eminent directors, all of them imbued with that unconquerable love of laborious research which seems essential towards the construction of a good geologist. In America the States of the Union have long shown their enlightened appreciation of the importance of the work; and the fame, zeal, and ability of American geologists fairly places them side by side, and on an equa-

lity with their fellow-labourers in the Old World. Their reports, chiefly published by order, and at the expense of the several States, form a library in themselves brimful of original and important information. No European geologist, studying among palæozoic strata, can claim to be master of his chosen subject unless he be thoroughly versed in the geological literature of America. The colonies and dependancies of Great Britain are not left without their explorers. In Canada, there is a state survey far advanced, under the direction of Mr. Logan, the scientific results of which already take rank with any produced from European institutions of the same kind. The East India Company has established a geological survey in India, with Mr. Oldham, the predecessor of Mr. Jukes in the direction of the Irish geological survey, as chief; an appointment sure to prove satisfactory, and already, it is rumoured, becoming fertile in remarkable discoveries. Our Australian colonies are not behind in the appreciation of the importance of geological research; surveys are in progress, or about to be instituted, and we may fairly look for valuable scientific as well as economic results from the experience and practical knowledge of Mr. Stutchbury, and the sound training and youthful ardour of Mr. Selwyn.

Some three or four years ago it was publicly declared that the geology of England was done: a plausible announcement, since almost every corner of the country had been subjected to the tramp of ruthless invaders and the blows of their un pitying hammers. Yet, if we are not greatly mistaken, even the geology of England, the best-worked district in the world, has still to be done. It is sketched out; admirably sketched out. Portions of it have been developed with wonderful skill and ability. But by far the greater part will yield a luxuriant harvest of discovery to those able and willing to enter upon the task. Compare any sheet of the Ordnance map of England after it has been reissued with the geology laid down upon it by the Government surveyors, with any pre-existing geological map of the district, and see there what an amount of fresh detail has been educed by the patient labour and un-hurried explorations of the mostly youthful geologists to whom, under the superintendence of Sir Henry de la Beche, the work is due. The economical value of geological researches depends mainly on such work; the minuter the better for practical purposes, and if not minute, it is more likely to mislead than to guide. The nearer we

come to geologizing by inches instead of by square miles or leagues, the more valuable, and at the same time the more interesting, will be the results of our labours. Ages must elapse before we can hope to obtain similar results from all countries of the earth. And yet until we do, not even the geology of England, small though it be, can fairly be said to be completed: for not until we have obtained a full and minute knowledge of comparative geology, can we understand clearly one half the facts and phenomena exhibited in the structure of any country, however limited, in the world. The geology of the superficial deposits, of the so-called "Drifts," has been little more than commenced. "It is a branch of our science," remarks Mr. Hopkins, in his excellent and suggestive "Anniversary Address," "which has been making of late great progress, but in which much yet remains to be done before we arrive at a complete knowledge of the phenomena, and those sound theoretical views which may command something like unity of assent." It might almost be said that we know less of the history of the later than the older geological epochs. Until of late years they have been slighted by field-observers, and even at present the superficial drifts are frequently unnoticed in local geological memoirs, and rarely indicated on geological maps. What a field for future discovery is here!

As geological science advances—and every year it is becoming more and more certain—the question will arise whether it can be applied to the purposes of ordinary education—whether it can take its place alongside of astronomy and geography as at once a source of sound mental exercise and useful knowledge. Since the end aimed at in education is the developing and strengthening of the intellectual faculties when in that plastic condition which experience has shown to be their state during youth, none save the pedant or bigot would assert that the faculty of observation—of all others that which men are practically called upon to exercise in their every-day operations—should be left untrained. Nevertheless, such is the force of habit, the great mass—almost all—of our educators ignore, in practice, the training of the observing powers; not, in all cases, because they are opposed to the attempt, but because they do not know how to set about it. The plain and evident way is through the aid of natural history in one form or other. But since natural history is not taught to the teachers, it is not likely to be taught by them, or if attempted is likely to be so treated as to do

more harm than good. Yet assuredly the day is approaching when in some shape it will constitute an element of general education; and, since that must be, it behoves us to consider the best way of availing ourselves of its good qualities in good time. There are three forms in which natural history presents itself for such a purpose; physiology, systematic botany or zoology, and geology. Whilst some of the leading facts of the first may be taught as so much knowledge to the schoolboy, it is very questionable whether exercises in superficial physiology would be likely to serve the purposes of educational training, and doubtless, if we go deeper, there is a great deal essential and fundamental for the understanding of physiological inquiries, which must be reserved for the adult mind and for matured capacities. Systematic and descriptive natural history, on the other hand, is admirably adapted for educational purposes, and with efficient instructors, who, however, to be such must be physiologists beforehand, might be turned to great account. A considerable amount of natural history knowledge might be imparted with facility in schools, but this is not all that is required. More than this, however, can scarcely be hoped for without professional instructors, and such are not easily to be found. Now geology is, of all the sciences that regard animated and inanimate nature, the one which has the rare qualities of being at the same time interesting, suggestive, and untechnical. Its leading truths can be thoroughly comprehended without any preliminary foundation of peculiar knowledge not to be acquired in the ordinary course of education. Of that course it can itself be made an efficient element, for the examination of the simpler geological phenomena, such as those presented by sections of strata, examples of which are at hand everywhere, is as good an exercise of the observing powers as master or pupil could desire. Moreover, it is one sure to attract, and, from its out-door character, peculiarly likely to be popular with youth and intelligent boyhood. It has those qualities of bulk and relation to great questions which impress the young observer with the importance of what he is doing, and such an impression is a great aid towards the success of the teacher. Physiological study, independent of other objections, is repulsive to most youths on account of its sedentary character. Descriptive botany and zoology, though attractive to many, appear trifling to more, if not rightly comprehended or if opposed to their natural bias. But the study of the structure of the world on which we

live, of the anatomy of the mountain and the cliff, of the building-stones of our planet, can charm all save the dullest. Associated as it is with a vague notion of its practical importance, it enforces a respect even in the minds of the frivolous that cannot fail to assist the exertions of the instructor. Under its influence, capacities, otherwise difficult to move, may be developed and even genius elicited, which, with ordinary methods of training, would have lain dormant and unproductive.

ART. IV.—LORD JEFFREY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. In 2 Vols. Edinburgh.

THE young glories of the "Edinburgh Review" have become matter of history. The time is past when it enjoyed such a monopoly of popularity among periodicals that a satirist (himself a Londoner) introduced Gifford complaining that

"So stupid the people are grown,  
They really prefer Scotch Reviews to their own."

It is not merely that years and reflection have brought men to form a more correct estimate of the talent or genius displayed in the "Review:" in fact the old original "Edinburgh Review" has nearly been forgotten. Its tone, materially "modified" (as Lord Derby might express himself) before Jeffrey resigned the editorial office, has since entirely changed. Be the alteration for better or for worse, the "Edinburgh Review" of our days has scarcely anything in common with the "Edinburgh Review" which was (literally) kicked into the street by the Earl of Buchan, and which first taught Byron to write poetry by putting him in a passion. Of that "Edinburgh Review" the far greater part of the existing generation of the reading public knows nothing. They have enough to do to keep themselves *au courant* of the perennial stream of periodical literature; they have neither leisure nor inclination to study its antiquities.

The *Life of Jeffrey* by Lord Cockburn will affect very differently two different classes of readers. Those who are old enough to have been contemporaries of the "Edinburgh Review's" days of novelty, freshness, and petulance, will feel them-

selves carried back to an era of literary productiveness and power, in comparison with which the present appears to them tame and commonplace; to the times when poems by Byron, Moore, Wordsworth and Crabbe, and novels by Edgeworth, and Maturin, and Godwin, and Scott, were issuing in rapid succession from the press; when Sharon Turner, Hallam and Mackintosh in the department of history, Malthus, Ricardo, Mill and Bentham in that of mental and economical science, Jeffrey, Southey, and Hazlitt in criticism, were in the fulness of their productive vigour. The works of these writers were caught up with an avidity of which a generation gorged since childhood with cheap and useful publications can have no conception. As yet railroads were not, but the rivalry for "mail-coach copies" was intensely eager. Poems and works of prose, fiction or imagination, and the two reviews, went off in editions of ten, twenty, thirty thousands in a few days. The eagerness with which their publication was looked for, the impetuosity with which the public scrambled for them, rivalled the enthusiasm of the crowds which in the time of the Peninsular war blocked up the streets of every provincial town, when day after day mail-coaches, with flags proudly flying, brought news of battles fought and won. The intense vitality aroused throughout the whole British community by the country's great internecine duel with Bonaparte seemed to communicate itself to the national intellect and imagination as well. In politics, science, poetry, art, it was a period of feverish animation in which men achieved what in moods of sober health would have been beyond their power.

For the younger generation who are separated from the latest of these days by a gulf of some twenty or thirty years—who have been too intent upon reform-bill and anti-corn-law agitations, upon the labours of a society for the diffusion of useful knowledge and other promotions of cheap, useful literature, to have time or interest to spare for what occupied the minds of their predecessors, the life of Jeffrey will present much that is obscure. The epoch of his literary activity is already too remote to admit of its story being told by mere allusions to persons, incidents and controversies, of which by far the greater part of the living public know nothing; and yet so many of the actors in these scenes survive, that delicacy checks the communicativeness of the biographer. The minute and garrulous diligence of a Pepys or a Boswell is needed to impart fulness and characteristic resemblance to the personal history of authors

and their associates ; and nothing short of a Boswell's placid, self-complacent, obtuse, utter incapacity to feel or suspect that his gossiping revelations violated the sanctity of domestic seclusion, could enable any man to publish a work like his so soon after the death of his hero.

The literary history of Jeffrey and his contemporaries labours under another disadvantage, in addition to this of its being too remote for living interest, too near for the unrestricted communication warranted by the disappearance of all from this mortal scene, whose feelings might be hurt by too faithful a record of their sayings and doings. It is a local, a provincial history—the history of a literature which, though possessing a distinct character of its own, was in a great measure a parasitical plant rooted in the great literature of England, and deriving sap and nourishment from it. It wants breadth and completeness in itself, to interest the reader not prepossessed in its favour by local relations.

And yet there is a peculiar and piquant flavour—racy of the soil from which it sprung—about the Scotch, or more properly the Edinburgh school of literature, that would render a history of it—confined within modern limits—curious and attractive. The nationality of Scotland long survived the Union. It had laws and a great legal corporation, a church and a system of universities and parish schools, an electoral system, in short a complete civil organization within itself, entirely different from that of England, and of which the main-springs all centred in Edinburgh. Edinburgh therefore continued to be a capital in so far as the domestic affairs of Scotland were concerned, though denied all participation in the great imperial movements of the state into which it was incorporated. It had its own *noblesse de la robe*, was the residence of the most active and influential leaders in the church courts, had a university in which the young aspirants to admission among the said *noblesse de la robe* and into the church were trained, and upon which a flourishing school of medicine had been engrafted. There was enough of active business in Edinburgh to develop high practical talents, and enable men to acquire considerable fortunes. The gentlemen of the learned professions afforded a substitute for the Scotch aristocracy who had followed the court to London ; they were indeed many of them cadets of that aristocracy, and some of its least affluent members still lingered among them. The rising manufacturers of Scotland had seated themselves in the west and the north-east ; they came

not near Edinburgh. The intellectual and social tone developed in such circumstances suggested some racy sketches to Smollett in his "Humphrey Clinker," and has been turned to rich account by Scott in his novels. Additional illustrative matter is scattered through the "Lockhart Papers," the letter-press attached to the collected works of Kay, the Edinburgh caricaturist, and the biographies of various literary celebrities of "Auld Reekie." It is essentially Scotch with a strong tinge derived from the English literature of the age of Queen Anne on one side, and from the French literature of the Voltairian era on the other. Hume, Smith and Black, are men who have given a new impulse and direction to the science both of their own and other countries ; but apart from them the *littérateurs* of Edinburgh have been mainly characterized by a certain acuteness and shrewdness, a carefulness of finish rather priggish than elegant, and by the narrowness of range and inclination to dogmatize inseparable from a provincial literature. The preponderating influence of the church and the law tended to aggravate these characteristic defects. The social tone of Edinburgh was not much unlike its literature. The puritanism of its ministers and their kirk sessions, and the pedantry of its lawyers, rendered it formal ; pride of pedigree, the absence of mercantile enterprise, and addiction to literary pursuits, imparted to it an aristocratic dignity and chivalry ; the prevalent narrowness of the citizens' incomes perpetuated a considerable amount of slatternliness in their domestic arrangements and tavern indulgences ; and the recalcitration of independent minds and tempers against the rigid domination of the kirk was apt to degenerate into defiance of all decorum.

Such was Edinburgh, literary and social, from the time of Duncan Forbes to the close of the eighteenth century ; the age of Scott, Jeffrey, and Chalmers, was a transition era. Influences were then at work which have gone far to eliminate the peculiar features of Scotch society, and assimilate it more closely to that of England. The mercantile and manufacturing classes have risen in wealth and influence ; doctrines of mercantile law, and forms of legal procedure adopted from England, have modified or superseded great part of the old law of Scotland ; the internal struggles of the kirk have shaken it from its supremacy ; the Reform Bill of 1831-2 has revolutionised the political relations of Scotland. The records of the period during which these changes were elaborating is a curious

chapter in the intellectual and social history of Scotland. The materials for this chapter still lie in a great measure scattered and dispersed. Already, however, some valuable contributions to it have been made patent to the public. The most recent are the "Life of Lord Jeffrey," by Lord Cockburn, and the "Memoirs of Chalmers," by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna. These, together with Lockhart's "Memoirs of Scott," which have now been some ten or twelve years common property, afford various curious peeps into the literary activity of Scotland during the first half of the nineteenth century; the social relations from which it took its direction and peculiar character; and the changes it has wrought in public opinion and sentiment. Scott, Jeffrey, and Chalmers, have achieved a reputation, their writings have exercised an influence beyond the limits of their own country; but to understand the men and their works thoroughly they require to be viewed in connexion with the society of which they formed a part.

The biographer of Jeffrey possesses some high and rare qualities for the performance of the task that has devolved upon him. For half a century he was intimately associated with the hero of his narrative—his friendly rival in the contest for professional distinction—the loved associate of his hours of relaxation—the faithful partner of the political proscription of his earlier, and the political triumph of his later years. Henry Cockburn has been endowed by nature with talents and qualities to which a certain constitutional indolence has perhaps prevented him from doing full justice. Of a cordial and affectionate disposition; seeing through the characters of men with an intuitive sagacity; capable of reasoning clearly and tersely on all practical questions; gifted with an earnest, impressive, pathetic eloquence in his graver moods, with an unsurpassed play of quaint, grave humour in his merrier; no man could be better qualified to know and portray Jeffrey, as a distinguished man can only be known and portrayed by the discriminating love of a kindred mind; by one who shrinks not from telling the whole truth, but always in a reverential and affectionate spirit. An exaggerated tone of provincial patriotism—partly sincere, partly affected—in which Lord Cockburn is pleased to indulge when expatiating on the merits of Edinburgh and Jeffrey, is rather a recommendation than otherwise. It adds to the interest of his book, while there is no difficulty in making the due allowance for prepossessions so frankly and ostentatiously avowed. But a reluctance to reawaken old grudges and angry feelings has led Lord Cockburn to dismiss with a mere allusion,

some passages in the political career of Jeffrey which were necessary to a full understanding of the man and his time. And possibly anxiety to preserve the due stateliness and dignity of a Lord of Session has prevented Lord Cockburn from recording some characteristic traits of the society of which Jeffrey formed the centre, which no one could have done more felicitously, had he seen fit. Lord Cockburn's ability to sympathise with, and participate in the *abandon* of the social hour, when men's characters display themselves most truly, cannot be doubted by any one who will turn to his exquisite sketch of that most grotesque of lawyers, John Clark. But all his other characters—Sir Henry and Sir James Moncrieff, Sir James Gibson Craig, &c., if they partake—as has not unjustly been said of them—of the weighty sagacity of Clarendon, partake also of his skilled diplomatic reserve. The personages, in short, who figure in the pages of Lord Cockburn are always arrayed in their drawing-room attire, and speaking and acting with drawing-room punctilio. Yet they could and did unbend—in a manner, it might be, as Samuel Johnson did at the Mitre; and Lord Cockburn could have told something of their "high-jinks" without derogating from their characters. Sydney Smith understood this when, on his last visit to Edinburgh, he insisted upon carrying a party of ladies to one of the few remaining parlours with sanded floors, below the level of the High-street, in which oysters were still consumed, in order to show them how Jeffrey and he enjoyed themselves when as yet the "*Edinburgh Review*" was not. A hint, for example, at the close of one of Jeffrey's letters to Mrs. Rutherford—"M'Bean has just renewed his wig, and looks as young as a viper who has just cast his enamelled skin"—might have recalled to Lord Cockburn's recollection a characteristic scene of "weel-timed daffin," in the gorgeously ornamented drawing-room of an ambitious and rising W. S.

The truth is that, grave or gay, Lord Cockburn deals too much in abstractions and generals to convey a perfect or satisfactory notion of what Jeffrey was. Jeffrey's writings are almost as much below his real powers, as we learn from Boswell that Johnson's were. Even the speeches delivered by Jeffrey on important occasions—or what he and his friends deemed such—are insufficient to explain his really deserved reputation for subtle, and brilliant, and vivacious ingenuity. Whether writing or speaking, conscious effort shackled his genius, or led him to smother it beneath a superfluous load of redundant verbiage. His very letters to those of his correspondents with whom he felt most at ease,

are not altogether free from this latter defect, though they contain many delicious indications of the real Jeffrey. He did most justice to himself in familiar conversation, or while pleading some case in the courts of law, to which he attached little importance. On such occasions he gave the reins to the spontaneous flow of his thought and fancy; and the result was inimitable. The secret of this peculiarity—through which it came that he was great on unimportant occasions, and too often the reverse on great occasions—is sufficiently apparent from Lord Cockburn's narrative.

The life of Jeffrey falls naturally into three divisions:—the preparatory stage, during which he was educating himself, from his birth in 1773, till the appearance of the first number of the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802; the stage of successful effort and growing reputation from 1802 till his resignation of the editorship of the review in 1829; the stage of comparative failure in official life, embracing the close of his career. In the first of these stages we find him animated by a precocious ambition of literary distinction, incessantly reading and writing; reading books so numerous and so various as to indicate the absence of a preponderating taste or talent for any one special field of intellectual effort; writing so unintermittingly that the development of the faculty of expression advanced far before the development of the powers of thought. The consequences of his inversion of the natural order in the unfolding of his mind, may be traced throughout the whole of his after career. He never thoroughly mastered any one branch of knowledge. He originated no new opinions, or trains of thought. His mind had no power of setting itself in motion, or choosing its own course; it required to be impelled by the suggestions of some book, some cause given him to plead, some topic started in conversation. To such suggestions both intellect and fancy responded with amazing promptitude and exuberant fertility. His perceptions, though not deep, and embracing no wide scope, were quick and clear. He readily apprehended isolated propositions, devised lucid and striking expressions of them, and illustrated them by copious analogies. As a critic he was unsatisfactory, from his inability to attain to first principles, or combine them into a system. His mind, preoccupied by theoretical formulæ, devised while his powers of expression were yet in advance of his powers of thought, was almost impervious to the thoughts and images presented in the writings of others. His reviews of poets in particular are little more than ingenious expositions of certain preconceived canons of taste and condemnations of all that is inconsistent, or that he believes

to be inconsistent with them. There is much that is plausible, or even true, in his reviews of Scott, Wordsworth, and others; but it is in general quite irrelevant to the poems ostensibly under consideration. It might have been said with equal propriety *à propos* of any other poem, and has no bearing on the merits or demerits of the one he professes to be criticising. He controverted the theories of poetical criticism, announced in the prefaces of Wordsworth, Southey, or Coleridge, as he would have controverted the opinions expressed by any preceding speaker in the Speculative Society, simply as an exercise of dialectic ingenuity. Their poetry—or the poetry of any of his contemporaries but Crabbe—he does not appear to have felt or understood, or made any effort to feel or understand. Where he has to deal with the works of systematic thinkers, like Bentham or Stewart, or with an abstract principle, like Parliamentary Law Reform, he is equally at sea. He throws out a number of brilliant and ingenious thoughts, but never arrives at any definite or satisfactory conclusion. His best reviews are those in which he has to deal with novels, the scene of which is laid in domestic life, with books of travel, memoirs, and collections of letters. He is then able to expatiate, untrammelled by the necessity of establishing a principle; and he goes on, pleased himself and pleasing others, throwing out innumerable just and striking remarks on social usages and maxims, and innumerable playful and beautiful images. He was, in fact, better qualified for becoming a graceful and instructive essayist, in the manner of Steele or Addison, than for playing the part of a critic. Two things only prevented him from attaining to the felicity of these writers—the cumbrous and inappropriate form of the review, assumed by his essays, and the habit of indulging in verbiage, contracted by his precocious habits of incessant composition.

The same qualities which characterized his writings pervaded his forensic and colloquial efforts, were there more perfectly appropriate, and even contributed to the success and efficacy of the former. The business of the advocate is to present the case of his client in as plausible a shape as his client would do for himself were he able. He has no abstract principle to discover or establish; he has to take for granted some maxim of positive law, and so to arrange and state his facts, that his dialectic skill may be able to convince the judge that it is applicable to them. Distinct conceptions leading to clear expression, habits of neat and perspicuous arrangement, a tenacious memory to retain the maxims of the positive law, and the



statutes or judicial decisions in which it is contained, an extensive and varied range of not very profound general knowledge to supply apt and pleasing illustrations, self-possession and ready command of language—these are the requisites of the forensic orator. And all these Jeffrey possessed in an eminent degree. His knowledge of law could not be said to be either profound or systematic, but the tenacity of his memory was inconceivable. He never forgot a case, judgment or statute, that he had once examined. When an agent addressed him suddenly in the Parliament House about any cause to which his attention had not recently been turned, he might hesitate for a moment, but the mention of one precedent recalled all the rest, and he was immediately as much *au fait* of the question as if he had just risen from studying it. A sound practical judgment, and a habitual dexterity in making the most of what he knew, enabled him to turn his desultory and incomplete acquaintance with the law of his country to better account in pleading than many sounder and more learned lawyers. In aid of these qualities came his talent for lucid narrative, the range of illustration which his extensive miscellaneous reading had supplied, a light natural grace of thought not the less piquant that it sometimes bordered on flippancy or petulance, above all, an intense vitality that seemed to pervade his whole being, making his ideas as they arose more like realities than their types. His redundant vocabulary was here rather an advantage than otherwise. The first word that offered itself was caught at, then another that seemed more appropriate was allowed to let fall, a third or even a fourth might be suggested. Every additional word presented its corresponding idea in a new and clearer light; the auditors felt their apprehensions grow more distinct along with those of the speaker; they were enlisted as associates in the process by which he was clearing up his own ideas. They insensibly and unconsciously adopted his ratiocinations, and while following his lead appeared to be working out his conclusions as their own. Their judgments were fascinated, enthralled, led captive. The same witchery pervaded his social conversation, the only difference was that, as a pleader, while pleasing he was still more convincing, as a companion he pleased more than he convinced.

This very peculiar conformation of intellect and fancy was combined with a disposition almost feminine both in its beauties and its faults. The exquisite moral purity that animates all the writings of Jeffrey per-

vaded his conversation also. He shrunk from grossness like a fine-minded woman. Allied to this was a lively sympathy and delicate regard for the feelings of others. His sense of what is just and honourable was rigorous, his benevolence large. All these are qualities in which women are generally found to excel; and he combined with them that love of pleasing, sometimes seducing into flattery, that is characteristic of the sex. But he had also much of their irresolution and disposition to be guided by more robust, though not more elevated or worthy natures. This weakness is apparent in his early correspondence about the Review, where he frequently apologises for something that has appeared in it as the result of his compliance with the wishes of some impetuous contributor against his own better judgment. It kept him through life rather an ornament than a leader of the political party to which he attached himself; a kind of constitutional chief placed in the van by his colleagues when they wished to make a good appearance, and treated in the eyes of the public with the utmost deference, though in fact he had received his cue from these same deferential gentlemen behind the scenes. This infirmity of purpose, confirmed by advancing years, became painfully apparent after he entered upon his official life, and rendered that point of his career distasteful to himself, disappointing and even humiliating to his admirers.

As might be inferred from this analysis, Jeffrey enjoyed a twofold reputation. One was the result of personal knowledge and observation of his intrinsic qualities, his graceful vivacity, acute perceptions, playful fancy, purity, generosity, honour. It was just, and cherished sincerely and affectionately by all who knew him. The other was the result of his position; the not unnatural tendency of those who saw him only from a distance to attribute to him—the visible and permanent representative of the “Edinburgh Review,”—almost all its merits, as they held him responsible for all its faults. This Jeffrey of the wider public was a very different man from the real Jeffrey: a much more powerful and accomplished, but a much less amiable man. The intense love borne to him by his intimate associates, however, and the veneration with which his countrymen are accustomed to regard a successful barrister, came even here to stand him in good stead, and keep even the grim Eidolon of the “Edinburgh Review” as popular as the real Francis Jeffrey.

Yet properly speaking it was only as editor of the “Edinburgh Review” that Jeffrey was a public character—that his perso-

nality must to a certain extent interest those who neither moved in his immediate circle nor lived in his day. It was therefore a sufficiently ludicrous, though not singular perversity, on the part of himself and Lord Cockburn, that they appear all along to have been rather ashamed of this connection. When Jeffrey and his friends first projected the "Edinburgh Review," they were proudly resolute not to accept any pecuniary recompense for their labours. When the good sense of Sydney Smith convinced them that except as a fair commercial enterprise—proceeding on the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire—the work had no chance, and that with good pay to contributors it must succeed, it was only after some misgivings and hesitation that Jeffrey condescended to become its salaried editor. Even so late as 1827 he appears to have been dubious whether his editorial character did not compromise his gentility. In that year he wrote to Lord Cockburn: "From the very first I have been anxious to keep clear of any tradesman-like concern in the 'Review,' and to confine myself pretty strictly to intercourse with *gentlemen* only, even as contributors. It would vex me, I must own, to find that, in spite of this, I have lowered my own character, and perhaps even that of my profession, by my connexion with a publication which I certainly engaged with on very high grounds, and have managed I think without dirtying my hands in any paltry matters." Like the bear-leader in "She Stoops to Conquer," Jeffrey would only allow his animal to dance to the genteelst of tunes. Strange that men who see no degradation in accepting a fee to plead the cause of a murderer or swindler whom they know to be guilty, should have such punctilio about accepting an honorarium for an unequivocally honourable exercise of their intellects! Jeffrey gladly demitted the editorial office to be made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and subsequently Lord Advocate; yet as editor of the "Edinburgh Review" he had a European celebrity and position; these legal dignities made him at most but a great man in his own country—not necessarily even there when some of the worthies are recalled to memory who held them before him.

As a mere conversationist Jeffrey's reputation must of necessity be local and ephemeral; even the fame of a successful advocate is of a subordinate and transitory nature. If his name is to survive, it can only be as editor of the "Edinburgh Review." The value of the aggregate numbers of that periodical issued under his direction must stamp his character. He cannot indeed

claim credit for all the learning, all the ingenuity, all the original thought that may have appeared in its pages. But in addition to what respect is due to his own contributions, he is entitled to credit for the judgment evinced in the selection of contributions, for the temper and tact evinced in keeping contributors together and at work, and for the general tone and tendency of the publication.

It is mainly upon its efficiency as an instrument for the diffusion of more liberal political opinions, and more enlightened and tolerant views in social ethics, that the permanent reputation of the "Edinburgh Review" must depend. And it is a curious fact—which can however be substantiated by reference to the list of Jeffrey's contributions at the end of Lord Cockburn's first volume\*—that politics were exactly what its editor least cared for. His comparatively few political articles are such productions on general principles as are delivered from Scotch chairs of moral philosophy. His analyses of books of travels, memoirs of French *philosophes* and their female friends, poems and other works of imagination, are of varied merit. His comments on men, and society and its phenomena, are always sparkling, always genial, often just and instructive. For the literary criticism of the "Review," Jeffrey is mainly responsible. That criticism has retained so little hold on the public mind that it is now scarcely worth while to canvass its merits deliberately. His own contributions in this department occupy a middle position between such blunders as Brougham's review of Byron's "Hours of Idleness," and Hazlitt's reviews of Leigh Hunt and Coleridge. Lord Cockburn asks, "What poet whom Jeffrey condemns continues a favourite with the public, except in the works, or in the passages, or in the qualities, which he applauds?" The only answer to this question is the fact, that not one literary man in a hundred can now tell you what Jeffrey's judgment of any of his poetical contemporaries was, and that his adverse criticism has scarcely retarded the establishment of the poetical reputations of the Lake poets, Joanna Baillie, and others whom he assailed. In literature, the "Edinburgh Review," even under Jeffrey, slowly and imperceptibly conformed to the taste of the age; it assuredly did not lead it.

\* This list is very inaccurate: it omits articles which we have reason to believe were Jeffrey's; and contains some which we know were not his—as, for example, the reviews of "Rimini," and Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"—both written by Hazlitt.

In the department of political economy, the services of the "Edinburgh" are less unequivocal. Horner grappled with the monetary question in the first number, and continued to mature and develop his views respecting it in those which followed, till he brought it before parliament. The work to which Peel applied a finishing hand in 1819 was begun, and far advanced, in the pages of the "Edinburgh Review." In such publications one good article calls forth many, one sound and judicious contributor attracts kindred minds. The contributions of Malthus, Mill, and (though at a considerable distance from the other three) of M'Culloch, have rendered the "Review" more instrumental in diffusing sound views of political economy than any contemporary publication.

Its services have been equally marked in what may be called the Exeter Hall class of topics, with one exception. The manly sense and deep-thoughted humour of Sydney Smith, and the impetuous, versatile, dazzling genius of Brougham, were devoted from the beginning to the promotion of general education and the abolition of slavery and slave-trade. The cause of Joseph Lancaster, of unsectarian education, of the education of the poor, was maintained by the former against the Mistress Trimmers of the day, with calm, crushing, laughing power. The atrocities of slavery were indignantly exposed. Nor was all the humanity of the writers in the "Review" reserved, as has too often been alleged with truth of the friends of the negro, for those only who had the good luck to be born with black skins. Sydney Smith's advocacy of the cause of the young chimney-sweeps, and his denunciations of spring-guns and man-traps, were among the first attempts to apply a rational reflecting humanitarianism to the minor morals of life. The one exception to the sympathies of the "Review" with Exeter Hall, above alluded to, was in its merciless, unjust, and indiscriminating attacks upon Methodists and missionaries. This topic would be in place in a review of the memoirs of Chalmers. Here it may suffice to allude to the anomaly that puritan Scotland should have given birth to a periodical which perhaps more than any of its contemporaries was inaccessible to the devotional sentiment; and of which all the earlier ecclesiastical articles were imbued with the hard worldly views of those members of the Anglican church who stand equally remote from the fanciful semi-Romanism of the modern High Church and the spiritual zeal of the Low.

In matters of science, physical and meta-

physical, the "Review" was respectable, without being distinguished. Neat and correct mathematical articles, by Playfair, were interspersed with, or followed by, the somewhat presumptuous sciolism of Brougham, and the turgidity of Leslie. The earlier numbers contained rather more than enough of able, but too technical articles on medical and chemical subjects. Their authors, however, were dissatisfied with the liberties which the editor took with their contributions, in order to render them more generally palatable, and drifted off one by one to special scientific periodicals. In geology and natural history generally, the "Review" did little more than chronicle the commencement of the increased interest taken in these subjects in England. Its metaphysics were those of acute and independent minds, who had little or no acquaintance with what had been written respecting them except by authors of the Scotch school. In historical inquiry, the contributions of Hallam, Allen, Macintosh, and Macaulay, imparted to the "Review" the charms of their graceful and genial, though superficial and inexact school. The "Edinburgh" rather lagged behind the age in recording the progress of geographical discovery; the provincial position of the editor rendered it difficult for him to compete against the "Quarterly," which had access to the department of government under which English discoveries were prosecuted. Classical literature was emphatically the weak side of the "Review;" as, indeed, of Scotland. In Jeffrey's private letters, he is constantly desiring his correspondents to obtain for him a good contributor on such subjects; but he never succeeded in getting anything better than some hard plodding investigator of particles, and scanner of measures, whose dry raw material he was obliged to serve up with the sauce of some elegant irrelevancies of his own.

The merits of the "Edinburgh Review" as an instrument of political enlightenment remain to be considered. At the time when it was started there was literally no liberal party in Scotland. A man might have counted the avowed Whigs on his finger. The forty-five Scotch members of the House of Commons were elected by less than five thousand titular landowners and self-elected town councillors. The whole executive power and political patronage of Scotland was vested in a clique of lawyers in Edinburgh, allied to the aristocracy, and thoroughly drilled tools of Lord Melville. The republican principles of the French Revolution had made converts in Scotland; but they belonged for the most part to the lower orders, and their few allies among the

wealthier classes were destitute of political power. The extent to which the people were identified with the kirk, by the Presbyterian parity and poverty of its ministers, and its lay eldership, retarded the progress of opinions associated with lax and sceptical religious principles. The contagion of European example, however, precipitated by discontents arising out of an oppressive militia system, gave occasion to associations and movements of the disaffected, which the compact discipline of the predominant political party crushed easily, and trampled down with the relentless inveteracy of fear. The defeated malcontents assumed the usual characteristic of a proscribed sect,—unreasoning ferocity. The young projectors of the “*Edinburgh Review*” were disgusted by the panic-inspired ferocity of the conquering, and the revengeful ferocity of the defeated. Their politics were of an abstract, eclectic, criticising character. Their isolation from numerous and organized sympathisers, and their provincial situation, remote from the great centre of political activity, perpetuated this character. But Sydney Smith soon returned to his native country, and was speedily followed by two of the most energetic of the reviewers, Horner and Brougham. The sympathies of the literary and fastidious *Edinburgh* reviewers were more in unison with those of the aristocratic English Whigs than of any other section of politicians. The success of the new periodical had attracted the notice of the Whig leaders. Its contributors, who had migrated to England, were gained mainly by the skillful caresses of Holland House, and the political intelligence supplied from headquarters to the provincial editor came thus to be mainly distilled through the medium of the Holland House coterie. The principal channels of communication were Horner and Brougham, two men of diametrically opposite characters, between whose inspirations Jeffrey seems to have stood not unlike Macheath between the clamorous urgencies of Polly and Lucy. Now the massive, well-balanced mind of Horner—amenable to discipline, and sympathising with the Romillies and Macintoshes—carried the day; now the impulsive impetuosity of Brougham, who, to the horror and dismay of Holland House, coquetted at times with Major Cartwright, Bertham, and the Westminster Rump, carried Jeffrey along with him. But in the main, the “*Review*” became essentially a Whig organ, the retailer of the *dilettante*, epicurean liberalism of Holland House. In this character it was confirmed by the opposition of the “*Quarterly Review*,” established to counteract its

Whiggery, and at a later period by the secession of the more stern and systematic political thinkers christened “*educated Radicals*,” by Blackwood, who established the “*Westminster Review*.” The great defect of the politics of the “*Edinburgh Review*” consisted of their being made up of vague, amiable sentiments, rather than of definite opinions or measures. This very defect, however, rendered the “*Review*” a more useful agent of liberal propagandism during the first twenty or thirty years of the century than any work advocating more definite principles could have been; especially in Scotland. There, at that time, no man dared to avow popular opinions: to do so closed against him all prospect of advancement at the bar or in the church, and even excluded him from pecuniary assistance by the banks if he were a merchant or manufacturer. But a number of influences were silently at work undermining the servile spirit generated by these circumstances. The growing wealth of the trading community inspired a sturdier temper, which essayed its young powers in assaults upon the close system of local municipal government. The abuse of patronage in the *Kirk* gave birth to a strenuous opposition in the church courts, organized and led by energetic practical men like Sir Henry Moncrieff and Andrew Thompson. A few of the better spirits at the bar preserved a proud independence, and endeavoured to resuscitate the defunct Whig party. The very vagueness of the politics of the “*Edinburgh Review*” encouraged these sectional and local Liberals to avow their assent to them. The “*Review*” thus became a magnet to attract and hold in combination all the straggling and partial liberalisms of Scotland. The habit of reading it, and taking pride in it as a publication which did honour to their country, insensibly reconciled to its politics many adherents of the dominant party. The whole country became thus by degrees leavened with a leaven of liberalism, vague indeed and indefinite, yet sufficiently strong and pervading, when circumstances had disunited and weakened the old Tories, and when a matured practical measure of Parliamentary Reform was held out, to rally around it, in an enthusiastic spirit, nine-tenths of the population of Scotland.

To speak of the “*Edinburgh Review*,” as was at one time customary with its partisans, as the great enlightener of the age, is simply absurd. The function of the reviewer is to be the medium of communication between the thinkers of his age and the busy public. It was fortunate for the “*Edinburgh Review*” that it sprung into existence at an epoch of intense national

intellectual activity. The part taken by England in the great European struggle between innovating philosophy and old establishments, had kindled a preternatural excitement in the public mind. In this mood men were called upon to discuss practical questions of vital moment in politics and economics. The Catholic Question, the Bank Question, and many others, necessitated a recurrence to first principles in political and economical science. The rapid progress in physical inquiry which had preceded the French Revolution, continued with unabated energy and success. The intellectual, warlike, and political struggles of the age, awakened its imagination as well as its intellect, and called into activity a band of poets of rare and diversified excellence. The "Review" became the interpreter between the contemporary master-minds of England and the masses. It brought their reasonings and utterances of impassioned imagination to the knowledge of many who might otherwise never have heard of them; it accelerated their communication even to the literary portion of society. It acted as a fly-wheel to quicken and increase the power of the action of the intellectual machine. And though much was due to these circumstances, much also was owing, no doubt, to the men by whom the "Review" was conducted. Lord Cockburn disparages unduly the Reviews of an earlier date. But publications which had numbered among their managers and contributors Smollett, Goldsmith, Gifford, Taylor of Norwich, and many more of their stamp, were by no means the contemptible things he is pleased to represent them. The "Edinburgh Review" surpassed them less on account of the superiority of those who laboured upon it than of the better materials placed within its reach, and the more favourable circumstances in which it appeared. Its utility was much diminished by the unacquaintance of its contributors with any modern literatures except those of France and England. It is, in consequence, an imperfect record of the European literary and scientific activity of its age. But it accomplished much for English literature, and breathed a liberal, enlightened, tolerant spirit into the dead political corporations of Scotland. For this, much credit is due, no doubt, to the raciness of Sidney Smith, the reckless eccentricity of Brougham, the solidity of Horner, the precision of Mill, the learned bonhomme of Hallam and Macintosh. But without the cementing influence of Jeffrey these heterogeneous natures could

never have been kept working harmoniously together.

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ART. V.—THE TENDENCIES OF ENGLAND.

1. *A Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston: August 30, 1846.*  
*A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society: January 31, 1847.* By Theodore Parker. Boston.
2. *Labour and other Capital: the rights of each secured, and the wrongs of both eradicated.* By Edward Kellogg. New York, 1849.
3. *London Labour and the London Poor.* By Henry Mayhew. 1851.
4. *The Rich and the Poor.* By Henry Mayhew. (Letters in the "Sunday Times," May, 1851.)
5. *The Leader.*
6. *The Christian Socialist.*

THE Reforms at which England has aimed in the last thirty-six years, have been honestly denoted by this name. They have endeavoured to alter not the essence, but only the form of institutions,—to regenerate, not to re-create. They have visibly effected great results for the middle classes, and have undoubtedly warded off terrible sufferings from the lowest. But inasmuch as there is in England a vast body of persons that live on daily and uncertain wages, and in our greatest towns a large class who may almost be called outlaws; who appear to be beyond any such reforms as have been yet whispered in Parliament, and to remain poor in the midst of wealth; the spirit of philanthropy is in many strongly disposed to become revolutionary, and to proclaim that we need, not reform of institutions, but totally new principles as to buying, selling, and possessing.

We altogether reject this opinion; yet we cannot make light of the fact that a cry fundamentally similar rises in several countries at once. In France, it may take the form, "Property is Theft;" in England, it may satisfy itself with vaguer phrases, denouncing competition, and profits, and capital; in America, by the pen of Mr. Kellogg, it ascribes all poverty to the high interest of money: but in all it means the same thing,—that *Property*, in any strict sense, ought not to exist. Those who talk of the "brute power" of capital, evidently regard private wealth as something dangerous to the community. Those who call it

"oppression of the poor," to receive an interest gladly paid for loans of money by men who are *not* poor, do not understand their own words if they shrink from the principle of periodically redistributing among the poorer all the "superfluous" wealth of the richer.

It is not our intention here to combat these views. We shall not take the pains to show that Mr. Kellogg is under mistake in saying that the State, by *permitting* interest to be received on loans, *gives* to money its value, and that all interest higher than one per cent. ought to be forbidden. It shall suffice us to indicate, that this gentleman opens with the singular assertion, that it is [bodily] *labour* which produces all wealth; and totally overlooks the part which *mind* plays in directing the sinews of the less intelligent. It is, however, more instructive to remark, that even in the United States, where land is so abundant, and both wages and profits are so high, and where no one who has health need be in want, all the same evils of pauperism are arising as in old Europe. No one reading Mr. Theodore Parker's Sermons would guess, by the phenomena which they describe, that they were written on the other side of the Atlantic. And this one fact may suffice to indicate, that the misery does not depend on *economical*, but on strictly *moral* causes. The fault does not lie in low wages, nor in high profits, nor in dear land, nor in usury; but in personal immorality and ignorance, which would not be altered by any redivision of wealth.

In this point of view, the domestic side of Robert Owen's theory is more to the purpose, if by living together in communities as he wishes, men could imbibe that universal moral culture in which, he believes, all the evils of society would quickly find their remedy. But it is a delusion to imagine that well fed communities necessarily grow up in moral self-control, or that any putting together of men into communities will inspire them with high desires: nor, if it would, is it possible to induce the unwilling to enter such conventual establishments. This form of remedy is vain; but the disease is rightly regarded as moral, and wise organization (if it cannot do everything) may do much to abate the evils.

It ought to be farther remembered, that the malady which we discern and lament has always been brought about in other ages of the world,—when great empires have been formed, when centralizing systems have swallowed up smaller ones, when population runs together by hundred-

thousands into towns, and when the poor become a nation that lives by itself, without moral unions to the richer. Such as we now call "the perishing classes," or "the dangerous classes," were in ancient histories, "the city rabble," or "the drags of Romulus," or "the impure crowd;" and every such mass of people was looked on with fear or despair by prudent statesmen or philosophers. Their increase generally portended the incipient dissolution of a free community, since they were always apt to be the ready tools of a profligate usurper.

The prevailing opinion among the old Greek speculators was, that all constitutions recur in a fixed cycle; insomuch that Polybius, while beholding with admiration Rome in her prime of strength and freedom, manifestly anticipates (vi. 9) for her an ultimate fate similar to that of Greece, the freedom of which was crushed by military despots. Out of a chaos of *anarchy* (said they) rose *heroic monarchy*, which was first supported, then supplanted, by an *aristocracy of birth*. This, in time, changed into an *aristocracy of wealth*, and farther into *democracy*. The last degenerated into *mob-rule*, from which came a *tyranny*, and this rooted out the aristocracy and destroyed all national institutions; so that the original chaos seemed to recur when the tyranny had ruined itself. Such a view, with minor variations, presents the circle of national growth and decay comprehended by the ancients.

The opposite doctrine of *progress* more easily finds acceptance with an English mind; whether because we have been long progressive ourselves, or because we held as a sort of religious creed that man is destined to improve. To those who believe in a God, and do not expect the speedy removal of the human race to another world, it seems inevitable to believe that a future better than our past awaits us, and that it is a high duty of each to contribute towards this great result. Moreover, we discern that the destruction of the free governments of ancient times was facilitated by two causes: *first*, that the freedom did not take up all the members of society; *secondly*, that so vast a barbarism lay outside the civilized nations. We must add, that the mutual enmity between the civilized units, whether of old Greece or middle-age Italy, played a large part in the dissolution. But now, the destruction of slavery—the immense spread of civilized art, and the narrowed realm of barbarism—the prodigious extent of reading—the connexion of many nations into a literary republic,—besides the mechanical inventions which

guarantee international communication,—give so novel an action to all political forces, that it would be pedantic and erroneous to assume that the old cycle is all that the world has to expect.

Nevertheless, there is abundance of stern warning given us in the facts of history, not to let any confidence in the doctrine of progress lull us into apathy and neglect. Whatever may be said or hoped concerning the general destined advance of the human race, nothing can be more manifest than that parts of it which once took the lead may fall miserably into the rear. Look at China, stagnant for two or three thousand years, and not likely to improve, except by some painfully convulsive process. Look at India, at Bactria, at Mesopotamia, at Syria, at Egypt, at Anatolia,—all of them once at the head of human cultivation; but, since those times, conquered and plundered by strangers, their native institutions destroyed, their industry disorganized, most of them decayed in population, wealth, and skill, some of them turned into deserts. It is very insufficient comfort to England under threatened calamity, to tell her that human nature is certain to march onward in a splendid career, if that still leaves the possibility, that England for two thousand years to come may suffer the fate of Egypt or of Babylonia.

What then is the actual stage of things in Europe, or at least in England? Can we get any defined perception of the contrasts between our older and our newer state? and of the relation between our present industrial, political, and moral life? So to do seems highly important, if we would judge wisely concerning the "re-organization" of institutions.

Indeed, as to Europe at large, a very alarming phenomenon shows itself. The national institutions have in most countries gone to ruin, and have not as yet been replaced by anything better or higher. Both Church and State have decayed, and in all the greatest communities freedom has been overthrown. For full 400 years this process has gone on in the State. Even France has had something to lose—at least in her comparatively independent church. Italy has for three centuries been a mangled corpse; Spain has deeply fallen; Sicily, long injured by viceroys, but in the past century recovering herself, has in the last thirty-six years been cruelly trampled down. Germany and Hungary, in certain ways morally elevated, are politically in disintegration, and have to regain freedom and nationality. Bohemia, a state formerly in advance of England, has lost her law and rights, her nationality, her religion, her literature, and almost her speech. Holland is

scarcely what she was. Poland is crushed under dread of the knout, the dungeon, the Caucasus, and Siberia, or by the *jacqueries* of the court of Vienna. Scandinavia alone seems to hold her head aloft, witnessing that the old institutions are not unfitted to the age, if only they can be held fast against intrigue and violence.

Such results, over the breadth of Europe, cannot be treated lightly. There is a large class of studious men, who will rapidly settle our difficulty, by assuring us that it rises from confounding political freedom with progress—that the true progress consists in mental growth—that in the State, the *summum bonum* is wise administration, and that this is perhaps best attained in absolutism—that the cruelties of despots are caused mainly by opposition—and that if all the nation would but be submissive to power, all would go right. Before we go farther, a few words on this opinion are needed.

We fully admit that the growth of the human mind and spirit is the highest national, as well as individual end: but all history witnesses, that despotism is ordinarily and in the long run opposed to, and fatal to, any such growth. This fact ought to be familiar to literary men, who, therefore, more than all others, are bound to be irreconcilable to despotic pretensions. Genius arose in Greece with its freedom; and decayed when it fell. In Constantinople, erudition laboured hard for a thousand years together, but with no fruit. Genius proved incapable of thriving under despotism there, or in the Mohammedan dominions. So too, in modern Italy, genius came forth with political freedom; and has been all but extinguished with it. But is it indeed necessary to prove that despots do not love the free diffusion of truth, or free communication of ideas? When the life is gone out of a nation, there is sometimes seen a literary sultan or emperor, who would fain re-animate it; but when a nation really comes to life, and begins to think and compare, and judge, and impart thought, the despotic ruler invariably takes fright, puts a censorship on the press, and endeavours to tune the public mind in his own way. Even without appealing to history, the present facts of the continent witness beyond denial, that despotism, as a system, is the inveterate enemy of general enlightenment. The support of it by those who profess to admire freedom and mental cultivation, is surely suicidal or hypocritical.

Nor can we admit that "good administration" is the *chief* desideratum, even politically. To be able to feel loyal attachment to our government, is a more important thing, than that that government should be wholly

wise. In short, as to a woman it is more important to feel that the man who governs her is her own rightful husband, than that he is wise in his government; so is it with a nation: and the more so, the higher is its mental susceptibility. But we do not mean for a moment to admit, that a despotic administration is *ordinarily* so wise or so just as that of a free state. On the contrary, the "judicious despot," so desired by some, is the rarest of beings, and his power of hindering the malversation of his subordinates is extremely limited. As a general rule, publicity and public censure are essential to good administration; but they are exactly what absolute power everywhere forbids. To connive at injustice is unmanly, and eats out the heart of virtue. A people which will not be guilty of such connivance, *cannot* permanently avoid to stir up the jealousies of despotism, and thereby to make it cruel.

We have named as a phenomenon of first-rate magnitude, so as almost to characterize modern Europe, the decay and destruction of the older institutions, especially by centralizing tyrannies. But it is remarkable how little this *political* is joined to any *moral* phenomenon? At this same time, the consciousness of liberty in the individuals of the oppressed nations is stronger than ever. Neither Frenchmen, nor Italians, nor Poles, nor Germans, nor Hungarians, have an inward crouching towards their oppressors. The nations know their rights and their duties; they are not yet swamped into Roman ruin, nor is their history closed: rather, it is only about to begin.

There is an unmeaning talk (we were going to say *cant*) too often heard, about certain European peoples being "*not yet fit for freedom.*" This is with some a corollary from the dogma of progress. Seeing a nation to be now enslaved, the speculator infers that it is so by the judgment of God for its immorality; but that at some future time, when its morality has ripened, it will become free. Alas! to deliver a man's flesh over to Satan that his spirit may be saved, seems a more hopeful recipe, than to deliver a nation over to despotism that it may become fit for freedom. Such reasoners are not always ignorant, but they seem to forget, that all the freedom of Europe rose out of deep barbarism; rose out of times in which there was little self-control in the powerful, and no wide-spread sympathies in the many; when no class had any power of generalization or any confidence in general principles. The prevailing notion of law was "*their custom*;" their ground for upholding their customs was mainly selfish, or at least concerned their town or their county more than their nation. The

votary of progress may perhaps be shocked, if we speak of a people as "*no longer fit for freedom,*" *because* they are become gentler, more humane, more thoughtful and refined, more cosmopolite, wealthier, more averse to field sports and to the use of arms: but such often are those who are called "*not yet fit*" to be free. The more correct phrase, in the case of many enslaved nations, would be,—"*eminently fit to use freedom, but unfit as women to save it from perfidious violence.*" To save freedom is certainly one eminent duty of a freeman. Unfortunately, the longer a people remains under tyranny, the more feeble, womanish, helpless, and degenerate is it likely to become.

France had been enslaved, but the ambition of her kings made and kept her eminently a military nation; hence, when the monarchy broke down by misrule, the nation did not sink, but was roused into intense energy by threatened invasion. If France had been drilled into dutiful obedience by kings who had foreign armies, she would have been at such a crisis as helpless as the ancient Britons before the Saxons. The Romans had found the Britons chivalrous freemen; they subdued them by superior skill in war, drilled them into "*civilization*," incapacitated them for that self-defence, without which civilization can never be permanent, and left them to miserable destruction. Surely the bold barbarians were better fitted for freedom, and far more likely to become a noble people, than the cultured and gentle provincial cosmopolites.

Spain has lost all her old admirable institutions, through the perjurious violence of her kings, and all her culture has been ruined by the Inquisition and the power of the clergy, which those kings established. She has retrograded into the twelfth century in her manners and arts; yet, for this very reason, she is capable of regaining her freedom twenty times, if she lose it twenty times. Her poverty and her martial habits make it hard to keep her enslaved. Nevertheless, institutions can only grow firm in long time, and her losses are difficult to repair.

No more words might seem needed to point out the grave mistake of supposing a nation to be "*morally undeserving*" of freedom because it is enslaved; yet this notion is singularly inveterate. It is often a part of our national pharisaism, which ascribes our freedom *to our virtue*, and despises others who are less happy. Some even go so far as to propound an apophthegm:—"No nation is ever enslaved, except when it is undeserving to be free;" as though small nations could never be trampled down by greater ones; or as though the division of a great nation into



many independent communities (which generally promotes early liberty and general progress) were a moral fault, because it often exposes them to foreign attack.

That England now "deserves to be free" better than at any former time, we cannot doubt, if her desert is to be measured by her love of legal and constitutional action, her hatred of violence, and her respect for individual rights of every kind. But if, for ever so short a time, she were by any strange accident to fall under despotism, she is far less able to regain her freedom than five hundred years ago; perhaps, indeed, less able than any other nation of Europe. Why? The reply brings us to an *industrial* phenomenon—because she is very rich, very industrious, very peaceful, very humane, very centralized, very untrained to arms, and abounding with sedentary and in-doors population. It is a remark well known to the old Greeks, that the increase of wealth in a nation tends to the rise of tyranny; nor is the explanation of the phenomenon obscure. Where wealth abounds, there either the ruler, or, in a small state, some eminent person, hires a band of soldiers, and seizes despotic authority. Rich men dread the convulsion necessary to expel him, and the secondary shock which will follow. Fearing to lose their property in the process, they not only acquiesce in his usurpation, but give moral support to it, if they have no personal fears. The political behaviour of our wealthier classes leaves no room for doubt, that if England were to find herself temporarily under a despot, who governed judiciously, they would rather support him, than run any risks of collision for the sake of a principle. They would allow every barrier of freedom to be broken down, one by one, and would regard a popular insurrection in defence of our old laws and liberties a dangerous and horrible disorder.

This selfishness of wealth is not wholly without excuse. The *landed* proprietor,—whether called Baron or Squire,—whose wealth arises from the payments of numerous dependants, who look to him as their natural leader, is by no means timid. Such men are strong in their followers; and where they form an order, are the best of all defences against tyranny. But wealth, held in *moveables* or in paper bonds, or in treasure, brings with it no bands of faithful supporters, but only marks out its holder as the natural and easy prey of a tyrant; moreover, the wealth itself is peculiarly apt to be impaired or lost by any civil commotion. No doubt, in a national war, every man knows that he may be slain or ruined, but he hopes for the best, and takes his risk. Commercial wealth, on the other hand, re-

gards itself as the certain and necessary victim, since fear and suspense hurt it, and not merely actual violence. We do not justify this extreme timidity, but in proportion as a man has more to lose, and a higher certainty of loss, deeper patriotism is needed, or keener foresight, to brace his courage to endure it.

In the trades which minister to luxury, the timorousness of wealth perhaps reaches its acme. Who will buy jewels, or chandeliers, or pictures, when the money may, ere long, be needed for sterner calls? The very dread of civil commotion paralyzes many of these trades. In prospect of the 10th April, 1848, so many of English nobility and gentry carried their jewels into the market, that the value of such articles was greatly depreciated. We were informed by a jeweller, that at that time his sale wholly ceased, and he became a large buyer, tempted by the prices. In consequence, when the 10th of April was past, he found his gains to be great, as the market at once recovered itself; but he might have gained much more,—to the full extent of his disposable money,—had he not himself at last been seized with alarm, when he found that everybody was for selling and no one for buying.

The great capitalists who lend money to princes, are of far more permanent harm to liberty, by lending to bankrupt tyrants and spreading an interest in the maintenance of tyranny. Austria borrows money to subjugate Venice and Milan. It is not to be imagined that these oppressed communities, if once free, will ever acknowledge such loans as made in their service, or for their interest; hence the whole of the Stock Exchange is enlisted on the side of the permanence of Austrian domination. This evil will probably correct itself violently, and it is now perhaps too late to bring legal remedies: but it seems to us, that to lend money to a foreign prince for state purposes is by no means a natural right of English citizens, nor one that ought to be ordinarily exempted from state control.

These loans suggest another industrial phenomenon—the Disparities of Wealth, which so characterize modern England, and strike every foreigner. Englishmen themselves, on casting back the eye to our earlier history, when there was no national debt, and when taxes fell on the landed proprietors, are strongly disposed to believe that in our existing system of landed property and finance there is something essentially unjust, which makes the poor poorer and the rich richer. It cannot be denied, that in the past century and a half

he many were\* unjustly taxed, and that various unjust advantages are still held by landlords. But these facts ought not to blind us to a deeper and truer cause of the disparities of wealth. We do not deny that rent has risen enormously; yet in the national scale, the landlords, as a class, have not risen. It is the commercial or professional people, who were emphatically the overtaxed class, that have made the monster fortunes. Against bankers, manufacturers, shopkeepers, and merchants, above all, is directed the blind anger of Socialists, who imperfectly analyze the causes of the offensive phenomenon, which, in fact, extends to that species of capital which inheres in the person. There is not more disparity of wealth between merchant and merchant, or between cotton-spinner and cotton-spinner, than between two barristers, or two painters, or two novel writers, or two opera dancers, or two singers: nor again, is there more disparity between the gains of a merchant and a merchant's clerk, or of a manufacturer and his foreman, than between those of Sir William Follett and his clerk, or between those of Chantrey and his working masons, or those of an eminent dentist and his subordinate assistants. To forbid or to "regulate" profits and interest will fail of exterminating vast disparities of remuneration. The Socialist must go a step farther, and forbid good work to be better paid than bad work, or at least must subscribe a minimum payment for the worst work, and a maximum for the best. Manifestly all high increase of national culture leads to an unlimited depreciation of everything inferior, in comparison to all that is superior. A pure taste despises bad sculpture or bad poetry, as emphatically as it admires the good; while a rude nation is "amusable," like a child, with the rudest performances. The principle which is so manifest in fine art, is as truly active in every department of English life, in proportion to the freedom of trade. To the most celebrated physician or barrister men flock, until his fees forbid access of emptier purses. The possessor of unequalled skill is able to amass riches in a few years, while his humbler rivals are happy if they can live through the year upon their earnings. In the case of the arts

\* No problem of economy seems to us more insoluble, than the incidence of *old taxes*. The difference of opinion between statistical writers on the question whether *the poor* are *now* much or little taxed, is very discouraging. But there can be no doubt that they are immensely less taxed than they were, and that a *skilful* English workman in the towns lives far more easily than at any earlier period, or perhaps than anywhere in the world, except where land is abundant.

and professions, no one who stops short of annihilating all personal right in property can carp at this result: for it is the natural premium to exertion and improvement,—the continued operation of that wisdom of Jupiter which Virgil celebrates:

"Pater ipse colendi  
Haud facilem esse viam voluit; . . .  
. . . curis acuens mortalia corda.  
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris, . . .  
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes  
Paullatim."

We well understand, that man was not created for torpor, but for energetic improvement; and we at once discern that the unhappiness of the briefless barrister or of the unemployed physician, when contrasted with the painful overwork of the successful practitioners in each branch, is not a suitable ground for moralizing on "something evidently rotten" in the state of society, but on the contrary, as far as it goes, indicates something decidedly healthful, in spite of the partial pain. There are few indeed who would desire to correct the evil by enacting that all professional work should be rewarded in the same proportion to the time, and that no one should abound in employment while another was deficient. But if the case of professional wealth stands on so clear a moral basis, much more does that of manufacturers and commercial men. The successful cotton printer is not more highly remunerated for a piece of goods of equal texture, than his less successful competitor; but, because his patterns find acceptance, he sells a greater quantity; and hence his wealth. In a majority of cases, the large fortunes are made by selling wares equally good at a *lower* price than others. The mere mention of the fact, one might think, ought to stop all objection in any mind which allows of private property at all.

We have not even yet stated the full extent of this simultaneous change in English industry. In the first quarter of the last century, the skilled artizan of the towns,—we mean the carpenter, the mason, the glazier, the plasterer, &c.,—received no higher wages than good husbandry labourers, and very little more than the least skilled peasant. But, with the great improvement of tools, and the higher skill now ordinarily expected in artizans, their wages are exceedingly in advance of unskilled labour. In fact, compared with the mass of the nation, skilled artizans are becoming an aristocracy: nor is it possible to shut our eyes to the fact, that some of their most important strikes are directed to shut out the unskilled from attaining their skill, and thus competing with them. This by the bye.—We do not ima-

gine that the new position of things can be all gain: it has its danger, and its peculiar suffering. But we must treat it as a monstrosity in *skilled* workmen to make outcry that *they* are an oppressed body: the great pressure of the times is on the *un-skilled* population. Mere sinews without wisdom, judgment, skill, or tried faithfulness, become cheaper and cheaper with every advance in industrial power; and the easier it is to obtain any skill the cheaper it is rated.

To have neglected his professional education, inflicts a lifelong wound on a man who is to earn his support as a barrister, solicitor, physician, or surgeon; and constantly reduces those to the direst straits who have no wealthy friends. In poorer life, to have had no industrial education at all (through neglect or death or misfortune of parents) subjects a man to worse suffering than in ancient times. We do not mean that the real earnings of unskilled labour are lower than of old: probably otherwise: but such labour is more despised, because of the abundance of skill. Even if the proportion of those who cannot get employment is not increased, yet, in so much greater a population, the actual number is increased and is more clustered into masses. It becomes more self-conscious, more capable of union for violence, and politically more formidable. Besides, the unskilled labour which is employed and paid, even if paid as well as in ancient times, measures its fare by the standard of the highly skilled and better paid, and is thereby liable to severe discontent.

But our immediate object is to point at the *fact*, that increased freedom of industry and exchanges has led to a higher appreciation of good work, a depreciation of bad work, great disparities of wages, of fees, and of employment, and consequent disparities of wealth, such as previously existed nowhere except by a process of plunder. A phenomenon extremely similar exists likewise in our intellectual state; though this is by no means so novel: we refer to the enormous disparity of intellectual development in the very same community. In a savage people, the chief and the followers are about on a par in knowledge, mental power, and refinement. Among the Turks the distinction in different ranks is so slight, that the sultan has been known in our own day to elevate a slipper-holder in a very few years to be a pasha, who in that high station showed no mark of his low origin either in manners, dialect or ignorance. The obvious explanation is, that intellectual ignorance is there nearly universal, and so are good manners. Religion, morals, and courtesy, penetrate there

through nearly all society as effectually as in the richer classes. With us, difference of wealth and rank causes difference of habits; out of this rises separation; and out of separation, a degraded state of manners and speech in the ruder part of society. In old days, the baron lived on his estates, among his people, and talked the same tongue as they. Now, the children of the wealthy are educated in public schools and colleges, and talk a single English language; while the peasantry and the working-classes retain in each district a local dialect. In fact, the great length of school and college education among our superior ranks, the after-education of travel, communication with the most intelligent from all parts, and the vast realms of thought opened in literature by leisure and money and by the knowledge of languages, now produce an amount of cultivation wholly unprecedented in past history. In ancient Rome, there was as great a contrast between a Virgil or a Tacitus, and the herd of slaves, as anything that can now exist; but there was no large mass of cultivated men, nearly all of whom were either Greek teachers, or high functionaries of the State.

While the educated part of the community enjoys all the advantages which an immense literature gives, simultaneously with a greater facility of personal communication and locomotion than ever previously existed, much of the practical education of political life, which *freemen* everywhere inherited in the older world, is gone into decay. The more we are governed by functionaries, the less we have of juries and of wardmotes and folkmotes, the less needful it is for common men to know the laws of their country, (which, nevertheless, they are bound to observe,) the more we lose the old education of Englishmen; and those who cannot substitute something higher, fall back into a condition of ignorance, similar to that of ancient *slaves*. The state of mind described by Mr. Mayhew in the "costermongers" of London is wholly slavish; indeed, their state is compared by him, fancifully perhaps, to that of roaming tribes. What is learned from books, if there be no experience of life itself, is apt to be deceptive and pedantic even when there is extensive erudition; much more, to the half-learned, is it an inadequate substitute for the education of practical life. To be able to read, and enjoy half-an-hour's leisure every evening for reading,—even if the books were well chosen,—would be a training of the mind very inferior to that of hearing practical questions (parochial, or civic, or judicial) discussed once a month,

and being called to judge concerning them. In the not unjust anxiety abroad for national education, we fear that too scholastic a notion of education is apt to be prominent; and the severe loss incurred by the repression of free local institutions and by the growth of functionarism, is overlooked.

While moral and intellectual cultivation has become more and more dependent on books, and those who cannot become literary are degraded below the old standard of their class; at the same time each class of society more and more exclusively associates with itself, cares for itself, and sympathizes with itself. This phenomenon will be seen to be more wide-spread, the more attentively it is examined; and the importance of it also grows upon the mind with the study of it. We are disposed to call it the great disease of modern Europe, that the *cohesions of society are in horizontal layers alone*. The extreme opposite to this is, when a country is broken up into a number of petty states, each animated by an intense and exclusive patriotism of its own. To such states perpetual border war is a dreadful curse; nevertheless, population and wealth and intelligence will increase, as long as a tolerable balance of power is sustained. In this condition, the highest, middle, and lowest ranks of every locality are forcibly compressed into an intimate union. Each class feels the need of the other against the foreigner, for all neighbour towns are enemies; and in spite of frequent great sufferings from the ravages of war, yet (if foreign force be not overpowering) this state of things has many great advantages to the lowest orders, who are comrades in war and valued attendants of the highest. But in our opposite state, the poor are held off so far from the sympathies of the higher circles, as to feel themselves in a separate world, if indeed they have not the sense of being treated as tools or as cattle. Out of this follows a *disintegrating of patriotism*. Such is the national stage which we have here reached.

We believe that the *kings* began this European tendency. When the hereditary principle of succession continually gained force, so that for it the welfare of whole realms was sacrificed, and kingdoms degraded into vicerojalities; crowned persons began to disdain intermarriage with any but kingly families, and the royalties of Europe, though in constant rivalry, sympathized with one another as an Order. Hence, also, each king thought his "prerogative" unjustly limited, if it was less than that of his neighbour king; and the despotism violently and fraudulently gained by one, became a pattern and a justifi-

cation to another. The cruelty of their fierce wars has never fallen upon royal persons; and as soon as kings have been in danger from their subjects, they have very generally assisted one another. Naturally, from the day that any king threw off his legitimate and constitutional position, he looked on his people as enemies to be repressed and conquered, and like the tyrants of old Greece, sympathized with the principle of tyranny everywhere. Our own Elizabeth strikingly illustrates the struggle of inclinations in a royal bosom, when she supports Dutch or French or Scotch rebels at one moment, and at the next shows herself half-hearted in their favour. Our Stuarts not only made common cause with foreign monarchy, but at last became its paid vassals: and even in our House of Brunswick, the working of the Royal Marriage Act suffices to declare how great a chasm of feeling has opened between royalty and the very highest nobility.

Although the frequent ennobling of commoners, and the life-tenure of an episcopate, might seem to forbid a like isolation of the aristocracy, it is yet remarkable to how great an extent this is carried. The landed gentry and nobility live far less on their estates and in the provinces than in old times. They pass a larger part of the year in London; watering places or travelling occupies another part: and while on their estates, every increase in refinement cuts them off still more from the society of the other orders. When they hunted more and drank more, we do not say that they were wiser and better men; but they were in closer association of feeling with their inferiors in rank.

How the bishops have separated themselves from the clergy, and joined into an order, is instructively shown in the operations of the (misnamed) Church Reform. In redistributing ecclesiastical revenues, the Commission (under the inspiration of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the present Bishop of London), instead of treating each diocese as a unit, and employing the superfluous funds of a bishop to relieve the poverty of his clergy, treated the episcopal order as a unit, and made it their first great business to raise the income of the poorest bishoprics to 5000*l.* a year, and build up palaces besides for all of them. Retribution for the deed will yet come on this corrupt and obsolete organization.

The high cultivation enjoyed by one part of our nation, the narrow range of thought in those whose time is eaten up by business, and the deep ignorance of the lowest, make social intercourse between different orders an impossibility, under our existing institutions. At the same time, all the old mercantile

guilds have fallen to nothing—which, mischievous as they were economically, did blend the different ranks of producers; and in their place we have unions of workmen against masters, and of masters against workmen. To the workmen a spurious patriotism has arisen out of this: his club demands and receives from him a loyal self-devotion. To its opinion he is more sensitive than to that of the general community. His honour and his sentiment are wrapt up in it, as that of peers in their *order*; and both the one and the other are worse citizens to their country on that account.

Political economy has also stepped in, to add intensity to the causes which are disintegrating national unions. We trust we shall not be suspected of undervaluing the material truths of this science, or the services it has rendered in exhibiting that the riches or poverty of each nation are shared with its neighbours. It has hereby cut away the roots of bitterness which fed many a deadly war. But while we rejoice in these good results of it, we cannot deny that it has so fixed the minds of many on the material interests of nations, as to aid towards the mischievous heresy, which teaches that these alone deserve the concern of the State. Its truths are very valuable, as are all the calculations of the shop; but they are seldom elevating; and like other science, it is cosmopolite, not patriotic.

No wisdom of economy, nor of Fourierism, can possibly cement a dissolving society, by appealing merely to a sense of *interest*, which is essentially selfish and isolating. Nor can religion, as such, bring us any adequate remedy: for its influences are either sectarian, or cosmopolite. When sectarian, they may produce here and there a community of Rappists, Mormons, Quakers; but, at best, the benefits are partial and temporary; no nation ever was or ever will be taken up by such an impulse, and its inherent unreasonableness insures its decay in the second generation. But when religion is *not* sectarian, it can be nothing but cosmopolite. Its very purity and truth force it to embrace the whole human race; and its grasp becomes too wide for immediate national, provincial, and local coherence.

Nor, thirdly, shall we find any remedy in an improved administration under State *functionaries*. On the contrary, the abler such administration is, the worse does it benumb the political instinct of the upper classes; who, when the work of governing is done well for them, no longer trouble themselves about it, and, finding no necessity to care for the public, care only for their own pleasures or their own tastes, and associate more and more exclusively with

their own order. Patriotism can never be generated by a passive enjoyment of good. We need only look to a city like London, to see the evil tendency of this. The rich who live together in streets of fine houses many miles long—who find that an active police under the control of the State defends them day and night,—who have every comfort provided for them without their interference,—who need nothing from the poorer but what they buy for money, and conclude that the same State which cares for them will care equally for the poor,—such rich men have every inducement to become isolated from all but the few with whom it is pleasant to live. On the contrary, negligent or even tyrannical administration, which made itself felt painfully by the rich, might confer the moral benefit of forcing them into closer union with other ranks and classes.

When a nation once homogeneous is beginning to suffer dissolution into separate orders, uncemented and ultimately hostile,—(a very threatening state of things, assuredly,)—all must see that a reorganization is needed; and we have stated why this cannot rise out of interest, nor out of religion, nor out of functionaries who are proxies of citizenship. Patriotism only grows out of one root; viz., the consciousness of especial reciprocal duties: these must have a definite sphere, and must comprehend every individual in that sphere; hence they must be based on territorial division. The chasm between us will soon be filled up, when there are assigned to all ranks, indiscriminately, *mutual local duties*. Where a population shifts rapidly, it is difficult to sustain patriotism, for the very reason that it is difficult to define and enforce such duties. This will always have to be struggled and dealt with in detail. But in proportion as families are really settled, it is a feasible problem to call them all into the performance of duty, as indeed they have very obvious mutual rights. The experience of Holland shows how great patriotism may be then developed, without the advantage of separative features on the landscape. Where Nature herself has mapped out the country by hill and dale, and wood and brook, and where actual beauty in the scenery kindles the heart's love to a well-known place, it seems easier to fix in the minds of the many an earnest interest in the well-being of all who dwell there together. We believe that such peculiarities in the scenery of a country *are* a real advantage. Still, the multiplied experience of history proves that these influences are on the one hand insufficient, and on the other unessential, for energetic patriotism. The political action of locali-

ties, whether for military training, or for legislative and judicial action, brings together poor and rich of all pursuits, and of all religions, and teaches them that they have a country in common. It instructs in moral right and wrong by action, and not merely by book. It is not like a mercantile union, which appeals to men's selfishness: but to tell men of their duties calls out their conscience, and hereby unites society. On the other hand, mere local *elections*, to which so many of the erring friends of freedom wish popular action to be limited, are precisely its most uncertain part; which, however necessary, is most apt to demoralize and raise parties deaf to reason,—which most divides a community and least cultivates it,—which most of all depends on other influences for its good working,—and which, without a great variety of other freedom and good institutions, is simply a covert tool of oligarchical and monarchical tyranny. Mere elections do not deserve to be called *organization*: they are “a delusion and a snare.”

It is not by accident that in ancient times the Stoics were *patriots*, and the Epicureans *cosmopolites*. The cosmopolite verifies the vulgar saying, that what is everybody's duty is nobody's duty: he is necessarily self-indulgent, (or at best, absorbed in his private tastes,) from the want of definite relations beyond his family circle. In vain shall we expect statesmen to have a higher patriotism than the average of the nation. Whatever good moral qualities we desire in the few who bear office in the central power, must be cultivated in the many, through every locality. We do not at all say, that no man can love England, who has no special love for any one parish; but we do say, that unless special interest in localities is generally prevalent, patriotism must be exceedingly rare in a nation, and is not at all to be expected in a statesman. The lukewarm and shadowy character of patriotism in those who are too cosmopolite, is indeed proverbial. Their principle is practically to acquiesce in any or every sort of government, (under the plea perhaps that the moral and religious influences in individuals are alone deserving of regard;) and when once bad men discover that a large part of a nation cares only for “vigorous and able administration,” the times are ripe for a usurper, who will subvert all the national institutions.

It is wonderful how any can expect warm attachment to the constitution of the country from poor men who know of no institution except a central parliament, to which, of course, they can have no access. The

sense of desolation produced in those who find themselves members of no political union, gives the great impetus to clubs of workmen (which are a mere *horizontal cohesion*), and sends others into longings after Socialist communities. No English statesman will, in the abstract, undervalue local unions; yet, in detail, an absolute parliament always grudges to leave power over local matters in local hands. As the Colonial Office fears that the colonies will act unwisely, if left to their own energies, such also are the parental anxieties of the parliament. We fully admit that a central legislature has its own appropriate functions; but we add, that though omnipotent for evil, its power of good is very narrowly limited. By intermeddling too much, it can ruin a nation; but when it is wisest, every locality has still to work out all the laws in detail; to bestow moral and industrial training, to prevent or to relieve poverty.

We think it impossible to cast even a cursory glance on England,—to see how the metropolis and the parliament have encroached,—and doubt that stronger local authority, for the purposes of legislative, judicial, executive, military and scholastic functions, is a principal want. Pauperism and neglect of children are evils beyond the control of central power. General principles may be laid down by a supreme legislature, but the mode of applying them will differ widely in a vast city and in a petty market town,—in a suburban country and in a pastoral district,—in a manufacturing town and in a watering-place. The differences are so great as to need all the detailed attention of local knowledge, and all the stimulus of deep local interest, to attain adequate organization and superintendence. To complain of the *inefficiency* of local action, is the shallowest trick of despotic centralizers: evidently the inefficiency is contrived by the existing malarrangements. The mass of affairs to be dealt with by an English provincial town, equals those of an old Greek or Italian republic. Give but its full dignity to local service, and competent men will be found to conduct it.

The first obvious step, in order to relieve the overtasked central legislation, and to force the local organs into healthy action, is to refuse *private bills* in parliament, until they have been discussed and approved by proper\* local legislatures; after which, they would at most need a formal and easy confirmation by

\* We are forced by our limits to content ourselves with enunciating the principle; without proceeding to the important inquiry, *what* local legislatures have an actual existence in English law, though at present in mere suspended animation.

Parliament. With the habit of public discussion, the localities would learn their duties, their powers, and their rights; and local organization would assure a new life. Theodore Parker has no need in Boston to dwell on such topics; but he is far too earnest and clear-sighted not to be aware of the mischief of resigning the duties of the state to voluntary philanthropism. Voluntary partnerships in trade are of the best kind; voluntary associations for matters of special taste and opinion must be permitted; but voluntary unions for that which is the universal duty and interest of the nation,—to promote those moral and industrial attainments without which no man can be a worthy citizen,—are a fungus-growth, which tells sad tales of the decay of the tree that bears them. No voluntary schools, or churches, or other societies, ever can take up the whole strength or the whole weakness of society; nor can they ever escape a sectarian or partizan taint. Until public arrangements are made on the assumption that *all* men are active citizens—until public opinion expects all to sustain local duty, the public functions will be performed, not by the wisest, but by the most bustling men, and those who are fondest of power. But when the local organization takes in the whole of the educated and uneducated classes, and each town and each country awakes to a sense of its powers and responsibilities, they will deal with the state of the poor in a fundamental way, quite impossible to a parliament, which at each step encounters local opposition. It may always be necessary for the central power to prompt the local, and remain open to appeal against neglect; but we shall no longer feel bound hand and foot as now. That there will then be no speculative Socialism we do not say, but we hope that such speculation will no longer be goaded on by the public abandonment of entire castes of the population. Disparities of wealth will exist, but are no evil, if there be no degrading poverty; they do but proclaim that mind is infinite, and that neither its achievements nor its rewards can be measured by those of muscle. But as long as vice exists in masses, and children are reared in it, and political authority winks at the fact—so long the subversion of the foundations of society will be calmly talked of by kindly intentioned men; and it will be impossible to foresee what may not be attempted by an alliance of the selfish and the desperate.

## ART. VI.—THE LADY NOVELISTS.

1. *Œuvres Complètes de George Sand*. Paris.
2. *The Novels of Miss Austen, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Jewsbury, and Miss Lynn*.
3. *Jane Eyre: an Autobiography*. By Currer Bell. London: Smith and Elder.
4. *Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life*. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE appearance of Woman in the field of literature is a significant fact. It is the correlate of her position in society. To some men the fact is doubtless as distasteful as the social freedom of women in Europe must be to an eastern mind: it must seem so unfeminine, so contrary to the real destination of woman; and it must seem so in both cases from the same cause. But although it is easy to be supercilious and sarcastic on Blue Stockings and Literary Ladies,—and although one may admit that such sarcasms have frequently their extenuation in the offensive pretensions of what are called “strong-minded women,”—it is certain that the philosophic eye sees in this fact of literature cultivated by women, a significance not lightly to be passed over. It touches both society and literature. The man who would deny to woman the cultivation of her intellect, ought, for consistency, to shut her up in a harem. If he recognise in the sex any quality which transcends the qualities demanded in a plaything or a handmaid—if he recognise in her the existence of an intellectual life not essentially dissimilar to his own, he must, by the plainest logic, admit that life to express itself in all its spontaneous forms of activity. It is very true that ink on the thumb is no ornament: but we have yet to learn that stains upon the blouse or the dissecting sleeves are ornamental; few incidents of work are. What then? Moreover we confess it is very awkward and uncomfortable to hear a woman venture on Greek, when you don't know Greek, or to quote from a philosophical treatise which would give you a headache; and something of this feeling doubtless lies at the core of much of the opposition to “learned women;” the men are “put out” by it. The enormity seems equivalent to the domestic partner of your joys assuming the privilege of a latch-key! “Where is our supremacy to find a throne if we admit women to share our imperious dominion—Intelligence?” So reasons the intellectual Jones. But one might quietly ask him whether he professed any immense delight in the society of the man who threw Greek and philosophy at his head? Pedantry is the ostentation of learning, the scholar's coxcomb; no one likes it,

any more than he likes other forms of obtrusive self-assertion. Therefore we may say with Mademoiselle de Scudéry: "Je veux donc bien qu'on puisse dire d'une personne de mon sexe qu'elle sait cent choses dont elle ne se vante pas, qu'elle a l'esprit fort éclairé, qu'elle connaît finement les beaux ouvrages, qu'elle parle bien, qu'elle écrit juste et qu'elle sait le monde; mais je ne veux pas qu'on puisse dire d'elle: *c'est une femme savante*: car ces deux caractères sont si différents qu'ils ne se ressemblent même point."\*

One may admit that much folly is spoken and written on the subject of "woman's mission" and "emancipation:" folly *pro*, and folly *con*; one may admit that literary women are not *always* the most charming of their sex (are literary men of theirs?)—but let us leave all such side questions and definitely ask ourselves, What does the literature of women really mean? To aid us in arriving at something like distinctness, it will be well to settle a definition of literature itself.

Literature must be separated from philosophy and science; at least for our present purpose. Science is the expression of the forms and order of Nature; literature is the expression of the forms and order of human life.

All poetry, all fiction, all comedy, all *belles lettres*, even to the playful caprices of fancy, are but the expression of experiences and emotions; and these expressions are the avenues through which we reach the sacred adytum of Humanity, and learn better to understand our fellows and ourselves. In proportion as these expressions are the forms of universal truths, of facts common to all nations or appreciable by all intellects, the literature which sets them forth is permanently good and true. Hence the universality and immortality of Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière. But in proportion as these expressions are the forms of individual, peculiar truths, such as fleeting fashions or idiosyncrasies, the literature is ephemeral. Hence tragedy never grows old, for it arises from elemental experience; but comedy soon ages, for it arises from peculiarities. Nevertheless even idiosyncrasies are valuable as side glances; they are aberrations that bring the natural orbit into more prominent distinctness.

It follows from what has been said that literature, being essentially the expression of experience and emotion—of what we have seen, felt, and thought—that only *that* literature is effective, and to be prized accordingly, which has *reality for its basis* (needless to say that emotion is as real as the Three

per Cents.), and effective in proportion to the depth and breadth of that basis.

It was M. de Bonald we believe who gave currency to the famous definition, so constantly accepted as accurate, "Literature is the expression of society." To make it acceptable, however, we must depart very widely from its direct meaning. The most cursory glance at literature on the one hand and at society on the other, will detect the glaring discrepancy. So far from literature being a mirror or expression of society, it is under most aspects palpably at variance with society. Idylls flourish on the eve of violent social outbreaks (as we see in Florian, Gesner, and George Sand); chivalry finds a voice as chivalry is passing from the world; wild adventurous novels agitated with hair-breadth 'scapes solace a money-making society "so eminently respectable;" love in a cottage makes the heart flutter that is about to sell itself for a splendid match. The remark is as old as Horace—

"Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum  
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates  
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

Not only so, but our novels and plays, even when pretending to represent real life, represent it as no human being ever saw it.

If, however, instead of regarding literature as the expression of society, we regard it as the expression of the emotions, the whims, the caprices, the enthusiasms, the fluctuating idealisms which move each epoch, we shall not be far wrong; and inasmuch as women necessarily take part in these things, they ought to give them *their* expression. And this leads us to the heart of the question, What does the literature of women mean? It means this: while it is impossible for men to express life otherwise than as they know it—and they can only know it profoundly according to their own experience—the advent of female literature promises woman's view of life, woman's experience; in other words, a new element. Make what distinctions you please in the social world, it still remains true that men and women have different organizations, consequently different experiences. To know life you must have both sides depicted.

"Der Mann muss hinaus  
Ins feindliche Leben,  
Muss wirken und streben!"

Let him paint what he knows. And if you limit woman's sphere to the domestic circle, you must still recognise the concurrent necessity of domestic life finding its homeliest and truest expression in the woman who lives it.

\* "Le Grand Cyrus."



Keeping to the abstract heights we have chosen, too abstract and general to be affected by exceptions, we may further say that the Masculine mind is characterized by the predominance of the intellect, and the Feminine by the predominance of the emotions. According to this rough division the regions of philosophy would be assigned to men, those of literature to women. We need scarcely warn the reader against too rigorous an interpretation of this statement, which is purposely exaggerated the better to serve as a sign-post. It is quite true that no such absolute distinction exists in mankind, and therefore no such correlative distinction will be found in authorship. There is no man whose mind is shrivelled up into pure intellect; there is no woman whose intellect is completely absorbed by her emotions. But in most men the intellect does not move in such inseparable alliance with the emotions as in most women, and hence although often not so great as in women, yet the intellect is more commonly dominant. In poets, artists, and men of letters, *par excellence*, we observe this feminine trait, that their intellect habitually moves in alliance with their emotions; and one of the best descriptions of poetry was that given by Professor Wilson, as the "intellect coloured by the feelings."

Woman, by her greater affectionateness, her greater range and depth of emotional experience, is well fitted to give expression to the emotional facts of life, and demands a place in literature corresponding with that she occupies in society; and that literature must be greatly benefited thereby, follows from the definition we have given of literature.

But hitherto, in spite of splendid illustrations, the literature of women has fallen short of its function, owing to a very natural and very explicable weakness—it has been too much a literature of imitation. To write as men write, is the aim and besetting sin of women; to write as women, is the real office they have to perform. Our definition of literature includes this necessity. If writers are bound to express what they have really known, felt, and suffered, that very obligation imperiously declares they shall not quit their own point of view for the point of view of others. To imitate is to abdicate. We are in no need of more male writers: we are in need of genuine female experience. The prejudices, notions, passions, and conventionalisms of men are amply illustrated; let us have the same fulness with respect to women. Unhappily the literature of women may be compared with that of Rome; no amount of graceful talent can disguise the internal defect. Virgil, Ovid, and Catullus were assuredly

gifted with delicate and poetic sensibility; but their light is, after all, the light of moons reflected from the Grecian suns, and such as brings little life with its rays. To speak in Greek, to think in Greek, was the ambition of all cultivated Romans, who could not see that it would be a grander thing to utter their pure Roman natures in sincere originality. So of women. The throne of intellect has so long been occupied by men, that women naturally deem themselves bound to attend the Court. Greece domineered over Rome; its intellectual supremacy was recognised, and the only way of rivalling it seemed to be imitation. Yet not so did Rome vanquish Pyrrhus and his elephants; not by employing elephants to match his, but by Roman valour.

Of all departments of literature, Fiction is the one to which, by nature and by circumstance, women are best adapted. Exceptional women will of course be found competent to the highest success in other departments; but speaking generally, novels are their forte. The domestic experiences which form the bulk of woman's knowledge find an appropriate form in novels; while the very nature of fiction calls for that predominance of sentiment which we have already attributed to the feminine mind. Love is the staple of fiction, for it "forms the story of a woman's life." The joys and sorrows of affection, the incidents of domestic life, the aspirations and fluctuations of emotional life, assume typical forms in the novel. Hence we may be prepared to find women succeeding better in *finesse* of detail, in pathos and sentiment, while men generally succeed better in the construction of plots and the delineation of character. Such a novel as "Tom Jones" or "Vanity Fair," we shall not get from a woman; nor such an effort of imaginative history as "Ivanhoe" or "Old Mortality;" but Fielding, Thackeray, and Scott are equally excluded from such perfection in its kind as "Pride and Prejudice," "Indiana," or "Jane Eyre;" as an artist, Miss Austen surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived; and for eloquence and depth of feeling, no man approaches George Sand.

We are here led to another curious point in our subject, viz., the influence of Sorrow upon female literature. It may be said without exaggeration that almost all literature has some remote connexion with suffering. "Speculation," said Novalis, "is disease." It certainly springs from a vague disquiet. Poetry is analogous to the pearl which the oyster secretes in its malady.

"Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

What Shelley says of poets, applies with greater force to women. If they turn their thoughts to literature, it is—when not purely an imitative act—always to solace by some intellectual activity the sorrow that in silence wastes their lives, and by a withdrawal of the intellect from the contemplation of their pain, or by a transmutation of their secret anxieties into types, they escape from the pressure of that burden. If the accidents of her position make her solitary and inactive, or if her thwarted affections shut her somewhat from that sweet domestic and maternal sphere to which her whole being spontaneously moves, she turns to literature as to another sphere. We do not here simply refer to those notorious cases where literature has been taken up with the avowed and conscious purpose of withdrawing thoughts from painful subjects; but to the unconscious unavowed influence of domestic disquiet and unfulfilled expectations, in determining the sufferer to intellectual activity. The happy wife and busy mother are only forced into literature by some hereditary organic tendency, stronger even than the domestic; and hence it is that the cleverest women are not always those who have written books.

Having said thus much on the general subject of female novel writing, let us glance rapidly, and without pretence of exhaustive criticism, at some of the novelists; doing in careless prose what Leigh Hunt has done in genial verse in his "Blue Stocking Revels." We have been great readers and great admirers of female novels; and although it is difficult to give authors a *satisfactory* reason for not including their names among the most celebrated, we beg our fair novelists to put the most generous construction upon all our "omissions," and to believe that when we are un gallant and omisive, there is "a design under it" as profound as that under Swift's dulness. To include *all* would obviously be impossible in these limits; and we shall purposely exclude some names of undoubted worth and renown, in order not even to seem invidious.

First and foremost let Jane Austen be named, the greatest artist that has ever written, using the term to signify the most perfect mastery over the means to her end. There are heights and depths in human nature Miss Austen has never scaled nor fathomed, there are worlds of passionate existence into which she has never set foot; but although this is obvious to every reader, it is equally obvious that she has risked no failures by attempting to delineate that which she had not seen. Her circle may be restricted, but it is complete. Her world is a perfect orb, and vital. Life, as it presents itself to an English gentlewo-

man peacefully yet actively engaged in her quiet village, is mirrored in her works with a purity and fidelity that must endow them with interest for all time. To read one of her books is like an actual experience of life; you know the people as if you had lived with them, and you feel something of personal affection towards them. The marvelous reality and subtle distinctive traits noticeable in her portraits has led Macaulay to call her a prose Shakspeare. If the whole force of the distinction which lies in that epithet *prose* be fairly appreciated, no one, we think, will dispute the compliment; for out of Shakspeare it would be difficult to find characters so typical yet so nicely demarcated within the limits of their kind. We do not find such profound psychological insight as may be found in George Sand (not to mention male writers), but taking the type to which the characters belong, we see the most intimate and accurate knowledge in all Miss Austen's creations.

Only cultivated minds fairly appreciate the exquisite art of Miss Austen. Those who demand the stimulus of "effects;" those who can only see by strong lights and shadows, will find her tame and uninteresting. We may illustrate this by one detail. Lucy Steele's bad English, so delicately and truthfully indicated, would in the hands of another have been more obvious, more "effective" in its exaggeration, but the loss of this comic effect is more than replaced to the cultivated reader by his relish of the nice discrimination visible in its truthfulness. And so of the rest. *Strong* lights are unnecessary, *true* lights being at command. The incidents, the characters, the dialogue—all are of every day life, and so truthfully presented, that to appreciate the art we must try to imitate it, or carefully compare it with that of others.

We are but echoing an universal note of praise in speaking thus highly of her works, and it is from no desire of simply swelling that chorus of praise that we name her here, but to call attention to the peculiar excellence at once womanly and literary which has earned this reputation. Of all imaginative writers she is the most *real*. Never does she transcend her own actual experience, never does her pen trace a line that does not touch the experience of others. Herein we recognise the first quality of literature. We recognise the second and more special quality of womanliness in the tone and point of view; they are novels written by a woman, an Englishwoman, a gentlewoman; no signature could disguise that fact; and because she has so faithfully (although unconsciously) kept to her own womanly point of view, her works are durable. There is nothing of the *doctri-*

*naire* in Jane Austen ; not a trace of woman's "mission ;" but as the most truthful, charming, humorous, pure-minded, quick-witted, and unexaggerated of writers, female literature has reason to be proud of her.

Of greater genius, and incomparably deeper experience, George Sand represents woman's literature more illustriously and more obviously. In her, quite apart from the magnificent gifts of Nature, we see the influence of Sorrow, as a determining impulse to write, and the abiding consciousness of the womanly point of view as the subject matter of her writings. In vain has she chosen the mask of a man, the features of a woman are everywhere visible. Since Goethe no one has been able to say with so much truth, "My writings are my confessions." Her biography lies there, presented, indeed, in a fragmentary shape, and under wayward disguises, but nevertheless giving to the motley groups the strange and unmistakeable charm of reality. Her grandmother, by whom she was brought up, disgusted at her not being a boy, resolved to remedy the misfortune as far as possible by educating her like a boy. We may say of this, as of all the other irregularities of her strange and exceptional life, that whatever unhappiness and error may be traceable thereto, its influence on her writings has been beneficial, by giving a greater range to her experience. It may be selfish to rejoice over the malady which secretes a pearl, but the possessor of the pearl may at least congratulate himself that at any rate the pearl has been produced ; and so of the unhappiness of genius. Certainly few women have had such profound and varied experience as George Sand ; none have turned it to more account. Her writings contain many passages that her warmest admirers would wish unwritten, but although severe criticism may detect the weak places, the severest criticism must conclude with the admission of her standing among the highest minds of literature. In the matter of eloquence, she surpasses everything France has yet produced. There has been no style at once so large, so harmonious, so expressive, and so unaffected : like a light shining through an alabaster vase, the ideas shine through her diction ; while as regards rhythmic melody of phrase, it is a style such as Beethoven might have written had he uttered in words the melodious passion that was in him.

But deeper than all eloquence, grander than all grandeur of phrase, is that forlorn splendour of a life of passionate experience painted in her works. There is no man so wise but he may learn from them, for they are the utterances of a soul in pain, a soul that has been tried. No man could have written her

books, for no man could have had her experience, even with a genius equal to her own. The philosopher may smile sometimes at her philosophy, for *that* is only a reflex of some man whose ideas she has adopted ; the critic may smile sometimes at her failure in delineating men ; but both philosopher and critic must perceive that those writings of hers are *original*, are genuine, are transcripts of experience, and as such fulfil the primary condition of all literature. It is not our present purpose to enter upon details, but we may add in passing that although *all* her works will be found to partake of the character of confessions, there is one wherein the biographical element takes a more definite and literal shape, viz., in "Lucrezia Floriani." Wide as the incidents of this story are from the truth, the characters of Lucrezia, Karol, and Vandoni, are more like portraits than is usual with her.

By a whimsical transition our thoughts wander to Lady Morgan, the "Wild Irish Girl," who delighted our fathers, and gave the "Quarterly" an opportunity of displaying its accustomed amenity and nice feeling for the sex. Lady Morgan has been a staunch upholder of the rights of woman, and in her own person vindicated the claims of the sex to be heard as authors. But Leigh Hunt shall touch her portrait for us :—

"And dear Lady Morgan! look, look how she comes,  
With her pulses all beating for freedom, like drums—  
So Irish, so modish, so *mixtish*, so wild ;  
So committing herself, as she talks, like a child,  
So trim yet so easy, polite yet high-hearted,  
That truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted.  
She'll put on your fashions, your latest new air,  
And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare."

From the same hand you shall have a sketch of Miss Edgeworth—a strange contrast to her countrywoman just named :—

"At the sight of Miss Edgeworth, he\* said,  
'Here comes one  
As sincere and as kind as lives under the sun,  
Not poetical, eh?—nor much given to insist  
On utilities not in utility's list.  
(Things, nevertheless, without which the large heart  
Of my world would but play a poor husk of a part.)  
But most truly within her own sphere sympathetic—  
And that's no mean help towards the practice poetic.'  
Then smiling, he said a most singular thing—  
He thanked her for making him 'saving of string'!!

\* Apollo.

But, for fear she should fancy he didn't approve her in  
 Matters more weighty, praised much her 'Ma-  
 nouëvring';  
 A book, which, if aught could pierce craniums so  
 dense,  
 Might supply cunning folks with a little good  
 sense.  
 And her Irish (he added) poor souls! so impress-  
 ed him,  
 He knew not if most they amus'd, or distress'd  
 him!"

Miss Edgeworth possesses in a remark-  
 able degree the peculiarly feminine quality  
 of *Observation*, though but little of that  
 other quality *Sentiment*, which distinguishes  
 female writers, and which, combined with  
 observation, constitute the staple of novels.  
 Indeed one might class novelists thus—1st,  
 Those remarkable for Observation. 2nd,  
 Those remarkable for Sentiment. 3rd,  
 Those remarkable for the combination of  
 the two. Observation without Sentiment  
 usually leads to humour or satire; Senti-  
 ment without Observation to rhetoric and  
 long-drawn lachrymosity. The extreme  
 fault of the one is flippant superficiality;  
 that of the other is what is called "sickly  
 sentimentality."

Miss Burney, for example, had a quick  
 Observation, notably of ridiculous details,  
 and with a certain broad vulgar gauge of  
 human nature, contrived to write one or  
 two novels that admirably reflected the  
 passing manners of her age; but when—as  
 in the "Wanderer"—she attempted to in-  
 terest by Sentiment, her failure was hope-  
 less. L. E. L., on the other hand, was  
 essentially deficient in that which made the  
 reputation of Fanny Burney, but her quick  
 emotive nature, trembling with sensibility,  
 enabled her to write passages of exquisite  
 beauty, which were not, however, more  
 durable than mere emotion is. Mrs. Gore,  
 again, who might perhaps, with more care  
 bestowed upon her works, have been the  
 Fanny Burney of our age, exhibits in every  
 chapter the marvellous finesse and quick-  
 ness of Observation, winged with a certain  
 airy gaiety of style which, if it be not wit,  
 has half the charm of wit; and this faculty  
 of Observation has allowed her to write  
 heaps of fashionable novels, as fugitive as  
 the fashions they reflect, yet as gay and  
 pleasant. But who does not miss in them  
 that element of serious Sentiment which  
 gives to other novels their pathos, their  
 poetry, their psychology?

We might run through the list of female  
 writers thus contrasting them, noting the  
 strong sarcastic observation of Mrs.  
 Trollope and the wearisome sentimentality

of Mrs. Marsh, (who has, nevertheless,  
 written one most powerful tale "The  
 Admiral's Daughter," and whose most  
 popular work, "Emilia Wyndham," we are  
 willing to take upon trust, not having read  
 it,) but the excursion would carry us beyond  
 our limits. Enough, if we have indicated  
 the point of view.

Two celebrated women whose works  
 have produced an extraordinary "sensa-  
 tion"—the authoress of "Jane Eyre," and  
 the authoress of "Mary Barton," owe their  
 success, we believe, to the union of rare yet  
 indispensable qualities. They have both  
 given imaginative expression to actual ex-  
 perience—they have not invented, but  
 reproduced; they have preferred the truth,  
 such as their own experience testified, to  
 the vague, false, conventional notions cur-  
 rent in circulating libraries. Whatever of  
 weakness may be pointed out in their  
 works, will, we are positive, be mostly in  
 those parts where experience is deserted,  
 and the supposed requirements of fiction  
 have been listened to; whatever has really  
 affected the public mind is, we are equally  
 certain, the transcript of some actual in-  
 cident, character, or emotion. Note, more-  
 over, that beyond this basis of actuality  
 these writers have the further advantage of  
 deep feeling united to keen observation.  
 The presence of observation is more appa-  
 rent in "Mary Barton" than in "Jane  
 Eyre," as it is possibly more predominant  
 in the mind of the authoress; and this is why  
 there never was even a momentary doubt  
 as to the writer's sex—a woman's delicate  
 hand being visible in the strongest pages;  
 whereas "Jane Eyre" was not only  
 attributed to a man, but one of the most  
 keen witted and observing of female writers  
 dogmatically pronounced upon internal  
 evidence that none but a man could have  
 written it. The force and even fierceness  
 of the style certainly suggested doubts, but  
 what man could have drawn Jane herself;  
 above all, what man could so have drawn  
 Rochester! The lyrical tendency—the  
 psychological and emotional tendency which  
 prevails in "Jane Eyre" may have blinded  
 some to the rare powers of observation  
 also exhibited in the book; a critical exami-  
 nation, however, will at once set this right,  
 the more so when we know that the  
 authoress has led a solitary life in a seclud-  
 ed part of Yorkshire, and has had but little  
 opportunities of seeing the world. She has  
 made the most of her material.

The deep impression produced on Europe  
 by George Sand, has naturally caused many  
 imitations—notably in Germany and  
 France. As to the Germans—*palmam qui*

*meruit ferat!* let the most gifted bear away the palm—and the palm of bad novel writing certainly belongs to them. However, as the names of these Indianas and Lelias have scarcely crossed the German Ocean, we will leave them in untroubled emancipation.

“non ragioniam di lor  
Ma guarda e passa.”

The name of Daniel Stern (pseudonyme for the Comtesse d'Agoult) has had more attention. Her first appearance was in “Nélida,” a novel in which she idealized herself, and branded her truant lover, Franz Liszt. It had a certain “succès de scandale.” The assumption of a man's name, and the abiding imitation of Madame Sand, lessened perhaps the admiration the novel would otherwise have excited, because it claimed a standard to which, in no sense, could it be compared. Since that, Daniel Stern has earned a more serious reputation as a political and historical writer. Her “History of the Revolution of 1848” is the best that has been written on that subject.

Apropos of “Nélida,” and of Lady Bulwer Lytton's novels, it may be pertinent to distinguish between writing out your actual experience in fiction, and using fiction as a medium for obtruding your private history on the sympathies of the public. We hold that the author is bound to use actual experience as his material, or else to keep silent; but he is equally bound by all moral and social considerations not to use that experience in such forms that the public will recognise it, and become, as it were, initiated into the private affairs of his characters. If he avow himself as the Juvenal or Aristophanes of his age, and satirize his friends and foes, he has, at any rate, the excuse, that everyone is on guard against avowed satire. But if he have been mixed up in some deplorable history which has become notorious, and if he take advantage of that notoriety to tell *his* version of it under the transparent disguise of fiction, then we say he violates all principle of truth and of literature; because in fiction he has an immunity from falsehood. He does not profess to tell you the story, yet he gives you to understand what he wishes. He paints himself as an injured innocent; and if you object to his portrait of you, as that of an incarnate demon, his answer is ready—“That is a character in my novel; who said it was a portrait of you?”

It was notorious, for example, that Madame Sand had lived for some years with

Chopin, and that Madame d'Agoult had children by Liszt, and that both women had finally separated from their lovers. Now, although we hold that if Madame Sand or Madame d'Agoult wished to write, they were bound to go back for material to their own personal experience, it is quite clear that, in so doing, they were bound by the very notoriety of their histories to work up that material into shapes so unlike the outward form of these histories, that no one should detect the origin. Instead of doing so, they both take the public into confidence, and manage to paint themselves as victims, and their lovers as insupportable. We are touching upon a delicate distinction, but the moral sense of every impartial reader easily distinguishes between the legitimate and illegitimate employment of experience.

As examples of the legitimate employment, let us name the works of Geraldine Jewsbury and Eliza Lynn, two writers in whom the influence of George Sand is traceable, and in whom, although we know that actual experience is taken as the material used, no one ever pretends to recognise private life. Recurring to our rough classification, we should cite Miss Jewsbury as one in whom Observation and Sentiment were about equal; but although she possesses, in an eminent degree, both qualities, she does not work them harmoniously together. Her keen womanly observation of life gives to her novels the piquancy of sarcasm, and her deep womanly feeling of life gives to them the warmth and interest of sentiment; but—there *is* a but!—the works seem rather the offspring of *two* minds than of one mind; there is a want of unity in them, arising perhaps from want of art. Curious it is to trace the development of her mind in the three novels she has published at wide intervals: “Zoe,” in which the impetuous passionate style clearly betrays the influence of George Sand; “The Half Sisters,” in which the style is toned down to a more truthful pitch; and “Marian Withers,” in which there is scarcely any trace of the turbulence and fervour of “Zoe.” If we look closely we shall find that age and experience have had their customary influence, and while subduing the exuberance of Sentiment, have brought into greater prominence the strong characteristics of Observation. Miss Jewsbury excels in subtle and sometimes deep observation of morals as of manners; and we look to her for still finer works than any she has yet written.

Miss Lynn occupies a strange and defiant position. In her first work, “Azeth,” she astonished by the recondite reading exhibited in her Egyptian colouring, and by the

daring voluptuousness of her eloquence. In her second romance, "Amymone," she quitted Egypt for Greece, showed an equal amount of laborious study and of exuberant rhetoric, but assumed a still more hostile position against received notions by a paradoxical defence of Aspasia. In "Realities," a novel of our day, the antagonism was avowed, incessant, impetuous; it was a passionate and exaggerated protest against conventions, which failed of its intended effect because it was too exaggerated, too manifestly unjust. Splendour of diction, and a sort of rhythmic passion, rising oftentimes into accents of startling power, have never been denied her; but one abiding defect of her novels we must allude to, and that is, the want of that Observation which we have insisted on as a requisite in fiction. In "Realities," this want was singularly apparent, and gave it the air of unreality so detrimental to such a work. The realm of imagination is better suited to her powers than that of fact; she feels deeply, paints vividly what she feels, but she sees dimly.

Miss Muloch has also a great gift of eloquence, and considerable power in the dramatic presentation of character. "The Ogilvies," "Olive," and the "Head of the Family," may be compared with Miss Jewsbury's three novels, as indicating the rapid progress in observation, and a more subdued employment of sentiment; although sentiment, after all, remains her forte. Not so the authoress of "Rose Douglas," and the "Two Families," in whom we recognise a wonderful truthfulness of touch in the portraiture of quiet village life, and quiet village character. The authoress of "Margaret Maitland" excels in delineation of character of greater range and depth; and her pictures of Scottish life are among the most memorable and agreeable we know. They place her beside the charming Madame Charles Reybaud, whose novels, we may parenthetically add, are among the few French fictions admissible into the libraries of young ladies.

But we must cease this rapid flight over the large field of female literature. We have done enough if in this bird's-eye view we have indicated the most characteristic details; and we have proved our case if we have proved the right of Woman to citizenship in the Republic of Letters.

ART. VII.—THE POLITICAL LIFE AND SENTIMENTS OF NIEBUHR. *The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr; with Essays on his Character and Influence, by the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Scobell.* Chapman and Hall.

If those who desire to understand the mighty history of the last three-quarters of a century could have their wish, that wish would probably be to be presented with the life and writings of a qualified person, born at the date of the American Declaration of Independence, and living over the period of the French Revolution of 1830; unless, indeed, he might live over that of 1848. The wish would be, in regard to this person's qualifications, that he should be a man of earnestness and integrity; that he should have a warm and sympathising heart; that he should be a great historian of ancient times and races; that he should be practically engaged in the political life of his own time, and of a race and nation eminent for thoughtfulness, learning, and speculative ability; that he should be, by birth, of humble rank, and by employment the companion of rulers; that he should be of such intellectual rank as to be sought after as a counsellor and agent by statesmen and princes, while he was looked up to as informant and guide by the rising youth of his nation; and that, in addition to the powers of conception, memory, and reflection implied in his character as an eminent historian, he should have those higher faculties of imagination, comparison, and judgment which would constitute him a speculative philosopher. Such a man, writing and acting in such a time, must be considered not only an adequate interpreter of his age, but a mighty teacher while living, and a prophet when dead. Such a man, so furnished, with one great exception, for his life's work, was Barthold George Niebuhr. He had all the requisites we have specified, except the last, the qualities which would have made him a speculative philosopher. What was the loss to the world from this deficiency, no one may be able to estimate; but we may form some idea of it from a review of the volumes which treat of his life and influence.

These volumes do not present him in his character of historian; and we shall, therefore, not treat of his life under that aspect. He can never fail to receive due tribute of honour from this generation, and many to come, for the splendid services he rendered to all time when he seized and used the true method of investigating and presenting historical facts. All his best powers of heart

and mind went into that work ; and it was noble, and will for ever be fruitful accordingly. And in this direction more wealth may be looked for. The preface to the work before us declares that "letters on learned subjects" exist, which will be offered in a third volume, if due encouragement is given by the reception of the first two.

The preface also tells us, that "the account of his public career is very incomplete, and by no means one that enables the reader to perceive the relation in which Niebuhr stood to his times," in the work from which the contents of these volumes are translated: that some letters throwing light on his public life, have been here added, and also such notes and notices as go far to supply the deficiency ; but that many memorials, dispatches, and letters remain inaccessible which are necessary to a complete view of his political life. And again, we are warned "with regard to his political sentiments, that it was necessary, in Germany, to observe great caution in the publication of facts or opinions on such subjects, and, therefore, these letters give no complete view of what he thought and felt, even on the passing events of the day. Nevertheless, it may be hoped that he will not be misunderstood in England, and that those who occupy themselves with political questions will lay his words to heart."

We earnestly desire not to misunderstand him ; but it appears to us that, whatever may be kept back, there is enough here presented to us of what he did say, and did not do, to enable us to form an opinion of the political portion of Niebuhr's life. As for words to lay to heart, we wish there had been more of them ; and not less earnestly do we wish that there had been more of something higher than sayings—deeds, single, and expanded into a course of action through whole periods.

The family from which Niebuhr was descended had for generations possessed a small freehold property within the Electorate of Hanover. His father, the great traveller, was sent out on his expedition by the Danish government ; and on his return, married into the family of the king of Denmark's physician. It was at Copenhagen that Barthold G. Niebuhr was born. His birth took place in August, 1776—seven weeks after the Declaration of Independence was issued in America, and just when the news of it must be reaching Europe. When the boy was nearly two years old he was removed, with the rest of the family, to a quiet corner of the duchy of Holstein, where his father was henceforth to fulfil the duties of a local office. There, among the marshes, in

the little town of Meldorf,—the sleepiest of places,—the boy passed his childhood, and some years of youth. He brought thence a very ample experience of ague, by which his health was weakened for life from his fifth year ; the anxious and somewhat melancholy conscientiousness of his father ; the nervous impressibility of his mother ; a mass of book-knowledge terrible to think of for one so young ; and, what was better than any book-knowledge, a strong sympathy with the peasant proprietary class among whom his father's official duties lay. At home the boy learned, as by magic, whatever was put before him in the way of study. His recreations were making fortifications in the garden, under his father's direction, in true military style ; collecting coins and seals, in a genuine historical spirit ; and hearing his father tell stories and read manuscripts about Egypt, Arabia, India and Persia. Such amusements were interesting enough, no doubt, to such a child. They seem to have been rather too much so for a delicate young creature, who had more power of imagination than his stout-built and elderly father could conceive of ; and we are glad therefore to read of dancing in the evenings, when the conscientious parent, fulfilling his duty of amusing the children, fiddled for them and their young neighbours, and gave his explicit sanction to a romp. Moral beauty, and the charm of historical parallels, seem to have been all the gratification that the boy had of any sense of beauty that might exist in him. The aspect of the country was hideous. He drew maps instead of pictures. He devoured geography as other children do their first epic and tragedy ; and, as he leaned against his father's knee, long courses of historical biography were to him instead of fairy tales. When he went forth into the world, therefore, he was (as he afterwards declared) well nigh blind to natural beauty. He was also insensible to the value of natural science. The fortunes of society were his great object of interest and subject of incessant study. His collateral learning was prodigious. He never forgot anything, and held in his head, at one time when thirty years of age, twenty languages. His faculty of conception was remarkably vigorous ; so that every line of what he read conveyed distinct and full imagery to his mind's eye : and thus he saw the life of the ancients from the merest frame-work of suggestion, as vividly and easily as, in the East, his father had seen from the parapet, at eventide, the greetings of men in the bazaars, and their journeyings over the plain and their repose on the river-banks. As a

boy, Barthold had an imaginary kingdom of his own, called Low England, the wars, legislation, and universal interests of which he conducted with much energy and wisdom. It was a very real affair to him; and the old Greeks and Romans were, apparently, neither more nor less real. All were the great pleasure and interest of his existence; an innocent pleasure, and a virtuous interest, because these were the studies which were to furnish him forth for his work in life. That such a faculty of conception, so incessantly nourished, should never have overborne, in the slightest degree, his sense of truth is the highest possible evidence of his inborn and sacredly-guarded integrity. That his clear vision of the past should never have interfered with his transaction of present business, is a proof of the strength of his practical faculties. That his power of conception and his moral instincts and training together could not raise him to any height of speculation on social subjects,—should never have yielded him a glimpse of an ideal, was an unspeakable misery to himself, and an inestimable misfortune to the world. It is absurd to long for what cannot be had, and to lament that any sort of good man was not some other sort of good man; yet it is hard to avoid regretting that Niebuhr's faculty of conception did not rise into a high power of imagination. For want of it, his remarkable gift of seeing things as they once were gave him no aid towards seeing things as they might be,—or even as they were at the present hour.

He studied for a short time at a school at Hamburg, and for two years at the University at Kiel. These years were, without doubt, the most important of his life, as they gave him the friendship of the person "who, by what she was, and what she did, affected his development and his destiny more perhaps than any other human being," and through whom he obtained both his wives. This was Madame Hensler, a young widow when he first knew her. He married first her sister, and then her adopted daughter. To her we owe the chief and best part of what we know of him; for his letters to her are worth all the rest we have, written to the rest of the world; and she it was who issued in Germany the memoirs which form the basis of the work before us. At her father's house he won his Amelia,—a wife worthy of him; and through Madame Hensler's father-in-law he received the invitation which introduced him to his political life,—an invitation to be private secretary to Count Schimmelman, who was for thirty years minister of Finance and Commerce in

Denmark. Niebuhr was only twenty years old when he entered upon this office. It must be very striking to young men of twenty who read these volumes to see how many offers were made to Niebuhr within a few months of secretaryships, attaché-ships, consul-generalships, professorships, journeys to Rome and to Paris, and posts of confidence at home. He felt the need of leisure to complete his studies, and left the Count (without any lessening of their friendship) for the post of secretary at the Royal Library at Copenhagen. His intercourse with varied and good society at the capital had opened his eyes to the fact that he had lived too much among books, and that he had missed a world of knowledge lying outside that region. He knew that it was within his reach; but he found that he had no grasp of it, that he could not even see it. He therefore determined to travel; and he chose for his destination, partly because it was the most "material" place he could hear of, and partly for other reasons, Edinburgh, by way of London.

He spent a year in Edinburgh, indulging himself in historical and philological pursuits only by way of recreation. His serious studies were natural philosophy, chemistry, agriculture, and mineralogy. In so short a time he could make no great acquisitions in physical science; and it seems to have been, after all, chiefly interesting to him as an additional means of interpreting the life of the ancients. As an avenue to any sort of philosophy he appears never for a moment to have regarded it. The best service, perhaps, rendered to him by this new order of pursuits was the strengthening of his conviction that a life of reading and book-thought can be only half a life. He writes, in 1799, from Edinburgh:

"I reckon it among the most important results of my travels that the indifference with which I was in the habit of regarding the objects of nature around me has given way. It was a defect naturally connected with my short-sightedness; but it constantly grew upon me, through the dreamy forgetfulness of reality, in which from my childhood I was allowed to indulge. As you know, I sometimes pondered over it; but without a change in my circumstances, I could hardly have succeeded in overcoming it. This indifference has now vanished. For some time past I have taken a lively interest in mineralogy; and in fact it is this branch of natural history which has brought the others also into favour with me."—*Vol. i. p. 145.*

Out of the circle of his studies, he appears not to have been happy. Besides, that he had not the art, at any time of his life, of reposing on the position of the moment, he



was in our island at a disadvantageous time. Our narrowness, self-satisfaction, and apparent coldness, always striking to foreigners, must have been at their worst at the date of his visit, when communication with the Continent was almost impossible, when George III. was king, and Pitt was minister, when we began to fancy we admired German philosophy and literature, and ravings about Kant's philosophy, and Schiller's Robbers, came into immediate collision in Scotland with overstrained Puritanism. Niebuhr complains that the nonsense he heard about Kant "almost made him ill" one evening. He complains of the absence of tender and genial attachment in families. He complains of the frivolity of conversation in all social meetings, and of the fearful licentiousness among the young men, as a general rule. As to the politics of England at that time, here is a passage from a letter, which breathes a mysterious horror not very intelligible now. This letter was written the year after the suspension of cash payments; and the mutiny at the Nore; and a month after the victory of the Nile. Nelson was riding in the Mediterranean, and Napoleon was pent up in Egypt. There were militia riots all over England, and a burning of muster-rolls at market crosses. In Ireland, the parliament met in military uniform, and the French were looked for, in fear or in hope, all round the coast. There were scarcely any counties, cities, or towns in England which had not sent up petitions for the removal of ministers. The farmers were in high prosperity, and all other industrial classes sinking into dread or despair. In a population of 9,000,000 (for England and Wales) the poor-rates amounted to nearly 4,000,000*l.* Of all this Niebuhr's letters to Amelia say nothing. Perhaps those to his father did; but they have been lost by fire. What he did say to Amelia about our politics is this :

"I have read a good many political writings lately; indeed, devoted a great part of the day to them. Now I have got so far, that I shall soon be able to give up this employment. I have groped into every hole and corner for information, in order to obtain a correct notion of the very complicated politics of this empire, and of the present crisis; which, to the superficial reader, must appear a tedious confusion, barren of celebrated men—to the careful examiner a wonderful, unprecedented, but horrible drama. My heart has been wounded more deeply with every step towards its development, and all ideal notions of the people's capability of great things in a state of liberty, which were hitherto such welcome intruders, are now fled forever. I cannot bear to spoil a letter to you with the account of actions

and men which do not concern us. But because it has occupied me, and because I should tell you all about it if we were together, I will say this much to you, that, in the printed documents of the conspirators, I have learned to know men, who, while possessing almost unequalled eloquence, began a career which led them into crimes, and made them the cause of deep misery to numbers of their fellow-citizens; very different men from those who are the objects of admiration to our fools; extraordinary men, but men whose existence is the curse of their country. The politics of such a party is something higher than those which we both disapproved on principle, and which I promised you to handle cautiously, in spite of the current inclination."—Vol. i. p. 116.

Thus early, at the age of twenty-four, did Niebuhr renounce the "ideal notion" of the people's capability of great things in a state of liberty. Considering the condition of England at that time, we see in his conclusion the hasty generalization of a very young man but, unhappily, the "welcome intruder," this ideal notion, never troubled him again. Are these the words which "those who occupy themselves with political questions" are exhorted to lay to heart?"

As to his general impressions of England, we must remember, on all accounts, that he came from a virtuous and studious and affectionate home into a university life, which was lower, both intellectually and morally, than it has been since. We must bear in mind, too, his constitutional difficulty of being pleased. We are told that, after he had seen more of the world, he retained a great predilection for the English people, honoured "their consistency, general strict integrity, and their great truthfulness," and ranked them, morally, next to the Germans; and he never forgot that among us he had first learned to see and read nature.

It is not easy to imagine when it could have been that he was intruded upon by ideal notions of the blessings of popular liberty; for so early as the age of eighteen, we find him abjuring Fichte and his works, because he heard that Fichte had defended the right of insurrection. On this occasion, he writes (vol. i. p. 36,) much as Metternich might now do, of the effects of such "dreadful sophisms," and asks what refuge is left for good men, "if philosophy itself be turned against the cause of right and civil order." The panic, experienced so early, visited him at intervals up to the day when he died, in a state of horror at the popular rising against the ordinances of Charles X. Yet was Algernon Sidney, in the midst of his grief at Fichte's doctrines, his best beloved hero; insomuch,

that he kept sacred the anniversary of his death. This is curious, considering that Sidney was remembered at Copenhagen chiefly from the hubbub occasioned there by the lines he wrote about tyrants and liberty, in the album of the University; that he died in planning a revolution, and on the scaffold declared his adherence to republican opinions, and his love of "the old cause." Probably the charm of his virtues, so captivating to a heart like Niebuhr's, overpowered all repugnance to his political doctrines. But this appears to be the only instance in which Niebuhr could recognise a hero in a republican and a revolutionist of modern times. This, however, is not the only instance of conflict in his judgments about the right lodgment or distribution of political power, at an age when young men of energy like his are usually very confident in holding their particular view, and little able to do justice to any other. We find him (vol. i. p. 87,) admiring the way in which, among the ancients, the great body of the people participated in the education which is yielded by the discharge of "public functions." Declaring that "there were very few whose minds had not been developed by the active discharge of these functions," he proceeds to say, that "we see nothing among ourselves that can be compared to the indefatigable power and activity of the ancients; they were at all times men and free citizens." Yet, in our own day, nothing startled him more than any popular claim to be educated by the active discharge of public functions, at the risk of any collision with the will of sovereigns. In the same way, we find him in the same letter deploring the evils of a special class of learned men, and the consequent popular ignorance, and yet, to all appearance, approving the methods of his beloved "ancients," who concentrated science among sages, and did not permit its elements to be "diffused among the vulgar, producing a shallow knowledge." "Why were they," he asks, "so free from the monstrous absurdities by which we are surrounded?" But he would have literature popular. Of the Thirty Years' War he wrote—

"That most disastrous of wars, which made our princes absolute sovereigns, the Protestants of Upper Germany Catholics, and those of Lower Germany orthodox—which permitted the Jesuits to flourish, desolated the whole land, robbed the Empire of its independence, and our towns of their power—that lamentable war has ruined our language for ever. And this want of a language adapted at once to literature and popular use, is a curse that rears perpetually and exclusively on our nation."—Vol. i. p. 55.

Presently after he writes—

"The bloom of our literature is over, and, besides the usual course of nature, which has proved itself the same in all nations, it is the French Revolution, our infamous policy, and shameful undervaluing of our own people, the want of cultivation among them, resulting from this general indifference, and the desecration and shocking abuse of philosophy, that have brought us to this wretched pass."—Vol. i. p. 76.

If we consider that the philosophy of Niebuhr's time was the same thing with the science which "the ancients" declined to communicate to their "own people," we long to ask Niebuhr how it was that their "vulgar" fared so well, while his neighbours, from "the want of cultivation among them," were at so wretched a pass. If the answer is, that times and circumstances have changed, so be it; but then comes the regret that, when in office, he did not practically remember this. No man lamented more mournfully the failure of the Prussian system of education, in making good citizens of the people, yet no man did less in furtherance of their political education. It is curious to read, in this connexion, his expressions of delight about the state of the popular mind at the time of the Reformation—a theme which seems always to drive out of his mind, for the hour, his horror about "the right of insurrection." He allowed that "when hearts were lifted up, as in Luther's time," a reformation is a glorious benefit; and "Luther's way was correct," which appears to us as clear an admission of the right of insurrection as Fichte could have uttered. "I have bought," he says, "at an auction, a bundle of pamphlets, written in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. If, in a collection formed so fortuitously, we find many things that are excellent, and none that are positively bad, we cannot but conceive a respect for the age that produced them. This collection contains a string of apothegms, under the title of "New and True Gazette for the year 1620." Our literature has not, since its revival, recovered the truthful and earnest spirit which they breathe, although it has taken a higher flight. What does this profit us? It is now the delight of a few; formerly it was an expression of the national character; and we may justly call the period from Luther to the Thirty Years' War the golden age of Protestant Germany." (Vol. i. p. 312.) In reading royalist historians, it is noticeable that his sympathies are occasionally, at least, with the people: "I willingly recognise," he writes to Madame Hensler, "Hume's great qualities, and his decided superiority to Gibbon; but,

in the earlier times, he overlooks many more things of the kind you have noticed, and in later periods he does not enter into the mental wants of the men whom he accounts fools and rebels. But this is equally the case with Gibbon." (Vol. i. p. 416.) Alas! the time was to come when Niebuhr himself should call men "fools" and "rebels," whose "mental wants" were precisely what, in the abstract, he was always pining to see expressed; but he never could recognise them when they were before his eyes. His mental and moral habit of discontent may account for much of his lack of consistency and of faith; but the misfortune to his time was not the less for its being easily accounted for.

He himself believed that the critical demon which spoiled his peace was exorcised by his marriage; and he certainly was as near happiness, for a short time, as his nature would allow. "Happiness is a poor word: find a better!" he writes to his sister-in-law, a few weeks after his marriage. "Her presence and conversation keep my heart at rest, and my mind healthy. Thus I am gradually recovering from the impression made upon me in past times, by the delusions and contradictions of the world." This might seem to be written by a man in middle life; but Niebuhr was, as yet, only twenty-four. Amelia was seven-and-twenty: and this was a case—one of the very few—in which the superior years of the wife were no disadvantage, but rather the contrary. Niebuhr himself said so, and the reader perceives that he was right. No years could make him more an object of reverence to his wife, whose high intellectual cultivation fitted her for the full appreciation of his. If princes and statesmen honoured his mind, without thinking of his age, well might she; while, at the same time, her mature thoughtfulness, and her greater experience of daily practical life, gave her an influence over his anxious temper, which, as he said, kept his heart at rest and his mind healthy. He held two offices under government, connected with India affairs at Barbary; and the small income yielded by his employments was enough for the modest wishes of the two who were all in all to each other. There was no drawback to their happiness but Amelia's bad health, which already interfered with his plans, by preventing his writing the Political History of Greece, which he had intended to do in the winter evenings of 1800-1801.

That was, however, a winter never to be forgotten by any office-holder under any northern sovereign. In December, Paul of Russia sent forth that absurd challenge to the sovereigns of Europe, to meet him in

single combat, each with his prime minister for his squire, which was the first open evidence to the world of his insanity. In the course of the winter, while the madman was sequestrating English property, and imprisoning British subjects, Count Bernsdorf, Niebuhr's patron, persuaded the Crown Prince of Denmark (nephew of George III.) to join the other northern powers in their leaning towards France, and their confederacy against England. We have no account of Niebuhr's feelings under this state of things, which must have been offensive alike to his affection for the English and his detestation of Napoleon. There is a gap in the correspondence of half a year, and we light upon the pair when they are listening for a cannonade in the direction of Cronburg, reading the "Odyssey," to pass the time and preserve calmness, and speculating on the strength of the defences, if Nelson should be really close upon them. Nobody knew then that Paul was dead. In the next letters we have an account of the bombardment and the consequences. After writing tranquilly of "single hollow shots," Niebuhr finds that these shots are bombs. "I never was so dismayed," he avows; and he tells "Milly only a part of it," calm as she is. Then comes the news of the "cartel-ship" that was the ship that brought the letter which Nelson would not fasten with a wafer, lest it should look like haste. When that letter, with its great round seal, arrived, the guns were quiet; and then followed the negotiations, in the course of which Nelson, in the presence of the Crown Prince, pointed to Count Bernsdorf, and accused him of being the author of the northern confederacy, and the cause of all the mischief that had been done. There is no knowing whether Niebuhr alluded especially to Bernsdorf, when writing that the citizens looked with indignation on the authors of their mistakes. He dwells at great length on the glorious heroism of the people, which, without comforting him about the state, made him rejoice to suffer with the nation. "It is," he says, "a battle that can only be compared to Thermopylæ; but Thermopylæ too laid Greece open to devastation." But it soon came out that Paul was dead. The Russian princes invited Nelson to court, and peace followed a long armistice—the Russians and English mutually promising "unalterable friendship and understanding:" all which left Count Bernsdorf no power to do anything, and Niebuhr no need to say anything.

In 1804 he became first director of the Bank of Copenhagen, while his other offices were made of higher importance and value. He proved himself so admirable a financier, that he was long regretted after he left Denmark.

—for his official ability no less than for his scrupulous integrity, and the earnestness with which he put his heart into whatever came under his hand. Exhausted as he was every day with business, he rushed to his books every evening, and studied late into the night. Ancient history was still his delight; but he also acquired the Arabic language at this time. In 1804, he had hopes of being able to bring the finances of the country “into a state of the highest prosperity.” In 1805, he suffered with all the intensity of which his nature was capable, at the calamities of Ulm and Austerlitz. “I have ever hated the French as a state,” he writes (vol. i. p. 190,) to Count Adam Moltke, “and regarded the humiliation of Germany with the same feelings that breathe through your Odes. . . . Happy are we who have no children! For perhaps it might be well for whole nations to die out with this generation. With two gifts has England’s genius blessed Lord Nelson, and rewarded him for his deeds; that he died victorious, and therefore still full of hope, before he could know the defeat of Ulm; and secondly, that he left no children to grovel under the oppression of those whom he had so often made to pass under his yoke. We shall soon see how the French will govern the world. What we shall not see in its consummation, but can already perceive in its commencement, is the degeneration of intellect, the extinction of genius, of all free, all liberal sentiments—the domination of vice, of sensuality, not even disguised by hypocrisy; the decay of taste and literature. In this respect, we are already long past the dawn.” Under a despair like this, he resorted to his Demosthenes, and was so roused by the study, that he translated and printed the first Philippic, hoping that all Europe would draw the parallel between Philip and Napoleon, and be roused to resistance with the readiness of old Greeks. This was done so entirely upon impulse, that he forgot all about it, and was extremely surprised and amused when, many years afterwards, a friendly publisher wrote to him about a new edition. This happened when Napoleon had been for ten years cold in his grave; and the demand was probably due to Niebuhr’s fame; but this explanation did not occur to him so readily as to some other people.

Next followed an event which, we should suppose, can never be regarded by observers of Niebuhr’s life but with regret. He left the service of his own country for that of another. The removal would be an utter mystery but for the hint given by his biographers, that he listened to the invitations of a Prussian official, in a moment of jealous irritation with his own government. He thought himself

neglected, and felt aggrieved that a young nobleman was talked of for an office which he had understood was intended for himself, if the Crown Prince should agree to his appointment. He thought that he was appreciated only abroad; and it does not seem to have occurred to him that it might be well to remain at his useful and honourable work at home, whether he was appreciated or not. The matter was in abeyance for some months, during which matters came right with his comrades in office, and his anger passed away. But the idea of leaving his country for higher honour abroad had found entrance into his mind; his feelings were afloat between the two countries, and in May, 1806, he accepted the overtures of the Prussian government. He hoped for release from much tedious work upon details, but he feared, very soon, something much worse than this. A probability arose of an alliance between France and Prussia, in which case, Prussia and Denmark would be enemies. He would not have gone over to an enemy. Nobody ever supposed for a moment that he would. But the step of leaving Denmark at all was not a favourable one for his fame or his peace of mind. He was very unhappy while preparing to leave Copenhagen. If he had foreseen what was awaiting him at Berlin, he would have indulged his heart, and have remained. That he, whose faculty of prevision was noted wherever he was known,—prevision especially about the political and military movements of individuals, and of Napoleon above all,—should have been utterly blind as to the punishment now about to be inflicted on Prussia for her recent faithlessness and vacillation, shows that his faculty of prevision was not of a high order. Niebuhr could not but have known that Prussia was proposing peace at one and the same time to us and to Napoleon: that her envoy hung on the skirts of the armies before the battle of Austerlitz, to see how the fortunes of the war would go; and that the victor insultingly bade the humble suitor retire to Vienna, and wait for him there till his good fortune was quite secure; and also that Prussia had concerted with Napoleon the confederacy of the Rhine for her own purposes. While Niebuhr was preparing his acceptance of office at Berlin, Prussia was annexing Hanover, and publishing false excuses for the act. Between his acceptance and his setting out on his journey, it became known to the Prussian government that Napoleon was treating with Mr. Fox for the restoration of Hanover, and hinting to Alexander that any part of Polish Prussia was at the service of Russia.

While Niebuhr was travelling to his new home, the truth was revealed that the Con-

federacy of the Rhine was now an instrument in Napoleon's hand for the humiliation of Prussia! He and Amelia reached Berlin on the 5th of October, and on the 14th arrived the news of the defeat of the Prussians at Jena, followed by several others within a few days. How it was that Niebuhr, with his upright mind, and his clear and practised eye, did not discern, even as well as others, what was impending, can be accounted for only by the supposition that his judgment was impaired by the moral dubiousness of the step he was taking. His biographers say of him and Amelia at this time, "they went forward with the courage of resignation that was prepared to sacrifice all, where all was at stake;" and great indeed was the courage necessary when the possible sacrifices had no savour of patriotism in them, but rather an ill scent of selfishness. Niebuhr wrote (vol. i., p. 193) to his parents before leaving Copenhagen, "We shall be nearer to you in Berlin than we are here, and the permission to travel will most likely be obtained with less difficulty. But still there will be a new kind of separation between us." One is glad that he felt this before events pressed it upon his heart. Many years afterwards, we find him expressing to De Serre an ingenuous hope that the Germans, though liberal as to what they include within the political boundaries of Germany, will not always be remarkable for the facility with which they enter into the political service of other courts than their own; and here we recognise "words" which may be profitably "taken to heart" "by those who occupy themselves with political questions"—for once, we should say, rather the words than the deed. It was in the department of finance that Niebuhr's business was to lie. His first offices,—Directorship of the Bank and of a Royal Commercial Company,—were to be merely steps to a higher position. But all was confusion when he arrived, and in a few days the French commissioner had received from seven of the ministers, who did not even consult their sovereign, the oath of fidelity to France. Niebuhr had not even the comfort of having sacrificed himself to assist a virtuous government, struggling against a gratuitous invasion. The Prussian government had trimmed to the last moment; and when the due retribution came, and the ministers themselves joined in the betrayal of their disgraced sovereign, a stranger entering the government could only share in its just humiliation, without any chance of doing good. The affair is passed over as lightly as possible in the book before us; as is very natural, considering that it comes out under the sanction of eminent Prussians. But we are

bound to observe closely this crisis in Niebuhr's life, because it shows, among other things, how his marvellous sagacity was at fault,—precisely on the most important occasions, for a want of a living political faith.

Von Stein was among the faithful of the Prussian ministers. He just saved the money of the state offices under his direction (by a few hours only), and sent Niebuhr on with it to Stettin. Amelia went with her husband, for she could not remain alone in the strange city of Berlin. The advance of the enemy drove them from place to place, till they were actually obliged to take refuge at Memel. As their prospects in Prussia seemed at once destroyed, Niebuhr felt at liberty to settle where he pleased. Proposals followed him, from home, from England, and from Russia: but he was heart-sick, and desired to seclude himself from office till it should be seen whether Napoleon was really to rule the whole world. The hungering soldiery and peasantry before his eyes, however, won his services. There was not corn enough for seed; and, being asked to aid in organizing the commissariat, he could not refuse. The winter and spring were dreadful. Amelia was ill in Memel when he was himself prostrated by typhus fever, at a distance from her; and early in February was fought the battle of Eylau, where Napoleon was stumbled upon by some Russian soldiers, as he stood by the churchyard, and *not* captured,—from their not being sure who he was. What a moment for Europe and the world! What a moment for the Niebuhrs—if they had known of it—he on his sick-bed at Bartenstein, and she pining under low fever at Memel! As it was, the French came on, and still on; and the Niebuhrs fled, with the Prussian ministers, to Riga. He had made up his mind to take up the first ship which would carry him to Copenhagen, or any where out of the line of the French; but the Prussian minister, Hardenberg, besought him, even with tears, not to desert the sovereign and the government; and it was impossible, at such a moment, to consult his own wishes. In April, Alexander had mingled tears with the king of Prussia and his spirited queen; with mutual embracings, they had vowed eternal enmity to Napoleon and fidelity to each other: in May, Alexander (of whose "magnanimity" Niebuhr had been wont to speak) wrote to George III. "that there was no salvation to himself or to Europe but by eternal resistance to Bonaparte:" yet, before the end of June, he was on a raft in the middle of the Niemen, entering the pavilion, of which Napoleon opened

the door to him, and sitting down with his new friend to volunteer the information how cordially he hated England, and to consult how they might best betray and pillage Prussia. Of these proceedings we find scarcely a hint in the volumes before us, deeply as they concern Niebuhr's political life, on his entrance into the service of Prussia. The treaty of Tilsit is spoken of as lamentable, simply because it proved that further resistance to Bonaparte was not to be thought of. Niebuhr appears to have had some idea of failure on the part of Russia. On or about the same day that Alexander wrote as above to George III., Niebuhr wrote (vol. i., p. 217) to his wife: "You may reckon with undiminished confidence on the *courage* of the Russians, but I cannot be blind to other things. However, I must not speak of this in letters. The departure for Tilsit, it is now said, will not take place before the end of the week." He stood out against being made a member of a provisional commission, for governing and restoring the ravaged and curtailed country of his adoption, and sent in his resignation to the king at Tilsit, where the monarch's heart was breaking under the treatment of his "magnanimous" "brother" Alexander. The two emperors were always consulting together, excluding the king, or forgetting his presence; riding away from him in the morning, and walking off together in the evenings. At this time it was that Niebuhr's resignation of all office in Prussia reached his new sovereign. The humbled king besought him to stay, at least for a time: and Niebuhr acquiesced. We have no right to censure Niebuhr for any part of this course of action. His health was very bad at this period, and his anxious temper was not one to bear the stress of such times. It was not his own country that he desired to leave. He did not come for patriotic purposes, and he was the more free to go when all hope seemed over. We narrate the circumstances because they are (perhaps necessarily) very cursorily indicated in the book before us; and it is indispensable, in reviewing Niebuhr's political life and character, to observe what he witnessed of the conduct of sovereigns, the condition of countries, and the moods of conquered peoples, when he had reached the age of thirty-one. What he saw and felt inspired him with deep regret that he had entered upon political life. Several affecting passages of his letters record, at intervals, this grief. Making every allowance for his constitutional tendency to discontent with the place and circumstances he was in, these regrets might be quoted

with profit when men are arguing, as we often hear them now, in favour of paying honour to literature and science by endowments of political office. Niebuhr is an instructive spectacle in this light. He had some insight into old Etruscan politics, and was perfectly familiar with those of Rome, in all centuries. He could speak of the rights and wrongs of peoples high up on the ancient Nile, and could say how the affairs of Asiatic empires, thousands of years ago, could best be administered. But what was he able to do, when posted high amidst the most marked and most momentous struggle (as he believed it) that the world ever saw? Does the heart of freedom now beat the stronger for him? Are princes and ministers wiser, are their subjects braver and more enlightened, any one of them, than if Niebuhr had spent his life among his books? We fear, rather the contrary. He could see, as he said, in the dark ages; and he was unaware that he could not see in the light of the present time. He could and did see what would be the next march, or the next political move of this or that individual; but of the antagonist forces of despotism and liberty in the general heart of the time he perceived nothing: and the great geographer, who could teach all about every ancient battle-field, never discovered the vast one lying at his feet, where the East and the West must soon come up against each other, and fight till the one or the other has the possession of Europe, and the command of the destinies of a whole hemisphere. When he looked behind him, all was marvellously clear, though the sun had long set. Where others saw only by faint rays of scattered stars, those stars were to him like little suns, revealing the kingdoms of the dead and the glory of them. Forgetting that the dawn must be on the other side, and not aware, as others were, that it was breaking, all the future was to him an impenetrable mist. He heard something of the gushings of the torrent of revolution which must first be crossed, and he shrank back from it. The many who listened for the voice of one so wise heard him calling the despots "magnanimous," and the patriots, however teachable and disinterested, "fools," "fanatics," "aping lackeys," "children of the devil," and so forth. But his half-consciousness of his own false position fills the reader with tender regret, which leaves no room for harsher feeling. He writes to his wife:—

"The various spheres of action resemble the different regions of the atmosphere, which suit dif-

serently organized classes of men. Some are most comfortable in low countries; others in the ordinary middle atmosphere; others can only exist in the pure mountain air. I belong to the last class; to those who must have freedom for the soul and intellect; and for this very reason I ought not to have entered into the restraints of official life. I am often seized with regret when I think of my beautiful researches into history—my happy meditations on dark periods—my power of bringing them vividly before my mind's eye—my life in antiquity. Where is all this gone? Shall I ever renew it? Shall I ever be able to restore it to fresh life?"—Vol. i. p. 216.

Again :

"This consciousness, with which I was vividly impressed with regard to official life in general, before I had entered on it, did not warn me, when, after my entrance, a path opened to me towards finance. For a long time past I have been almost unable to refresh myself by study; and yet the mind becomes sadly poverty-stricken when filled by no other thoughts than those arising from one monotonous occupation. This estrangement from my true life has now already lasted nearly three years and a half, and time tends ever onwards away from the forsaken shore, till return becomes impossible."—Vol. i. p. 290.

Again, when about to go to Rome as ambassador :

"There are many things which become indispensable to us when we are accustomed to them; and if you are conscious of being able to fill more than one vocation, you cannot resist the impulse to fill more than one. Indeed, you feel that you wrong the cause, as well as yourself, if you renounce either of them. This is my feeling now with regard to the highest spheres of statesmanship. Unhappily, we always learn wisdom too late, and I shudder when I look at the years that lie behind me, and the age I have already reached."—Vol. ii. p. 13.

On his return to Berlin, he was occupied, as a member of the provisional commission, in retrieving the finances of the country. The pressing difficulty was to raise the tribute promised to France. Till this was done, the French were to occupy the country; and no improvement could take place till they were gone. A Dutch loan was to be attempted; and early in 1808, Niebuhr went (accompanied by his wife) to negotiate it, being invested with the dignity of Prussian minister at the court of Holland. It is really painful to dwell on the political history of Prussia for the next few years. Niebuhr, devoted and industrious, and in some affairs too wise for the men with whom he had to act, passed the weary years in hope, now and then, but much oftener in disappointment, fear, irritation, and, at last, in deep despondency. He was not made for

co-operation. He had too much honesty, too much sagacity, and too much personal sensitiveness for it. In 1810 he quitted office, plunged among his books, and wrote a Treatise on the Amphictyons. He had now entered on the happiest three years of his life. He was historiographer to the king; and the University of Berlin was about to open, placing him in the society of scholars and men of science. He forgot the politics of the day, and lived among the old Romans.

This portion of his life, only too short, is charming to read of. At last he was happy—as happy as his temperament ever allowed him to be. His kindling over his work—his modest consciousness of its greatness—his innocent exultation at its success—his tender pleasure for his wife's sake,—are a relief and joy the reader. But two gigantic shadows were stalking on to chill his life. Napoleon was coming to possess himself of Prussia, on the way to Russia; and some way behind, death was coming to snatch away Amelia. In the midst of this first calamity there arose a joy which he had not anticipated. His countrymen proved themselves nobler than he had believed them. It was ever his misfortune, in his relations with the existing generation, to believe nothing good but what was before his eyes at the moment. In great crises he was taken by surprise, by the people turning out so much better than he had expected: in the interval of those crises, he fell back into despondency. Honesty and disinterestedness usually inspire and maintain faith. With Niebuhr it was not so; and he suffered needlessly and bitterly from this infirmity of his nature. While Prussia was in the grasp of Napoleon, in 1808, he had written:—

"I have tried another medicine, in the shape of some most select reading. I wanted a book that would rouse my imagination and my feelings, so I took up Mirabeau's 'Essai sur la Despotisme.' . . . What inimitable sayings! 'L'animal que déchire le féroce léopard, admire-t-il la garrire de sa peau, ou la variété de ses ruses?' Set in the place of the first word, the subject, the equivalent term l'Allemand, and the deep truth of the saying is gone. The animal knows nothing beyond the impulse of natural feeling, and seeks no false consolation; but our countrymen have no true feeling left, not even that of pain or enjoyment. And on this account I cannot conceive what is to become of us. Are we to be apes of apes? I implore the mercy of heaven to grant us a new revelation; for salvation must come to man from without; our own longings only prepare the way for it."—Vol. i. pp. 256-258.

When the revelation was made to him that there was "true feeling" left, his let-

ters, like his mind, glowed with delight—a delight vivid but transient. He tells how symptoms of the “true feeling” had appeared, while it was unsafe for him to write about them—before Napoleon left Paris for Russia; he tells how one citizen gave to the cause of freedom his entire income from his lands; another his farm-horses; another his stores of corn; how a brass-founder shut up shop, and volunteered, with a troop of journeymen and apprentices, all furnished forth at his expense; he tells of the 11,000 volunteers in Berlin alone, when volunteering involved the sacrifice of everything. He had even admiration for the noble spirit of students now—now, when their veneration for him as their teacher had opened his heart to them, and shown him their really teachable nature, when trusted and well guided. Would that it could have been so in after years, when his faith in the young was of even more consequence than now! He did his own share of the work of the day, first, by drilling in a volunteer company, and then by re-entering public life, at the command of the king. After Napoleon's return from Moscow, Niebuhr repaired to Dresden, where the allied sovereigns had their place of meeting. His admiration of the people held out over this journey. After his return he writes:—

“I think that, while we were still in Dresden, I mentioned to you that the change in my residence and society was anything but cheering. At Berlin, the consciousness of the excellent spirit which animated the nation was ever present to us; and yet we were sufficiently removed from the sight of all that is saddening in the actual details of the war. We lived with all the energies of our souls and hearts in action, and each one derived his belief in the immeasurable energy of the nation, from his own inward consciousness. It was this which made us so full of confidence. In Dresden, we were separated from the nation, and its most excellent part, the army, and transported into a circle of fashionable people who were strangers to us; at least, there were only a few of our public men among them. Here we saw as exclusively what was commonplace, as at home what was beautiful and good.”—Vol. i. p. 387.

When he speaks thus of the army, we must remember that it was mainly a citizen army.

“Never have good will and good ideas ripened so universally into good deeds as with our people. He who had before declared what ought to be done when the time of trial should come, did it now himself (with very few exceptions) and to the fullest extent. The behaviour of the women, too, is admirable. There are hundreds who not only renounce every pleasure, but even a close attention to their households, in order to superin-

tend the hospitals, to cook, to tend the sick, to mend their linen, to procure money and other necessaries, to look after the hired nurses, and keep them up to their duty. Many have already fallen victims to typhus fever. The men can scarcely interfere with the regular course of these occupations, which have assumed quite an organized character. All that is the spontaneous expression of the national mind is elevating. The recruits leave their homes with shouts of rejoicing; practise the exercise together out of the hours of training, that they may be able to join the army so much the sooner. And this is not done that they may lead a merry life of excess; the soldier hangers, when his host can give him nothing, rather than use violence; he gives his cloak to his captive when he is shivering himself. One cannot speak of these things without emotion,—without saying to one's self that these people are better than we should be in their place.”—Vol. i. p. 398.

“... Only let us now preach to every one—we have no need to recal it to ourselves—that an inactive joy were as despicable as it were innoxious. Our deliverance cannot remain an incomplete work; it cannot go back, if we in any measure do that to which we are summoned by every motive.”—Vol. i. p. 373.

Again and again he says this. While the affairs of Europe were in course of settlement, after the downfall of Napoleon, he wrote and he said, with characteristic earnestness, that the princes of Germany must give representative institutions to their peoples. The constitutions were promised, and, with the single exception of Saxe Weimar, never given. And what did Niebuhr do then? He was the Prussian Minister at Rome, and in perpetual consultation, of course, with the government at home. He said he lamented the “mistakes” of the princes, in letting the right time go by. He hinted at some sad “faults” in the ruling powers; he got into raptures with the Crown Prince of Prussia; and when the young men of Germany demanded from their princes the promised constitution, he wrote of their crimes, and called them fools, rebels, fanatics, and aping lackeys. Among his many charming pictures of his beloved Crown Prince, (for some time his pupil, and now King of Prussia,) it is difficult to pick out the one most radiant with hope. There are several at intervals of years such as this:—

“I am delighted with the Crown Prince (then eighteen, in 1813). His noble poetical nature is gradually beginning to be recognised by some. He has extraordinary depth of feeling; and he preserves his individuality of character, sometimes without effort, sometimes consciously, among people who do not understand him, and are always blaming him. There is something very uncommon about him; the King calls his strongest feelings into play. He gives promise of great



days for Prussia, and Germany—of the fulfilment of all that is yet wanting.”—Vol. i. p. 399.

In 1824—

“The Crown Prince has improved beyond description; his heart remains what it ever was, and his mind is enriched by an extensive knowledge of facts. Prince William appears equally warm-hearted and good. In truth, the man who is not satisfied with these Princes must make unwarrantable demands upon the world.”—Vol. ii. p. 293.

What is written of him now does not agree very well with this. Letters from Prussia say now, “Every one seems to have given up doing or saying anything, in a kind of apathetic despair.” . . . “The Second Chamber has (May 1852) thrown out the proposal about the new peers; so I believe it is to be done without their consent. The Empress of Russia is expected to-day. The Emperor will not come as long as the Chambers are in existence. For all the existence they have, he need not allow them to come in his way. Everyone grows more and more discontented, but no one does anything, and very few have the courage even to speak.” The nation would willingly exchange some of the “poetry” of this King’s nature for a little veracity; some of his “heart,” as shown in speechifying and tears, for a little conscience; some of his “individuality” for a little ordinary fidelity; some of his “extensive knowledge of facts” for the smallest real intercourse with his “beloved Berliners.” Enough of him! For Niebuhr’s sake, no more shall be said of him here.

It was not till 1824 that Niebuhr retired from office. Besides being sent hither and thither on financial negotiations, he was consulted on all occasions by his government about the settlement of Germanic affairs in general, and Prussian in particular, till he entered upon his last political function—that of Prussian Minister at Rome. Before he went there, some great griefs saddened his heart—one for ever, for he certainly never fully recovered from it. Before his wife died, he had lost his father. The old man died at the age of eighty-two, in May, 1815; and the life of him, by his son, by which we best know the great traveller, was written as a kind of solace, when Niebuhr was mourning his wife. In that life there is a curious anecdote, which makes us wish to know some more particulars still of the senior Niebuhr’s mind and temperament. “It is extraordinary,” says his son, “that this man, so remarkably devoid of imagination, so exempt from illusion, waked us on the night

in which his brother died, though he was at such a distance that he knew not even of his illness, and told us that his brother was dead. What had appeared to him, waking or dreaming, he never told us.”

By this time—in the midst of the Hundred Days—all Europe was watching every movement of Napoleon; but Niebuhr had little attention to spare even for the preparations for Waterloo. Amelia was dying. It was three days after the battle of Waterloo that this incomparable woman expired. The physician had forbidden any notice to her of her danger. It is the physician’s office to give advice on this head; and it is for surrounding friends to regard it or not, as physical or moral considerations prevail. Niebuhr did not speak to Amelia of her approaching death. “Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her—nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied, with a look of unutterable love, ‘You shall finish your History whether I live or die.’ This request was ever present to his mind, and he regarded its fulfilment as a sacred duty; though years elapsed before he was able to resume his work.” (Vol. ii. p. 1.)

This injunction was a very heavy care to him. His was not a spirit that could bear lightly and cheerfully any permanent engagement, or protracted task. He was too nervously conscientious, and had too little power of will to bear any constraint of the kind. The energy which would have carried him through any work, if he had not been bound to do it (by either promise or conscience) was turned to self-corrosion by his “over-exquisite” solicitude. His history had nearly ceased to be a pleasure to him before his re-entrance into political life;—it was poisoned by the coolness of the reception of the second volume, in comparison with the first, and it was henceforward a constant burden upon his mind, connected as it was with his promise to Amelia. The story of the rest of his life, as given in the second volume of this book, is very painful; and it grows more and more so to the end. We shall pass rapidly over it, as it adds little to the revelation of his mind in political life already contemplated.

Madame Hensler nursed her sister to the last; and from this time it is easy to see that Madame Hensler was his chief interest in life. There is evident obscurity about this part of the story. She was to have gone to Rome with him; but she did not go; and another went, strangely enough, in her place. When Madame Hensler visited the mourning wi-

dower, she took with her a young girl, her adopted daughter, to whom Niebuhr was married in a very few weeks. Poor Gretchen was a good little girl, and had been well educated; but her health was wretched, and she was no companion for her husband. She was devoted to him, and he treated her with all tenderness: but it is mournful to see how his life was frittered away after this time. Amelia's ill health was a sorrow, but scarcely an impediment. She seems to have been a furtherance to him in every way. With Gretchen it was otherwise; and apparently only because she was less wise and lofty than Amelia. She was a patient, suffering, loving creature, adoring him whom she could not comprehend;—to such a point that she could not survive him. She died nine days after him.

His constitutional tendency to discontent grew upon him so manifestly after Amelia's death, that it is clear how benign was her influence in cherishing such peace as he was capable of. While she lived, the tendency showed itself in an almost amusing way about minor matters; for instance, when, in relating how much he had been occupied in reviewing, he hoped his reviews would be forgotten, because the books reviewed, like almost all modern books, were so very bad. It seems not to have occurred to him that, in that case, he had only to let them alone. Now, his discontent extended itself to his position, his vocation, his coadjutors, his government, his nation, the Catholics, the Protestants, his life at Rome,—his life everywhere. It is necessary to point this out, that his vehement expressions of contempt and hopelessness about the Italians—all Italians—may not go for more than they are worth. Putting them together with his growing horror of the doctrine of the right of revolution, the inference would naturally be that he would now, if living, be on the side of Austria and the Pope in Italy, and would give his aid to the cause of despotism throughout Europe. This would be an injustice to him. He would, no doubt, if living, anathematize Mazzini, and in the abstract, counsel endurance, as he did to the Germans in 1808; but his heart would glow at the spectacle of what the Italians could do and bear, during these latter years, and he would have written of them as he did of the Prussian people in 1813. When we read of his irritations with the Burschenschaft, and his downright vindictiveness with the Italians, we must remember that events fared no better with him than nations and sects. He could not bear to be congratulated on going to Rome, which his friends knew to have been the goal of his wishes for many years: he found fault with his life there,

though his health presently became better than it had ever been in his life. He liked scarcely anybody there but the Pope and the German artists; and he begins, by and by, to disparage these last. He mourned over his inability to write his history there, and was always hearing the gentle chidings of his Amelia about his promise to her; and yet, when, at his own request, he is recalled, he not only visits with bitter pain, for the last time, his haunts of seven years, but at length remembers how good his health had been, and how fine his opportunities; and, when returned to Prussia, tells his friends that at Rome only could he finish his history to his own liking, and that there only did people know how to value him. One passage out of many will suffice to show how morbid were his feelings. On his return to Prussia, after a seven years' residence at Rome, he writes (December 11th, 1823):—

“It must certainly be owing to some carelessness in expressing myself, that you could suppose I meant to say anything to the disadvantage of the Germans, as compared with the Italians. God forbid! What I mean is that I ought to have an adequate compensation for what I give up in point of health and comfort, and the variety of interesting objects of contemplation, if I am not to feel that I have lost by the exchange. The case is different with anyone who has retained his youthful connexions in Germany. I come back to a world in which the opposing parties are impelled and guided by vague sentiments and heated passions, and all alike have adopted their opinions on the authority of newspapers, periodicals, and the Conversations-lexicon; and in these authorities they put such faith, that they anathematize everyone who has more insight than themselves. I would just as soon talk about religion with a bigoted Catholic peasant, as converse with such people about the weightiest concerns of the world. Such wisdom I may dare to despise, when three men of three such different nations, and each of them the first among, or among the first men of their nation, as M. Von Stein, M. de Serre, and Lord Colchester, give me credit for a profound knowledge of the material and intellectual condition of the leading states of Europe, ask me for my opinion, and take my verdict on matters as an authority, whilst in these trivial circles every one is wiser than I.”—Vol. ii, p. 280.

The plain state of the case, in the eyes of the people about him, was this:—that the princes of Germany had promised, in an hour of difficulty and danger, to give constitutions to their people; that they had not done so; and that Niebuhr gave no countenance to the demand for the fulfilment of the promise, but, on the contrary, treated with vehement contempt the remonstrants, who perilled their all in urging the demand. He did so from Rome; he did so on his return

to Prussia, and yet because he, in his heart, blamed the faithless princes, he was angry at all distrust of his patriotism. Let us look at one single chapter of facts.

After the wretched year of 1807, when the peace of Tilsit dismembered Prussia, the Tugendbund was formed, and so countenanced by the government that Napoleon interfered, and demanded its dissolution. The patriots who formed this virtuous league hoped to regenerate the national spirit, through the elevation of the national morals. Education, was, naturally, one of the first departments looked into. Pestalozzi's example and method had forcibly struck some of the chief movers in the Tugendbund, and they kindled over the fresh idea of the importance to human character of a regulated physical development and training. Out of this arose the Gymnastic System. Jahn published his work on "German Nationality," and in 1808 began, at Berlin, the training of a few boys in bodily exercise. The results were so approved that he opened his gymnasium in 1811. No French was spoken there; the place was a national institution in its language and manners, that it might become so in all its ideas and feelings. The Royal Family were often present, and Jahn was honoured and salaried by the government. Presently there were gymnasia throughout the country; and (let it be well noted), it was out of these institutions that issued that soldiery which Niebuhr praised and loved with his whole heart during the crisis of 1813. The Treaty of Tilsit forbade Prussia to maintain an army exceeding 40,000 men. From among the youth already prepared by the gymnastic system (which had spread far beyond the walls of the schools themselves,) levies were made, rapidly trained, and dismissed to make room for more; and thus it was that the nation showed itself so ready as it was to use the occasion of Napoleon's reverses. The students, whom Niebuhr had so heartily admired on their march, went back, when all was quiet, to their universities, and resumed their studies. If, because they did so, Niebuhr expected that they should forget what they had seen and done, what the princes of the empire had promised, and what their peoples aspired to, he expected what was impossible. If so good a man failed to honour the spirit and practice of the great body of German students, under the inspiration of the time, it must have been because he did not understand them. The constituent bodies of the universities had long been degenerating; the students set about reforming them; and it is affecting to see how conscientiously they began with reforming themselves. The fervour with which they

set about the work of self-discipline,—genuine, personal self-control,—was not likely to last as a characteristic of the universities; for it was not likely that a succession of youths should be open to the same inspiration; but it was, for a time, so noble and so beautiful, that it ought to have commanded the esteem and love of such a man as Niebuhr; it must have done so if it had fixed his mind's eye as the virtues of ancient races could at all times do. It was the deliberate, solemn, cheerful purpose of not one, but many, to become Christ-like in all but miraculous power. This did not, in their idea, include the duty of non-resistance. They endeavoured to supersede the absurd practice of duelling with swords, so long prevalent; but they took up the sword when no other means would avail, to withstand the petty tyrants of their communities. The purer their lives, and the stricter their enforcement of moral reforms, if even among themselves alone, the more were they hated, opposed, and traduced by the despotic, the licentious, and the merely old-fashioned who remained within the walls. The young confessors and apostles were accused of revolutionary tendencies; and rumors of conspiracies against the State got abroad. Jahn's motto, which had been so loudly cheered when first given out, "Frisch, frei, fröhlich und fromm," now seemed very dangerous. The governments had not given the representative institutions for which the people were waiting; and, in this consciousness, every saying which roused enthusiasm and commanded a wide assent, was feared as revolutionary. Jahn was imprisoned, and, by order of government, his schools were closed. The man was the same as when Napoleon was marching upon Berlin; the schools were the same; the spirit of the youth of the nation was the same; but Napoleon was now a long way off, and these good things were all highly inconvenient. An inquiry into the political action of the students at Giessen University was instituted by order of government, and every one came out clear from all imputation of revolutionary tendencies. But they were denounced from university to university, that reception might be denied them. Their preparation for life was embittered by calumny, and calumny was to go before them, to embitter their after-life. In 1817, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, and the tricentenary of the Reformation, the day was celebrated by the University of Jena and the whole country. Within a walk is the Wartburg, where Luther lay imprisoned in the castle; and it is, or was then, customary to light a bonfire on the mountain, called the October fire. Into this fire a Berlin student threw, after giving his reasons in a single

sentence, a handful of anti-liberal works, together with an Austrian corporal's stick, a Hessian pig-tail, and a Prussian military sash. Nothing that was said that day could be laid hold of by the most suspicious reactionaries; so they eagerly grasped at this deed, and the more vindictively because the works thrown into the fire were written by men high in the Prussian service. Charles Follen's Great Song, which had by that time spread over Germany, was sung at the close of the proceedings. When the government was making the arrests consequent upon this celebration, it would doubtless have laid hands first upon him, if accusation had been possible. But he was not at the feast of the Wartburg. His heart was with his friends there, but he and some others preferred remaining at home, at another kind of feast—they commemorated the day by partaking together of the Lord's Supper. Now how does Niebuhr speak of these young men—the true comrades (when not the same men) of those whom he had so honoured four years before?—

"The coarse proceedings on the Wartburg, mingled as they are with religious comedy, have deeply distressed me. They exhibit our youth as empty, conceited, and vulgar. Freedom is quite impossible when the youth of a country are devoid of reverence and modesty."  
 "Under the gymnastic regime there must inevitably be an end of science and literature, and, indeed, of all that is noble, quiet, and beautiful."

#### And to Savigny —

"I give you special thanks, on my own account, for your masterly essay on the advocates of legislative novelties, which is as just in thought as it is powerfully written. My Cassandra spirit says indeed, alas! it will be of no avail. We are absolutely powerless to turn the broad shallow current of the spirit of the age into a deeper channel. But it is in itself a noble thing to sacrifice yourself by unwearyed exertions; and more meritorious to scoop out in the mud a bed for the stream than to sustain a sublime conflict with wild torrents. I cannot help thoughts of this kind. It is not because my own little barrel runs thick, but because everywhere things are on the lees, that I despair of the age and of posterity."—Vol. ii., pp. 110, 117, 88.

As he could nowhere see comfort, it follows that he did not approve the conduct of government about this Wartburg affair. He had not the consolation of thinking anybody in the right. And, indeed, the governments of Berlin and Vienna were so completely stultified by the issue of their investigations, that a Niebuhr could not be conceived of as sharing in the disgrace

of them. The same account of things applies to the unhappy case of Kotzebue's murder,—in which, however, there was something more like a reason for supposing revolutionary purposes to be involved. Though it was presently made clear that the murderer was a fanatic, who acted without concert or confidant, it was excusable to suppose at first, that some wild plot lay underneath. But that such a supposition should lay open the whole Burschenschaft to a charge of disaffection, and to treatment corresponding with such a view, is in no way excusable, and so Niebuhr thought,—amidst all his terror, grief, and wrath, at the event which gave occasion to the Carlsbad decrees. It is but justice to him to quote what he says of the proceedings of Hardenberg and Metternich in this matter. Their censorship of the press, their new watch set over the universities, and their permission to supersede existing authorities by the Diet, in case of alarm, were too much, even for his perturbed spirit of fear. He writes from Rome:—

"The Carlsbad decrees have made a most mischievous impression on the Germans here, who are mostly young men, and many of them possessed by wild dogmas: from this we may easily gather the effect they will produce in Germany. A favourable impression they cannot make on any unbiassed mind. It is equally severe and unjust to have recourse to severe and coercive measures against a sect, which your very violence converts into a party, without in the least reforming your own proceedings, without redressing a single real grievance. How utterly without love, without patriotism, without joy,—how full of discontent and grudge must life be, where this is the relation between the subjects and the governments! Our rulers do not perceive that Prussia can only subsist upon a moral and spiritual basis. I know very well whose spiritual children the democrats are: I know that you cannot allay their wild clamour, however well you govern, unless you do them the favour of adopting their senseless plans; but they would be detached from the people at large, if the latter found that they were governed wisely and well."  
 —Vol. ii. p. 160.

If any one asks what Niebuhr would have done if he could have had the control of events, the answer must be—there is no saying. He is in despair about everything; but there is no sign of his having anything to propose. The one evident fact is, that he never saw that the turbulence of our time is a feature of a transition state which a philosopher must know to be inevitable. But Niebuhr was not a philosopher, intellectually or morally; and in nothing is this more painfully shown than in his inability alike to resign himself to a course of

affairs which he did not like, and to comfort himself with the perception that it was a part of a great scheme of events.

We have given the case of the students of Germany. We shall not cite any of Niebuhr's opinions about the Italian liberals. The case of the Germans proves that his opinions on such matters were not worth much; and that is why we have gone so far into the subject. We would not run any risk of injuring the Italian cause by needlessly spreading harsh opinions of its adherents: and we trust that such of our readers as may see the book will remember that the same good man who thus writes of foreign patriots is extremely eager to disclaim having ever been connected, more or less, with the Tugendbund at home.

The further the reader goes in these two volumes, the heavier grows his heart. It is not only that he sees in the virtuous man himself an incapacity for serenity, and for the enjoyment which should attend upon such innocence and enlightenment as his. His hereditary melancholy becomes early in his history an established fact, to which those who honour and love him must reconcile themselves as they best may. It is less easy to withstand the influence of his constantly recurring portraiture of the woes and crimes of all the states of society that come under his notice. In the presence of his hopelessness, it is difficult to maintain any hope at all for more than a few individuals of the human race. While in Italy, he tells us of the wretchedness of the peasantry, the levity and profligacy of the proprietors, the infidelity of the priests, and, indeed, of all Catholics, the criminal jacobinism of the liberals—of nothing but sin and misery everywhere; except that he admires the Pope, and has "met with one noble-minded and agreeable young man, who unites depth of feeling and profound melancholy about the state of the world, with a very poetical mind, and a considerable amount of scholarship;" to which he adds, "He is not, however, a native of Italy, but a Greek, from Corfu." When he is returning to a Protestant country, where states are in course of demarcation, for purposes of local government, and the organizing of representative institutions, and where the Prussian system of education is coming into operation, the reader looks at last for a little cheerfulness; but he finds the melancholy deeper in proportion as the commentator cares more for his own country than for a foreign one. Representative institutions will do no good, because the evils lie in the heart and mind of the people. If there is federation in the representative as-

semblages, nothing will be done for want of community of interests; if the states are small, and self-governing, the "cursed divisibility" of land will go on till the whole agricultural population are beggars. Education itself fails and disappoints him. If we are granted a glimpse of "the prosperity of the Rhenish provinces," remarkable increase of population, activity among the vineyards, through protective duties, new houses rising in and about Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Coblenz, and so on, we are immediately told that "the Catholic religion in these parts is a benighted heathenism;" that nothing else is so clear as, "above all things, how powerless Protestantism is nowadays;" that, on the Rhine, the larger estates are entirely disappearing, and the smaller ones in constant course of subdivision, reducing the peasants to beggary; that the "great difficulty is the frightful increase of population," which people are beginning to be alarmed at, after having childishly rejoiced at it; and that "one learns with horror that out of 55,000 inhabitants (of Cologne) there are 20,000 in the receipt of alms." He goes on to ask, "What will be the position of Europe within a century?"

What will it be? This is not the place for a speculation on that subject. The use of the question here is to remind us that Niebuhr's misfortune lay in his utter forgetfulness of the fact, that Europe is, as she has been for three centuries, in a state of transition from an old to a new organic condition of society, and that the consolation for present evils is in a recognition of the deep-lying principles on which the change is proceeding. Some men may gain a clearer insight into these principles than others; and wise and good men may differ as to what these principles are; but unless they have faith that such exist—unless they perceive that humanity is progressive, they can only mourn hopelessly over the evils which are before their eyes, for which they see no remedy, if, indeed, the past cannot be restored. Such was Niebuhr's inability and misfortune; and we contemplate his suffering under it with respectful sorrow.

While he was at Rome, a son and several daughters were born to him; and they seem to have been so many rays of sunshine in his clouded life. His zeal about his boy's education is rather alarming to the reader. When the baby is a month old, the father is telling how it shall "undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings," and how very early it shall speak the ancient languages by practice; and it is painful to observe, during the few remaining years,

how the fine little fellow is subjected to the same liabilities of prematurity which irreparably impaired the health and happiness of his father. Soon after this child's birth, Niebuhr wrote,—“In my earliest youth, the longing desire arose within me to spend my life exclusively within the precincts of a narrow circle, teaching and labouring: would to God it had been my fate!” Yet the forcing method which he was even then contemplating with regard to his son was exactly what, in his own case, precluded the gratification of this early desire.

The Niebuhrs arrived at Bonn in August, 1823; and there the family lived till the death of both the parents in January, 1831. At Bonn he lectured, and revised and continued his history. His mode of life suited him better than any official position, and he recovered some of the cheerfulness which adorned his professional life at Berlin. There is little appearance of this cheerfulness in his correspondence; but we are told that it existed, and we are glad to believe it. Life could never again be to him what it was while Amelia was by his side; but it was brighter than it had been since her death, till the year 1830, which closed the scene very cloudily. In February of that year his new house was burned down. He bore the disappointment, inconvenience, and loss thus occasioned very manfully. He suffered much more from the French Revolution of the following July. It was to him as if chaos had come again. The ensuing months were a season of fevered anguish to him. He took his death in gratifying his eagerness about the trial of the ministers of Charles X. On Christmas night he became over-heated in the news-room, and then chilled in going home; and he died in consequence on the 2nd of January. When his wife fell ill, two days before, and could not come to him, he turned his face to the wall, exclaiming, “Hapless house! to lose father and mother at once!” On the 11th, Gretchen followed him.

If it be asked why we have contemplated so exclusively the political life and sentiments of a man who was more eminent in another view? why we have dwelt on the least cheerful and the least favourable aspect of a good and able man's character? we answer that it is not without a purpose. We wish to present what may be called a practical reply to two suggestions which we think need to be met. Much is said among us at present of the superiority of the treatment of learned men abroad over that which is seen among us; and the continental practice of inviting men of science and letters to political office is pointed out as honourable

and desirable. It is possible that the spectacle of Niebuhr's false position (so regarded by himself) may make some of us consider whether two great careers may not be spoiled, or deeply injured, by making the scholar into a politician; we do not say a statesman, till we have an example worthy of the term. For ourselves, we utterly disbelieve in the possibility of the union of creative scholarship with statesmanship, worthy the name. Niebuhr's case may help us in the consideration of the question.

A more weighty reason for what we have done is this:—that a protest is required against despair of the commonwealth, and discouragement about human progression, on the ground of Niebuhr's discouragement and despair. The influence of such a man—so good, so learned, so really wise, in regard to the affairs of the old world—may be most mischievous, if allowed to work, without any counteracting protest, on the minds of the timid, the superficial, and the faithless. It seems to be necessary to indicate that Niebuhr, while able and virtuous, was not great. Great as an author, he was not so as a man. Fully adequate to the concrete Past, he sank utterly before the abstract Future. With all his marvellous power of interpreting the past, he had no recognition of the present; no kind of prevision of the future, in any direction whatever. Thus he was not intellectually great. And his want of hope, and of aspiration, and of serenity, prevent our admitting him to be morally great—however noble were some of his attributes, and however dear his character as a whole. We may delight to see everybody loving and honouring him; but we must hold out a warning against his being relied on as an authority in political matters, or chosen as a guide. Ours is no time for negation in such affairs; and Niebuhr's political views, character and life, were all one great negation. Having said this, we cannot refrain from presenting one out of the multitude of fine passages in his letters, which showed what was the temper of the man when he allowed his best instincts fair play—when politics, position, and prejudice were out of sight. Writing of Göthe's account of his life in Italy, he says:

“Is it not enough to make one weep? To treat a whole nation and a whole country simply as a means of recreation for oneself; to see nothing in the wide world and nature but the innumerable trappings and decorations of one's own miserable life; to survey all moral and intellectual greatness, all that speaks to the heart, where it still exists, with an air of patronizing superiority; or, where it has been crushed and overpowered by folly and corruption, to find amusement in the comic side of the latter, is to

me absolutely revolting,—perhaps more so to me personally than I can reasonably expect it to be to others; but I think it ought to excite sentiments similar in kind, if not in degree, in every breast. I am well aware that I go into the opposite extreme; that my politico-historical turn of mind can find full satisfaction in things for which Göthe had no taste, and that I could live contentedly without feeling the want of art, not only amidst the glorious scenery of the Tyrol, but on moor or heath, where I was surrounded by a free peasantry, who had a history.”—Vol. ii. p. 91.

Göthe may well afford the quotation of this passage. He speaks for himself elsewhere: and he so honoured Niebuhr, that he would have enjoyed, like anybody else, Niebuhr's most true account of the difference between them. Niebuhr had a heart which could appreciate “a free peasantry who had a history;” and those who would conceive of him in his glory, should think of him in the Tyrol, climbing among the haunts of Hofer. Thus in the latter days is there some echo from the earliest; and we once more see in the Minister to Rome the little Barthold, who, in that marshy corner of Holstein, could listen all day long to tales which came warm from the true peasant-heart of his father. Sadly, now, do his words recur, “In my earliest youth, the longing desire arose within me to spend my life exclusively within the precincts of a narrow circle, teaching and labouring—would to God it had been my fate!”

#### ART. VIII.—THE RESTORATION OF BELIEF.

*The Restoration of Belief. No. I. Christianity in Relation to its Ancient and Modern Antagonists.* Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1852.

WE have heard it quoted as the remark of a distinguished foreigner, conversant with the choicest society in several of the capitals of Europe, that nowhere is the alienation of the higher and professional classes from all religious faith so wide-spread and complete as in England. That the masses at the other end of the social scale are indifferent or disaffected to the institutions which visibly embody the Christianity of our age, can be no secret to any observant inhabitant of a large English town. It is on the middle class alone that the various forms of Protestant worship have any real hold. Removed alike from the passionate temptations of the homeless artisan, and

from the mental activity of the statesman or man of letters, the rural gentry and the urban tradespeople are detained under traditional influences, partly by the wholesome conservatism of moral habit, partly by helpless accommodation to conventional standards. Men of this class, if once really touched and possessed by earnest conviction, are the best defenders of a religion from political assault. But a faith exposed to an intellectual struggle finds among them but a precarious shelter; especially if their attachment to it is less a living persuasion than a fear of the blank which its removal would create. Persecuted by the magistrate, they know how to defend their worship from the oppression of law. Assailed by the critic, they can offer but the resistance of a dumb impenetrability: they cannot bring their sterling personal qualities to bear upon the contest: they are obliged, for all active conduct in the strife, to trust to a body of literary Swiss, engaged to protect the Vatican of their faith, and accustomed never to report defeat. In proportion as the methods of sceptical aggression become more formidable, and its temper more earnest, it is found necessary to improve the training of the band of Church defenders: a measure at once indispensable and fatal;—for it lifts them into an intellectual position, which spoils the blind singleness of their allegiance, discloses the hopelessness of the task expected from them, and often destroys their antipathy to the noble revolutionary foe. It is the vainest of hopes, that a body of clergy, brought up to the culture of the nineteenth century, can abide by the Christianity of the sixteenth or of the second; if they may not preserve its essence by translation into other forms of thought, they will abandon it, in proportion as they are clear-sighted and veracious, as a dialect grown obsolete. The number accordingly is constantly increasing, in every college capable of training a rich intellect, of candidates for the ministry forced by their doubts into lay professions, and carrying thither the powerful influence, in the same direction, of learning and accomplishment. The higher offices of education are, to no slight extent, in the hands of these deserters of the church: and through the tutor in the family, or the master in the school, or the professor in the lecturer-room, contact and sympathy are established between the best portions of the new generation and a kind of thought and culture with which the authorized theology cannot co-exist. College friendships, foreign travel, current literature, familiarise all educated young men with the phenomenon of scepticism, and in a way most likely to dis-

enchant it of its terrors. Thus by innumerable channels it enters the middle class at the intellectual end of their life; assuming in general the form of historic and critical doubt; while from below, from the classes born and bred amid the whirl of machinery, and shaped in their very imagination by the tyranny of the power-loom, it pushes up in the ruder form of material fatalism. The intermediate enclosure, safe in the dull innocence of an unsuspected creed, is growing narrower every day; and though reserved to the last for its hour of temptation, will be the least prepared to win its victory.

No one who appreciates the real sources of a healthy national life, and knows what to expect from the dissolution of ancient faiths, can look without anxiety at a prospect like this; especially in a country whose religious institutions, rigid with usage, overloaded with interests, charged with the bequests of the past, are manifestly unequal to the crisis, and in their attempt to train the affections of the Future, wield every power but the right one, and are indeed already regarded, like the Court of Chancery with its wards, as a dry nursery for grown babies. A people that reverences nothing—nothing at least that stretches a common heaven over all—has lost its natural unity. Incipient decay is spreading through the secret cement of its civilisation, which, far from bearing the weight of further growth, precariously holds its existing mass together. So far we are entirely at one with those who see something to deplore in the “Eclipse of Faith,” and something to desire in the “Restoration of Belief.” They do not overrate the evils of a state of society in which, if you think with the wise, you must cease to believe with the vulgar. We would join with them, heart and hand, in the effort to terminate this fatal discrepancy, and find some language of devotion and aspiration, veracious alike from the lips of the richest knowledge and the most primitive simplicity. But when, like the author whose publication is before us, they would abolish the discrepancy by simply reinstating the taught in the creed of the untaught; when they insist on the surrender without terms of modern philosophy and criticism to the “unabated” authority of the Bible; when they pretend to wipe out from calculation all the theological researches of the last half century, as if they were mere cyphers made in sport on the tablet of history, and had no effect on our computed place at all,—we separate sorrowfully from them, largely sympathising with their wish, but wholly despairing of their method. The received theory of the origin of Christianity from agencies exclusively

divine, and of the infallible character of the canonical books, can no more be “restored,” than Roman history can be put back to its state before Niebuhr’s time, or Greek mythology be treated as if Heyne and Otfried Müller had never lived. The present age is not more distinguished by its advance in the material arts, than by its astonishing progress in the interpretation and true painting of the past: a Boeck or a Grote carries in his mind a picture of Athenian life in the days of Pericles more perfect, it is probable, than could be formed by Plutarch or Longinus: and it would be strange if the Christian era—certainly the object of the most elaborated study—were the only one to escape the work of reconstruction, or to undergo it without considerable change. The limits of that change are at present definable by no consentient estimate; but that they are such as to remove the old lines of Christian defence, and require the choice of more open ground, can no longer be denied, except by the astute consistency of a Romanist hierarchy, and the innocent unconsciousness of English sects. When the time shall come for a dispassionate history of the first two centuries,—a history which, resolving the canon back into the general mass of early Christian literature, shall find an original clue for tradition, instead of accepting one from its posthumous hand,—which shall detect opinions before they were heretic or orthodox, and trace the several streams of tributary thought to their confluence in a determinate Christianity,—the narrowness of our present polemic will be apparent of itself; its fears and triumphs be regarded with a smile; and many, both of its positive and negative results, will vanish from the interests of religion, and be absorbed in a higher view of the relation between the Divine and Human in this world.

We had hoped at first that the author of the “Restoration of Relief” was about to take up the problem of Christianity with a real appreciation of its altered conditions, and with unaffected justice towards those who cannot solve it like himself. His present essay is but the commencement of a series, designed to arrest the progress of educated scepticism, to expose the sophistries of modern criticism, and re-establish the plenary authority, as oracles of faith, of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures. It would perhaps be unreasonable to complain that his argument does not march very far in this first movement; and engages us rather by the stateliness of its step, than by the clearness of its direction. Nevertheless, we do think that the discursive licence of introductory exposition is carried by him to an extreme



which promises ill for the exactitude of his method. At the outset he declares that the difficulties which embarrass modern faith go down to the very depths of philosophy, and can be resolved only by reaching the ultimate roots of thought. Yet he remains on the upper surface of history, and, without once hinting how this is to lead him to the pith of the controversy, dwells only on facts which are undisputed, and his conception of which might be as readily gathered from Gibbon as from Neander. Like many writers whose eye is caught by grandeur of effect, and whose imagination is sensitive to wonder, he is fascinated by the moment in human affairs, when the Roman Empire was exactly poised between the forces of external unity and of internal decay; and the political organism of the Past, so august in its mass and its proportions, held no soul but the young spirit of the Future. Of this crisis, assigned to the reign of Alexander Severus, our author presents an impressive and, we believe, a faithful sketch. Amid the splendour, the misery, the decay of belief and hope, the universal incertitude of that period, there emerges into notice the beautiful and beneficent phenomenon of a real Faith—a Faith that can live, a Faith that can die. The inevitable conflict between this new power and the pagan prerogatives of the Cæsars is well brought out by the essayist; and the victory of Christianity is justly ascribed to the peculiar character of the religion, as a feeling directed to a PERSON rather than the simple assent to an IDEA. It was the force of this personal feeling which first awakened in men the sentiment of obligation in regard to religious truth, and substituted faithful veracity for indifference and laxity of profession. The author thus sums up the positions which he regards the present essay as establishing:—

“That the Christian communities did, during the period that we have had in view, make and maintain a protest against the idol-worship of the times, which protest, severe as it was in its conditions, at length won a place in the world for a purer theology, and set the civilized races free from the degrading superstitions of the Greek Mythology.

“That in the course of this arduous struggle, and as an unobserved yet inevitable consequence of it, a New Principle came to be recognised, and a New Feeling came to govern the minds of men, which principle and feeling conferred upon the individual man, however low his rank, socially or intellectually, a dignity unknown to classical antiquity; and which yet must be the basis of every moral advancement we can desire, or think of as possible.

“That the struggle whence resulted these two momentous consequences, affecting the welfare of men forever, was entered upon and main-

tained on the ground of a definite persuasion, or Belief, of which a PERSON was the object.

“That this belief toward a person embraced attributes, not only of superhuman excellence and wisdom, but also of superhuman POWER and AUTHORITY. If we take the materials before us as our guide, it will not be possible to disengage the history from these ideas of superhuman dignity.”—P. 106.

These positions we certainly conceive to be unassailable. But they lie so completely out of the field of modern doubt and controversy, that we are at a loss to imagine what possible use the author can make of them. The general features of the Christian faith, and the character of the church, had assumed in the third century a determinate form, about which there is no important question between believer and unbeliever. Who would deny that the disciples for whom Clement of Alexandria and Origen wrote, whom Tertullian and Minucius Felix defended, and to whose institutes Cyprian was a convert, believed in Jesus Christ as a person at once historical and divine; and were strengthened by that belief to the endurance of martyrdom? The real and only difficulties lie higher up, in the attempt to trace the sources and earlier varieties of this belief; and if our author can show that, in winding its way through two centuries, and traversing several distinct regions of thought, it dropped or rounded off no primitive facts, and became mingled with no foreign ideas; if he can establish the essential constancy and uniformity, from the first, of the tradition and doctrine which obtained ascendancy at last,—he will indeed reduce legitimate scepticism within very narrow limits, and deserve a niche in the Valhalla of critical renown. But if he contemplates clearing these centuries by an argumentative leap; if, from the martyr-faith of an age later than the Antonines, he means to conclude the certainty of the Incarnation two hundred years before; then, we must say, he attempts a logical feat which puts to shame the cautious steps of such reasoners as Paley, Marsh, and Whateley. The catena of well-linked testimonies, with its bridge of safe footing, which they have endeavoured to sling across the chasm of the post-apostolic age, is but a paltry cowardice of ecclesiastic engineering to one who can pass the gulf upon the wing of inference. An advocate is intelligible, and proceeds upon admitted rules of evidence, who says with these earlier divines, “Here are the writings of Paul, of John, of Matthew, and of other men who were present at the events they relate or assume; whose lives were turned into a new channel by their influence; and

who went to prison and to death rather than deny them. They positively declare that they witnessed the most stupendous miracles, and, after their Master had been visibly taken up through the clouds, themselves habitually exercised the same supernatural power. You must admit that the guarantees of testimony can go no further: surrender yourself therefore to the gospel." This is an argument which accomplishes all that is possible with historical evidence in such a case; and were its allegations of fact sustainable, it would still be the best form into which the reasoning could be thrown. Unfortunately, we can no longer feel assured that any first-hand testimony exists, as a distinguishable element, in the narrative books of the New Testament: so that we can regard them only as monuments of the state of Christian tradition during a secondary period. Still, this flaw is not repaired by striking into the course of belief three or four generations lower down, and substituting the "Martyr-literature" of the third century for the Evangelist memorials of the second or the first. And when our author transfers to Clement and Origen the praise of unaffected simplicity usually awarded to the apostolic writers, and actually presents it as sufficient proof of divine attributes in Christ, we can only suppose that, in his opinion, some truths are too good to have any bad way to them. What else can be said of the following mode of inference?

"Much do we meet with in these writers that indicates infirmity of judgment or a false taste; yet does there pervade them a marked simplicity, a grave sincerity, a quietness of tone, when He is spoken of whom they acknowledge as LORD. If there be one characteristic of these ancient writings that is *uniform*, it is the calm, affectionate, and reverential tone in which the martyr church speaks of THE SAVIOUR CHRIST!

"I am perfectly sure that, if you could absolutely banish from your mind all thought of the inferences and the consequences resulting from your admissions, you would not, after perusing this body of Martyr-literature, fall into the enormity of attributing the notions entertained of CHRIST, as invested with Divine attributes, to any such source as 'exaggeration,' or 'extravagance,' or to 'orientalism,' or 'enlarged Platonism.' Exaggeration and inflation have their own style; it is not difficult to recognise it. No characteristic of thought or language is more obvious. You will fail in your endeavour to show that this characteristic *does* attach to the writings in question; and why should you make such an attempt? There can be no inducement to do so, unless it appears to be the only means of escaping from some consequence which we dislike."—P. 107.

Our author professedly opposes "Ancient Christianity" to modern scepticism, because

"History," as he observes, "is solid ground," and no region of atmospheric phantasms, births from the refracted rays of metaphysic light. History, however, is solid ground only so far as it is really explored: and the trending of the land and curving of the shore in one latitude of time no more enables us to lay down the map of another, than an anchorage at the Ganges' mouth would enable us to paint the gorges of the Himalayas, and distinguish the real from the fabulous sources of the sacred stream. To take us into the basilicas and show us how Christians worshipped in the days of Alexander Severus, to introduce us to the Proconsul's court and bid us witness their refusal of divine homage to Cæsar's image, and then ask us whether a faith like this *could have had* any origin but ONE; this is not *history*, but the mere *evasion* of history. We want to know, not what *must have been* the source, but what *was* the source, of the great moral power that rose upon the world as Rome declined. Whoever wishes to shut out human ideas and natural agencies from participation in the matter, must go patiently through the entire remains of the early Christian literature; must trace the conflict between the Hebrew and the Pauline gospel; find a place for the peculiar version of the religion given by the evangelist John; fix the limits of Ebionitism, of Chiliasm, Docetism; and show that these modes and varieties of doctrine stop short of the substance of the early faith, and do not enter the canonical scriptures with any disturbance of their historic certainty. Nothing of this kind do we expect from our author. For he entertains a conception, respecting the logic of Christian evidence, which, however prevalent among English divines, betrays in our judgment a mind not at all at home with the present conditions of the problem. He seems to think that we can *first* prove the historic truth of the Scriptures *in general*; and then get rid of the *difficulties in particular*: and requires us, in obedience to this pedantic law of logical etiquette, to carry into our investigation of every successive perplexity, the rigid assumption that the writings with which we deal are "inspired," and their contents of "Divine authority."

"When a collection of historic materials, bearing upon a particular series of events, is brought forward, it will follow upon the supposition that those events have, on the whole, been truly reported, that any hypothesis the object of which is to make it seem probable that no such events did take place, must involve absurdities which will be more or less glaring. But then, *after* the truth of the history has been established, and

when the trustworthiness of the materials has been admitted, as we proceed to apply a rigid criticism to ambiguous passages, we shall undoubtedly encounter a crowd of perplexing disagreements; and we shall find employment enough for all our acumen, and trial enough of our patience, in clearing our path. And yet no amount of discouragements, such as these, will warrant our falling back upon a supposition which we have already discarded as incoherent and absurd."—P. 110.

We cannot call this a vicious canon of historical criticism; for it simply excludes historical criticism altogether. The critic's work is not a process which can go on generically, without addressing itself to any particular matters at all; and vindicate comprehensive conclusions in blindness towards the cases they comprise. The judgment that, on the whole, a certain book contains a true report of events, can only be a provisional assumption, founded on natural and child-like trust, and can claim no scientific character, till it comes out as a collective inference from an investigation in detail of the narrative's contents. No doubt, the bare fact of the existence of Christianity as a great social phenomenon in the age of the Antonines, may afford evidence enough that Jesus of Nazareth was no imaginary being: the genius of the religion, and the traditional picture of its author, may indicate the cast of his mind and the intensity of his influence: the institutions of the Church may betray its origin in Palestine, and the approximate date of its birth. But these conclusions, founded entirely on reasonings from human causation, can never carry us into the superhuman: or enable us to say more respecting the memorials of the life of Jesus, than that they *may be true*, and do not forfeit, *ab initio*, their title to examination by fundamental anachronism, misplacement, and moral incongruity. How far the existence of this *primâ facie* case falls short of "establishing the truth of the history," and "the trustworthiness of the materials," we need not point out to any one accustomed to deal with questions of evidence. And as for the great proposition, that "the Gospel of Christ is a supernaturally authenticated gift," we cannot imagine how it is to be proved *in general*, without research into a single miracle. Is it indifferent to the fact of the Incarnation, that the only two accounts of the birth and infancy of Jesus are hopelessly at variance with each other? Is the evidence of the Resurrection unaffected by the discrepancies on which harmonists have spent a fruitless ingenuity? Are we as sure that, in reading the apostles' works, we have to do with

"inspired writers," as if they had *not* made any false announcements about the end of the world? What does our author mean by admitting these things as "difficulties," yet denying them any just influence in abatement of our confidence? He may form one estimate of their weight, and his opponent another: but in neither case can they be postponed for treatment in a mere appendix to the discussion of Christian evidence: they are of the very pith of the whole question; and so long as they lie in reserve as quantities of unknown magnitude and direction of influence, render historical belief and unbelief alike irrational.

Nor can we for a moment allow that the failure of ever so many "German theories" to give a satisfactory account of the origin of Christianity, is any good reason for contented acquiescence in the received doctrine. Our author insists, that we must make our definitive choice between some modern hypothesis and the evangelical tradition; and either take the facts as they are handed down to us, or else replace them by some better representation. By what right does he impose on us such an alternative necessity? Is the critic disqualified for detecting false history, because he cannot, at his distance, write the true? Is it a thing unknown, as a product of scholarship, that fabulous elements disclose themselves amid the memorials of fact? and is it not an acknowledged gain to part with an error, though only in favour of an ignorance? If a modern hypothesis as to the mode in which the religion arose may "break down" by mere internal incoherence and improbability, why may not the ancient account, if it should be chargeable with similar imperfections, be liable to the same fate? It is surely conceivable that *all* the finished representations we possess,—Hebrew and Alexandrine, as well as German,—furnish, more or less, an ideal and conjectural history of the infancy of Christendom; and that the reproduction of that time may not only be *now* impossible, but have already become so, ere a hundred years were gone. The baffling of one solution implies therefore no triumph of another: and if the tradition on which we stand be insecure, our position is not improved by clipping the wings of every adventurous hypothesis on which we had thought to escape the common ground.

Our author cannot then change the *venue* of the great Christian cause from the first century to the third, and, on the evidence present there, give even preliminary judgment. The conflict between the new religion and the old which characterized that period, he paints with striking and truthful effect: and, contrasting the severe and holy veracity

of martyred disciples with the careless indifference of paganism to religious truth, he rightly refers the superiority of the Christians to their faith in a *Person*, instead of mere assent to an *Opinion*. Is it, however, correct to regard this as original and exclusive to the gospel, and to set it on the forehead of the Church as the very mark of her distinctive divinity? We think not. The same feature is manifest in Judaism, to which again it belongs, not as a peculiarity, but in common with every faith whose Only God is the apotheosis of humanity. It is the one grand moral characteristic of genuine Theism, as opposed to Pantheism; rendering it more than the enthusiasm of poetry, the earnestness of philosophy, the inspiration of genius, and constituting it, in the deepest sense, Religion. Nor is the ground of the distinction far to seek. Religion, in its ultimate essence, is a sentiment of Reverence for a Higher than ourselves. Higher than ourselves, however, can none be, that have not what is most august among our endowments; none, therefore, by reason of size, of strength, of duration; none simply by beauty or by skill; none even by largeness of discerning thought, but only by free and realizing preference of the most Just and Good. A Being of living Will can alone be nobler than myself, lift me above the level of my actual mind by looking at my latent nature, and emancipate me into the captivity of worship. In other words, reverence can attach itself exclusively to a *Person*: it cannot direct itself on what is *impersonal*,—on physical facts, on unconscious laws, on necessary forces, on inanimate objects and their relations, on space, though it be infinite; on duration, though it be eternal. These all, even when they rule us, are *lower* than ourselves: they may evade our knowledge, defy our power, overwhelm our imagination, but never rise to be our equals, or conspire to furnish even the symbol of our God. The mere deification of Nature, the recognition of oneness pervading her variety, the sense of an absolute ground abiding behind her transient phenomena, may supply a faith adequate to the awakening of wonder and the apprehension of ideal beauty, but not to the practical consecration of life; glorifying the universe as a temple of Art, but railing off within it no oratory of Conscience. In order to extract anything like a religion of *conduct* from this type of belief, its hierophants are obliged to approach as near as they can to the language of proper Theism, and not even despise typographical aid for pushing personification to the verge of personality: uttering various warnings not to neglect the “*intentions* of Nature,” or insult the “*Relentless Veracities*,” and inviting sundry offenders to

*blush* before “the Eternal Powers.” The whole force of such expressions is evidently due to the false semblance of living thought and will, with which they clothe the conceptions of mere abstract relations or physical tendencies. These rich tints are no self-colour, but a borrowed light reflected from a grander Presence studiously withdrawn from view: and when their gloss is gone, no positive residuum is found, but a doctrine of hope and fear, without any element of Duty. It were a mockery, an inanity, to bid a man spend his affections on hypostatized laws that neither know nor answer him. In his crimes, it is not the heavy irons of his prison, but the deep eye of his judge, from which he shrinks: and in his repentance he weeps, not upon the lap of Nature, but at the feet of God. In his allegiance, his vow is made, not to the certainty of facts, but to the majesty of Right, and the authority of an Infinitely Just: and his acts of trust are directed by no means to the steadiness of creation’s ways, but to the faithfulness of a perfect Mind. In short, all the sentiments characteristic of religion presuppose a Personal Object, and assert their power only where Manhood is the type of Godhead. This condition was imported, or rather continued, from the Hebrew to the Christian system; and brought with it the devout loyalty of heart, the singleness of service, the incorruptible heroism of endurance, which had encountered Antiochus Epiphanes at Jerusalem, as it now met Pliny in Bithynia, and Quadratus at Smyrna. The paganism of the empire, on the other hand, failed entirely of this condition. It was a mere nature-worship, expressive of the political dynamics by which, through the award of a mysterious necessity, Rome had become the centre of the world. If, among the deities whose congress was now assembled on the Tiber, there were any which once, in their indigenous seats, had commanded the full moral faith, and touched the true theistic devotion, of a people, that time had passed: and the conquered tribes suffered a more fatal loss when the victorious city adopted their religion, than when she crushed their liberty. Removed to Rome, the rites of a provincial worship expressed nothing except that its gods were gods no more, but had descended from divine monarchic rights to a place among a pensioned hierarchy. Vanquished divinities inevitably become delegated powers of nature, and resign their sceptre to the sovereign they are compelled to own. As the administration of the empire embraced a congeries of checked nationalities, so did its pantheon include a collection of extinguished religions. While as Emperor the head of the state was the embodiment of its unity by

natural force, as Divus he represented its unity by preternatural sanction: and the divine honours paid to him were the acknowledgment of a necessity more than human in the culminating majesty of Rome. These honours would be freely rendered to him by those who looked on all realized existence, on everything charged with force enough to come up and be, as equally decreed by "the Eternal Powers,"—equally divine. Such homage would appear to them the mere expression of a fact, and a graceful owning of mysterious fates in its production; and no scruple could withhold them from an act which contradicted nothing in their mind, and did but fling a breath of pious incense around the thing that veritably was. It were absurd to expect the protest of a martyr from a man whose religion you cannot contradict; who will see a god wherever you ask him; and whose worship asserts nothing but that, a phenomenon being there, an occult power is behind it. A faith of this sort is deficient, as an Hegelian would say, "in the moment of negation:" it is all unobstructed affirmation; and can strike no light, because it thus finds nothing to dash itself against. But let the divine element in the universe cease to be impersonal and impartially coalescent with the whole, let it live an Individual Mind, and the requisite antagonism immediately appears. To the Jew, the worship of Cæsar would be no other than high treason to Jehovah, whose tool, whose whip of lightning, and whose cup of consolation, the pagan emperor might become; but whose emblem and incarnation he could so little be, that he rather stood defiantly at the head of the opposing realm, and even when forced to be the organ, did not cease to be the competitor of God. For *opposing realm* there must be, wherever proper Theism exists. Man feels that his personal attributes, his will, his character, his conscience, demand conflict for their condition, and without the possibility of ill could never be: and when he carries them out into the infinite region, to serve as his image of the Highest, they bear with them the inseparable shadow of evil, and give it place in the universe, as the darkness in whose absence light would want its distinction, the privative without which the beauty of holiness were nothing positive. Hence, expressed or unexpressed, a dualism mingles with all genuine theistic faith. All is not divine for it. It has a devil's province somewhere. Face to face as Ebal to Gerizim, the frown of blighted rock to the smile of verdant heights,—hostile as the priest of falsehood to the true prophet,—there stand contrasted in this creed two domains of the world,—one surrendered to insurgent powers, the other reserved as the

nursing ground from which right and truth shall be spread. To the Hebrew, the pagan world was given over to a false allegiance, and inspired with diabolical delusions. For him to sacrifice to the genius of Cæsar would have been, therefore, a desertion to the enemies of God, forbidden by every claim of faithfulness and veracity. Thus we conceive that the moral conditions of the martyrs' protest against idol-worships were complete within the limits of Judaism before the mission of Christ: and that the essence of it lies, not in the exclusive characteristics of the gospel, but in the difference between Theistic reverence for a Personal Being, and the Pantheistic acknowledgment of an impersonal divineness. The peculiar function of Christianity in this respect was to become missionary to the world of this heroic fidelity transmitted from the parent faith, and hitherto bounded by its limits; and to find a place in the universal conscience of civilized nations for the duty of bearing testimony, though with tortures and death, to the pricelessness of truth and the sanctity of conviction. True it is that the gospel was qualified for this office by directing human faith upon a *Person*; and would have exercised no such power, had it been a mere philosophy presenting propositions for assent, instead of a Living Mind for trust and reverence. But this condition would have been attained by the simple extension of the Jewish Theism. The Personality, which is needed as a centre of intense fealty and affection, is found in the God of Hebrew tradition, and, for its effects in kindling a martyr-courage and constancy, did not require to be sought in the historical Jesus of Nazareth. He, no doubt, as the mediate expression of the Supreme Will, as the Being with whom the Church stood in direct contact, as the presence of the Divine in the Human, was the object of the disciples' actual allegiance. We do not in the least question this as a *fact*, but only as a *necessity*, ere we can account for the moral features of a martyr-age.

In singling out, as one of the grandest practical results of Christianity, the recognition it has obtained for the *Obligations of religious truth*, our author has rightly seized a characteristic distinction of modern from ancient society. The principle is a real agency of the first order in history: we do not accuse him of overrating its importance, but of mistaking its genealogy. And now we must add, that if we differ from him as to the source whence it comes, we differ still more as to the issues whither it conducts. So inconsiderately does he allow himself to be borne away by his evangelical zeal, that

he claims for the gospel, not only the glory of first revealing, but the exclusive right of ever practising, the duties of religious veracity. None but historical believers have the least title to attach any sacredness to their convictions, or to feel any hesitation about denying them. What business have the authors of the "Phases of Faith," and the "Creed of Christendom," to any better morality of belief than Gallio or Lucian? If they have not fallen back into the pagan indifferentism, they *ought* to have done so, and our author will continue very indignant till they do. He is offended with Mr. Newman for asking judgment on his "argument and himself, as before the bar of God;" and with Mr. Greg for saying that, in the process of changing cherished beliefs, "the pursuit of truth is a daily martyrdom," and for giving "honour to those who encounter it, saddened, weeping, trembling, but unflinching still!" And he is not ashamed to declare that the guileless veracity which in himself would be a martyr's constancy, would be in another an overweening conceit. So astonishing, logically and ethically, are his statements on this subject, and so curiously do they determine his intellectual position, that we must present them in his own words:—

"We Christian men of this age, along with our venerated martyr brethren of the ancient Church, in making this profession—that we may not lie to God, nor deny before men our inward conviction in matters of religion; we (as they did) affirm that which is consistent within itself, and which, in the whole extent of its meaning, is certain and is reasonable, grant us only our initial postulate, that Christianity is from heaven.

"But how is it, when this same solemn avowment comes from the lips of those who deny that postulate, and who scorn to recognise the voice of God in the Book? It is just thus; and those whom it concerns so to do, owe it to the world and to themselves, to make the ingenuous avowal.

"In the first place, the style and the very terms employed by these writers in denouncing the fact of the martyrdom they are undergoing, are all a flagrant plagiarism, and nothing better! A claim, in behalf of the Gospel, must be made of what is its own, and which these writers, without leave asked, have appropriated. As to every word and phrase upon which the significance of this their profession turns, it must be given up, leaving them in possession of so much only of the meaning of such phrases as would have been intelligible to PLUTARCH, to PORPHYRY, and to M. AURELIUS. A surrender must be made of the words CONSCIENCE, and TRUTH, and RIGHTEOUSNESS, and SIN; and, alas! modern unbelievers must be challenged to give me back that ONE awe-fraught NAME which they (must I not plainly say so?) have stolen out of the Book: when they have frankly made this large surrender, we may return to them the *re* *quis* of classical antiquity.

"Yet this plagiarism, as to terms, is the smaller part of that invasion of rights with which the same persons are chargeable. It is reasonable, and it is what a good man *must* do, to suffer anything rather than deny a persuasion, which is such that he could not, if he would, cast it off. So it was with the early Christian martyrs: their persuasion of the truth of the gospel had become part of themselves; it was faith absolute, in the fullest sense of the word. The same degree of irresistible persuasion attaches to the conclusions of mathematical or physical science; but it can never belong to an opinion, or to an undefined abstract belief. A man may indeed choose to die rather than contradict his personal persuasion of the truth of an opinion; but in doing so he has no right to take to himself the martyr's style. So to speak is to exhibit not constancy, but opinionativeness, or an overweening confidence in his own reasoning faculty.

"Polycarp could not have refused to die when the only alternative was to blaspheme CHRIST, his Lord: but Plutarch could not have been required to suffer in attestation of his opinion—good as it was—that the Poets have done ill in attributing the passions and the perturbations of human nature to the immortal gods; nor Seneca, in behalf of those astronomical and meteorological theories with which he entertains himself and his friend Lucilius.

"When those who, after rejecting Christianity, talk of suffering for the 'truth of God,' and speak as if they were conscience-bound 'toward God,' they must know that they not only borrow a language which they are not entitled to avail themselves of, but that they invade a ground of religious belief whereon they can establish for themselves no right of standing. They may indeed profess what *opinion* they please as to the Divine Attributes; but they cannot need to be told that which the misgivings of their own hearts so often whisper to them, that all such opinions are, at the very best, open to debate, and must always be indeterminate, and that at this time their own possession of the opinion which just now they happen to cling to, is, in the last degree, precarious. How then can martyrdom be transacted among those whose treading is upon the fleecy clouds of undemonstrable religious feeling?"—Pp. 92-94.

If, being orthodox, you die at the stake, you are a martyr: if, being heretic,—why,—then you are a man burnt:—a doctrine which Robert Hall compressed within the narrowest compass, when he said, "It is the saint which makes the martyr, not the martyr the saint." This is the very gospel of intolerance: and whoever preaches it may feel assured that he can lend no help in any worthy "Restoration of Belief;" for he is himself infected with the most profound and penetrating of scepticisms,—scepticisms of moral realities. The rule, "that we may not lie to God, nor deny before men our inward conviction in matters of religion," is, in our author's view, the gift and glory of Christianity. Be it so. This rule either holds for all men at all times, or

it does *not*,—if there be persons who, notwithstanding it, *may* lie to God, and deny their inward conviction,—then the Scriptures, in communicating it, have revealed no universal principle of duty, no obligation having its seat in the nature of things and the constitution of the human soul; but a mere sectional bye-law, an arbitrary precept for the security and good-ordering of one exclusive community. Then must we talk of it no more so exceeding proudly, as if it were a hidden truth revealed, a latent beauty opened: it is no part of the holy legislation of the universe, but a statutory enactment under which we fall, or from which we escape, as we pass in or out at the door of a certain historical belief. Need we say that this side of the alternative strips Christianity of every pretension to be a moral revelation at all? If, to take the other side, the rule in question *does* hold for all men, then it is no less binding on Mr. Newman and Mr. Greg than on our author; and in bowing to its authority and owning its sanctity, they render a homage as devoutly true as his, only different in this, that, while they feel no disturbance from his kneeling in the sanctuary at their side, he cannot be at peace till he has sprung to his feet and hurled them from the place. They are guilty of “plagiarism” forsooth! and in what? in knowing their duty, without knowing where they learned it! Oh shame upon this greediness, that would turn moral truth itself, and struggling aspiration, into a property! as if Christ were one to stand upon the copyright of revelation, and, unless his name were in the title-page, would suffer neither thought nor prayer to dedicate itself to God! Our author, as public prosecutor in the Supreme Court, demands that the defendants shall empty themselves out of every earnest sentiment, and surrender back the words CONSCIENCE, and TRUTH, and RIGHTEOUSNESS, and SIN, and GOD, “as *stolen* from the book!” What then was “the Book” given for, but that it might freely furnish these?—and how better can it fulfil its end, than by opening for them a sacred welcome wherever the *things* are which they disclose? Let their spirit breathe where it listeth; it will not be less a Holy Spirit that we know not “whence it cometh:” nor let it be forgot how old a feature of evangelic blessing it is, that “he that was healed *wist not who it was.*” As “the Book” does not, by its presence, *create* the facts which it reveals, so neither does its absence or rejection *destroy* them. Conscience, as an element of human nature, does not come or go,—

God, as reality in the universe, does not live or perish,—according as the Bible is kept in the pocket or laid upon the shelf: even if their first *witness* were in Scripture, *they themselves* are in the world; as active, as near, as certain, in the transactions of today, as in the affairs of distant history. Scientific truth, once well ascertained, can take care of itself, without being everywhere attended by the report of its first discovery: it is in the safe keeping of the objects on which it writes a new meaning, and the phenomena amid which it introduces a fresh symmetry. And moral truth, when once embodied and revealed, is not less independent of its earliest expression: it finds its response in human consciousness, its reflexion from human life; and weaves itself up into the very fabric of many souls, whose pattern bears no motto of its origin. Thus “revelation,”—just in proportion as it *is* revelation, and tells us what is cognate to ourselves, and bound up with the realities around us,—passes of necessity into “natural religion:” and precisely according to the measure in which it does so, will it acquire strength and permanence, and dispense with evidence by merging into self-evidence. Did it awaken in us *no* confirming experience, did it *nowhere* link itself with the visible system of things,—then, solving nothing, glorifying nothing, missed by all the moving indices of nature and Providence, it would sit apart, and become incredible. That could hardly be a truth at all, which, after roaming the world and searching the soul for eighteen centuries, has found no *natural* ground on which to rest, and must wander as an *ipse dixit* still. And if natural ground it has acquired, *that* is surely a proper basis for its present support: it may innocently cease to be held on mere authority: the very “plagiarism” so vehemently denounced is rather the fulfilment than the destruction of the faith; for it is only that men no longer resort to an oracle for things which the oracle has enabled them to see for themselves.

Our Christian advocate, however, is not content with reserving to his side the sole power of *discerning* the duty of religious veracity; he further claims the sole right to *practise* it. He teaches that it is *not binding* on all men at all times; and that its obligation is in any case conditional on the “initial postulate, that Christianity is from heaven.” He thinks, apparently, that the duty is not so much *revealed* as *constituted* by the gospel, so as to have no existence beyond the pale. We can collect from his words two considerations, under whose influence he seems to pronounce this strange

judgment. He evidently assumes that the duty of veracious profession is contingent partly on the *object-matter* of belief; partly on the *degree of evidence*. If my faith is directed towards a *Person*, then, he implies, there is treachery, even blasphemy, in denying it: but if not, my disclaimer gives no one any title to complain, and I cannot be expected to die on behalf of a proposition. Polycarp must not renounce Christ, his Lord; but Plutarch might very properly recant, without at all altering, his judgment against the poets, for ascribing passions to the gods. Is it so, indeed? Then there is no harm in a lie, unless some one is betrayed or insulted by it besides the hearers whom we deceive? and we may report as falsely as we please our persuasion about *things* provided we are true to our sentiments about *persons*? With full recollection of the questionable verdicts, on problems of veracity, which are given by Xenophon and Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, we doubt whether any pagan moralist can be quoted in favour of a doctrine so unworthy as this. The author seems to imagine that the obligation to speak the truth is a mere duty of personal affection; and that in the absence of this element, its claims altogether disappear. Identifying falsehood with detraction and ingratitude, he concludes that, since an abstract theory is insensible to what people say about it, and can have no services owing to it, it may be blamelessly repudiated by those who really believe it. This is tantamount to an expunging of veracity from the list of human duties altogether; for it gives importance to what is purely accidental, and slights what is alone essential to it. The conditions of a lie, in all its full-blown wickedness, are quite complete, when there is a person to speak it, a person to hear it, and a social state to be the theatre of the deception: should there be also a person *spoken of*, that is a circumstance in no way requisite to constitute the guilt, but a supplementary condition, flinging in a new element of pravity, and turning falsehood into faithlessness. The introduction of this additional person into the case, may doubtless render the offence much more flagrant, especially if he be one who has acknowledged claims on gratitude and reverence. Calumny and perfidy are justly held in deeper abhorrence than equivocation untainted with malignity. But to be unaffected by the criminality till it kindles with this diabolical glare, and not even to believe in it unless it smells sulphurous and burns red, betrays a perception too much accustomed to melodramatic contrasts of representation to appreciate the more

delicate tints and finer moral lights of the real and open day. And so far from the glory of martyrdom being heightened by the presence of deep personal affection as its inspiration, this very circumstance renders the act a less arduous sacrifice; just as to fall in the hot blood of battle may need less heroism of will, than to die under the knife upon the surgeon's table. In proportion as the denial of Christ in the hour of trial would be the more intolerable blasphemy, must the temptation to it be less overwhelming, and the merit of a good confession less amazing. And those who, in matters touching no such deep affection, can yet be true,—those who, in simple clearness of conscience, can dispense, if need be, with the help of enthusiasm, and so shut their lips against a lie, that not the searing iron can open them—those who do not want a grand occasion, but just as certainly use the smallest, to fling back the thing that is not,—have assuredly a soul of higher prowess and more severely proved fidelity to God. And it is a heartless thing to turn round upon these men, and taunt them with having no one at whose feet to lay their offering, and no popular sympathy to redeem their uprightness from the imputation of conceit.

There is, however, another consideration which weighs with our author in granting to "modern unbelievers" a dispensation from the duty of religious veracity. They have only a "personal persuasion" resting on precarious grounds, and not the certitude attaching to "the conclusions of mathematical and physical science:" and it would be folly to suffer on behalf of "*undemonstrable* religious feeling!" Are we then to lay it down as a canon in ethics, that intensity of assurance is the measure of our obligation to speak the truth,—so that we are to state our certainties correctly, but may tell lies about our doubts? If so, scrupulous fidelity is incumbent on us only within the limits of deductive science and of immediate personal observation: and in the great sphere of *human* affairs, in matters of historical, moral, and political judgment, nay, in the incipient stage of all knowledge, we may say and unsay, may play fast and loose with our convictions, according as the favour or the fear of men hangs over us. Newton was bound to stand by his "*Principia*;" but Locke might have renounced his treatise on Government and taken his oath to the divine rights of kings! Were he indeed to refuse so easy a compliance, it would be a great reflection upon his modesty; for if a man, on being threatened with death, will not belie his own persuasion of probable



truth, he is chargeable with "overweening confidence in his own reasoning faculty!" It is happy for the world that it does not always accept the morals of the church, but brings an unperverted feeling to correct the twisted logic of belief. "Opinion," a wise man has said, "is but knowledge in the making;" and how little knowledge would get made, if opinion were emptied of its conscience, and looked on itself as an egotism rather than a trust! If there is one fruit of intellectual culture which more than another dignifies and ennobles it, it is the scrupulous reverence it trains for the smallest reality, its watchfulness for the earliest promise of truth, its tender care of every stamen in the blossoming of thought, from whose flower-dust the seed of a richer futurity may grow. To cut against this fine veracious sense with the weapons of unappreciating sarcasm, and crush its objects into the ground as weeds with the heel of orthodox scorn, is a feat which can advance the step of Christian evidence, only by betraying the Christian ethics. Our author has entangled himself in the metaphor indicated by the word "*martyrdom*:" he thinks of the confessor as *bearing witness* to something,—which is indeed quite true; and supposes that the things to which he bears witness must be the *facts or doctrines* held by him; and *this* is not true at all. For that which we attest in the hour of persecution is simply *our own state of mind; our belief*, and not the object believed. We are required to utter words, or to perform acts, that shall give report of our persuasion: this persuasion is a fact in our personal psychology about which there is no ambiguity; which, as a presence in our consciousness, is wholly unaffected by the question, how it got there, and by what logical tenure it holds its seat. Whether we have demonstrated it into the mind or fetched it thither in a dream, whether we had it yesterday, or shall continue to have it to-morrow,—are matters in no way altering the fact that it is there; and if we say 'No' to it, while conscious of a 'Yes,' the aim is neither greater when the belief concerns the properties of a geometric solid, nor less when it touches some indeterminate problem of metaphysics. The logical ground of our judgments is various without end,—perception, testimony, reasoning, in every possible combination. But the persuasion, once attained, is a simple phenomenon, whose affirmation, or denial, being always positively true, cannot change its moral complexion with every shade in the evidence now left behind. It is plain that, in our author's favourite case of martyrdom, no testimony could be borne by the Christian

to anything but his own conviction. Poly-carp and Cyprian could only answer in the face of death, that they were Christians; it was not "on behalf of" any outward fact, but simply because they would not belie their inward belief, that they laid down their lives. And had Plutarch been dragged before some anthropomorphist inquisition, and been called on publicly to declare his belief that the immortal gods were well and truly painted by the poets as having passions like mankind, the lie to which he was tempted would have been precisely of the same kind; and had it passed his lips, would have made him despicable as an apostate. He had no power, nor had the church confessor, over the truth or evidence of his opinion; neither of them had any *witness*, in the strict sense, to bear; but both might veraciously scorn to deny a fact unambiguously present to their self-knowledge. If the heathen's firmness is an example of "overweening confidence in his own reasoning faculty," by what favouring difference does the Christian's escape the same imputation? That his faith is "absolute," his persuasion "irresistible," so far from furnishing a vindication, only avows the fact that his "confidence" is intense; whether it be "overweening" too, must depend on the proportion between the certitude he feels and the grounds of just assurance he possesses. But at all events it is a confidence,—in this case as in the other,—undeniably reposed "*in his own reasoning faculty*." How else could any belief,—except a groundless belief,—reach the convert's mind at all? It is vain to pretend that the receivers of an historic doctrine plant their reliance piously on God, while its rejecters proudly trust themselves. There is no less subjective action of the mind on the positive side than on the negative; and on the soundness of that action does the worth of the result in either instance depend. The evidence on both sides comes into the same court of criticism; and pleading and counter-pleading must ask a hearing from the same judicial intelligence. If our author refers the gospels to the first century, and his opponents to the second: if he finds a miracle in the gift of tongues, they a delusion; if he thinks that the reasoning out of the Old Testament in the New is exegetically and logically sound, they that it is in both respects unsound; is he not concerned with the same topics, conducting the same processes, liable to the same mistaken estimates, as they? How then can he flatter himself that the same thing is believed on one tenure, and disbelieved on quite another? How affect, even while playing the advocate, to be raised above the contingencies of the "reasoning

faculty," and entitled to rebuke its pride? How renounce it for himself, appeal to it for your assent, abuse it for your dissent, in the wayward course of two or three pages?

Our author stands, therefore, in spite of every effort to escape it, on the same logical ground as his opponents; and they, notwithstanding his objection to their companionship, are on the same footing of religious obligation with himself. He is offended to find such a one as Mr. Newman on the same sacred pavement, and to overhear from unbelieving lips the genuine tones of prayer; and thanking God, apprises men, that he "is not as this publican." He prosecutes for trespass all who, after rejecting his Christianity, can dare to profess allegiance to the "truth of God," and "speak as if they were conscience-bound towards God." Are they then *not* so bound? Has no one a conscience except the approved historical believer? Is it not in others also a Divine voice—a Holy Spirit—which to resist and stifle were the true and only "Infidelity?" Surely the faith in God, and the earnest acceptance of the laws of duty as the expression of his authority, are not forbidden to men who cannot assume the disciple's style. These sentiments, so far from waiting on revelation for their possibility, are the prerequisite conditions of all revelation, the state of mind to which it speaks, the secret power by which it finds us out: and if men cannot be "conscience-bound towards God" *before and without* Christianity, never can they become so, *after it and with it*. It does not take us up as Atheists and brutes, and supply us with the faulties as well as the substance of faith; else were there no medium of suasion across the boundary of unbelief;—but it appeals to us as knowing much and aspiring to more,—as already before the face, only shrinking from the clear look of God,—as feeling the divine restraint upon us of justice, purity, and truth, but unable, without some emancipating power, to turn it into freedom and joy. This spirit of profound sympathy, not of arrogant insult, towards the highest faiths and affections of our nature, we recognise in the portraiture and teachings of Jesus Christ: and when we find one who, like our author, instead of rejoicing that the sacred embers of nature are yet warm, instead of kneeling over them to fan them with a breath of reverence into a flame, flings them with scattering scorn on the damp ground of his own moral scepticism to show how little they will burn,—we see reversed in the "Restorer of Belief" the divine temper of the "Author of Faith." Such a teacher will vainly endeavour to recover by severity

of warning the influence he forfeits by want of sympathy. He cannot frighten men like Parker, Newman, Greg, by appealing to fancied "misgivings of their own hearts" respecting the precariousness of their convictions, and uttering dismal prophecies about yawning gulfs; which, however alarming as a shudder of rhetoric, can disturb no quiet trust in reality. Let us hear the words, however:—

"Educated men should not wait to be reminded that those who, after abandoning a peremptory historic belief, endeavour to retain Faith and Piety for their comfort, stand upon a slope that has no ledges: Atheism in its simplest form yawns to receive those who there stand; and they know themselves to be gravitating towards it.

"It would be far more reasonable for a man to die as a martyr for Atheism—a stage beyond which no further progress is possible, than to do so at any point short of that terminus, knowing as he does that every day is bringing him nearer to the gulf. The stronger the mind is, and the more it has of intellectual massiveness, the more rapid will be its descent upon this declivity. Minds of little density, and of much airy sentiment, may stay long where they are, just as grats and flies walk to and fro upon the honied sides of a china vase; they do not go down, but never again will they fly."—P. 94.

This is one of the conventional minatory arguments which betray the absence of security and repose from the heart of the received theology; whose teachers could never propound it, except from a position of conscious danger. They must imagine in their own case that, if they were to find the gospels no longer oracular, they would plunge at once into endless depths of negation: and that unless they can refute an interpretation of De Wette's, or correct a date of Baur's, there will be eternal night in heaven. They feel the universe, and life, and love, and sorrow, and the history of times and races unbaptised, to be all atheistic through and through,—profane to the core,—untraced by a vestige, untransfigured by a colour, of divine significance. What they can think of a Being who creates all reality and lives in it on these blindfold terms, we will not attempt to decide: but it is no wonder that, having once brought themselves to believe in Him, they feel how a single move would upset them into disbelief. This thing, however, is true of their own state of mind alone; whose spaces, dark throughout with scepticism but for one distant lamp, might easily be left without a ray. It is consistent neither with reason nor with experience to threaten with this rule men who have opened their souls to something else than documentary authority. It is notoriously false that the career of his-

toric doubt usually terminates in the loss of all faith in God: nor do we suppose that our author would have awarded to the Atheist, for actually reaching this point, the praise of "intellectual massiveness," had he not wanted a heavy weight to slide down his metaphorical inclined plane,\* and outstrip the slippery believers who try to stop half-way. The accusation against Theism, of being possible to the light-minded and superficial,—a mere sweet-bait to entrap the silly insects of the intellectual world,—is confuted by the whole history of philosophy and human culture: all whose grandest names have connected themselves with the recognition of a religion indigenous or accessible to the faculties of the soul. Let our author collect on one side of his library all the giants and heroes of utter disbelief, and on the other the literature of natural faith; nay, let him ransack for fresh names and forgotten: suffrages Lalande's "Dictionnaire des Athées;" and if, having weighed the various merits of Leucippus and Lucretius, of Baron d'Holbach and La Mettrie, of Robert Owen and Atkinson, he thinks them of more sterling mass than the pure gold of thought and life accumulated by Socrates, Plato, Antoninus,—by Anselm and Abelard,—Descartes and Arnaud,—by the authors of the "Theodicée," the "Essay on the Human Understanding," and the "Principles of Human Knowledge,"—by Kant and Cousin, by Butler and Paley and Arnold;—we can only profess a dissent from his intellectual taste, not less than from his moral judgment.

The few pages on which we have been commenting were the first,—though they are near the end of the treatise,—that fully opened our eyes to the author's theological *animus*. For awhile, his large professions, and, no doubt, sincere purpose of fairness,—his apparent breadth of view, and his free hand in putting down his subject on the canvass, secured our admiring confidence, and made us feel that here at length justice, earnestness, and accomplishment will go together. One feature, indeed, we noticed as giving a suspicious appearance to his equity of temper: it displays itself more in

\* The question has been raised, whether the author of the "Restoration of Belief," who presents himself to us through the Cambridge publisher, is really a University man? To those who are curious about such critical problems, we would suggest this consideration, as having some bearing on the case: "Could a person who had studied the laws of accelerated motion at the authoritative school of English science, have so forgotten his formulas as to make his *heaviest* man on that account his *quickest*?" The authorship, however, is not less evident than if the boo: had been published by Messrs. Longmans, or by Holdsworth & Ball.

ensoriousness towards his friends than in large-heartedness towards his antagonists. He readily allows faults in the advocates of his own side, but is never carried away into even a momentary appreciation of the other. This particular form of impartiality, which consists in detracting from the merits of allies, instead of delighting in those of opponents, is the ecclesiastic counterfeit of candour,—the half-shekel, which is alone payable in the temple-service, but which nowhere, save at the sacred money-table, is deemed equivalent to the good Roman coin of common life. Much as we dislike the chink of this consecrated metal, we hoped that it would only ring for a passing instant on the ear. But alas! it is an indication seldom deceptive; and we feel constrained to report that there are, in this tract, quotations from both Mr. Newman and Mr. Greg, which, if we were in the court of veracity, and not of theology, we would say, are unconscionably made. The quotations are made anonymously as well as unfaithfully, so that the reader, unless haunted by the checking impressions of memory, cannot correct the injustice of the writer. "The Phases of Faith" describes, it will be remembered, the gradual course of Mr. Newman's defections from his original orthodoxy. His first movements of doubt were naturally timid and inconsiderable, bringing him only to the conclusion, that the genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew was copied wrong, and counted wrong, from the Old Testament. On this step followed a second, and a third, each more important than the preceding, and necessitating a next more momentous than itself. The latter stages of his progress included an inquiry into the evidence of the Resurrection, the miraculous gifts ascribed to the early church, the claims to credit of the Apostle Paul, and other topics, undeniably affecting the very essence of Christian evidence. Having traced the successive advances of his doubts, Mr. Newman, in a recapitulatory "Conclusion," makes a solemn appeal to his readers, to say at what point he could have stopped, and to lay a finger distinctly on the place at which the guilt of his scepticism began. One by one he counts out the steps by which he had proceeded, and asks, "Was this the sinful one?" The whole effect of the appeal is certainly an impression that the series, if not an inevitable sequence, is very difficult to break; and that, small as the beginnings were, they linked themselves, by close connexion, with very momentous results. From this chapter our author cites a sentence or two, but in such a way as immediately to conjoin the small initial steps of doubt with the great ultimate conclusion, and to make it appear

that Mr. Newman renounced Christianity, because he could not make out the pedigree of Jesus to his satisfaction. The genealogical difficulty is the only one which he quotes, and as to which Mr. Newman is permitted to speak for himself. Presenting this as a specimen, and suppressing all the rest, he says that he could have shown "this writer" a course far better "than, on account of difficulties such as these, to renounce Christianity!" His citation from Mr. Greg is introduced as follows:—

"Let another witness be heard; and in hearing him one might think that his words are an echo that has come softly travelling down, through sixteen centuries, from some field of blood, or some forum, or some amphitheatre, where Christian men were witnessing a good confession in the midst of their mortal agonies! This witness is one who assures us that 'he can believe no longer, he can worship no longer: he has discovered that the creed of his early days is baseless, or fallacious.' Yet he, too, takes up the MARTYR TRUTH, that we must not lie to God."—p. 91.

Here, then, Mr. Greg (with concealment of his name) is represented as one who, by his own confession, *can neither believe nor worship any more*. Turning to the preface of the "Creed of Christendom," we find the following original to this quotation:—

"The pursuit of truth is easy to a man who has no human sympathies, whose vision is impaired by no fond partialities, whose heart is torn by no divided allegiance. To him the renunciation of error presents few difficulties; for the moment it is recognised as error, its charm ceases. But the case is very different with the Searcher whose affections are strong, whose associations are quick, whose hold upon the Past is clinging and tenacious. He may love Truth with an earnest and paramount devotion; but he loves much else also. He loves errors, which were once the cherished convictions of his soul. He loves dogmas which were once full of strength and beauty to his thoughts, though now perceived to be baseless or fallacious. He loves the church where he worshipped in his happy childhood; where his friends and his family worship still; where his grey-haired parents await the resurrection of the Just; but WHERE he can worship and await no more. He loves the simple old creed, which was the creed of his earlier and brighter days; which is the creed of his wife and children still; but which inquiry has compelled him to abandon. The past and the familiar have chains and talismans which hold him back in his career, till every fresh step forward becomes an effort and an agony; every fresh error discovered is a fresh bond snapped asunder; every new glimpse of light is like a fresh flood of pain poured in upon the soul. To such a man the pursuit of Truth is a daily martyrdom—how hard and bitter let the martyr tell. Shame to those who make it doubly so; honour to those who encounter it saddened, weeping, trembling, but unflinching still."—P. xvi.

Our author would snatch from Mr. Greg the right to say, we must not lie to God. Which has the better right to say, "Thou shalt not lie to Men?"

The more ingenuously the modern orthodoxy lays bare its essence, the more evident is it that a profound scepticism not only mingles with it, but constitutes its very inspiration. The dread of losing God, the impression that there is but one patent way, not of duty, but of thought, of meeting him, haunts the minds of men, driving some to Anglicanism to compensate defect of faith by excess of sacrament; some to Rome in quest of the Lord's body; and prompting others to conservative efforts of Bibliolatry, conducted with ever-decreasing reason and declining hope. We have seen, however, no such exemplification of this radical distrust as in the treatise before us. Already has the writer declared that the moral side of the universe sends in, with regard to religion, an empty report. And now he hastens to tell us that, on the physical side, the watchmen from every observatory of nature cry out, "No God." He represents the natural sciences as a huge, Titanic, resistless mass of knowledge, perfectly demonstrable, and completely irreligious; descending, like a glacier, from the upper valleys of frozen thought; sure to scrape away the wild pine woods and the green fields of natural religion, yet considerate enough, for some reason unexplained, to spare the foundations of the village church. Designating every faith except his own by such phrases as "theosophic fancies," and "pietistic notions," he assures us that they will all be put "right out of existence" by "our modern physical sciences;" and he borrows from the "Positive Philosophy," (apparently by unconscious sympathy) the following maxim to justify his prediction:—

"In any case when that which on any ground of proof takes full hold of the understanding, (such, for example, are the most certain of the conclusions of Geology,) stands contiguous to that which, in a logical sense, is of inferior quality, and is indeterminate, and fluctuating, and liable to retrogression,—in any such case there is always going on a silent encroachment of the more solid mass upon the ground of that which is less solid. What is SURE will be pressing upon what is uncertain, whether or not the two are designedly brought into collision or comparison. What is well defined weighs upon, and against, what is ill defined. Nothing stops the continuous involuntary operation of SCIENCE in dislodging OPINION from the minds of those who are conversant with both.

"A very small matter that is indeed determinate, will be able to keep a place for itself against this incessantly encroaching movement; but nothing else can do so. As to any of those

theosophic fancies which we may wish to cling to, after we have thrown away the Bible, we might as well suppose that they will resist the impact of the mathematical and physical sciences, as imagine that the lichens of an Alpine gorge will stay the slow descent of a glacier."—P. 97.

Here it is alleged that Science and Opinion cannot co-exist,—that the demonstrable will banish the probable. And be it observed, this is to take place, not simply where contradiction arises between the two orders of belief, but in *all cases*, from the mere *distaste* which quantitative studies produce towards everything which evades their rules. In this allegation there is, we believe, with much exaggeration, a certain small amount of truth,—a truth, however, which, so far from supporting our author's plea against natural religion, offers it a conclusive refutation. It may be admitted that the exact and mixed sciences *do* disincite their votary to put trust in the processes by which judgments of probability are formed, and alienate him from thinkers who read off the meaning of the universe by another key than his. Accustomed to deal with Number and Space, with Motion and Force alone; to reason upon them by a Calculus which is helpless beyond their range; to exercise Faculties involving nothing beyond the interpretation of mensurative signs and the conception of relative magnitudes; he owes it to something else than his peculiar discipline, if he has either the instruments or the aptitudes for moral and philosophical reflection. He carries into the world, as his sole means of representing and solving its phenomena, the notion of physical necessity and linear sequence, secretly defining the universe to himself as Leibnitz defined an organized being,—“a machine, whose smallest parts are also machines,”—and naturally grows impatient when he finds himself in fields of thought over which this narrow imagination opens no track. With respect, therefore, to a certain class of minds, rendered perhaps increasingly numerous by the long neglect of the moral sciences in England, it may be quite true, that a spirit of utter disbelief towards everything beyond the range of necessary matter may more and more prevail. Let us further grant to our author, for the moment, three things assumed by him, all of them, however, false. 1, That this tendency of the “demonstrable sciences,” is their *only* one having a bearing on “Theosophic systems.” 2, That it is so *new*, at least in degree, as to give “opinion” a worse chance for the future than it has had in the past. 3, That it is a *good* tendency, favourable to human knowledge and charac-

ter. Still we must ask, how is the *oracular authority of the Bible* to escape the fate predicted for all probabilities? Our author assures us that it *will* escape: but he gives no faintest hint of a reason for so singular an exception to his own canon. It cannot be contended that the evidences of Christianity and Judaism belong to any of the “demonstrable” or “physical” sciences. It cannot be denied that they lie wholly within the limits of contingent knowledge, and terminate only in “probabilities;” that the authorship, for instance, of the fourth Gospel, the credibility of the introductory chapters of Matthew, the correctness of the prophecies about the second advent, are matters which, “standing contiguous” to the laws of refracted and reflected light, occupy the position of the *less sure* in relation to the *more sure*; that the *relative* chronology of the Scripture books is more indeterminate than that of the geologic strata, and their *actual* dates more uncertain than those of the eclipses fatal to Nicias and to Perseus. What then is to exempt these judgments of verisimilitude from being pushed “right out of existence” by the “silent encroachment of the more solid mass” of knowledge beside it? Nothing can be plainer than that all testimonial knowledge whatsoever, all history, criticism, and art,—the whole system of moral and political sciences, must fall under our author's fatal sentence: and how the propositions which sustain the infallible authority of the canonical books are to hold their ground against the huge glacier on which Herschel, Airy and De Morgan, Comte and Leverrier, triumphantly ride, it is not easy to conceive. Amid the universal crash of probabilities, may not the Mosaic tables of stone, broken once, be pulverized at last? With the abrasion of all the alluvial soil in which the growths of wonder strike their roots,—will the garden of Eden, will the blighted fig-tree, remain to mark a verdant and a barren spot in history? Will these riding philosophers from their cold observatory find Paul's “third heaven”? May not their icy mountain slip into “the abyss” whence all the demons came, and fill it up? These questions indeed are answered for us in experience. It is notorious that whenever an unbounded devotion to science has produced a prevalent tendency to disbelief, Revelation, so far from being spared, has been usually the first object of attack: and, both at the origin of modern science in the sixteenth century, and during its accelerated advance towards the close of the eighteenth, the widening conception of determinate Law was found to threaten nothing so decisively

as the faith in supernatural dispensations. The greater scepticism includes the less: and the habit of mind which lets slip all beliefs not legitimated by the canons of natural science, cannot possibly retain Christianity.

But our author has only *half* described the mental effect of studies purely scientific. They do not, in the nature of things they *cannot*, simply push out of the mind all contingent judgments. Human life and action are one continuous texture of such judgments, with some interweaving, no doubt, of mathematic forms, which could not be picked out without spoiling the symmetry of its pattern: but were you to withdraw the threads of probable opinion, still more to cut the warp of primitive assumptions that stretches through it, the web would simply fall to pieces. No youth can decide on a profession, no man appoint an agent in his business, no physician prescribe for a patient, no judge pronounce a sentence, no statesman answer a despatch, without a constant resort to "surmises," a reliance on slender indications, often even a deliberate adoption of very doubtful hypotheses. All men are driven from hour to hour into positions demanding combinations of thought which can be borrowed from no natural science; where not the laws of matter and motion, not the equilibrium of forces, not the properties of things, are chiefly concerned,—but the feelings and faculties of persons, the action and reaction of human affairs. Mathematicians and natural philosophers being in no way exempt from these conditions, are obliged to have just as many "opinions" and "guesses," as other men: they cannot, if they are to keep their footing on this world at all, have a smaller stock than their neighbours of this "logically inferior" order of persuasions. They are unable to abdicate the necessity of having these persuasions: and their only peculiarity is, that they sometimes import into contingent affairs the methods with which habit has rendered them familiar in another sphere, and so find the conditions of belief unsatisfied; and at others, from consciousness that their own clue will not serve, yet inaptitude for seizing a better, surrender themselves to the fortuitous guidance of ill-balanced faculties and external solicitations. Hence their judgments are frequently fantastic, frequently sceptical; not less liable to be too easy from one cause than to be too reluctant from another: and were a history to be written of the most remarkable extravagances, positive as well as negative, by which religion and philosophy have sprung aside from the centre of common

sense and feeling, it would contain more names of great repute in the exact sciences than from any other intellectual class whatever. From Pythagoras to Swedenborg, the eccentricities of mathematical and physical imagination have been the chief disturbers of a natural and healthy faith. Harmonic theories of the universe, Ideal Numbers, Geometric Ethics, Rosicrucian fraternities, Vortices and Monads, Apocalyptic studies, new Jerusalems, and Electrobiological metaphysics, have all borne testimony to the aberrant fancy of eminent proficients in the sciences. It is, therefore, far from being universally true, that disputable theosophies and conjectural systems of the universe, are distasteful to minds schooled in the "demonstrable sciences." If to men of this order we owe the successive dislodgment of one such hypothesis after another, to them also do we owe their continual reproduction. Whether the unsoundness of judgment which is contracted in the absence of historical, moral, and metaphysical studies shall show itself in an excessive slowness or an excessive facility of belief, will depend on accidents of personal character and social position. But of this we may be sure:—if the *sceptical* temper be the direction taken, the Bible will not be spared;—if the *credulous*, "theosophic fancies" will be copiously saved.

Can there, after all, be a more paradoxical spectacle, than that of a religious writer allying himself with the sceptical propensities of science, in order to get rid of gainsayers of the Bible? It is the counterpart in logic of the Italian game in politics,—the Pope appealing to Parisian swords to drive out the Republic, and save the head of Christendom? Is it possible that our author can *approve* the agency which he thus invokes? that he can really wish to see it in the intellectual ascendant, and garrisoning every sacred fortress of the world? Does he remember what are the fundamental canons of its logic,—that we know nothing but Phenomena,—that Causation is nothing but phenomenal priority,—or else, that Force is the prior datum of which Thought is a particular and posterior development? And what, on the other hand, are the "theosophic fancies," against which he would plant this barbaric artillery of Fate? They are such as these,—That our faculties give us trustworthy reports, not of phenomena only, but of their abiding Ground,—Soul within, God without; that the moral Law of Obligation in the one, is the expression of Holy Will in the other;—that faithfulness in the Human mind to its highest aspirations, brings it into communion with the

Divine ;—that as the Soul is the free Image, so is Nature the determinate Handiwork of God. If these doctrines, spurned by our author with so rude a flippancy, were to surrender to the hostility on which he relies, is he unaware of the character the conflict would assume, and of the dynasty of thought which would reign undisputed at the close? Fighting by the side of such allies against “theosophic fancies,” he may skirmish with the “fancies,” but they will bear right down upon the “Theism” in the centre: and when the day is over, the standard they will plant upon the conquered towers will be, not the sacred dove he took into the field, and lost to the defeated foe, but their own blind black eagle of necessity. How strange is the perversion of instinctive sympathies, when a theologian disparages the sciences of reflection and self-knowledge, and takes his stand on the evidence of sense and measurement alone!—when he proposes to sweep out beliefs that trouble him with their neighbourhood, by a general crusade against all probabilities;—and when, with this design, he violates the just balance of power among the kingdoms of human knowledge, and flatters, as if it were a virtue, the pretensions of a mental habit which, out of its own province, is one of the most incapacitating, yet destructive, of intellectual vices! There is, however, a certain secret affinity of feeling between a Religion which exaggerates the functions and overstrains the validity of an external authority, and a Science which deals only with objective facts, perceived or imagined. The point of sympathy is found in a common distrust of everything internal, even of the very faculties (as soon as they are contemplated as such) by which the external is apprehended and received. And between this sort of faith and the mathematics, there is another analogy, which may explain so curious a mutual understanding. Both rest upon *hypotheses*, which it is beyond their province to look into, but after the assumption of which, all room for opinion is shut out by a rigid necessity. Once get your infallible book, and (supposing the meaning unambiguous) it settles every matter on which it pronounces: and once allow the first principles and definitions in geometry to express truths and realities, and you can deny nothing afterwards. It is the business of philosophy to go *below* the mathematics, and determine whether they are *more than hypothetical* science,—whether their assumptions are a mere play of subjective necessity, or are objectively trustworthy. It is the business of both reflective philosophy and historical criticism

to go below “the book,” and determine whether it has *more than hypothetical* infallibility,—whether the conditions, inner and outer, of such a claim are or are not satisfied. If even the Mathematics, which have little to fear from the investigation of their basis, have not been on the best terms with Metaphysics, it is hardly surprising that a Religion of mere external authority should feel antipathy for the studies which pry into its foundations, with the inevitable effect of showing that what is *certainly* above ground is *opinion* below. Nor is it wonderful that both sets of beliefs are fond of forgetting their hypothetical origin, contemplating only their acquired semblance of security, and speaking as if they disowned contingency altogether, and despised the detractors who could suspect such a taint in their blood. Hence the fellow-feeling which occasionally unites a rigid theology, and an exclusive physical and mathematical science. It is founded on their joint antipathy to the sources of *moral* knowledge,—their common blindness to one half of human culture. Like all alliances resting on antipathy alone, it is neither honourable nor durable. It is the function of Religion to occupy a tranquil seat above the contests of partial pursuits and narrow interests; as, in the world of action, to hold the balance of Right, so in the world of intellect, to preserve the equities and the equilibrium of Truth: and her trust is betrayed by any one who flings himself, as her representative, into the civil wars of the sciences, and in her name signs away whole provinces of thought, and abandons them to outrage and confiscation as conquered lands. Human faith has nothing to fear from the unity and perfection of all the sciences; but much from the blind ambition of each one. It is from this persuasion alone, and not from any defective appreciation of physical studies, that we have spoken freely of their tendency, when the mind is entirely inclosed within them. The undoubted source of inestimable blessings to mankind, and an indispensable element of culture to the individual, they are mischievous only when they grow dizzy with success, and propound schemes of universal empire. The moment they undertake either to create or destroy a religion, the sign is unmistakable that this intoxicated ambition has begun to work.

The relation of Religion to History our author appears to us to conceive much more correctly than its relation to Science. On this great topic, however, our limits forbid us to enter. One remark only we will make. The author misconceives the objec-

tion of Theodore Parker and others to the ordinary doctrine of historical revelation. They do not, as he affirms, "disjoin religion from history," or in the least decline the "travelling back to ages past" on its account. It is not the *presence* of God in antiquity, but his presence *only* there,—not his inspiration in Palestine, but his withdrawal from every spot besides,—not even his supreme and unique expression in Jesus of Nazareth, but his absence from every other human medium,—against which these writers protest. They feel that the usual Christian advocate has adopted a narrow and even irreligious ground; that he has not found a satisfactory place in the Divine scheme of human affairs for the great Pagan world; that he has presumptuously branded all history but one as "profane;" that he has not only read it without sympathy and reverence, but has used it chiefly as a foil to show off the beauty of evangelic truth and holiness, and so has dwelt only on the inadequacy of its philosophy, the deformities of its morals, the degenerate features of its social life; that he has forgotten the divine infinitude when he assumes that Christ's plenitude of the Spirit implies the emptiness of Socrates. In their view, he has rashly undertaken to prove, not one *positive* fact,—a revelation of divine truth in Galilee;—but an *infinite negative*,—no inspiration anywhere else. To this *negation*, and to this alone, is their remonstrance addressed. They do not deny a *theophany* in the gift of Christianity; but they deny two very different things, viz., 1, That this is the *only* theophany; and, 2, That this is theophany *alone*; that is, they look for *some* divine elements elsewhere; and they look for *some* human here. It is not therefore a smaller, but a larger, religious obligation to history, which they are anxious to establish; and they remain in company with the Christian advocates, so long as his devout and gentle mood continues; and only quit him when he enters on his sceptical antipathies. This, in spite of every resistance from the rigour of the older theology, is an inevitable consequence of the modern historical criticism. Its large and genial apprehension opens for us new admirations, new sympathies, clearer insight into human realities, throughout the nations and ages of the past. It melts away from our ancient moral geography the ideal contrasts of colouring which made the world the scene of an unnatural dualism, and reinstates the great families of man in unity. It is doing for our conception of the moral world what science has already done for our conception of the natural: it is expanding

our notion of Divine agency within it. As, in reference to physical nature, we have learned to think that God did not enact creation but once and cease; so are we beginning to perceive, in relation to the human mind and life, that he did not enter history only once and quite exceptionally. Whoever opens his heart to this great thought will find in it not the uneasiness of doubt, but the repose of faith. He will no longer fancy that, in order to keep Christianity as the divinest of all, he must fear to feel aught else divine. He will worship still at the same altar, and sing his hymn to the same strain; only with a richer chorus of consentient voices, and in a wider communion of faithful souls.

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#### ART. IX.—SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS POLICY.

1. *Life and Times of Sir Robert Peel.* By W. C. Taylor. London. 1848.
2. *Speeches of Sir Robert Peel.* (In course of publication.) London. 1851.
3. *Political Life of Lord George Bentinck.* By B. Disraeli. London. 1852.
4. *History of the Whig Administration.* By J. A. Roebuck. London. 1852.

WITHIN one generation three statesmen have been suddenly called away in the zenith of their fame, and in the full maturity of their powers. All of them were followed to their graves by the sincerest sorrow of the nation; but the nature of the grief thus universally felt was modified in each case by the character of the individual, the position which he held, and the nature of the services which the country anticipated from him. When Sir Samuel Romilly fell beneath the overwhelming burden of a private calamity, the nation was appalled at the suddenness of the catastrophe, and mourned over the extinction of so bright a name. He had never held any very prominent public office, though the general estimation in which he was held designated him ultimately for the very highest. He had achieved little, because he was a reformer in a new path, and had to fight his way against the yet unshaken prejudices of generations, and the yet unbroken ranks of the veteran opponents of all change; but thoughtful men did honour to the wisdom and purity of his views, and there was steadily growing up among all classes of the community a profound conviction of his earnestness, sincerity



ty, and superiority to all selfish and party aims, and a deep and hearty reverence for the stern, grave, Roman-like virtue which distinguished him from nearly all his contemporaries. It was universally felt that if he had lived he would have risen high and have done much; and that whether he lived or died, the mere existence of so lofty and spotless a character reflected lustre on the country where he shone, and raised the standard by which public men were judged. It was felt that although England might not suffer greatly by the loss of his services, it would at least be the less bright and glorious for his departure; and hence he was mourned for with an unusually unselfish and single-minded grief.—The regret of the nation at Canning's untimely death was at once more bitter and more mixed. A brilliant "spirit was eclipsed;" the voice that had so long charmed us was henceforth to be silent; the intellect that had served the country so long and so gallantly could serve her no more. All this was sad enough, but there was something beyond this. There was the feeling that the curtain had fallen before the drama was played out, when its direction had just been indicated, but while the issue could as yet be only dimly guessed. There was a general impression that, with his acceptance of the Foreign Office in 1822, a new era and a noble line of policy had commenced for England, and that, with his accession to the premiership in 1827, the ultimate triumph of that policy was secured; that the flippancy and insolence which had made him so many enemies in early life were about to be atoned for by conscientious principle and eminent services; that years and experience had matured his wisdom while sobering his temper and strengthening his powers; that the wit and genius which, while he was the ill-yoked colleague of Pitt, Sidmouth, and Castlereagh, had too often been employed to adorn narrowness, to hide incapacity, and to justify oppression, would now be consecrated to the cause of freedom and of progress;—and that the many errors of his inconsiderate youth would be nobly redeemed by the dignified labours of his ripened age. With one memorable and painful exception, his former antagonists were yearning to forgive the past, and to form the most sanguine visions for the future; and the dismay which his elevation spread among the tyrants abroad was the measure of the joy with which it was hailed by the Liberals at home. When, therefore, he died after only four months' tenure of his lofty station, the universal cry was, that the good cause had lost its best soldier and its brightest hope. Men

could scarcely forbear from murmuring that so brief a sceptre had been granted to one who meant so well and could have done so much; and to all the friends of human progress the announcement of his death was like thick darkness settling down upon their cherished anticipations. But another feeling mixed with those of sorrow and despondency—a feeling of bitter indignation. Right or wrong, it was believed that Canning had fallen a victim, not to natural maladies, nor yet to the fatigues of his position, but to the rancorous animosity of former associates and eternal foes. It was believed that he had been *hunted to death*, with a deliberate malignity, which, to one so acutely sensitive as himself, could scarcely have been otherwise than fatal. There was much truth in this. The old aristocrats hated him as a plebeian, though Nature's self had unmistakably stamped him as a noble: the exclusives loathed him as an "adventurer;" the Tories abhorred him as an innovator; powerful and well-born rivals could not forgive him for the genius which had enabled him to climb over their heads; some could not forget his past sins; others could not endure his present virtues;—and all combined to mete out to him, in overwhelming measure, the injustice, the sarcasm, the biting taunt, the merciless invective, with which, in days long gone by, he had been wont to encounter his antagonists. There was something of righteous retribution in the treatment which must have made it doubly difficult to bear:—what wonder that he sank under the assault? But the British nation, which instinctively revolts from any flagrant want of generosity, and will not endure that a man should be punished for attempting, however tardily, to recover and do right,—have done full justice to his memory, and have never heartily pardoned his assailants.

The sudden and untimely death of Sir Robert Peel gave a severe shock to the feelings of the country, occasioned deeper and wider regret, a more painful sense of irreparable loss, and of uneasiness and apprehension for the future, than any similar event since the death of Canning. The loss of Mr. Huskisson was a great one; but the country felt that there were others on whom his mantle had fallen who were competent to follow in his steps, and to replace him at the council board. Lord Grey, when he died, had long retired from office; he was as full of years as of honours, and the nation had nothing to anticipate from his future exertions; thus the general sentiment at his departure was one of simple sympathy and calm regret. Lord Spencer, too, popular and

respected as he had once been, belonged rather to the past than to the present; and though regretted, he was no longer wanted. But long as the public career of Sir R. Peel had been, no one regarded it as closed; great as were the services which he had rendered to his country, there were yet many more which it looked to receiving at his hands. The book was still open: though no longer in the early prime, or the unbroken vigour of life, he was in that full maturity of wisdom with which age and experience seldom fail to crown an existence as energetically spent as his had been; he filled a larger space in the eyes of England and the world than any other statesman of his day and generation; and to his tried skill, his proved patriotism, his sedate and sober views, and his unmatched administrative capacity, the nation looked with confidence and hope as the sheet-anchor of its safety. We believe there never was a statesman in this country on whose trained and experienced powers, on whose adequacy to any emergency and any trial, both friend and foe, coadjutor and antagonist, rested with such a sense of security and reliance. As long as the Duke of Wellington remained in the full possession of his powers, the country felt that it need not fear the result of any war; as long as Sir R. Peel was spared to us, the country felt that it need not lose heart at any domestic convulsion or civil crisis. Hence the universal feeling of dismay which attended the announcement of his unexpected death in 1849. It was not that we could not yet boast of many men of great administrative ability, some statesmen of profound and comprehensive views, and several rising politicians who may, in the future, vindicate their claim to high renown; but Sir R. Peel left behind him no one whom the nation esteemed his equal—no one who, naturally and by universal acclamation, stepped into his vacant place, as the acknowledged inheritor of his influence and his fame—no one whom, in case of danger or emergency, England could unanimously and instinctively place at the head of affairs.

The time has perhaps scarcely yet come for a full and impartial estimate of the character and career of this eminent man. The shock of his death is still too recent, the memory of his signal services in the great struggle of the day too fresh in the mind of the nation, and the possibility of crises, in which we shall incline to turn to him with unavailing longing, too imminent, to make it likely that we can avoid erring on the side of lenity to his failings, and undue admiration of his capacities and his achievements. His own papers and correspondence, which we trust will shortly be given to the world, are still

also a sealed book; and we may err in our estimate of some transactions for want of the light which the publication of these documents could throw over them. But on the other hand, many impressions are now fresh in our minds which fade away year by year. We have always been conscientious opponents of the great party with which he acted during four-fifths of his career; and we feel wholly free from the bias which connexion with any political school can scarcely fail to create. We are conscious of no feelings or prepossessions which should prevent us from trying Sir Robert Peel by the fairest standard which morality and philosophy can set up; and if we should be thought, wherever doubt is possible, to incline to the more charitable explanation, it is because we from our hearts believe that, in estimating public men in England, the more charitable our judgment is, the more likely is it to be just.

It is interesting to observe what a vast majority of our most eminent statesmen, during the last century, have been commoners, and how many even of these have sprung out of the middle class, strictly so called. William Pitt, "the great Commoner," was the second son of a country gentleman, who had acquired parliamentary importance by the purchase of close boroughs. Edmund Burke was the son of an Irish attorney. The father of Charles James Fox was the second son of a country baronet of no very enviable reputation, in Walpole's time. Canning's father was a briefless barrister, whose family 'cut him off with an annuity of 150*l.*, and whose widow was afterwards obliged to support herself by going upon the stage. His friend Huskisson was the son of a country gentleman in Staffordshire, of very restricted means. The origin of Sir Robert Peel was humbler than that of any, his father having begun life as a manufacturer in a small way, in Lancashire, and having rapidly risen to enormous wealth. These recollections are encouraging enough; they seem to indicate that, whatever may be the fate or condition of our aristocratic families, the under strata of society are fully adequate to furnish a constant supply of suitable candidates for the public service, and that there is nothing in our national system which need prevent such men from rising to their proper station. It is worthy of note, that none of those we have named owed their elevation to the legal profession, which, in all times, has been a ready ladder by which plebeian ambition could attain the highest posts.

Sir Robert Peel's father early destined him for public life, and was resolved that he should enjoy every advantage for the race he

was to run. No pains were spared in his education. At Harrow he was noted for steady diligence, but not for brilliant parts. At Oxford he took a double-first. He entered parliament in 1809; was made Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1811; Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1812; Home Secretary in 1822; Prime Minister in 1834; and again in 1841. His parliamentary life lasted just forty years; and during the whole of it, whether in or out of office, he was prominently before the public eye.

His public life exactly coincides with the eventful period during which an entire change has been wrought in the tone and spirit of our national policy, foreign and domestic—a change which he, partly intentionally, partly unconsciously, contributed much to bring about. When he appeared upon the stage, old ideas and old principles were predominant, triumphant, and almost unshaken. When, at the age of sixty-one, the curtain closed upon his career, everything had become new. When he entered public life, we were in the midst of the most desperate war England ever had to wage, undertaken on behalf of an exiled royal family, and ended by replacing them upon a throne from which they had already been once driven by popular insurrection, and from which they were soon to be ignominiously expelled a second time. Before three summers have passed over his grave, we find statesmen of every party—Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston—vying with each other in proclaiming as the guiding principle of the foreign policy of Britain, the acknowledgment of the indisputable right of every nation to choose its own rulers and its own form of government. When Sir Robert Peel became Chief Secretary for Ireland at the age of twenty-four, the penal laws against the Catholics were in full force, and seemingly stereotyped into our statute book. One of his last measures during his last term of office was to endow in perpetuity the Catholic College of Maynooth. When he began life, the Test and Corporation Acts were unrepealed, and the Dissenters were fettered and irritated by numberless injustices; by the passing of the Dissenters Chapels Bill before his death he helped to sweep the last of them away. In 1809, the old glories of rotten boroughs and purchasable constituencies were untouched and unbreathed upon; the middle classes and the great towns to which England owed so much of her wealth and energy, were almost without a voice in the legislature; and the party which had held power, by a sort of prescriptive right, for a quarter of a century, was pledged to resist any change in the representation. In 1849, Parliamentary Reform had

been a matter of history for seventeen years, and rumours of a new and further innovation were beginning to be heard without either alarm or incredulity. In 1809 the most restrictive and protective commercial policy was not only established, but its wisdom and justice were not even questioned. In 1849, Sir Robert Peel went to his grave amid the blessings of millions for having swept it away for ever. Finally, when he entered political life, the old Tory party seemed as rooted in Downing street as the oak of the forest, and the Whigs to have their permanent and natural place in opposition. When he finally quitted office, the old Tory party was broken up and obsolete, and even their modified and advanced successors maintained an unequal contest with the Liberals. Everything that the men with whom he was first connected most dreaded and deprecated had been done; everything that they had pronounced impossible had come to pass. Parliament had been reformed; Catholics had been emancipated; Dissenters had been raised to a footing of equality; Unitarians and Quakers sat in St. Stephens; Republics had been unhesitatingly acknowledged; the corn laws and the sugar duties had been ruthlessly abolished. An entirely new spirit has been infused into our policy—the spirit of freedom and progress. If Sir Robert Peel's first chief, Mr. Perceval, could return to life, he would find himself in a world in which he could recognise nothing, and in which he would be shocked at everything; and it is hard to say whether England or her quondam premier would be most scandalized at each other's mutually strange and ghastly apparition. And all this mighty change has taken place during the career, and partly by the instrumentality, of a single statesman.

Sir Robert Peel's accession to the cabinet in 1822 in place of Lord Sidmouth, synchronizing as it did with Canning's return to the management of our foreign affairs, coincides with the commencement of a purer morality and a higher tone of character among public men. Since that time there has been little jobbing, and scarcely a single transaction that could be called disgraceful among English ministers. Speculation and actual corruption, or rather corruptibility, have, it is true, never been the characteristics of our political personages since the time of Walpole and Pelham, but up to the beginning of this century, jobbing of every kind among public men was common, flagrant, and shameless. Even in the days of Pitt, places, pensions, and sinecures, were lavished with the most unblushing profusion to gratify official avarice, to reward private friendship, or to pur-

chase parliamentary support. Ministers provided for their family and relations out of the public purse with as little scruple as bishops do now; and indeed considered it as a part of the emoluments of office to be able to do so. The Prime Minister (Perceval, for example,) pocketed two or three comfortable sinecures himself, as a matter of course. Public opinion and the public press exercised only a very lax and inadequate watchfulness over the public purse. The trial of Lord Melville, first Lord of the Admiralty, for malversation, is familiar to every one. The same laxity of official morality prevailed in Perceval's time, and, indeed, with little improvement, till Lord Sidmouth's retirement. A glance over the pension and sinecure list of those days is painfully instructive. In 1810 the number of sinecures was 242, and the emoluments attached to them 279,486*l.* a year: in 1834, these were reduced to 97,800*l.* and they do not now exceed 17,000*l.* In the reign of George III. the pension list considerably exceeded 200,000*l.* a year, and even as late as 1810, it reached 145,000*l.*: it is now reduced to 75,000*l.*; and of this sum not more than 1200*l.* can be granted in any one year. The committee on official salaries, which sat during 1850, brought out in strong relief the contrast between the present and the past in all points connected with the purity of our administrative departments; and it is impossible to read the evidence in detail without being strongly impressed with the high morality and spotless integrity which now distinguish our public men. All the acuteness of our financial reformers on that occasion could not drag to light a single job, and scarcely a single abuse, while it placed in the very brightness of noon-day the official probity and honour of the existing race of statesmen.

But this is far from being the only improvement that has taken place among them. Their notions of patriotism have become loftier and more just; their allegiance to party more modified and discriminating; their devotion to their country more paramount and religious. They are more conscientiously obedient to their own convictions, and less submissive to the trammels of regimental discipline. Statesmen are beginning to feel not merely that they are playing a noble game, pregnant with the most thrilling interest, and involving the mightiest stakes,—but that they are called upon to guide a glorious vessel, freighted with richer fortunes than ever Cæsar carried with him, through fluctuating shoals, and sunken rocks, and eddy whirlpools, and terrific tempests; that on their skill,

their watchfulness, their courage, their purity, their abnegation of all selfish aims, depend the destinies of the greatest nation that ever stood in the vanguard of civilization and freedom; that they must not only steer their course with a steadfast purpose and a single eye, and keep their hands clean, their light burning, and their conscience clear,—but that even personal reputation and the pride of consistency must be cast aside, if need be, when the country can be best served by their immolation. They must act

“As ever in their Great Taskmaster's eye,”

and must find in these lofty views of a statesman's honour and requirements the only counteraction that can be found to the mean struggles, the wearisome details, the unworthy motives, the low and little interests with which they are brought daily into contact.

The key to all the enigmas, all the imputed guilt, all the peculiar usefulness to his country of Peel's career, is to be sought in the original contrast between his character and his position. Of a cautious and observing temper, and conscientiously desirous to do the best for his country whenever that best became clear to him, he was the son of a Tory of the narrowest and stiffest sort, whose mind had been enlarged by no culture and whom no experience perhaps could have taught; and he was at once enlisted into the ranks and served under the orders of men who rarely doubted, who never inquired, into whose minds no suspicion ever entered that what was best for their party might possibly not be best for the nation also, to whom every article in their own creed appeared unquestionably right, and every article in their opponent's creed as unquestionably wrong. In those days—in all times perhaps to a greater or less extent—the young men whose birth or connexions or paternal position destined them for a political career, entered public life, as our young clergymen enter the church now, with the thirty-nine articles of their faith put, ready cut and dried, into their hands—unexamined, unquestioned, often unread; their opinions, like their lands, were a portion of their patrimony; and they no more suspected the soundness of the one than the value of the other. As at Oxford and Cambridge men are educated for the clerical profession not by a searching critical and philosophical investigation into the basis of the creed they are to teach—not by an acquisition of all those branches of knowledge which alone could entitle them to form an independent opinion on its merits—not by a judicial hearing of all that can be said

against it as well as for it—but simply and solely by a memorial mastery of the items which compose it, and a competent acquaintance with the stock arguments which the learning and ingenuity of all times have discovered in its favour;—so were the young politicians of Peel's day prepared for the arena into which they were cast and the strife they were to wage—not by a careful study of political science in the works of the masters who have thrown light upon it *from all sides*—not by a profound acquaintance with the wisdom which is learnt from history—not by mastering the difficult problems of political and social economy—not by a conscientious appreciation of the truth that lay in the views of their antagonists and a sedulous elimination of the error that had crept into their own,—but merely by habitually seeing and hearing only one side of every question—by imbibing every prejudice, reflecting every passion, learning to echo with thoughtless confidence every watch-cry of the party for whose service they were designed. And as our young clergymen begin their theological studies—as far as those studies consist in the first great duty of ascertaining and following the truth—only after they have assumed the livery and sworn the oath of fealty and of faith, only when the fatal document has been signed and the investiture of slavery received, only when their doom is irrevocably fixed, and when earnest and single-minded inquiry incurs the awful hazard of landing them in doctrines which they have vowed, and were enlisted, to combat and destroy, and—if they be honest men—of casting them forth upon the world with the blighted prospects and the damaged character of renegades and apostates, or at best with the stigma of instability and inconsequence for ever clinging to their name;—so did the young statesmen of Peel's days begin their political education when they had already taken their seats in parliament, returned by a particular interest, and on the faith of definite or understood professions: they began to examine and reflect on political questions when such deliberation was especially difficult, because in the midst of an exasperating contest, and especially dangerous because, if sincere, it was as likely as not to lead them to desertion and damnation. Hence, with the members of both professions, it has been the too common practice—natural and, from human weakness, scarcely avoidable and only gently to be condemned—to shut their eyes and fight blindly on, endeavouring to believe themselves conscientious so long as they were consistent and satisfied, so long as they used the old weapons, marched under the old banner, and stood by the old friends.

Great as is the public evil and severe the individual misery arising from the source just indicated, few who reflect how large a portion of the opinions of all of us is *hereditary*, will be disposed to deal severely either with the sinners or the sufferers. We naturally adopt the views of those whom we have loved and honoured from our infancy, and it is right we should. We naturally imagine that those who have been wise and faithful in all that regards ourselves, are equally wise and faithful in matters that lie beyond the scope of our present knowledge. We naturally believe that doctrines against which we have never heard anything said, are doctrines against which nothing can be said; and we find it hard to conceive that what we have always heard treated as axioms of science are among the most disputable matters of opinion. Not only our positive creed but our tone and turn of mind are framed instinctively after the model of those among whom we live; and thus it becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty both to enter into and do justice to the views of others when presented to us, or to divest ourselves even of what may hereafter be proved erroneous in our own. No man can start in life, whether in a political, religious, or literary career, with his mind a *carte blanche*: few can wait to take up a definite position till they have thoroughly mastered and impartially weighed all sides of the great questions with which they have to deal. In public affairs, especially, action is an essential requisite to a complete understanding of them; it is only by being involved in them that you can see deeply into them; it is only in parliament that the education of a member of parliament can be completed. It is not till you hear views diametrically opposed to those you have inherited, stated by an opponent whose powers you cannot but recognise as superior to your own, and whose sincerity of conviction you cannot doubt, that you perceive, with amazement and dismay, how doubtful appears much that you had always considered as self-evident, and how plausible seems much that you had been taught to regard as monstrous and indefensible. An abyss seems to open beneath your feet: the solid ground is no longer stable: and all the landmarks of your mind are shaken or removed. Much change, many inconsistencies, some vacillation even, should be forgiven to all who serve the country as senators or statesmen, especially to those who enter on her service young.

Few men have drawn more largely than Sir Robert Peel on this wise indulgence, and few have had a stronger claim to have it extended to them in overflowing measure. It was his irreparable calamity to have been

thrown by nature into a false position. His birth was his misfortune—a sort of original sin which clung to him through life. Born in the very centre of the Tory camp, in a period when Toryism was an aggressive principle, an intolerant dogma, a fanatic sentiment,—in a period, too, when party passions were virulent and unmeasured to a degree of which we, in our times, have had only one brief specimen, and when Toryism was rampant, dominant, and narrow, in a manner which amazes and shocks us as we read the contemporary annals of those days,—Sir Robert Peel was yet endowed with native qualities which could not fail to place him at once in antagonism with his position, for he had a solid intellect, an honest conscience, an innate sense of justice and humanity, an acute observation, and a keen spirit of inquiry, which were incompatible with Toryism as it then existed,—mental and moral endowments which, from the moment he entered public life, placed him among the most liberal and enlightened of his own party, which speedily created a sort of secret uneasiness among them, and which clearly showed that he was destined either to drag them on with him, or to march on before them and without them. To this originally false position may be traced nearly all those obliquities and inconsistencies which have laid Sir Robert Peel's career so open to hostile criticism. Created of the stuff out of which moderate Liberals are made, but born into the ranks in which only rigid Tories could be found, his whole course was a sort of perpetual protest against the accident of his birth—an inevitable and perplexing struggle between his character and his circumstances, his conscience and his colleagues, his allegiance to principle and his allegiance to party. As his mind ripened and his experience increased, he was compelled, time after time, to recognise the error of the views which he had formerly maintained, and which his colleagues still adhered to; and like all progressive statesmen, he was frequently obliged to act on his old opinions, while those opinions were in process of transition, and to defend courses the policy of which he had begun to suspect, but had not yet definitively decided to abandon. Hence, if we look at his strange and incongruous career in a severe and hostile spirit, we see a minister who through life was incessantly abandoning doctrines he had long pertinaciously upheld, and carrying out systems of policy he had long denounced as dangerous and unsound—deserting and betraying his own party, and usurping the victory of his opponents. Looking at the same career from a more generous, a more philosophic, and, as we deem it, a juster point of view, we see a statesman born in intolerant

times, and cast among a despotic and narrow-minded party, whose path through history may be traced by the *cauvie* he has left lying by the wayside, by the garments he has outgrown and flung away, by the shackles from which he has emancipated himself, by the errors which he has abandoned and redeemed.

The political progress of a country with free institutions and a parliamentary government like that of England, is brought about by the perpetual struggle between two great parties, each of whom is the representative—often imperfect and unworthy enough—of distinct principles and modes of thought. The predominant idea and feeling of one party is reverence for ancestral wisdom and attachment to a glorious Past, beautiful in itself, but unduly gilded by a credulous and loving fancy:—the predominant sentiment of the other is aspiration after a better Future. The efforts of the first are directed to preserve and consolidate what is left to us: those of the second to achieve whatever is not yet attained. From their contests and compromises—contests confined within fixed limits, and conducted according to certain understood rules of war—compromises by which one party foregoes something to obtain an earlier victory, and the other sacrifices something to avert an utter defeat—results the national advance towards a more humane, just, and comprehensive policy. The progress bears the stamp of the mode in which it is wrought out; it is slow, fragmentary, and fitful, but it is secure against retrogression, and it never overleaps itself. It exhibits none of those mournful, disappointing, and alarming spectacles with which the political struggles of the Continent abound. The party of the Past, however mighty in possession, and however doggedly entrenched, is never able *wholly* to resist. The party of the Future, however elastic with the energy and buoyant with the hopes of youth, is never powerful enough to carry *all* before it. Those who pull forward and those who hold back, never fairly break asunder. All move together—against the wish of the latter—but far more slowly than the former would desire. Neither party entirely separates from the other as in Germany. Neither party entirely overpowers the other, as in France.

Now this peculiar character of our progress, to which must be attributed both its durability and its safety, is due to a class of men to whom England owes more than to almost any of her sons, and to whom she is in general most scandalously ungrateful—viz., the Liberals in the Conservative camp, and the Conservatives in the Liberal camp. Unappreciated by the country—misrepresented by

the press—misconstrued and mistrusted by their friends—suspected of meditated desertion—reproached with virtual treason—suffering the hard but invariable fate of those who are wise among the narrow, comprehensive amid the *bornés*, moderate among the violent, sober among the drunken—condemned to combat against their brethren, and to fraternize with their antagonists—they lead a life of pain and mortification, and not unfrequently sink under the load of unmerited obloquy which their unusual, and therefore unintelligible, conduct brings upon them. The Liberals call them timid and lukewarm Laodiceans; the Tories call them crotchety, impracticable, and fastidious. They do the hardest duty of the conscientious patriot, and are rewarded by the bitterest abuse that could be lavished on the common enemy. Lord Falkland was one of these men; Burke was another; Lord Grey, in a measure, was a man of the same stamp. These were all Conservatives among the friends of progress. Sir Robert Peel was a liberal, cast among the friends of stationariness and reaction. In the march of the nation towards securer prosperity, sounder principles, and a wiser policy, he occupied for more than a quarter of a century that post of pain, calumny, and mortification—but of inestimable importance also—the *Leader of the Laggards*,—the man who chained together the onward movement and the backward drag—the Reformers and the Tories; who saved the latter from being left utterly behind—stranded, useless, and obsolete; and checked the too rapid advance of the former, by acting as the bond which compelled them to draw the reluctant conservatism of society along with them.

Peel's naturally just and liberal sentiments showed themselves in various small indications early in life, and excited some uneasy misgivings in the minds of his own bigoted colleagues. As early as 1812, when he was Irish Secretary, and when such notions were rare among his party, he expressed in Parliament his anxiety for the extension of education among the Irish peasantry; and in 1824, when he was Home Secretary, he gave great offence to the Ultra-Protestants of his party by expressing himself thus:—"In the education of the poor in Ireland, two great rules ought now to be observed: first, to unite, as far as possible, without violence to individual feelings, the children of Protestants and Catholics under one common system of education: and secondly, in so doing, studiously and honestly to discard all idea of making proselytes. The Society, whose exertions had been referred to, [the Kildare Street Society] seemed to him to have

erred in the latter respect." When he came into office, after the Reform Bill, as is well known, he steadily supported and firmly administered the system of mixed education introduced by the Whigs. As soon as he entered the Cabinet in 1822, he directed his immediate attention to the amelioration of our prison discipline and the mitigation of the scandalous severity of the criminal code, and in June of that year announced that Government were preparing measures on these important topics. In March, 1826, he introduced two valuable Bills for "the Improvement and Consolidation of the Criminal Laws," in a speech of singular modesty, discretion, and good feeling; but most unhappily he omitted to do justice to the harder labours of his predecessors in the same field; and those who remembered the persevering but unavailing efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly, and Sir James Mackintosh, for similar objects, at a time when humanity was rarer and less reputable, could not forgive his apparently ungenerous silence. They ever afterwards accused him of "gathering where he had not strewed, and reaping where he had not sown." Three years later, when the colleague of the Duke of Wellington, he introduced one of the greatest administrative improvements of our time—the new police force in place of the old incapable nocturnal watchmen, and the inefficient and scanty parish constables. And throughout the whole of this term of office he showed the most earnest spirit of economy and retrenchment, such as extorted the applause even of the opposition. "They (says Mr. Roebuck, vol. I. p. 164) who were most conversant with the finances of the country considered that economy was carried further than had been yet known, and that a spirit of fairness and complete freedom from jobbing or nepotism pervaded every branch of the administration. Mr. Hume, who was undoubtedly the most earnest advocate for retrenchment in the House, frankly acknowledged that 'the Chancellor of the Exchequer had gone as far as he imagined he could go with safety on the present occasion.' Mr. Baring and Mr. Huskisson, both great authorities on such subjects, confessed that 'the Chancellor of the Exchequer had gone to the utmost verge of reduction possible in the present state of the country, without the substitution of other taxes.' And generally, the selection of the taxes to be taken off was deemed judicious—and made solely with a view to public and not partial interests.—We have enumerated briefly these points in Sir Robert Peel's career, to prove that the liberalism which he showed so increasingly in later life was no external element superinduced upon his character by the change

in his political position and party connexions, but one which had been always present though long kept under restraint by unsympathising colleagues and the native caution of his temperament.

Many of Sir Robert Peel's qualities and defects as a minister lay upon the surface, and might be comprehended at a glance. He was not a man of genius; he was not a man of consistent action; he had nothing of the deep-seated science of the philosophic statesman; and till the last four or five years of his life, he displayed nothing of the high historic grandeur of the patriot-hero. But he had other qualifications and endowments, which, if less grand and rare, were probably more suited to the age in which his lot was cast, and the part which he was called upon to play. In the first place, he was, pre-eminently, and above all things, *prudent*. Cautious by temperament, moderate by taste, his instinctive preference was always for a middle course: he disliked rashness, and he shrank from risk; the responsibilities of office were always for him a sobering and retarding weight: and those who watched his course and studied his character, early perceived that he was not a leader who would ever push matters to an extreme, or put to hazard the tranquillity or the welfare of the country by too pertinacious and protracted an adherence to personal sentiments or old opinions, or by too desperate a fidelity to prejudice or party. He might be too tardy sometimes in yielding; but no one doubted that he would yield, if it became obviously wise and necessary to do so. He carried prudence almost to the height of genius, and early earned for himself the most serviceable of all reputations in this country—that of being a “safe man.”

Connected with this leading characteristic was another of the same order. He was uniformly *decorous*, and had a high sense of dignity and propriety. He was a worshipper of the *το εἶσενον*, both in manners and in conduct. He scarcely ever offended against either the conventional or the essential *bienséances* of society. He never made enemies, as Canning did, by ill-timed levity or heartless jokes. His speeches and those of his brilliant colleague, on the occasion of the Manchester massacre, place in strong contrast the distinctive peculiarities of the two men. Both took the same side, and nearly the same line of defence; but the tone of the one was insolent and unfeeling, that of the other dignified and judicial. The language of Canning on that occasion was never forgotten or forgiven: after a few years no one remembered that Peel had ever had the misfortune to defend so bad a cause. Peel too had, even at the beginning of his career,

too great a respect for his own character, to allow himself to be dragged through the dirt by his superior colleagues. Even when his position obliged him to excuse what was indefensible, he contrived to allow his inward disapproval to pierce through his apology. He was fortunate enough, or skilful enough, to be out of office during the memorable prosecution of the Queen; and the only time that he was compelled to speak upon that disgraceful business, he expressed a grave regret that a suitable palace had not been provided for her Majesty, and that her name had been excluded from the liturgy.

One requisite for an English statesman—perhaps at the present day the most indispensable of all—in which the Whigs generally have been singularly deficient—Peel possessed in unusual measure, at least in the latter portion of his life—viz., a quick and instinctive perception of public opinion. He had a keen and sensitive ear to the voice of the nation, and an almost unerring tact in distinguishing the language of its real leaders and movers from that of mere noisy and unimportant declaimers. He seems first to have acquired this faculty in 1829, or at least to have awakened to a sense of its vast importance; and the memorable two years during which the Reform Bill was under discussion—a time in which his political education advanced with marvellous rapidity—brought it almost to perfection. This peculiar tact Lord John Russell never has been able to learn. And in truth it is not easy to acquire it, or to say how it is to be acquired. It is an instinct rather than an attainment; and an aristocracy which does not belong to the people, or live much with them, or sympathize promptly in their feelings, seldom possesses it. Public opinion expresses itself in many ways: its various organs hold fluctuating language, and give forth conflicting oracles; the powerful classes are often silent: the uninfluential classes are generally clamorous. If novel and important measures are proposed, those who concur are commonly satisfied with a quiet and stately nod of approbation: those who object are loud and vehement in their opposition. How, amid these contradictory perplexities, is a statesman to ascertain the sentiments of the intelligent and effective portion of the nation? If he goes to the members of the House of Commons, he cannot overlook the fact that they represent only the feelings of their constituents, or, it may be, of their nominators; and that the unrepresented, or the unequally represented, portion of the community forms a most essential element in the popular opinion. At best, members cannot be relied on to speak more than the sentiments of the



country at the time of their election; and they, like the minister, are students of the same problem, and puzzled with the same conflicting clamours. If he looks to petitions, he is inquiring in a most deceptive quarter; for we all know how even "monster" petitions can be "got up." If he looks to public meetings, he cannot fail to be aware that their importance and significance depend entirely on the character and position of the people who take a part in them; that there are meetings of many thousands in the open air, which it would be folly to listen to, and mere weakness to respect; and meetings of a few scores "in an upper chamber," indicative of an influence and of sentiments which it would be absolute insanity to disregard. Lastly, if he looks to the press, how is he to know among what class of readers each newspaper circulates? How can he tell whether it is really expressing their sentiments, or merely seeking to lead them to its own? How can he ascertain whether on any particular topic, such as Lord Palmerston or the Poor Law, the *Times* is actually the organ of public opinion, or only that of private malignity, or idiosyncratic crotchets? How is he to distinguish how many of its readers read it with disgust and disagreement, like himself, and how many with acquiescence and credulity? Where the press is not unanimous, or nearly so—where it is widely divided in its judgments, as is almost constantly the case—how is the statesman to apportion to each organ its actual influence, or the number and weight of its clients, so as to gather from the whole something like an accurate estimate of the national expression? It is abundantly obvious that he must be left very much to the guidance of his own sagacity; and with this sagacity Sir Robert Peel was endowed in a most unusual measure. After 1832, he scarcely ever made the mistake—which his antagonists were making every day—of not knowing whose quiet voice to listen to, and whose clamorous demands to disregard.

Sir Robert Peel was not certainly a statesman of the highest order which we can picture to ourselves for the government of a great state; but it is by no means so clear that he was not the most finished specimen of that peculiar class of statesmen who alone can find a place in a representative constitution such as ours, in which the democratic element so largely preponderates. He had no far-seeing plans for the preservation and regeneration of the empire, which he kept in view through all vicissitudes, and to which, amid all his various terms of office, he perseveringly made everything conduce. His policy was based upon no profound or well-

digested system, upon no philosophic principle to which he could adhere through good report and ill report, and keep ever before him as the guide and pole-star of his career. To praise like this he has no claim. He often erred as to what ought to be done, and he often discovered it deplorably too late. But whatever he had to do he did well. He had the rare merit, among our public characters, of being a thorough *man of business*. He was a statesman of consummate administrative ability. His measures were always concocted with the most deliberate and patient skill. His budgets were models of clearness and compactness. As soon as discussion began, it was made apparent that he had weighed every difficulty and foreseen every objection. He was always master of his subject. The result was that his proposals scarcely ever underwent any alteration in their passage through parliament; they might be accepted or rejected; they were never mutilated or transmogrified. Those of his opponents, on the other hand, even when in the plenitude of their power, and commanding such a majority as had backed scarce any minister since the days of Pitt, were so clipped, curtailed, modified, and added to, that when they came forth from the ordeal, the parents could scarcely recognise their own offspring. Peel's measures were finished laws before they were brought forward: the Whig proposals were seldom more than the raw materials of legislation thrown down on the floor of the House of Commons, to be wrought by that manufactory into the completed fabric. Hence grew a general conviction, that though the Whigs were often right, yet that they could not be trusted to embody their own ideas in simple and judicious enactments;—that Peel might be often mistaken, yet that he was always *up to his work*. He was often on the wrong tack, but he always sailed well.

Peel's whole heart was in the public service. He seemed actually to love toil. He was indefatigable and most conscientious in the performance of his official duties. The veriest drudge of office was not more constant at his desk. The most plodding committee-man could not rival him in the persevering regularity of his attendance in the House of Commons. During his short but most memorable ministry in 1835, he went through an amount of labour that was almost incredible. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury. He had scarcely a single colleague competent to afford him any efficient aid. He had to struggle against a hostile House of Com-

mons and a mistrusting country. The fight was not of his choosing, and he knew from the first that it was a hopeless one. But he contended gallantly to the last—toiling incessantly from seven o'clock in the morning till long past midnight—and when at last he resigned, he had risen fifty per cent. in public estimation.

We now come to the great peculiarity of Sir Robert Peel's career—that which has brought upon him the accusation of being a traitor, a turn-coat, a man of infirm purpose, and of variable and inconstant views—*want of consistency*. On three several occasions he recanted all his previous professions—adopted the opinions he had hitherto strenuously opposed—and carried out the policy which he had been accustomed to denounce as mistaken and dangerous. He did so on the question of a metallic basis for the currency; he did so on the question of Catholic Emancipation; and he did so on the question of the Corn Laws. All were topics of first-rate magnitude—all involved great and long-contested principles—on all his views underwent an entire and radical change. For this change he was bitterly reproached with treachery and tergiversation by those who did not see the truth as soon as he did, and by those who have not seen it yet; he was ungenerously taunted by those who were wise enough or happy enough to see it earlier; and made the subject of depreciation and grave rebuke by those who appear to hold that if a statesman cannot discern the right path at the beginning of his career, he ought at least to persevere in the wrong one to the end.

Now this charge of "inconsistency" and tergiversation has so long been popularly regarded as the heaviest and most damaging that can be brought against the character of politicians, that it is well worth while to spend a few moments in inquiring *how* it comes to be so estimated, and how much of justice may be awarded to this estimate, when weighed in the balance of unprejudiced reason. When a statesman draws himself proudly up, and declares, amid the prolonged cheering of his audience, "*I never abandoned my party; I never changed my opinions; I never voted in favour of measures I had spent the best years of my life in opposing,*" he imagines that he is putting forth the most irrefragable claim to public confidence and admiration. When he seeks the most fatal and irritating weapon with which to wound or discredit an antagonist, he rakes up from buried volumes of Hansard the expression of sentiments and doctrines widely at variance with those now professed, and taunts him

with sitting side by side with colleagues who were his foes in years gone by; and the arrow generally strikes home; and though none are invulnerable by it, none seem able to refrain from using it, and none can receive it without suffering and shrinking. Why is this? Why should the charge be felt so painfully?

The explanation is an historical one. Our morality and our sensibility on this subject have descended to us from those days when parliament was not an assembly in which the interests of the nation were discussed by the representatives of the nation with the object of ascertaining its wishes and promoting its welfare, but an arena in which trained gladiators contended for the mastery—a field of battle in which two marshalled hosts contended for the victory; days when senators were not men selected by the people to investigate, deliberate, and legislate for the exigencies and the progress of the country according to the best light which science and study could bring to shine upon them—but soldiers enlisted for an avowed cause, marching under a known banner, owing allegiance and obedience to an acknowledged chief. Hence the morality of parliament *then* was the morality of *military* life; and in the military code desertion is the most heinous of all crimes. Again, in those times from which our present party morality has been inherited—the times of Walpole, and Pelham, and the first Pitt—tergiversation and change of party were nearly always traceable, or supposed to be traceable, to some mean or sinister motive. It was generally accompanied and explained by the acceptance of a peerage, a pension, or a place.

From these two circumstances, it naturally resulted that political inconstancy was regarded less as indicative of a mental process of conviction, than as involving personal honour: the accusation was a flagrant insult; the fact was fatal to a statesman's popularity and the stainless purity of his reputation. But why the same conventional rule of judgment should be maintained *now*, when no senator is ever influenced in his changes by the promise of a bribe or the hope of a place, and scarcely ever by low ambition or personal pique, and when members of parliament are not party combatants, but deliberating legislators, it is not easy to perceive. Still less reasonable does it seem, when we reflect that no statesman of the present generation, and scarcely any of the last, can point to a career of unswerving consistency. Lord Eldon, indeed, was a model of unchanging constancy; but it is impossible to regard this as a virtue in him, for we know that it was the result of a bigoted temper, and a narrow

mind, and was about the most mischievous of his many noxious qualities. Had all his colleagues been like him, we should, ere now, have seen a revolution as complete and unsparing as that of France. "What a consistent career has Lord Eldon's been," wrote a contemporary of his in 1829, "the ever active principle of evil in our political world! In the history of the universe, no man has the praise of having effected as much good for his fellow-creatures as Lord Eldon has thwarted." The consistent career of the late Lord Grey does, indeed, present many points for admiration; but we must remember that Lord Grey started in life with opinions far in advance of his day and generation, many of which were wholly inapplicable, and out of place then; and there was more than one occasion both in early and in later life, when his fidelity to party led him into language and conduct deplorably inconsiderate, unworthy, and unjust. Among living statesmen, who can point to a consistent career, in the ordinary sense of the term? Is it Lord Derby, who was at one time the fiercest assailant, and at another, the subordinate minister of Peel; at one time the vigorous reformer, at another time the resolute stickler for the intact existence of the Irish church? Is it Sir James Graham, the radical of early days, who, in 1831, stood in the very van of the Whig party, as the colleague of Lord Durham and Lord Grey; who, in 1835, was a devoted adherent of the seceding Lord Stanley; and in 1845, a colleague of Sir Robert Peel, and an opponent of Lord Stanley? Is it Lord Palmerston, who has held office successively under the Duke of Portland, Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Canning, Lord Grey, and Lord John Russell? Is it Mr. Gladstone, either in what he has done, or in what he has contemplated? Is it Mr. Disraeli, the quondam Radical, the present leader of the reactionary rump? Finally, is it even Lord John Russell, who made the "appropriation clause" a *sine qua non* in 1835, and passed a bill without it in 1838; who opposed the motion for an inquiry into the operation of the Corn Laws in 1839; who proposed a fixed duty of eight shillings in 1841, and declared for total repeal in 1845? We do not mean to intimate that all these statesmen were not conscientious, and may not even have been right in their various changes of party and modifications of opinion; but assuredly none of them can lay claim to the attribute of immutability.

There is a wise, and there is an unwise, species of political constancy. There is a narrow and mechanical, and there is a large and comprehensive, view of the same great principle of rectitude. There is a steadiness

of opinion and of purpose which imbues itself with noble sentiments, and places great objects ever before it; which, having studied deliberately the best interests of the country and decided the direction in which it ought to steer, keeps those interests and that goal in view through all bewildering storms, and through every intervening cloud; which in each emergency selects that policy best suited, during that emergency, for nearing the appointed haven; which in every danger chooses and follows the pilot who best understands that peculiar portion of the chart of destiny over which the vessel of the state is at that moment steering; and which knows how to preserve an essential, if not a superficial, consistency by varying its means and its course to secure the unity of its end. And there is a stubbornness of will, and unbending *rectilinearity* of march, like that of the Norwegian Leming, which cannot comprehend that perils which press from one quarter are not to be met by the same weapons and the same attitude which is appropriate against those which menace from an opposite direction; which would apply the same panacea to every social malady, and to every condition of the patient—to the state of excitement and the state of collapse; which cannot conceive that altered national circumstances may demand altered national policy; which, in the difficult navigation of public life, ascertains its position and calculates its course, not by fixed landmarks, but by floating fragments—not by objects eternal in the Heavens, but by objects moving upon earth; and which deludes itself into a belief that it is nobly pursuing one consistent purpose, so long as it is surrounded by the same familiar faces, and uttering the old ancestral shibboleth of party—though the circumstances which made its companions patriots, and its war-cry a just and noble reality, have long since been reversed. There is a perseverance which is "instant in season;" there is a pertinacity which is instant "out of season;" and there is a national purblindness which confounds the two qualities—so diametrically distinct—in one common admiration. Finally, there is a consistency—the boast of the shallow and the vain, but often of the conscientious too—which forms its opinions, collects its maxims, and adopts its party according to the best light it has, and then shuts the door of the mind against all disturbing knowledge and all bewildering and novel illumination,—which petrifies into impenetrability or congeals into a frozen fog. And there is an open and earnest convincibility, which, aware that the utmost wisdom it can attain at the outset of its career is at best fragmentary and imperfect, is constantly storing up new facts, mastering new discoveries,

deliberating on new arguments, profiting by old errors, digesting the lessons of past experience; which feels that the first duty of a high position is to abjure prejudice, and to give to the country the full benefit of every added information, of every successful experiment, of every elaborated science. Men of this stamp of mind are marked out for misrepresentation and for taunt; they are made the butt of every Tory blockhead to whom so unegotistical a conscience, so lofty and unconventional a standard of public duty, are things utterly incomprehensible; but they are the men who most truly serve, and most often save, their country, and the country generally appreciates them better than either Parliament or party.

The truth is that in a country of free institutions, like England, of which progress is the law and life, that sort of inconsistency which is implied in political *conversion* must be not only an admitted fact, but a recognised prerogative; and in an age of transition like that in which we live, these conversions must be necessarily frequent and rapid. Were it otherwise—were conversion a forbidden thing—the strife of parties would become a war of extermination; the nation could advance in her course of enlarging and enlightening policy only by the death or political extinction of the conservative statesmen. Not only would our progress be more tardy, but it would be more fitful, spasmodic, and dangerous. There would be no change till by process of election or of death the obstructions were reduced to an absolute and permanent minority, and then the change would be sudden and immense. We should lose all the advantage and all the safety which now arises from the gradual modifications which take place in the views of the most reflective statesmen of all parties, and by the ceaseless and often almost imperceptible passing over of influential politicians from one camp to the other: those who, yielding to the moulding spirit of the age, and the influx of new impressions, desert the ranks of the Tories for those of the Reformers, carrying with them many of their early associations with a venerated past, and much of the native conservatism of their temperament: those, on the other hand, who having achieved the great reforms on which they had set their hearts, or swayed by the insensible influence of increasing years, begin to fear the too rapid encroachments of the democratic element, and therefore join the ranks of the retarders, carrying with them to the quarters of their former antagonists many of their popular sympathies, and some faint embers of their old enthusiasm for reform. A progress which draws the whole nation along with it is not

only securer, but far more *complete* than one which results from the defeat of one party and the predominance of another; and for this it is essential that the *liberty of conversion* should be upheld as one of the indisputable privileges of our public men. But, like all other liberties, it must be surrounded with such guarantees, limits, and conditions as shall prevent it from degenerating into licence.

These conditions are three:—the public have a right to require from a statesman who abandons his former opinions, or party, that his changes shall not be vacillations, but advances; that they shall be fairly and candidly avowed as soon as decided; and that they should not, if possible, be in the direction of his personal interest; not so much so at least as to give the slightest fair opening for ascribing them to sinister motives. Let us try Sir Robert Peel's conversions by this standard.

In the first place, though a perpetually changing, he was never a vacillating statesman. His course was essentially *progressive*. Every step he took was a step forward. He never "tried back." From the Peel of 1812 to the Peel of 1829, the advance is rapid and remarkable: from the Peel of 1829 to the Peel of 1849, the improvement is so wonderful that individual identity is almost lost. He began life as the underling of Lord Sidmouth—the shallowest, narrowest, most *borné*, and most benighted of the old Tory crew. He ended life leading the vanguard of the most liberal of the matured statesmen of the age. He began life the advocate of the civil disqualifications of Catholics and Dissenters. He ended it the advocate of complete religious freedom. He was born a monopolist; he passed through many phases of gradual emancipation, and at last died a free-trader. Unlike Lord Stanley, who started from the front rank of the Reformers, and has now, in his course of retrogression, reached almost the rear-rank of the Obstructives,—Sir Robert Peel started in the race with every disadvantage, clogged with every weight and fetter which could impede his progress; but he cast them one by one aside, and advanced, with slow and timid, but not oscillating footsteps, to complete emancipation from early prejudices and from old connexions.

Further, in all his changes, as soon as he saw his way clearly, he stood to his colours manfully. "When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, and tortuous (says Mr. Disraeli,) it was that he was perplexed, and did not see his way." When once he had fixed upon his line, he never attempted to shirk the consequences or corollaries of his new policy. He not

only accepted, cheerfully and candidly, the deliberate decisions of the Legislature, even when opposed to his own opinions, as settled and accomplished facts (as in the case of the Reform Bill;) but when his ripening convictions, or the wisdom which time and experience brought with them, compelled him to retreat from a position, to retract a policy, or avow a change, he never attempted to deny the fact, or extenuate the magnitude of that change—he was never guilty of the common subterfuge of little minds—of endeavouring, by petty and underhand manœuvres, to counteract the effect of the course he was publicly obliged to take. He did not do things by halves, or in a niggard and reluctant spirit. When, in 1819, a careful inquiry in a Committee of the House of Commons produced an entire change of opinion on the subject of our metallic currency, the bill which he then introduced for the resumption of cash payments was a complete and thorough measure, and formed the basis for all his subsequent action on the same topic in 1834 and 1844. When in 1829 he felt obliged, in direct contravention of all his previous policy, to concede emancipation to the Catholics, the measure he brought forward was a complete and generous one. There were no needless reservations of the high places of the State; there was no attempt to save appearances by the enactment of fancied securities; there were no evasive clauses, to undo by a side-wind the manifest and declared intention of the measure. It was as graceful a surrender at discretion as could well be made; and not only did he subsequently show no wish to undo his work, or to escape from its consequences, but in his steady support of the Irish national education system, in his augmentation and establishment of the Maynooth College, and in his erection of the “Godless Colleges,” he uniformly proved himself prepared and resolved to act in the spirit of his own great measure. The Reform Bill was carried against his most strenuous opposition; but having been carried, after deliberate discussion, by the pronounced will of the nation, Sir Robert Peel struck no back-handed blow at its efficiency. And when, in 1846, he at length perceived the wisdom and necessity of a resignation of the Corn Laws, he proposed, not the half-way house of a fixed duty, but total abolition—while admitting that in so doing he laid himself open to the deepest obloquy and the most unsparing criticism. And ever afterwards he supported ministers manfully, whenever this measure, or any of its consequences, was in

question. When, therefore, a statesman’s changes have thus invariably been slowly and cautiously made, honestly avowed, resolutely and unflinchingly carried out, and when, above all, they have always been in *one direction*—not backwards and forwards, but invariably onward—what more can be said in defence of inconsistency, if inconsistency in a statesman be allowable at all?

Secondly, Sir Robert Peel always fulfilled the other conditions we have specified as required to sanction change of opinion and to redeem it from moral reprobation. In many of the most important measures of his life, he adopted the views and carried out the plans of his opponents; but (save on one occasion, which has been already noticed) he was always careful to render honour where honour was due—to give the credit of the triumph of the principles he had tardily embraced to those who had early maintained them. Thus in 1811, just after his entrance into public life, and probably before he had time to give any consideration to the subject, he adopted the views of his ignorant and bigoted old father on the Bank Restriction Act, and voted against the celebrated bullion resolutions of Francis Horner. But when, in 1819, in compliance with the order of a select committee of the House of Commons, he introduced his measure for the resumption of cash payments, we find him saying, “I am ready to avow without shame or remorse that my views on this subject were materially different when I voted against the resolutions brought forward in 1811 by Mr. Horner, as chairman of the bullion committee; but having gone into this inquiry determined to dismiss all former impressions, to apply to the subject my unprejudiced attention, and to adopt every inference that authentic information or mature reflection could offer to my mind—I now conceive the principles laid down by Mr. Horner to represent the true nature and laws of our monetary system; and it is without shame or repentance that I thus bear testimony to the superior sagacity of that distinguished statesman.” In 1829, in bringing forward his memorable bill for Catholic emancipation, Sir Robert Peel spoke as follows:—“The credit of this measure belongs to others, not to me. It belongs to Fox, to Grattan, to Plunket, to the gentlemen opposite (the Whigs), and to an illustrious friend of mine (Mr. Canning), who is now no more. By their efforts, in spite of my opposition, it has proved victorious.” Again, in 1846, on the night when he took leave of power after the final carrying of the repeal of the corn-laws, the

crown and consummation of a long series of measures in the direction of free trade, he spoke thus:—"The name which ought to be associated with the success of these measures, is not the name of the noble lord opposite, nor is it mine. The name which ought to be and will be, associated with those measures, is that of one, who acting, as I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought chiefly to be associated with the success of these measures is the name of Richard Cobden."

Sir Robert Peel never attempted to disguise or diminish the fact of his change of opinion. When decided and complete, it was always manfully avowed as soon as circumstances would permit. The tergiversation which has brought upon him the severest animadversion was that which took place on the Catholic question. In the passionate language of the time, it was designated by no gentler name than that of treachery. It is worth while, both for the sake of the individual and for the elucidation of political morality, to go a little closer into the facts of this remarkable question. In the first place, it is alleged that to change at all on such a topic reflects no honour on his sagacity: for this was no new question, with respect to which want of knowledge or of previous consideration could be pleaded. The subject was one specially connected with his earliest official situation: it had always been a prominent one: he had been in the habit of discussing it for seventeen years. Every argument in favour of the *principle* of Catholic emancipation had been repeatedly urged upon him, and been repeatedly repudiated by him. Every danger likely to arise from its refusal had been pointed out in the clearest manner, and with wearisome reiteration, and had been by him denied, undervalued, or despised. How came the truth to dawn upon him so slowly, and to be admitted so reluctantly? And how can the long persistence and the tardy recantation be reconciled with any character for statesmanship?

Little can be said to weaken the force of these representations, except that the whole history of the question shows the peculiar character of the man's mind. It was his nature to yield to conviction slowly and reluctantly. He was *born* on the wrong side, and it cost him seventeen years of warfare to get right. That, with his hereditary notions as to the sanctity and authority of the English Church, he should shrink from

throwing open the doors of the constitution to the hereditary and irreconcilable enemies of that Church, does not surprise us. That, knowing the Irish Catholics as he did, he should dread and deprecate the introduction of such men into the British legislature, surprises us still less. The conduct of the "Irish Brigade" in recent years has shown us that he was not wholly wrong. But that a man naturally so just and equitable should not have shrunk from denying to so large and respectable body of his fellow-subjects the full rights of citizenship, does, we confess, appear incongruous. And that so keen an observer and so cool a reasoner should have so long continued blind to the danger, increasing every year, arising from the internecine strife, is quite inexplicable, and clearly shows that at this period of his life he read "the signs of the times" far less truly and promptly than he afterwards learned to do. But it must be observed that he himself placed the cause of his yielding in 1829 what he had till then opposed, upon its right footing. It was a change of *policy*, not a change of *opinion*. He held as strongly as ever his conviction of the desirableness of Catholic exclusion. But it was no longer possible. *Circumstances had changed.* Through the organizing and agitating powers of Mr. O'Connell, the danger of refusing had at length become greater than the danger of conceding,—and therefore only did he yield. He chose then, as he had chosen hitherto, that which he believed to be the least of two evils for his country. Catholic emancipation and civil war were both mischiefs to be dreaded and averted; but the latter was the worst mischief of the two. When the alternative was put thus clearly before him, he logically and inevitably gave way. "According to my heart and conscience," said he, "I believe that the time has come when less danger is to be apprehended to the general interests of the empire, and to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Protestant Establishment, in attempting to adjust the Catholic question, than in allowing it to remain any longer in its present state. . . . Looking back upon the past, surveying the present, and forejudging the prospect of the future, again I declare that the time has at length arrived when this question must be adjusted. . . .

. . . I have for years attempted to maintain the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament and the high offices of the State. I do not think it was an unnatural or unreasonable struggle. I resign it in consequence of the conviction that it can no longer be advantageously maintained. . . . I yield,

therefore, to a moral necessity which I cannot control, being unwilling to push resistance to a point which might endanger the establishments that I wish to defend." In plain words, he saw that he was defeated, and therefore capitulated, to save useless bloodshed and a worse catastrophe. This was not the language of a great or a foreseeing statesman; but it was the language of a prudent and conscientious minister, and of an honest man.

"But," it is said, "if such were his views, he should not have proposed Catholic Emancipation at all. He should have resigned, and have left the settlement of that great question, with its satisfaction and its glory, to those whose opinions regarding it were thus proved to have been right." Undoubtedly he would have consulted both his own feelings and his own fame by acting thus; and under ordinary circumstances this would have been the proper course to have pursued. But higher than mere personal considerations were here involved. Let us look into the details of the case: in them we believe we shall find his complete justification.

The state of affairs, as already stated, produced, towards the close of the year 1828, in the minds both of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, a strong conviction that the government of Ireland, on the old system, had become impossible, and that Catholic emancipation must be conceded, if they were not prepared to hazard the alternative of civil war. Having arrived at this conviction, the first point was of course to secure that a measure for this purpose *should be carried*; the second, *longo intervallo*, was that it should be carried by the proper parties. Fortunately, the publication of Lord Eldon's correspondence has thrown great light upon the Ministerial difficulties at this crisis. Lord Eldon, who hated the Catholics like poison, was in constant communication with the King, and has described his state of mind in vivid colours. George IV., whose conscience had never in the course of sixty years withheld him from the indulgence of any bad passion or the commission of any agreeable crime, felt an insuperable objection, partly of mortified pride, partly of alarmed scruple, to conceding Catholic emancipation. He could not, however, turn a deaf ear to the representations of his ministers. He at length assented to their proposals. Then he withdrew his assent. He played fast and loose with them; entreated them to forego their intentions; entreated them not to desert him; empowered Lord Eldon to see if he could not rescue him from them; kept them in doubt up to

the last moment whether he would not break his pledged word, and by pronouncing the royal veto give the signal for civil war. These difficulties with the King, ministers could not explain—could scarcely even hint at; and hence their explanations always seemed incomplete and unsatisfactory. The history of the case was this, as we know it now from authentic sources.\*

In August, 1828, after the close of the session, Sir Robert Peel wrote confidentially to the Duke of Wellington, explaining to him in the clearest manner the absolute necessity of at once settling this great question, which had now reached a position which made all government impossible, and concluding in this manly language:—

"I must at the same time express a very strong opinion, that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question, that the charge of it in the House of Commons should be committed to my hands.

"I put all personal feelings out of the question. They are, or ought to be, very subordinate considerations in matters of such moment; and I give the best proof that I disregard them, by avowing that I am quite ready to commit myself to the support of the principle of a measure of ample concession and relief, and to use every effort to promote the final arrangement of it.

"But my support will be more useful, if I give it with the cordiality with which it shall be given, *out of office*. Any authority which I may possess, as tending to reconcile the Protestants to the measure, would be increased by my retirement. I have been too deeply committed on the question—have expressed too strong an opinion with respect to it—too much jealousy and distrust of the Roman Catholics—too much apprehension as to the immediate and remote consequences of yielding to their claims—to make it advantageous to the King's service that I should be the individual to originate the measure."

From that period to the end of the year the ministers were occupied in endeavouring to obtain the consent and to fix the mind of the false and vacillating monarch. When this consent was finally obtained, and it became necessary to prepare for meeting Parliament on the new footing, Sir Robert Peel, on the 12th of January, 1829, again wrote to the Duke, praying for permission to retire, stating, "that retirement from office was the only step he could take which would be at all satisfactory to his own feelings, and deprecating in the most earnest manner his being the person to bring forward the measure in

\* "Lord Eldon's Life and Correspondence." Speech of Sir R. Peel in the House of Commons, Dec. 17, 1831.

the House of Commons." But in the mean time the difficulties of the Duke had been greatly increased by the announced hostility of the bench of bishops, and he intimated to Sir Robert Peel that he could not maintain his ground if he (Sir Robert Peel) persisted in resigning. "The earnest appeal, also, made to him by the King, not to shrink from proposing a measure which, as a minister, he advised the King to adopt, left him no alternative, consistent with honour and public duty, but to make the bitter sacrifice of every personal feeling, and himself to originate the measure of Roman-Catholic Relief. Could he, when the King thus appealed to him—when the King referred to his own scruples, and uniform opposition to the measure in question—when he said, 'You advise this measure—you see no escape from it—you ask me to make the sacrifice of opinion and consistency—will not you make the same sacrifice?' What answer could he make to his sovereign but the one he did return? viz., that he would make that sacrifice, and would bear his full share of the responsibility and unpopularity of the measure he advised."

The plain and brief truth of the case was this:—the safety of the country required that Catholic Emancipation should be at once conceded—of this there was no doubt. The Whigs, no doubt, ought to have carried it,—but the King, it was well known, would not endure a Whig ministry, and the King was impracticable, testy, and prevaricating, and manageable by no one but the Duke. If the Duke had resigned, he would have thrown himself into the hands of the old Tories, Emancipation would have been refused, and civil war and national retrogression and disgrace would have been the consequence. But the Duke's resignation would have been necessitated by Peel's retirement. As an honest and disinterested patriot, therefore, Sir Robert Peel, in our judgment, had no option but to act as he did act.

Considerable blame was thrown upon Sir Robert Peel at the time, on the ground of the apparent suddenness of his conversion. In 1828, it is said, he declared that his opinion as to the impolicy of concession remained unchanged, while at the beginning of 1829, he himself proposed concession. And, more than this, he allowed his brother and brother-in-law to deliver speeches at public meetings in various parts of the country, most violent and decided in their denunciations of Catholic Emancipation, at the very time when it appeared he had advised his sovereign to grant emancipation, and shortly before he himself proposed it to Parliament. With regard to the latter charge, which brought upon him much odium and the bitter indignation

of his relatives, it will suffice to observe that not only could he not, consistently with his oath and duty as a cabinet minister, have given them any intimation of the change under consideration,—but that from the vacillation and unreliableness of the King, ministers themselves felt no security *till the speech from the throne was actually delivered*, that they would be allowed to bring forward their proposals, and that infinite mischief and embarrassment would have resulted from permitting their intention to leak out before the monarch was publicly committed on the subject. With regard to the suddenness of Sir Robert Peel's conversion, we know now that it was rather apparent than real; and of sudden ministerial changes in general a more honourable explanation can be given than is commonly supposed. That explanation has been thus stated:—"Men in public life, and more especially ministers in actual office, when new facts, deeper reflection, stronger arguments, or altered positions, come to shake their previous opinions and produce an incipient change, are placed in a situation of singular difficulty. They can seldom retire or lie by till the inchoate operation is complete; their position often calls upon them for constant action and perpetual speech; in the meantime, they are obliged to conceal from the public the mental process which has just commenced, so long as it is imperfect and uncertain; they must speak and act in accordance with their past, not with their future selves; if they speak, they must speak in conformity with the old opinions over which doubt is gradually creeping; if they act, they must act on the principles which they are beginning to abandon, not on those which they are beginning, but only beginning, to adopt. This is a hard and painful position; yet it is one which duty to their colleagues and their country not unfrequently compels public men to endure. Like other men, if they are honest, inquiring, and open-minded, they must inevitably find modification after modification coming over their opinions in the course of their career, as knowledge ripens, as facts develop, as wisdom matures. Yet for a leading senator to be silent, or for a chief minister to retire, every time he felt the first warning symptoms of such an alteration, would be simply impracticable in actual life, though no doubt the most comfortable course for his own feelings, and the safest for his reputation. Thus he is in a manner obliged, by the requirements of his position, to continue making the best defence he can for his old course and his old principles till his *suspicion* of their unsoundness has risen into a clear and settled *conviction*; and when, having arrived at this point,



he suddenly and conscientiously avows his change, there is unquestionably, *primâ facie*, a very dark case against him. We believe we have here indicated the secret of that course of conduct which brought down so much obloquy upon Sir Robert Peel on two memorable occasions in 1829 and 1846. We do not affirm that it presents a full justification: but we do hold that it affords a fair and not discreditable explanation of many apparently sudden or too rapid changes in the opinions and measures of public men."

In the third place, a statesman's changes, we have said, ought never to be so manifestly in the direction of his personal advantage as to leave any decent ground for attributing them, either wholly or in part, to sinister or interested motives. On this head, Sir Robert Peel's tergiversations stand free from the slightest suspicion. Whatever might have been said in the angry surprise of the moment by a deserted and disappointed party, every one now feels not only that all his changes were conscientious, but that all of them were made at the most bitter sacrifice of personal feeling. His first inconsistency—on the currency question, in 1811—brought him into immediate and very unpleasant collision with his father, who even spoke before him in the debate; and it is understood that the old gentleman scarcely ever heartily forgave his son for his change of opinion, either on this occasion or in 1829. Few men, indeed, ever made greater sacrifices than Sir Robert Peel to his views of public duty; for he deliberately sacrificed to them—what to minds as ambitious and as sensitive as his, is far dearer than place, or power, or popular applause and admiration—the attachment of his party, the good opinion of his personal friends. In 1829, he incurred—knowingly and manfully, though with acknowledged pain and reluctance—the reproaches and indignation of a great party, the fury of those bigots who had long regarded him as their safest and most presentable champion, the rupture of many private ties, the blame of many dear connexions, and the representation of the University of Oxford, to which he had long clung with honourable pride, and which Canning had so ardently desired; and what, perhaps, to a proud man was worst of all, the humiliation of avowing an ignominious defeat, and the mistake and short-sightedness of years. "The tone of his observations," observes Mr. Roebuck, "proved how acutely he felt the suffering of the fiery ordeal to which the indignation of his former friends had subjected him, how his mind still lingered about the objects of his former solicitude, and with what pain he divested

himself of the character of the great Protestant leader."

"Allusion has been made," he said, indignantly, "to the sacrifice of the emoluments of office, which, it is insinuated, ought to have been preferred to the course I have adopted. Good God! I cannot argue with the man who can place the sacrifice of office or emolument in competition with the severe, the painful sacrifice I have made—a sacrifice which it seems to be supposed I have consented to in order to retain my office. . . . Perhaps (he concluded) I am not so sanguine as others in my expectations of the future; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I fully believe the adjustment of the question in the manner proposed, will give better and stronger securities to the Protestant interest and the Protestant establishment than any other that the present state of things admits of, and will avert evils and dangers impending and immediate. What motive, I ask, can I have for the expression of these opinions, but the honest conviction of their truth? . . . I well know I might have taken a more popular and selfish course. I might have held language much more acceptable to the friends with whom I have long acted and to the constituents whom I have lately lost. 'His ego gratiora dicta alia esse scio; sed me vera pro gratis loqui, et si meum ingenium non moneret, necessitas cogit. Vellem equidem vobis placere; sed multo malo vos salvos esse.'"

What it must have cost Sir Robert Peel, and what it did cost him, in pride, in affection, in repute, to break loose from his party in 1846, and propose the repeal of the corn laws, we can now fully estimate.\* The desertion

\* Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," gives a graphic sketch of the memorable night when the Protectionists revenged themselves on their leader by voting with the Whigs on the Irish Coercion Bill, and so ejecting him from office. It was the evening when the repeal of the Corn Laws had finally passed the House of Lords:—

"At length, about half-past one o'clock, the galleries were cleared, the division called, and the question put. . . . More than one hundred Protectionist members adhered to the Minister; more than eighty avoided the division; nearly the same number followed Lord George Bentinck. But it was not merely their numbers that attracted the anxious observation of the Treasury bench, as the Protectionists passed in defile before the Minister to the hostile lobby. It was impossible he could have marked them without emotion—the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They were men, to gain whose hearts, and the hearts of their fathers, had been the aim and the exultation of his life. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence, and an admiration without stint; they had stood by him in the darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, of high and generous character, and of great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. They had been not only

of many with whom he had long acted—the rage of the country gentlemen whom he had disappointed—the bitter indignation of those whom he dragged over the grave of their pledges and their prejudices to support his new policy—the merciless sarcasms, the unsparing imputations of premeditated treachery, nightly cast at him by the impotent fury of the deceived, and the deep malignity of the baffled—altogether formed a combination of painful and formidable obstacles, which would have deterred from such a course any man who loved his country less, or valued his reputation and his comfort more. But he faced all with a grave and sorrowful fortitude, which has not been without its reward. The nation saw and appreciated the earnest and unselfish sincerity of the man; did full justice to the honesty of his purpose, and the difficult firmness of his resolution, and in the end placed him on a pinnacle of popularity achieved by no statesman since Lord Grey. Never has it been the fate of a statesman to do his duty to his country in the face of so many difficulties—difficulties, it is true, the main portion of which were created by his own antecedents—and at the cost of so complete a surrender of all that statesmen hold most dear. In the course of thirty years, he changed every opinion, violated every pledge, broke up every party, disappointed every prophecy, deserted every colleague whom he could not draw along with him; yet, in spite of all, at the time of his death he stood in public estimation and respect the unquestioned chief, *longo intervallo*, of all the statesmen of the day. And why was this?—but because it was clear to all that sincere conviction and conscientious, unselfish devotion to his country's service were throughout the actuating principles of his conduct—were at the bottom of every changed opinion, of every broken pledge, of every scattered combination, of every severed friendship, of every disappointed hope. It

his followers, but his friends; had joined in the same pastimes, drunk from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics.

"He must have felt something of all this, while the Manners, the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers, and the Lennoxes passed before him. And those country gentlemen—those 'gentlemen of England'—of whom but five years ago this very same building was ringing with his pride of being the leader—if his heart were hardened to Sir Charles Burrell, Sir William Jolliffe, Sir Charles Knightly, Sir John Trollope, Sir Edward Kerrison, Sir John Tyrrell—he surely must have felt a pang when his eye rested on Sir John Yarde Buller, his choice and pattern country gentleman, whom he had himself selected and invited but six years back to move a vote of want of confidence in the Whig Government, in order, against the feeling of the Court, to instal Sir R. Peel in their stead."—(P. 300.)

occurs to many public men to sacrifice place, power, and friends to their principles and their faith: it was reserved to Sir Robert Peel to sacrifice to them his reputation—and this, not once, but time after time—and yet to find it, like the widow's cruse, undiminished by the daily waste.

Of Sir Robert Peel's conversions, his conversion to free trade and the repeal of the Corn Laws is the one which brought upon him the greatest obloquy and the heaviest charges, but we think with little justice. If, indeed, when he took office at the head of the Conservative party, in 1841, after ousting the Whigs—who, in their hour of danger and despair, had begun to tamper with the protection hitherto afforded to the agricultural and the colonial interest—he had already discerned the necessity and made up his mind to the wisdom of a surrender, and yet led his party on to the attack, and assumed name and power in the name and for the defence of the old party,—then no language can be found severe enough to condemn such black and premeditated treachery. But there is not the slightest ground for believing this to have been the case. When, after the general election of 1841, he was summoned to take office by the large majority of a Parliament elected under the combined influence of a general conviction of Whig incapacity and mismanagement—aided by the alarm created among the agriculturists by their proposal of a fixed duty, and among the West Indians by their attempt to reduce the differential duties on slave sugar—he found the country in a condition calling both for immediate action to rescue it from misery and depression, and for a sincere and searching study of the causes which had plunged it into such adversity. The finances were deplorably dilapidated. The deficit was annual, and annually increasing; and the Whigs had tried in vain to cure it. The trade of the country was languishing, manufacturers were failing, many mills were closed, bread and meat were scanty and dear, want of employment and want of food were driving many to despair, and goading others into violence. Altogether it was a gloomy period, the suffering and despondency of which are even now fresh and painful in our memory. It was one of those epochs that make all men earnest, and cause many to think and question who never thought or questioned before. Sir Robert Peel met Parliament in the autumn, passed the necessary routine measures for the service of the country, and then steadily refused to give any intimation of the plans by which he proposed to meet the alarming

state of matters, till he had the five months of the recess for careful deliberation. Those months were spent by himself and his colleague, Sir James Graham, in anxious investigation and reflection. Few men are aware how effectually, in all worthy and honourable minds, the awful responsibilities of office during a time of national distress, crush and drive away all selfish and personal considerations; how they tear away the veil from the flimsy arguments which sufficed to answer an objection or silence an opponent: how they shrivel into nothing the claims of consistency, the prejudices of connexion, the pride of reputation; and how they *compel* the most sincere and laborious efforts to arrive at truth. The impression made upon the two leading ministers by that dreadful time never faded from their minds. Those who knew them then saw an unwonted gravity upon their faces. Those who knew them afterwards heard them say that no party or political considerations would induce them to risk the recurrence of such a period of suffering and gloom. It was the remembrance of 1842 that shaped their course in 1846; they saw a similar period approaching, and they dared not, and could, not meet it with *any* restriction on a starving nation's supply of food.

Sir R. Peel met Parliament in 1842 with bold and statesmanlike proposals:—He saw that it was necessary to restore the finances, to relieve and unfetter industry, and to increase the supply of food for the people. So he imposed a property tax to enable him to modify a prohibitive and oppressive tariff; he greatly reduced the duties on the raw materials of manufactures, and he admitted foreign cattle and meat at moderate rates of duty. Further than this he would not go: *because further than this he did not see his way*. His new Corn-law was scarcely an improvement on the old one; and he was aware of this himself. On that subject his opinions, though shaken, were still undecided. *He did not see his way*; and his language showed this. Those who reproached him with ignorance and cowardice for not repealing the Corn-laws then, and those who reproached him with treachery and tergiversation for repealing them four years later, alike showed that they had not studied his career and did not understand the peculiar character of his mind. He was, as a statesman, exactly what the English are as a nation. They are, in spirit, essentially Conservative. They instinctively venerate what is old, dread what is novel, mistrust what is untried. They are ever unwilling to make a change till unmistakable expediency or ne-

cessity forces it upon them. They hold by precedent and custom till the position in which these retain them has become no longer tenable or safe. They hate rash experiments, but they love substantial justice. Hence, during the greater part of his life, Sir Robert Peel was a man after their own heart. He was pre-eminently a *tentative*, not a scientific statesman. He had nothing of the political philosopher about him: he never formed a theory, and then followed it out systematically to its consequences; he always *felt his way*. He felt his way in criminal law reform; he felt his way in the concession of equal institutions to Ireland; he felt his way on the currency question; he felt his way in his financial measures; he felt his way in his liberal commercial policy. His first steps towards free-trade, in 1842, were made in doubt and trembling: it was obvious that he had no thorough confidence in the *principles* of the free traders, and that he still thought there was much weight in the reasonings and the fears of their antagonists, but he perceived that the effect might be serviceable, and it was desirable that the experiment should be tried; and it was not till he saw how buoyantly the commerce of the country sprang forward under the timid and tentative relief which he had given, showing that at least he had done no harm and made no mistake, —that he began to see his way more clearly, and to announce his opinions more courageously, and with fewer reservations and misgivings. Had bad harvests, instead of good ones, followed his first tamperings with the old protective tariff, and the distress of the country been exacerbated instead of being relieved, we believe he would have concluded that he had been wrong, and that the further alterations of 1843, and the systematic revision of 1845, would have been indefinitely postponed.

In the same way he proceeded with the Corn Laws. No one could see his countenance and hear his speech, when, after six months of anxious reflection, he proposed his new scale of duties in 1842, without being convinced that he had begun to feel thoroughly doubtful of his ground:—the fearful distresses of his countrymen had compelled him to look into the subject more closely than he had ever done before, and to listen with more candour and attention to the reasonings of his opponents. The consequence was that his mind became utterly unsettled: he had to propose a law at a time when his own views had been greatly shaken, but when the antagonistic views of the free-traders had not yet wrought full conviction: hence he defended

his measure by arguments wholly unworthy of an intellect like his, and for three years insisted on giving it a fair trial. But during all this period, as was evident from his altered and hesitating language, his mind was gradually ripening for the final change: it was impossible for him, charged as he was with the destinies of England, to sit night after night in the House of Commons, listening to the lucid expositions, the crushing logic, of the small but indefatigable band of the champions of commercial freedom, without finding first doubt, then admiration and surprise, then conviction, successively creeping over him. We well remember, as he sat silent after one of the calm, clear, irrefutable speeches of Mr. Cobden (regarding the effect of the Corn Laws on grazing and dairy farmers), which made an unwonted impression on the house,—the dismayed country gentlemen began to whisper anxiously from the back benches: "This will never do! Why don't Peel get up and answer him?" Sir Robert Peel turned half round and muttered in a low voice: "Those may answer him who can."

When his conversion was thus almost completed, came the memorable and terrible summer of 1845—incessant rain, a damaged and defective harvest, and the universal potato-rot—and the work was done. Peel felt that he dared not encounter another period of distress and scarcity with the Corn Laws still unrepealed; he saw starvation in prospect for Ireland, and possibly for England also; and he recognised the impossibility of maintaining any impediments to the most unlimited supply of foreign food. The more he thought, the more he listened, the more he observed,—the clearer became his vision, and the more resolute his purpose. At the beginning of November he proposed to throw open the ports, but his colleagues were by no means unanimous, and he felt it was not a step to be taken with divided councils. Later in the month Lord Morpeth joined the league: on the 22nd, Lord John Russell wrote his celebrated letter to the electors of London; he too, like his great rival, was a convert to the pressure of the times and the arguments of the leaguers. A week after, Sir R. Peel resigned, after recommending the Queen to send for Lord John Russell, and placing in her Majesty's hands a written promise to assist his rival, by every means in his power, in effecting the now necessary settlement of this great question. The issue is well known: Lord John Russell could not form a ministry, and Sir R. Peel again took office with all his colleagues, except Lord Wharncliffe, who died, and Lord Stanley, whose prejudices were too stubborn

to yield to facts, and whose heart was not yet touched by the prospective sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. He carried the repeal of the Corn Laws in the session of 1846, after a hard contest, and the most savage and bitter personal attacks, and then, according to a tacit understanding, gracefully laid down his power, and retired for ever from official life.

That a tentative and gradually progressive policy like his does not indicate the possession of the highest qualities of statesmanship, we readily concede. The merit of the prophetic mind that sees far into the future belongs not to Sir R. Peel. Few politicians ever read the present better, or the future less. He was clear-sighted, rather than far-sighted. "His life was one perpetual education," says Mr. Disraeli. "He was not a rapid learner," observes Mr. Roebuck, "but he was continually improving. He was ever ready to listen to the exposition of new ideas."—The truth is, as Mr. Disraeli perceived, Sir R. Peel was not an *original* mind: he drew his inspiration from others. He was not of that order of great men who early embrace vast objects and prolific principles, inculcate the country with them, and educate the country up to them through long years of effort, obloquy, and misconstruction. He was not even of those who say, with Artervelde,—

"I will not wait upon necessity,

And leave myself no choice of vantage ground;  
But rather meet the times while still I may,  
And mould and fashion them as best I can."

He scarcely ever anticipated the verdict of the country; he was never too early; often too late. But when we reflect how great a change has of late years come over the political action of the country; how completely the general rules, and many even of the smaller details of our policy, are now decided by public opinion out of doors;\* how entirely both ministers and parliament have become mere instruments to realize, embody, and execute those decisions to which the exertions of independent thinkers and associ-

\* Mr. Disraeli, indeed, conceives that much of this change lies at the door of Sir Robert Peel. "No minister," he says, "ever diminished the power of Government in this country so much as this eminent man. No one ever strained the constitution so much. He was the unconscious parent of political agitation. He literally forced the people out of doors to become statesmen, and the whole tendency of his policy was to render our institutions mere forms." There is much truth in this: but surely the Whigs must share the guilt—if guilt there be—for what party of late years have so constantly compelled the country to modify their measures and make amends for their deficiencies?

ated bodies have gradually led the national mind,—it may be questioned whether a man who sympathizes and adopts, is not more needed at the helm, in our times, than a man who initiates—still more than one who anticipates or misreads. The day is past when British rulers could govern according to the dictates of their own wisdom; nothing can now be done that the country is not ripe for; and a minister who is too forward for his age, finds himself simply powerless.

“Had the intellect of Sir Robert Peel,” says Mr. Roebuck, “been of a bolder and more original cast, he would probably have been a less successful minister, as in that case he might often have proposed reforms before the nation was prepared to receive them, and thus have diminished his power as a minister while earning the renown of a philosopher. . . . The philosopher who discovers great truths, and collects the evidence by which they are eventually established, must be content to have his reward in the reverence and gratitude of posterity, and must be satisfied with the consciousness of the real value and importance of his discoveries. But the statesman, to be useful, must be powerful; and in a government like ours, and among a practical people like the English, the safest course for a reforming minister is never to be before his age. Let him not be obstinately wedded to any views or opinions—let him be ever ready to hear, and carefully and respectfully listen to, all sides of every question—but let him religiously abstain from appropriating or assenting to any novel conception, until the public thoroughly understands and earnestly adopts it.”—*Preface*, xix.

On one memorable instance, however, Sir Robert Peel hung back behind his age. He did not recognise the demand of the nation for reform, and when he did, he refused to bow to its wishes. He opposed the Reform Bill to the last; though when passed, he proclaimed it to be “a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question, which no friend to his country would attempt, directly or insidiously, to disturb;” and set himself diligently and with consummate sagacity to the task of reconstructing the disorganized Conservative party on a basis suited to the altered circumstances of the times. Yet it is to be observed that no man contributed more largely to the success of the Reform Bill than Sir Robert Peel himself,—since if it had not been for the breaking up of the Tory camp caused by his proceedings in 1829, that great measure could not have been carried, and indeed would never have been proposed. The

effect, too, of the discussions on that measure, the conduct of the people regarding it, and their subsequent course at elections, in completing his political education, and making him thoroughly comprehend the middle classes, can scarcely be too highly estimated.

Mr. Disraeli thus sums up his able and discriminating, but somewhat hostile, estimate of his great opponent:—

“One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of dispatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister this country ever produced; because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the court and the parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognise him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory, he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT that ever lived.”

Mr. Roebuck's estimate is juster and more comprehensive:

“His strongest sympathies were with the nation, and not with a dominant section or party; and in this he was pre-eminently distinguished from the Whig statesmen, to whom he was through life opposed. . . . His conduct during his last administration, though it gave offence, never to be forgiven, to some of his immediate partisans, made him the most popular minister, and the most powerful statesman, known in England since the days of the first William Pitt. The nation had confidence in his prudence; they believed him sincerely anxious to promote the welfare of his country, and to have real sympathies with the industrious millions of our people. There was a feeling every day growing stronger, that he was destined to be *the people's minister*;—that he would be able, by means of popular support, to which at length he could alone look for aid, to depart from the rule by which the whole government of the country had hitherto been placed exclusively in the hands of the aristocracy, and to unite upon the Treasury bench a really national administration. . . . Entertaining the hope that such was to be the ultimate mission of Sir Robert Peel, the nation looked with eager expectation to his future career. He rose in their affections in proportion as he lost the favour of his party, and was never so powerful as when by that party he was at last scouted, and deemed to be for ever dismissed.”

This is quite true. During the four years that elapsed between his resignation of office and his death, he grew daily in intellectual and moral stature, and in favour with the

great body of the people. For the first time in his long life he was free—unshackled by any party ties, and liberated from all embarrassing antecedents. He stood there as the great “Moderator”—a sort of consulting physician to the nation, to be called in when ordinary doctors were at fault. There was one service especially which it was hoped he might live to render. Rich in official experience, but unhampered by official connexion—exempt from the snares and prejudices of ambition, because no ambition could aspire to a higher eminence than he had already reached—apart and aloof from all the embarrassments of party, since he had for ever and voluntarily ceased to be a leader—it was felt that he, and he only, was the statesman competent to examine and report upon the whole machine of our government—to point out the defects in its *system*, and to suggest the quarter in which a remedy was to be sought; in a word, to reform Downing-street, and recal both the Legislature and the Executive to their original and proper functions. To enter further upon this topic—prolific as it is—would lead us into a digression now for which we have no space left.

We must conclude. When the Duke of Wellington, on receiving the melancholy tidings of Sir Robert Peel's death, emphatically pronounced him to be “the most honest man” he had ever known, the world was somewhat surprised at the peculiar terms of the eulogy. We were not. We can quite understand what the Duke meant. He intended to declare that in all his course his colleague had always appeared to him perfectly single-minded and conscientious. The praise was discriminating and deserved. We fully believe that Sir Robert Peel at all times did what he thought best for the country, according to his light and the scope of his vision; that whether he walked straightly or tortuously—whether he changed or persevered—whether he led his party or deserted them, he acted in each and every case as his conscience, in its then state of enlightenment, dictated.\* He did this at the cost of much personal pain, for he was a man acutely sensitive to the opinions and feelings of those around him,—

\* It is an interesting fact, and one that has come to us on high authority, that, for many of the latter years of his life, Sir Robert was in the invariable habit, at whatever hour he returned from Downing-street or the House of Commons, of reading for half an hour in some serious or religious book, before retiring to rest. It was only by this habit, he said, that he could keep his mind calm and clear after the distractions and irritations of the day.

at once proud and sensitive. Therefore we place him morally, though perhaps not intellectually, in the very first rank of public men. Would that all had his singleness of mind, his genuine patriotism, his honesty in seeking truth, his candour and courage in avowing error!

Sir Robert Peel was a scholar, and a liberal and discerning patron of the arts. He was a man of fine and sensitive organization, and of judicious and ready benevolence. Though not social, he had many literary interests, and much elegant and cultivated taste. Possessed of immense wealth, with every source and avenue of pleasure at his command, it was no slight merit in him that he preferred to such refined enjoyment the laborious and harassing service of his country. He had his recompence. By his unblemished private character, by his unrivalled administrative ability, by his vast public services, by his unvarying moderation, he had inspired, not only England, but the world at large, with a respect and confidence such as few attain. After many fluctuations of repute, he had at length reached an eminence on which he stood—*independent of office and of party*—one of the recognised Potentates of Europe; face to face, in the evening of life, with his work and his reward; his work, to aid the progress of those principles on which, after much toil, many sacrifices, and long groping towards the light, he had at last laid a firm grasp; his guerdon, to watch their triumph and their influences. Nobler occupation man could not aspire to; sublimer power no ambition need desire; greater earthly reward, God, out of all the riches of his boundless treasury, has not to bestow.

#### ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the “Westminster Review,” are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the “Foreign Quarterly” with the “Westminster,” has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign litera-

ture, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

THEO. THE first of a series of papers on the *logy*. "Restoration of Belief," which we announced as forthcoming in the last number of this "Review," has made its appearance, and is, perhaps, the most important theological production of the quarter, but we need not dwell on it here, as it forms the subject of a separate article in our present number.

We are always glad to welcome controversial works, which, if not in themselves direct contributions to truth, are helpful to that freedom of investigation, "by which truth was never yet injured." On this ground, but on no other, we welcome "The Eclipse of Faith." It is a clumsy attempt to work such stiff material as Butler's "Analogy" into the form and fashion of a theological fiction. Essays and epistles, dialogues and dreams, are jumbled together in the most chaotic confusion that fact or fiction ever fell into. The various *isms* in the theological world have their representative men in the discussion, the chief of whom are an orthodox old gentleman of the evangelical school; Fellowes, a shallow, sentimental spiritualist; and Harrington, a "genuine sceptic," who neither receives Christianity nor rejects it, who neither receives nor rejects anything, who, in fact, doubts everything, and who nevertheless doubts nothing without doubting whether he does doubt! The evangelical sticks to Butler and the Bible; the spiritualist finds his hagiography in Newman, Parker, Froude, and others of that class, whom he quotes ever and anon with the most absolute deference to their opinions. Harrington takes up the cudgels against him, and, by way of intellectual recreation, offers him the alternatives of atheism or orthodoxy. He *might* have offered him the alternatives of atheism or popery; but, of course, the argument is not suffered to expand into such inconvenient dimensions. The evangelical then steps in, and contends that since every system has its difficulties, and nothing remains to the inquirer but a choice of difficulties, it is most "prudent" to make choice of orthodoxy! And its difficulties with it, of course! In other words, you are to *believe at will!* The difficulties are to be swallowed with the truths, like pills coated with sugar; but to the truthful mind this is far from satisfactory, and its attitude toward

all difficulties *as such* is scepticism, as being the least affirmative. This is well illustrated in the present work. Harrington uses Butler's argument with effect against the dogmatist, but it is pointless when directed against himself. He is committed only to truth as such, and not to a system. Consequently he cannot be pushed into a corner, for he takes care not to get within walls, and every one feels that he has the advantage over all his opponents, and is, in fact, the only one of the company, at all times, and under all circumstances, accessible to truth. For this as well as for other reasons, to be attributed to the dramatic mismanagement of the author (for it is not what he intended), Harrington engrosses the sympathy of the reader. He is the hero of the fiction, if we may so speak; he is endowed with genius, learning, wit, and earnestness; he is surrounded with books and friends, and with such an ample allowance of wealth, health, and happiness as renders his position very enviable, and his scepticism very amiable,—*the only amiable thing in the book!* The author is one of those narrow-brained men who have sufficient logical dexterity to draw sound conclusions, provided they had sufficient intuitive power to know when they have started from right data. Vain jangling, religious sterility, the want of moral purpose and of controversial courtesy are the chief characteristics of his work.

"Sermons on National Subjects," by the author of "Alton Locke," are printed as preached in the village church of Eversley. Mr. Kingsley seems to prefer, with one of his predecessors, "to speak five words with the understanding than five thousand in an unknown tongue." Above all things he must get his hearers to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what he says to them; and, adapting himself accordingly to their capacity and circumstances, he makes brief, homely speeches instead of "sermons;" discusses as much as he may (but not as much as he might) the dialect of divines; and speaks to men and Englishmen, and not to saints and sinners. "We English," says Parson Lot, when beginning an exhortation; but the "English" that Parson Lot alludes to in the pulpit are an elect people like the Jews, all redeemed by the blood of Christ, all christened by the waters of holy baptism; all sanctified, or going to be, by the Holy Ghost; and they constitute, Christianly, a national brotherhood—a spiritual democracy, out of which a political and social democracy will eventually be developed. Christian socialism is the germ of Christian theocracy, which means liberty,

<sup>1</sup> "The Restoration of Belief. Part I. Christianity in relation to its Ancient and Modern Antagonists." Macmillan & Co. Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> "The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic." Longman. 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Sermons on National Subjects." By the Rev. C. Kingsley. Griffin & Co. 1852.

equality, and fraternity to the people, and tithes, offerings, and supreme power to the priesthood. It has in contemplation some sweeping measures for the extinction of paupers, capitalists, and political economists, but in the meantime recognises the inviolability of the crown, the hereditary peerage, and the established church,—those three fixtures which Lord John Russell has guaranteed to survive all political change and social progress! We regard Mr. Kingsley and his brethren of the new crusade as sincere and able men; but in regard to the former, we have not been helped to this conclusion by these sermons. On the dogmatic portion of them we pass no opinion, save that he fails, with all his straining after simplicity, to make his peculiar notions intelligible either to cultivated or uncultivated minds. On those portions of them, however, which come within our own province, we must take leave to say that such transcendental extravagances are not calculated to carry conviction to any class of the community.

“The Emphatic New Testament”<sup>4</sup> is based not on an intelligent perception of the sense of the text, but on mechanical application of a theory of the Greek article advocated by the author in a former work, in which he maintains that it should be regarded chiefly as a sign of emphasis. As the common version fails to indicate this and other peculiarities in the original text, deemed to be of importance to the English reader, a uniform system of typographical notation is here employed, which promises an advantage nearly equivalent to “hearing the words in the tone in which they were spoken by our Lord and his apostles.” This is not the place for a discussion on the Greek article; but it is a sufficient objection to Mr. Taylor’s scheme when the reader finds that many of the words here emphasized according to the *rule* are not those which he would emphasize according to the *sense*; and the conclusion is, either that the theory is wrong, or that the rule was not generally observed by Greek writers. The only advantage, therefore, of the black letter and small capitals with which these pages bristle is to equip illiterate polemics, who are able to advance beyond the paper-walls of the “authorized translation” with a few wooden canons from the arsenal of Greek criticism!

A catalogue of books, which, like the “Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman’s

Publications,”<sup>5</sup> is itself a book in the highest sense of the term, merits notice in this summary, as a novelty in literature, and, in this section, as a volume of substantive value to the theological inquirer. It is a *multum in parvo* cyclopædia of modern criticism and speculation in the departments of religion and philosophy; and as such, a perusal of its pages will not only give a clear and condensed idea of the range and character of the progressive literature of England, Germany, and America, but, as an outline of the works of that class in *actual circulation* in this country, it is the best possible index to the real state of opinion amongst the liberal minds in the community. Not that the works here analysed are exclusively of a theological or speculative cast; on the contrary, a considerable proportion is comprised under the heads of “History, Biography, Fiction, and Miscellanea;” but its theological contents constitute, undoubtedly, its principal recommendation. Some of the papers are carefully elaborated expositions: those on Hennell’s “Inquiry,” Strauss’ “Life of Jesus,” Atkinson and Martineau’s “Letters,” and Chapman’s “Cotton and Commerce of India,” are especially entitled to this credit.

The publication of two important botanical works,<sup>6,7</sup> illustrative of the researches conducted during recent voyages of discovery, has just been commenced under the authority of the Admiralty. One of them is devoted to an account of the flora of New Zealand. The author is Dr. Hooker, one of our younger botanists, but already eminently distinguished, and likely to take the foremost place among the systematic botanists of Europe.—He is the worthy son of an illustrious father, Sir William Jackson Hooker, through whose activity, knowledge, and public spirit, the present flourishing and truly scientific condition of the noble gardens at Kew is mainly due. Dr. Hooker accompanied Sir James Ross in his famous voyage towards the south pole, and laboured most sedulously in exploring the flora of Antarctic countries. Since then he has pursued his scientific researches as laboriously and as successfully in the far different regions of the mountains of India. This “Flora of New Zea-

<sup>4</sup> “An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman’s Publications.” Chapman. 1852.

<sup>6</sup> “The Botany of the Antarctic Voyage.—II. The Flora of New Zealand.” Part I. By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. London: Reeve & Co.

<sup>7</sup> “The Botany of H.M.S. Herald, under the command of Captain Henry Kellett, R.N., C.B.” Part I. By Berthold Seeman, Naturalist of the Expedition. London: Reeve & Co.

<sup>4</sup> “The Emphatic New Testament, according to the Authorized Version, compared with the various readings of the Vatican MS.” By John Taylor. Taylor & Walton. 1852.



land" is a portion of his Antarctic task, and, strange to say, is the only flora (using the word in the full sense) of a British colony yet issued. Without detailed descriptions and investigations of this kind executed with like science, and from as ample materials, we can never hope to become sufficiently acquainted with the vegetable productions of our dependencies. Yet through such knowledge we may assuredly hope to gain much important information, and develop resources as yet unavailable. There is a feature in Dr. Hooker's Flora highly commendable and novel in works of this kind. It is the endeavour to make his work available not only for naturalists, but also for colonists, and, without sacrificing anything of the science, to keep in view its probable utility as a local manual. The illustrations are extremely beautiful, and are executed with equal spirit and care.

The voyage of the *Herald*, the botanical results of which form the subject of the other work, was to different regions. Captain Kellett explored a great part of the west coast of America from south to north. His main purpose was to conduct a hydrographical survey. It is highly creditable to the Admiralty that they secured scientific results from this important expedition by appointing a naturalist to the ship engaged. Large and valuable collections, and observations of much interest, were made in consequence. This first part of the botany contains an account of the flora of Western Eskimaux-Land. It is drawn up, and very well done, by Mr. Seeman, the naturalist appointed to the *Herald* after the accidental death of Mr. Edmonstone, a very promising and talented youth, who had already given signs of much genius. How well the region was explored is manifested in the critical list of 242 species of flowering plants here given. Strange to say, no species entirely new was met with in this inhospitable but interesting province, which fact is a satisfactory one, as showing that our knowledge of the North Polar flora is as nearly as possible complete.

Whilst we admire the liberality of the Admiralty in promoting, by grants of money, the publication of these researches made in the public service, and are confident that in these, and, indeed, in all instances of late years they have acted wisely in doing so, we should like to see some system adopted which might enable the public to benefit more, and both authors and publishers be enabled to venture on their work with less hesitation than is often the case at present. The sale for books of this kind cannot be remunerative; consequently the price put upon them is necessarily a high one. To be done well

they require to be expensively done, for elaborate illustrations and careful drawings require both skill and time, and must be paid for. With the authors it is always a labour of love, but we think that their merits should not always go unrewarded. Although grants are given, now by the Treasury, now by the Admiralty, there is no concerted distribution, and scarcely sufficient consideration of the purposes of the grant. It is the business of no one minister to look after such matters, and is left too much to chance, boring, or favour. When the books come out, there is often no superintendence of their distribution. Copies should be sent, at the public expense, to all the principal libraries in the kingdom, so as to render the work generally consultable. Perhaps the best way to do this effectively would be for Government to subscribe for some extensive number of copies, instead of granting money in the lump, undertaking to distribute those subscribed for to public institutions only, or, if to private individuals, to those only concerned in the special scientific subjects treated of in the volumes.

One of the ablest of living teachers of botany is the energetic professor of that science in the University of Edinburgh. He has just sent forth a new manual, in the shape of a profusely illustrated "Treatise on Structural and Morphological Botany." It is very full of matter, and, at the same time, sufficiently condensed. There are many peculiarities of arrangement in this text-book, most of them advances on previous methods, and doubtless suggested by the author's extensive experience. We question, however, the propriety of separating the treatment of the organography of plants from the account of their functions and the physiology of their organs. As a purely organographical treatise, we know none equal to this by Dr. Balfour.

Among our writers on zoology, there is none who describes in clearer and more elegant language the structure and habits of animals, than Professor Rymer Jones. After a long interval and somewhat unsatisfactory delay, a second volume of his at once popular and scientific "Natural History of Animals" has appeared. It is devoted to the ever-delightful subject of the organization and proceedings of insects. It is beautifully illustrated, and excellently adapted to its purpose.

Through the well-directed arrangements of

\* "Class-Book of Botany, being an Introduction to the Study of the Vegetable Kingdom." By J. H. Balfour, M. D., F. R. S. E. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

\* "The Natural History of Animals." By Thos. Rymer Jones, F. R. S. Vol. II. London: Van Voorst.

the Society of Arts, the teaching influence of the Great Exhibition has been extended beyond the duration of that magnificent and suggestive show. At the suggestion of Prince Albert, a series of lectures on the results of the Exhibition<sup>10</sup> has been delivered before the useful association just mentioned, by men eminent in their respective departments, and familiar, through serving on the Exhibition juries, with the objects and products displayed. These lectures, of unequal merit, but all highly interesting, have been collected and published in a volume, full of instruction and information. The subjects discussed are more especially the raw products derived from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, machinery and philosophical instruments, naval architecture, the productions of India, and the educational bearings of practical science. Each lecturer has evidently taken up his task as a labour of love, and endeavoured to do full justice to his chosen theme. There is occasionally considerable freedom of criticism, more likely to prove beneficial than profuse praise. The defects, as well as the excellences of the collections at the Crystal Palace are freely indicated, and not a few hints of value to the merchant and manufacturer are thrown out.

Among the many "commissioners" sent forth from the office of the "Times" to investigate the grievances or the progress of the British community, was one whose task was an inquiry into the comparative condition of agriculture in the principal English counties. Although the more enlightened and enterprising of our farmers are advancing in science every day, there is a large body who make but little progress, trusting to the "rule of thumb" transmitted to them by their forefathers, and, finding their profession unprosperous, raise the stale and perfectly useless cry for "protection." These men are, in most instances, almost wholly unacquainted with what is doing beyond their own immediate neighbourhood. To improve them effectually, they must be informed of what others are about, and instructed in the appreciation of improved methods. In effecting this desirable reform, the reports prepared by Mr. Caird, and now collected in an interesting and valuable volume,<sup>11</sup> will prove of some service. They present distinct and critical pictures of the ways and practices, good and bad, of farmers in most of our agricultural districts, and though occasionally liable to

the imputation of hasty, and, perhaps, slightly prejudiced judgments, based upon too limited data, are, in the main, able and practical commentaries, written in an attractive and lucid style.

"The Story of Nell Gwyn"<sup>12</sup> History and Biography. which appeared, in the course of last year, in successive numbers of the "Gentleman's Magazine," duly presents itself in an independent form, corrected and enlarged. "It must be read (says the author) as a serious truth, not as a fiction—as a biography, not as a romance. It has no other foundation than truth, and will be heard of hereafter only as it adheres to history." That it *will* be heard of hereafter there seems little reason to doubt. A dish of this nature cooked in this fashion is too rare not to be well relished. Like forbidden fruit, indelicate pictures in gilded frames generally secure a glance both from men and women. The life of a royal courtesan from the graphic pen of an accomplished antiquarian, combining the seductions of low comedy with the attractive graces of light literature, need not despair of a market. "The Story of Nell Gwyn" will find a place in royal libraries with royal biographies of a more legitimate order, with as little question as Nell herself, when glittering in her jewels, was received at Whitehall or Windsor among the proudest princesses of the realm. It would seem, indeed, that "distance lends enchantment to the view;" for though, in reality, Nell was an impudent strumpet, and only gave Burnet too much ground for calling her "the wildest creature that ever was in a court," on paper—on these pages—she is nothing short of a goddess, fascinating you with her wit and beauty as she did her paramours; coaxing you with her liberality as she did "the London Apprentices;" and even gulling you with her orthodox cant as she did the grim Puritans who patronised her as the "Protestant Mistress!" But, for all that, you cannot find it in your heart to deal harshly with the "pretty witty Nell." You laugh at her jokes, and condole with her in her sorrows; for she was not a stranger to grief, nor finally, it is said, to "repentance." But be that as it may, you cannot but admit that she had many good qualities; and you remember that, in addition to other praiseworthy public actions, she was the virtual founder of Chelsea Hospital—a deed of charity sufficient to cover all her sins, if such you have the courage to call them, for, ere you get through the story, you are well nigh convinced, with

<sup>10</sup> "Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition, delivered before the Society of Arts." London: Bogue.

<sup>11</sup> "English Agriculture in 1850-51." By James Caird, Esq., the "Times Commissioner." London: Longmans.

<sup>12</sup> "The Story of Nell Gwyn, and the Sayings of Charles II." Related and collected by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. Bradbury & Evans. 1852.

the etymologists, that morals are simply *mores*, and you feel that Nell grows in interest, if not in grace, the more faithfully she represents the vices of the times. At worst, she is better than could have been expected under the circumstances, which, from first to last, victimized her. And as for the "Merry Monarch," he is a wise and witty, free and easy soul—not a bad man after all! Such is the moral atmosphere which encircles the "Story;" and, if ever its moral influence cost the author much consideration, his misgivings were hushed by the plausible excuse that "what so good a man as Archbishop Tenison did not think an unfit subject for a funeral sermon, need not be thought an unfit subject for a book."

Biography presents an inviting field to such artistic-antiquarian *littérateurs* as Mr. Cunningham or Mr. Carlyle; and it were desirable that they or other masters of the pencil would deliberately devote themselves to this work in the spirit of the old chroniclers, whose pictorial pages charm the reader into the conviction that literature, in this department, has lost ground which it must now seek to recover. Tempted by this obvious necessity, writers of an inferior order are hurrying with successive heroes into the book-market, whence they get puffed off into the circulating libraries. It would appear to be some speculation of this sort which stimulates the prolific pen of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who promises to be the father of a biographical progeny too numerous to be all decently accounted for. His "John Howard," and "William Penn," are still among "new publications," when "Robert Blake,"<sup>13</sup> is announced as "now ready." The merits of his last production are trumpeted by the author himself in a tone which seems to say, "Here you have it at last. I am the first to write the life of one of England's greatest men." Mr. Dixon does not appear to see that the reason why no adequate biography of Blake exists is owing to that very greatness which secured for the hero so conspicuous a place in history, that nothing seemed left for the biographer to add. Like the poet who writes his life in his poetry, Blake wrote his in his public actions. Other men have done the same, and yet have had an inner life quietly growing out of their individuality, to which individual portraiture alone could do justice. But Blake had little individuality; he was simply an Englishman; his whole personal history mingles itself organically with the history of his country; and Mr.

Dixon with "family and state papers" in his possession, and after "rausacking every nook and corner for anecdotes," can furnish nothing more than a *history* of those battles and public events in which Blake had a share. Yet he writes as if he had discovered that his hero has been a neglected man, whom it has been his good fortune to rescue from impending oblivion! The founder of England's naval greatness, who occupies, perhaps, the proudest place in her annals, and who lives in song as the compeer of the "mighty Nelson," seems, by our author's talk, to have hitherto loomed in the mist of popular ignorance, and like a mythic demigod, to have been "thus far chiefly known by a *few heroic outlines*," waiting along with other "spirits in prison," till Mr. Hepworth Dixon's magic pen should "recover a more distinct image of the Puritan Seaking," and awaken his ungrateful countrymen to a "better appreciation of the more moderate men of our revolutionary era!" Should some useless documents fall in his way about Cromwell, we shall be favoured next with an attempt to get up a "better appreciation" of old Noll. At present, however, the documents seem to decide in favour of "the more moderate men," who will now be jumping from the press as thick as the Greeks from the Trojan horse!

The "Life of Dr. John Reid,"<sup>14</sup> by the author of the "Life of Cavendish," can interest none beyond the circle of Dr. Reid's family and friends, unless a digressional lecture on physiology, or a dissertation on cruelty to animals, or a "full and particular account" of what is commonly termed a case of "death-bed repentance," recommend it respectively to students, to hacks hunting up matter for prize essays, or to those who regard "a good conversion" and "a good murder" as alike sweet and savoury reading. Whether it arise from the character of the materials placed in the author's hands, or from his own sense of what would form an appropriate selection, or both, is not explained, but to us it does seem incongruous that the centre of interest in a scientific biography should be found in the exposition of theological dogmas, and in the anatomy of religious experiences, which, though they happened to be among the circumstances of Dr. Reid's closing career, had no place in the developments of his life, and little or none in the constitution of his nature. Attacked by a fatal disease, he was led, as a man under sentence of death, to make his peace with God in the shortest

<sup>13</sup> "Robert Blake: Admiral and General at Sea." By Hepworth Dixon. Chapman & Hall. 1852.

<sup>14</sup> "Life of Dr. John Reid." By George Wilson, M.D. Sutherland & Knox. 1852.

and easiest way within his reach; but, without questioning the reality of his feelings, we may be permitted to question the propriety, under such circumstances, of obtruding them so prominently as is done here. In reference to the disease which prematurely ended his days, it was no doubt a striking coincidence that he should suffer the greatest pain in those nerves upon whose functions his experiments had thrown the most light, and it was pardonable for Dr. Reid himself to refer to this as a "judgment" for the suffering he had inflicted by his experiments on the lower animals; but (whether viewed in reference to the character of the Deity, or the unavoidable conditions of scientific investigation,) it is discreditable to Dr. Wilson, either as a Christian or as a philosopher, to echo the morbid, and, we trust, momentary feeling of the sufferer, admitting, as he does, at the same time, that not only was wanton cruelty abhorrent to his friend's disposition, but that pain was always as much minimized as was consistent with the object in view. Had this book been one of the issues (as in its present form it ought to have been) of the Religious Tract Society, it would not have been amenable to secular criticism; but a work which professes to be "a tribute to the memory of a great anatomist and physiologist, from the pen of a chemist," and which, under that guise, turns out to be a theological prescription from the pen of a spiritual apothecary, cannot be allowed to pass through our hands without censure.

Those who are in the habit of measuring the merits of a book by the quantity of type employed in heralding its advent have been anticipating that the promised six-volume "Autobiography of William Jerdan"<sup>10</sup> was about to create a sensation in the literary world; and, along with others, we had been flattered into the hope that, from his past position, he would have had at least something interesting to communicate, if nothing important to reveal; but in regard to this first volume, it is enough to say that its matter is too dull to repay perusal, and its style too loose to merit criticism. Mr. Jerdan seems to have pledged himself to turn out the six volumes before he had well considered where the materials were to be found or whether they were to be found at all; and only makes the discovery, after putting pen to paper, that they "were dissipated no one knew whither!" With this disappointment, and the interruptions which his inexperience had not taken into calculation, he fears

that he has patched up but a poor story, and penitently commends himself and his labours to the "candour of the critic, and the indulgence of the public!"

The career of royalty seems to be abandoning history for biography, and bids fair to absorb as large a space of the one as it used to do of the other. Miss Pardoe contributes another royal biography in the "Life of Marie de Medicis,"<sup>11</sup> and Mr. Urquhart a semi-royal one in the "Life and Times of Francesco Sforza."<sup>12</sup> The former is a work of considerable research, written in a style of vivacious, but somewhat inflated eloquence. The latter is merely an adapted translation from the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, a source of information already exhausted by Sismondi. Sforza was a brave *condottiere*, or military adventurer, who, from being the son of a peasant of Romagna, rose to sovereign power in one of the most important states of Italy; but he by no means occupied the place in Italian history which is here assigned to him. With America before his eyes, too, why should Mr. Urquhart draw from the successes and crimes of such Napoleonic men as Sforza the indiscriminating conclusion that local self-government is inimical to civil liberty?

Kennedy's "Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain,"<sup>13</sup> as relating to men who all, with only one exception, lived within the present century, is supplementary to Sismondi and Ticknor, as well as to the excellent compendium published by the Messrs. Chambers. The volume is devoted to twelve leading poets,—being more than usually copious in its biographical sketches and poetical illustrations. The author has had the best opportunities of familiarizing himself with Spanish literature, and manifests an accurate acquaintance with his subject; but we cannot compliment him upon his skill in English versification.

The commercial value of a book influences so unconsciously the popular estimate of its intrinsic merits, that Michaud's "History of the Crusades"<sup>14</sup> is, for a time, in some danger of depreciation in consequence of being introduced to the English public through the medium of a cheap (but excellent) translation. Though it has always enjoyed the reputation,

<sup>10</sup> "The Life of Marie de Medicis." By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. Colburn & Co. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "The Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan." By W. P. Urquhart. 2 vols. Blackwood. 1852.

<sup>12</sup> "Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain." By James Kennedy. Longmans. 1852.

<sup>13</sup> "Michaud's History of the Crusades." Translated by W. Robson. 3 vols. Routledge & Co. 1852.

<sup>14</sup> "The Autobiography of William Jerdan." Vol. I. Hall, Virtue & Co. 1852.

among scholars, of being a standard work in historical science, and of being the best ever written on the Crusades, it is comparatively unknown in this country, owing, we have no doubt, to the mistaken impression which prevails that it is unnecessary to translate works which are already accessible in a language so generally cultivated as French. The comparatively limited number of French or foreign books imported should dispel every delusion of this kind from the minds both of publishers and the public. Michaud was a predecessor in the field of history, journalism, and public life, of such as Guizot, Louis Blanc, and Thiers. To his history of the Crusades he devoted the best twenty years of his life,—thus joining to the vivacity of the Frenchman the laborious industry of the German, and furnishing an enduring contribution to the literature of Europe.

Another translation from the French fills up a blank (though not a felt one) in our historical literature with Bungener's "History of the Council of Trent,"<sup>10</sup> a reliable and (considering the subject) a readable work, originally called into being as an antidote to the proposed celebration in 1845 of the three hundredth anniversary of the Council, and now sent forth in an English dress more from polemical than literary motives. We think it highly desirable that the public should be furnished with such accessible means of information respecting ecclesiastical intolerance, provided the design were impartially executed. A history like this is, no doubt, a powerful argument against popery; but we fear that Protestantism is equally liable to be damaged when assailed, in similar style, by the accusations of history.

Sir John Davis' new work on China<sup>11</sup> forms an interesting supplementary chapter to the history of the Chinese war. The first volume, indeed, professes to be a "Chinese History," composed from secret state papers captured during the war, and translated by Dr. Gutzlaff; but the integrity with which it has been edited, and the accuracy with which it represents Chinese opinion, may be inferred from the character which it gives of the war: "At no time (says this 'Chinese History') was the traffic deserving of the full load of infamy with which many were disposed to heap it, for at the most it only supplied the poison which the Chinese were not obliged to take." After this manner these "native documents" are done into English! Instead of allowing these papers to give the *Chinese*

side of the story, which he professes to do, the only use which the editor makes of them is to make the case stronger against their authors. In the second volume, Sir John gives *his own* history of the peace; and here, again, the candour and impartiality of the historian may be estimated from the charge made against the Chinese government, that, after it had been forced to tolerate the traffic, "it was not sufficiently honest (!) to make a public avowal of this change in its system." Appended to this diplomatic version of the diplomatist's own diplomatic transactions are some interesting particulars of the origin and causes of the present rebellion in the south. It will not surprise him if the revolt prove successful. The concluding chapters are occupied with suggestive observations on the trade of Japan and the Indo-Chinese nations. The recent American expedition to Japan is evidently regarded by Sir John as a lucky hit on the part of that government. "Nothing important is likely to be gained by mere negotiation;" and if the American armament be insufficient to carry out strong measures, "it may lead to something farther from either the same or some other quarter." "First come first served" is the law of conquest; and now that England is helping itself to Burmah, and America to Japan, why should Russia hesitate to march its hordes over the "great wall" and annex the Celestial Empire to its Asiatic frontier?

When narratives from Criminal Trials are well selected and well told, so as to combine (as they must almost necessarily do) the liveliness of fiction with the impressiveness of fact, they form a valuable contribution to the stock of "readable books." In this respect Mr. Burton's recent volumes<sup>12</sup> have not quite answered our expectations. Though evincing, at the outset, a clear perception of the source of interest in such disclosures, he has failed to make a practical use of that perception in the construction of his work. It certainly develops some "remarkable social conditions," and throws light on some of "the secret impulses" of historical events; and so far, perhaps, it answers the purpose for which it was published. But had that purpose been more simple, the effect would have been more striking. Such a work should have been essentially dramatic; and though this kind of composition is not the author's forte, the defect would have been obviated, had he simply selected from the rich resources at his command what was *good* rather than what was *new*—had he, in short, been less of the mere antiquarian, and more of the chronicler. But instead of doing this, or of confining him-

<sup>10</sup> "History of the Council of Trent." From the French of L. F. Bungener. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "China during the War, and since the Peace." By J. F. Davis. 2 vols. Longman. 1852.

<sup>12</sup> "Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland." By J. H. Burton. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1852.

self either to what would have historical value, or to what would have popular effect, he bends the narrative now toward the one purpose, and now toward the other, thereby divesting it of that unity, continuity, and proportion which a straightforward tale naturally falls into, when left to take its own course. It gives us pleasure, nevertheless, to recognise the industry and ingenuity everywhere conspicuous in these volumes, and to express our high estimate of the historical elucidations which constitute their chief object and their real value.

The profound and elaborate metaphysical essays which have appeared from time to time in the "Edinburgh Review," from the pen of Sir William Hamilton, are now, with other matter, republished in a compact volume,<sup>22</sup> which will prove to many a student a rich store of philosophical observation, as well as a valuable intellectual discipline. A book so brimful as this of deep and varied learning, accurate scholarship, keen insight, and logical acumen, looks now-a-days like a miracle in literature. And we venture to hope that though, on their first appearance, some of these articles were hardly understood, and even pronounced incomprehensible, they will now be as highly prized in England as they have all along been in France, Germany, and America—if indeed they do not come to be regarded as singularly clear expositions of the most intricate questions which can exercise the human mind. Sir William has a peculiar fancy for stowing away his freshly-accumulated stores of information in notes, appendixes, and addenda, which form oceans and continents of independent dissertation. In these additional criticisms, while superfluously vindicating his own, he makes havoc of several respectable reputations, which will render them more cautious in running a tilt half-equipped against such a formidable antagonist.

Side by side with the philosophical papers of the Edinburgh professor, Dr. Whewell's prelections on the "History of Moral Philosophy in England"<sup>23</sup> appear to great disadvantage, not only in point of learning and logic, but still more as regards the grasp with which he lays hold of his subject, and the enthusiasm which he throws into the discussion. These lectures exhibit every indication, as they certainly possess nothing more than the merit, of being mere compilations of a very dull description. In a dry, sluggish, frigid style,

and in a form somewhat like a compromise between a commentary and a *catalogue raisonnée*, he reviews the principal ethical writers, from William Perkins, the puritanical casuist, to Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, to the latter of whom he devotes the six concluding lectures of the course. Though generally candid and courteous in his treatment of those from whom he differs in opinion, his antipathy towards Bentham betrays itself by dragging into the discussion of his sentiments some biographical facts touching the philosopher's intellectual infirmities, which would have the effect of exciting prejudice against his system. To counteract the influence of utilitarianism in England, and especially to effect its expurgation from his own university, seems to be the special mission of the Master of Trinity—with small advantage to ethical progress, either in theory or practice, if his own muddled system be all that he has to offer in its place.

But it is of little consequence. Paley, Bentham, and Whewell, are now each and all superseded. A second Newton—a greater than Newton has appeared!<sup>24</sup> The great primal law of the moral world has been discovered! Mr. Doubleday calmly divulges the mighty secret; he professes to reveal the name and nature of that law which holds the same place in "Mundane Moral Government" that gravitation holds in "Mundane Material Government." What can Mr. Doubleday mean? Has he considered what such a discovery involves! The law of progress and social harmony—is he ready with a doctrine which will explain it, and with a formula which will apply it? Has an eternal basis been found, at length, for social science, and does Mr. Doubleday expound its Principia? Shall we now be able to bring its rules to bear upon the tumultuous passions of human life, and direct them along the path of progress, as we now direct the locomotive along the line, or electricity along the wire? For if mind be subject to laws at all, their clear discovery and right application will yield up the moral world to our control as truly as the discovery and right application of the physical laws are daily extending our empire over matter. Chaos reigns over social life only by the aid of ignorance; and if this book be true to its profession, it gives to science the power of achieving its birthright, and hands over human destiny to human providence! What, then, is the astounding discovery which is here put forth as the counterpart of gravitation? We cannot help the bathos of the

<sup>22</sup> "Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform." By Sir W. Hamilton. Longman. 1852.

<sup>23</sup> "Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England." By W. Whewell, D.D. J. W. Parker. 1852.

<sup>24</sup> "On Mundane Moral Government, demonstrating its Analogy with the System of Material Government." By Thomas Doubleday. Blackwood. 1852.

reply:—"EXCITEMENT," says Mr. Doubleday, is the law of progress! Fancy Sir Isaac Newton dazzling the world with the discovery that MOVEMENT is the law of motion! "Excitement" is the steam-power of the social world—a discovery in social science equivalent to what was made in physical science, when (not when Newton discovered gravitation, nor when Watt applied his knowledge of the laws of steam to the construction of a steam-engine, but when—) it was perceived that steam was a powerful agency! Mr. Doubleday is an ingenious writer, but he is neither a Newton nor a Watt. He is the author of some valuable books, but, in the present instance, his theory is based on a ridiculous mistake, which, along with some others equally absurd, it would be easy to point out at greater length, were it either worth while, or would our space admit of it.

Mr. Pashley's work on "Pauperism and the Poor Laws"<sup>26</sup> begins with an inquiry, statistically, into the state of pauperism, as it now exists; then traces, historically, the progress of pauper legislation from the time that England became a portion of Christendom to the present day; after which it examines, controversially, the various remedies put forth by poor-law reformers; concluding with the author's own proposal, "that the law of settlement be wholly repealed; that the various provisions for raising and administering relief be consolidated into one statute; that the yearly sum needed for such relief continue to be raised by parochial rates on real property; that two-thirds of this sum be raised by a pound-rate equal throughout the whole country; and the remainder by a further pound-rate, raising in every parish a sum equal to one-third of the actual expenditure of such parish."

Though law does not, in our minds, or in the programme of this summary, associate itself with literature, yet as a work intended for the public as well as for the profession, and as a sample, moreover, of that Johnsonian industry which Mr. Carlyle longs to behold in these "latter days," we beg to notify to our commercial readers the completion of Leone Levi's work on "Commercial law,"<sup>27</sup> in which all the laws relating to commerce which have been sanctioned by the usages or statutes of all the commercial nations of the earth, are collected, analyzed, arranged, and compared; presenting in separate columns, and in a condensed form, their agreement or disagreement with each other, forming a sort

of commercial polyglott, or cyclopedia of mercantile jurisprudence, as serviceable for reference as a dictionary or an almanac. Obviously of great use to lawyers and legislators, mariners, and merchants.

Mr. Laing's "Denmark and the Duchies,"<sup>28</sup> exhibits the author's usual shrewdness and tact; though his "observations" do not always impress us either with their depth or impartiality. Few men, upon the whole, are better qualified to give a well-informed opinion upon the condition-of-Europe question, or to urge it with more force, directness, and independence; but we should wish to see more of the discrimination of the judge, and less of the warmth of the advocate—more of the comprehensiveness of the historian, and less of the iteration of the pamphleteer, ere we can place that reliance on his conclusions which would otherwise be due to so intelligent a traveller. Previous to setting out on his late tour, Mr. Laing seems to have been so far prepossessed with some plausible, but exaggerated theories on continental questions, that his mission assumed the aspect less of a calm and cautious inquiry than an eager canvass for proof cases in support of foregone conclusions. That of late years literature has been fraternizing with democracy, and that the "dangerous classes" of the continent are the alumni of the public schools, and the ornaments of the universities, is pretty well known; but it was reserved for Mr. Laing to bring against the literati of Europe the sweeping charge of having, for nearly half a century, cherished the conviction that political power was destined to fall into their hands, and of having aimed to give this corporate conviction such a shape that it would possess the unity and force of an organized conspiracy! Their ambition, it seems, was to establish a literary hierarchy, which should be as omnipotent in the nineteenth century as the Romish hierarchy was in the middle ages. The professors and schoolmasters were the principal promoters of the scheme; the machinery of public instruction was traitorously employed in educating the young into the grand idea; and with such subtlety was it managed, that even princes and potentates were led into the snare. At length the vision began to be partly realized, and to be acted out on the stage of history. First came the Frankfort farce, and then followed the comic-tragedy of the Schleswig-Holstein war. The battle of Idstedt broke the back of literature as an aspirant after political power; and on that account Mr. Laing

<sup>26</sup> "Pauperism and the Poor Laws." By Robert Pashley, Q. C. Longman. 1852.

<sup>27</sup> "Commercial Law, its Principles and Administration, &c. &c." By Leone Levi. Vol. II. Bennet & Co. 1852.

<sup>28</sup> "Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851." By Samuel Laing. Longman. 1851.

considers that "in the future history of Europe the results of this battle will be considered by the philosophic historian more important than those of Waterloo for the social state of the continent." Possibly it may, and Idstedt may absolutely be the Armageddon of the Apocalypse; but whether either Idstedt or Waterloo will ultimately rank highest among the "decisive battles of the world" must be left for the future developments of destiny to determine. We commend the volume to our readers as one of great suggestiveness—a characteristic which is to be attributed to the happy faculty which the author possesses of viewing foreign objects from an English stand-point—not so as to see them in an English dress, which would create confusion, but with English eyes, which brings out those clear contrasts that help to impress the picture more vividly upon the mind. Denmark he visited as an ancestral home—a prepossession which opened up to him quite a fresh field of observation, the striking effect of which may be seen in the comparison between Edinburgh and Copenhagen, as well as between Scotland and Denmark generally. Inquiries so ingeniously conducted would soon furnish important contributions to comparative sociology.

The "public subjects" relative to the United States which are discussed in Mr. Tremmenheere's "Notes,"<sup>29</sup> are education, railways, water-supply, the ballot, and the press. On the first subject he considers that his inquiries into the public-school system warrant him to affirm "that the theory on which it is based—namely, that the religious instruction which is not given in the day-schools is given in the Sunday-schools—is not supported by facts, in reference to a large proportion of the labouring population;" and "that the injurious consequences of separating religious from secular instruction are becoming evident to some of the most observant persons and the most zealous supporters of popular education." Who are those "observant persons," and what sort of schools do they wish? They are high-church clergy, and they wish high-church schools. "I have heard the most earnest desires expressed by many clergy of the New England States, &c., for the establishment of such [denominational] schools." The "Bishop of Massachusetts" stated that "he should undoubtedly prefer, in the interests of religion, parochial schools." "Some of the principal clergy of the church of England in New York (!) are exerting themselves with that

object." "The Bishop of Pennsylvania is anxious, for the same reasons, for the establishment of similar schools." Mr. Tremmenheere visited Lowell, celebrated through the civilized world for its educational machinery, and there took the deposition of the Rev. Dr. Edson, Rector of St. Anne's, from which it appears that the intelligent young Lowellites show "great ignorance of the Bible, which they profess to take as their guide." Their ignorance is not attributed to the influence of scepticism: they are clearly sheep without a shepherd. "I find many not only unable to repeat any of the ten commandments, but entirely unaware of there being any ten commandments at all." As Dr. Edson speaks of his "frequent intercourse" with these young people "as a pastor," we are led to suppose that they belong to the worthy rector's own flock! He rebukes himself when he adds, in reference to the Irish population (who are now generally held accountable for all the statistical paganism and poverty with which we are afflicted), that they "are well looked after by their priests, and that nearly the whole of them attend some Sunday or other catechetical instruction." Mr. Tremmenheere concludes that the public-school system is something very frightful, and that we should pause before we commit ourselves to it in this country. Our readers can estimate for themselves the worth of this counsel, and of the author's reliability as a reporter of public opinion in America.\*

While the current of public excitement continues to flow so strongly toward the new El Dorado, a work on "Our Antipodes,"<sup>30</sup> by Colonel Mundy, very opportunely makes its appearance; and, at the present moment, the popularity which, under any circumstances, these volumes would have won, will be augmented by the "glimpse" afforded of the gold-fields, to which the author paid a hurried visit on the eve of embarkation for England, in August last. But, though thus seasonably apprised

\* Speaking of our English institutions as conservators of Christian courtesy, he remarks: "The ultra-democratic theory of social and political life, which so unduly exalts the individual, is at variance with every precept of Christian humility. 'In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.' 'In honour preferring one another.' 'Put on humbleness of mind, meekness,' 'Be courteous.' I must add that I was occasionally reminded of these passages, during my stay in the United States, and sometimes also in remote corners of Canada." But never, we presume, in aristocratic England!

<sup>30</sup> "Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australian Colonies, with a Glimpse of the Gold Fields." By Lieut.-Colonel Mundy. 3 vols. Bentley. 1852.

<sup>29</sup> "Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada." By H. S. Tremmenheere. Murray. 1852.



of the discovery, and conscious of the revolution which it will create in the colony, no indication is given of such an impression until the close of the work, which would consequently seem to have been prepared for the press before the golden news came to change the course and colour of all his previous anticipations. It has now, therefore, less reference to Australia as it is than to Australia as it was—twelve months ago; but this does not, in our judgment, detract from its value as a historical register of events as they happened and of impressions as they were formed at the time. And if our readers feel inclined to accompany the colonel in his antipodal excursions, they will find themselves in the company of a gentleman of equal intelligence and politeness, whose rank gives him the power, as his obliging nature gives him the disposition, to introduce them to all grades of colonial society—to all aspects of colonial life—and to nearly all varieties of colonial scenery. For, though in the spirit of a conscientious public officer he craves the reader to consider him “as part and parcel of his office-desk, plodding through returns and reports, records and regulations, warrants and articles of war,” he is an “excellent whip,” and enjoys long excursions into the interior, telling stories by the way, or detailing his views on emigration, transportation, and such topics as come within the range of colonial discussion. Whatever the topic, he is always well-informed, generally lively, and occasionally humorous. Although Colonel Mundy intends his volumes as “a light work,” he has the manliness to state that he has shunned neither “trouble nor care” to render it worthy of public favour.

As a nation of civilized tea-drinkers like ourselves, the Chinese are the most curious people out of Christendom; and a “Journey to the Tea-Countries,”<sup>1</sup> with well-authenticated information about the culture of the tea-plant, is to an Englishman only inferior in interest to the latest report from the gold-regions of Australia. Mr. Fortune’s book widens, in a general way, the geographical horizon, but it does not add anything important to the stock of Chinese facts previously accumulated. As an ambassador not to Peking but to Sung-lo and the Bohea mountains, nature had more attractions for our author than society. To get good tea-plants was his first object; to increase his acquaintance with, and, if possible, enlarge the contents of the “Flora Sinensis” was his second;

<sup>1</sup> “A Journey to the Tea-Countries of China.” By Robert Fortune. Murray. 1852.

and to get a view from some hill-top of a landscape that would remind him of his own highland home was his third. So far he was perfectly successful. In reference to his narrative, he says, “My object is to give a peep into the Celestial empire, to show its strange hills and romantic valleys, its rivers and canals, its natural productions, whether in the field, on the hill-side, or in the garden, and its strange and interesting people, as they were seen by me in their every-day life.” This promise is well fulfilled. It is truly a book of nature. Throughout the volume he never loses an opportunity of describing, as, throughout his journey, he never lost an opportunity of examining, all the gardens and floral phenomena that came in his way. His style is lively and picturesque; and his remarks evince shrewdness and good sense. His observations on tea-cultivation in India hold out encouraging prospects both for that country and our own. He is opposed to its cultivation in Australia—now turning its hills to better account; but the objections which he urges against its introduction into America should be read in connexion with Mr. Bonyng’s book on the same subject, for a notice of which we refer the reader to the section on American Literature.

Neale’s “Residence in Siam,”<sup>2</sup> forming one of the volumes of the “National Illustrated Library,” does no credit either to the author or the publishers. None to the author, for, in anticipation of the only possible verdict which his work must receive from honourable criticism, he states, in “self-defence,” that, at the period of his visit to that country, he was “quite young both in years and understanding,” and has accordingly composed his narrative with what he calls “the steel pen of modern authorship”—an inclusive crimination, which, in his own case, should have been supplemented with “the scissors and paste of modern book-making.” On the other hand, the “Illustrated London Library,” another series issuing from the same house, has made an auspicious commencement with Bonomi’s “Nineveh and its Palaces.”<sup>3</sup> This is a book of sterling worth, beautifully and profusely illustrated, substantially got up, and remarkably cheap. It brings up the report of the latest proceedings and discoveries to within a fortnight of the day of publication, the last item of intelligence being taken from the “Literary Gazette” of the 18th of March last, while the work itself was in our hands about a week after. If the succeeding volumes of this

<sup>2</sup> “Narrative of a Residence in Siam.” By F. A. Neale. “National Illustrated Library.”

<sup>3</sup> “Nineveh and its Palaces.” By Joseph Bonomi. “London Illustrated Library.”

series prove as reputable as the first, its projectors will secure an enduring public appreciation of such a well-directed effort to bring the best books within reach of the greatest number—pre-eminently one of the most important enterprises of the age!

Though carelessly designed, and hastily executed, "Adam Graeme of Mossgray,"<sup>10</sup> gives evidence of qualities as rare as they are essential in works of this class. The material is drawn fresh from nature and social life; the descriptive sketches are easy, natural, and life-like; the style is rich and rhythmical; while the tone is at once tender and humorous—a characteristic feature of any tale, which, like this, truthfully depicts "the lights and shadows of Scottish life," and in which the native dialect is introduced in its native purity. The Scottish tale, indeed, is the species of fiction best suited to the author's genius, which is more lyrical than epical, more creative than constructive. One source of the faults of the present work is the inconsiderate attempt to spin out the materials of a short and simple tale into the length, breadth, and thickness of the conventional three-volume novel, and even to eke out the deficiency by piecing it at both ends with an autobiography which harmonizes neither in form nor spirit with the main design. For it is not Adam Graeme, but Helen Buchanan, that is really the prominent figure in the picture; and it is only that portion of it which finds in her its vital centre that is marked either by symmetry of arrangement, or by dramatic power in the development of the story. When it is remembered (as it is invariably felt) that, in a fiction, time is reckoned by pages, the re-appearance of Adam Graeme in the second book (after he had all but recorded his own death in the first) and his prolonged existence through successive generations, give him a ghostly antediluvian aspect which removes him out of the reach of our sympathy. This might have been avoided by making an episode of the autobiography, or, at least, of its essential points, in the body of the tale. As it is, the reader feels that two good tales, or what might have been two good tales, have been jumbled into one, which coheres so badly, that one skilled in what is called the higher criticism would find little difficulty in making a divarication which of the one would make two again! And for no other reason that we can see, than by way of apology for this want of dramatic unity, a local unity is given to the unshapely narrative by

a supplementary title which gives the credit of its odds and ends to the "Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie." Some of the characters are remarkably well developed. Helen Buchanan and Hope Oswald are never to be forgotten. William Oswald is intended to be a hero, and is described as such; but his heroism is mere matter of report, and we fail, therefore, to see the ground of Helen's devotion to him. Her own career is an illustration of the "gentlewoman born," sustaining the contest of inherent worth against the conventionalisms and caste-distinctions of social life. On the other hand, Adam Graeme's career is intended to show that "resolutions are made only to be broken," and no higher moral purpose is there in it. The moral confusion, indeed, detracts seriously from the merits of the work, and is due partly to the want of concentration in the narrative, and partly to the conflicting currents of moral sentiment in the author's views. Retribution overtakes the false ones; but the iniquities of the fathers are *not* visited upon the children. Its operations, however, are capricious. Lillias and others atone in their own persons for their early errors; but George Oswald—the man who injured Helen Buchanan's father—remains to the last "an elder of the kirk," and a prosperous man of business. To be sure his son weds the injured man's daughter, but the same poetical justice should have arranged a similar compensation between the children of Charlie Graeme and Lucy Murray. It was surely not so difficult to get Halbert Graeme appropriately disposed of, that he must be allowed to settle down, like his uncle, into a perpetual bachelorship.

In the "School for Fathers,"<sup>11</sup> there is a very successful attempt to depict the town and country manners, and town and country gentlemen of the eighteenth century. The reader is carried back to the old times and old ways of old England, "when fox-hunters were fox-hunters, when fox-hunting was their life, and they were a race apart." The structure of the story is very simple, as an "old English story" ought to be. Jack Warren has been brought up to fox-hunting as a sort of profession, and has just reached man's estate when his father, a pompous, pedantic baronet, returns from abroad, and has his son and heir up to town to be manufactured by French tutors, French tailors, French perruquiers, and French dancing-masters into "a statesman and fine gentleman." Jack does his best, but his best is not very bright. The more he tries to improve, the more his misfortunes multiply, till at last, in compliance

<sup>10</sup> "The Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme, of Mossgray, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie." By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." 3 vols. Colburn & Co. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "The School for Fathers: an Old English Story." By T. Gwyn. Smith, Elder & Co. 1852.

with the rules of etiquette, he accepts a challenge to fight a duel, and falls, mortally wounded. Two or three duels had been contemplated by the old gentleman, as an essential part of his son's education, but, of course, without anticipating the possible issue. Sir Thomas Warren is by no means an exaggerated type of the Frenchified, frivolous fool of fashion into which the courtly cavalier had degenerated at the date of this story. Nor is Jack a caricature of the fox-hunter of that period, though his jolly, red-faced, good-hearted uncle, the "Squire," is a more authentic representative of the full-grown old country gentleman. The contrast between Sir Thomas and his son, though not too wide, is too uniform. Each exhibits a characteristic phase;—that is developed fully, and becomes unreal because too nakedly individualised, and appearing, on that account, too intensified and inflexible. Sir Thomas *never* relaxes the daily torture to which he subjects his victim, and Jack's rough and ready address *never* takes on the slightest polish. The former is nothing but an incarnation of petulance and peevishness, and the latter of mere blundering boorishness. A father who had been so long neglectful of his son was not likely all of a sudden to apply himself so pertinaciously to his improvement; and a lad who was clever enough to be foremost in the chase, and romantic enough to write love-letters to the parson's pretty little daughter, might have managed, once or twice in his life, to be both manly and polite. Jack is an expansion of the "bashful man," and, as such, the portrait answers to reality; but Mr. Gwyn has not met with the reality itself, else he would know that those who labour under that infirmity do *sometimes* acquit themselves very creditably.

The author of the "Lily of St. Paul's"<sup>28</sup> has every qualification for writing fiction save the essential genius for the work! He draws his outline, and fills it up with almost geometrical precision. The *dramatis personæ* are carefully selected; their costume is accurately adjusted; and their whole appearance, from "top to toe," minutely described. They play their respective parts very appropriately, and take their turn in conversation very punctually. They are never guilty of making grammatical blunders, and they are equally guiltless of making tedious speeches. The plot is skillfully arranged, and opens out with slow and progressive pace, like a panorama. It

is very stale, however; and equally stale are the incidents which it enucleates. We have read the whole with unusual care, but neither the historical nor fictitious characters have left upon our mind any distinct impression of their individuality. They are dim, bloodless, colourless shadows. They do not live: they are hardly even visible. The "Lily," although the heroine of the story, and apparently a very interesting creature, has not sufficient self-development to win our sympathy or admiration. Gaunt only suggests that Sir Walter Scott would have given him a soul and body that would not have vanished so easily from our recollection. We have been through Gaunt's palace, but can give no account of it. Dr. Wicliffe seems to have his antitype in Dr. Croly, or Dr. Cumming. The story belongs to the fifteenth century, but fails to carry the imagination so far back. It is the production of a conventionalized mechanical mind, which has neither the wizard power of raising the dead, nor the artist power of giving birth to new creations, and does not promise, therefore, to achieve high success in the field of fiction.

Whoever can dramatise with effect what has come within his own observation or experience, is almost sure to be a popular and useful writer; but when he essays to delineate aspects of society in which he has never mingled, or phases of life through which he has never passed, nothing but failure can be the result. Such is the case with "Castle Deloraine."<sup>29</sup> It is an attempt to describe aristocratic life by a lady who evidently never breathed an aristocratic atmosphere, but who imagines that middle-class ladies and gentlemen can be passed off as peers and peeresses by ticketing them with titles, and assigning them a residence in Belgravia. My Lord Deloraine must at one time have been a shopkeeper. His son Harry we should take to be a draper's assistant, and Conyers we could fancy to be an attorney's clerk, while the Honourable Frederic Fitzakerly is a species of animal vulgarly called a gent! Ellen Maynard is intended to be the embodiment of a high ideal of intellect and art, but we have a dissection of her rather than a portrait. Miss Smith should have used her knowledge of human nature as an artist, in giving naturalness to the story, instead of exhibiting it as a moral anatomist in diaries and dissertations. Hartwell's long monologues on the social and political questions of the day are equally out of place in a fiction, which ought to dramatize *life*, not *opinion*.

<sup>28</sup> "The Lily of St. Paul's: a Romance of Old London." 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 1852.

<sup>29</sup> "Castle-Deloraine; or, the Ruined Peer." By Maria Priscilla Smith. 3 vols. Bentley. 1851.

ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE  
OF AMERICA.

In a neat little volume bearing the unpretending title of "Lectures and Miscellanies, by Henry James," thoughtful inquirers will find some very original and profound speculations on the fundamental questions of religious philosophy. We first became acquainted with this writer in the pages of the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," which contained an article from his pen on the "Divine Man," subsequently reprinted in his work called "Moralism and Christianity." But he was obviously of a different school, and of a different turn of mind from the conductors of that journal—evincing a stronger sympathy with the sentiments of Swedenborg than with New England transcendentalism. Rejecting on *a priori* grounds the Baron's claims to a supernatural revelation, and repudiating as mere ecclesiastical quackery the attempt to make him the founder of a sect, he finds in the main principles of his philosophy the key which opens the book of life. Though occupying pretty nearly Swedenborg's point of view, he establishes himself on a more scientific basis, and evinces no less strength of understanding than depth of mysticism. The emotional and logical faculties are both powerfully developed in him, so that he is as far removed from rationalistic sterility on the one hand, as from visionary extravagance on the other. What Swedenborg professed to receive by special inspiration, and Andrew Jackson Davis by natural clairvoyance, is taught by Mr. James as the result of logical and scientific demonstration. We know of no one to whom he bears so close a resemblance as to Mr. Wilkinson, author of a recent work on the "Human Body in its connection with man," but he is less fanciful, and more Catholic than that ingenious writer. Perhaps we should say more eclectic, for in these lectures we have Berkeleyan Idealism and Spinozistic Pantheism pouring their refining influence into the muddy waters of Swedenborgianism. But we have faith in Mr. James's capacity to work out for himself greater comprehensiveness of outline, and consistency in detail, than he has hitherto attained. One is strongly impressed, when reading a work like the present, with the reality of the religious sentiment, and with the rich harvest which will be reaped by the free inquiries of spiritual minds.

The subjects of the "Lectures" are :

<sup>1</sup> "Lectures and Miscellanies." By Henry James. 1852.

"Democracy and its Issues," "Property as a Symbol," "The Principle of Universality in Art," "The Old and New Theology," "The Scientific Accord of Natural and Revealed Religion;" and of the "Miscellanies:" "The Laws of Creation," "Berkeley and his Critics," "God," "Man," "Responsibility," "Morality," "A very Long Letter," "Spiritual Rappings," "Intemperance," "Christianity."

An "Essay," by James Freeman Clarke (one of the early friends of Margaret Fuller, and recently, together with Emerson and Channing, one of her Biographers), on "The Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness of Sin,"<sup>2</sup> commends itself, in a literary point of view, as a model of perspicuous exposition and methodical arrangement. As a theological treatise, it aims to be both scriptural and philosophical. The subject is evidently a favourite one with the writer, and as the production of a mind rich with Catholic culture and human sympathies, it is divested of all technicalities, and so treated that its scripture quotations form rather the complement than the foundation of his theory. That theory is substantially coincident with Arminianism, as may be seen from the following extract, which fully represents the character and sentiments of the book :—

"Christianity shows that the Divine being is also a personal being; not a mere collection of laws; something more than the order of the universe. In him are united both law and love; an immutable moral nature, which is the basis of all moral distinction, and a perfectly free will, not bound by the laws of this nature, but perpetually originating new movements. The miraculous character of the New Testament history consists essentially in this. The great miracle, underlying all the rest, is the new manifestation of God's character which is made in Christ. But this manifestation was not a single act, beginning and ending with the life of Jesus, but is a constant, continued manifestation made in every age to the believing soul. *The work of God in forgiveness, therefore, is a positive, real communication of himself through Christ to the human soul.*"

If any of our readers have the impression that the American Indians are a neglected, and by this time, a nearly extinct and forgotten race, a sight of Schoolcraft's great national work,<sup>3</sup> now in progress of publication, would soon correct their mistake. The Indian tribes have always been objects of interest and solicitude

<sup>2</sup> "The Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness of Sin: an Essay." By James Freeman Clarke. 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States." By H. R. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Capt. U.S.A. Published by Authority of Congress. Part II. 4to. 1852.

both to the people and government of America, as much so as the Highland tribes of Scotland have been to ourselves. The ethnologist and archaeologist, the historian and the missionary, have for years been prosecuting their researches among the red men of the forest under the impulse of individual or national enterprise. But of all the works which have thence resulted, none can rival the present in fulness of information or in costliness of production. Here is a volume of which the American press may well be proud, and upon which even an Englishman, familiar as he is with royal quartos and imperial folios, cannot look without astonishment and delight. The variety of matters discussed may be gathered from the following sectional divisions: General History of the Tribes; Manners and Customs (subdivided under such heads as the "Constitution of the Indian Family," "Forest Teachings," "War and its Incidents," "The Wigwam and its Mates," "Birth and its Incidents," "Death and its Incidents," &c.); Antiquities; Physical Geography; Tribal Organization, History, and Government; Intellectual Capacity and Character (entering very minutely into their different systems of Numeration, their skill in Pictography, and progress in Alphabetic Notation, with a few legendary gleanings as illustrations of their oral literature); Topical History; Physical Type of the American Indians (including Physical Characteristics by Dr. S. G. Morton, Author of the *Crania Americana*, and Cranial Admeasurements of the Principal Groups by Mr. Phillips); Language (including a Plan of Thought of the American Language, by Dr. Francis Lieber, with Essays on their Grammatical Structure, and copious vocabularies of the different dialects); State of Indian Art; Future Prospects; Statistics and Population. To illustrate this rare and rich accumulation of materials for the savant and historian, the volume contains 78 exquisite plates, overlooking nothing in scenery, costume, or antiquities, that could come under the power of the pencil.

It would appear that the notions generally entertained in regard to the extent of the Indian population previous to the colonization of the country are very erroneous. Only half a million of gipsy-like wanderers occupied the territory which has since given a home to twenty millions of Europeans, and could as easily as not find room for all that Europe still contains. They still number 200,000, but the present ratio of decline will extinguish the entire race in 200 years, if, indeed, impending circumstances do not effect their destruction within a much shorter period; for in less than ten years there will not remain unoccupied territory between the two

oceans sufficient for a hunting-field, without which, or without adopting industrial habits, they must necessarily perish. Already they are all moved westward of the Mississippi, and will soon meet the tide rolling eastward from the Pacific. We are impressed, however, with a thorough conviction of the justice and humanity of the course pursued towards them by the American government. Their decline is the natural result of their savagism, aided, in recent times, by the immense sums of money paid to them for lands, to which they had after all so little claim. It is encouraging, at the same time, to be able to add that the civilizing operations set on foot in 1824 have been highly successful. "The Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Muscogees or Creeks, are the living monuments of rescued nations, who are destined to take their places in the family of man." In these cases, it was the acquisition of property which first loosened the bonds of barbarism;—Mammon has some claim to consideration as an agent of civilization!

Schoolcraft's great work has sometimes been confounded with a smaller one, which he has also recently published, entitled "Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes," which consists of personal memoirs, with notices of passing events, and opinions taken from his "Running Journal," preceded by a sketch of the author's life. In reference to the character of his notes, and the period to which they refer, the author himself remarks:—

"It is the thirty years that succeeded the declaration of war, by the United States, in 1812, against Great Britain, and embraces a large and important part of the time of the settlement of the Mississippi valley, and the great lake basins. During this period, ten States have been added to the Union. Many actors who now slumber in their graves are called up to bear witness. Some of the number were distinguished men, others the reverse. Red and white men alike express their opinions; anecdotes and incidents succeed each other without any attempt at method. The story these incidentally tell is the story of a people's settling in the wilderness; it is the Anglo-Saxon race occupying the sites of the Indian wigwams. It is a field in which plumed sachems, farmers, legislators, statesmen, speculators, professional and scientific men, and missionaries of the Gospel, figure in their respective capacities. Nobody seems to have sat down to compose an elaborate letter; and yet the result of the whole, viewed by the philosophic eye, is a broad field of elaboration."

Military journals are perhaps not Topography. attractive to the general reader, but

\* "Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes, A.D. 1812—A.D. 1842." By H. R. Schoolcraft. With a Portrait. 1851.

here is one<sup>a</sup> full at least of curious pictures relating to a country about which curiosity has never been very active. In the course of 1849, a body of topographical engineers, accompanied a body of troops with the view of extending the boundaries of science contemporaneously with the boundaries of the state in the Navajo country, somewhere on the eastern frontier of California. From the pictorial illustrations, seventy-five in number, tinted and plain, given in this official report of the expedition, we get a much better idea of the country than from the report itself, which is drawn up without any attempt to render it attractive to general readers; and the incongruity, in this instance, between the plates and the letter-press, suggests the propriety of always attaching to such an expedition not only the artist of the pencil, but the artist of the pen. We certainly see no consistency in providing the one without securing the other. Lieutenant Simpson, however, though not an attractive writer, is a man of high scientific accomplishments; and has accumulated in his "Journal" much valuable scientific information, geological, botanical, and archæological, such as a fresh country always affords to its first observer. In the numerous ruins of *pueblos*, or Indian towns, to be met with there as elsewhere in America, additional confirmatory evidence is obtained of the existence of an aboriginal race further advanced in civilization than those found on the soil at the era of the conquest. A curious discovery also was made of an immense rock, covered with nearly half an acre of inscriptions, some in hieroglyphical, and others in European characters, and one of them dating as far back as 1606, all of them very ancient, and several of them very beautifully engraven. Twelve plates are occupied with fac similes of these primæval records. A singular linguistic fact is stated in this volume—viz., that among the 10,000 Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, as many as six distinct *dialects* obtain, no one showing anything more than the faintest, if any, indications of cognate origin with the other.—The "doubling of the Cape," and "a voyage round the world," will soon be obsolete phrases in the nautical vocabulary; and "a trip across the globe" will become the familiar mode of speech. Interoceanic communication continues to excite intense enthusiasm in America; and its achievement, in some form or other, seems now to be no longer doubtful. Several routes have been proposed at different times—viz., the Isthmus of Nicaragua, the Isthmus of Panama, the

Isthmus of Darien, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the isthmus between the Rio Atrato, on the Atlantic side, and the Rio Choco, on the Pacific side—in all five different routes, accessible by canal or railway. That by Nicaragua, as a canal, is most important, but, apparently, not so practicable as we had been led to suppose. That by Tehuantepec, as a railway, is the most pressing and the one most popular in America. If not the most practicable of the whole, it is the only one whose practicability has really been ascertained. A survey of the line has been made by a scientific commission, and the results are now before us in a volume, drawing its uncouth title from the name of the district to which it refers.\* It appears that, in 1842, Don José de Garay presented a memorial to the President of the Mexican Republic, requesting permission to organize an effort for opening a communication by this route; which was granted by General Santa Anna, the most sagacious statesman which Mexico has ever produced. But America has had her eye upon the project, and the place for long years, and has manœuvred to get the entire control of the affair into her own hands. By looking at the map of the American Continent, it will be seen that this isthmus is the *shortest* route of any from the United States, or Europe, to the Pacific. In the Indian, and even in the Pacific trade, England has the advantage at present in point of distance; but were this railway opened, then instead of meeting America in all the markets of the world, except those of the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, with the advantage of ten days' sail and upwards, the scales would be turned, and England would have the disadvantage of some twenty or thirty days, thus making a difference in favour of America of thirty or forty days under canvas. "The American continent will then become the *entrepôt* for the commerce of the universe, and the United States the mistress of the seas." Such is the vision of commerce now dawning upon America, and which even disturbs with its dazzling brilliance the statistical brain of our engineer, whose figures grow, unconsciously, into "figures of speech," as he sums up the results of his labours. The work is divided into two parts—the first giving a plain history of the survey, and an account of the results obtained by it; and the second giving a résumé of the geology, climate, geography, productive industry, Fauna and Flora of the country, illustrated through-

\* "Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the Navajo country." By J. H. Simpson, A.M., First Lieut. Corps of Topographical Engineers. 1852.

\* "The Isthmus of Tehuantepec: being the results of a Survey for a Railroad to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, made by the Scientific Commission under the direction of Major Barnard, U.S. Engineers." With numerous Maps and Engravings. 1852.

out with beautiful plates, and accompanied with a portfolio of maps. It is an able and important work, possessing many claims upon the attention of scientific readers, but especially upon merchants and capitalists.

Another work of equal importance, we think, to the commercial classes of this country, as bearing upon the future prospects of the cotton trade, is Mr. Bonyng's "Future Wealth of America." It is the production of a practical planter; and though we do not much admire the blustering style in which it is written, we admit the force, and have the means, in most instances, of testing the accuracy of his statistics. Its general object is to show that cotton cultivation, though it has contributed so powerfully in the past to the wealth of America, is now irrecoverably on the decline, and must be abandoned for the cultivation of tea, coffee, indigo, and other plants. From the statistics furnished, it appears that cotton, in twelve years, has declined in price 30 per cent. yearly; rice, in nine years, in quantity and quality, 15 per cent.; tobacco, in quantity, the last five years, 2½ per cent.; that bread-stuffs are returning to the same amount of exports that they were prior to the failure of the potato crop in Europe; and that sugar cultivation is not advancing. Under the present prices of labour in America, there is no possibility of extending these articles; and, except tobacco, it is feared that they will all greatly decline. Cotton cannot be cultivated under 5½ cents per lb.; whereas India can produce it and land it in Liverpool at 7 cents per lb. After a fourteen years' residence (as a planter) in the East, and after a tour through South Carolina and Georgia, he is constrained to admit that India has every means of producing as good cotton, and much cheaper than America. And he asserts, that had it not been for the potato failure, and the timely aid of California, America could never have borne the decay of her principal staple for the last ten years. Other staples, therefore, must now be called in; and among the many which will be necessary to supply the place of cotton, the author pleads strongly for the introduction of the tea-plant. This leads him into a survey of the tea trade, and into a comparison between China and America in regard to soil, climate, and price of labour, which brings him to a very different conclusion from that reached by Mr. Fortune in his recent work on the same subject, noticed in

\* "The Future Wealth of America: being a Glance at the Resources of the United States, &c." By Francis Bonyng. 1852.

another part of this "Review." The probable quantity of tea consumed in China itself is estimated at 1,140,000,000 lbs. A very moderate estimate considering the extent of the population, and the universal demand for that beverage. Instead of the 100,000,000 lbs. at present consumed in all Europe, America, and all the English colonies, Europe would as readily consume 600,000,000, and America 500,000,000, could it be procured at a reasonable price. But it is pretty certain that were the English duty reduced, *China could not supply more tea than she is doing at present.* In America, says Mr. Bonyng, *it could be produced for from 2½ to 3½ cents per lb.* As his work is addressed to southern-interests, he touches upon the slavery question, shows that the ratio of slave increase is alarming, and most philanthropically advocates colonization as a means of getting rid of the surplus slave stock, but universal emancipation—that would raise the price of labour, and therefore cannot for a moment be entertained. The concluding section, on "The United States' place in America," is a magnificent prophecy of the extension of conquest and commerce. Mr. Bonyng is the very incarnation of American mammonism. His programme of annexation leaves nothing further to annex. The one republic reaches from Greenland to Cape Horn, washed by the ocean all round. Kindling into sublimity at the prospect, he rivals the Tehuantepec engineer in the fervour of his peroration.

"Progress must be the order of the day, unless designing knavish demagogues divide and subdivide this union into miserable paltry governments, when, in such events, the debris of these glorious states will become the contempt and prey of vagabonds and pirates. Disunionists and abolitionists are the poisonous reptiles that lie hid in the grass: both must be exterminated, must be rooted out, and this great continent become one family (!) governing themselves by Christian doctrines (!!) Love God above all things, and your neighbor as yourselves (!!!)"

"The Wanderer in Syria,"\* dis-claims any intention of repeating the work already so well done by Richardson, Clarke, and "a Xerxes-host" of quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, but, referring the reader to a guide-book for statistical information, aims to impart fresh personal impressions of man and nature. Eothen is his model-book of Oriental travel, in imitation of which he throws off a series of sketches, mingling scenes and sentiments, in a style of great vivacity, quaintness, and brilliancy. "The highest value of travel,"

\* "The Wanderer in Syria." By G. W. Curtis, author of "Nile Notes." London: Bentley. 1852.

he justly observes, "is not the accumulation of facts, but the perception of their significance. It is not the individual pictures and statues we saw in Italy, nor the elegance of Paris, nor the comfort of England, nor the splendour of the Orient in detail, which are permanently valuable. It is the breadth they give to experience, the more reasonable faith they inspire in the scope of human genius, the dreamy distances of thought with which they surround life. In the landscape which we enjoy as a varied whole, what do we care for the branching tree or the winding river, although we know that without tree and river there would be no landscape? When Italy, and Syria, and Greece have become thoughts in your mind, then you have truly travelled." With such a perception of a traveller's function, the "Wanderer" should have taken a still higher aim, and endeavoured, in his own work, to place that function on a level with that of the historian and poet; for if it be the function of the historian to rehabilitate the dead and deserted past, and that of the poet to people with the creations of his own fantasy the unborn future, it is the function of the traveller to breathe the fresh atmosphere, to recognise the inspiring genius, and picture the living realities of the present. Such a vindication of his own calling (which seems, indeed, to be that of a "Wanderer") would have been a valuable contribution to literature, which, in all its departments, is seeking for a clearer definition and higher elevation of its functions. Though tourists, like rhymesters, threaten to be a nuisance, yet *the* traveller, like the poet, will have his place in the world of letters so long as the countenance of nature continues to smile, and the progress of nations invites observation.

**Fiction.** Fiction and female authorship at present rule the book-market in America. The "Wide, Wide World," by Elizabeth Wetherell, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, have had a sale quite unprecedented in the United States. Our attention has thus been drawn a little more closely than before to this department of American literature.

The "Wide, Wide World"<sup>9</sup> belongs to the Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth school of religious fiction. But, though a class-production, it is not sectarian; and, though "evangelical" in its tone, it is not dogmatic. It exhibits the growth of a child's mind with childlike simplicity and truthfulness. Ellen Montgomery is intro-

duced to us the only child of an American captain compelled by pecuniary embarrassments to break up house and home in New York,—sending Ellen to stay with his half-sister in a distant, outlandish settlement up the country, while he embarks with his invalid wife for Europe. Mrs. Montgomery is a loving and loveable woman united to a cold, selfish, unfeeling husband, and does not long survive her separation from her child, who is hurriedly packed off in charge of some friends of the family who had known them in better circumstances, and whose cold charity makes Ellen feel that she is now in the wide, wide world! The aunt to whom she is committed is a sober-looking, but well-to-do middle-aged spinster—a cankered uncomely creature, snapping and snarling with every motion of her lips; always boasting of doing her duty, and yet never doing it in a dutiful way; priding herself upon her prim house and thrifty habits, and yet always complaining of her poverty; standing well with herself, and enjoying the comfortable delusion that she stands equally well with her neighbours; frugal in her fare, and homely in her apparel, yet, on set occasions, brisking herself out with finery, and making a vast parade of hospitality. Not a church-goer, in general, for that would be an extravagant waste of time; nor a professor of religion at home, for it presents no attraction to her stiff and sterile soul. A woman of business habits, looking after her farm, doing the work of a dozen ordinary people, and pushing out of her way now her quiet old mother, and now the gentle girl to whom more by necessity than choice she had opened the door. Under this termagant Ellen feels in all its bitterness what it is to be an orphan in the wide, wide world! In that lone upland she resembles Mungo Park's tuft of moss in the desert; but soon the desert itself becomes one of the green places of the earth where her assimilative spirit draws out its natural beauty and its social wealth. Eventually she is adopted into a clergyman's family, where her gushing sympathies find their congenial element. The very monotony of the tale is musical, and onward to the close its simplicity should have been preserved unbroken; but with the view of introducing a little more variety of character and incident, and in order to get Ellen's education completed at Edinburgh, a prosaic fancy discovers some of her mother's relatives in Scotland, and, for a season, sends her thither; but she finally returns "to spend her life with the friends whom she best loved." The spell, however, is broken. The whole

<sup>9</sup> "The Wide, Wide World." By Elizabeth Wetherell. 2 vols. 1851.



charm of the story consists in its local concentration and microscopic intensity. Ellen is beautiful only where she grew: she is no longer the same being in Scotland that she was in her own place and among her own people. In the end she disappoints us. The womanly child has grown a childish woman. There is nothing ideal about her. The author has found her antitype in the Sunday-school, not in the wide, wide world. She has not aimed at developing womanhood, and here it is that her religious opinions have spoiled her success as an artist. Ellen Montgomery is the embodiment of religious conventionalism, that is to say, she is a whining, whimpering, "pious and accomplished" *young lady!*

Miss Wetherell's subsequent work, which bears the queer title of "Queechy,"<sup>10</sup> is so nearly a repetition of "The Wide, Wide World," that the same remarks apply to both. Fleda is certainly made of stronger stuff than Ellen; but this is the only improvement which we can discover. Upon the whole, these works show great poverty of invention, and a faculty for dialogue rather than dramatic action. The conversations are conducted with ease and naturalness, but spun out to a tiresome length. They are alike deficient also in perspective, each day's details being given with equal minuteness. "Queechy" (so called from the name of the village which forms the *locale* of the chief incidents of the tale) will hardly sustain the reputation of its predecessor; and neither will attain to more than a class popularity.

Mrs. Stowe comes into the field of fiction with a riper genius, and at once wins richer laurels than Miss Wetherell. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin"<sup>11</sup> she has hit the nail on the head, not only as a *littérateur*, but as an abolitionist. No Senator in Congress, no editor in a leading article, can come round the subject and round the reader, and into the heart of both so effectively, as this book—so superior is dramatic representation (where it can be employed) to the sharpest weapons of logic and the loudest thunders of oratory. To its employment in the present instance many objections will be made; but slavery, besides being an abstract theory of human relations, and as such debateable, is a concrete reality of human life, and, as such, dramatizable. Since Miss Martineau published her "Game Law Tales," specific social evils have suc-

cessively adopted this method of laying their grievances before the world. The factory system and slop system have found living embodiment in "Mary Barton" and "Alton Locke;" and even the Chancery system finds its judgment drawing nigh with the periodical progress of "Bleak House." With such suggestive precedents, it is surprising that a system so urgently requiring this kind of treatment, and so suitable in many respects for it as slavery, should not till now have received it. As one of the "peculiar institutions" of the luxurious South, it had become positively picturesque. In the North, it had become a question of law and logic, to be settled by the policeman and the parson with their fugitive warrants and passages of "holy writ." How was this to be remedied? By representing it as a question of humanity, by reproducing the forgotten or concealed realities of the system—thereby dispelling the haze of romance which in the course of years gathers about the most hideous corruptions, and transferring it, if possible, to the side of righteousness and truth. Such has been the aim of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and it is due to the author to say, that she has achieved her difficult and delicate task without falling into either vulgarity or exaggeration—the two dangers most imminent in the treatment of such a subject. It is not necessary, in order to pass this opinion, that we should witness the working of the system with our own eyes: it is enough if we are competent to judge of the accuracy of the picture as a translation of the slave statutes into slave-life—it is enough that we can see that the darkest part of it is *possible within the law*, to say nothing of what is possible *beyond*. And it is rather amusing to find an American reviewer so forgetful of the function of the critic on the one hand, and the privilege of the artist on the other, as "to assure Mrs. Stowe that the planters are neither in the habit of severing families, selling infants, nor whipping their best hands to death." It may be as this omniscient witness testifies; but the slave-code *authorizes these very enormities*, and no guarantee can be given that such sordid sensualists as Legree shall *not*, when it suits them, take full advantage of their "rights." "Uncle Tom," however, is not exclusively a book of horrors; and it cannot be accused of presenting a one-sided picture: it is remarkable rather for its breadth of view, its variety of character and incident, its genial charity—tracing the evils of the system rather to its essential nature than to accidental circumstances, and showing that its worst features sometimes grow out of the mildest conditions in which it can

<sup>10</sup> "Queechy." By Elizabeth Wetherell. 2 vols. London: Nisbet & Co.

<sup>11</sup> "Uncle Tom's Log Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly." By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2 vols. 1852.

possibly exist. Mrs. Selby is a good woman, and does her best to put her principles into practice; but her educated negroes feel all the more bitterly the perils of their position. When the curse comes, she is powerless to prevent it, and Uncle Tom, carrying with him the esteem of nearly all Kentucky, is sent down the river to New Orleans. St. Clare is a humane and cultivated gentleman, as indulgent to his slaves as to his own family, but his death and the disposal of his estate once more send Tom to the auction-block. Poor Tom! we have not space to follow him through his vicissitudes, or to describe the singular attachment—so full of playful mirth and holy aspiration—which grew up between him and Eva St. Clare. Neither can we linger by Eva's death-bed, while through her attenuated frame heaven shines into her soul, giving to the weak words of a child an intensity equal to life's longest labours. Eva is an angelic apparition, "whether in the body or out of the body we cannot tell;" Tom is the hero of the tale—a *bonâ fide* man—worthy of Eva's friendship—but a SLAVE! Honest and intelligent, cheerful and devout, the contrast between the nobility of the old man's character and his social degradation is well sustained—exciting a continuous feeling of sympathy, which cures the prejudiced reader of his negrophobia, and rouses him at last to the highest pitch of wonder and indignation, to find that such a man, in such a country as America, could become, in this easy way, the property (soul and body) of such a beast as Legree!

From negro life in America, we turn to "human life" in England, as exhibited in a tale called "Thorpe,"<sup>10</sup> written by William Mountford (author of "Martyria," "Euthanasia," &c.) who some time ago removed from England to America, where we understand he is now permanently settled. As a man of antique tastes, fond of old books, old times, and old towns, we surmised from the title of his tale, that he had sought relief from a qualm of home-sickness in recording his reminiscences of the old country as it appears to him now from his New England abode; and we were expecting to find, as we are sure there was to be found, in that "quiet English town" such an exuberance of human life, as would confirm the experience of that worthy knight, who said that he had "learned more in a dark corner of the Tower than in travelling round Europe." But Thorpe is a *very* quiet town, and the

people in it seem very quaint. It is a town of Quakers and Quietists. The minister "opens his mouth in parables," and his housekeeper "utters dark sayings of old." Mrs. Satterthwaite, indeed, can pour forth a pageful of proverbs at a time; and even the errand-girl unwittingly replies to her mistress in apothegms! Thorpe is not a tale, but rather a series of dialogues—a form of instruction which, like Plato and Jean Paul, Mr. Mountford invariably and, in his own case, wisely prefers to the monologue in more ordinary use. The principal interlocutors are a Presbyterian minister, a Manchester manufacturer, an Oxonian heretic, and an American farmer, whose sympathies and sentiments all flow in one direction, but whither it is difficult to discover. The author is an eclectic—reads the Fathers and the Puritans, the Quakers and the Rationalists—and, without respect of persons, appropriates what strikes his fancy. "Thorpe" is, consequently, a book of beautiful thoughts expressed in chaste language, and promotive of a serene and catholic piety.

A metaphysical romance is as rare as an epic poem, and for a like reason; but Miss Caroline Chesebro does not appear to have duly estimated the hazard of such an adventurous flight as she aims at in "Isa, a Pilgrimage."<sup>11</sup> To analyze a character by way of showing its greatness is like dissecting a butterfly by way of showing its beauty. Any phrenological chart will furnish you with qualities sufficient to constitute a great man, but to present great qualities in such a concrete shape that the greatness is felt and not merely invoiced requires a creative power which we do not discover in "Isa." You are here introduced to a remarkable man, and to a very extraordinary woman, or, rather, they introduce each other, after the following fashion. You first read a paper written by Isa, containing an analytical appreciation of Weare, and then a paper by Weare appreciative of Isa. You are supposed then to have made their acquaintance, and to be prepared for the transcendental talk which follows. Weare is a divinity student whom Isa adores as the ideal of manhood. Isa herself had been a workhouse girl, rescued by Weare's mother, and adopted into the family. They grow up to manhood and womanhood, but, as it turns out, the man's growth is more of the heart, and the woman's more of the head. They avow a passionate attachment for each other; but in Isa a passion stronger than love develops itself, viz., the ambition

<sup>10</sup> "Thorpe, a quiet English Town, and Human Life therein. A Tale." By William Mountford. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Isa: a Pilgrimage." By Caroline Chesebro. 1852.

of intellectual empire! She makes a literary engagement which brings her into contact with an intellect still greater than her own, to whom she eventually surrenders her head, heart, and hand. Alanthus Stuart is an Atheist and a Socialist; but to Isa he is an intellectual deity; and, like William Godwin and Mary Woolstoncroft, they heroically sacrifice their conventional reputation upon the altar of conviction. The intended moral of the tale is not very palpable. The author's theological sentiments are decidedly "evangelical," and we anticipated nothing less than a terrific storm at the close; but Isa's death is as peaceful and heroic as her life was pure. Stuart asks her if she anticipates annihilation. "As (she replies) there is no annihilation, I have never for a moment imagined that there is. I am going within the veil—you will follow me. I shall wait just beyond the point on which your eyes are fixed now. I will not go further until you join me, Alanthus." "Isa (says Stuart), I will meet you there. In the daytime and the night, in bitterest need, in loneliness, in desertion, in danger, wherever I go, whatever I do, you will be with me! I am above the world!" Pretty fair parting this for two Atheists! But by connecting it with a dream in another part of the volume, we believe that the author would have this farewell to be taken as a specimen of the cold comfort which philosophy ministers to its votaries. The metaphysics of the tale account for Isa's serene confidence by attributing it to the influence of Stuart's *will*; and with this pledge of their eternal doom the Nemesis of orthodoxy would seem to be satisfied!

It will now be necessary for us to make a summary disposal of the works before us that still remain unnoticed. The Biblical student will be pleased to hear that Dr. Palfrey's "Academic Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities," are at length completed in four volumes. The two first were published in 1840, and, after an interval of twelve years, the remaining two have appeared. The work bears a high reputation for learning and liberality. "The Approaching Crisis," by A. J. Davis, is a tedious reply from his peculiar point of view to a course of lectures recently delivered by Dr. Bushnell on the "Naturalistic theories of Religion as opposed to supernatural revelation." "Immortality Triumphant," by J. B. Dods, might be appropriately termed the Electrical Evidences of Christianity! "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy" is of the Elihu Burritt school of Christian philanthropy. Its only value consists in some dissertational notes at the end on the literature of charity, population, pauperism, political economy, and Protestantism. Brewster's "Philosophy of

Human Nature" is not a systematic treatise, but a sort of classified common-place book, containing all the accumulated thoughts, original and selected, of a long life, on education, manners, marriage, &c. It contains many curious ideas, and is published as "a beacon-light for the young, and an incentive to the aged for *their* contributions to a work which shall successfully solve the dark and wonderful problems of the human heart." "The Life of Dr. Samuel Worcester" is a class biography. He was the brother of Dr. Noah Worcester, the apostle of the peace question. Samuel and Noah were respectively editors of the "Panopolist" and the "Christian Disciple," the former the champion of orthodoxy, and the latter of liberalism. A new "Life of William Penn," by S. M. Jauney, was written, but not published, before Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Biography appeared in America. He has had access to "original materials," which enable him to furnish "a more full and accurate account of the founder of Pennsylvania than has hitherto been given to the world." (He objects to Dixon's representation of him as a disciple of Algernon Sydney, and corrects other mistakes into which that writer has fallen.) The "Memorial of James Fenimore Cooper" is a report of the great meeting held in New York in honour of his memory, and, besides Bryant's Discourse on his Life and Genius, contains the speeches delivered on the occasion by Webster, Bancroft, and others, with letters from the most distinguished American literati. It is embellished with a portrait of the great novelist, and a view of his country seat. "The History of the Second Church in Boston," which has had among its pastors Cotton Mather, Henry Ware, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, is on that, and on other accounts, a work of some value and interest. On the principle of Townsend's "Accusations of History against Popery," Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody has collected a volume of "Crimes of the House of Austria against Mankind," an ingenious but necessarily exaggerated kind of argument against despotism. Nathaniel Green's "Improvisations and Translations" is a beautiful book, by which is to be understood, not the poetry, which is worthless, but the paper and typography, which are exquisite. On the other hand, there is some excellent poetry in "Lyra and other Poems," by Alice Carey, who seems to have the genius necessary for her vocation. To lawyers and legislators the "Works of Daniel Webster," edited by Edward Everett, in six volumes, will be a welcome accession to their libraries. The first two volumes contain his speeches on public occasions; the three succeeding volumes embrace the greater part of the

speeches delivered in the Massachusetts legislature, and in the two houses of congress; and the sixth and last volume contains his legal arguments, addresses to the jury, diplomatic papers and letters addressed to various persons on important political questions.

ARTICLE XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.

**Philology.** THE knowledge of the German language will doubtless receive an important increase from the elaborate and learned dictionary of the venerable brothers Grimm, who have just published their first number. The research which they display is something marvellous. Scarcely any words are given without authorities, and these are found in the earliest as well as in the most recent authors. Latin equivalents are added to German meanings, and when there is a corresponding expression in a provincial dialect, it does not pass unnoticed. What the size of the book will be when it is completed, we cannot conjecture. The first number, which contains 120 pages, royal octavo, with double columns, closely printed, does not get beyond the word "Allverein." It should, however, be observed that every word, compound as well as simple, has a separate head, and generally a separate authority. What we miss, regarding the book from an English point of view, is an indication of conjugation and declension, which seems to us as necessary as the indication of gender. Perhaps, however, to Germans—and it is for Germans that the dictionary is made—the omission may not seem a deficiency. The plan of the work, and the principles on which it is conducted, are not yet explained, but a full explanation is promised in the preface to the first volume.

Another contribution to the study of modern languages is a German edition\* of the "Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry," written in English by a German lady, under the

\* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams & Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

<sup>1</sup> "Deutsches Wörterbuch." Von J. und W. Grimm. Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "Uebersichtliches Handbuch einer Geschichte der Slavischen Sprachen und Literatur." Von Talvi. "Deutsche Ausgabe." Von Dr. B. K. Brühl. Leipzig. 1852.

assumed name of *Talvi*, and published at New York in 1850. Dr. Brühl, who regards political Pan Slavism as a notion worthy of Bedlam, but would further any endeavour on the part of the various tribes of the large Slavonic family to render their language—or rather languages—a vehicle for the expression of the highest ideas, was looking out for a book that would render knowledge on the subject generally accessible to the Germans. A learned work, stuffed with dull citations, and written with minute philological criticism, would not have answered his purpose; but he wanted a tolerably short work, which, written with some love of the subject, would serve to amuse as well as to instruct. Such a work presented itself in Talvi's "View," which, in a condensed form, contains a complete history of the Slavonic literature in all its branches to the recent year, 1850; and which, moreover, was honoured with the strong commendation of Dr. Schaffarik, librarian of the University of Prague. These favourable antecedents, added to a report from the publisher, M. Geibel, that Dr. Brühl would undertake a translation, produced the German book now before us. Perhaps the knowledge of the fact that the American book is so highly esteemed by continental scholars, including a *savant* of one of the chief Slavonic cities, may cause it to be better known in England, where, notwithstanding that it is written in our vernacular, we fear it is but little appreciated.

**History.** Dr Eugen Huhn, who brings out a new history of the German literature, seems rather a bold man, when he declares in his preface, that he comes before the public neither with apologies for placing himself by the side of other writers on the same subject, nor with the assumption that he has studied more deeply, or knows more, than his predecessors, and then avows that he has not striven to add anything new. The reader is tempted to ask, "Then why did you come at all?" and will scarcely be satisfied with the hint, that he may *perhaps* find more novelty than he was led to expect. Nor can we altogether accept the explanation, that this book is adapted for a more general public than the numerous books already in existence; for surely it gives us a very poor notion of German cultivation, to suppose there is an educated public incapable of reading Gervinus—while the public which desires more detail respecting the earlier literature than Gervi-

<sup>3</sup> "Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur." Von Dr. E. Huhn. Stuttgart. 1852.

nus gives, must be a very special public indeed.

Dr. Huhn's statement that he brings the history down to the present day, whereas it is customary to leave off with the death of Göthe, certainly seems at first sight to indicate a special value in this book. But on rubbing up our memories a little, we discover that it has not been altogether so customary to leave off with the death of Göthe. Dr. Biese, for instance, whose manual of the history of the German literature was published in 1846, has come far beyond the Göthe landmark; and that he has done his task just as well as his successor, we can show by parallel extracts on the subject of Lenau, who of course belongs to the recent portion of the book, and whom we select merely as the first name that occurs.

Biese says:—

“Nicolaus Lenau (Niemsch von Strehlenau,) born in 1802, at Chutad in Hungary, first came forward as poet at the time when the Poles succumbed to the superiority of foreign strength. His lyric poems appeared in 1832, and in 1838 there was an edition of ‘newer poems’, which were further increased in the last edition of 1844. Enthusiasm for national liberty, and a pure sympathy with the fate of the unhappy Poles, together with a living devotion to nature, with whom he hopes to find internal peace and a consolation for the disappointment of his hopes in man,—these were the fundamental elements which excited Lenau's poetical talent. (‘Abschied der Gefangene’—‘Abschied von Galizien’—‘Der Polenflüchtling.’)\* Penetrated with the proud spirit of his nation, which in earlier times, after its migration, had victoriously maintained its position in many contests, he is able to depict, in fresh and lively colours, the peculiarities of his land and people (‘Die Haideschenke’—‘Die Werbung’—‘Mischka.’) He plunges with love into the phenomena and phases of nature, clothing them with inner life, while he animates them with the wealth of his own mind (‘Lenz’—‘Liebesfeier,’ ‘der Gefangene.’) although an unconquerable discord in the poet's breast causes a tone of deep melancholy to predominate. The beautiful world of faith which blessed his youth is destroyed; the fruits from the tree of knowledge afford him no refreshment; his fatherland—the lofty goddess Germania—cannot console him; she is dead, and wanders in the realms of shade. Destructive doubt is his comrade, and allows him to see nothing but the perishable. Pain, with whom he holds converse, is his only confidant. That universal agony paralyzes the native freedom of the mind and destroys lyrical facility, often clothing itself in the most violent images, and being unable to utter the simple speech of natural feeling. Lenau was particularly attracted by the story of the ‘Wandering Jew’ (‘Der ewige Jude’—‘Ahasver der Jude.’) and the tradition of Faust, the latter of which he treated in an epico-dramatic poem (1836,) alternating narrative with dialogue. This poem is the expression

of Lenau's internal desolation; it contains many beauties, but misses the deep import of the legend. Here the desire of Faust for knowledge appears as the sin which summons Mephistopheles. We are not struck as in Göthe's poem by the tragic despair of Faust, who, in the midst of his sensual riot, still preserves his mental elevation, but we merely find bitter scorn at the failure of his efforts. Faust's weariness of life appears as the last element; despising everything terrestrial, he flies the earth and seeks that grey infinity, the sea. After he has been shipwrecked, and has learnt in the midst of the rough sailor's life an energetic contempt for death, he kills himself in the conviction that his own proper essence is a portion of the divinity, and that his earthly happiness is but a dream of his higher being. Having thus in his ‘Faust’ represented a desire for knowledge as sinful in its origin, he afterwards, in his ‘Savonarola’ (1837,) opened a decided war against knowledge, and entered into a didactic contest against modern science, by which he sank from the elevation of poetry. Within the last few years he has unfortunately lost his reason, but his friends still entertain hopes of his recovery.”

Now, considering that Biese treats of the whole compass of German literature within a limit of about 700 pages, this notice of Lenau, who, be it remembered, did not make his appearance till just upon Göthe's death, is as satisfactory a bit of characteristic literary biography as could be desired. Let us now see how Dr. Huhn, who especially boasts of his post-Göthian literature, treats of the same poet:—

“Born in Hungary, Lenau understands how to introduce the peculiarities of his home into his poetry, which is pervaded by the elegiac tone of universal agony, while many of his poems—as, for instance, his Polish songs, are sustained by a sense of national freedom. His fame chiefly rests upon his lyric poems, many of which are most felicitous, and far exceed the other productions of the present age. He also attempted the epic region in his ‘Albigenses’ and ‘Savonarola,’ but with small success, as he was deficient in plastic imagination and objectivity. With his ‘Faust’ he entered the dramatic region, and his success was the less on account of its inferiority to Göthe's work. Moreover, the poetical value even of his lyric poems is without deep foundation, for his universal agony—a state of mind in itself opposed to æsthetical production—drove him to forced images and expressions; preventing a free play of real feeling, while reflection was everywhere intruded, and the elegiac tone which appears as an under-current, gave his lyrical poems a certain degree of monotony, coldness, and constraint. All this arose from the unhappy tendency of his mind, which at an early period indicated the insanity of his later years. In some single instances he succeeded, as in his ‘Klara Hebert,’ ‘Der Abschied von Galizien,’ ‘Die Nächtliche Fahrt,’ ‘Der Polenflüchtling,’ ‘Die Werbung,’ ‘Die Haideschenke,’ ‘Die drei Zigeuner,’ &c., and his name is one of the most respected in the present day.”

\* The words in parenthesis are the titles of poems cited by Biese to illustrate his remarks.

A comparison between these two extracts will at once show that whatever is good in Dr. Huhn, is likewise to be found in Biese, and that every difference between them is a change for the worse in the latter historian. As for the recent death of poor Lenau, we hear no more about it in the book of 1852 than in the book of 1846, when it had not occurred.

There is still, however, a value in Dr. Huhn's history—a value which it derives from its form. The general remarks on the various authors are interspersed with statements in smaller print, not only of the dates of each author's birth and death, but in many instances of the dates of his various publications, with some of the principal events of his life. Thus a great deal of valuable historical information is conveyed at a single glance.

A "History of Antiquity," by Max Düncker, promises well as a clearly-written and very agreeable book, on a subject which will always be interesting. His first volume—the only one which has yet appeared—is occupied with the Egyptians and the various nations of the Semitic race, including the Hebrews, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, &c. In dealing with the Jewish records, the author seems to be mildly rationalistic, connecting miraculous phenomena with natural antecedents. For instance, when treating of the plagues with which Moses afflicted Pharaoh, he calls attention to the fact that these plagues derive their peculiar character from the nature of the country. To the present day the waters of the Nile become red and foetid, and frogs are abundant after an overflow of the waters, when "boils and blains" are likewise not unfrequent. Snakes and snails are to be found in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Sinai, and use is made of the circumstance when the benefits of the Deity to his chosen people are to be extolled. The tendency of all this it is easy enough to see; but the work is written in a style so completely the reverse of polemic, and contains so much well-arranged information, that no rational person could well object to it, on account of its discrepancy with his religious convictions. It is a book completely adapted to the general reader, for the chain of narration is pursued without fear of telling at length what has been told before; and here it differs from the many productions of the German *savants*, which presuppose a general knowledge of the subjects which they illustrate with a mass of critical details.

A controversy has arisen between the two

\* "Geschichte des Alterthums." Von Max Düncker. Berlin. 1852.

distinguished scholars, Gruppe and Böckh. The former, a short time ago, published a treatise on the cosmic systems of the Greeks, in which he endeavoured to refute Böckh's opinion, that Plato in the "Timæus" evinced no knowledge of the earth's diurnal motion round its axis. This has produced, on the part of Böckh, a reply,\* in the shape of a letter to Alexander Von Humboldt, whom he conceives to be included in Gruppe's attack. We need hardly say that Böckh adheres to his original opinion.

M. Christoph T. Schwab has made use of a tour in Greece to take observations of the nature, history, and antiquities of Arcadia. The tour was made in the latter part of the autumn of 1848, which is the pleasantest time for travels in the classic region. The result of the combined erudition and research of M. Schwab is contained in a pamphlet,† which gives a literally full description of the country, suited rather to the scholarly professor than to the general reader.

Political Science. M. Hugo Eisenhart is a politician who has been greatly disgusted by the results of the recent movements in Germany, and would seek a remedy for disorder in the establishment of a permanent hereditary peerage. He owns that for a long time he could not at all understand the legitimate functions of a nobility in a perfectly organized state. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the tradesman, have their respective offices in producing and preparing raw material, and putting it, prepared or not, into circulation; the artist employs his material to embody an idea; the man of learning instructs through the medium of words; the priest sanctifies all with his general blessing; but what is left for the noble to do? This question not a little puzzled M. Eisenhart; but after he had reflected, that with all our tendency to equality there is a sort of instinct which prevents the *citoyen* in the carriage from classing himself with the *citoyen* behind it, he began to perceive that above the other social strata there should be a class, far removed from the ordinary cares of obtaining a subsistence, and therefore capable of more independent devotion to the service of the state. He would form his German peerage partly from the ancient nobility, and, as these would be insufficient, would fill up the number, not with men who have performed ordinary official services, but the highest position should be the reward of "great deeds acknowledged by history; deeds which in stormy times have guided the state with heroic strength, and

\* "Untersuchungen über das Kosmische System des Platon." Von A. Böckh. Berlin. 1852.

† "Arkadien." Von C. T. Schwab. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

which in one great resolve have founded anew the honour, the freedom, and the happiness of millions." His treatise<sup>7</sup> is written in a declamatory, turgid style, and though it is not long, arithmetically measured, it is still diffuse, compared with the amount of thought it conveys.

A "System of Statistics," by M. L. Stein, which is designed to form part of a system of general political science, is an admirable specimen of methodical arrangement and clearness in treating of a branch of knowledge less familiar to the Germans than to the English and French. The principle of division which he has adopted seems to argue an Hegelian influence, but his work may be read without reference to a school, and he lays down his general laws with a precision that makes them intelligible even to the least initiated.

The geological literature of Germany is increased by a small treatise,<sup>8</sup> written by Louis Vertisch, pastor of Satow in Mecklin, who ascribes the most important changes in the aspect of the earth to the influence of an unknown cosmic mass, which passed along in such a direction that the line of strongest attraction fell into the plane of the equator, and this mass was powerful enough to attract from the earth a portion of its atmosphere. "Comparative Geography," a science named, by analogy, from "Comparative Anatomy," receives the benefit of a dissertation by the illustrious geographer, Carl Ritter, who adds several treatises on important subjects, such as the form of the earth's crust, the historical element in geographical science, &c., which have already appeared in another shape.<sup>10</sup>

Dr. G. F. Taute<sup>11</sup> favours the world with a most portentous-looking work on the philosophy of religion, professing to take "Herbart's Philosophy," as his point of view. He is a theologian of the orthodox school, and, as far as we can see, might have gone on after his own fashion, without reference to Herbart or anybody else. He regards the French encyclopædists and the modern German philosophers and rationalists as "all in a tale," deriving their common origin from Spinoza, and the emancipation of the world from Spi-

nozism and absolute idealism he regards as his loftiest aim. We have no inclination to follow out his bulky polemics, in which pietistical declamation often supplies the place of argument; but as the view taken of the miracles mentioned in the Bible may be viewed as a fair test of a German theologian's results, we give Dr. Taute's interpretation of the marriage-feast at Cana as a specimen of his mode of proceeding, that our readers may decide whether they will read his 1600 pages, which he has now published, and which, for all we can see to the contrary, may be followed by 1600 more:—

"At the marriage-feast held at Cana, the Redeemer turned water into wine—certainly a great divine miracle—a miracle which is opposed to all the phenomena of our experience, and breaks the chain of them without remorse. But we can always make experiments for ourselves, and see what will result from them. We know the vine; we know that under present circumstances it puts forth leaves and blossoms, which afterwards become fruit and ripen. Berries, with their seeds in groups, which we call clusters, are the fruits of the vine, and, when pressed, yield must; this, exposed to the air and the warmth, undergoes the process of saccharine and vinous fermentation, and becomes wine, properly so called. However, we know more than this; we know the essential nature of wine; we know its chemical elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, which, combined with various kinds of vegetable matter, constitute the real substance of wine. We know that to produce fermentation in the must, a fermenting matter is required which contains nitrogen, and that this is foreign to the vinous substance. We know that as the wine becomes older it also becomes better, inasmuch as during the quiet state of fermentation in which the wine continues, it constantly throws off tartar, while the slimy and saccharine particles are thrown off. What follows from these experiences, which, within certain variable limits, always accompany the making of wine? It is certain that the natural process through which the wine has to pass aims at nothing more than to bring the essential elements of wine—viz., carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, into a state, the result of which is the vinous quality. Now suppose there was some other process besides the natural one, by means of which it was possible to bring the elements of wine into the same essential condition. In that case we should not require the vine, the press, or the fermentation. The supposition of such an artificial process is opposed to all that we know by experience of the natural process, but the absolute necessity of this natural process is not in the least proved by the fact that it actually takes place. Propositions attained by induction are without necessity and universality; and, in the face of all the facts of experience, the possibility yet remains that the same result may be attained in another and perhaps a shorter way. That nature has not attained perfect mastery in her works she shows us everywhere, or whence should we have so much that is abnormal and repulsive? If she has to bring

<sup>7</sup> "Ueber den Beruf des Adels im Staate." Von H. Eisenhart. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

<sup>8</sup> "System der Staats Wissenschaft." Von L. Stein. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

<sup>9</sup> "Die jüngste Katastrophe des Erdballs." Von Louis Vertisch. Brunswick. 1852.

<sup>10</sup> "Einleitung zur Allgemeinen Vergleichenden Geographie." Berlin. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Religions-philosophie." Von G. F. Taute. Leipzig. 1852.

about anything safely, quickly, and surely, art must come to her assistance. Thus it is in agriculture, in the rearing of cattle, in the various trades, and in the cultivation of man, and in diseases. Art and science always aim at an improvement of mere naturalism, both in quantity and quality. Even real natural products are produced by art more easily and speedily than by nature. What preparations must nature make, what a combination of favourable circumstances must she await before she can produce mineral water! Art, by the employment of natural elements, produces it by a shorter way, and, if fortune favours, equals the natural production. With nature there is a great expenditure of force to create the water that falls from heaven, out of oxygen and hydrogen. She brings into action violent electrical and magnetic processes, while it is very questionable whether these will assist at the right time, and bring about the desired result; whether light and caloric will sufficiently co-operate. On the other hand, art produces water—as, for instance, in Lichtenberg's apparatus—easily and quickly, nay, in an instant, by means of the electric spark. Now the very thing that occurs with respect to the electric spark in the production of water, took place with respect to the divine spark in the production of the miraculous wine at Cana. It was by means of the divine spark that the raw elements of wine, dispersed throughout the atmosphere, were suddenly so combined as to produce natural wine. Now this very divine spark, which was neither chemical nor electrical, was in the power of the Redeemer; for he never performed his miracles without his heavenly Father. The Gospel tells us that water was turned into wine; but it does not maintain that the surrounding air, the warmth and the light of heaven were cut off from all communication with the water. Neither was there any want of carbon or nitrogen, especially when so many persons were assembled as at a wedding, to cause the wine to ferment. All the elements of wine are to be found in the atmosphere, in which they float freely, so that it was a great condescension on the part of the Redeemer that he did not cause wine at once to rain down from the air, but had it fetched in vessels."

And so on—and so on—and so on; what a waste of ingenuity, and what a world of sophistry is here! The simple man who believes that actual water was converted into actual wine, has got just as far as this learned doctor, who believes that vinous elements were supernaturally brought together by a divine spark. If it is conceded that a supernatural power can modify the ordinary operations of nature, what does it matter whether it shows itself in the form of conversion or acceleration? A tension of the natural muscles that will enable a man to leap from Dover to Calais, is just as miraculous as a pair of wings pointing from his heel. The great question respecting miracles is simply this: "Whether we have evidence enough to assume that the chain of natural events exhibited by experience has been interrupted by

a foreign power?" and it is idle to attempt an answer to this question by the substitution of one miracle to another. Dr. Taute's depreciation of nature, for the sake of working out his miracle, is not a little amusing. The orthodox theologian has stumbled into a heterodox path; and we fear that those worthy men in our own country, who so kindly load our book-shelves with volumes of physico-theology, and who clutch at plants, stars, minerals, human hands—anything, in short, that they may procure new documents in favour of the teleological system—will find in Dr. Taute an indifferent ally.

A strange-looking book,<sup>13</sup> printed in a biblical form, and professing to be the "Newest Testament," makes a conspicuous appearance among more temperate publications. The author, who is styled the "Advocate Clément," has no small opinion of his own mission. He addresses the wiser and the better among mankind in the name of God; and says that with this, his Newest Testament, he has accomplished true salvation for time and eternity. It is to be the divine touchstone for the present generation; and will show who is of God and who is not. So he goes on, blending a sort of crude science with his ravings, and making the most startling assertions with all the show of divine inspiration. For instance, he says, without the slightest hesitation:

"Every quarter of the globe, Africa, America, Australia, and Europe, had, like Asia, their patriarchal pair, created, not born of woman, placed by God, distant-wise in ten or twenty spots, more or less distant from each other in each quarter of the globe, a society of ten, twenty, thirty, forty pairs, more or less being placed in so many paradises corresponding with the various localities."

Books of this description are the most useless in the sphere of literature. If they contain anything of value from a scientific point of view, that value is destroyed by a form which, of all others, is repugnant to science, while to the generality of cultivated mankind they are simply offensive.

The first business of a biographer is to "show cause" why a biography should be written: the second, to explain the relation in which he has stood to his subject, and the means he has had of executing his task. To an inquiry on the first of these points the name of Thorwaldsen will mostly be thought a sufficient answer; on the second, Professor Thiele is able to afford

<sup>13</sup> "Neuestes Testament testirt im Namen Gottes des heiligen Geistes." Von Advocaten Clément. Stuttgart. 1852.



us full satisfaction." He was an intimate friend of the "Danish Phidias," and as one of those appointed by him to execute his will, he was, in the year 1844, the year of Thorwaldsen's decease, despatched to Rome by king Christian VIII. to assert the claims of Denmark to the works left behind in his studio. While awaiting some of the legal formalities necessary for their transport, and lingering in the departed sculptor's desolate abode, he made an almost accidental discovery of an immense mass of biographical materials, the existence of which had been previously unknown. Loitering in contemplative mood about the Palazzo Tomati—a gloomy abode in its best days, and now tenfold more dreary—amidst remnants of decayed furniture, rickety chairs and tables, bits of packing cases, sawdust and straw, which covered the floors, he amused himself by picking up and arranging fragments of letters, visiting cards, &c., many with rough sketches on the backs of them, that lay scattered about amongst the manifold *débris*. Further rummaging discovered a large pocket-book, black, old, mouldy and venerable, the aspect of which carried the thoughts of the Professor back to the Icelandic home of the sculptor's ancestors; and on opening it, there appeared, carefully wrapped up, some letters from his father and mother. Pursuing his researches, and recollecting that it was a habit of Thorwaldsen—though he would toss letters about in a reckless manner, and even use bunches of them to help in packing his marbles—never wilfully to destroy any, Professor Thiele became convinced that a great quantity of them must be in existence somewhere. It now occurred to him that on a former visit to the sculptor he had noticed a flight of steps leading down from one of the rooms to the door of a cellar apparently long disused, and blocked up with planks and rubbish. This he determined now to explore. A lantern was fetched, the planks and rubbish cleared away, when lo! in the dark damp cellar, the abode of snakes and scorpions, were discovered several casks of letters, papers, and drawings, hidden under lumps of clay, bricks, and fragments of sculpture purposely laid over them—stowed away apparently for years, and it may be afterwards forgotten. Great was the labour imposed upon his biographer by the discovery of this hidden treasure, in the airing, drying, and arranging of the papers half destroyed by damp; but it seems to have

been performed as a labour of love, and most of these documents have been since arranged and mounted, and may now be seen at the Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen. They relate of course principally to the period of the artist's residence in Italy, and it is much to be regretted, that of the earlier period of his life—the seed time of the future harvest—such scanty notices are to be found. From what can be gathered, it appears that he was in his childhood and youth steeped in poverty to the lips. His father, who was employed in the dock-yards, was not only an indifferent workman, but addicted to drinking; and in his infancy his poor mother was often seen with her baby in a garret wanting the common necessaries of life. Subsequently the domestic circumstances improved a little, but never advanced beyond a very narrow and disorderly condition. Of education for the boy there appears to have been no question beyond what little help his mother could afford; but his attempts at drawing, whether assisted by his father or not, were soon such as to attract the attention of a friend of the family, who procured him a presentation to the Academy of Arts when he was eleven years old. His progress here seems to have been rather less rapid than might have been expected; probably because a great part of his time was occupied in helping his father, who, relying on his talents, had now undertaken to make figure-heads for ships. In 1793, however, when he was twenty-three, he gained the great gold medal to which a travelling pension was attached; and shortly afterwards, in pursuance of the advice of friends rather than his own inclination, left his family and his country never to return except for one brief visit. It is somewhat mournful to hear of the home made desolate by the withdrawal of the hopeful son, its pride and its support; of the helpless tears of the mother, displaying his parting gifts, and kissing the old waistcoat that he had left behind: but,

" Things like this you know must be  
In every famous victory,"

and the battle of life, like other battles, demands its victims. Thorwaldsen did gain the victory as an artist; yet all through his biography we are haunted by the sense of want of harmony between the man and his position—a sculptor born in a country which can afford no education to a sculptor, no maintenance for him when educated. One after another his works are sent home, pronounced excellent, but lie mouldering in

"Thorwaldsen's Leben." Von Just Matthias Thiele. Leipzig. C. B. Lorch. 1852.

warehouses, vexing the souls of the artist and his friends with their charges for freight and so forth, which nobody is willing to pay.

From the period of his establishment in Rome, the biography of Thorwaldsen is principally occupied with an enumeration of the various works ordered and executed for sundry noble patrons and the correspondence concerning them, with occasional mention of financial difficulties, and here and there of embarrassments of a tenderer nature, of which the most serious was a project of marriage with a Scotch lady of fortune—a Miss Mackenzie. The affair was broken off solely from the volatile behaviour of Thorwaldsen; yet he appears to have been really attached to the lady, and even many years afterwards exhibited signs of strong emotion, on her accidentally entering a room where he was. The conduct of Miss Mackenzie in the trying situation in which she was placed was admirable. In a touching farewell she says, "If you enjoy all the good that I wish you, you will be happier than I could have made you in our happiest days." She never returned to her own country, or formed any other attachment. On the whole we feel some disappointment that Professor Thiele should not, with the materials at his disposal, have brought us to a closer view of the great sculptor. Of the details of his daily life—of the thousand minute traits that mark a character, and call up a living image before us—we have almost nothing.

As "My Life and Acts in Hungary"<sup>14</sup> has already been translated, besides being extensively noticed by the daily and weekly press, our readers are, in all probability, sufficiently acquainted with its contents, to make any further mention of them superfluous. The amount of credit to be given to its statements cannot of course be accurately determined till the publication of the replies which it will doubtless call forth. It is obvious, however, that it has been skillfully timed to take advantage of the moment when Kossuth is floating rapidly down the ebb tide of popular favour.

The "History of Gustavus Adolphus,"<sup>15</sup> though complete in itself, is intended to form a part of a domestic historical library (*Historische Hauss Bibliothek*), of which we believe twelve or thirteen numbers have already appeared. These publications are

not so common in Germany as with us. A stronger line of demarcation has usually been drawn between the learned and unlearned public; and while historical works addressed to the one, have been mostly so bulky in form, and so profound and critical in their contents, as to alarm all but professed students—others have been too trivial to merit the attention of cultivated general readers, being in fact merely intended for school abridgments. The present work is intended to occupy a middle rank between those two classes; and for this it seems to be well adapted. This choice of a subject necessarily involves the writer in the disadvantage of frequently passing over familiar ground; but the character of Gustavus Adolphus is one that must always attract popular sympathy—rising like a star above the dust and smoke of the tremendous strife with which his fortunes, fame, and life were so intimately connected. The principal danger for the historian of the "Lion of the North," is that of falling into indiscriminating panegyric. It would have been perhaps well if the recent attacks on the great Protestant hero by Catholic writers had not been passed quite without notice.

"The Book of Crimes"<sup>16</sup> is, as may be conjectured from its title, a contribution to the knowledge of the morbid anatomy of the human mind. The present volume, which is the first of a new series, contains a full discussion of the case of Professor Webster, and of other remarkable criminals, in all the hideous varieties of the species, and, from the nature of its subject, of course much that is painful and disgusting. To do the author justice, however, he seems to have had a better object in view than that of ministering to a depraved appetite for horrors—namely, that of preparing the way for the introduction of the trial by jury into his country, by instructing his countrymen in the nature of evidence in criminal cases, and developing their psychological tact, "by laying bare the secret laboratory of crime in the breast of the criminal;" showing how the germ of the criminal intention first took root, developed itself, and gained strength, till the better impulses existing in every human breast were finally vanquished in the struggle. It has also been the author's purpose to point attention to certain judicial murders, which have originated in the weakness, narrow-mindedness, or passion of judges, or the secret, malicious, inquisitorial mode of procedure customary in Germany, or in many cases

<sup>14</sup> "Mein Leben und Wirken in Ungarn in den Jahren 1848-1849." Von Arthur Görgei. Leipzig. Brockhaus. 1852.

<sup>15</sup> "Geschichte Gustav Adolphs." nach Andreas Fryxell. Leipzig. Lorch. 1852.

<sup>16</sup> "Das Buch der Verbrechen: Ein Volksbuch." Von Dr. W. L. Demme. Leipzig. Arnold. 1852.

the unwillingness on the part of official persons to own to a mistake—the diabolical impulse rather to do wrong than to appear to the world to have done it. By way of appendix, Dr. Demme also gives some short essays, or rather hints, which he denominates “Blocksberg Meditations”—on the nature of what is called superstition—on the origin of the personification of the evil principle—on the proceedings of heathen enchantresses, and their historical connexion with the witches of Christendom, &c.—subjects, we must suggest, which are of too much importance to be compressed into little more than twenty pages.

“Paris,” by Frederick Szarvady, *Travels*. a series of sketches of those features in the physiognomy of the French capital which most readily strike the eye of a stranger—the boulevards, the salons, the artists, the newspapers, the ball at the grand opera, &c., all matters which have been already chronicled in a hundred various modes, and with which most of our readers, we presume, are more or less personally acquainted. The author starts with an assertion partly true, that every great town has among its streets or public places some one that may be regarded as the résumé or index of all that it contains; but when he selects Regent Street as the miniature mirror of London, we must demur, if not to the truth of his position, at all events to the propriety of his illustration. If we were required to select one street that emphatically is not London, and contains less than any other of what is characteristic of London, we should certainly name Regent Street. In his chapter on the Parisiennes, M. Szarvady, like most foreigners, takes cognizance of the French woman solely in her relation to dress and coquetry.

Now we have the strongest impression that, however skillful in these exercises, the French woman frequently has other objects in life—that she is often possessed of no small amount of virtues of the sober and thrifty order, and that, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, such a thing as domestic life does exist in Paris, concerning which we should be glad of more accurate information. Of the mere froth or scum of its social existence, we have heard more than enough. We should not, however, omit to mention among the contents of his volume some clever biographical notices of the leading politicians of the day, and the *yesterday*, and of the late newspaper press.

Miss Lewald’s *Travels in England and Scotland*,<sup>10</sup> of which the first volume was published a year ago, though addressed of course to the authoress’s compatriots, to whom alone it can afford any novelty of information, will probably be dipped into at least by many English readers; for in spite of the proverb, that “listeners hear no good of themselves,” most people have a strong inclination to listen when others are talking of them, and the desire is as strong in nations as in individuals. The general impression made on this occasion by “England and the English,” appears to have been highly favourable; and though the style of these remarks is perhaps somewhat less piquant than might have been expected from the vivacious authoress of *Diogena*, we cannot but be struck by the candour and truthfulness of her judgments concerning things that must have contradicted many of her preconceived notions.

Among the most interesting points in the journal to us, are the passages which lead us to form inferences concerning the state of things in Germany, from the subjects and character of the authoress’s remarks on England. The surprise she expresses at the social consideration, the independence of movement, and the intellectual culture of women in this country, affords a rather melancholy inference concerning the position and character of the sex in Germany. And her admiration of the habits of self-government formed in our people by our parochial and municipal institutions, remind us of one of the most mischievous effects of the perpetual meddling of German governments with what we regard as private affairs.

In the variety of subjects touched upon in a hasty tour of this kind some mistakes are perhaps unavoidable; but we were rather surprised to learn on Miss Lewald’s authority, that it is the custom for guests staying in an English house to address the servants of the establishment as “Sir,” or “Miss,” and that the ordinary wages of an English maid of all work was forty pounds a year. Still droller is the misconception in the criticism on Dickens’s *Dombey*, where she supposes that the author had intended to reconcile us to the amiable Mrs. McStinger, by representing her as seating her infants upon the cold flagstones, “after whipping them with true housewifely briskness,” in *order to cool their heated limbs*. Overlooking the satirical meaning, Miss Lewald takes this additional atrocity of the flagstone applica-

<sup>10</sup> “Paris: Politische und Unpolitische Studien und Bilder, 1848–1852.” Von Frederick Szarvady.

<sup>10</sup> “England und Schottland: Reise Tagebuch.” Von Fanny Lewald, 2 bände. Braunschweig, 1852.

tion for a proof of motherly tenderness. But in spite of some trivial blunders of this kind, her compatriots could not readily find among the recent accounts of England one more worthy of reliance. We trust, however, that the statement concerning the servant-maids' wages may be corrected, lest it should tend to disturb domestic relations in the kitchens of her fatherland, and confer on England some of the dangerous attractions of the "gold diggings."

"Travels in Cos Halicarnassus and Rhodes"<sup>1</sup> is by the well known Professor of Archæology at Athens, one of the most distinguished champions of the old school of profound German erudition. He appears to have regarded it almost as a duty to confine himself to what we may call his professional department of research, which in the present state of the world is one that can hardly be expected to occupy the attention of more than a very limited class of readers beyond the limits of colleges. Nine-tenths of the volume are taken up with accounts of inscriptions and other relics of antiquity, but the casual hints dropped here and there excite our regret that the author did not bestow more of his space on the characters and mode of life of the inhabitants of places lying so entirely out of the reach of any of the great thoroughfares of the world, and so seldom visited by any competent observer. Sometimes a few words will throw a considerable light on the present mournful condition of what were once the most illustrious foci of art and civilization. In visiting, for instance, the ancient fortress of Ammochostos, in the Island of Cyprus, the author says:—

"Between the court of the castle and the front of St. Sophia was a small space containing fountains, and enclosed with antique granite columns, which, to judge from what now remained, must have rivalled the finest market-places of mediæval Italy. Now, there wander about it a race which, in its degeneracy, cannot even comprehend the magnificence of these remains—nay, *wander* is much too noble a word. The crooked-legged sons of Mahomet (crooked from eternal sitting and crouching) do not wander, but sink and *wabble* about in ragged breeches and shoes trod down at heel."

"A Return Journey from Java"<sup>2</sup> is by a Dutch resident of thirteen years' standing, revisiting Europe to recover the health which had been damaged by the heat of the climate; after having previously, for the

sake of a lower temperature, occupied a rather retired summer residence on the edge of the crater of a volcano at the height of more than six thousand feet. His course lay through the Straits of Sunda and Malacca, thence to Ceylon, Aden, Suez, to Trieste, and stopping by the way at many ports to change steamers, or to take in coals or mail bags, and being never more than eleven days together at sea. The author appears to be generally a well informed man, and pays particular attention to the geology of the regions through which he passes. The first part of the voyage lay through a perfect labyrinth of islands, almost all covered to the water's edge with dark woods, and so excessively alike, that even the inhabitants often have to fix signals on the shores, or on high trees, in order to know them again. The water was in general as smooth as a mirror, and the navigation through these narrow winding channels, often not broader than a river, extremely intricate. Many of these islands are uninhabited, and do not appear to have been ever visited. At Ceylon, the traveller exchanged the steamer *Braganza*, in which he had come from Singapore, for the *Ben-tinck*—a magnificent vessel belonging to the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, in which he found himself surrounded by so many conveniences and luxuries, that he could hardly, he says, fancy himself on board a ship. The whole voyage from Batavia to Suez, including all stoppages, took only six weeks and two days.

"Old English and Scotch Popular Poetry. Ballads,"<sup>3</sup> appear almost as much at home as in the original, so faithfully have they been rendered, and so well is the nervous simplicity and homely pathos of the German suited to their character.

"Kaiser Karl"<sup>4</sup> is a connected series of romantic ballads on legends of the Carlovingian race—in some measure an imitation of the Frankish poetry of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—but displaying both originality of conception and beauty of execution.

We are indebted to Mr. Gutzkow for a pleasant book, his "Recollections of Boyish Days,"<sup>5</sup> but we cannot but wish he had not thought it necessary to hang round these recollections so many fan-

<sup>1</sup> "Reisen in Cos Halicarnassus Rhodos und der Insel Cypern." Von Ludwig Ross. Halle. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "Rückreise von Java nach Europa: mit der Englischen Oberland post." Von Franz Junghatur, aus dem Holländischen. Leipzig. Arnold, 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Alt Schottische und Englische: Volks Balladen nach den Originalien verarbeitet." Von W. Doeniger. München. 1852.

<sup>4</sup> "Kaiser Karl: Eine epische Trelogie." Von O. L. Gruppe. Berlin: Rieme. 1852.

<sup>5</sup> "Aus der Knabenzeit." Von Karl Gutzkow Frankfurt: Literarische Anstalt. 1852.

ciful garlands and arabesques, that it is sometimes almost as difficult to make out what they actually are, as to unriddle the story of one of Mr. Dickens's novels from the allegorical illustrations of the frontispiece. His sentences, too, are often so encumbered with epithets, that it is not easy to assign to subject, object, and predicate, their due share—and it becomes necessary to stop and clear away some of them before we can ascertain which way we are going. In describing the scenes in which his childhood was passed, the author has found occasion to afford us some valuable glimpses into the character and mode of life of the working classes of his native city, Berlin, and the interest of the picture would have been still stronger had he felt sufficient confidence in its attraction to have left it in the unadorned simplicity of truth.

In the department of professed fiction, the work of the highest pretension among those before us is called by the not very promising title of "Tranquillity is the first duty of a Citizen,"<sup>33</sup> which gives an animated representation of the state of society, literary, political, and fashionable, in Berlin, during the latter part of the last century, when the temporary blaze kindled by Frederick der Ernzigte had become extinguished, and left behind it only foul and noxious vapours.

"Heloise"<sup>34</sup> is a tale of considerable merit; the principal defect of which is in the ambiguous position of the heroine, and the nature of her attachment to one whom, we are told, she has all her life been taught to consider as her brother, but who does not really stand in that relation to her. Had she, up to the moment of the discovery, looked on him with merely sisterly affection, one cannot well see how the nature of her sentiments could have been changed on so short a notice.

The "Stories of Old Jacob the Smith,"<sup>35</sup> is a collection of popular tales, in a style of rustic simplicity, the longest and best of which, "The Emigrants to America," may be considered as a sermon on the old German saying—"Bleibe im lande und nähre dich redlich," or, stay in your own country, and get your living honestly.

In "German House Fables,"<sup>36</sup> adventurous princes, princesses, the "fairest under the sun," giants, enchanters, and, above all, clever little tailors, are shifted about in such a manner as to give always the effect of something new—like the figures of a kaleidoscope, but which, on examination, we find to consist of various combinations of the same pieces. To juvenile readers, however, for whom such collections are intended, absolute novelty is by no means requisite.

The "Treasury of Italian Novels"<sup>37</sup> gives a series of specimens arranged in a chronological order, commencing with the year 1300, but omitting Boccaccio, of whom a complete translation has already been given in the "Library of Foreign Classical Writers," of which these volumes form a part. The original idea of the novel, it will be recollected, was that of some piece of news, amusing anecdote, or occurrence of the day, related in a light and graceful manner, and intended for social entertainment. It is in this sense only, that the word must be understood here. One of the chief difficulties of the translator lay in the licentious character of many of these productions, especially as the fault was not so much in particular expressions or descriptions, which might have been omitted, as in depraved and sophistical moral theories, which, as his object was to afford literary historical specimens, he could not pass in silence. He therefore gives his readers warning that his book "is not intended for young ladies and gentlemen," a limitation, perhaps, which the young ladies and gentlemen have small reason to regret, for the "Treasury" contains coin that has a value merely as a literary curiosity.

In Germany, as will be seen, the modern school of novel-writing differs widely from the old. Instead of metaphysical subtleties, fantastic theories of character and action, equivocal morals, wild unearthly fancy and grotesque humour, we have scenes and characters of every-day life and real history, average men and women, and, in general, a tone of morality not only sound, but keeping within the limits of what they themselves term the "home-baked,"—a kind of diet which, if occasionally somewhat heavy, is not unwholesome, and there is always hope in a return to truth and nature.

<sup>33</sup> "Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht." Roman: Von W. Alexia. 2 vols. 1852.

<sup>34</sup> "Heloise: Eine Erzählung." Von Talvj. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1852.

<sup>35</sup> "Des alten Schmidt Jacob's Geschichten." Von M. O. von Horn. Frankfurt: Lanerlonder. 1852.

<sup>36</sup> "Deutsche Haus Mährchen: Herausgegeben." Von J. M. Wolf. Göttingen: Dietrich. Leipzig: Wihl. Vogel. 1851.

<sup>37</sup> "Italiänischer Novellenschatz: ausgewählt und übersetzt." Von Adelbert Keller. Brockhaus. Leipzig. 1852.

ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

Ours is a light budget this quarter. Whatever else may flourish at this moment in imperial France, it is not literature. The sale of Victor Hugo's furniture, library, and *objets d'art*, is emblematic of the whole condition of authorship. Exile, silence, servility, or penury—those are the issues open to men. With gagged mouths, crippled means, and deep uneasiness as to the future social condition, how can men write? Hugo sells his furniture, Auguste Comte lives upon the generous subscription of friends and admirers! Poetry and Philosophy are *thus* represented! Among the works that have appeared, exclusive of new editions and translations, we will name the most attractive.

**Philosophy.** The greatest of modern thinkers, Auguste Comte, is unhappily by no means one of the best writers; he obscures his popularity by an unwieldy verbosity of style which adds greatly to the fatigue of following his long chains of reasoning. It is, therefore, a matter of no little importance to such a philosopher to find a disciple so able, so entire in his devotion, and so capable of popular exposition as M. Littré undoubtedly is. Comte's two best known English disciples separate from him on too many points, and those often essential points, to be properly regarded as apostles of his doctrine; but Littré accepts his master with unhesitating and implicit confidence, taking upon himself the labour of interpreting the doctrine to the masses. The three series of articles which at different periods since 1844 he has published in the *National*, on the positive philosophy, (two of which have already been collected into separate little treatises, viz., "De la Philosophie Positive," and "De l'application de la Philosophie Positive au Gouvernement des Sociétés,") are now united into one volume under the title "Conservation, Révolution, et Positivisme," which, as it may be had for a couple of shillings, no serious thinker should be without. In the first treatise he gives a rapid but luminous sketch of the main outlines of the Positive philosophy, a sketch that will greatly facilitate the study of the original work; in the second, written just after the Revolution of 1848, and à propos to Comte's "Discours sur l'ensemble du positivisme," he shows the application of the doctrine to the solu-

tion of social problems, which is still further worked out in the third treatise—"Des Progrès du Socialisme."

**History.** In history we have only two works to name—"Histoire des Protestans de France," by G. de Felice; and "Histoire de la Convention Nationale," by Barante, the fourth volume of which embraces the Reign of Terror, and closes with the death of Robespierre. On the general qualities of this history we have already spoken; the fourth volume continues in the same style. It is abundant in details, yet symmetric in its ensemble; the various questions which the events brought forward are touched succinctly, if not impartially; and the whole tone is remarkable for its moderation. To read the Reign of Terror in these pages after the emphasis and declamation, the search for picturesque effects, and for "words that burn," with which we have been treated by so many writers, is like listening to a debate in the House of Lords, after a turbulent discussion in the London Tavern. This moderation, this sobriety of style, is not without a charm; and among the books on the revolution worth possessing, de Barante's "Convention Nationale" will always count. M. Felice's "History of French Protestants" is a work written by a Protestant, to set forth the persecution to which his sect has been subjected by French governments ever since the Reformation, and one which proves, if proof were needed, that the great outbreak of 1789 was not altogether without permanent fruits, if only in its vindication of those principles of freedom which the French philosophers had so emphatically demanded. The orgies of liberty are painful enough to contemplate; the Reign of Terror, as we read of it, may suggest some suspicion that perhaps the "good old times" were, after all, not so bad; and that the philosophers who were so eager to *écraser l'infâme*, who spoke so bitterly against priests, and so eloquently of toleration, were not justified. But when this doubt arises we need only turn back the page of history to see a thorough vindication of the revolution. M. Felice alone will satisfy us. He will tell us how men were hanged in France for their religion as late as 1760; and his volume is filled with details of odious intolerance. His account of the measures of Louvois, and the edicts of Louis XIV., is appalling; and the latter are historical facts which admit of no dispute, and cannot be said to take their colouring from the historian.

**Belles Lettres.** In this department there are more works to notice. Charles

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffa, of the Burlington Arcade.

Magnin, the erudite author of the "Origines du Théâtre Moderne," and formerly one of the choice band of critics who opened a literary revolution in *le Globe*, has published a work of great learning and unflinching interest on Marionnettes—"l'Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à nos jours." He commences his survey with the *priestly* marionettes—for he rightly detects the religious origin of this as of every other form of dramatic entertainment—in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The images of the gods, especially those made to move their eyes and to speak, justly claim precedence. He then traces the marionette in familiar life, describing its position in feasts and in children's games; thus showing a descent from the idol to the doll; and his piquant erudition enables him to gather together many an amusing detail of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman life. He next describes the structure of ancient marionettes; and every reader will be astonished at the evidence there adduced of the mechanical perfection displayed by these puppets. An inquiry into the ancient Marionette Theatre of the ancients concludes this portion of the work. We now come to the Middle Ages, where, as in the drama, a somewhat similar march is observed. In the third part, that of Modern Times, M. Magnin enters elaborately into the minutiae of his subject. All that erudition can do has been done to make clear to us the history and variety of marionettes in Italy, in Spain, and Portugal, in France, in England, and in Germany. While treating of the last-named country, he naturally encounters the name of Goethe, who was himself the most illustrious of *puppenspieler*, and the name of Faust, the most illustrious of puppets; these lead him into an entertaining survey of the Faust legend, and of the pieces by Lessing and Heinrich Heine (*Mephistophela*, a ballet composed for our opera in 1851). We have said enough to indicate to amateurs the contents of this volume.

Perhaps the most charming work in this department we could name is the "Cause-ries du Lundi," of Sainte Beuve, a fourth volume of which has appeared. It is a collection of "studies" of the great names of the eighteenth century, varied by an occasional portrait taken from the galleries of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. No man in France has a more accurate and extensive acquaintance with the literature of these epochs; and to this erudition, both varied and solid, Sainte Beuve adds the sagacity of a man of the world, the sympathy and style of a poet, with the contemplative

spirit of a moralist. In this fourth volume we have Mirabeau, Marie Antoinette, André Chenier, as a politician, De Maistre, Madame de Lambert, Madame de Necker, l'Abbé Maury, the Duc de Lauzun, Buffon, M. de Bonald, Marmontel, Mallet du Pan, Chamfort, and Rulhière; with Montaigne, Amyot, Mdlle. de Scudéry, St. Evremond, and Ninon, Mary Stuart, Madame de Maintenon, and Jasmin, Pierre Dupont, and Lamartine. The series, it will be seen, is sufficiently varied and entertaining, nor is it too much to say that Sainte Beuve's knowledge is equal to all the variety requisite. The article on Buffon, for example, although not that of a naturalist, is nevertheless a valuable contribution, and implies in the writer a philosophic insight, for which we did not give him credit. Buffon is painted more as a man and as a writer, it is true, and yet his position as a thinker is modestly, but clearly indicated. In the two articles devoted to Mirabeau we have a study of the most piquant biographical kind. M. Sainte Beuve has had in his possession the manuscript of some unpublished "Dialogues," written by Mirabeau, in which the whole story of his amour with Sophie is told in detail. By judicious extracts, and a running commentary of remarkable finesse, Sainte Beuve reproduces this story, and almost obliterates our regret that such dialogues should remain unpublished, so graphic is the picture he has given. Well worth reading also, are his remarks on Mirabeau, as a writer. Montaigne and Mademoiselle Scudéry are two portraits, the one of a writer dear to every reader, the other of a writer once read by all, now known only as a name, except to the curious. St. Evremond and Ninon give Sainte Beuve an opportunity for showing his finesse and talent in a delightful kit-cat sketch. Lamartine's "Histoire de la Restauration" is reviewed with incisive severity, Marmontel with indulgent sagacity. Altogether, as we have already said, these four volumes are the pleasantest collection of essays and reviews we can name.

In direct contrast stands the collection of reviews made by Cuvilier Fleury, from his contributions to the *Débats*, under the title of "Portraits Politiques et Révolutionnaires." These two volumes of polemical vehemence are rendered something more than mere newspaper articles by the substantial historical merit which they possess, in the shape of facts and opinions on the two revolutions of '89 and '48. Although the passion of a partizan is as apparent in the elaborate studies Cuvilier Fleury has given

of Barère, St. Just, Rousseau, Camille Desmoulins, and "Les Vierges de Verdun," as in those of Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Sue, Daniel Stern, Ledru Rollin, and Victor Hugo, yet in the former series there is a more serious tone and a truer appreciation of motives. The volumes certainly are not deficient in force either of sarcasm or invective. The style is trenchant, personal, arrogant, clear, rapid, and lively; the criticism frequently as just as it is severe, and to those *esprits chagrins* who delight in seeing great reputations worried by the small dogs in the street, the volumes will be decidedly agreeable. The most successful, because the most justifiable of these attacks, is the article on "Love as seen in the life and works of M. Lamartine." Those who have been disgusted with the love narratives of "Les Confidences" and "Raphael," will see the cruel coxcombry mercilessly exposed. M. Cuvillier Fleury hates Lamartine, but hates him apparently more for his participation in the "surprise" of Fleury than for anything else. He has not recovered from that "surprise." Revolutions have become things of inexpressible disgust to him ever since; and he solaces himself by vilifying every one concerned in revolutionary proceedings. On the other hand, he has no eloquence too abundant and exalted for Louis Philippe and the Orleans family. The first half of his first volume is devoted to the February "surprise," and is worth consulting as the energetic expression of the Orleanist view of the affair.

Quite as trenchant, still more impertinently arrogant, but without the honest fervour of conviction which animates Cuvillier Fleury, the "*Œuvres Littéraires de Granier de Cassagnac*" are only worth looking at as specimens of French journalism; not because of any intrinsic worth, but because Granier de Cassagnac has recently crawled into notoriety by the prostitution of his pen to Louis Napoleon, these essays of his have been gathered from the journals, where on their appearance, they excited attention and infinite contempt, and now come forth as *œuvres littéraires*. There is no denying them a certain vivacity and audacity of expression; but they are worthless at bottom. If a man of ordinary thews and sinews finds that he cannot outstrip his fellows in the race, but is unobserved in the crowd of hurrying mediocrity, he can at all times break through this obscurity by standing on his head, or by throwing summersaults; people are certain to regard him *then*; and if to attract attention be his aim, though the attention may be but a more definite form of contempt, his aim is reached. Granier

de Cassagnac may flatter himself with having reached that aim. By attacking Corneille and Racine during the great romantic fracas, he attracted attention. Since then he has never lost ground for want of a paradox or an insolence. As the most conceded of writers, even among French writers, and as one of the most intrinsically worthless, he is known to all persons attending to these matters.

Gay and attractive in style, though perfectly French in the subordination of all things to effect, Gérard de Nerval is always worth reading. His last work, "*Les Illuminés ou les Précurseurs du Socialisme*," under a vague, misleading title, contains some "romances of real life" and curiosities of literature well worthy of being thus collected into durable form. The biography of Restif de la Bretonne—the Sue of the eighteenth century—is one of the most interesting stories and curious pages in literary history easily named; although fact and fiction are inextricably intermingled. Cazotte is a strange study; the chapter on "*Le Mysticisme Révolutionnaire*" offers curious details on a portion of revolutionary history never touched except by Michelet and Louis Blanc. Altogether the volume is remarkable.

The "*Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas*" have reached a seventh volume, and not yet commenced his career as an author. Nothing that Dumas writes can be dull, but nothing that he has ever written can approach these Memoirs in impertinence of book-making. He seizes upon every trivial pretext, and if need be invents pretexts, for long detailed digressions having nothing to do with his life. If he has an interview with some insignificant person he gives a sketch of the whole conversation, and not unfrequently a short biography of the person spoken with. If he goes to the theatre he devotes three chapters to an analysis of the play, varied by conversations which he says were held with his neighbour at that play. The garrulity of garrulous age summoning the past once more before it, never exceeded these Memoirs. And observe, that when age is giving way to the crowding memories of former days, you listen with some feeling that the truth is told, whereas with the great romancist there is no moment of moderate belief; if he is not incessantly inventing facts, you feel that he is incessantly arranging them as he would in a romance, and all faith in his narrative disappears. Two more remarks are called for. First, that the crudity of expression he not unfrequently permits himself, surpasses even the licence of French writers; and secondly,



that of late he has insisted upon his religious pretensions in a style that must excessively amuse all his readers. Far be it from us to decide upon Dumas's religious sincerity. After such examples as we find in Italian history of undoubted and undoubting faith in Christianity, accompanying lives that are a perpetual outrage upon Christianity, we see no reason for questioning the possibility of the gay, dissipated, reckless, but generous and honourable Dumas being a sincere Catholic. But it is one thing to admit thus much, another to accept such pretensions as those he has of late put forth. For example, here is a passage in the seventh volume of these Memoirs.

"I do not know what good I have done, either in this world or the other worlds in which I have lived before, but God has shown me special favours, and in all the difficult situations of my life he has visibly come to my assistance.

"Therefore, oh! my God! do I loudly, yet most humbly proclaim your name, in the presence of believers as well as of unbelievers, and I have not even in so doing the merit of faith, but simply that of truth.

"For, if you had appeared to me at the time when I invoked your presence, oh, my God! and if you had said to me, 'Child, tell me fearlessly what thou dost want,' I never should have ventured to implore of your infinite goodness one half of the favours you have granted me."

Who can read that with gravity? In the preface to his novel, "*La Comtesse de Charny*," he speaks with comical indignation of the proposal made to him by the proprietor of some journal to write the history of papal crimes: "*On vient me proposer à moi, l'homme religieux par excellence, l'histoire des crimes des papes!*" After that we shall not be surprised if he claim canonization as a saint of domestic respectability!

This "*Comtesse de Charny*" is a continuation of "*Ange Pitou*," which was abruptly terminated by the new press laws which affixed a stamp on the *roman feuilleton*. The whole of the preface in which Dumas relates this is worth preserving as one of the veritable pages in his Memoirs. Besides "*La Comtesse de Charny*," Dumas has published four volumes of an amusing novel, "*Olympe de Cleves*," which one finds it impossible to lay down unread, although it is not precisely adapted to *family* reading. A young Jesuit bitten with a love of dramatic reading—the more enchanting because forbidden—makes his escape from his reverend fathers and hurries to the theatre to see a play performed: by a series of comical incidents he finds himself on the stage as an actor, is applauded, falls in love with the great tragic actress Olympe, runs

away with her, and thus begins a life of incessant adventure, told with all the nerve and ease of Dumas. In another novel, "*Conscience l'Innocent*," Dumas has with incomparable coolness appropriated materials, and even language, of Michelet and the Flemish novelist Conscience, and spun them out into a somewhat feeble story.

Alphonse Karr is one of the wittiest and pleasanter of French novelists, and the collection of his short stories, "*Contes et Nouvelles*," will be acceptable to many. He has only published one new work, "*Agathe*," and that we have not yet had time to read, but are disposed to accept it on the faith of his signature.

The day of French novels seems over. George Sand is silent; Balzac and Soulié are dead; Eugène Sue has fallen into inanity and wearisomeness; Paul de Kock has exhausted his gaiety; Madame Reybaud is silent; Dumas alone is as active as ever, but he writes no "*Mousquetaires*," "*Monte Christos*," or "*Guerres des Femmes*." The vein seems exhausted. But may one not say the same of all literature just now?

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#### NOTE.

In the article on the Commerce of Literature in our last number, among other illustrations of the state of our literary relations with America, there occurs the following:—

"The second case has reference to the mutilation and transformation of English books in America, which is as notorious as it is vexatious to English authors. Haydn's '*Dictionary of Dates*' and Latham's '*English Language*,' are good examples; but we will dwell only on the former. . . . This work is deprived of its unpretending name: its beginning and end are obliterated by preliminary and supplemental matter, either selected or from an American pen, and the book is then rebaptized '*The World's Progress*,' &c., &c. Haydn's name, though mentioned in the preface, is exchanged for that of the American editor in the title-page."

Mr. G. P. Putnam, of New York, who is at once the editor and publisher of "*The World's Progress*," complains that the above statement is an unfair representation of the facts, and he has forwarded to us the following vindictory explanations, which he has since published in the *New York Evening Post*.

"I must protest against the reference in the *Review* to the '*World's Progress*,' because it is unjust, and founded on an essential mistake. The reviewer intimates that I had misused Haydn's book by erasing some matter at the beginning and end, substituting some other selected matter, and disguising the whole by a new title. This is untrue. In the first place, my own book was first

published in 1832, six or eight years *before* Haydn's. I was engaged diligently and faithfully for no less than three years, at intervals, upon the tables at the beginning and end of my book, nearly every page of which was compiled by myself from many original sources, and carefully copied two or three times in manuscript. And these tables (which form the important feature of the volume) are referred to by the reviewer as 'selected,' or thrust in, to disguise Mr. Haydn's work! I might, with equal propriety, assume that the plan of Mr. Haydn's work was copied from mine, as mine had several years' priority.

"It is true that, in the new edition of my book, I have copied largely from his very valuable compilation; and I have stated so, fully and frankly, in the preface. I may have been wrong in not giving Mr. Haydn's name more prominence—but I had no intention to disguise an iota of the credit which was justly his due. It is, of course, self-evident, that any volume of this kind must necessarily be a compilation. Historical facts are public property, and originality can only be claimed for the modes of arranging and presenting them. The usefulness of such compilations as those in question must depend a good deal upon their being adapted to their intended meridian, and not encumbered too much with local details which belong specially to other countries. The question in this case is simply whether my book is a disguised reprint of Haydn's, or whether it is an original compilation, with a distinctive plan and character, in which no unusual or unacknowledged use has been made of other works. I am quite content that this should be decided by any one who will take the trouble to examine and compare the two books in question. Of course, it was never intended that the 'World's Progress' should be sold in London. Not a copy was ever sent there with my knowledge."

We did not impute any dishonourable intention to Mr. Putnam. So long as America refuses to accord to our authors an American copyright in their works, so long is the practice of reprinting English books in America, whether in a separate or incorporated form, duly sanctioned by law, and what the law sanctions soon comes to be regarded as right. Our statement of facts bearing on the literary relations of England with America, was intended, not as an accusation of individuals, but as an exposure of the evils resulting from the want of an international copyright law. We are happy to quote from the *New York Evening Post* some further observations of Mr. Putnam, which show that on the general question—the injustice of withholding such a law as the above—his opinion is in accordance with our own.

"The practice of copying American books either entire or in detachments without any acknowledgment whatever, and even with positive disguises, has been so long common in England, that a

reference to it would not have been amiss in this 'Westminster' article, but on *that* point it is silent. I do not say this to offset or excuse one wrong by another, but, so far as my knowledge goes, *this* practice has not found *many* imitators on this side. In the absence of international law, foreign works are *freely* claimed by publishers on *both* sides; and in the relative proportion of reprints, the London publishers appear to be rapidly gaining on the Americans. Of the cheap *serials* now publishing in England, I believe fully one-half are American works reprinted without copyright.

"As a matter of policy, as well as of courtesy, if not equity, I, for one, have always wished and still wish to see a proper international arrangement; and I believe it would be better for all parties if we could have such a one as would secure to both English and American authors a suitable return for the sale of their works in *both* countries. I am willing to do anything in reason to promote this object. If our rulers still refuse to sanction such a protection, is it to be expected that foreign books should be held in abeyance and not reprinted at all!"

As to Mr. Putnam's allegation that the practice of copying American books, "*without any acknowledgment whatever, and even with positive disguises,*" has long been common in England, we can easily believe it, and only desire that each case may meet with the wholesome exposure which it deserves. The most glaring instance of the kind which we are cognizant of is,—that of Muzzey's "Young Maiden." This little volume was reprinted in London, by H. S. Clarke, under the title of "The English Maiden;" the name of Muzzey was omitted from the title-page, and an advertisement was prefixed to the work announcing some slight alterations "as having been made by *the author* in the hope of rendering the volume more acceptable to the maidens of England." Mr. Muzzey complains that the wrong is aggravated by the fact that another volume, issued by the same publisher, under the title of "The English Wife," is said to be "designed as a sequel to 'The English Maiden.'" In the preface to this book, thus presenting itself with false credentials, it is said: "In the following pages, the author has made the *morality of the Bible* his standard of excellence; and he trusts that every sentence will be found to breathe the genuine spirit of practical Christianity." This is superadding Pecksniffian impudence to fraud, and certainly were the wrong even solitary of its kind, in England, it would still be enough to outweigh any case of Transatlantic annexation within our knowledge. For the rest, assuming that our writers and publishers are less given to plagiarism and piracy than those of America, it is obvious that the fact admits of explanation on other ground than that of England's moral superiority.



THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CXIV.

FOR OCTOBER, 1852.

ART. I.—THE OXFORD COMMISSION.

*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford, together with the Evidence, and an Appendix.* London: Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford-street, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1852.

WHOEVER wishes to throw stones at Oxford will find material in plenty in the Report of the Commissioners; the usual abuses of corporate bodies, the perversion of trust placed in their hands for public purposes to narrow and personal interests, aggravated in this case with systematic and serious perjury, may with more or less justice be charged against it; and we may amuse ourselves, if we please, with the spectacle of a body clinging convulsively to the statutes of its founder, while it lives in habitual violation of every part of them which do not serve its present convenience. There will probably be many persons, however, who will be ready to do work of this kind, and for ourselves, from the position which we hold towards the Church and the establishments connected with it, it will be more graceful to abstain from commenting on the exposure of their weaknesses. . . . After all is said, the colleges appear no worse offenders than a thousand others who for the present go on peacefully with their misdoings; their members are at least equal to, if not superior to their average standard; they are as good as public opinion has required them to be, and at any rate they are far better than they were fifty years ago. Literal obedience to the statutes is impossible; we have no right to be hard on men who only conform to human weakness in giving themselves the

benefit of doubts which may arise on the mode of disobeying them; and in fact several of the most glaring instances of disobedience are endorsed by the commissioners as wholesome and valuable changes.

At the same time, that statutes of such impracticable kind should remain unrepealed, and even continue to find eager defenders, is no more than the parallel of our political experience. In all well organized human institutions the letter of obsolete laws remains as long as possible untouched; custom is recognised as the legal exponent of their meaning, and in all cases repeals them by neglect before they are blotted off the statute book. The oaths of obedience to college statutes may indeed appear to lend a more grave complexion to the infringing these; but even here there is an extensive and important precedent. The members of the Established Church pray weekly that the magistrate may have grace to maintain orthodoxy with the civil sword, and that the queen may govern according to the divine ordinances as having authority thereto from God, while yet they abhor persecution, while they will not allow their queen the free choice even of her own household, and would hold themselves emancipated from their allegiance if she ventured to impose a tax or punish a heretic without consent of Parliament.

Insincerity in prayer is as serious as insincerity in an oath, if either deserve to be so called—but, in fact, there is no insincerity in one or the other: time has washed out from the words their historical meaning, and they are interpreted as subject to the limitations and changes to which all human things are liable.

The universities, like the establishment, reflect the temper of the nation; they follow the will of the power by which they exist,

and it is idle to blame them for being what the nation has chosen them to be, and this appears to be the generous attitude to assume on the present inquiry; unless, or until, the subjects of it by any short-sighted wilfulness of their own, shall compel us into less lenient feelings. If it should so turn out, as the manner in which the commission has been generally received, and the haughty refusal to furnish evidence, with which its questions have in some instances been answered give us reason to fear that it may, that the heads and fellows of the various societies intend in a defence of convenient monopolies to fall back upon the letter of the statutes, to declare that times are not changed, that human nature and its necessities remain the same, and that ingenuity can devise nothing better than the system which the statutes embody; or, if not so, yet that the wills of founders are sacred, that the perpetual application of their bequests in statutable manner is guarded by anathemas which they may not encounter; then, indeed, their manifold perjuries must fall with full weight upon them, and they must take the consequences of the position into which they thrust themselves. It is not that we have any fear that by this or any other process they can seriously obstruct the reform which the nation requires; the question is only of the moral position in which a large body of educated gentlemen are to stand. The commissioners urge, and prove with great minuteness of illustration, that the property of corporate bodies' bequeathed for charitable purposes is always in a peculiar and especial manner subject to the national will, and as it is this will only which gives effect to all testamentary dispositions, so in dispositions of this kind it always has and always will claim a right when necessary to control or alter them.

The arrangements of the founders of the colleges are already evaded for private advantage; and the nation is at least equally at liberty to revise the existing interpretations, and consider whether the public good is not of as much importance as the comforts and luxuries of a few hundred private persons. There can be no doubt of this, and there can be no doubt that this revision will take effect precisely at the moment when the nation pronounces it necessary. It is for those at present in authority at Oxford to consider whether they will render an opposition ridiculous by resting it on a ground so futile, when, if they would state their real objection to the proposed reform, they might perhaps render real service to it; and at least our respect would be commanded by a straightforward antagonism. No one believes that founders' wills are

their true difficulty. They are afraid of change, not for itself, but for what it may bring. They are afraid of Liberalism, Rationalism, Germanism, which they seem to see gathering behind it—and who shall blame them? certainly not we, if they will only be honest. It is a fair ground of fear. The wisest man cannot leave the familiar ground of custom for an untried element without misgiving; and if misgiving become active resistance, it is no more than what experience has taught us both to look for and to respect; only do not let them make themselves contemptible by calling in a spectral legion of founders to their assistance, whom they and we alike know to be no more than phantoms.

This aspect of the question was in fact settled long ago by the Reformation. One of the most important duties of the fellows of colleges was the saying masses for the souls of their benefactors. Saying mass became illegal, and this duty could therefore be no longer performed. The law of the land superseded the minor laws of these small corporations; and it is nothing less than absurd to evade the obvious conclusion. We are aware that a mode of evasion has been discovered, but it is scarcely creditable either to the ingenuity or to the candour of the inventors. It is urged that the practice of the colleges has changed, not because the English law is changed, but because it is to be supposed that in teaching Anglicanism instead of Romanism and neglecting their religious obligations, the present governing bodies are only doing what the founders, if they had lived, would have desired; respect for the memory of such great men forbidding them to believe that they would have declined the blessings of the Reformation.

It is strange that they should miss seeing that if this argument is good for anything at all (which we do not think it is), it will justify any change whatever which altered circumstances require. Do they believe that if Puritanism had maintained itself on the ground which Cromwell won for it, the Parliament of England would have listened to the pretence that the founders would have become Anglo-Catholics and nothing more? that they would have halted precisely there? Or perhaps it is more likely that, if the Stuarts had restored Catholicism, they would have permitted Catholic bequests to be diverted from the purposes for which they were bestowed, on a theory of hypothetic apostasy.

Whether there be or be not a *right* in individuals to determine the uses to which their property shall be applied after death

has concluded all their concern with it, it is at least certain that, let the right be what it will, no nation ever has given or ever will give effect to such bequests, except as subject to its own revision, and if it find them obviously contrary to the public advantage, it will use its power to cancel or to modify them.

We propose to follow the Commissioners in taking rather a reasonable than a polemic view of the subject before us; and assume, without further question, that whatever attention the existing moral and political condition of the country has made desirable, will as surely take effect, as the trees will change their foliage with the changes of the seasons. And now to trace the causes by which the present state of things has been brought about.

The historical period of Oxford discloses to us, on its opening in the thirteenth century, a system of unknown antiquity, which appears already on its decline. The university, like most other long-lived institutions, is rooted out of sight in a mythology, which, when submitted to criticism, yields only that at some time or other subsequent to the union of the northern and southern kingdoms, a republic of students formed itself by voluntary association on the banks of the Isis. The central situation of Oxford may have led to its selection, although this is no more than conjecture; but we find it in the thirteenth century filled with students who selected their own teachers, determined their own rule of life, and either lived in the town in private lodgings of their own, or grouped themselves in bodies under the superintendence of a master of their own choice in large houses, which were called inns, hostels, or halls. The system was one of unrestrained liberty. They were subject to no authority except what was derived from themselves; and we are to suppose that at Oxford and Cambridge were gathered together all persons in the country who desired to become students in law, medicine, or theology, or any other extant form of knowledge, who either simply disliked, or desired to combine in active opposition to, the dominant ecclesiastical system. The monasteries had probably become indolent. Education hung fire in their hands; or was rather supposed to consist in a formal routine of life than in the acquirement of positive knowledge; at any rate, the constitution of the university previous to the foundation of the colleges was as unmonastic as possible. The masters of the houses and the public teachers were very likely all of them in orders; but orders in the days of Abelard did not any more necessarily imply

ecclesiastical sympathies than in the days of Hampden or Maltby. There can be no doubt, both from tradition and from the entire absence of any rule of life or discipline among the students, that the English universities owe their origin to the same spirit which passed the Mortmain Act and the Premunire Statute; and it is not a little singular that after two hundred years of constitutional government, and three hundred of a reasonable and enlightened religion, we should now be struggling to wrest out of the control of the ecclesiastics a liberty which grew freely and thrived nobly under the imagined despotism of the Plantagenets and in the supposed impenetrable mist of bigotry and superstition.

However, wholesome as that first liberty was in itself, those who had it forgot at last to make wholesome use of it. The students plunged into the political confusion of the country. Faction, anarchy, and other evil matters made their appearance; and according to the natural laws of alternation in all human affairs, a revolution commenced in the thirteenth century which transferred the power to hands better able to wield it.

It is a law as old as the world, that only those shall be free who can use freedom nobly; and when freedom has become licence, they must pass under a despotism and be flogged into a better mind.

The first innovation was in the year 1264. Walter de Merton, wishing to provide a certain number of young men with a means of education where they would be free from the influence of the ultra party among the ecclesiastics, and yet be protected against the moral dangers of the university, such as then it was, founded a college, where, with liberty of choosing their own immediate superior, yet under severe episcopal supervision, they might live and study together in the practice of such rule of life as was then considered salutary. The period of study demanded by the Druids before admittance to the sacred order was twenty years. The scarcely less laborious course on which Walter de Merton's scholars were to enter would occupy from sixteen to nineteen; and the origin of the income of the present fellows, who are now their representatives, was the humble endowment which he provided for their maintenance during this long period. The mass of students remained as before in their lodgings or their halls; scarcely profiting, unhappily, from the better example which was set them by Walter de Merton's charity boys; but with the latter, or immediately after them, arose, with a similar purpose and similar institutions, Balliol, Queen's, Oriel, New

College, Magdalen University, and the rest, where the relations, neighbours, or townspeople of the founders might study to godly purpose.

In describing any one of these institutions we describe the whole; the differences between them, although in some respects significant, do not affect the general character, which in all important features is identical. There was no idea (and it is well to remember this) when they were established of their absorbing the university, or constituting anything except small bodies within it. The founders limited the application of their charities to particular localities or particular families, because they were under no obligation to comprehend any wider interests; they simply wished to give a few persons with whom they were connected, the "benefit of a university education," without exposing them to the temptations which were attached to the ordinary system; and to give to themselves in return the benefit of the students' prayers.

Residence commenced at a very early age. Boys were chosen for an anticipated rather than a realized proficiency; and when in the society the occupation of their lives was prayer and study—study, not teaching—in virtue of which distinction, the fellowships are now sinecures. They were to live together in common, bound to reside in Oxford all the year round, except when extraordinary occasions required leave of absence; the younger members sleeping in the rooms of the older. They were all to talk Latin, to hold weekly exercises in the college halls, to keep the canonical hours, and chant masses for the souls of founders and benefactors. In some cases they were to wear a uniform, and make daily processions; in all they were under strict regulation as to diet, dress, and conduct. Silence was enjoined at meals, when one of their body was to read the Bible; they were not permitted to walk out alone, or to enter any of the houses of the townspeople; and for their commons, *i. e.*, for their maintenance, a weekly sum was allowed, varying with the price of wheat, from a shilling to eighteenpence, and in times of extreme scarcity, reaching to two shillings.

Foreseeing that the lands with which these institutions were endowed would in all probability increase in value, and yield a surplus after these expenses were supplied, the founders forbid the fellows under serious penalties to divide such surplus among themselves; either it was to be applied to the common uses of the college, or else they were to increase their number; an important injunction, by the nonfulfilment of which, the coun-

try has been directly and formally injured, and is therefore entitled, even on statutable grounds, to enter its complaint. The superiors of these establishments were to be ecclesiastics, and their marriage, therefore, was not contemplated as a possibility; yet it is indirectly forbidden in a general prohibition of the introduction of women inside the college gates.

Such, in outline, is the collegiate character as embodied in the several statutes—statutes by which, with few exceptions, the colleges profess to be governed—and to which the fellows swear obedience on admission, under penalty of expulsion and anathema. The old knights and bishops, to whom they owe their origin, drew up their institutions as they built their churches, to outlast the world. The earth, with its changes and its dreams of progress, was nothing to them, except a stage on which the devil and his friends played out their foolish game. As there was but one God, the same yesterday to-day and for ever, the services which should please Him to-day would be alike grateful to him to-morrow. The world might change, but He did not change. Christ was what He had been from eternity, and as into eternity he would continue. There was not one service for the first century, and another for the tenth, and another for the twentieth—one for one nation, and another for another; but God was one, and His services were one, and what was good and acceptable once, was good for ever. They did not conceive that a time might come when luxury and self-indulgence, and elegance, and polish, and literary ease, would be found better suited for the exigences of humanity than their uncouth barbarities, and they omitted to provide for necessities which they did not anticipate. The statutes are obligatory for ever; the visitors who are to see them enforced have no power to repeal them; the fellows, under pain of anathema, are to seek no dispensation from, and accept no alteration of, them; and the last end when it came was to find them praying the same prayers, wearing the same dress, speaking the same language, disputing the same disputations—and so on and on, from age to age, the same in body and in mind, in word and action, life and manner; as the nightingale sings the same song which it sang a thousand years ago; or as the mountain brook straggling down its bed among the rocks repeats its one old form from century to century, and glides, and breaks, and foams, and eddies, the same to-day as when human eye first gazed upon it.

It is a theory of life which, whether true or not, has passed away out of belief, and the system which arose out of it, and which be-

longed to it, must cease as it has ceased. But if those who once believed it, and who worked so nobly with it, could return for a few days or hours to life, and witness the metamorphosis which has passed over their institutions; if they could hear the chapels echoing with the service of a religion which they abhorred; if they could see the heads with their carriages and their families, the fellows, their poor charity boys, "dividing the surplus," carrying it, two-thirds of them, far away from the university, and living on it as easy, self-indulging gentlemen; we cannot but think that although perhaps it might teach them that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy, and that it was not for man to realize in time the unchanging forms of eternity; yet that they would turn with shame and sorrow from the solemn farce in which the words with which they attempted to realize it are repeated year after year inside the chapels, and the cowardly evasion with which the abuse of them is justified. A law is but a form; a law becomes obsolete, it is disobeyed, and it is repealed, and there is an end of it. But the wills of the founders of sacred institutions, reflecting as they do the hopes and fears and deepest convictions of earnest, God-fearing men,—surely it is an ungenerous thing to drag these through the dirt, and soil and twist them with "non-natural interpretation," as if they were spiritual prisons from which we might escape like pick-locks and break-gaols.

And yet we all live in glass-houses, and cannot afford to be intolerant. The college rule of life is not more inconsistent with the life itself, than the Sermon on the Mount and the Church Catechism, our vows to abjure the world and love our brother Christians as ourselves, are inconsistent with our palaces, and workhouses, and political economy. The colleges have but followed and exemplified the spirit of the time, from which may God deliver us and them.

To return to the history of Oxford.

Institutions founded with the views which we have described continued to increase in Oxford through the succeeding centuries. The collegiate and the open system for a time flourished together, and as the Reformation drew nearer, a larger form of thought is to be discovered in the statutes of the successive foundations—larger and more liberal, not in the sense of modern latitudinarians, but as showing the effect of the political growth of the country. The new sciences as they appeared were recognized as necessary objects of study. Astronomy was to be taught in one college, and the moral and natural sciences in another, with lectureships on the seve-

ral subjects established for the benefit of the entire university. In a still larger spirit, the founder of Corpus, in establishing such lectureships, limits the choice of persons who shall fill them, not to his own college, or to Oxford, or to England—but only within the limits of the wide world, out of which his trustees are to select the ablest men that they can find. And the evils of a limitation of the choice of fellows to particular counties had begun to be distinctly perceptible. Archbishop Rotheram, in founding Lincoln college, excuses the restriction of choice which he imposes, on the ground of the carnal blindness of others, who, as he had observed, "not without amazement of heart," cared only to provide for their own, and had left the county of Lincoln unprovided for at all.

At the same time, and particularly subsequent to the teaching of Wickliffe, which had largely infected Oxford, the peculiarly Roman-catholic observances are imposed with greater stringency than ever; and thus the ecclesiastical spirit more and more determined the university into the form which it has ever since borne. So far from betraying an inclination towards the reforming party or the Reformation, the object was to stem rather than to foster the causes which were leading to it. And even in the two colleges which were founded subsequent to the final change, Jesus and Wadham, the constitution is still in many features anti-Protestant. The celibacy of the principal and the warden, lest the permission to marry given generally to the clergy might be construed to extend to them, is solemnly enjoined and insisted upon; and is so fenced round with oaths and ordinances, that it must have required no little ingenuity and boldness to venture on the existing violation of them. One of these poor suffering celibates applied for and received the help of parliament in his distress; being willing enough to admit its jurisdiction where it subserved instead of threatening a private interest.

So constituted, however, with so clear and definite an organization, as the times grew more anarchic, the influence of the colleges became necessarily more decided, and their independent foundation held them up through the convulsions of the sixteenth century. The body of students exterior to the colleges grew less important; and at last statute enacted what custom had almost established, and all members of the university were driven inside the college walls. This important step was first taken in Lord Leicester's chancellorship in 1569; and was subsequently and more formally enacted by the Caroline statutes of Archbishop Laud—the code to which at present the oath of obedience is taken at matricula-



tion, and by which the university is now governed.

To sum up this rapid sketch.

The university originally existed independent of colleges, with a free republican constitution; the principals of its halls freely chosen by the students, and the system of life and study generally, if not entirely, determined by their own pleasure. Such a method can prosper only in healthy times, and with healthy natures. The students became infected with the disorders of the country; and the free system was gradually superseded by, and at last wholly extinguished before, the disciplined drill of the colleges. The university retains a shadow of its old life. It has its own statutes, teachers, government, officers, revenue, and privileges. But its revenues are comparatively small; its government is monopolised by the heads of the colleges; its professors lecture to vacant benches, and its examinations are conducted by the tutors of the colleges. The colleges, to all practical purposes, are the university. The wealth is in their hands—the teaching is in their hands. Every undergraduate is obliged to belong to one or other of them (or else to one of five remaining halls, which are assimilated to them in management); and when we know the constitution, practice, and character of these corporations, we understand in all its important features the present state of the University of Oxford—into which it was determined by the wisdom of Archbishop Laud and the Caroline statutes.

Since the present commission was issued, the heads of houses, in deprecation of change, have appealed to these statutes as models of educational wisdom; it is as well, therefore, before proceeding further, to notice briefly some of their provisions, and the manner in which they are at present observed. They were framed, as the Board declares, in a liberal spirit; at a time when the constitution of the human mind was as well understood as it is now; and the functions and faculties towards which they are directed have not changed nor are likely to change. Now we must remember that the usual age for beginning residence at that time was twelve or thirteen years. The statutes relating to the conduct of undergraduates are constructed with a view to their being no more than boys. They are to be flogged if they misconduct themselves; they are forbidden to play marbles in the streets; they are to be in their rooms by nine o'clock at night, &c., &c. Let us look then at the course of study prescribed for them.

In their first year, they are to learn Aristotle's rhetoric. In their second, his ethics, politics, economics, and logic. In their third, general logic, moral philosophy, geometry, and the Greek language. And the first ex-

amination was then to be passed in these subjects, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred. The next three years were to be spent in a similar preparation for the degree of master, in geometry, astronomy, metaphysics, natural philosophy, ancient history, Greek, and Hebrew: and as soon as all this was finished, the professional course was entered, either in theology, law, or medicine.

It will be seen, therefore, that in this course is included all forms of knowledge then extant; the university was determined to deserve its name, and the limits of its teaching were the limits of human acquisition. We do not know whether to be more surprised at the appeal of the heads of houses to this ancient programme, as if it were the prospectus of their present system; or at their so gravely enunciating as an axiom the unchanging character of the human mind; when, if the human mind with which Laud had to deal was held capable, after no more than fourteen years' presence upon this earth, of understanding Aristotle's ethics and politics, and at the end of twenty of having made the full circuit of the immense area which we have described, either it was a very different sort of mind from ours, or else Laud knew exceedingly little of what he was prescribing to it.

Nor was the organization which was to put the system into force much better. Professors were to teach, and masters of arts were to examine; but there were no honours by which the abler candidates could earn distinction, no publicity was given to the examinations; and, strangely, the students were at liberty to choose, not their teachers, but their examiners—an arrangement of more convenience than utility. A few text-books on the various subjects, containing thirty or forty questions and answers, comprised the sum of the required knowledge; and as both examiner and examinee were equally dependent on the same sources of information, and equally ignorant of what lay beyond them, all went smoothly. The degrees became a farce. The college fellowships were given away as matters of private patronage; and for one instance of what became of the professorships:—"The chair of Moral Philosophy (the presentation to which lay in the two proctors, and three of the heads of houses) was virtually suppressed from 1673 to 1829, by the custom of giving it to the senior proctor, himself being one of the electors."

Change of circumstances, and their own inherent badness, have brought the Laudian, as well as the collegiate statutes into abeyance. The letter sticks, but the education is altered, and the discipline cannot be enforced. The course of study, lasts three

years instead of seven. The bachelor's degree is the last for which an examination is required. The degree of master is only a matter of standing and of money payment; and there is no professional education at all. Many statutes seem only to exist because their perpetual dispensation is a source of perpetual fees. Twelve o'clock at night, instead of nine, is the hour at which the students must be in college: fees for the last three hours being a fine upon a privilege, which is the source of the porter's salary. The subjects of examination are either changed or freshly adapted. The statutes survive, but strained at all points to the full extent of non-natural interpretation; and though the violation of them is of a less flagrant kind than that of the statutes of the college; and liberties taken with the lucubrations of Archbishop Laud are less offensive to our moral sense than the trifling with the convictions and the beliefs of men like Walter de Merton and Archbishop Chichele: yet every member of the university is forced into a steady obligation of perjury; and we most heartily agree with the Commissioners that it is an immoral piece of business, and the sooner the bondage is terminated the better.

A modern bishop, not long ago, congratulated his clergy on the general improvement in their order, when compared with the pictures preserved by Fielding out of the last century. It was a congratulation for which there was serious reason. From the restoration of the Stuarts to the French revolution, the upper classes of this country, the aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and the clergy, exhibited all the symptoms of a rapid moral consumption. The first were vicious, the second brutal, the third ignorant and vulgar; and, if they had been left to themselves, they would have followed the course on which they had so long been travelling to its natural and only termination. Happily for them and for all of us, another destiny was in store for the English nation. Side by side with them, forms of thought and action and life had been springing into being alien to them, if not antagonistic, yet beyond their influence, and to which the portents of the American and the French revolution imparted a fearful significance.

Although the industrial temper in the modern English representatives of this movement made it less immediately threatening than it had been under its earlier form of Puritanism, yet there was so much moral resoluteness about it, so much of the old English character, which was lost by those who once possessed it, had taken refuge

there, that the so-called upper classes were roused by danger, and by the stern eye which now they felt upon them, and, conscious that their existence depended upon it, they were driven into a reformation, the progress of which is now before us. Too late, indeed, to save the exclusive predominance of their order, yet in time to save their own souls, which is, happily never too late, the clergy have at least endeavoured no longer to be a disgrace to the name, and the noblemen and country gentlemen have felt the necessity of a real education.

The direct victories of the people in this modern struggle have been so far only political. The church and the education remain in the old hands; but an indirect and far nobler victory has been gained over the vices of their rivals. With the awakening of those to whom they belonged, the universities shook off their sleep; and fifty years ago, the demand for something more substantial than what already existed there, brought about the internal regeneration which has ever since been in steady movement. It is not to be supposed that such improvement will preserve them to their present monopolists. The improvement in character in the aristocracy, though it had commenced long before 1832, did not save them from being compelled to share their power with those to whom, in fact, they owed that improvement; and as the altered system does its work, and suffuses society with another temper, the people are now demanding an analogous share in the intellectual to what they then obtained in the political advantages of the country. So far the universities have belonged to the old orders; they have improved themselves, but only for them, and in their direction, and they are now defined in the evidence before us as "finishing schools for the higher classes." Yet the exclusiveness which is preserved in form and in general tone has not been proof against opinion; and, as in 1832, large portions of the aristocracy went over to the opposition, and assisted them in winning their privileges, so in this report before us, we have the happy spectacle presented to us of a large-minded body of gentlemen, who, although trained by Oxford, and keenly and fully alive to her excellences, have dared to open their eyes to the imminent and inevitable changes which are coming on her, and are ready, with heart and hand, to guide and to assist.

With this preface then, we will now pass to the University of Oxford as it is, such as fifty years of progress, or rather, we should say, conscientiousness, have made it; not of absolute conscientiousness, but of certain

features of that virtue as it has gradually awakened in a few minds which have dragged the rest after them.

The university possesses of its own an income of something under 18,000*l.* a year, a moiety of which is derived from the monopoly of printing Bibles at the Clarendon Press. The expediency of this monopoly is doubtful, and its continuance is, therefore, precarious; but whether it is maintained or is abolished, this is not a large sum; the appropriation of it can be fairly accounted for, and against the *university*, misapplication of funds is not a charge which can be sustained. The number of undergraduates at present receiving education there is something over 1300; moral and intellectual philosophy, ancient history, scholarship, with a small modicum of divinity, forms the substance of what they are taught, and is comprehended in a course which is concluded in three years. It is an education adapted to the requirements of the clergy, and of gentlemen whose employment, if they choose to undertake any, shall be in the public service of the state. An economical training is a recent necessity for English statesmen; a graceful elegant scholarship, a moral insight into human nature, and an acquaintance with the histories of Greece and Rome, which are supposed to contain a complete epitome of politics, have been hitherto all-sufficient qualifications for them; and Oxford has, therefore, furnished everything which has been acquired by the privileged classes. She has answered their purposes, and therefore she is what she is. To these subjects others have been recently added. Pressure from without has at last driven the authorities, after a long struggle, to permit the natural sciences, modern history, and law, to be introduced into the course; but the jealousy with which these studies have been admitted will steadily operate for their discouragement, unless the same force which compelled the formal acknowledgment of them, compel the form to become a reality.

The 1300 undergraduates are distributed among nineteen colleges, and five unendowed halls. The income of these colleges is conjectured (for in most cases they have declined to furnish information on this point) at 150,000*l.* a year. It is the revenue of the estates which were bequeathed for the support of poor scholars during their many years of study, and which the foundations were allowed to receive or retain by a suspension of the Mortmain Act in their favour. But the money answers very imperfectly the ends for which it was bestowed. The number of fellows (there are in all 540) remains what it was; but they have changed their

character; they are no longer poor working scholars. In all cases, or almost all, they have finished their university course before their election; their statutable duties have become illegal or obsolete, while no others have arisen in their place; and in virtue of their position as fellows, the holders of these endowments, with incomes averaging above 200*l.* a year, do literally nothing at all. Merit, in the vast proportion of instances, has little to do with their election; and the colleges, instead of being places in which the foundation members are to study, have become places of education for younger men, who reside in them at their own cost, and receive instruction from such of the fellows as are capable of giving it; for which, of course, they have to pay. These undergraduates, if they are troublesome, are sometimes reminded that they are only received upon sufferance; but Mr. Jowett is probably right in saying, "that it is to the performance of this voluntary duty that both those colleges which do, and those which do not undertake it, owe their present existence." It might be expected that some portion of the immense sum which we have named would be employed at least to lighten the expenses of the present students; but such an expectation, however natural, would prove ill-founded. The students, as we shall presently see, are forced to bear an increased rather than a diminished burden, and not only pay enormously for the permission to reside in the colleges, but swell the income of the fellows by direct and indirect contributions.

First, however, for the fellows themselves. On their admission, as we said, they swear obedience to their statutes; we will repeat the duties required of them, and contrast the practice with the obligation.

They are to say daily masses for the souls of the founders. The echo of the old service is to be heard in the Latin thanksgiving grace which precedes the hall dinner, the form and sound of which are contrived to bear the nearest permissible resemblance to the enjoined supplication; but masses themselves are forbidden by the law of the land.

They are to reside in the university, in most cases under penalty of forfeiture. Two-thirds of them never come near the place, except to receive their dividends; and their absence is pronounced better than their presence; their idleness at a distance from the university less injurious to it than their idleness within its walls. They are to study; "yet nothing," it is said, "can be more absurd than to call them students," except, perhaps, the endeavour to make them such.—

Last of all, the worst, most grievous sin, the most seducing, and therefore most enveloped in anathemas, the dividing the surplus revenues; this is universal. Is it possible to conceive anything bearing smaller resemblance to what was contemplated in the wishes of the founders? Yet these are the gentlemen who cry sacrilege on the attempt to interfere with the single statute which they observe—the statute which secures them in their monopolies.

And here it is as well that we should notice the one instance of unfairness with which this otherwise excellent and remarkable liberal report is disfigured; and by what accident it could have found its way there it is difficult to conceive. We will hope that it was no more than a momentary provocation with these oaths and statutes, which have led to so much mischief, that betrayed the Commissioners into self-forgetfulness.

“The oaths were imposed,” they say, sarcastically, as if unwilling to believe that there was ever more reality in them than there is at present, “at a time when the obligations to observe them might be dispensed with by ecclesiastical authority,” and they adopt as their own the narrow insolence of Archbishop Laud. “Probably,” say the Caroline statutes, “no great exertion was requisite on the part of the men of that age to disembarass themselves of the nets and toils of statutes; inasmuch as they had at hand a cheap and easy remedy, and the sanctuary of Innocence would open at their bidding, seeing that in those days the pope superseded innocence by the courtesy and kindness with which he indulged impunity to sin. The Tiber succeeded to the Jordan for the cleansing from all the leprous guilt contracted by the constant obligation to commit perjury.”

Surely, if it was ever reasonable to impose oaths at all, it was so at a time when there was an existing authority which could dispense with them on pressing occasions; when they were taken with an implicit acknowledgment that they could and would be so dispensed with; and taunts of perjury came with an ill-grace from men who, acknowledging no such authority, yet confess themselves abundantly guilty of it.

Such, however, are the present fellowships; out of the entire five hundred and forty of these sinecures, only twenty-two are open to public competition and the reward of substantial merit; the remainder fall to founders' kin, to the natives of particular counties, towns or dioceses, to boys brought up at particular schools, or to the personal friends of men high in place in the

university. “Elections of this latter kind,” Mr. Jowett believes, “are a disgrace peculiar to Oxford;” but we must remind ourselves that we have no right to expect of Oxford a higher standard than the average morality of the country requires; and as long as members of parliament are elected under the existing method, and the government sets an example so notorious in the distribution of the patronage of the crown, we may almost congratulate ourselves that no baser element than personal favour has as yet made its appearance in the elections at the universities.

That, however, the possession of a fellowship at Oxford is any *prima facie* evidence of capacity, is a misconception of which the country should as soon as possible be disabused. By far the larger number of the fellows are neither distinguished nor likely to become so; and are incompetent to contribute anything even to the existing education. Being seldom in possession of higher knowledge than what is necessary for an ordinary degree, and not seldom having experienced difficulty in passing that simple ordeal; they are unserviceable either for learning or for teaching; and by a general consent of all parties, it is felt better to dispense with the residence of almost three-fourths of their number. Among those who remain, there are many really good and really able men; yet we are told by Mr. Pattison, that “It is to be feared that a pious youth coming up from a religious home to Oxford would gain but little good from habitual intercourse with the senior common room in certain of the colleges;” and where this significant allusion is inapplicable, the resident authorities everywhere fall into another error as destructive to their moral influence.

“Donnism,”\* says Mr. Wilkinson, is a blight on all classes from the highest to the lowest. Between the head and fellows of the same society there is a distance, between the fellows and the undergraduates an impassable gulf.”

But those who profit by these endowments consider themselves bound by the conditions of their statutes; and being unable to fulfil the duties therein imposed on them, decline to substitute others in their place; yet the country generally regarding Oxford as a place of education, and the colleges as the means of conducting it, are wholly unable to take this view of the matter, and are anxious to see some substantial

\* This word is defined by Fuller, “a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the deficiencies of the mind.”

results arising out of all this expenditure. If the legend of the 30,000 students who were to be found in Oxford in the time of the third Edward be only half correct, when the revenues, after all deductions from the altered value of money, were less than a tithe of what they are at present, it is difficult to know why, with the present England and the English empire, some 1300, or 1400, should now be the outside of its numbers; and it is to the causes of this remarkable anomaly that the inquiries of the Commissioners have been particularly directed. They are found to lie generally in the moral and intellectual life of the young men who are at present in training there. The evidence on these points is remarkably uniform—and, in fact, is in many ways remarkable. Those who have furnished it, are for the most part the fellows and tutors of the college, men whose quiet habits have disqualified them from recognising or understanding the ordinary lives of average undergraduates: who, as Mr. Wilkinson says, are cut off from opportunities of observing them by an impassable gulf; and the disorder must have become serious indeed to have become conspicuous to eyes short-sighted as theirs. College tutors are supposed in theory to exercise some sort of surveillance over their pupils; but to the proctors or university magistrates only, the real state of things is known: and a personal friend of our own, who had been many years resident, first as an undergraduate and then as a fellow and tutor, told us that it was not till he became proctor that he had the least idea of the profligacy with which undergraduate life was saturated.

We said that the education at Oxford was such as on the whole the country gentlemen and the clergy required, and it is the increasing susceptibility of these classes in such matters, the higher standard which they impose upon themselves, and the growing objection at least to such vices as are coarse and conspicuous, which have made it impossible to permit the longer continuance of the existing disorders.

The complaints from the clergy, and from the old conservatives, as they take definite form, are of the increasing cost, of extravagance, idleness, and moral vitiation of character; while the other classes of English society who ought to send their sons to the university, and who would send them if they dared, echo the complaint of the expense, and of the many bad influences which pervade it, while the education itself seems to them narrow, unbusiness-like, and likely to lead to nothing. In the list of subjects which have hitherto formed the material of

instruction, they see nothing which promises to be of service in practical life; and they are unwilling to place young men for three or more valuable years in a situation where they will contract expensive and undesirable habits, with nothing to compensate for it in the least, except a few barren accomplishments and unsubstantial honours.

Sir Charles Lyell has a few powerful sentences on this point in his very valuable evidence:—

“I speak from personal experience,” he says, “of what has happened within the circle of my own friends and acquaintances, when I affirm that parents possessing ample pecuniary means are often deterred from sending their sons to Oxford, by a well-grounded apprehension, that after a residence of a few years they will contract from the social atmosphere of the place notions incompatible with the line of life to which they are destined, although that professional line may be one peculiarly demanding a liberal education. They wish, for example, to bring them up as attorneys, publishers, engineers, surgeons, or as merchants in some established house, and naturally turn their thoughts to Oxford as a safe and good training place, till they are warned by those who know the working of the system, that the youth, however well satisfied with the honourable calling proposed for him, which perhaps he has chosen himself, will discover at the end of a few terms that such occupations are vulgar and beneath his dignity.”

Sir C. Lyell speaks of matter of fact. People do think in this way, with at least some justice: at all events, no proportionate advantage can be safely anticipated by any one to make up for the time which must be lost, and the enormous sum of money which must be expended. And this is really the most serious question for the country. A few hundred fellows wasting their incomes in idleness and ignorance, is an unlovely spectacle; but accustomed as we are to ecclesiastical establishments and idle country gentlemen, and holders of property regardless generally of the duties which belong to it, there is nothing in such a sight merely in itself to affect us with any peculiar anxiety. But a university is another matter. The entire future of the country depends on the training which it provides for such intellect as is born into it; and if we miseducate those whom we take in hand, and refuse education, by a blundering and misconstrued system, to such as have a right to receive it, it is the one neglect which is most certain to revenge itself. The clever and detestable literature of atheism and revolution, which is poisoning the towns of the north, is the work of men whom we have flung aside to hunger and

hatred, and who are thus frightfully retaliating their injuries upon us. It is here that the Commissioners show a sense so high and patriotic of the true business of Oxford; and raise themselves above the narrow interests which so deeply taint the existing tone of thought there, and which betray themselves in the evidence in this very volume. The desire that a poorer class of men than can now come to Oxford should be enabled, if they have shown real ability, to profit by it, calls out a sneer from Mr. Mansell at such philanthropic "ptochogony" (we should be glad to make him swallow down his word, and rid the language of the recollection of it); but the Report thus finely rebukes such vulgar exclusiveness:—

"We have no wish to encourage poor scholars to come to the university merely because they are poor. If we look to the wants of the country and of the church, we must believe that what is needed is not a philanthropic scheme for counterbalancing the inequalities of fortune, but rather enactments which will provide that neither the rich nor the poor, if they have the necessary qualifications, shall be debarred or deterred from following the course in which they can be most useful. What is needed is encouragement to merit and industry, so that every promising youth, however poor, shall be able to command assistance to support him at the university."

In what manner best to diminish the expenses, therefore, has been a question which the Commissioners have most anxiously considered; and, as it seems to us, they have hit off most exactly the cause of the mischief, and well indicated the direction in which we are to look for a remedy. Hitherto, in order to screen themselves, the authorities have only darkened this matter. "The public statement," as Mr. Melville says, "of what a man may live for, stands in strong contrast to what he does and almost can." And the unfortunate undergraduates, with sins and follies enough of their own to answer for, are made to bear the blame of an expenditure which is forced upon them by the carelessness or most culpable ignorance of the administrators of the colleges. A thousand pounds for the three years and a half of residence, or over 250*l.* a year, is a sum considerably under the average of the cost of a degree to an ordinary commoner; and seeing that the residence at the university is but for twenty-six weeks in each year, that tuition, as it appears in the bills, is charged but sixteen guineas, and that the remainder of this serious sum, therefore, must be swallowed up in the mere expenses of living, this singular

and questionable state of things has long called for explanation. But we have to thank this present inquiry for having at last produced it, and for having exposed the abominable dishonesty of the schedules, behind which the Board of Heads have hitherto sheltered themselves. Thirty-nine pounds a year, they ostentatiously declare, will more than cover all necessary expenses of a prudent young man. The colleges, immaculate as they are, so far from making a profit, supply all necessary articles at cost price, or often at a loss to themselves; and when the long bills appear, and the long faces are made at them, they shake their heads in sorrow and sympathy, but declare that it is no work of theirs. Now, if the case which can be proved against the colleges could be made out against any lay corporation, it would be called by very ugly names indeed; but ecclesiastics, from their supposed ignorance of the affairs of this world, have a claim of long standing on a more lenient judgment—and we are not disposed to refuse it them, if we can only have the truth out, and be rid of lies, voluntary or involuntary. If the undergraduate were to confine his wants to such articles as are considered in their schedules, he would live within four bare walls, without lights, breakfast, tea, or creature to wait upon him—he must be content with a floor to lie upon, and with his dinner commons to keep him alive.\* Though charges for servants appear in the published bills, some one to bring him a plate of meat in the hall is all that is implied by it. Furniture, glass, linen, plate, china, grocery—all these, if he require such things, he must provide for himself. Private payments to servants, if he is to have his bed made, his boots cleaned, or his room attended, are equally indispensable; and by the time that he has furnished himself with the ordinary comforts in the way of board and lodging, which he could obtain at any English town for a pound a week, leaving a profit to those who supply him, he has found himself forced to pay a sum nowhere less than fifty-four shillings a week, and varying from that to eighty and even more. Three and four pounds a week for board and lodging he is compelled to pay in these great wholesale establishments, "which are liable to no loss, for caution-money is a payment in advance, which are subject to no parochial rates, and are avowedly conducted without a view to profit." The unfortunate boys, too credulous

\* Breakfast commons ought to be included. But they consist only of bread and butter, tea, sugar milk, and extras.

to suspect, and too careless to provide against such treatment, are mulcted for every article which the college supplies from its kitchen a hundred per cent. beyond cost price, for the maintenance of a rascal crew of cooks, manciples, and scouts, and in some cases, as the Commissioners see reason to suspect, with a per centage added for the benefit of the fellows themselves.

Such is the direct result of the monopoly which the present statutes of the university confer upon the colleges. And above and beyond all this, in many of them private bills with the kitchen are permitted for the supply of private breakfast parties and supper parties—a system so profitable to the cooks of Christchurch, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, that they send, or have sent, their sons respectively to the sister university; and the cook of Christchurch, a short time since, used to drive into Oxford in his carriage from his villa in the country. Such at least was the Oxford mythus. For matter of fact, we can state from our own knowledge, that he was paid by one man seventeen pounds for woodcocks alone, supplied in a single term.

But the great expenses of the students lie, we are told, beyond the college walls, and are not subject to college control; and this is in a measure true. Let all the backs bear the burden which is theirs; and if the authorities have hitherto shirked their fair share, we must not give them an extra load for a punishment. Even for their kitchen bills they are only responsible as permitting what they ought not to have permitted; and it must be distinctly understood that we *directly* accuse them only of enormous overcharge in matters of board and lodging, and with a dishonest concealment of the truth in the accounts which they produce before the public. The out-college expenses still remain the most serious items in the cost of a university education. But it appears to us that the absence of all care and economy in such parts of the expenditure as are under control, is certain to encourage extravagance in everything else. The young men know that they are not looked after, that they may act as they please, that no inquiry will be made; and they take the hint, and do act as they please. One of the supposed benefits of college life is the easy intercourse of the students with each other, the friendships which are formed in a cultivated and agreeable society. It sounds all very pretty, and that it is very pleasant there is no doubt either; but the substantial result of it is, that the standard of the common life is fixed by those who have most money; and if a young man coming up to the uni-

versity wishes to have the advantage of this so very valuable society, he must live like the rest. We do not mean that there are not gradations of expense; of course there are; but the lowest average of the amusements and the entertainments is pitched far beyond what the position of the sons of the clergy and the poorer gentlemen are entitled to; the style of life altogether is quite above what is necessary for them or for any one; and in all cases the facilities for incurring debts are so great, and the temptations arising from the extravagance and folly of half the undergraduates in every college are so immediate and pressing, that however fair on paper the discipline may look, with its caps, and gowns, and chapel-goings, and academic brotherhood, and paternal supervision—this very juxtaposition as equals of young men of all degrees of fortune, and the perpetual presence before the eyes of the less wealthy among them, of indulgences which they have only to stretch out their hands to reach, make the life in college a harder ordeal than they are likely to meet with again wherever they may be thrown. Can it be wondered at, that, surrounded with wine parties and breakfast parties, billiards and horses, prints and perfumery, and all sweet things in which the youthful imagination and the youthful five senses take delight, so many of them should take the plunge into this tempting elysium? Mr. Donkin says that there are no temptations at Oxford beyond what a young man may be fairly expected to overcome; either he has never known, or he has forgotten the position of nineteen out of twenty undergraduates. They come up from home with characters altogether unformed, or they have been at a public school, in which, as in some river Styx, they have been steeped in the knowledge and practice of all grossest and filthiest things, that they may learn early to fight their way in the world; and then they come up to the university, where every facility for indulgence is thrust upon them. In the world a man's credit is limited by his means, and his society is determined by his position. At college, unlimited credit is offered and even obtruded, and whether they can afford it or not, they must mix with the society which they find. It is less than fair, as the Commissioners see, to submit any young man to such an ordeal. The authorities cannot help it, or will not. If they are pressed, they pretend that things are mending of themselves. But unhappily this is not true. It is not in the nature of bad things to mend of themselves. The grosser vices are disappearing, but only to give place to others more refined and effeminate; and

gloves, and scents, and walking-sticks, and jewellery, and other such fantastic trash, are scarcely an improvement upon drunkenness and debauchery. Tobacco is an enormous modern item. The commissioners say that they know of a case, and that not a solitary one, in which a tobacco bill has run to 40*l.* a-year. We could have told him of cases not solitary, where they have reached 70*l.* in a single term. But enough of this. We have spoken of the follies of the place, rather than its vices, leaving these as an invidious topic, on which it is more easy to speak noisily than wisely; two quotations from the "Evidence" shall be all which we will here permit ourselves.

"The three great temptations of the place," says Mr. Pattison, "I suppose to be fornication, wine, and cards or betting. Without exaggerating the turpitude of the first-named vice, whoever is aware of the amount of moral and intellectual prostration traceable to it here, must wish that every protection should be provided to the weak and the unsteady."

Mr. Jelf we shall quote at greater length, his authority being of serious value. Till very recently he was tutor at Christ Church, and intimately conversant with the habits of the higher circles in that college. He was proctor, and earned for himself a laudable unpopularity by the resolution with which he executed what he conceived to be his duty; and in what he writes here, it will be seen that he calls things by their plain names, and does not attempt to make vice less detestable by mincing his words about it.

"The scenes which take place, and the songs which are sung at the dinners of the Bullingdon Club—(a cricket club to which, from its exclusive and aristocratic character, it is the privilege among fast undergraduates to belong)—are a curse and a disgrace to a place of Christian education. Nor are these clubs and supper-parties evils merely as being occasions of intoxication to men already depraved, but they are violations of a principle which, to my mind, ought always to be kept in view by university and college authorities—viz., to keep the atmosphere as clear as possible from whatever may lead astray those entering on their academical life. Take the case of a young man coming up from home with good intentions of living regularly and working hard, and I firmly believe most men do come up with such feelings, looking to the university as a place where, by God's grace, he may carry out the solemn promises of making progress in religious and useful learning with which he gladdens his father's heart as he left home; he is invited by an old school-fellow to meet a few friends at supper—(remember that these suppers are almost always in college);—he goes, in ignorance of what a supper-party is; the result is, that if not made drunk

himself, he sees others drunk; he hears conversation and songs which no one can hear without pollution; he forms an impression of university life and habits very different from what he expected; and unless he is of more than ordinary firmness, he becomes entangled, and then, in his turn, entangles others. I do not know how the Bullingdon Club is managed now, but I know that shortly before I left Christ Church school-boys who came up to matriculate were taken up there and made drunk."

So much for the evidence of Mr. Jelf. It will be pretended that such cases are exceptions, that they are exaggerated, &c., &c.; may the good credulous English parents this time keep wax in their ears, and not listen to the sirens who would persuade them so. Their money goes, at any rate: let them find out how it goes. It will surely be a tragical spectacle if, after these exposures, the gentlemen of England, the upholders of the church, the maintainers of orthodoxy, those who hold the power and administer the government of this great country, shall stoop to throw a shield over such abominations; and leave it to the reviled and despised radicals to sweep them out: if, after all their efforts to identify liberalism with destruction of religion and morals and all good things which honest men value, it really and truly should come to this.—If it should, and we have all reason to fear that it will.

One more illustration of the hollowness which underlies the heads of houses' defence of themselves. At least they will appeal to their tuition—their tuition! That is excellent; cheap, dirt cheap—sixteen guineas a year; and three hours a day from the ablest man who can be found in the university—there indeed is an example of liberality which all the world may wonder at. It has a very pretty sound: yet, not to waste our time on an analysis of the method of its working, let us look at the results of it; first, by the bye, observing that the undergraduate has to pay four years' tuition fees, as well as four years' room rent, although he is not permitted either to attend lectures or occupy rooms for more than three; so that in fact the sixteen guineas are twenty-one, and the accounts are 'cooked' to suit the simplicity of the public. Eighty undergraduates then pay twenty-one guineas each for the year's lecture which they attend, making in all something over 1,700 pounds. Now, in order to make the tuition more than a name, ten pupils is as many as any tutor could successfully manage; and the 1,700 pounds would be divided between eight tutors. Rating his fellowship at 200 pounds additional, a college



tutor would thus receive 412 or 413 pounds a year for six months' work, an income which might be thought very sufficient for all reasonable wants. So however do not think the heads of houses; and to convert the tutorships into valuable pieces of patronage, they give each tutor twenty pupils, thus doubling his income, and turning the office into a sinecure, from the impossibility of an adequate discharge of the duties of it. Consequently, according to the common consent of all the evidence before us, the tutors are comparatively useless, and the substantial teaching of the university is given by private tutors, whom the poor fleeced undergraduates are obliged to provide for themselves at a cost of fifty pounds a year.

Such is an outline of the condition of the Oxford student, as he now lives and learns in that venerable institution. The subject matter of what he is taught is too long a question to enter upon here: it is the moral aspect of him which is really serious, and which is felt to be no longer tolerable. Many remedies have been suggested; that which hitherto has found most favour being the establishment of cheap halls, the inmates of which may retain the benefits of "our admirable discipline," at the price of being marked out as an inferior order. When we remember the intention of the founders of the present colleges, and the statutes under which foundation members continue to be bound, we cannot but smile at the naïveté of the proposal. We should say, begin with yourselves; you are under vows of poverty—fulfil them, and we will listen to you.

The Commissioners offer no objection to the proposal; they are ready to encourage anything which may put a stop to the present extravagance. But they are too wise to feel sanguine at the prospect of leaving the improvement in the hands of men whose folly, or whose selfishness, have brought about the present confusion, knowing well that, after this exposure, the country will not trust them any longer; and that if an undefined misgiving has kept people hitherto from sending their sons to college, less than ever will they dream of doing so now. They have ventured on recommending what we have long felt to be the only possible method; and stigmatized though it be, with the name of revolution—though the "Edinburgh Reviewer" turns pale at it—and the majority even of those who have furnished evidence cry out against it in dismay, yet it has the support of a few men whose names are the highest in the university, and the tone of whose language marks them as belonging to the small class, whose words are

golden. The colleges were founded for the poor; they are saturated with the vices of the rich. They were designed as a check upon licentiousness; their discipline is as incapable of preventing as their habits preposterously foster it. The evils have grown in colleges, and while the college monopoly remains they will continue to grow. It is proposed, therefore, that things shall return to their ancient condition; and that poor men, or rich, or any, shall be permitted, if they please, to reside in private lodgings, unattached to college or to hall. The full importance of such a change can be understood by no one who is without personal experience of the university. We will here enumerate a few of the advantages which it is proposed to secure by it. It is called a revolution; we will not quarrel with the word—there are revolutions which are necessary and beneficent.

At present the number of men who can avail themselves of the benefits of Oxford is limited by the number of rooms in the colleges. This difficulty will at once disappear, and the university may be immediately and indefinitely extended. Free to adapt his mode of life to his means, the student coming up in this way will choose his own lodgings, and live as he has lived elsewhere. He will be called upon for no outlay for fees, or caution money, or equipment of rooms, or visionary tuition; the leeches of the kitchen and the buttery will not be able to fasten upon him; he will find his place as he would find it in any other town in England; and from a variety of instances it is proved that lodging-house keepers will supply him with all necessaries and all comforts for eighteen shillings a week. No curious eye will be upon him if he is poor, to make him conscious of his poverty, he will choose his own society among his own friends, and on his own level.

It is difficult to measure the indignation with which this apparently innocent proposal has been received. It is no more than to introduce into Oxford a system which is found to answer exceedingly well in other places, and in other professions. We are fortunate, however, in having answers to all serious objections most ably provided in the evidence attached to the Report; and we will state briefly both the one and the other.

First, it is urged that a number of persons are notoriously able to live more cheaply together than singly, and that, therefore, college life *must* be more economical than out-lodging. We can only reply, look on this bill and on this. It is quite true that men *may* live more cheaply to-

gether; and no doubt boarding-houses would soon spring up on the competitive principle, enabling them to live for very little indeed; but that careless and ill-managed corporations, without conscience or competition to keep them in check, are necessarily economical, by no means follows. As Mr. Pattison says: "There can be no doubt that men can live in common for less than they can live on separately, but only where free competition acts to beat down rent, service, and supplies, and where the domestic economy is under the management of an experienced person."

The discipline appears to offer a graver difficulty. We will hope that the anxiety which is betrayed about it is not, after all, an acknowledgment of peculiar liabilities to immorality; but a keener sense of the discredit which attaches to it. On this subject let us hear Mr. Wall:—

"It will be said that the admission of a number of unattached members would first destroy the discipline, and corrupt the morals of the present students; and, secondly, would leave the new-comers destitute of the two greatest advantages of the present system—the personal superintendence of a college tutor, and the daily chapel.

"Now truth must not be obscured by romance; a useful measure must not be sacrificed to a theory. I have resided in Oxford for the last twenty-two years, and I have had some experience (Mr. Wall is Fellow and Bursar of Balliol, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and Prælector of Logie). I wish I could say that the discipline of Oxford had much capacity for becoming worse; I wish I could say that immorality had yet to be introduced among our students. As to the personal superintendence of college tutors, if any parent thinks that when he enters a son at a college he necessarily places him where his moral and intellectual training will be carefully watched over by a tutor, I can only assure him that he is under a pleasing delusion. As to daily chapel, I do not think that it does any very extensive spiritual good. It is a very effectual means of breaking up wine parties, and making men rise early in the morning. It is also in some colleges used as a means of punishment. Can all this do good? I believe that the obligation to attend chapel does more harm than good. There are plenty of churches in Oxford where there is daily service, and there is nothing to prevent students who live in the town from going every day to church, if they wish it. If they do not wish it, they had better not be compelled. I must, on the other hand, observe, that there are disadvantages and temptations attending a residence in college, which would not belong to a residence in private lodgings. Many a youth who comes up well disposed, is ruined by bad society in his college,—(the italics are Mr. Wall's)—society which he was not likely to have known had he been in private lodgings."

In every way the poor man will be a gainer. He will gain in being free of college extortion. He will gain in privacy, and his self-respect will not be wounded by the slights of wealthier companions, with whom, at present, he is forced into unnatural contact. Their insolence will not reach him, and their example will not injure him. Those parents who still value the discipline of licentiousness or of morality, as they please to consider it, may still send their sons to the colleges. But the only discipline really effective in repressing vice, is that of the proctors and university officers, which will extend equally over every one who is resident in *statu pupillari*.

There is but one important difficulty. How are these out-students to be taught? A full answer is supplied by the Commissioners; and it will lead us to the consideration, which must now be brief, of the remaining suggested changes. On all sides the university must be reconstructed as it was before it was absorbed into the colleges. The ancient method of teaching was through professors' lectures, illustrated and developed by further catechetical instruction given by all or any of the ordinary graduates. The college tutor drove out the professor, and is now, in his turn, already superseded by a revival of the teaching of the old graduates in the person of the private tutors. The latter do the work, and while they do it, they are, for the present, wholly abnormal and unrecognised. We have but to return openly to what we have already in silence adopted; we have but to convert the formal licence to teach now conveyed by the degree, into a reality, and all will be done. The out-students will be spared the fees to official teachers who are useless to them. They will command the real service of private tutors of their own choice, and, therefore, the ablest which they can find, while, at the same time, the revival of the professorate will place higher instruction within their reach on all subjects, than any which is now given in Oxford.

A few general reflections will assist us in understanding the bearing of all this. The tendency of the present time is not towards the establishment of forms of belief external to the National Church, but to extend the terms of communion in the Church itself. The Dissenters, as a body, are waning, while men of all opinions, from the virtual Roman Catholic to the free-thinker, remain formally within the Establishment. They are able to remain, as it grows more clear to them that it has no claim to teach any precise doctrine; that it is in fact no more than an establish-

ment. There is no doubt that this is the direction in which the current is at present setting. All men would sooner avoid singularity and conform, if their conscience would let them; and consciences are becoming more easy about it every day. A movement of this kind will go on for a long time under the surface before it takes effect in a formal change; but indications break through from time to time to let us know what is passing—and one of the most remarkable of these is to be seen in the present views of the Oxford Reformers. The university which once existed independent of ecclesiastical control they desire to restore to its liberty; to take from it its exclusively theological character, and enable it to be of efficient service for universal education. Thus a large extension of studies has lately been forced upon it. Modern history, physical science, and law, are again to enter the examinations; and now lay students are invited to come up to profit by them, free from the vexations and ineffectual discipline of ecclesiasticism, which they may either dislike, despise, or disapprove.

Forbidden to entertain the question of the admission of Dissenters, neither the Commissioners nor many of those who have sent their evidence have been able to conceal their feelings that at least subscription to the Articles is mischievous in the highest degree; and if any test is to be required, they would rather have it a general declaration of adherence to the National Church. We shall presently find them arriving at the same conclusion by another process. It is not to be expected that the new studies, physical science and modern history, which Oxford has so reluctantly accepted, will thrive without better assistance than what in her present state she can furnish. Tutors cannot teach what they do not know, and do not care to know; and the students who aim at substantial rewards for their labour, will not waste time on subjects which will not assist them in getting fellowships. It is not without intention that the Commissioners have gone so carefully through the history of the colleges, and contrasted their existing condition with that which was contemplated in their statutes. Institutions which have already changed their characters so largely for private convenience, must submit to be further altered for the benefit of the country. If poor men are to come to Oxford, they must have a better chance laid open to them than they would find now; and inasmuch as out of five hundred and forty fellowships, only twenty-two are at present fairly rewards of merit, and even those twenty-two are subject to vexatious conditions, it is proposed at one blow to throw open the whole number, and abolish all restrictions and

conditions of whatever kind; especially to encourage the new subjects, particular fellowships are to be appropriated to those; and thus any deserving student in any line of knowledge would be certain of obtaining a provision for himself.

Further, as in several instances the founders of colleges contemplated that the university should derive also some advantage from their liberality, it is thought no injustice to confiscate in the richer or more useless foundations a given number of fellowships for the endowment of sixteen new professorships, and an equal number of lectureships; and, in order to secure the services of the ablest men who can be found, to attach to all the professorships, new and old, salaries of not less than 800*l.* a year. The crown is for the present to appoint to these chairs, and to choose the best men that can be found to accept them out of any nation and of any profession. "It will be of little service," say the Commissioners, "to have a chair of chemistry, if such men as Liebig and Faraday are liable to be excluded from it; and no conditions at all are to be desired, except a general promise to abstain from interference with the established forms of the university. We look with curiosity to see whether the once ultra-liberal Cambridge will dare to propose anything so loftily liberal as this. They are wise enough, too, to recommend the precautions which will be necessary to ensure honest dealing; bigotry and want of principle at present unite in maladministration, and these professors are to have a position as fellows in the colleges out of whose revenues they are endowed—under their eyes, the abuses which have hitherto concealed themselves behind the oaths of secrecy taken by the present fellows, cannot be any longer perpetrated.

And this is not all. There are many young men at the country training schools who show talents that deserve cultivation, but which are at present paralysed by poverty. Under the new system, it is calculated that 50*l.* annually may cover all expenses at the university; and to assist such persons of availing themselves of the education there, 500 scholarships of that annual value are proposed to be founded out of the revenues of the present sinecurists, tenable for five years; a hundred of which will therefore fall open to competition every year. This is a truly magnificent suggestion, and if carried out will give attractions to Oxford which no place of education in the world can parallel. We have but one fault to find with the manner in which such scholarships are to be awarded, and that is probably only an oversight; a similar difficulty in the fellowship elections being foreseen and provided against.

It is felt that out-lodging students will be regarded with jealousy by the colleges, and that they run a risk of being hardly treated in competing for fellowships; the visitor is therefore empowered to investigate, and if necessary to remedy, such acts of unconscious injustice. The same jealousy will operate in the case of scholarships, and to meet this, no precaution is suggested; and further, it is hard that a poor hard-working student living out of college should be compelled by a successful competition into an expensive community, where his new compulsory style of living will more than absorb the little income which he has earned. If out-college students are to be permitted at all at the university, the scholarships should be transferred from the control of the colleges altogether; the professors, or persons delegated by them, should examine and elect; and all members of the university should be eligible, whether belonging to a college or not.

To recapitulate these important provisions. Many others are contained in the Report, but of less universal interest, and more concerning those already belonging to Oxford, than those who under a better system desire to belong to it, and to whom we are mainly addressing ourselves. The college monopoly being destroyed, the expenses will be reduced to a third of what are at present necessary. An obnoxious subscription to obsolete formulas will no longer be insisted on. If professors of all opinions are to be allowed to teach, students of all opinions will very speedily follow. The university will offer a substantial education in literature and history of all ages and countries—in philosophy, law, medicine, in everything which can be required as a preparatory education for the various employments of life. Physical science will be taught by the most competent professors of it in the world; even theology may be converted from a shadow into a substance; and a scientific school of it arise which may allay the panic of the Edinburgh reviewer. The material inducements to study in the shape of substantial rewards attached to proficiency in any one department will be worthy of the first university of the first nation in the world. No longer fettered by partialities, monopolies, and ecclesiastical narrowness, it will recruit its staff of officials from the ablest men whom it can raise; while we may fairly hope that such other great men as may rise to eminence elsewhere will find no inducements more tempting, either substantially or as a position of honour, than what the Crown may offer them at Oxford. The universities of England will then only be what they have

a right to be, when the wisest men in England or in the world are engaged in their service.

Is it all but idle wind? Are all these hopes but dreams? It may well be thought so. We cannot work an institution at an elevation above the level of the character of those who are to conduct it; and reformation of form no more involves reformed practice, than a clean face involves an honest mind.

In this scheme of reform we depend so much on help from government. Physician, heal thyself! In this very volume there is a sentence, let fall as it were by accident, by Mr. Jelf, who is evidently unconscious of the irony of his words, which teaches us what to expect from thence:—

“I wish to be allowed to add, that I think the hands of the university would be very much strengthened, if in cases where undergraduates are obliged to leave Oxford for extravagance, vice, or insubordination, the government would examine into the circumstances of each case previous to immediate admission to government employment. I am convinced that the knowledge that expulsion from the university might operate unfavourably on prospects of immediate employment or advancement, would supply a most powerful check to extravagant or vicious or idle tendencies.”

So it stands written; and not one instance, or two, or three, but a too universal practice has provoked the exposure. Comment on it would be wholly superfluous; and behind it lie revolutions deeper than academical. Between us and any wholesome university reform hangs a cloudy interval of politics into which we are in no haste to enter. Sufficient for the day is its own evil.

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#### ART. II.—WHEWELL'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England.* By William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. 1852.
2. *Elements of Morality, including Polity.* By the same Author. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845.

If the worth of Dr. Whewell's writings could be measured by the importance and amplitude of their subjects, no writer of the age could vie with him in merit or usefulness. He has aspired to be not only the

historian, but the philosopher and legislator, of almost all the great departments of human knowledge; reducing each to its first principles, and showing how it might be scientifically evolved from these as a connected whole. After endeavouring, in his *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, to place physics, and incidentally metaphysics, on a philosophic foundation, he has made an almost equally ambitious attempt on the subjects of morals and government, of which the two works before us are the results. He is thus entitled to the praise of having done his best to wipe off from the two endowed universities, in one of which he holds a high place, the reproach to which they have so long been justly liable, of neglecting the higher regions of philosophy. By his writings and influence he has been an agent in that revival of speculation on the most difficult and highest subjects, which has been noticeable for some years past within as well as without the pale of Oxford and Cambridge. And inasmuch as mental activity of any kind is better than torpidity, and bad solutions of the great questions of philosophy are preferable to a lazy ignoring of their existence, whoever has taken so active a part as Dr. Whewell in this intellectual movement, may lay claim to considerable merit.

Unfortunately it is not in the nature of bodies constituted like the English universities, even when stirred up into something like mental activity, to send forth thought of any but one description. There have been universities (those of France and Germany have at some periods been practically conducted on this principle) which brought together into a body the most vigorous thinkers and the ablest teachers, whatever the conclusions to which their thinking might have led them. But in the English universities no thought can find place, except that which can reconcile itself with orthodoxy. They are ecclesiastical institutions; and it is the essence of all churches to vow adherence to a set of opinions made up and prescribed, it matters little whether three or thirteen centuries ago. Men will some day open their eyes, and perceive how fatal a thing it is that the instruction of those who are intended to be the guides and governors of mankind should be confided to a collection of persons thus pledged. If the opinions they are pledged to were every one as true as any fact in physical science, and had been adopted, not as they almost always are, on trust and authority, but as the result of the most diligent and impartial examination of which the mind of the recipient was capable; even then, the engagement under penalties always to adhere to the opi-

nions once assented to, would debilitate and lame the mind, and unfit it for progress, still more for assisting the progress of others. The person who has to think more of what an opinion leads to, than of what is the evidence of it, cannot be a philosopher, or a teacher of philosophers. Of what value is the opinion on any subject, of a man of whom every one knows that by his profession he must hold that opinion? and how can intellectual vigour be fostered by the teaching of those who, even as a matter of duty, would rather that their pupils were weak and orthodox, than strong with freedom of thought? Whoever thinks that persons thus tied are fitting depositories of the trust of educating a people, must think that the proper object of intellectual education is not to strengthen and cultivate the intellect, but to make sure of its adopting certain conclusions: that, in short, in the exercise of the thinking faculty, there is something, either religion, or conservatism, peace, or whatever it be, more important than truth. Not to dilate further on this topic, it is nearly inevitable, that when persons bound by the vows and placed in the circumstances of an established clergy, enter into the paths of higher speculation, and endeavour to make a philosophy, either purpose or instinct will direct them to the kind of philosophy best fitted to prop up the doctrines to which they are pledged. And when these doctrines are so prodigiously in the arrear of the general progress of thought, as the doctrines of the Church of England now are, the philosophy resulting will have a tendency not to promote, but to arrest progress.

Without the slightest wish to speak in disparagement of Dr. Whewell's labours, and with no ground for questioning his sincerity of purpose, we think the preceding remarks thoroughly applicable to his philosophical speculations. We do not say the intention, but certainly the tendency, of his efforts, is to shape the whole of philosophy, physical as well as moral, into a form adapted to serve as a support and a justification to any opinions which happen to be established. A writer who has gone beyond all his predecessors in the manufacture of necessary truths, that is, of propositions which, according to him, may be known to be true independently of proof; who ascribes this self-evidence to the larger generalities of all sciences (however little obvious at first) as soon as they have become familiar—was still more certain to regard all moral propositions familiar to him from his early years, as self-evident truths. His "Elements of Morality" could be nothing better than a classification and systematizing of the opi-

nions which he found prevailing, among those who had been educated according to the approved methods of his own country ; or, let us rather say, an apparatus for converting those prevailing opinions, on matters of morality, into reasons for themselves.

This, accordingly, is what we find in Dr. Whewell's volumes ; while we have sought in vain for the numerous minor merits, which gave a real scientific value to his previous works. If the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" was, as we think, an erroneous philosophy, it contained much that was not unfit to find place in a better, and was often calculated to suggest deeper thoughts than it possessed of its own. But in the "Elements of Morality" he leaves the subject so exactly as he found it,—the book is so mere a catalogue of received opinions, containing nothing to correct any of them, and little which can work with any potency even to confirm them,—that it can scarcely be counted as anything more than one of the thousand waves on the dead sea of commonplace, affording nothing to invite or to reward a separate examination. We should not, therefore, have felt called upon to concern ourselves specially about it, if Dr. Whewell had not, in his more recent publication, "Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England," undertaken to characterize and criticize, from his own point of view, all other English writers on moral philosophy ; and particularly those who derive their ethical conclusions, not from internal intuition, but from an external standard. So long as he contented himself with giving what we think bad reasons for common opinions, there was not much inducement to interfere with them ; but assaults on the only methods of philosophizing from which any improvement in ethical opinions can be looked for, ought to be repelled. And in doing this it is necessary to extend our comments to some of Dr. Whewell's substantive opinions also. When he argues in condemnation of any external standard, and especially of utility, or tendency to happiness, as the principle or test of morality, it is material to examine how he gets on without it ; how he fares in the attempt to construct a coherent theory of morals on any other basis. We shall make use of his larger work in so far only as it is evidence on this point.

Even with the "Lectures," considered as giving an account of English speculations on moral philosophy previous to the age of Bentham and Paley, it is not necessary to meddle : Hobbes, therefore, and Locke, must be left in the hands of Dr. Whewell, without any attempt either to correct his estimate of their opinions, or to offer any

judgment of our own. This historical sketch suggests, however, one remark of an historical character, not new to any one who is conversant with the writings of English thinkers on ethical subjects. During the greater part of the eighteenth century, the received opinions in religion and ethics were chiefly attacked, as by Shaftesbury, and even by Hume, on the ground of instinctive feelings of virtue, and the theory of a moral taste or sense. As a consequence of this, the defenders of established opinions, both lay and clerical, commonly professed utilitarianism. To the many writers on the side of orthodoxy, of the utilitarian school, mentioned by Dr. Whewell, might be added several, of at least equal note, whom he has omitted ; as John Brown, the author of "Essays on the Characteristics ;" Soames Jenyns, and his more celebrated reviewer, Dr. Johnson ; all of whom, as explicitly as Bentham, laid down the doctrine that utility is the foundation of morals. This series of writers attained its culmination in Paley, whose treatise, proclaiming without evasion or circumlocution, not only expediency as the end, but (a very different doctrine) simple self-interest as the motive, of virtue, and deducing from these premises all the orthodox conclusions, became the text-book of moral philosophy in one of the two universities of the Church of England. But a change ensued, and the utilitarian doctrine, which had been the favourite theory of the defenders of orthodoxy, began to be used by its assailants. In the hands of the French philosophers, and in those of Godwin, and of Bentham,—who, though earlier than Godwin in date, was later in acquiring popular influence,—a moral philosophy founded on utility led to many conclusions very unacceptable to the orthodox. For a whole generation, so effectual a fight was kept up against those conclusions, by bayonets in the field, and prosecutions in the courts of justice, that there seemed no necessity for taking much concern about the premises : but when those carnal weapons fell into disuse, and the spirit that had wielded them was laid—when the battle of established opinions in the church and state had again to be fought by argument, a demand arose for metaphysics, and moral philosophy, of the kind most remote from that which appeared so full of danger to received opinions. Utility was now abjured as a deadly heresy, and the doctrine of *a priori* or self-evident morality, an end in itself, independent of all consequences, became the orthodox theory. Having once entered into this course, and gone in search of a philosophical system to be extracted from the mind itself, without any external

evidence, the defenders of orthodoxy were insensibly led to seek their system where it exists in the most elaborate shape—in the German metaphysicians. It was not without reluctance that they found themselves engaged in this path; for German metaphysics in Germany lay under as grave a suspicion of religious scepticism, as the rival philosophy in England or France. But it was found on trial, that philosophy of this cast admitted of easy adaptation, and would bend to the very Thirty-nine Articles; as it is the essence of a philosophy which seeks its evidence in internal conviction, that it bears its testimony with equal ease for any conclusions in favour of which there is a predisposition, and is sceptical with the sceptical, and mystical with the mystical. Accordingly, the tone of religious metaphysics, and of the ethical speculations connected with religion, is now altogether Germanized; and Dr. Whewell, by his writings, has done no little to impress upon the metaphysics of orthodoxy this change of character.

It has always been indistinctly felt that the doctrine of *a priori* principles is one and the same doctrine, whether applied to the *δν* or the *δέον*—to the knowledge of truth or to that of duty; that it belongs to the same general tendency of thought, to extract from the mind itself, without any outward standard, principles and rules of morality, and to deem it possible to discover, by mere introspection into our own minds, the laws of external nature. Both forms of this mode of thought attained a brilliant development in Descartes, the real founder of the modern anti-inductive school of philosophy. The Cartesian tradition was never lost, being kept alive by direct descent through Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant, to Schelling and Hegel; but the speculations of Bacon and Locke, and the progress of the experimental sciences, gave a long period of predominance to the philosophy of experience; and though many followed out that philosophy into its natural alliances, and acknowledged not only observation and experiment as rulers of the speculative world, but utility of the practical, others thought that it was scientifically possible to separate the two opinions, and professed themselves Baconians in the physical department, remaining Cartesians in the moral. It will probably be thought by posterity to be the principal merit of the German metaphysicians of the last and present age, that they have proved the impossibility of resting on this middle ground of compromise; and have convinced all thinkers of any force, that if they adhere to the doctrine of *a*

*priori* principles of morals, they must follow Descartes and Hegel in ascribing the same character to the principles of physics.

On the present occasion, it is only with the moral branch of the subject that we have to deal; and we shall begin by showing in what manner Dr. Whewell states the question between us:—

“Schemes of morality, that is, modes of deducing the rules of human action, are of two kinds:—those which assert it to be the law of human action to aim at some external object, (external, that is, to the mind which aims) as, for example, those which in ancient or modern times have asserted pleasure, or utility, or the greatest happiness of the greatest number, to be the true end of human action; and those which would regulate human action by an internal principle or relation, as conscience, or a moral faculty, or duty, or rectitude, or the superiority of reason to desire. These two kinds of schemes may be described respectively as *dependent* and *independent* morality. Now, it is here held that independent morality is the true scheme. We maintain, with Plato, that reason has a natural and rightful authority over desire and affection; with Butler, that there is a difference of kind in our principles of action; with the general voice of mankind, that we must do what is right, at whatever cost of pain and loss. We deny the doctrine of the ancient Epicureans, that pleasure is the supreme good; of Hobbes, that moral rules are only the work of men's mutual fear; of Paley, that what is expedient is right, and that there is no difference among pleasures except their intensity and duration; and of Bentham, that the rules of human action are to be obtained by casting up the pleasures which actions produce. But though we thus take our stand upon the ground of independent morality, as held by previous writers, we hope that we are (by their aid mainly) able to present it in a more systematic and connected form than has yet been done.”—*Introductory Lecture*, pp. ix. x.

There is in this mode of stating the question, great unfairness to the doctrine of “dependent morality;” as Dr. Whewell terms it, though the word independent is quite as applicable to it as to the intuition doctrine. He appropriates to his own side of the question all the expressions, such as conscience, duty, rectitude, with which the reverential feelings of mankind towards moral ideas are associated, and cries *I am* for these noble things, *you are* for pleasure, or utility. We cannot accept this as a description of the matter at issue. Dr. Whewell is assuming to himself what belongs quite as rightfully to his antagonists. We are as much for conscience, duty, rectitude, as Dr. Whewell. The terms, and all the feelings connected with them, are as much a part of the ethics of utility as of intuition. The point in dispute is, what acts are the proper objects of those feelings? whe-

ther we ought to take the feelings as we find them, as accident or design has made them, or whether the tendency of actions to promote happiness affords a test to which the feelings of morality should conform! In the same spirit, Dr. Whewell announces it as *his* opinion, as the side *he* takes in this great controversy, "that we must do what is right, at whatever cost of pain and loss." As if this was not everybody's opinion: as if it was not the very meaning of the word right. The matter in debate is, what is right, not whether what is right ought to be done. Dr. Whewell represents his opponents as denying an identical proposition, in order that he may claim a monopoly of high principle for his own opinions. The same unfairness pervades the whole phraseology. It is not only Dr. Whewell who "maintains, with Plato, that reason has a rightful authority over desire and affection." Everybody maintains it; only, what is reason? and by what rule is it to guide and govern the desires and affections! The description of Bentham, as obtaining his rule of conduct by "casting up the pleasures which actions produce," ought to be "casting up the pleasures and pains which actions produce:" a very different thing.

As might be expected from the historical character of the Lectures, the discussion of opinions mostly assumes the form of criticism on writers. Dr. Whewell's objections to utility, or the "greatest happiness," as the standard of morals, are chiefly contained in his animadversions on Paley and on Bentham. It would be quite open to a defender of the principle of utility, to refuse incumbering himself with a defence of either of those authors. The principle is not bound up with what they have said in its behalf, nor with the degree of felicity which they may have shown in applying it. As for Paley, we resign him without compunction to the tender mercies of Dr. Whewell. It concerns Dr. Whewell more than ourselves to uphold the reputation of a writer, who, whatever principle of morals he professed, seems to have had no object but to insert it as a foundation underneath the existing set of opinions, ethical and political; who, when he had laid down utility as the fundamental axiom, and the recognition of general rules as the condition of its application, took his leave of scientific analysis, and betook himself to picking up utilitarian reasons by the wayside, in proof of all accredited doctrines, and in defence of most tolerated practices. Bentham was a moralist of another stamp. With him, the first use to be made of his ultimate principle, was to erect on it, as a foundation, secondary or middle principles, capable of serving as premises for a body of ethical doctrine not

derived from existing opinions, but fitted to be their test. Without such middle principles, an universal principle, either in science or in morals, serves for little but a thesaurus of commonplaces for the discussion of questions, instead of a means of deciding them. If Bentham has been regarded by subsequent adherents of a morality grounded on the "greatest happiness," as in a peculiar sense the founder of that system of ethics, it is not because, as Dr. Whewell imagines (p. 190), he either thought himself, or was thought by others to be the "discoverer of the principle," but because he was the first who, keeping clear of the direct and indirect influences of all doctrines inconsistent with it, deduced a set of subordinate generalities from utility alone, and by these consistently tested all particular questions. This great service, previously to which a scientific doctrine of ethics on the foundation of utility was impossible, has been performed by Bentham (though with a view to the exigencies of legislation more than to those of morals) in a manner, as far as it goes, eminently meritorious, and so as to indicate clearly the way to complete the scheme. We must at the same time qualify our approbation by adding, not that his practical conclusions were often wrong, for we think that as far as they went they were mostly right; but that there were large deficiencies and hiatuses in his schemes of human nature and life, and a consequent want of breadth and comprehension in his secondary principles, which led him often to deduce just conclusions from premises so narrow as to provoke many minds to a rejection of what was nevertheless truth. It is by his *method* chiefly that Bentham, as we think, justly earned a position in moral science analogous to that of Bacon in physical. It is because he was the first to enter into the right mode of working ethical problems, though he worked many of them, as Bacon did physical, on insufficient data. Dr. Whewell's shafts, however, seldom touch Bentham where he is really vulnerable; they are mostly aimed at his strong points.

Before commencing his attack on Bentham's opinions, Dr. Whewell gives a sketch of his life. In this there is an apparent desire to be just to Bentham, as far as the writer's opinions allow. But there is in some of the strictures a looseness of expression, not excusable in an extemporaneous lecture, and still less in a printed book. "He (Bentham) showed very early that peculiar one-sidedness in his mode of asserting and urging his opinions, which made him think all moderation with regard to his opponents superfluous and absurd," (p. 189.) What is here called "one-sidedness in his mode of asserting and urging his opinions," must mean one-sidedness in the



opinions themselves. It could not be Bentham's "mode of asserting his opinions," that "made him think" whatever he did think. This is as if any one should say, "his speaking only English made him unable to understand French," or his "peculiar habit of fighting made him think it superfluous and absurd to keep the peace." Again (p. 190), "Bentham appears to have been one of those persons to whom everything which passes through their own thoughts assumes quite a different character and value from that which the same thing had when it passed through the thoughts of other persons." If a thought in a person's own mind did not assume a different character from what the same thought had in other minds, people might as well think by deputy.

A more serious injustice to Bentham is that of citing, as is constantly done in this volume, the book called "Deontology," as the authentic exposition of Bentham's philosophy of morals. Dr. Whewell would, no doubt, justify this by saying that the book in question is the only treatise expressly and exclusively on morals, which we have from Bentham. It is true that we have no other; but the "Deontology" was not, and does not profess to be, written by Bentham. We cannot acknowledge any one as the authorized expositor of Bentham's unwritten opinions. Still less ought that book to be represented as the embodiment of the opinions and mental characteristics of all who share Bentham's general conception of ethics. After charging the compiler of the "Deontology" with profound ignorance, and saying that it is almost "superfluous to notice misstatements so gross and partiality so blind," Dr. Whewell adds that "such misrepresentations and such unfairness are the usual style of controversy of him (Bentham) and his disciples; and it is fit that we, in entering upon the consideration of their writings, should be aware of this." Who are the persons here included under the name of Bentham's "disciples," we are not enabled to judge; nor are aware that Bentham ever had any disciples, in Dr. Whewell's sense of the term. As far as our means of observation have gone, which are considerably greater than Dr. Whewell's, those who, from the amount of their intellectual obligations to Bentham, would be the most likely to be classed by Dr. Whewell as Benthamites, were and are persons in an unusual degree addicted to judging and thinking for themselves; persons remarkable for learning willingly from all masters, but swearing blind fealty to none. It is also a fact, with which Dr. Whewell cannot be altogether unacquainted, that

among them there have been men of the widest and most accurate acquirements in history and philosophy, against whom the accusation of ignorance of the opinions which they controverted would be as unfounded as the imputation of blind partiality. We protest against including them and Bentham in an imaginary sect of which the "Deontology" is to be considered the gospel. Bentham's merits or demerits must stand on what is contained in the books written by himself.

Among these, the one in which the doctrine of utility is expressly discussed, and contrasted with the various ethical doctrines opposed to it, is the "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," published in 1789. On this Dr. Whewell comments as follows:—

"The first chapter of this work is 'On the Principle of Utility;' the second 'On Principles adverse to that of Utility.' These adverse principles are stated to be two: the Principle of Asceticism, and the Principle of Sympathy." (Bentham calls it the Principle of Sympathy and Antipathy, which is already a considerable difference). "The principle of asceticism is that principle which approves of actions in proportion as they tend to *diminish* human happiness, and, conversely, disapproves of them as they tend to augment it. The principle of sympathy is that which approves or disapproves of certain actions 'merely because a man finds himself disposed to approve or disapprove of them, holding up that approbation or disapprobation as a sufficient reason for itself, and disclaiming the necessity of looking out for any extrinsic ground.' And these two principles are, it seems, according to Bentham's view, the only principles which are, or which can be, opposed to the principle of utility!

"Now it is plain that these are not only not fair representations of any principles ever held by moralists, or by any persons speaking gravely and deliberately, but that they are too extravagant and fantastical to be accepted even as caricatures of any such principles. For who ever approved of actions because they tend to make mankind miserable? or who ever said anything which could, even in an intelligible way of exaggeration, be so represented? . . . But who then are the ascetic school who are thus ridiculed? We could not, I think, guess from the general description thus given; but from a note, it appears that he had the Stoical philosophers and the religious ascetics in his mind. With regard to the Stoics, it would of course be waste of time and thought to defend them from such coarse buffoonery as this, which does not touch their defects, whatever these may be," &c.—p. 202.

Not solely for the due estimation of Bentham, but for the right understanding of the utilitarian controversy, it is important to know what the truth is, respecting the points here in issue between Bentham and Dr. Whewell.

Undoubtedly no one has set up, in opposition to the "greatest happiness principle," a "greatest unhappiness" principle, as the standard of virtue. But it was Bentham's business not merely to discuss the avowed principles of his opponents, but to draw out those which, without being professed as principles, were implied in detail, or were essential to support the judgments passed in particular cases. His own doctrine being that the increase of pleasure and the prevention of pain were the proper ends of all moral rules, he had for his opponents all who contended that pleasure could ever be an evil or pain a good in itself, apart from its consequences. Now this, whatever Dr. Whewell may say, the religious ascetics really did. They held that self-mortification, or even self-torture, practised for its own sake, and not for the sake of any useful end, was meritorious. It matters not that they may have expected to be rewarded for these merits by consideration in this world, or by the favour of an invisible tyrant in a world to come. So far as this life was concerned, their doctrine required it to be supposed that pain was a thing to be sought, and pleasure to be avoided. Bentham generalized this into a maxim, which he called the principle of asceticism. The Stoics did not go so far as the ascetics; they stopped half-way. They did not say that pain is a good, and pleasure an evil. But they said, and boasted of saying, that pain is no evil, and pleasure no good; and this is all, and more than all, that Bentham imputes to them, as may be seen by any one who reads that chapter of his book. This, however, was enough to place them, equally with the ascetics, in direct opposition to Bentham, since they denied his supreme end to be an end at all. And hence he classed them and the ascetics together, as professing the direct negation of the utilitarian standard.

In the other division of his opponents he placed those who, though they did not deny pleasure to be a good and pain an evil, refused to consider the pain or the pleasure which an action or a class of actions tends to produce, as the criterion of its morality. As the former category of opponents were described by Bentham as followers of the "principle of asceticism," so he described these as followers of "the principle of sympathy and antipathy;" not because they had themselves generalized their principle of judgment, or would have acknowledged it when placed undisguised before them; but because at the bottom of what they imposed on themselves and others as reasons, he could find nothing else; because they all, in one phrase or another, placed the test of

right and wrong in a feeling of approbation or disapprobation, thus making the feeling its own reason and its own justification. This portion of Bentham's doctrine can only be fairly exhibited in his own words:—

"It is manifest that this [the principle of sympathy and antipathy] is rather a principle in name than in reality; it is not a positive principle of itself, so much as a term employed to signify the negation of all principle. What one expects to find in a principle is something that points out some external consideration as a means of warranting and guiding the internal sentiments of approbation and disapprobation: this expectation is but ill fulfilled by a proposition which does neither more nor less than hold up each of these sentiments as a ground and standard for itself.

"In looking over the catalogue of human actions (says a partisan of this principle) in order to determine which of them are to be marked with the seal of disapprobation you need but to take counsel of your own feelings; whatever you find in yourself a propensity to condemn, is wrong for that very reason. For the same reason it is also meet for punishment: in what proportion it is adverse to utility, or whether it be adverse to utility at all, is a matter that makes no difference. In the same proportion also is it meet for punishment: if you hate much, punish much; if you hate little, punish little: punish as you hate. If you hate not at all, punish not at all: the fine feelings of the soul are not to be overborne and tyrannized by the harsh and rugged dictates of political utility.

"The various systems that have been formed concerning the standard of right and wrong, may all be reduced to the principle of sympathy and antipathy. One account may serve for all of them. They consist, all of them, in so many contrivances for avoiding the obligation of appealing to any external standard, and for prevailing upon the reader to accept of the author's sentiment or opinion as a reason for itself. The phrase is different, but the principle the same.

"It is curious enough to observe the variety of inventions men have hit upon, and the variety of phrases they have brought forward, in order to conceal from the world, and if possible from themselves, this very general, and therefore very pardonable self-sufficiency.

"One man says he has a thing made on purpose to tell him what is right and what is wrong, and that it is called a *moral sense*; and then he goes to work at his ease, and says, such a thing is right, and such a thing is wrong—why? 'because my moral sense tells me it is.'

"Another man comes and alters the phrase; leaving out *moral*, and putting in *common* in the room of it. He then tells you, that his common sense teaches him what is right and wrong, as much as the other's moral sense did: meaning, by common sense, a sense of some kind or other, which, he says, is possessed by all mankind; the sense of those, whose sense is not the same as the author's, being struck out of the account as not worth taking. This contrivance does better than the other; for a moral sense being a new thing, a man may feel about him a good while without

being able to find it out; but common sense is as old as the creation; and there is no man but would be ashamed to be thought not to have as much of it as his neighbours. It has another great advantage; by appearing to share power, it lessens envy: for when a man gets up upon this ground, in order to anathematize those who differ from him, it is not by a *sic volo sic jubeo*, but by a *velitis jubeatis*,

"Another man comes, and says, that as to a moral sense indeed, he cannot find that he has any such thing; that, however, he has an *understanding*, which will do quite as well. This understanding, he says, is the standard of right and wrong: it tells him so and so. All good and wise men understand as he does: if other men's understandings differ in any point from his, so much the worse for them; it is a sure sign they are either defective or corrupt.

"Another man says, that there is an eternal and immutable rule of right; that that rule of right dictates so and so; and then he begins giving you his sentiments upon anything that comes uppermost; and these sentiments (you are to take for granted) are so many branches of the eternal rule of right.

"Another man, or perhaps the same man (it's no matter) says, that there are certain practices conformable, and others repugnant, to the fitness of things; and then he tells you, at his leisure, what practices are conformable and what repugnant; just as he happens to like a practice or dislike it.

"A great multitude of people are continually talking of the law of nature; and then they go on giving you their sentiments about what is right and what is wrong; and these sentiments, you are to understand, are so many chapters and sections of the law of nature.

"We have one philosopher who says, there is no harm in anything in the world but in telling a lie; and that if, for example, you were to murder your own father, this would only be a particular way of saying, he was not your father. Of course, when this philosopher sees anything that he does not like, he says, it is a particular way of telling a lie. It is saying, that the act ought to be done, or may be done, when, *in truth*, it ought not to be done."—(chap. ii.)

To this Dr. Whewell thinks it a sufficient answer to call it extravagant ridicule, and to ask, "Who ever asserted that he approved or disapproved of actions merely because he found himself disposed to do so, and this was reason sufficient in itself for his moral judgments?" Dr. Whewell will find that this by no means disposes of Bentham's doctrine. Bentham did not mean that people "ever asserted" that they approved or condemned actions only because they felt disposed to do so. He meant that they do it without asserting it; that they find certain feelings of approbation and disapprobation in themselves, take for granted that these feelings are the right ones, and when called on to say anything in justification of their approbation or disapprobation,

produce phrases which mean nothing but the fact of the approbation or disapprobation itself. If the hearer or reader feels in the same way, the phrases pass muster; and a great part of all the ethical reasoning in books and in the world is of this sort. All this is not only true, but cannot consistently be denied by those who, like Dr. Whewell, consider the moral feelings as their own justification. Dr. Whewell will doubtless say that the feelings they appeal to are not their own individually, but a part of universal human nature. Nobody denies that they say so: a feeling of liking or aversion to an action, confined to an individual, would have no chance of being accepted as a reason. The appeal is always to something which is assumed to belong to all mankind. But it is not of much consequence whether the feeling which is set up as its own standard is the feeling of an individual human being or of a multitude. A feeling is not proved to be right, and exempted from the necessity of justifying itself, because the writer or speaker is not only conscious of it in himself, but expects to find it in other people; because instead of saying "I," he says "you and I." If it is alleged that the intuitive school require, as an authority for the feeling, that it should *in fact* be universal, we deny it. They assume the utmost latitude of arbitrarily determining whose votes deserve to be counted. They either ignore the existence of dissentients, or leave them out of the account, on the pretext that they have the feeling which they deny having, or if not, that they ought to have it. This falsification of the universal suffrage which is ostensibly appealed to, is not confined, as is often asserted, to cases in which the only dissentients are barbarous tribes. The same measure is dealt out to whole ages and nations, the most conspicuous for the cultivation and development of their mental faculties; and to individuals among the best and wisest of their respective countries. The explanation of the matter is, the inability of persons in general to conceive that feelings of right and wrong, which have been deeply implanted in their minds by the teaching they have from their infancy received from all around them, can be sincerely thought by any one else to be mistaken or misplaced. This is the mental infirmity which Bentham's philosophy tends especially to correct, and Dr. Whewell's to perpetuate. Things which were really believed by all mankind, and for which all were convinced that they had the unequivocal evidence of their senses, have been proved to be false: as that the sun rises and sets. Can immunity from similar error

be claimed for the moral feelings? when all experience shows that those feelings are eminently artificial, and the product of culture; that even when reasonable, they are no more spontaneous than the growth of corn and wine (which are quite as natural), and that the most senseless and pernicious feelings can as easily be raised to the utmost intensity by inculcation, as hemlock and thistles could be reared to luxuriant growth by sowing them instead of wheat. Bentham, therefore, did not judge too severely a kind of ethics whereby any implanted sentiment which is tolerably general may be erected into a moral law, binding, under penalties, on all mankind. The contest between the morality which appeals to an external standard, and that which grounds itself on internal conviction, is the contest of progressive morality against stationary—of reason and argument against the deification of mere opinion and habit. The doctrine that the existing order of things is the natural order, and that, being natural, all innovation upon it is criminal, is as vicious in morals, as it is now at last admitted to be in physics, and in society and government.

Let us now consider Dr. Whewell's objections to utility as the foundation of ethics:—

“Let it be taken for granted, as a proposition which is true, if the terms which it involves be duly understood, that actions are right and virtuous in proportion as they promote the happiness of mankind; the actions being considered upon the whole, and with regard to all their consequences. Still, I say, we cannot make this truth the basis of morality, for two reasons: first, we cannot calculate all the consequences of any action, and thus cannot estimate the degree in which it promotes human happiness; second, happiness is derived from moral elements, and therefore we cannot properly derive morality from happiness. The calculable happiness resulting from actions cannot determine their virtue; first, because the resulting happiness is not calculable; and, secondly, because the virtue is one of the things which determine the resulting happiness.”—p. 210.

The first of these arguments is an irrelevant truism. “We cannot calculate *all* the consequences of any action.” If Dr. Whewell can point out any department of human affairs in which we can do *all* that would be desirable, he will have found something new. But because we cannot foresee everything, is there no such thing as foresight? Does Dr. Whewell mean to say that no estimate can be formed of consequences, which can be any guide for our conduct, unless we can calculate *all* consequences? that because we cannot predict

every effect which may follow from a person's death, we cannot know that the liberty of murder would be destructive of human happiness? Dr. Whewell, in his zeal against the morality of consequences, commits the error of proving too much. Whether morality is or is not a question of consequences, he cannot deny that prudence is; and if there is such a thing as prudence, it is because the consequences of actions *can* be calculated. Prudence, indeed, depends on a calculation of the consequences of individual actions, while for the establishment of moral rules it is only necessary to calculate the consequences of classes of actions—a much easier matter. It is certainly a very effectual way of proving that morality does not depend on expediency, to maintain that there is no such thing as expediency—that we have no means of knowing whether anything is expedient or not. Unless Dr. Whewell goes this length, to what purpose is what he says about the uncertainty of consequences? Uncertain or certain, we are able to guide ourselves by them, otherwise human life could not exist. And there is hardly any one concerned in the business of life, who has not daily to decide questions of expediency, far more knotty than those which Dr. Whewell so coolly pronounces insoluble.

But let us examine more closely what Dr. Whewell finds to say for the proposition, that “if we ask whether a given action will increase or diminish the total amount of human happiness, it is impossible to answer with any degree of certainty.”

“Take ordinary cases. I am tempted to utter a flattering falsehood: to gratify some sensual desire contrary to ordinary moral rules. How shall I determine, on the greatest happiness principle, whether the act is virtuous, or the contrary? In the first place, the direct effect of each act is to give pleasure, to another by flattery, to myself by sensual gratification; and pleasure is the material of happiness, in the scheme we are now considering. But by the flattering lie I promote falsehood, which is destructive of confidence, and so, of human comfort. Granted that I do this in some degree—although I may easily say that I shall never allow myself to speak falsely, except when it will give pleasure; and thus I may maintain that I shall not shake confidence in any case in which it is of any value. But granted that I do, in some degree, shake the general fabric of mutual human confidence by my flattering lie,—still the question remains, *how much* I do this: whether in such a degree as to overbalance the pleasure, which is the primary and direct consequence of the act. How small must be the effect of my solitary act upon the whole scheme of human action and habit! how clear and decided is the direct effect of increasing the happiness of my hearer! And in the same way we may rea-

son concerning the sensual gratification. Who will know it? Who will be influenced by it of those who do know it? What appreciable amount of pain will it produce in its consequences, to balance the palpable pleasure, which, according to our teachers, is the only real good? It appears to me that it is impossible to answer these questions in any way which will prove, on these principles, mendacious flattery, and illegitimate sensuality, to be vicious and immoral. They may possibly produce, take in all their effects, a balance of evil; but if they do, it is by some process which we cannot trace with any clearness, and the result is one which we cannot calculate with any certainty, or even probability; and therefore, on this account, because the resulting evil of such falsehood and sensuality is not calculable or appreciable, we cannot, by calculation of resulting evil, show falsehood and sensuality to be vices. And the like is true of other vices; and, on this ground, the construction of a scheme of morality on Mr. Bentham's plan is plainly impossible."—p. 211.

Dr. Whewell supposes his self-deceiving utilitarian to be very little master of his own principles. If the effect of a "solitary act upon the whole scheme of human action and habit" is small, the addition which the accompanying pleasure makes to the general mass of human happiness is small likewise. So small, in the great majority of cases, are both, that we have no scales to weigh them against each other, taken singly. We must look at them multiplied, and in large masses. The portion of the tendencies of an action which belong to it not individually, but as a violation of a general rule, are as certain and calculable as any other consequences; but they must be examined not in the individual case, but in classes of cases. Take, for example, the case of murder. There are many persons to kill whom would be to remove men who are a cause of no good to any human being, of cruel physical and moral suffering to many, and whose whole influence tends to increase the mass of unhappiness and vice. Were such a man to be assassinated, the balance of traceable consequences would be greatly in favour of the act. The counter consideration, on the principle of utility, is, that unless persons were punished for killing, and taught not to kill; that if it were thought allowable for any one to put to death at pleasure any human being whom he believes that the world would be well rid of, nobody's life would be safe. To this Dr. Whewell answers—

"How does it appear that the evil, that is, the pain, arising from violating a general rule once, is too great to be overbalanced by the pleasurable consequences of that single violation? The actor says, I acknowledge the general rule—I do

not deny its value; but I do not intend that this one act should be drawn into consequence.—p. 212.

But it does not depend on him whether or not it shall be drawn into consequence. If one person may break through the rule on his own judgment, the same liberty cannot be refused to others; and since no one could rely on the rule's being observed, the rule would cease to exist. If a hundred infringements would produce all the mischief implied in the abrogation of the rule, a hundredth part of that mischief must be debited to each one of the infringements, though we may not be able to trace it home individually. And this hundredth part will generally outweigh any good resulting from the individual act. We say generally, not universally; for the admission of exceptions to rules is a necessity equally felt in all systems of morality. To take an obvious instance, the rule against homicide, the rule against deceiving, the rule against taking advantage of superior physical strength, and various other important moral rules, are suspended against enemies in the field, and partially against malefactors in private life: in each case suspended as far as is required by the peculiar nature of the case. That the moralities arising from the special circumstances of the action may be so important as to overrule those arising from the class of acts to which it belongs, perhaps to take it out of the category of virtues into that of crimes, or vice versa, is a liability common to all ethical systems.

And here it may be observed that Dr. Whewell, in his illustration drawn from flattering lies, gives to the side he advocates a colour of rigid adherence to principle, which the fact does not bear out. Is none of the intercourse of society carried on by those who hold the common opinions, by means of what is here meant by "flattering lies?" Does no one of Dr. Whewell's way of thinking say, or allow it to be thought, that he is glad to see a visitor whom he wishes away? Does he never ask acquaintances or relatives to stay when he would prefer them to go, or invite them when he hopes that they will refuse? Does he never show any interest in persons and things he cares nothing for, or send people away, believing in his friendly feeling, to whom his real feeling is indifference, or even dislike? Whether these things are right we are not now going to discuss. For our part, we think that flattery should be only permitted to those who can flatter without lying, as all persons of sympathizing feelings and quick perceptions can. At all events, the

existence of exceptions to moral rules is no stumbling-block peculiar to the principle of utility. The essential is, that the exception should be itself a general rule; so that, being of definite extent, and not leaving the expediencies to the partial judgment of the agent in the individual case, it may not shake the stability of the wider rule in the cases to which the reason of the exception does not extend. This is an ample foundation for "the construction of a scheme of morality." With respect to the means of inducing people to conform in their actions to the scheme so formed, the utilitarian system depends, like all other schemes of morality, on the external motives supplied by law and opinion, and the internal feelings produced by education or reason. It is thus no worse off in this respect than any other scheme—we might rather say, much better; inasmuch as people are likely to be more willing to conform to rules when a reason is given for them.

Dr. Whewell's second argument against the happiness principle is, that the morality of actions cannot depend on the happiness they produce, because the happiness depends on the morality.

"Why should a man be truthful and just? Because acts of veracity and justice, even if they do not produce immediate gratification to him and his friends in other ways (and it may easily be that they do not), at least produce pleasure in this way, that they procure him his own approval and that of all good men. To us this language is intelligible and significant; but the Benthamite must analyze it further. What does it mean according to him? A man's own approval of his act, means that he thinks it virtuous. And therefore the matter stands thus. He (being a Benthamite) thinks it virtuous, because it gives him pleasure; and it gives him pleasure because he thinks it virtuous. This is a vicious circle, quite as palpable as any of those in which Mr. Bentham is so fond of representing his adversaries as revolving. And in like manner with regard to the approval of others. The action is virtuous, says the Benthamite, because it produces pleasure; namely the pleasure arising from the approval of neighbours: they approve it and think it virtuous, he also says, because it gives pleasure. The virtue depends upon the pleasure, the pleasure depends upon the virtue. Here again is a circle from which there is no legitimate egress. We may grant that, taking into account all the elements of happiness—the pleasures of self-approval—of peace of mind and harmony within us, and of the approval of others—of the known sympathy of all good men;—we may grant that, including these elements, virtue always does produce an overbalance of happiness; but then we cannot make this moral truth the basis of morality, because we cannot extricate the happiness and the virtue the one from the other, so as to make the first, the happiness, the foundation of the second, the virtue."—p. 215.

In Dr. Whewell's first argument against utility, he was obliged to assert that it is impossible for human beings to know that some actions are useful and others hurtful. In the present, he forgets against what principle he is combating, and draws out an elaborate argument against something else. What he now appears to be contending against, is the doctrine (whether really held by any one or not), that the test of morality is the greatest happiness of the agent himself. It argues total ignorance of Bentham, to represent him as saying that an action is virtuous because it produces "the approbation of neighbours," and as making so "fluctuating" a thing as "public opinion," and such a "loose and wide abstraction as education," the "basis of morality." When Bentham talks of public opinion in connexion with morality, he is not talking of the "basis of morality" at all. He was the last person to found the morality of actions upon anybody's opinion of them. He founded it upon facts, namely, upon the observed tendencies of the actions. Nor did he ever dream of defining morality to be the self-interest of the agent. His "greatest happiness principle" was the greatest happiness of mankind, and of all sensitive beings. When he talks of education, and of "the popular or moral sanction," meaning the opinion of our fellow-creatures, it is not as constituents or tests of virtue, but as *motives* to it; as means of making the self-interest of the individual *accord* with the greatest happiness principle.\*

\* It is curious that while Dr. Whewell here founds the Happiness theory of morals with the theory of Motives sometimes called the Selfish System, and attacks the latter as Bentham's, under the name of the former, Dr. Whewell himself, in his larger work, adopts the Selfish theory. Happiness, he says, (meaning, as he explains, our own happiness), is "our being's end and aim;" we cannot desire anything else unless by identifying it with our happiness. (Elements, i. 359.) To this we should have nothing to object, if by identification was meant that what we desire unselfishly must first, by a mental process, become an actual part of what we seek as our own happiness; that the good of others becomes our pleasure because we have learnt to find pleasure in it: this is, we think, the true philosophical account of the matter. But we do not understand this to be Dr. Whewell's meaning: for in an argument to prove that there is no virtue without religion, he says that religion alone can assure us of the identity of happiness with duty. Now, if the happiness connected with duty were the happiness we find in our duty, self-consciousness would give us a full account of this, without religion. The happiness, therefore, which Dr. Whewell means, must consist, not in the thing itself, but in a reward appended to it: and when he says, that there can be no morality unless we believe that happiness is identical with duty, and that we cannot believe this apart from "the belief in God's government of the world," he must mean

Dr. Whewell's remark, therefore, that the approval of our fellow-creatures, presupposing moral ideas, cannot be the foundation of morality, has no application against Bentham, nor against the principle of utility. It may however be pertinently remarked, that the moral ideas which this approval presupposes, are no other than those of utility and hurtfulness. There is no great stretch of hypothesis in supposing that in proportion as mankind are aware of the tendencies of actions to produce happiness or misery, they will like and commend the first, abhor and reprobate the second. How these feelings of natural complacency and natural dread and aversion directed towards actions, come to assume the peculiar character of what we term *moral* feelings, is not a question of ethics but of metaphysics, and very fit to be discussed in its proper place. Bentham did not concern himself with it. He left it to other thinkers. It sufficed him that the perceived influence of actions on human happiness is cause enough, both in reason and in fact, for strong feelings of favour to some actions and of hatred towards others. From the sympathetic reaction of these feelings in the imagination and self-consciousness of the agent, naturally arise the more complex feelings of self-approbation and self-reproach, or, to avoid all disputed questions, we will merely say of satisfaction and dissatisfaction with ourselves. All this must be admitted, whatever else may be denied. Whether the greatest happiness is the principle of morals or not, people do desire their own happiness, and do consequently like the conduct in other people which they think promotes it, and dislike that which visibly endangers it. This is absolutely all that Bentham postulates. Grant this, and you have his popular sanction, and its reaction on the agent's own mind, two influences tending, in proportion to mankind's enlightenment, to keep the conduct of each in the line which promotes the general happiness, Bentham thinks that there is no other true morality than this, and that the so-called moral sentiments, whatever their origin or composition, should be trained to act in this direction only. And Dr. Whewell's attempt to find anything illogical or incoherent in this theory, only proves that he does not yet understand it.

Dr. Whewell puts the last hand to his supposed refutation of Bentham's principle,

that no one would act virtuously unless he believed that God would reward him for it. In Dr. Whewell's view of morality, therefore, disinterestedness has no place.

by what he thinks a crushing *reductio ad absurdum*. The reader might make a hundred guesses before discovering what this is. We have not yet got over our astonishment, not at Bentham, but at Dr. Whewell. See, he says, to what consequences your greatest happiness principle leads! Bentham says that it is as much a moral duty to regard the pleasures and pains of other animals as those of human beings. We cannot resist quoting the admirable passage which Dr. Whewell cites from Bentham, with the most naïf persuasion that everybody will regard it as reaching the last pitch of paradoxical absurdity:—

“Under the Gentoo and Mahometan religion the interests of the rest of the animal kingdom seem to have met with some attention. Why have they not, universally, with as much as those of human creatures, allowance made for the difference in point of sensibility? Because the laws that are, have been the work of mutual fear; a sentiment which the not less rational animals have not had the same means as man has of turning to account. Why ought they not? No reason can be given. The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withholden from them but by the hand of tyranny. It may come one day to be recognised that the number of the legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the insuperable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational, as well as a more conversable animal, than an infant of a day, a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what would it avail? The question is not, can they reason? nor, can they speak? but, can they suffer?”

This noble anticipation in 1780, of the better morality of which a first dawn has been seen in the laws enacted nearly fifty years afterwards against cruelty to animals, is in Dr. Whewell's eyes the finishing proof that the morality of happiness is absurd!

“The pleasures of animals are elements of a very different order from the pleasures of man. We are bound to endeavour to augment the pleasures of men, not only because they are pleasures, but because they are human pleasures. We are bound to men by the universal tie of humanity, of human brotherhood. We have no such tie to animals.”

This then is Dr. Whewell's noble and disinterested ideal of virtue. Duties, according to him, are only duties to ourselves and our like.

“We are to be *humane* to them, because we

are human, not because we and they alike feel animal pleasures. . . . The morality which depends upon the increase of pleasures alone, would make it our duty to increase the pleasures of pigs or of geese rather than that of men, if we were sure that the pleasures we could give them were greater than the pleasures of men. . . . It is not only not an obvious, but to most persons not a tolerable doctrine, that we may sacrifice the happiness of men provided we can in that way produce an overplus of pleasure to cats, dogs, and hogs."—pp. 223-5.

It is "to most persons in the slave States of America not a tolerable doctrine that we may sacrifice any portion of the happiness of white men for the sake of a greater amount of happiness to black men. It would have been intolerable five centuries ago "to most persons" among the feudal nobility, to hear it asserted that the greatest pleasure or pain of a hundred serfs ought not to give way to the smallest of a nobleman. According to the standard of Dr. Whewell, the slave masters and the nobles were right. They too felt themselves "bound" by a "tie of brotherhood" to the white men and to the nobility, and felt no such tie to the negroes and serfs. And if a feeling on moral subjects is right because it is natural, their feeling was justifiable. Nothing is more natural to human beings, nor, up to a certain point in cultivation, more universal, than to estimate the pleasures and pains of others as deserving of regard exactly in proportion to their likeness to themselves. These superstitions of selfishness had the characteristics by which Dr. Whewell recognises his moral rules: and his opinion on the rights of animals shows that in this case at least he is consistent. We are perfectly willing to state the whole question on this one issue. Granted that any practice causes more pain to animals than it gives pleasure to men; is that practice moral or immoral? And if, exactly in proportion as human beings raise their heads out of the slough of selfishness, they do not with one voice answer "immoral," let the morality of the principle of utility be for ever condemned.

There cannot be a fitter transition than this subject affords, from the Benthamic standard of ethics to that of Dr. Whewell. It is not enough to object to the morality of utility. It is necessary also to show that there is another and a better morality. This is what Dr. Whewell proposes to himself in his Introductory Lecture, and in the whole of his previous work, "Elements of Morality." We shall now, therefore, proceed to examine Dr. Whewell's achieve-

ments as the constructor of a scientific foundation for the theory of morals.

"The moral rule of human action," Dr. Whewell says, is that "we must do what is right." ("Lectures," p. xi.) Here, at all events, is a safe proposition; since to deny it would be a contradiction in terms. But what is meant by "right?" According to Dr. Whewell, "what we must do." This, he says, is the very definition of right.

"The definition of *rightful*, or of the adjective *right*, is, I conceive, contained in the maxim which I have already quoted as proceeding from the general voice of mankind: namely this, that we must do what is right at whatever cost. That an action is right, is a reason for doing it, which is paramount to all other reasons, and overweighs them all when they are on the contrary side. It is painful; but it is right: therefore we must do it. It is a loss; but it is right; therefore we must do it. It is unkind; but it is right: therefore we must do it. These are self-evident" [he might have said identical] "propositions. That a thing is right, is a *supreme* reason for doing it. *Right* implies this supreme, unconquerable reason; and does this especially and exclusively. No other word does imply such an irresistible cogency in its effect, except in so far as it involves the same notion. What we *ought* to do, what we *should* do, that we *must* do, though it bring pain and loss. But why? *Because it is right.* The expressions all run together in their meaning. And this *supreme* rule, that we must do what is right, is also the *moral* rule of human action."—pp. x., xi.

*Right* means that which we *must* do, and the rule of action is, that we must do what is right; that we must do that which we must do. This we will call vicious circle the first. But let us not press hardly on Dr. Whewell at this stage; perhaps he only means that the foundation of morals is the conviction that there is *something* which we must do at all risks; and he admits that we have still to find what this something is. "What *is* right; what it is that we ought to do, we must have some means of determining, in order to complete our moral scheme." (p. xi.)

Attempting then to pick out Dr. Whewell's leading propositions and exhibit them in connexion, we find, first, that "the supreme rule of human action, Rightness," ought to control the desires and affections, or otherwise that these are "to be regulated so that they may be right." (xii. xiii.) This does not help towards showing what *is* right.

But secondly, we come to a "condition which is obviously requisite." In order that the desires and affections which relate to "other men" may be right, "they must



conform to this primary and universal condition, that they do not violate the *rights* of others. This condition may not be sufficient, but it is necessary." (p. xiii.)

This promises something. In tracing to its elements the idea of Right, the adjective, we are led to the prior, and it is to be presumed more elementary idea, of Rights, the substantive. But now, what are rights? and how came they to be rights?

Before answering these questions, Dr. Whewell gives a classification of rights "commonly recognised among men." He says, they are of five sorts, "those of person, property, family, state, and contract." (xv.) But how do we discover that they are rights? and what is meant by calling them rights? Much to our surprise, Dr. Whewell refers us, on both these points, to the law. And he asks, "in what manner do we rise from mere legal rights to moral rightness?" and replies, "we do so in virtue of this principle: that the supreme rule of man's actions must be a rule which has authority over the whole of man; over his intentions as well as his actions; over his affections, his desires, his habits, his thoughts, his wishes." We must not only not violate the rights of others, but we must not desire to violate them. "And thus we rise from legal obligation to moral duty; from legality to virtue; from blamelessness in the forum of man, to innocence in the court of conscience."

And this Dr. Whewell actually gives as his scheme of morality. His rule of right is, to infringe no rights conferred by the law, and to cherish no dispositions which could make us desire such infringements! According to this, the early Christians, the religious reformers, the founders of all free governments, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and all enemies of the rights of slaveowners, must be classed among the wicked. If this is Dr. Whewell's morality, it is the very Hobbism which he reprobates, and this in its worst sense. But though Dr. Whewell says that this is his morality, he presently unsays it:

"Our morality is not derived from the special commands of existing laws, but from the fact that laws exist, and from our classification of their subjects. Personal safety, property, contracts, family and civil relations, are everywhere the subjects of law, and are everywhere protected by law; therefore we judge that these things must be the subjects of morality, and must be reverently regarded by morality. But we are not thus bound to approve of all the special appointments with regard to those subjects which may exist at a given time in the laws of a given country. On the contrary, we may condemn the laws as being contrary to morality. We cannot frame a morality without recognising property, and property

exists through law; but yet the law of property, in a particular country, may be at variance with that moral purpose for which, in our eyes, laws exist. Law is the foundation and necessary condition of justice; but yet laws may be unjust, and when unjust ought to be changed."—p. xvii.

The practical enormities consequent on Dr. Whewell's theory are thus got rid of; but when these are gone, there is nothing of the theory left. He undertook to explain how we may know what is right. It appeared at first, that he was about to give a criterion, when he said that it is not right to violate legal rights. According to this, when we want to know what is right, we have to consult the law, and see what rights it recognises. But now it seems that these rights may be contrary to right; and all we can be sure of is, that it is right there should be rights of some sort. And we learn that, after all, it is for a "moral purpose" that in Dr. Whewell's opinion "laws exist." So that while the meaning of *ought* is that we ought to respect rights, it is a previous condition that these rights must be such as *ought* to be respected. Morality must conform to law, but law must first conform to morality. This is vicious circle the second. Dr. Whewell has broken out of the first; he has made, this time, a larger sweep; the curve he describes is wider, but it still returns into itself.

An adherent of "dependent morality" would say that, instead of deriving right from rights, we must have a rule of right before it can be decided what ought to be rights; and that, both in law and in morals, the rights which ought to exist are those which for the general happiness it is expedient should exist. And Dr. Whewell anticipates that some one may even do him what he thinks the injustice of supposing this to be his opinion. He introduces an objector as saying, "that by making our morality begin from rights, we really do find it upon expediency, notwithstanding our condemnation of systems so founded. For, it may be said, rights such as property exists only because they are expedient." Dr. Whewell hastens to repel this imputation; and here is his theory. "We reply as before, that rights are founded on the whole nature of man, in such a way that he cannot have a human existence without them. He is a moral being, and must have rights, because morality cannot exist where rights are not." Was ever an unfortunate metaphysician driven into such a corner? We wanted to know what morality is, and Dr. Whewell said that it is conforming to rights. We ask how he knows that there are rights, and he answers, because other-

wise there could be no morality. This is vicious circle the third, and the most wonderful of the three. The Indians placed their elephant on the back of a tortoise, but they did not at the same time place the tortoise on the back of the elephant.

Dr. Whewell has failed in what it was impossible to succeed in. Every attempt to dress up an appeal to intuition in the forms of reasoning, must break down in the same manner. The system must, from the conditions of the case, revolve in a circle. If morality is not to gravitate to any end, but to hang self-balanced in space, it is useless attempting to suspend one point of it upon another point. The fact of moral rules supposes a certain assemblage of ideas. It is to no purpose detaching these ideas one from another, and saying that one of them must exist because another does. Press the moralist a step farther, and he can only say that the other must exist because of the first. The house must have a centre because it has wings, and wings because it has a centre. But the question was about the whole house, and how it comes to exist. It would be much simpler to say plainly, that it exists because it exists. This is what Dr. Whewell is in the end obliged to come to; and he would have saved himself a great deal of bad logic, if he had begun with it.\*

So much as to the existence of moral rules: now as to what they are:

"We do not rest our rules of action upon the tendency of actions to produce the happiness of others, or of mankind in general; because we cannot solve a problem so difficult as to determine which of two courses of action will produce the greatest amount of human happiness: and we see a simpler and far more satisfactory mode of deducing such rules; namely, by considering that there must be such rules; that they must be rules for man; for man living among men; and for the whole of man's being. Since we are thus led directly to moral rules, by the consideration of the internal condition of man's being, we cannot think it wise to turn away from this method (!) and to

\* In Dr. Whewell's larger work, we find him resorting, after all, to an "external object" as the ultimate ground for acknowledging any moral rules whatever. He there says, that "the reason for doing what is absolutely right, is that it is the Will of God, through whom the condition and destination of mankind are what they are."—(Elements, i. 225.) In the Lectures, however, he admits that this renders nugatory the ascribing any moral attributes to God. "If we make holiness, justice, and purity, the mere result of God's commands, we can no longer find any force in the declaration that God is holy, just, and pure; since the assertion then becomes merely an empty identical proposition."—(p. 58.) We hope that this indicates a change of opinion since the publication of the earlier work.

try to determine such rules by reference to an obscure and unmanageable external condition, the amount of happiness produced."—p. xx.

If these were not Dr. Whewell's own words, we should expect to be charged, as he charges Bentham, with caricature. This is given as a scientific statement of the proper mode of discovering what are the rules of morality! We are to "deduce such rules" from four considerations. First, "that there must be such rules;" a necessary preliminary, certainly. If we are to build a wall, it is because it has been previously decided that there must be a wall. But we must know what the wall is for; what end it is intended to serve; or we shall not know what sort of wall is required. What end are moral rules intended to serve? No end, according to Dr. Whewell. They do not exist for the sake of an end. To have them is part of man's nature, like (it is Dr. Whewell's own illustration) the circulation of the blood. It is now then to be inquired *what* rules are part of our nature. This is to be discovered in three things: that they must be "rules for man; for man living among men; and for the whole of man's being." This is only saying over again, in a greater number of words, what we want, not how we are to find it. First, they must be "rules for man;" but we are warned not to suppose that this means for man's benefit; it only means that they are for man to obey. This leaves us exactly where we were before. Next, they are for "man living among men," that is, for the conduct of man to men: but *how* is man to conduct himself to men? Thirdly, they are "for the whole of man's being;" that is, according to Dr. Whewell's explanation, they are for the regulation of our desires as well as of our actions; but what we wanted to know was, *how* we are to regulate our desires and our actions? Of the four propositions given as premises from which all moral rules are to be deduced, not one points to any difference between one kind of moral rules and another. Whether the rule is to love or to hate our neighbour, it will equally answer all Dr. Whewell's conditions. These are the premises which are more "simple and satisfactory" than such "obscure and unmanageable" propositions, so utterly impossible to be assured of, as that some actions are favourable, and others injurious, to human happiness! Try a parallel case. Let it be required to find the principles of the art of navigation. Bentham says, we must look to an "external end;" getting from place to place on the water. No, says Dr. Whewell, there is a

“simpler and more satisfactory” mode, viz. to consider that there must be such an art; that it must be for a ship; for a ship at sea; and for all the parts of a ship. Would Dr. Whewell prevail on any one to suppose that these considerations made it unnecessary to consider, with Bentham, what a ship is intended to do?

This account is all we get from Doctor Whewell, in the Lectures, of the mode of discovering and recognising the rules of morality. But perhaps he succeeds better in doing the thing, than in explaining how it ought to be done. At all events, having written two volumes of “Elements of Morality,” he must have performed this feat, either well or ill; he must have found a way of “deducing moral rules.” We will now, therefore, dismiss Dr. Whewell’s generalities, and try to estimate his method, not by what he says about it, but by what we see him doing when he carries it into practice.

We turn, then, to his “Elements of Morality,” and to the third chapter of that work, which is entitled “Moral Rules exist necessarily.” And here we at once find something well calculated to surprise us. That moral rules must exist, was, it may be remembered, the first of Dr. Whewell’s four fundamental axioms; and has been presented hitherto as a law of human nature, requiring no proof. It must puzzle some of his pupils to find him here proving it; and still more, to find him proving it from utility:—

“In enumerating and describing, as we have done, certain desires as among the most powerful springs of human action, we have stated that man’s life is scarcely tolerable if these desires are not in some degree gratified; that man cannot be at all satisfied without some security in such gratification; that without property, which gratifies one of these desires, man’s free agency cannot exist; that without marriage, which gratifies another, there can be no peace, comfort, tranquillity, or order. And the same may be said of all those springs of actions which we enumerate as mental desires. Without some provision for the tranquil gratification of these desires, society is disturbed, unbalanced, painful. The gratification of such desires must be a part of the order of the society. There must be rules which direct the course and limits of such gratification. Such rules are necessary for the peace of society.”—Elements, i. 32.

This is a very different mode of treating the subject from that which we observed in the Lectures. We are now among reasons: good or bad they may be, but still reasons. Moral rules are here spoken of as means to an end. We now hear of the peace and

comfort of society; of making man’s life tolerable; of the satisfaction and gratification of human beings; of preventing a disturbed and painful state of society. This is utility—this is pleasure and pain. When real reasons are wanted, the repudiated happiness-principle is always the resource. It is true, this is soon followed by a recurrence to the old topics, of the necessity of rules “for the action of man as man,” and the impossibility to “conceive man as man without conceiving him as subject to rules.” But any meaning it is possible to find in these phrases (which is not much) is all reflected from the utilitarian reasons given just before. Rules are necessary, because mankind would have no security for any of the things which they value, for anything which gives them pleasure or shields them from pain, unless they could rely on one another for doing, and in particular for abstaining from, certain acts. And it is true, that man could not be conceived “as man,” that is, with the average human intelligence, if he were unable to perceive so obvious an utility.

Almost all the *generalia* of moral philosophy prefixed to the “Elements” are in like manner derived from utility. For example: that the desires, until subjected to general rules, bring mankind into conflict and opposition; but that, when general rules are established, the feelings which gather round these “are sources not of opposition, but of agreement;” that they “tend to make men unanimous; and that such rules with regard to the affections and desires as tend to control the repulsive and confirm the attractive forces which operate in human society; such as tend to unite men, to establish concord, unanimity, sympathy, agree with that which is the character of moral rules.” (i. 35.) This is Benthamism—even approaching to Fourierism.

And again, in attempting a classification and definition of virtues, and a parallel one of duties corresponding to them. The definitions of both one and the other are deduced from utility. After classing virtues under the several heads of benevolence, justice, truth, purity, and order, Benevolence is defined as “desire of the good of all men;” and in a wider sense, as the “absence of all the affections which tend to separate men, and the aggregate of the affections which unite them.” (i. 137-8.) Justice, as “the desire that each person should have his own.” (p. 138.) Truth is defined “an agreement of the verbal expression with the thought,” and is declared to be a duty because “lying and deceit tend to separate and disunite men, and to make

all actions implying mutual dependence, that is, all social action and social life, impossible." (p. 138-9.) Purity is defined "the control of the appetites by the moral sentiments and the reason." Order, as a conformity of our internal dispositions to the laws and to moral rules (why not rather to good laws, and good moral rules?) All these definitions, though very open to criticism in detail, are in principle utilitarian.\* Though Dr. Whewell will not recognise the promotion of happiness as the ultimate principle, he deduces his secondary principles from it, and supports his propositions by utilitarian reasons as far as they will go. He is chiefly distinguished from utilitarian moralists of the more superficial kind, by this, that he ekes out his appeals to utility with appeals to "our idea of man as man;" and when reasons fail, or are not sufficiently convincing, then "all men think," or "we cannot help feeling," serves as a last resort, and closes the discussion.

Of this hybrid character is the ethics of Dr. Whewell's "Elements of Morality." And in this he resembles all other writers of the intuitive school of morality. They are none of them frankly and consistently intuitive. To use a happy expression of Bentham in a different case, they draw from a double fountain—utility and internal conviction; the tendencies of actions, and the feelings with which mankind regard them. This is not a matter of choice with these writers, but of necessity. It arises from the nature of the morality of internal conviction. Utility, as a standard, is capable of being carried out singly and consistently; a moralist can deduce from it his whole system of ethics, without calling to his assistance any foreign principle. It is not so with one who relies on moral intuition; for where will he find his moral intuitions? How many ethical propositions can be enumerated, of which the most reckless as-

serter will venture to affirm that they have the adhesion of all mankind? Dr. Whewell declares unhesitatingly that the moral judgment of mankind, when it is unanimous, must be right. "What are universally held as virtues, must be dispositions in conformity with this [the supreme] law: what are universally reckoned vices, must be wrong." This is saying much, when we consider the worth, in other matters nearly allied to these, of what is complimentarily called the general opinion of mankind; when we remember what grovelling superstitions, what witchcraft, magic, astrology, what oracles, ghosts, what gods and demons scattered through all nature, were once universally believed in, and still are so by the majority of the human race. But where are these unanimously recognised vices and virtues to be found? Practices the most revolting to the moral feelings of some ages and nations do not incur the smallest censure from others; and it is doubtful whether there is a single virtue which is held to be a virtue by all nations. There are, indeed, some moralities of an utility so unmistakeable, so obviously indispensable to the common purposes of life, that as general rules mankind could no more differ about them than about the multiplication table; but even here there is the widest difference of sentiment about the exceptions. The universal voice of mankind, so often appealed to, is universal only in its discordance. What passes for it, is merely the voice of the majority, or failing that, of any large number having a strong feeling on the subject; especially if it be a feeling of which they cannot give any account, and which, as it is not consciously grounded on any reasons, is supposed to be better than reasons, and of higher authority. With Dr. Whewell, a strong feeling, shared by most of those whom he thinks worth counting, is always an *ultima ratio* from which there is no appeal. He forgets that as much might have been pleaded, and in many cases might still be pleaded, in defence of the absurdest superstitions.

It seems to be tacitly supposed that however liable mankind are to be wrong in their opinions, they are generally right in their feelings, and especially in their antipathies. On the contrary, there is nothing which it is more imperative that they should be required to justify by reasons. The antipathies of mankind are mostly derived from three sources. One of these is an impression, true or false, of utility. They dislike what is painful or dangerous, or what is apparently so. These antipathies, being grounded on the happiness principle, must

\* The enumeration of duties does not always follow accurately the definition of the corresponding virtues. For example, the definition of Purity is one which suits Temperance, "the control of the appetites by the moral sentiments and the reason;" but the scheme of duties set forth under this head is rather as if the definition had been "the conformity of the appetites to the moral opinions and customs of the country." It is remarkable that a writer who uses the word purity so much out of its common meaning as to make it synonymous with temperance, should charge Bentham, ("Lectures," p. 208,) because he employs the word in another of its acknowledged senses, with arbitrarily altering its signification. Bentham understands by the purity of a pleasure, its freedom from admixture of pain: as we speak of pure gold, pure water, pure truth, of things purely beneficial or purely mischievous: meaning, in each case, freedom from alloy with any other ingredient.

be required to justify themselves by it. The second class of antipathies are against what they are taught, or imagine, to be displeasing to some visible or invisible power, capable of doing them harm, and whose wrath once kindled may be wreaked on those who tolerated, as well as on those who committed, the offence. The third kind of antipathies, often as strong as either of the others, are directed towards mere differences of opinion, or of taste. Any of the three, when nourished by education, and deriving confidence from mutual encouragement, assumes to common minds the character of a moral feeling. But to pretend that any such antipathy, were it ever so general, gives the smallest guarantee of its own justice and reasonableness, or has any claim to be binding on those who do not partake in the sentiment, is as irrational as to adduce the belief in ghosts or witches as a proof of their real existence. I am not bound to abstain from an action because another person dislikes it, however he may dignify his dislike with the name of disapprobation.

We cannot take our leave of Dr. Whewell's strictures on Bentham without adverting to some observations made by him on Bentham's character as a jurist rather than as a moralist. In this capacity Dr. Whewell does more justice to Bentham than in the department of moral philosophy. But he finds fault with him for two things: first, for not sufficiently recognising what Dr. Whewell calls the historical element of legislation; and imagining "that to a certain extent his schemes of law might be made independent of local conditions." It is true, Dr. Whewell admits it to be part of Bentham's doctrine, that different countries must to a certain extent have different laws; and is aware that he wrote an "Essay on the Influence of Time and Place in Matters of Legislation;" but thinks him wrong in maintaining that there should be a general plan, of which the details only should be modified by local circumstances; and contends, that different countries require different ground plans of legislation:—

\*There is in every national code of law a necessary and fundamental historical element; not a few supplementary provisions which may be added or adapted to the local circumstances after the great body of the code has been constructed: not a few touches of local colouring to be put in after the picture is almost painted: but an element which belongs to law from its origin, and penetrates to its roots; a part of the intimate structure; a cast in the original design. The national views of personal status; property, and the modes of acquisition; bargains, and the modes of concluding them; family, and its consequences;

government, and its origin; these affect even the most universal aspects and divisions of penal offences; these affect still more every step of the expository process which the civil law applies to rights in defining penal offences."—(Lectures, p. 254.)

What Dr. Whewell designates by the obscure and misleading expression, "an historical element," and accuses Bentham of paying too little regard to, is the existing opinions and feelings of the people. These may, without doubt, in some sense be called historical, as being partly the product of their previous history; but whatever attention is due to those opinions and feelings in legislation, is due to them not as matter of history, but as social forces in present being. Now Bentham, in common with all other rational persons, admitted that a legislator is obliged to have regard to the opinions and feelings of the people to be legislated for; but with this difference, that he did not look upon those opinions and feelings as affecting, in any great degree, what was desirable to be done, but only what could be done. Take one of Dr. Whewell's instances, "the national views of personal status." The "national views" may regard slavery as a legitimate condition of human beings, and Mr. Livingston, in legislating for Louisiana, may have been obliged to recognise slavery as a fact, and to make provision for it, and for its consequences, in his code of laws; but he was bound to regard the equality of human beings as the foundation of his legislation, and the concession to the "historical element" as a matter of temporary expediency; and while yielding to the necessity, to endeavour, by all the means in his power, to educate the nation into better things. And so of the other subjects mentioned by Dr. Whewell—property, contracts, family, and government. The fact that, in any of these matters, a people prefer some particular mode of legislation on historical grounds—that is, because they have been long used to it,—is no proof of any original adaptation in it to their nature or circumstances, and goes a very little way in recommendation of it as for their benefit now. But it may be a very important element in determining what the legislator can do, and still more, the manner in which he should do it: and in both these respects Bentham allowed it full weight. What he is at issue with Dr. Whewell upon, is in deeming it right for the legislator to keep before his mind an ideal of what he would do if the people for whom he made laws were entirely devoid of prejudice or accidental prepos-

session: while Dr. Whewell, by placing their prejudices and accidental prepossessions "at the basis of the system," enjoins legislation not in simple recognition of existing popular feelings, but in obedience to them. The other objection made by Dr. Whewell to Bentham, as a writer on legislation, (for we omit the criticism on his classification of offences, as too much a matter of detail for the present discussion,) is, that he does not fully recognize "the moral object of law." (p. 257.) Dr. Whewell says, in phraseology which we considerably abridge, that law ought not only to preserve and gratify man, but to improve and teach him; not only to take care of him as an animal, but to raise him to a moral life. Punishment, therefore, he says, "is to be, not merely a means of preventing suffering, but is also to be a moral lesson." But Bentham, as Dr. Whewell is presently forced to admit, says the same; and in fact carries this doctrine so far, as to maintain that legal punishment ought sometimes to be attached to acts for the mere purpose of stigmatizing them, and turning the popular sentiment against them. No one, more than Bentham, recognises that most important, but most neglected function of the legislator, the office of an instructor, both moral and intellectual. But he receives no credit for this from Dr. Whewell, except that of being false to his principles; for Dr. Whewell seems to reckon it an impertinence in anybody to recognise morality as a good, who thinks, as Bentham does, that it is a means to an end. If any one, who believes that the moral sentiments should be guided by the happiness of mankind, proposes that moral sentiments, so guided, should be cultivated and fostered, Dr. Whewell treats this as a deserting of utilitarian principles, and borrowing or stealing from his.

As an example of "Bentham's attempt to exclude morality, as such, in his legislation," Dr. Whewell refers to "what he says respecting the laws of marriage, and especially in favour of a liberty of divorce by common consent." As this is the only opportunity Dr. Whewell gives his readers of comparing his mode of discussing a specific moral question with Bentham's, we shall devote a few words to it.

Having quoted from Bentham the observation that a government which interdicts divorce "takes upon itself to decide that it understands the interests of individuals better than they do themselves," Dr. Whewell answers, that this is an objection to all laws: that, in many other cases, "government, both in its legislation and adminis-

tration, does assume that it understands the interests of individuals, *and the public interest as affected by them*, better than they do themselves." The words which we have put in italics, adroitly change the question. Government is entitled to assume that it will take better care than individuals of the public interest, but not better care of their own interest. It is one thing for the legislator to dictate to individuals what they shall do for their own advantage, and another thing to protect the interest of other persons who may be injuriously affected by their acts. Dr. Whewell's own instances suffice us. "What is the meaning of restraints imposed for the sake of public health, cleanliness, and comfort? Why are not individuals left to do what they like with reference to such matters? Plainly because carelessness, ignorance, indolence, would prevent their doing what is most for their own interest." (p. 258.) Say, rather, would lead them to do what is contrary to the interest of other people. The proper object of sanitary laws is not to compel people to take care of their own health, but to prevent them from endangering that of others. To prescribe, by law, what they should do for their own health alone, would by most people be justly regarded as something very like tyranny.

Dr. Whewell continues:

"But is Mr. Bentham ready to apply consistently the principle which he thus implies, that in such matters individuals are the best judges of their own interests? Will he allow divorce to take place whenever the two parties agree in desiring it? . . . Such a facility of divorce as this, leaves hardly any difference possible between marriage and concubinage. If a pair may separate when they please, why does the legislator take the trouble to recognise their living together?"

Apply this to other cases. If a man can pay his tailor when he and his tailor choose, why does the law take the trouble to recognise them as debtor and creditor? Why recognise, as partners in business, as landlords and tenants, as servants and employers, people who are not tied to each other for life?

Dr. Whewell finds what he thinks an inconsistency in Bentham's view of the subject. He thus describes Bentham's opinions:—

"Marriage for life is, he [Bentham] says, the most natural marriage: if there were no laws except the ordinary law of contracts, this would be the most ordinary arrangement. So far, good. But Mr. Bentham having carried his argument so far, does not go on with it. What conclusion

are we to suppose him to intend? This arrangement would be very *general* without law, therefore the legislator should pass a law to make it *universal*? . . . No. The very next sentence is employed in showing the absurdity of making the engagement one from which the parties cannot liberate themselves by mutual consent. And there is no attempt to reduce these arguments, or their results, to a consistency."—p. 259.

Dr. Whewell's ideas of inconsistency seem to be peculiar. Bentham, he says, is of opinion, that in the majority of cases it is best for the happiness of married persons that they should remain together. Is it so? (says Dr. Whewell) then why not force them to remain together, even when it would be best for their happiness to separate?

Try again parallel cases. In choosing a profession, a sensible person will fix on one in which he will find it agreeable to remain; therefore, it should not be lawful to change a profession once chosen. A landlord, when he has a good tenant, best consults his own interest by not changing him; therefore, all tenancy should be for life. Electors who have found a good representative will probably do wisely in re-electing him; therefore, members of parliament should be irremovable.

Dr. Whewell intended to show, into what errors Bentham was led by treating the question of marriage apart from "moral grounds." Yet part of his complaint is, that Bentham does consider moral grounds, which, according to Dr. Whewell, he has no right to do. If one married person maltreats the other to procure consent to a divorce,—

"Bentham's decision is, that liberty should be allowed to the party maltreated and not to the other. . . . Now to this decision I have nothing to object: but I must remark, that the view which makes it tolerable is, its being a decision on moral grounds, such as Mr. Bentham would not willingly acknowledge. The man may not take advantage of his own wrong: that is a maxim which quite satisfies us. But Mr. Bentham, who only regards wrong as harm, would, I think, find it difficult to satisfy the man that he was fairly used."

Mr. Bentham would have found it difficult to conceive that any one attempting to criticise his philosophy could know so little of its elements. Dr. Whewell wonders what the reason can be, on Bentham's principles, for not allowing a man to benefit by his own wrong. Did it never occur to him, that it is to take away from the man his inducement to commit the wrong.

Finally, Dr. Whewell says, "No good rule

can be established on this subject without regarding the marriage union in a moral point of view; without assuming it as one great object of the law to elevate and purify men's idea of marriage; to lead them to look upon it as an entire union of interests and feelings, enjoyment and hopes, between the two parties. We cannot agree in the doctrine that it should be an object of the law to "lead men to look upon" marriage as being what it is not. Neither Bentham nor any one who thinks with him would deny that this entire union is the completest ideal of marriage; but it is bad philosophy to speak of a relation as if it always *was* the best thing that it possibly can be, and then infer that when it is notoriously not such, as in an immense majority of cases, and even when it is the extreme contrary, as in a large minority, it should nevertheless be treated exactly as if the fact corresponded with the theory. The liberty of divorce is contended for, because marriages are not what Dr. Whewell says they should be looked upon as being; because a choice made by an inexperienced person, and not allowed to be corrected, cannot, except by a happy accident, realize the conditions essential to this complete union.

We give these observations not as a discussion of the question, but of Dr. Whewell's treatment of it; as part of the comparison which he invites his readers to institute, between his method and that of Bentham. Were it our object to confirm the general character we have given of Dr. Whewell's philosophy, by a survey in detail of the morality laid down by him, the two volumes of "Elements" afford abundant materials. We could show that Dr. Whewell not only makes no improvement on the old moral doctrines, but attempts to set up afresh several of them which have been loosened or thrown down by the stream of human progress.

Thus we find him everywhere inculcating, as one of the most sacred duties, reverence for superiors, even when personally undeserving (i. 176-7), and obedience to existing laws, even when bad. "The laws of the state are to be observed even when they enact slavery." (i. 351.) "The morality of the individual," he says (i. 58.), "depends on his not violating the law of his nation." It is not even the spirit of the law, but the letter (i. 213), to which obedience is due. The law, indeed, is accepted by Dr. Whewell as the fountain of rights; of those rights which it is the primary moral duty not to infringe. And mere custom is of almost equal authority with express enactment. Even in a matter so personal as marriage, the usage and practice of the country is to be a paramount law. "In some countries, the marriage of the child is a

matter usually managed by the parents; in such cases, it is the child's duty to bring the affections, as far as possible, into harmony with the custom." (i. 211.) "Reverence and affection" towards "the constitution of each country," he holds (ii. 204) as "one of the duties of a citizen."

Again, Dr. Whewell affirms, with a directness not usually ventured on in these days by persons of his standing and importance, that to disbelieve either a providential government of the world, or revelation, is morally criminal; for that "men are blameable in disbelieving truths after they have been promulgated, though they are ignorant without blame before the promulgation." (ii. 91-94.) This is the very essence of religious intolerance, aggravated by the fact, that among the persons thus morally stigmatized are notoriously included many of the best men who ever lived. He goes still further, and lays down the principle of intolerance in its broad generality, saying that "the man who holds false opinions" is morally condemnable "when he has had the means of knowing the truth" (ii. 102); that it is "his duty to think rationally," (i. e. to think the same as Dr. Whewell): that it is to no purpose his saying that he has "done all he could to arrive at truth, since a man has never done *all he can* to arrive at truth." (ii. 106.) If a man has never done all he can, neither has his judge done all he can; and the heretic may have more ground for believing his opinion true, than the judge has for affirming it to be false. But the judge is on the one side of received opinions, which, according to Dr. Whewell's standard, makes all right.

It is not, however, our object to criticise Dr. Whewell as a teacher of the details of morality. Our design goes no farther than to illustrate his controversy with Bentham respecting its first principle. It may, perhaps, be thought that Dr. Whewell's arguments against the philosophy of utility are too feeble to require so long a refutation. But feeble arguments easily pass for convincing, when they are on the same side with the prevailing sentiment; and readers in general are so little acquainted with that or any other system of moral philosophy, that they take the word of anybody, especially an author in repute, who professes to inform them what it is; and suppose that a doctrine must indeed be absurd, to which mere truisms are offered as a sufficient reply. It was, therefore, not unimportant to show, by a minute examination, that Dr. Whewell has misunderstood and misrepresented the philosophy of utility, and that his attempts to refute it, and to construct a moral philosophy without it, have been equally failures.

#### ART. III.—PLANTS AND BOTANISTS.

1. *The Vegetable Kingdom*. By John Lindley, Ph. D. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1846.
2. *The Antarctic Flora*. By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S., &c. London: Reeve. 1847.
3. *Report of the Twenty-first Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science*. London: John Murray. 1852.
4. *Annals and Magazine of Natural History for June, 1852*.

SOLOMON, DIOSCORIDES, LINNÆUS!—three full-sounding names, names with a presence. We utter them as an incantation, an "open sesame!" intending in a few pages to show, for the benefit of the uninitiated, a glimpse of the pleasures and intellectual profits of botanical science, and a passing glance at the kind of men who enjoy them. The ways of botanists and the discoveries that they are gradually evolving out of Nature's plant-garden, are little known except within the limited sphere of naturalists. Were we addressing adepts exclusively, we should add another name to our spell—the name of a living man, and, we are proud to say it, a Briton—Robert Brown. The mention of this honoured name among botanists calls forth sensations of reverence and admiration comparable, to assimilate things essentially unlike, with those that arise in the breasts of warriors, when the name of Wellington is spoken. The great soldier has the advantage in the extent and popularity of his fame. The meanest intellects among the vulgar, be they poor or rich, noble or ignoble—and the essentially vulgar are diffused through all kinds and classes—can appreciate the merit of a military victory. The half-trained, coarse-minded, but sagacious spirit advances a step further, and sees the manifestation of a grander power in the inventor of a steam-engine. But ripe knowledge, clear insight, and refined thought, are requisite for the comprehension of philosophical conquests, for these make no show and impress themselves by no tangible force. A great philosopher, be he metaphysician, physicist, or naturalist, must be content with the admiration of an enlightened few. If he care for popular sympathy—a failing not worthy of his high calling, yet apt to adhere to the humanity of his nature—he must bide his time like some far-off planet, whose mighty proportions can only be fully and generally discerned after centuries of invention have endowed men with the means of perceiving and understanding them.

Each of the names we have pronounced



has a power of its own. Solomon is still the botanist of the people. To them he still speaks "of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." The scholar, clinging to old traditions, fondly cherishes his ideal of a complete herborist in Dioscorides. Linnæus is the patron saint of systematic naturalists, who never forget the masterly skill and generalship with which he marshalled in orderly array the swarming multitude of organized creatures. The physiologist, whose aim, difficult and toilsome to attain, is the obtaining an insight into the hidden springs and workings of the machinery of life, and a clear comprehension of the laws to which they are obedient, knows how large are the obligations of all investigators to those who show the way and open out new roads to truth, and feels deeply grateful to Robert Brown accordingly.

Each of these four names marks an epoch in advance. The first two belong to the heroic ages of science. Solomon is, botanically, a myth; Dioscorides, an innocent of the golden age. The last two typify the fulness and actuality of Science. Linnæus represents the systematized knowledge of the multiplicity of facts, and Robert Brown the interpretation of their secret meanings.

Among botanists, as among zoologists, the systematist and the physiologist pursue different though interlacing paths. To be great in either department, the student—and men of science are necessarily students as long as they live in science—must be good in both. The value of the classifications and schemes of affinities proposed by the systematist must in a great measure depend upon his perception of the right value, structure, office, and morphology of the organs which serve to furnish him with characters. The physiologist who professes to describe the intimate structure and functions of vegetable organisms, and yet ignores accurate determinations of the affinities of the subjects of his researches, is furnishing but vague, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory information. The systematist who pretends to disregard the results of physiological inquiries is an empiric. The physiologist who sets at nought the determinations of specific affinities is a half-informed pedant. Fortunately these censures are almost inapplicable at present. They cannot be fixed either upon our living botanists of old standing, or those that are rising into deserved fame and authority. In the writings of the latter an elevated spirit of true philosophy is clearly and delightfully evinced. They eschew trifling, and have a right-minded appreciation of essentials. To illustrate

the direction taken and results developing through this tendency truthwards of our rising botanists, we shall select a few instances out of many; first from the systematic, and then from the physiological aspects of true science. Hence the very different themes of the books and memoirs which serve us for our text.

And first of all a word about the number of kinds of plants. Exactly a hundred years ago, Linnæus instituted a census of the vegetable kingdom, and proclaimed the number of species known to himself and his brother botanists. Five thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight distinct and different kinds was the seemingly prodigious amount. Out of these, a few more than six hundred were flowerless kinds. Half a century afterwards the estimate had increased fivefold. Five years ago, Dr. Lindley, in his most valuable and, to the working botanist, indispensable volume, entitled "The Vegetable Kingdom," announced ninety-two thousand nine hundred and twenty known species of plants! Since then a considerable amount of new forms has been described, so that in round numbers we may fairly say that our knowledge of the types of vegetable life has been increased twenty-fold during the last hundred years. There are whole geographical provinces as yet very imperfectly explored by botanists, and some few regions altogether unknown. In many whose floras have been subjected to diligent scrutiny, there still remains much more to do. Taking all deficiencies into account and probabilities of future discovery, we may fairly accept Meyen's calculation of two hundred thousand species as about constituting the entire vegetation of our planet in its present state. And even this estimate, large as it may seem, is, not improbably, under the mark, if we bear in mind how little has yet been done comparatively towards the examination and description of microscopic beings, claiming to rank as vegetables.

The memories of botanists are proverbially strong. They had need be so, if such myriads of kinds of plants are to be called at sight by their proper names. Every species has a name of its own, by which it is styled in the language of the science, the Latin of the vegetable kingdom. As this name itself is composed of two words, the one significant of the genus, and the other of the species, or kind, twice as many words as there are distinct kinds of plants must be borne in mind by the complete botanist. But who, and where is he? Nowhere. The feat is impossible, unless by a witting, or human parrot, such as we sometimes meet,

gifted with the power of recalling sounds without recollection of their meanings. Still it is surprising what a vast number of names of plant-species an expert systematic botanist can pack into his brains, and call up when inspecting fresh or dried specimens of the objects to which they appertain. We could mention men of repute able, at sight, to designate by their specific appellations, with ease, some 10,000 or 15,000 species, and to state particulars of consequence respecting each. To every one of the 100,000 described kinds of plants a "character," or short formula, expressive of the points in which it differs from all its congeners, and consequently from all the remaining 99,000 sorts, is attached. This diagnosis is stated in as few words as consistent with a clear expression of its distinctive marks. Such, at least, should be the specific character; and such, we hope, it is in the majority of instances. There are dullards, however, among botanists as among wise men of all categories, slow to perceive essentials, and ponderous in their expressions of what they suppose to be such. These cannot fail to add some dross to the heap of sterling ore. There are niggers and hair-splitters, too, who will seek for differences without concern about their relative value, thus parting asunder what God joined together. There are "fast" botanists, who, anxious for the rather dubious glory of becoming the name-givers of new species at any price, care not whether their vegetable *protégés* go forth to the world with a good or a bad character, content that, for a time, they should attract the world's notice. But all the errors and stupidities perpetrated by the thickheads, who cling to the skirts of every science, inevitably become righted sooner or later; and in the worst of them there is some little crystal of truth, that will shine bright when the mud about it has been washed away. Let no man condemn minute research in any shape as trifling. The surest foundations of science are minute observations, faithfully and clearly recorded. Let it not be supposed that, to any science, there is a royal road, the course of which meanders through the level plains of vague generalities. Through the apparently dry and dreary toil involved in the minute study of species, lies the only path to sound generalizations in natural history—one so long and winding, that few naturalists ever reach the goal; not, however, because they become disheartened on the way, but because a journey so seemingly wearisome to those who have never attempted it, is full of detaining attractions and delightful novelties for those who travel by it.

For the successful examination and accurate definition of vegetable types, abundant knowledge and sound judgment are required. It is easy to describe, but difficult to define, or even to describe with sufficient fulness and clearness, and freedom from prolixity. The power of distinguishing between important and unimportant details is a gift much rarer than is commonly supposed; and equally rare is the capacity for precise observation, which is the foundation of accurate description. If to the requisite faculties of an able diagnost be added a far-seeing spirit of generalization, then the systematist becomes a philosophic naturalist; he is then enabled to perceive and develop new relations, and determine the true value of those that have long been noted, but not duly appreciated. We cannot illustrate our position better than by referring to a recent work of acknowledged merit, one that has done much towards maintaining the high position of British botanists—viz., the "*Flora Antarctica*."

The author of this *opus magnum* is Dr. Joseph Hooker, a young, indefatigable, enthusiastic, truthful, and thoroughly-trained botanist. As the son of Sir William Hooker, the illustrious director of our national gardens at Kew, his studies were pursued under all possible advantages. The instruction and advice of his father, the constant association with all the ablest botanists of our time, and the innappreciable facilities afforded by a library and herbarium of pre-eminent completeness, were not thrown away upon this young botanist, who, if we are not greatly mistaken, will hereafter occupy a foremost place in the ranks of his chosen science. To all these advantages are added an amount of personal experience in the exploration of foreign countries, such as has rarely fallen to the lot of naturalists; for already he has investigated in person the floras of the frigid and temperate regions of the southern hemisphere, and those of the plains of India and the greatest mountain region in the world.

The "*Flora Antarctica*" contains part of the scientific results of the voyages of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, during Sir James Ross's memorable expedition towards the South Pole. The region selected for illustration in this beautiful work is one in which the proportion of sea is enormous as compared with the extent of land. The consequence of this arrangement is a climate becoming almost uniform throughout the year, as we proceed southwards. Wherever conditions favorable to vegetation are present, it becomes luxuriant, but is deficient in variety. *A priori*, so far as species are concerned, we

might predict either a close similarity combined with prevailing identity between the floras of all the tracts of land included within its bounds ; or else a distinct and entirely different flora for each island, or group of islands, and for the small amount of mainland. We could scarcely anticipate, by any stretch of imagination, the extraordinary, but inevitable conclusion, at which Dr. Hooker has arrived, after thoroughly sifting an ample amount of evidence.

He distinguishes two distinct floras within the antarctic zone. One of these includes the vegetation of Lord Auckland's Group and Campbell's Island. It is in some measure a continuation of that of New Zealand, and exhibits distinct Polynesian characteristics. The second embraces Fuegia and part of the southwest coast of Patagonia, the Falkland Islands, Palmer's Land, and the adjoining groups, as the South Shetland, South Georgia, and (proceeding eastwards) Tristan d'Acunha and Kerguelen's Land: The flora of the last-named locality is distinctly linked with that of Fuegia, although 140 degrees of longitude separate them, and is altogether distinct from that of Lord Auckland's Islands, though nearer to the latter by fifty degrees ! The flora of the Fuegian type characterizes isolated groups of islands for 5000 miles to the eastward of Terra del Fuego, some of them closer to the African and Australian continents, whose vegetation they do not assume, than to the American. Moreover, they are placed under conditions eminently unfavorable to the migration of species. The direction of the winds, which are violent, and prevailing westerly, might account for a few identical forms, whose seeds may be capable of transportation by that agency, but cannot explain the identity of *facies*, the consanguinity, so to speak, of types, or even the majority of cases of positive identity. There is but one hypothesis that can be assumed for the explanation of the phenomenon. This has been foreseen by Dr. Hooker, who has indicated the probability of these floras of the Fuegian type being the relics of the vegetation of an ancient antarctic continent that has long since disappeared, and whose former existence is made known to us by a few humble wild-flowers.

Equally interesting is the fact of a representation by the antarctic flora of the aspect, and even species, of the vegetation of the Arctic Regions ; plants of the south so closely simulating the aspect of plants of the north, that to the inexperienced eye they would be the same. And yet, when closely inspected by the scrutinizing glance of the

botanist, marked and permanent differences of organization are detected, and they are seen to be likenesses of each other, adapted for existence under similar conditions. That they are not mere modifications of identical forms, is evident in the fact that these representations are in several instances maintained by plants of entirely different genera.

In the course of his researches, Doctor Hooker reached what he believed to be the *ultima Thule* of southern vegetation. On a small islet in latitude 64°, 12' south, and longitude 57° west, he found a few lichens and mosses growing upon the hard frozen soil. There was no flowering plant whatever ; the southernmost of flowers is a small grass (the *Aira antarctica*), which grows in the South Shetlands.

The beginning of a creature, whether animal or vegetable, is a mystery seemingly unfathomable. Nevertheless, continued and careful microscopic research is gradually revealing indications, dim yet not uncertain, of the phenomena that are grouped around the genesis of the germ. Every new fact brought to light through the laborious perseverance of indefatigable observers, raises more and more our astonishment at the mingled simplicity and complexity of procreating nature. Within the last ten, or rather within five years, great advances have been made in the study of embryology. German botanists have especially chosen this line of research, and their endeavours have been rewarded with no small amount of success. The scientific naturalist, to whom their writings, mostly in the form of scattered memoirs and short papers, may be inaccessible, will find an excellent digest of the results arrived at in two very able reports by Mr. Henfrey, a young English botanist, who is earning well-deserved laurels by his zealous labours in this difficult department. We have given their titles at the head of this article. It is not easy to make clear to the general reader the particulars of such inquiries, although the conclusions which have been induced from them are of remarkable interest. We shall endeavour, nevertheless, to present, in plain and untechnical shape, one of these curious histories, and tell the story of the beginning of a pine-tree, for the benefit of lovers of Nature whose time and tastes are so employed as to prevent their seeking personally for these flower-born truths.

Plants that have distinct and unmistakable flowers produce their eggs (ovules) either within a nursery-cradle (ovary or germen), constituted out of metamorphosed leaves, or unprotected and exposed—foundling fashion. Among the latter are firs, pines,

cedars, junipers, yews, cypresses, and similar cone-bearing trees; these cones being whorls of scale-like leaves arranged to serve as screens to the little eggs that are the essence of the cone, or else to the little anthers that originate the potent dust or "pollen," which is destined to fertilize the eggs and convert them into seeds. The grains of pollen-dust, though microscopic in their dimensions, are by no means simple in their structure, for there is, as it were, organ within organ included within their diminutive frames. Each consists of an outer coat and an inner one, the latter endowed with a marvellous ability of growth and extension; elongating, when set free, its filmy membrane into delicate tubes that grow with magical quickness, and transmit through their cavities the still minuter vivifying particles that live within them. The poet sings a libel when he makes his talking tree

"Languidly adjust  
Its vapid vegetable loves  
With anthers and with dust."

Not until the pollen grain has fallen upon the ovule (in anglo-spermous plants, upon the stigma or viscid disc that crowns the ovary) does the embryo of the future plant begin in any way to be manifested. The former event may be said invariably to precede the latter, the relation between them being one of cause and effect. The cases, apparently exceptional and evidently anomalous, are obscure and exceedingly few, so that they cannot be accepted as objections to this rule. So far we are repeating what every youth, acquainted with the rudiments of botany, knows. This knowledge was the starting point for those who would investigate the mystery.

The egg of the pine is an assemblage of minute cells forming a kernel enveloped in a single cellular coat. Deep in its substance is a row of cells that combine to make a special sac or cavity. When the grains of pollen have fallen upon the egg, they burst, and their inner linings protrude in the shape of tubes, and penetrate its substance. Soon after, the sac that lies within it becomes filled up with new-born cells. A year rolls away in the life of the parent tree; the cells of various kinds—those external to the central sac and those of its interior—have multiplied abundantly, and enlarged their several dimensions. The sac itself has become twenty times as large as it was formerly, and is filled with lesser cells, among which a change commences. Certain of them (the number varying in different tribes) grow larger than the others,

and those that are between their larger cells (corpuscles) and the wall of the containing sac divide themselves each into four by transverse vertical partitions. The purpose of this division is the construction of an avenue of approach, guarded by four new cells, and leading to the greater cell or corpuscle that lies below.

All this cell-making, and changing, and re-arranging, is preparatory to the inauguration of the germ of the future pine-tree. But other changes must be effected before that germ can begin. In the cavity of each corpuscle new free cells are produced, among which one—the lowermost—has a special mission of its own. After the pollen tubes have forced their way, guided by unerring instinct, through the substance of the egg-mass, through the wall of the included sac, and through the canal formed by the four cells that separate each corpuscle from that wall, this one begins to enlarge. *Against* the membrane of the corpuscle itself the extremity of the pollen-tube lies. It is then that the lowermost of the new-born cells within the corpuscle begins to grow and to produce within itself a new generation of cells, commencing with a free cell that divides itself into two; these re-dividing, make four, from which, by a fresh operation of division, result eight. Of these eight, the four lower ones divide again, until, by force of pressure, the mother-cell is burst, and its matricidal progeny, combined among themselves, lodge in the dissolving membrane of the egg-mass.

This is the beginning of the end. The mass of cells thus lodged has a fourfold constitution, being made up of four rows that separate from each other like so many filaments. And now the end is in view. For the lowermost cell of each of these filaments (suspensors) becomes, by a new process of division and multiplication, the embryo, the germ of the future pine-tree.

But Nature, after an intricate and seemingly tiresome series of proceedings, having at length given birth to the germ—there being as many stages in its manufacture as in a complicated machinery process devised by inventive man for some very simple through profitable result—is not content with her labours of multiplication and germ creation. No sooner is the beginning of the new being perfected, than a work of fearful destruction commences.

Four times as many germ-plants have been produced as there were "corpuscles" in the sac within the egg. For each of the cells so styled has resulted in giving origin to a body that has divided into four sections, and each of its four filamentous segments

has developed a true germ at its extremity. In some of the pines there are as many as five corpuscles formed in every egg-mass; in some of the junipers, as many as eight of these bodies. The result of the fertilization of the egg is, therefore, the production in the former of as many as twenty pine-germs—in the latter, of as many as thirty incipient junipers. But the world is not destined to have the benefit of these baby plantations. Out of the twenty germs in the pine-eggs, and the thirty in the juniper-egg, one only, in each case, is intended to survive. One favoured infant, although as yet a microscopic embryo, is nurtured and reared at the expense of all its brethren. That tyrant one arrests their growth, and pushes them rudely aside. They waste away, and soon cease to exist: the chosen one only has a chance of growing up into a tree.

Such are the lately announced fruits of the minute researches of Hofmeister, a German botanist, who is worthily following in the wake of Robert Brown. The complexity of the changes, the simplicity of the operations and organs by which they are brought about, and the strangeness of the result, leave an impression of amazement on the mind of the botanist, knowing, as he does, that in many plants, yet higher in the scale of vegetable organization, the process of reproduction is comparatively simple, though sufficiently wonderful and mysterious. By endeavouring to describe these phenomena in unscientific language, we cannot but fail to convey anything like a full sense of their singularity. Our attempt may, however, serve to show, by example, how wondrous are the minute secrets into which the microscopic observer endeavours, not wholly without success, to penetrate.

And now a word about the investigators of plants.

Of all orders of naturalists, that of botanists is most prolific in individuals. There is scarcely a town of moderate dimensions in Europe which is not the home of one or more votaries of the graceful and gentle science. The same, we believe, may be said of North America, or, at least, of the United States. Natural history is a religion, and Botany is one of its sects. But, unlike the sects of most religions, there is neither hate nor jealousy between them. The botanist, the zoologist, and the geologist can all worship side by side, and offer homage to the same Great God, according to their several faiths and forms, without seeking to close the doors of Nature's temple against each other. Biology is a religion of love. It is

the life so beautifully defined in the moral of the "Ancient Mariner:"—

"He liveth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the great God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

If moroseness, or viciousness, or indigestion, or envy, (for naturalists being mortals are afflicted occasionally with these original sins,) will sometimes work in the brains or stomachs of its devotees and make an occasional delinquent prick the soul of his neighbour with the stiletto of harsh and galling criticism, it is not on account of that neighbour's shade of belief. That, at least, matters not. But though a Schleiden, intellectually athletic, yet ill-regulated in his strength, may delight in striking out at random,—or a Watson, indefatigable and deservedly illustrious in statistics, but grown misanthropic by working overmuch when in ill humour, find a melancholy pleasure in attributing evil motives to his fellow-labourers—the great congregation of botanists is at peace with itself and friendly with its philosophical neighbours. The wanderer among them who shares in their tastes needs no introduction, not even the mention of his name, to ensure a warm welcome. His fame may have spread among the gatherers of flowers in all climates, and he may find his physiognomy framed and glazed, occupying an honourable place among the Lares and Penates of his entertainer—or he may be utterly undistinguished, the author of neither book, nor paper, nor communication, as yet undignified by having genus or even species named after him—famous or obscure, provided that he show proof of the true faith of a botanist—and all, who trust in the same creed, will cherish him as the early Christians did a stranger-believer. Let him only exhibit his vasculum and folio, and he will be joyously received, nay, in many instances, find bed and board freely offered. We speak from experience. More than once, in countries where we could ill express our wants in intelligible language, our damp sheets of drying paper spread out on the bench by the inn doors, and our well-filled vasculum, have served us in good stead and secured for us hospitable entertainers, workers in the same pleasant field, who now, after a lapse of years, are numbered among our firm and valued friends.

Nor is Botany the science only of a class, even though, perhaps, on the whole the doctors have the best of it. In its train are representatives of all ranks and all profes-

sions—monarchs and artisans, priests and soldiers. There is one king in Europe who is a good practical botanist, and who must look back upon the hours spent in the arrangement of his fine herbarium with far more pleasure than upon those wasted in a vain and retrograde course of politics. The monarch in question is his Majesty of Saxony, who, in his scientific career at least, has gained honour and respect. Many is the story told by his subjects of their ruler's adventures when following his favourite and harmless hobby;—how, more than once, astray from his yawning courtiers, he had wandered in search of some vegetable rarity, across the frontier of his legitimate dominions, and on attempting to return was locked up by his own guards as a spy or a smuggler, since he could produce no passport, nor give any more probable account of himself than the preposterous assertion that he was their king! Fifteen years ago he made a famous excursion to the stony and piratical little republic of Monte Negro. It was literally a voyage of botanical discovery, and the potentate sailed down the Adriatic in a steamer, fitted out with all the appliances of scientific investigation. On its deck he might be seen busily engaged in laying out his plants, ably and zealously assisted by his equerries and aid-de-camps, and guided by the advice of eminent botanists, who accompanied him as members of his suite. Such a kingly progress had surely never been seen before, unless Alexander the Great may have relieved the monotony of conquering by making occasional natural history excursions with his quondam tutor, Aristotle. The Monte-Negriotes, on ordinary occasions very troublesome and by no means trustworthy people—folks who still keep many of the worst habits of the old Scottish highlanders—were mystified into tranquillity by the peculiar proceedings of their royal visitor and his noble attendants. Resolved, however, to render due honour to so distinguished and unusual a guest, they furnished a guard of state to accompany him in all his peregrinations, and wherever his botanical Majesty stooped to gather a new or rare species, the soldiers halted, and with much ceremony presented arms!

Were some mighty member of England's over-proud peerage to be told this true tale of kingly amusement, it would probably be received with a smile of mingled pity and scorn, and an expression of compassion for such "sad trifling." Give credit where credit is due, whether to king or caitiff. Which is the real trifier?—the man who, fortunate in having leisure hours and months of vacation, degrades the healthful exercise he seeks

by tainting it with the barbarous pleasure of torturing the beasts of the chase and the birds of the moor, multiplied and cherished through a demoralizing system of "preservation," protected by vicious one-sided laws:—or he who gains exercise as healthful when seeking to extend his knowledge of the wondrous variety of creation, and to delight his eye and improve his mind by searching out in their native wilds the living evidences of the exquisite beauty and curious workings of Nature?

We may suppose the hypothetical opposite of an absolute king to be embodied in a journeyman tailor. In a diagram constructed like that made by Mr. Owen Jones for the department of Practical Art, these personages would hold much the same relative places as the "primary red" and "secondary green"—if, indeed, our tailor might not be better paralleled by "tertiary russet." The relations in this instance would be rather inharmonious than harmonious, and the colours anything but "complimentary." However different in their respective compositions, the pleasant tint of happiness may be given to the lives of both kings and tailors by the same pure ingredient. If royalty grows earnest and simple in the pursuit of herbery, so also can similar tastes make a poor tailor as happy as a king. In a town far north, many years ago, we were present at the anniversary of a Mechanics' Institution, and had to say a few words about flowers and trees. It was well on towards midnight ere the proceedings closed, when a dapper wiry little man rushed out from among the crowd, and invited us, as one naturalist invites another, to visit his humble home, and share his frugal supper. Gladly was the invitation accepted; for the earnest and intellectual look of our evidently poor host excited no small interest and some curiosity. He led his guest through long, dreary, tortuous, and unsavoury alleys, and then up an interminable stair, faintly illuminated by the moonlight that seemed to ooze through loopholes. In the story nearest the sky was the home of this student of nature—a journeyman tailor, with a wife and innumerable children, the eldest of whom was a fine intelligent lad verging upon manhood, assisting in the work, and sharing in the tastes of his father. Their favourite studies were manifested by the conversion of an old cupboard into the case of a well-arranged herbarium, by a glazed cabinet filled with stuffed birds and rows of impaled insects, and by a shelf of well-selected scientific books, the purchase of which must have absorbed the profits of many a close day's work. The matron of the family, a

smiling, courteous dame, seemed to participate in the evident delight of her husband and first-born, and to take pride in a heartfelt approval of their studies. On the round deal table a clean white cloth was spread, with simple food to grace it; and two pleasant hours were spent in lively discourse, larded with hard scientific names, well understood, though strangely pronounced. The happiness of the whole family was, we believe, visibly increased when, a few weeks afterwards, it became our duty to announce to the head of it that he had been elected honorary member of a distinguished scientific society.

Who that has read the story of "Mary Barton," does not recollect the admirable picture of the quaint old artisan-naturalist, Job Leigh? There are literally hundreds of such men scattered over the land—and they are a blessing to it. At almost every meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, some worthies of this class may be seen enjoying the happiest day of their lives, by listening to dry and seemingly abstruse discourses in the Natural History section. Most welcome are they when they appear; and there is no more thoroughly hearty welcome, unspoiled by offensive savour of social inequality than that given by philosophers of fame to their brethren of humble worldly position.

"The nature of flowers Dame Physic doth shew:  
She teacheth them all to make known to a few."

Such was the homely view of botany taken by most of our ancestors, and set into rugged rhymes by quaint old Tusser. The chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury entertained more exalted notions of the fair science, for, writes he in his delightful "Life," "it is a fine study, and worthy of a gentleman," who, according to his lordship, ought "to know the nature of all plants, being our fellow-creatures, and made for man." We maintain the same position, and humbly submit that even the few instances of the fineness of the study, and its worthiness for gentlemen—our king and our tailor both deserve that often-abused though most honorable of titles—which our space has permitted us to cite, are unsailable evidences of its truth.

#### ART. IV.—OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

1. *Twelfth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.* 1852. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.
2. *The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of Government under the Federal Constitution.* By Richard Hildreth. In 3 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.

THE efflux of our population, which has recently received so large an increase, is one of the most striking features of the times, and has attracted not less than its due share of attention. For years emigration was urged as a remedy for our pauperism and vice: urging however did little to augment it. Facts under no control, and inducements coming through no device of man, have set it in motion, with a stream so full and constant, that some are now alarmed lest it should drain away all our strength. A few words on the wishes and objects of the former period, and on the fears of the latter may fitly introduce the principal purposes of our present article.

How should the thinning of our home population reduce our pauperism? To take away a man who works is also to take away a fellow contributor to our public expenses, and, still more a partner in providing the aggregate conveniences which can be obtained in dense communities alone. Are the scanty populations of the world the best provided for, that we wish to approach to their condition? Or as to contentment; do we not raise the point which divides content from discontent, just as we raise the circumstances around us? Will not the labourer who could not buy a cotton gown for his wife fifty years ago, soon be just as uneasy if he cannot buy her a silk one? If we now think of nothing less than wheaten bread even for our paupers, are we individually more satisfied than our fathers were who rarely ate anything better than barley and rye? No doubt while increased comforts are new to us, we rejoice in them with content; but as soon as the novel increase is incorporated with our insensible habits, and mingled in our imaginations with our natural rights, we look forward to matters yet beyond our reach, and are discontented if we cannot obtain them, whatever may be the amount of wealth behind us. If content is to come of external comfort, we shall need perpetual increase of comfort, and of the means of effecting that increase. Surely then there

is nothing in emigration, even if it did raise our material condition, to put an end to discontent, nor to that comparatively smaller command of enjoyments which we often call poverty, nor even to that want of the physical means of sustenance and health which more truly deserves the name. Or as to morals; will an improvident, dissolute, or dishonest man be less likely to bring himself and his children to want and shame because he can buy five shirts where his grandfather bought one? Or will the ambitious be less likely now than a hundred years ago to resort to undue means to rival his wealthier neighbour because he now has carpets, china, silks, and wines, (which he could not have had then,) his neighbour however still having them finer, richer, and more plenteously than he? Will fatal temptations to deceptive courses, each ending in a moral and social fall, be got rid of by the mere extrusion of those who have already fallen? Or, if that were possible, could we send away the lowest and worst of our people, without still leaving a lowest and worst class to lament over?

These considerations go not against emigration, but against false expectations of its public consequences. In thousands of instances, emigration has been an undoubted good to the individual emigrants themselves. Industry and charity have often nobly struggled by means of it against the most depressing ills of life; and industry and charity ever best fulfil their functions in the general system of things, when, without waiting for the calculations of the politician or the economist, they go straight to the unconstrained, unpatronized, but judicious accomplishment of the object before them. Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the thousands of strong hearts who win their own way to the antipodes or the west, have our full sympathy, although we do not believe we shall find a moral or political panacea in emigration.

But if emigration will not leave Britain a paradise to those who remain, it is equally unlikely to take away any serious proportion of our real strength. The exodus of our greatest year of emigration, (that is, the last,) was not quite so great as our annual increase: and that exodus consisted far more of those whose removal was to their own advantage and ours, than of those whom we should much regret to lose. In 1851, the emigration amounted to 335,966 persons; our increase is from 360,000 to 390,000 persons per annum. If then the emigrants had been drawn proportionately from all parts of our population, we should

have remained nearly as before; we should merely have failed to realize an increase. But of these 335,966 emigrants, from a population of twenty-seven and a half millions, Ireland contributed, say the Emigration Commissioners, 257,372 out of her population of six and a half millions: that is, our Irish population of one-fourth of the whole, supplies three-fourths of the total emigration: and the Commissioners further remark that the emigration from Ireland is four times its annual increase; a rate of depopulation which has already strikingly shown its effects, and will probably yet show them more impressively still. Now we are moved by no spirit of disparagement, still less of hostility, in remarking that such an emigration is a vast benefit to those who go, while it leaves us who remain all the stronger. The Irishman, between his priest and his landlord, is little likely to rid himself, while in Ireland, of those traditional recollections and chronic matters of discontent, which tend much more to keep up a wasting fever of irritation, than a healthy and improving dissatisfaction with things as they are. Flourishing everywhere but in Ireland, it is far better that he should go where he will no longer restrain his powers from their natural activity and effect, or foster animosities which consume his self-reliance and his hope, than stay where he is at once his own worst enemy and our most dangerous weakness. True it is that the Irish go almost universally to the United States; it is however much better for us that they should become citizens of the republic, to their own conscious emancipation, than remain where, rightly or wrongly, they are resolved ever to think themselves enslaved. The really dangerous enemy is he who, left to brood over wrongs, rises up in craft or fury to revenge them: for whether they be real wrongs, or only those fashioned in his own exclusive world of imagination, free there from the rough test of facts, he is equally unconvinced, implacable and mad. The same man eagerly engaged in the actual business of life, may retain his belief of having been wronged, but his enmity is then comparatively harmless; for his strength is healthily exhausted on other matters than revenge, and his complicated interests, ever before his eye, are so many bonds to keep the peace. The Irishman had far better for us be an alien or even an enemy, where he is restrained by the benignant influences of industry and thrift, than a fellow-citizen where he gloomily converts every fact into an exasperating wrong: and if three-fourths of Ireland were vacated next year, the va-



cancy would only be an advantageous field for the expansion of the rest of our population, and would probably be filled up from various quarters in less than twenty years. The Irish part of the emigration is then, we think, no real loss to us, however we may regret the state of things which renders it so.

Deducting the numbers from Ireland, the rest of the emigration for 1851 amounts to but 78,594 persons, about one-fourth of the annual increase of the population of Great Britain, exclusive of that of Ireland. No doubt, that of the present year will be found much greater. But the drain must increase very much, *and continue*, to check very materially the growth of our strength, or even of our population. Against the likelihood of its continuance is the probability that, with increase of the population of the gold colonies, the extraordinary inducements which now present themselves there will diminish; and the still greater probability that the working of our own new system of commercial freedom will lessen the pressure at home on numbers who would otherwise have been disposed to go. The Emigration Commissioners already apologize for their delay in finding suitable emigrants for Australia, by saying (p. 21):—"In most parts of Great Britain the labourers were generally so well off that they were little inclined to leave home, and their richer neighbours little anxious to get rid of them."

It is worth consideration whether to send our people away, by the aid of artificial inducements, more rapidly than they would naturally go, is really the best mode of dealing with our increase. Emigration, although perhaps not a positive evil, may be, as a lesser good, a comparative one. The choice,—for the limited extent to which the government can exercise a choice,—lies between employing our people at home, and sending them for employment abroad. Hitherto, the former has been so difficult as to suggest recourse to the latter; but the removal of arbitrary obstructions (nearly all a government can do, beyond providing justice) has already much diminished that difficulty; and if our industrial courage were but equal to rendering India available in full and due measure, (which is perfectly practicable,) that difficulty would probably entirely disappear. Now an Englishman in the colonies, on the average, employs us, that is, takes goods from us, only at the rate of about 2*l.*, or, in the most favourable instances, only at that of 4*l.* or 5*l.* per head per annum; say from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per week; all else he wants is provided on the spot, or, in small part, obtained

from other countries. Although at this rate he is by far the best customer we have beyond the seas, we can scarcely believe that in this comparative view every strong and independent emigrant is not a loss to us; it is, however, quite true that many a man is lifted from abject poverty, and rendered a customer to us by emigration, who, but for it, would never have been a customer of any appreciable value.

The 2*l.* per annum, however, which the colonist disburses in England, goes chiefly to the manufacturer; the loss of his consumption falls chiefly on the landed interests. The emigration question is, in fact, one of competition between the owners of land in Britain and the facilities for well-doing offered by unappropriated or thinly-peopled lands abroad; and also between the government of England and the governments, colonial or foreign, abroad. It seems not a little strange that they who most of all depend for accustomed profits on the density of the population—viz., the landowners and governing classes of England—should have been the most anxious to send away the people.

It is, indeed, one of the services which mechanical science has done, however unintendedly, to social progress, that facility and cheapness of communication are bringing all lands into the arena of competition. The German peasant or artificer escapes from the political tyranny or industrial restraints of his own country, with an alacrity quite equal to that with which our own unemployed poor have sought the uncrowded communities of the south and west. Governments, landowners, and employers, all who are fixed to the soil of any particular land, have now a new element to deal with; and it is only by justice and moderation equal at least to those to be had elsewhere, that they can escape desertions, less stunning, indeed, than a revolution, but far more difficult to deal with, and far more fatal to their power. Now that, to a considerable extent, men can practically choose under what government they will live, it will be madness in those who affect to govern to blind themselves to the necessity of conforming, however unwontedly, to the new conditions of the market.

Emigration and colonies may have their accidents, and at different special times their different special facts; but they do not derive their existence and vitality from schemes of governments. The vigour of our colonising progress arises evidently from other causes, and not from any remarkable excellence in our colonial system. Our people go to confront the forest or the

savage because they must or will go, and not because the government makes it particularly pleasant or even easy to do so. To reach his new home, indeed, the government, if he be poor, professes to give the emigrant some assistance. But, like everything else which falls into the hands of a government for its management, this proffered aid seems woefully spoilt in the giving. In many cases it is not available at all, and in many others the emigrant had far better trust to his own manly breasting of the stream, than swim against it with these official bladders, which hinder at least as much as they sustain him. Nor can it be doubted that with the exceptions of children and some classes of females, most of those who need help to reach a colony, are amongst the least likely to be serviceable there.

We have sometimes been urged to *systematic* colonisation—just as though any power of ordering the numbers, route, destination, or pursuits of our people, would not be altogether alien, and of another order of thought, from that on which our peculiarities, our glory, our progress, and even our existence depend; or as if such battalionising could or ought to stand for a moment, for more than a cobweb before the right worshipful wilfulness of true humanity. Of late indeed we have heard little of systematic colonization: its advocates are now alarmed at the vastness of the stream which fills and overflows the channel into which they would have pumped a regulated rill. Probably these who so distrust justice and charity, nature and providence, will next be heard calling aloud for some arbitrary legal sluice to stop the current.

We colonise by the innate force of tendencies, which need only suitable external natural circumstances to give them opportunity of effect. Some of the hopeful place their brightest visions abroad; and some of the downcast seek to leave behind them the land of their sorrows. They who wish for activity may look for it beyond the ocean; and they who wish for quiet may, with equal reason, try to find it there. The father has to provide for his children; the young have the world before them. The thousand embarrassments of the smoothest and most thriving community inflict bruises and abrasions on some who wish to escape from the crowd; and prosperity itself only furnishes means to the sanguine for attempting elsewhere to be still more prosperous. Even if the world were of equal comfort everywhere, there would not be wanting frequent motives to change; how much more then, when industrial conditions vary as they do at every remove, and the differ-

ing temperaments or capabilities of men find so many grateful resting-places of hope, so many appropriate fields of action? It is neither by forethought or counsel of governments that men are impelled to fill up the void places of the habitable earth, however governments may have their duties in relation to the movement; nor is it by deep calculation for the public good that individuals so seek each his own advantage, however in so seeking each may really advance, as he could not otherwise advance, that public good. Where governments have colonized in all the marshalled pomp of wisdom, their works have been puny and decrepit, or have otherwise failed: where the strong though sorrowing heart has carried its own destinies to other and wilder shores, the tear-watered acorn it has committed to the earth has become the sheltering oak of many generations. The best of our own early colonists fled from governments in England too hateful to them, or too careless of them, to be asked for more than leave to tread the soil of the wilderness (a leave commonly sold to them), the consequent duties of the government to the new community being rarely considered, and as rarely fulfilled.

Before we enter on the chief questions suggested by the perplexities and failures of our colonial government, let us briefly estimate the extent to which our colonizing tendencies have carried us. Our colonists, spread over large continental tracts, or dotted over many seas, possess a population which is probably somewhat over-estimated at five and a half millions: perhaps half of these are British in birth or pure descent, and half of various indigenous or mingled races. The British element exists in very different proportions in the different colonies, being generally large and preponderating in the temperate, small but controlling in tropical climates. Ceylon (if it may be called a colony) contains 1,500,000 inhabitants; British North America about 1,750,000 inhabitants; the West Indies and tropical America less than 1,000,000; the Cape of Good Hope not 200,000; and Australia, with Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, perhaps by this time 500,000 souls. The rest are distributed over our other scattered possessions, chiefly in the Mediterranean Sea. These loose figures may serve, in the absence of the recent and specific information requisite for more exact statements. For comparison, we may say that as to numbers (carefully and broadly distinguished from wealth, morals, and intelligence), Ceylon has as many inhabitants as the West Riding of Yorkshire; and Bri-

tish America as many as Lancashire. The West Indies and tropical America do not overmatch the counties of Cornwall and Somerset united; the Cape of Good Hope, which costs us so much in wars, is not equal in population to Leicestershire, and is far its inferior in wealth; Australasia, including New Zealand, may rank with Norfolk; and the rest, all taken together, are hardly equal to a couple of medium English counties. Or, to put the matter in another view, the population of our colonies, British, mixed and native, is less than that of the presidency of Bombay, leaving 95,000,000 in the vast territories of India unbalanced; or it is about one-fifth of the home population of Great Britain and Ireland.

These colonies take from us goods of the value of nine or ten millions sterling per annum, including, however, some considerable amount of re-exports. This is about as much as we sell to four times the population of the United States, and almost twice as much as we export to the one hundred millions of India. They vary much in the rate at which they consume British goods; but we may say in general, that while each inhabitant of India employs us at the rate of 1s. 1d. per annum, of South America at that of 8s. per annum, and of the United States at 10s. per annum, each inhabitant of a British colony affords us employment at the rate of nearly 2l. per annum. This greater rate is calculated from the entire population of every class; but the consumption of British goods is no doubt chiefly due to persons of British birth or descent. Our trade with Ceylon varies little in its character from that with India, and is kept at an extremely low point by much the same causes; while our exports to British North America reach nearly to the general average of 2l. per head per annum, and those to Australia are much higher still.

It is not, however, from these figures, or from the present magnitude of the colonies, or of any of their interests, that we can draw true measures either of their real value to ourselves, or of the gravity of the questions which will necessarily arise out of the connexion. The whole of our former North American colonies, now constituting, as far as they go, the United States, contained in 1700 not a greater population than now inhabits our Australian dependencies, say 400,000; in the middle of the century they had reached to 1,000,000; at the time of the separation from Great Britain, 1783, they approached to 3,000,000, or, perhaps, half the population of the whole of our present colonies taken toge-

ther. They are now 23,000,000. Every considerable cause which has operated to increase the population of the countries now forming the United States, with some in addition, is likely to operate to equal effect in the case of our present colonies. Australia itself is practically not more distant, and is certainly much better known to our industrial population now, than the continent of North America was fifty years ago. Gold now beckons on the adventurous, while only reclaimable woods, or virgin prairies, offered formerly the principal inducements. Multitudes now seek from the down-trodden countries of Europe the freer rule of the Anglo-Saxon, whether under the crown of England or the stars of America, who last century bore the iron yoke of a decrepit feudalism, in hereditary and unawakened submission.

In twenty years, therefore, or in ten, we shall probably have not strippling communities, but strong states to deal with. In 1783, the United States were able to separate from us, they numbering 3,000,000, and we 13,000,000. Our colonies have now not quite 6,000,000, and we are 27,000,000. They have not, indeed, the advantage of mutual contiguity, and, therefore, of acting together, which the Americans had; nor have they that local military organization and experience which the Americans had been left to acquire; but, in other respects, they are equally capable of becoming independent; and, in one important circumstance, the chance of effecting such a change is greater now than then: public opinion in England long supported the British government in its contest with the Americans, but it certainly would not now endure either the cost of a serious contest with colonists on doubtful grounds, or even the putting of a severe strain on admitted principles to their serious umbrage. If we are to retain any supremacy over our colonial congeners, it cannot now be by force; it can only be by a just and judicious working out of concurrent interests, through a clear appreciation and admission of common rights.

It is, indeed, a disputed point whether England gains or loses by her colonial empire. Strict economists, reasoning from tangible interests alone, say that we should be as well without it; others, professing to take a wider view of the subject, affirm, that it brings us many advantages besides those which can be computed, and that these incomputable advantages turn the scale greatly in its favour. This seems to be one of many questions of which the determination gives us little control over events. Profitable or not, as we have seen,

we shall have colonies, by force of tendencies which do not wait for calculation of public effects, unless, indeed, we abandon principles held sacred by every civilized community, and which are not less essential to our own coherence and mutual confidence as a people at home, than to the case of our fellows who form colonies abroad. All that seems to be left to us is to inquire into the true nature of colonial relations, and to conform in practice to what we may thus learn.

It is not the termination of former disputes, nor even the surrender on our part of the points on which they turned, that will afford us immunity from future disagreements. Time evolves new and unanticipated questions, and some old ones may be taken up reversely by former disputants. Some questions are still obscure; many, probably, are not yet raised. Without going over our whole colonial experience for examples, we may gather enough for our present purpose of caution from the history of the main question on which, ostensibly at least, our American colonies separated from us.

The important communities which now form part of the United States, had ever admitted, while they were British colonies, the right of the British Parliament to bind them; and to the authorities in England they often appealed in their internal disputes, as well as for external defence. Amongst other powers which they acknowledge to reside in the parliament, was that of regulating, restricting, and limiting their commerce. However they might complain of the pressure, or however, as in Sir Robert Walpole's time, their irregularities might be judiciously connived at, they never denied the right of parliament to impose such laws upon them;—but they resisted to the death the attempt to tax them. Commerce was restricted, and manufactures, to a great extent prohibited; but they took such relief as smuggling could afford, without any serious constitutional questioning of the power under which they were suffering.

The men who resisted to blood and severance a tax too light for any purpose but a test of principle, sanctioned by recognition, when not by obedience, restraints which crippled and embarrassed the whole course of their industry. The loftiest claims of parliamentary supremacy in the regulation of trade, and the most selfish exclusiveness of manufacturing jealousy, were often found side by side in England with the most energetic denial of the right of parliament to tax the colonies. The same strange association of contraries was equally found in

the colonies themselves; and they who bowed, however stiffly, to the law which in necessary effect deprived them of 50*l.*, rose in deadly indignation against the tax which took from them but a poor five shillings.

Now, if we compare the state of opinion then prevailing with that of the present time, we can hardly fail to be struck with the change in the relative importance assigned to these two questions. Except, perhaps, amongst the more constant or least reflecting of the protectionist remnant, there are few now who will not assert that assurance of commercial freedom is at least as important in its effect on the general welfare, as perfect formal constitutional immunities in respect of taxation; and some will assign to it by far the greater weight. To have given up the right of taxing the colonies, supereminent as the question once seemed, is now by no means a security against the recurrence of differences as fatal to the colonial relation as those which separated from us the United States; and while growing experience and new interests work irresistible changes in public opinion both here and in the colonies, we are concurrently warned by this pregnant instance that whole classes of questions may arise whose importance we cannot estimate beforehand, and possibly of whose nature we have yet no conception.

It is worth while, in this view, to pursue the American question somewhat further. The colonies were partly settled by, and they received their chief impress from, men who had shared in England in the vehement disputes respecting the taxing power of the crown. Taxation seemed to those generations the great and almost only question of political right; and they who justly resisted the arbitrary imposts of Charles, could see the most violent interferences with industry and private right, as now understood,—nay, they could even endure the remaining existence of personal slavery in England,—without deeming them more than questions of mere policy and regulation. This question was settled at the Revolution in respect of England as against the crown; from the date of that event the public mind was occupied with other matters, until the American disputes revived the debate; and then "taxation without representation," was adopted both in England and America as the great formula of grievance;—just as though a government, whatever its form, may not infringe natural right in many other matters quite as flagrant as in that of taxes, and to far greater practical injury. So tenacious, however, is the vitality of dogma, that to this day an American fires

up at the bare idea of a contribution to common expense under the name of taxes, while he hugs delightedly the chains of his commerce.

To point out the accident by which this pre-eminence was given to the question of taxation, is also to show the unfitness of that question as a test of colonial liberty, and of its settlement as a sufficient cause of colonial contentment. Our kings, who outstretched in expense their dilapidated feudal revenue, sought to govern as they pleased against the will of the opulent classes, who then called themselves the people. To limit the purses of these kings was to limit their power; and hence the prominence of taxation in English domestic politics and English theories of government. But the cause is essentially altered when the power of England over the colonies is considered, instead of the power of the king in the local transactions of England. To refuse the colonial purse to the mother country is not, as in the case of the king, to cut off the resources of evil rule. Those resources may be, and in fact are drawn, in the case in question, from other quarters; and by means of wealth and power thus independent in their origin, immense injustice may be inflicted on the colonies, or any one of them. The check which is effectual in one case, is no check at all in the other. "Taxation without representation" was a formula omnipotent in the American case only by chance; it was really very inferior to the occasion, and moreover somewhat out of place.

"Somewhat out of place;" for, at a period not very long before their own uprising, some of the men most conspicuous in it were parties or witnesses in proceedings at least as incompatible with liberty as "taxation without representation" could be. They suppressed by public force all discussion inimical to the views of the local party in possession of the colonial government at the time;—they had as yet little or no true religious liberty;—they were ever ready to pledge the wealth of their fellow citizens to sustain paper issues lent in great part to favourites, and to murmur at English interference, when this baneful practice was restrained by orders from home;—the separation of the legislative from the executive functions, and the permanence and independence of the judicial authorities, they either did not value, or at least took no care to preserve;—their colonial constitutions, framed very much according to their own views, did not make representation co-extensive with taxation amongst themselves;—in short, in everything but the one matter of taxation, they had no clearer views of liberty,

or no greater care for it, in subjects entirely under their own control, than that which may be supposed to have actuated any British functionary set over them. This, however, is judging them in part by the standard which our own experience, as well as theirs, has since set up; and this reservation is of great importance to our argument.

"Out of place" again,—for the refusal to bear a share of the imperial taxation was in fact a refusal to bear a share of expenses incurred in great part for the advantage of the colonists themselves. They deemed the French at least as much their enemies in America, as England did hers in Europe; and from them they suffered much encroachment and annoyance on their frontiers: moreover, they were as tenacious of questions of boundary even amongst themselves, as any old and aristocratic country could be, and frequently appealed to England in those disputes; much more did they look to England for repression of French intrusions. The war of 1756 was undertaken in great part for that purpose, although after the usual fashion of troublous times, other causes of quarrel soon clustered round the original difference. In this war, which ended in the entire and final deliverance of the colonists from these old and dreaded enemies, England spent some 240 millions sterling; and although the colonists made, in addition, considerable exertions on their own behalf, yet in a case where they had called on a parliament in which they were not represented, for aid which was rendered them at vast expense, it can hardly be said that they had the most fitting occasion for the assertion of the traditional dogma which limited taxation to the extent of the representation. And so it seems the public of England at that time thought; for, smarting with unaccustomed burdens, they supported, through the mere impulse of common sense, the ministries who successively endeavoured without effect (and certainly, indeed, with little of either skill or kindness) to obtain some adequate contribution from those who had been specially benefited by the outlay. It might not be technically constitutional, but it at least looked just and natural, that, represented or not, the colonists should assist in paying for what they had so earnestly solicited, and then so largely enjoyed; and no doubt, but for the influence, as in all other cases of violent disagreement, of exasperating incidents, foreign in nature to the original difference, the dispute would have been settled on rational grounds.

Yet the Americans had their side of the question also; for there was no amount of interference with their liberties which might not be rendered easy, if the imperial govern-

ment were permitted to tax the people of the colonies at its pleasure. It is true the British parliament was admitted to be supreme in legislation; but this theoretical power of controlling the internal economy of the colonies, as well as their external relations, was checked by the impossibility of obtaining funds for executing unpopular measures, except by taxing the people of England, who would thus be stirred to take (advantageously for the colonies) a part in the dispute; but if unlimited funds could be drawn from the colonies by the power of the same distant parliament which claimed to legislate for them, there seemed to be no limit to the control which might be exercised where the colonists had no voice but that of half-informed, irregular, and fleeting political friends, or of agents who had no arena in which, of *right*, to debate their case on facts as they arose.

Moreover, if the case of the colonists was incongruous and imperfect, it was not, as far as it went, untrue. They had much to learn, of which, like their English cotemporaries, they were yet unconscious. The co-extensiveness of taxation and representation, if not the chief or exclusive mark of free government which it then seemed, is at least one principle amongst those of which any sufficient and permanent system of government must eventually come to be composed; and if practical liberty, as affected by the colonial authorities themselves, was scarcely so far advanced at that time in the colonies as even in England, still the energetic practical use, on so great a scale and with so conspicuous a result, of the one chief lesson they had up to that time learned, was the best possible beginning of the advance which America has since made in further principles of freedom, and of that in which England itself has proceeded, to the same intent, with more than equal steps.

Deducing from these facts no moral disparaging to the revolutionary fathers of our transatlantic compeers, we draw from them an emphatic caution to ourselves. Neither similarity of race, nor close personal connexions widely ramified through both countries, nor a strong party in favour of the pretensions of the mother country, nor, in some views, the obvious justice of those pretensions, nor a near agreement in general principles of government, nor a strong disinclination to separate existing at the beginning of the contest,—none of these things, nor all of them, sufficed to withstand the disruptive forces which a single question and its concomitants brought into play. We can hardly, indeed, attribute the effect to that one question: much more likely does it seem that the interference of England

with the trade and manufactures of the colonies, ever felt in detail as a wrong, though formally admitted as constitutional in the gross, gave to separation its reconciling advantages. The perpetual galling of even recognised authority, in matters which the inner sense of men assures them no such authority should trammel, is sure to obliterate in time the outward acknowledgment of merely conventional powers.

Sentimental influences, respectable and potent in their way, did still less than substantial interests to preserve the unity of the empire. Loyalty to the crown (once as rife in America as in England), the dignity of forming part of the wide-spread British dominion, the hereditary glory of arms or literature, identity of tongue or community of science,—these may either be so far preserved under new circumstances as to offer little impediment to separation, or they will give way before grievances and interests, real or supposed, which affect men's actual affairs. They have all given way under pressure, and we may expect them to give way again.

The American revolutionary war, indeed, left on our colonial system traces of its action too deep to be disregarded. Yet these, instead of securing us against dissension, seem rather likely to promote it, only in a contrary sense. We have given up the power of taxing the colonies, but we retain the obligation of defending them; and, it is no unreasonable question for the Lancashire spinner or the Kentish farmer to ask, why he and his fellows are to pay for defending the Cape Territory from Caffres, or for preserving fishing bays for the Canadian against the Yankee. Where is the community of interest to require community of cost? Nay, what is the speciality of interest on the side of the English taxpayer, that on him should be laid the chief or only contribution? Questions like these, acquiring magnitude and weight from the extension of the colonial interests to be defended, can hardly fail, if left unanswered, to lead the mother country to seek a separation, rather than, as heretofore, the offshoot.

From experience, then, we have not yet elicited the devices which may hold a colonial empire together. On questions already debated, we may have, as on slavery and transportation, complete transformations of opinion or reversals of interest. The unfoldings of the future may confront us with questions not yet encountered, perhaps of kinds not yet even imagined. All hope of governing the colonies by formulæ seems futile, while practical statesmen of every party fail in the oft-tried task. The Whigs

lost us America notwithstanding their principles,—the Tories must have lost it by the very virtue of theirs. Both Whig and Tory, probably acting with unimpeachable intentions, alike leave in Downing-street the memorable marks of their colonial failures.

If a course of policy has so long been fruitful chiefly in disappointments, while the great stream of progress on which it attends has derived its strength mainly from other causes, it cannot be too soon to review our principles, and to ask whether there be not some active fallacy, or the omission of some necessary truth, at the bottom of all this. Where we have failed, it may be, for anything we yet know, as much from what we have neglected as from what we have done. Our object, then, should be to examine the subject in its more general aspects,—to ascertain, if we can, what is the relation which ought to subsist between England and her colonies,—what the influences affecting that relation,—and what the ultimate results to which that relation ought to lead.

What are the rights and duties of a British emigrant colonist? We mean not those which may happen to be defined or confused by acts of parliament, or by decretals of any kind, but those naturally attaching to him. It is altogether in vain to appeal on such questions to what has been enacted or commanded. Universal tendencies disregard all such restraints, except as mere hindrances; and in the end they break down, or break through, every law which is not merely a means or channel for the better exercise of some natural right.

The converse of the question just put is, what is the nature and extent of our obligation to defend the colonies, and the rights which entitle us to interfere in their concerns? To this question we have already, in one sense, adverted; but we may here ask, if America were to divert her Japanese expedition to the attack of Port Philip, why ought we to take up the quarrel? and why should Jamaica or Newfoundland be exposed to the hazard of invasion in a war following an outrage at the antipodes? Or if New Zealand and South Australia, in their future pride of youth, should choose to quarrel with each other, what empowers or requires us to be the umpire? Questions like these—never without importance—can hardly fail to become of serious moment. While colonies are small and weak, and the world is in comparative peace, they may sleep; but when these rising nations come to have interests large enough to touch other interests at many debateable points, to be rich enough to be worth the trouble

of aggression, or to think themselves strong enough to indulge in the rash vanity of quarrels with each other or with other states, it may come to be a momentous practical doubt whether, on the one hand, England is bound to protect their interests or to back their ire at her own cost—or, on the other hand, has practical authority enough to keep them out of difficulties and differences of their own creating. So, indeed, the colonies may well ask on their side, whether, if England embroil herself in Europe, are they to bear the penalty of an invaded territory, an interrupted commerce, or severed national connexion?

To say that all this comes of the colonies belonging to the crown of England, is to repeat a dogma which did not hold in unity our former colonial empire; or, at best, it is to give an account of the connexion which is so obscure and metaphorical as to be altogether insufficient for practical guidance. Neither reverence nor romance can now be made to render the abstract homage to the crown a bond capable of resisting the disruptive forces which great interests or passions may again call into play, and to which the wild independence of frontier life imparts its own energy of action.

No doubt the advent of these difficulties will be to some extent postponed, and their urgency mitigated, by an increased spirit of caution and forbearance in the imperial government; and we may hope that the adverse tendency of rude colonial life will be checked by an influx of a British-born population, and of metropolitan ideas, easier and larger than was formerly practicable. But we have still to remember that these are the dangers which have shaken or destroyed every system of European colonisation. We have already shown how much they did towards the severance from us of America; and, besides the chance of unexpected questions arising, we may easily lose Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape, from causes not yet remedied, however in nature they were made patent during the term of our former colonial connexion.

“The natural end of all this,” say some, “is the independence of the colonies. As each colony grows strong enough to disagree effectually with the mother country, it proves by that fact that it is strong enough to take care of itself. Let us not repine that a day will come when Canada and Nova Scotia, the Cape and Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, will be as Carolina, Pennsylvania, or Maine.” Our answer is, that while we look without regret or dismay at any degree of advance by which the colonies may become strong

enough for independence, we are not quite willing that all the good should be sacrificed which better management and a truer following of nature and experience might achieve. Let it be remembered that, since the separation of America from us, we have had a bloody war with our own kindred, we have had imminent risks of repeated quarrels with them, and we have always operating against the chances of peace the chronic, subacute irritation of races, tariffs, party spouting, and diplomacy. Let us remark the yearning for the abolition of war, which grows sick in seeing no practicable substitute for it. Let us count the dangers which come of the coarse immaturity of young and scattered communities. Let us imagine how many struggling tribes, beyond those of our own kindred, would welcome, as their life, a combination in which they could peacefully and freely grow out of their own oppressive and hereditary barbarism into our civilization and light. And then let us ask ourselves whether it is not at least worth some effort to lay in our own colonial dominion the basis of the first confederation in which strong-handed peace and perfect equality shall be the joy and defence of all ends of the earth alike; whether that and more, which the Union is for the several sovereign states of North America, may not be provided for states as numerous and mighty as they, and better fitted by their dispersion—perhaps even by their principles—to influence the rest of the world for good; and whether any means of accomplishing these great objects is likely to arise at all comparable to the federalisation of the British colonies. And if, after a careful survey of the case, we can draw a line through our own past footsteps of constitutional progress which shall run forward, beyond our present most advanced point, so as to guide the adventurous design through the great difficulties which might beset it, why should we hesitate to enter on so beneficent, though so anxious a task? If there be a chance of light enough by which to see our way, it must be in carefully, but comprehensively, looking at the great natural principles which rule the case, and in applying our experience to the using of them.

We return, then, with redoubled interest, to the natural relations of the colony and the mother country. They are doubtless to be determined primarily by the fundamental principle that protection and allegiance are reciprocal. But protection and allegiance have their practical limits, although the law or crown of England claims an allegiance indefeasible on the part of the subject by any act of his own. The pro-

tection of the government cannot follow an Englishman into the wilds of Africa, nor will a strong colonial community obey the imperial authority where a general feeling prevails against its rule. It would be interesting to follow up this subject by inquiring into the just extent of these limits, and not the less so because governments commonly evade or fulfil their side of the reciprocity (which ought to bind both parties with equal strictness) according to political or party convenience at the time. We must content ourselves, however, with a very few general remarks.

The principle on which the incidence of law is determined is by no means everywhere alike. The nomadic system, that of the lowest and rudest communities, carries the law with the tribe wherever it may go. The fixed system makes all liable to one uniform law who dwell or come within a certain geographical boundary: this is the usage of the most advanced societies. There is a third or mixed system in which each tribe or section of the population within the general geographical limit has its own law; this prevails where, as in India, there have been repeated superventions of different races, or there are strongly marked social or religious divisions of the same race; and it is also found where the political power being weak or depraved, universal law has no energy, so that the needful protection of individuals is left to the imperfect and partial operation of the social powers. None of these meet the requirements of the present case, which is that of a man leaving his own country of fixed law to betake himself to another. If the other be one of fixed law also, he is amenable to its authorities while within its limits; but then that is not colonizing. If he, with his fellows, plant himself where there is no law, or confessedly insufficient or inappropriate law, how does he stand with his former associates? Clearly, if they follow him with protection, and he accept it, he is bound thereby to his former obedience, within whatever constitutional limits it might have been circumscribed. But whether they will so follow him, or he so accept protection, depends on other considerations.

The national relation, essentially different from that of the family, is, in fact, a conventional and not a necessary one; and hence, by the way, the non-appearance of patriotism, in its ordinary sense, in the catalogue of Christian virtues. That is, a man remains just as much and truly a man, with all the powers, susceptibilities, duties, and enjoyments of a man, although he change his national connexion. Their is neither self-



reproach, nor occasion for it, in a change of citizenship on sufficient prudential grounds; and communities of men, even of identical origin, will not separate or unite politically, except with some view to advantage, as they understand advantage. For what benefit, then, does England undertake the protection of the colonies, or the colonies conform to the policy and share the risk of the entire empire?

No doubt, the merely personal purposes of the authorities of the day—or, at best, fallacious advantages sought in the interest of some classes at home—were long the objects for which England was induced by her leaders to keep up a colonial empire; and so long as these surreptitious objects gave character to our proceedings, a continual accumulation of discontents might well prepare the colonial mind for final separation. We may now, however, set aside such considerations, in favour of the very probable operation of more honest as well as more general views; and, so far, we may hope that dissolution is not the necessary end of colonial increase.

If the whole world were proceeding on one system of policy—open, equal, and free—it would be perfectly supererogatory for any one state to care for extending its influence: for no merely municipal differences, in a system so radically uniform and stable, could affect the practical exercise of those rights of humanity in general, security in which every state is bound, within limits, to provide for its members. Nor, wherever a citizen went beyond the bounds of incidence of his own law, could there be anything in other law to injure his own just interests, or those of his compatriots in connexion with him. If the radical principles of France were like those of England, it would be a matter of no importance to us whether England or France had colonies: for we could travel in, reside in, deal with one just as well as the other. But since very different principles of policy prevail in different states, and with different races, we have to consider the effect of abandoning distant communities, springing from ourselves, to the influence of systems different from our own, forced on them perhaps against their will, before we decide on ridding ourselves of risk and trouble by giving up our colonial connexions. One fact may show the importance of this view, even to our own material interests, and that in a case where highly favourable circumstances of other kinds have probably reduced the effect to a minimum. The United States, with twenty-three millions of inhabitants, take from us goods to the amount of twelve or thirteen

millions sterling, say ten or eleven shillings per head per annum; the inhabitants of British North America, numbering about one million and three quarters, are our customers to the amount of about three millions sterling, or nearly two pounds per head per annum. There is little besides difference of public policy to account for this difference in our dealings with the two countries. If the United States had been comprehended with ourselves within the same system of free commercial policy for any considerable period, they would probably have dealt with us to the same extent as our own American colonies—or to the amount of forty-five or forty-six millions—and that as much to their advantage as to ours.

It is true that under varying systems of restrictive and artificial commercial policy little advantage is to be predicated of association with any of them; but, in the free system of England, everything is to be gained by comprehension, or rather by preventing the exclusion in which other systems consist. Free trade, so far from leading to the dissolution of our colonial connexions, should lead to the confirmation of them, until perfect freedom of commerce is secured by the common consent and judgment of mankind.

The advantages afforded by allied bodies, actuated by a like general polity, with whatever municipal differences, are as great to many individual members of the parent body as to the interests of that body more generally considered. They afford a resort free from the difficulties which old countries appear to many to present to them, and, what is much more important as well as more nearly true, they supply that variety of circumstance and occupation which gives the best chance for the right use and exercise of the varied qualifications of different men; and the reserved consciousness that there are lands, under the same general law and participating in the same general influences, where new and unworn fields may give labour, competency, and quiet to the unfortunate or the oppressed at home, favours greatly the growth of that sturdy though not irregular independence of personal character which is indispensable alike to individual happiness and sound natural strength. But a different general policy restricts to narrow limits the advantages which would induce the members of a more advanced community to share in the labours and difficulties of one less matured. Few Englishmen settle in Egypt, fewer still in Morocco or Pegu, and not many even in the slave states of America. The smallness of our numbers in India, notwithstand-

ing our political pre-eminence there, seems to be occasioned by the still preponderating influence of native principles, much more than by any adverse peculiarity of climate. If there were many Englishmen in some African or Asiatic countries, we should probably be compelled either to abandon, in respect to them, the duty of protection and its correlative allegiance, or to wage almost continual war on their account. The degree in which our colonies attract our countrymen more than those countries do, is to be attributed, in great part, to a similarity of policy which, because it is attractive, or, in another word, advantageous to them, is of great importance to be preserved.

If the tendency to travel, to colonize, or in some way or other to seek advantages abroad, be as natural and irrepressible as we conceive it to be, there can be no escape from the duty of protecting our people in it, as in the exercise of any other just and lawful tendency;—no escape, that is, except by renouncing at the same time, the fealty. If one man exercise his industry at home in gratification of his love of home, and another exercise his abroad in equally laudable gratification of his love of novelty or adventure, the two men have obviously an equal right to protection, if equal obedience be required of them; and to refuse it to one man beyond the local bounds of home, is to bring doubt on its being made available to any other, however beneficial to great general interests his wandering may be. To claim redress for Mr. Mather at Florence, and to protect our New Zealand colonists, are but different forms of the same duty, and both arise from general principles, which if damaged in application in one case are seriously imperilled in the other. Are we so independent of external relations that we can afford to shut ourselves up like Japan? or must we take the risks as well as the advantages attendant on our people scattering themselves for innumerable purposes, and in every variety of connexion, over the face of the earth?

If our people, in going abroad, are denied our protection, they will defend themselves, and we can have no right to restrain them. Under the cover afforded by this irregular exercise of an undoubted natural right, may easily grow up a state of lawless violence. It is not very easy to divest ourselves of obligations towards other states, in respect of those who go out from us and bear our name. If an ill-conducted body of Englishmen were to establish themselves on an island in the Pacific, we might have some difficulty of ridding ourselves practically of

responsibility for their acts towards others, however little we might have had to do with them; and our own doctrine of an infeasible allegiance would of course be made to fix on us, still more firmly, the natural liabilities of the case. We have then to consider, not whether we will have colonies or not, but under what arrangements we shall retain so much of the duties of a continuing relation with our errant members, as will entitle us to an effectual exercise of its rights.

Whatever weight may be given to each of these separate considerations, their concurrence seems to show that we are not wrong when we follow the general tendency of advanced communities, in retaining within our political system those bodies of our fellow-countrymen who seek their subsistence, fortune, or pleasure, abroad. But to render such a connexion of any value to the parent state, or its members, the same general principles of legislation and policy must pervade the whole system and every part of it, however widely dispersed; and the constitutional arrangements must afford the means of promoting, if not ensuring, this identity of principles and purpose in all the details, as well as in the great measures of every separate subordinate government. All the advantages, for the sake of which the parent state involves itself in the affairs of the dependency, flow from this identity of views, and can flow from nothing else; and all the responsibilities of the central state, and through it of all the colonies, towards other states, require that each member of the confederacy conform practically to the general course. How this is to be reconciled with the just power and independent influence of the local legislatures is one of the chief problems of the case.

If the central state find advantages in maintaining a colonial system, no less do colonies profit by keeping up an intimate connexion with their original stock. A newly-settled colony is necessarily weak and defenceless; the allied force of a powerful cognate community is the ready and natural resource of such a body. That such a safeguard may not be needless, even in the nineteenth century, we may easily conceive by imagining the piratical invasion of Cuba to have alighted on Jamaica, or the swoop of the Gallic bird, eagle or cock, which once fell on Tahiti, to be directed, as it might with equal justice, and much more equal temptation, on New South Wales.

The immigration of denizens of the older country contributes too obviously to the prosperity of a colony to be obstructed, or for any measures tending to its encouragement to be

intentionally neglected. But a colonist is, perhaps, not in the best position for estimating aright the force of the circumstances which may discourage immigration, or the value of the principles which a large immigration from the more cultivated mother country would strengthen in the colony. A colonial community, of which a great proportion is ever in contact with savage or semi-savage tribes, is necessary lower and coarser in moral feeling, and in regard both for natural rights and for the artificial regulation and protection of them, than are the members of an older, more settled, and more quiet national body. Habits of feeling, and, what are much dependent on them, habits of thought, are mainly influenced by the facts of daily life; and they who have often to repel the attacks or circumvent the craft of the savage,—they who, with little of the refining influences of society, literature, or religion, are every day exercising and strengthening their own hardihood on the very edge of the wild world they are continually pushing before them,—these are not the men to agree spontaneously, in spirit and detail, with a legislation dictated by the advanced but subdued experiences of the central community. And yet, if these more advanced experiences be not listened to,—if the savage have not his trial instead of the prompt, though, perhaps, just revenge of the bloodhound and the rifle,—if men are not led, even at the frontiers, to hope for something from the success of kindness, forbearance, and moral example,—if patience have not her share in the work as well as courage, there can be no alternative between the extermination of the black man, and the recession of the white; neither can the colony, in the general tone of its morals and legislation, afford to such a metropolitan emigrant as is best fitted to serve colonial interests, a sufficient inducement to encounter the really inevitable ills of colonial life.

Nor is contact with savagery the only influence which deteriorates colonial feeling: mere sparseness of population, which plentifulness of land always induces in a colony, contributes to the same effect. A scattered people soon lose the impress of the advance to which men in denser bodies stimulate each other, and for which combination and matured resources can alone provide the means; unchecked by censure, men begin to indulge in what they would not otherwise have ventured on, and soon set up for themselves a new and inferior standard.

The power of opinion, little believed in and almost always undervalued, stands for least of all, perhaps, in the estimation of a member of a young and scattered colony. Force and authority are his daily resort, and he knows

of no influences which are soft and noiseless while they are also great. He may despise opinion as a social force, but how great its energy he may learn from this: the citizen of Alabama keeps quiet his bowie-knife, and the Italian his stiletto, in the streets of London.

Those considerations seem to afford two practical suggestions. First; since legislation and general policy, in their character and aims, are always what the people are, and a coarse and violent legislation is the most certain of all checks to real and permanent prosperity, the colonist has a strong interest in such an immigration as, by counteracting the unavoidable tendency of colonial circumstances, shall tend to keep up in the colony the tone of moral feeling and the spirit of general intelligence: such an immigration he can only have from the mother country, and only indeed from the best part of even her population. Secondly; as far as legislation and policy are concerned, only agreement in great general principles, and arrangements for their conservation, can work out such a state of things as will offer satisfactory inducements to such an improved and improving immigration from the mother country.

Whether, then, we consider the more patent necessities of defence and advantages of augmented population, or the less obvious, but not less important, considerations connected with the tone and spirit of colonial society and legislation, it appears that the interests of the colony, equally with those of the mother country, require a firm and unvarying concurrence in certain great fundamental maxims of government; and they require, with equal urgency, the establishment of practical means for perpetuating that concurrence, for supervising the application of general principles to the detail of particular measures, and for reviewing the course and objects of the whole confederation.

The necessity for local legislative power has been admitted from our earliest days of colonial enterprise, whether out of deference to the unradicable constitutional predilections of Englishmen, or from conviction of its value as an instrument of practical administration. We may, therefore, with few words, note the necessary incorporation of this element into any system of colonial government. The need of it may be plainly deduced from the discontent with which men of right feelings and true mould must ever view a constant and blundering interference of distant and half-informed officials, in matters of local moment, dependent on local understanding. Conformity to general principles, however, the whole confederated

community have a right to expect; and the interference requisite to this, graduated from urgent discussion to mere remark, except in extreme cases, is all that either prudence or right requires. That this might be necessary, we can easily believe; or if not so easily, the singular step recently taken by one of our colonial legislatures of America, in giving bounties to their fishermen, may well convince us: for although the falling of such a weight on the exclusive resources of the colony, will probably soon lead to the correction of an error so alien to our general policy, the proceeding is still a proof that our colonial legislatures have not yet outgrown the tendency of young communities to the quirks and contrivances of over-legislation. Subject, however, to the supervision requisite for limiting the effects of such aberrations, local legislative authority for local purposes is an essential part of any just and stable system of colonial government and confederation.

Let us look now at the nature and consequences of our present colonial system, and the general character of the remedy required by its admitted inefficiency. At present the condition of most of our colonies is for many purposes little short of independence. It is true that in some matters, apparently relating to imperial or perhaps British interests, we sometimes attempt a control which seems rather to provoke discontent than to answer any valuable purpose; but, generally speaking, the colonies which have local legislatures (and they are the most numerous and important,) govern themselves. They have to a great extent, the power of the purse; they lack only that of arms, (of little importance just now,) to have no other than a merely nominal connexion with the imperial government. As things stand, it would save much, in all but appearances, to declare all the colonies independent at once. A system local in power and effects, while imperial in form and name, can lead only to expectations on the part of the colonies which cannot be fulfilled, and embarrassments in foreign relations in which England and every colony, may suffer seriously for the uncontrollable fault of one. That the system must be changed is evident,—or will England be content to pay for the defence of the colonies, when, as ten years hence, they may number twelve or fifteen millions of souls?

So much of our system as is central, if quite adequate to make the colonists feel the yoke, is evidently insufficient for its just duty. It is not strong enough to govern the colonies for im-

perial purposes; it is not locally influential and well informed enough to decide with acceptance on colonial questions. With British prepossessions, it can bring only knowledge and doctrine to its colonial resolves. If a colony were to choose to depart ever so widely from the principles of imperial legislation, or to adopt any course sacrificing the advantages which the central state has a right to expect from the connexion, there is no power short of parliament which can advise with effect; and parliament, except in matters of local British interest, will not stir for less than political earthquakes. Downing-street, when acting alone, is little more than the titular centre of a weak and embarrassing association, or the incompetent and ever vexing director of interests it can never thoroughly comprehend. Nor is the imperial headship sufficiently adapted to its purpose, when to Downing-street we add parliament. Much, both for good and ill, is done respecting the colonies which, being in detail, cannot come before parliament at all; but which may lay up an ever increasing store of adverse consequences. A few greater, or perhaps only more pungent questions, force indeed their way to our senate, as, for instance, a New Zealand constitution, or the trickery of a New Zealand company, a Caffre war, Australian gold finding, or Cape Town resistance to our system of transportation; but, even in respect of these, it is only a small share of the attention of 654 gentlemen, and 450 or 460 lords, who have much else of all sorts to do, that can be devoted to them; and that little runs many risks of not being devoted to them at all. Next to Indian questions, none are so unwelcome to parliament as those which affect the colonies.

It is not in a few great embarrassments which parliament will take up, that the danger lies; but in that ever coming business of common interests and administration, which, if not adjusted as it occurs, in accordance with the universal feeling of right, sets up a chronic disturbance in many minds of which the greater political occasions are only the crises. It is true, we are most struck with the cure of a raging evil, or the surrender or settlement of some great dispute; but it is much more in the noiseless rectifications and *prévoiant* order of current affairs, that the real value of government is to be found. Our head or limbs remind us of their existence only when disordered, and not during the happy play of activity and health: so also a government is best fulfilling its functions when we forget its powers in the established

enjoyments of its results: the great occasions of its being remembered are for the most part the marks and consequences of its own errors. Parliament it is true, deals with the crises of our colonial affairs when their imminence can no longer be ignored; but it did nothing, either by healthful reaction against the disease or by alterative treatment of it, to prevent the separation of the American colonies, or to avert the rebellion of Canada; nor will it probably supply, although it may adopt, the remedy for the ills of Australia or the Cape. Parliament, except as a sovereign arbiter, seldom to be called on, is a most unfitting instrument of colonial government.

The colonies have their full reason for complaint as well as England. We have already shown that they are subjected to a rule which is necessarily meddlesome without being efficient, and intimate without being well informed. Met with a semi-alien treatment in the offices of the imperial government, they are called on for a full obedience; and when they complain of removable ills, flowing from imperial determinations, they find they have no hearing except through importunity within the walls where reform awakens its latest echoes, or by favour of some painstaking patriot who speaks for them, by favour, where a thousand voices are struggling for equal audience. Disheartened, if not disgusted, they remember they once were Englishmen, and they fear to believe the time must come when they can be Englishmen no more. The constitution, slowly expanding to the necessities of successive ages, has not yet opened widely enough to receive them, and the solemn question now waiting for solution is,—will it receive them before they must otherwise retire?

But what is the occasion of these complaints?—complaints equally urgent, equally reasonable, and equally without necessary foundation on both sides? The British people have no lack of right national fraternity towards their brethren of the colonies. Parliament is not hostile or even cold; it is only over-occupied in its attention and forestalled in its feelings. Even the Colonial Office has no ill-will in the matter, nor is it for a moment to be suspected of corruption; its most sluggish or most opinated inmates have no worse faults than ordinarily come of the very nature of office, and of long exposure to its influences, where open debate does not continually modify them. Nay, the faults of Downing-street are not such as are exclusively derived from office; they are common to all cases of long continuance in one pent-

up occupation, be it of what kind it may,—not inherent, but accidental and remediable, though potent present causes of estrangement. On the other hand, the colonists of British descent have not lost their love of fatherland. Our constitutional and traditional glories still glow in their thoughts as their own inheritance; our intellectual and moral progress they still delight to share. To call them anything but Britons they deem a libel, and to the same appellation, men of every descent and every hue associated with them, unanimously aspire. What then, in the absence of every symptom, and certainly of every necessary cause of real alienation of feeling, is the occasion of these patent and continually repeated complaints?

The chief occasion we believe to be the absence of a constitutional arrangement for the public discussion in England of colonial questions, under which, like British questions in the British parliament, they can be opened and debated *as of right*. The want of such an arena of discussion is in fact that one defect which essentially vitiates all anti-popular systems of government; and the defect in our own government, in respect of colonial affairs, in their imperial sense, is as real, if not as great, as in those of Russia, Austria, or Turkey, as to every branch of their administration. It may be said, indeed, that the colonies have local legislatures, and that they can resort to parliament. But their local legislatures, however liberal the constitutions under which they exist, are necessarily confined in their powers to local subjects, and are essentially incompetent to deal with the matters external to each colony, or relating to the whole, which threaten the coherency of the body; while to the British parliament the colonists have no such access as will ensure their interests being debated at their time, or their interests represented in their spirit, or with their earnestness and information. It is true, the press is open to them; but the press, like parliament, is subject to a thousand other influences, and encumbered with a thousand other objects: it will admit or exclude colonial or other matters of debate, only as the temper and occupation of the public mind will permit. The quiet but constant pursuance of right, in the spirit of conciliating hope, is evidently not yet provided for in respect of colonial affairs, and can hardly be provided for by any means short of an assembly specially dedicated to them.

We may well believe that such an assembly would effectually remedy colonial discontents, while it filled up an important de-

fect in our own system. The constitutional student has long known that the dissatisfactions and active disorders of our own country have diminished, under equal provocation, just in proportion as the intelligent power and legal right of discussion have been extended. Nor, in the somewhat less important matter of administrative facility, can we fail to observe, with regret, that more than one opening might have led to a settlement of the American contest, without separation or even collision, had a platform existed on which the parties could have met for discussion, *as of right*.

To place representatives of the colonies in the House of Commons, besides being open to objection on British grounds, presents small chance of supplying colonial wants. That body would be as little at leisure, and as little able, then as now, to discuss colonial questions in their requisite variety and detail: nor, for the most part, could representatives of the colonies be more than so many additional spectators of the multifarious struggles on local and often on little matters which now so much engross the time and weary the attention of the legislature. Besides,—a central and supreme authority is wanting, competent to deal finally with general interests and inter-colonial questions, under enlightenment derived from the debates and resolutions of a colonial house, but in a spirit uninfluenced by local feelings, and guided by the richer experience of an older country: and for this purpose, which on great occasions it would well fulfil in the interest of all, it would be necessary to reserve the overruling power of the British parliament.

Such a colonial representative body, however, to be admitted safely into our system, needs to be restricted in its functions to discussion and advice. The necessity of preserving unity in the central authority, the impossibility of admitting a colonial veto on matters of domestic British legislation, the difficulty of separating in all cases between British and imperial subjects, and the danger arising from further increasing the bulk and complexity of our machinery of decree, render it obvious that to give another house a share in the actual power of legislation, would be fraught with risks too great to permit the attempt to be made. But these difficulties disappear, for the most part if not entirely, when the power of the colonial house is limited, as proposed, to the free public discussion of all subjects, and the recording of its views.

Subject to this limitation, however, every proceeding of the British government, and every proposed enactment of the British

parliament, relating to the colonies, together with every act, whether of the legislature or executive of every colony, would be liable to examination. Errors of policy, abuses, extravagance, oppression, failure of duty, or need of improved laws, wherever existing in connexion with colonial interests, would meet with independent denunciation, inquiry, or advocacy, in such an assembly, as well as by that general concurrence in them which could not fail to flow from the investigation of them with all the helps attainable at the central seat of intelligence and of empire, and from habits of concerted action on their basis.

The objection most likely to be made is that such an assembly, being only advisory, will be neglected, insignificant, and therefore inefficient. This, however, is far from having been the result in other instances. Our parliament itself was originally only advisory, as is testified by the form of its enactments still preserved, and by the incidents of its early and middle history. The substantial enacting power has passed, by a very slow transition, from the king to the parliament, and is now as slowly passing chiefly into the hands of that house which was originally far the weakest, the Commons. Our public meetings and our press are only advisory; but the boldest minister shrinks from disregarding them. A council of war is only advisory; but a commander, when once he has consulted it, is under a double necessity of being able to justify any course opposed to its opinion. The councils of our Indian government are in strictness only advisory; but scarcely, for that, less powerful when actually consulted. It would be easy to multiply parallels, political and other. Where no disparagement is implied in the absence of power, and no responsibility for consequences exists if advice given be not followed, men in general are quite willing to fill a position which confers influence, although not accompanied by the actual right to command.

The employment of an advisory assembly has this safety and advantage—the strength of such a body must generally be in proportion to its wisdom and prudence. A despot, although a fool, inspires awe, and therefore obedience, by the magnitude of the immediate consequences of his acts, whatever their folly; but an adviser can earn respect, and therefore power, only by the value of his advice; and an adviser with continued existence, like our House of Commons, gains slowly, in time, the substantial power which it could not at first have wielded to any good purpose, and which would on no terms have ever been directly given to it.

If it prove itself not worthy of this success it sinks, and probably expires. A foolish colonial house could effect no greater harm than a little inconvenience; a wise one would become a second right arm of the empire.

It is true that a merely advisory assembly does not fill up the established formula of constitutionalism: it may, nevertheless, be an institution of great practical value. Liberties are not established by formulæ, although formulæ do good service in their own way. A deliberative assembly of representatives under a constitution commonly fulfils three functions,—it discusses, it counts heads on either side of a question, and it decrees. Of these three functions, an advisory assembly fulfils two; and the remaining one, the power of decree, in whatsoever hands it may be actually lodged, always follows the right exercise of the other two. Even a single reformer, still more an assembly, is amply armed if only he have full liberty and sufficient facilities of discussion.

The colonies represented for imperial purposes in only an advisory assembly, would however have a long noviciate before them. This collective agency exercised in public, it is true, would be from the first a safeguard against gross injustice or neglect, and, so far, a valuable addition to their present apparatus of right; but the colonial mind could only acquire its proportionate weight in the general councils of the empire as time should show its value. Growth would be pre-eminently the principle of such an institution; and the colonies would doubtless be content with the present advantages and attainable influence it would be capable of affording them.

This proposal involves no change different in principle from the several extensions by which our constitution has adapted itself to the growth of our interests. When our commonalty became too important to be overridden by kings and nobles, they were called into council by the institution or enlargement of the House of Commons. When the growing intelligence of the people required it, the full publication of parliamentary proceedings, and the right to discuss them, were conceded. When the colonies grew too extensive to be a part of the charge of one secretary of state, another was appointed to that especial duty. And so on. Change, far from unknown to us, is at least exempt from the charge of novelty or rashness, when it proceeds on principles already tried. A colonial assembly in London, advising the supreme central powers, would be little more than a

revised copy, for modern use, of the rudimentary parliament which supplied the basis of our present legislature. The parallel holds further. Looking forward to the period when the colonies will contain a serious proportion of the whole British population, the alternative is evidently that of suffering them to abandon us one by one, or to admit them, as the people were admitted in the middle ages, to a modified voice in the general councils of the empire.

England may now safely venture on such a measure. We have renounced for ourselves all presumed artificial advantages, and have adopted a policy of simple and equal justice; and although we may have yet but inadequately carried that policy into effect, we have at least rid ourselves of the turmoil and danger attending the complicated bickerings of insatiable factitious interests. In proportion as we approximate to making impartial right the simple standard of our policy, may we admit all parties to counsels which can only have for their object the details by which a purpose so universally and permanently to be approved may be accomplished. Differences there will be; but the great causes of dangerous dissension hitherto revealed by experience our present principles have abolished, or may soon abolish; and we may even now establish a confederation greater, more pacific, and safer at once to those with and without it, than the state of the world has ever before permitted.

The first step towards the establishment of such a confederation is, the indication of the general principles which are to form its bond of similarity and interest, and for the maintenance of which the confederation itself is to exist. A positive definition of the powers and duties of government, *and of their limits*, would doubtless be the natural and most successful basis of such a union; but no such definition yet exists, or at least is sufficiently admitted. We are still defining the powers of government exceptively; cutting off from the ill-understood range and area of government action, those parts in which we find that action to be injurious. The positive, primary, and as we should say *only*, duties of government, are indeed recognised universally to be of such urgency as to obtain admission into every system. If we are not much in error, the exceptive process will continue, until it has cut down the action of government to its positive and primary duties.

Meanwhile the following seem to be the principles which at the present time form the British platform, as distinguished from that of any other country or federation.

Included with them are doubtless some common at once to our system and to some others the nearest in character to our own, but which are required here to define the platform as against different principles in another direction.

1. Fixity of law, and uniformity of its application to all British subjects alike, of whatever colour, race, or religion, and to all foreigners, as to all British subjects, with only the differences required by their different allegiance.

2. Separation of the judicial from other functions, trial by jury, and the independence and inviolability of judges and juries.

3. The right of personal liberty equally secured to all by habeas corpus, without distinction of religion, race, or colour.

4. Subordination of the military to the civil power.

5. Freedom of discussion by printing, writing, and spoken words.

6. Publicity of legislation, justice, taxation, and government accounts, under whatever forms these may be locally effected or administered.

7. Freedom of enterprise, commerce and locomotion, exempt from protective or discriminative duties.

8. Religious equality as to civil rights, eligibilities, privileges, and liabilities of law, together with exemption, in all colonies, from compulsory payments for religious purposes.

9. Permanence and equality of the rights of all British subjects in every part of the empire alike, subject to the local laws.

We have not included representative government amongst the above, for two reasons; 1st, because in fact it is not so much a principle involving immediate practical consequences of government, as a security for the maintenance of accepted principles; and 2ndly, because in some cases, as in that of a young and small colony, or of a non-British community desiring admittance into the confederation, it might not be practicable at first to carry this condition into effect. Under the influence of free discussion, fostered by incorporation into a free political body, and secured by the other principles of the platform, no colony capable of using representative government could fail to obtain it.

The principles just stated carry with them security for all other advance. Time will doubtless evolve other objects as conditions of federation, just as we have gradually established these. Of late years, fresh and striking instances have occurred in the prominence given to religious and commercial freedom. The gradual incorporation of new

principles into the public sentiment, will ensure to them due rank in the considerations which affect the proceedings of the general body and of its permanent head, the central British nation, by the same process that has given fixity and strength to the several principles on which our constitutional liberties at home now depend. We may now proceed to suggest, approximatively, the practical arrangements required.

1. The local constitution of each colony, and its relative position to the imperial government, to be left on their present footing, subject always to such improvements as may be made under the ordinary operation of the new arrangements.

2. An assembly, or colonial house, to sit in London, composed of representatives from every colony, (chosen by their representative assemblies, where such exist,) together with the colonial secretary of state, two under-secretaries, and such other persons, not exceeding one-fifth of the entire body, as her Majesty may appoint. This assembly to be entitled to discuss all colonial subjects, and particularly those which follow, viz. :—

All acts of colonial legislature, and legislative acts of colonial governors, more particular, but not exclusively, during the period reserved for imperial disallowance;

All matters of taxation and expenditure in any and every colony;

All Bills in the British parliament affecting colonial interests, at some certain stage or stages of their progress;

All acts of the executive and judicial authorities in the colonies, in the same manner as acts of the like kind affecting Britain may be discussed in the imperial parliament;

And all motions on colonial affairs made by members, in like manner as on British affairs in the British parliament.

The resolutions of the assembly to be communicated to the Queen's ministers, or to either house of parliament, as the case may be, but to have no other than a declaratory or advisory effect.

3. Supreme authority to reside in the crown and legislature of Great Britain, in all matters requisite for maintaining both the general constitutional law of England and "the platform," where a local legislature or government may have neglected or violated either of them: this authority not to be exercised in respect of legislative acts until after the erring colony has been called



on to discuss the matter complained of in the assembly.

4. Inter-colonial differences, when matters of fact or law, to be adjudicated conclusively by the British tribunals in England, in the same manner as suits or actions between parties; other matters of difference to be determined by parliament or her Majesty's ministers, as the nature of the case may require.

5. Six months residence in any colony to entitle any British subject to local, political, and municipal rights of every kind, in as full a manner as they are enjoyed by the other inhabitants.

6. The chief judicial functionaries to be appointed directly by the crown. Legal processes and adjudications in one colony, not repugnant to the general law of the empire, and certified and approved by sufficient authority in the colony whence they issue, to have effect in every other colony, in manner according to the local law where effect is prayed. Legal practitioners qualified in England, or in any colony, to be eligible in all.

7. Each colony to maintain troops in such proportion to the general force of the empire, as shall be determined by parliament from time to time, after discussion in the assembly. Part of the troops of each colony to be for local, part for general service; each colony to have the right of raising and officering its troops from its own population, so that they be raised, but subject to general regulations for efficiency: the local troops to be embodied under local mutiny acts and regulations, those for general service under the general Mutiny Act of the empire. The officers to be commissioned by the local executive representative of the Queen's government, and those for general service to bear also brevet Queen's commissions of the same rank. The whole to be under the authority of the British commander-in-chief, so as to form one imperial force. The troops for general service to circulate through the empire as British troops, as far as climate and other necessary limitations will permit. Each colony to maintain a naval force also, under regulations analogous to those just described for the army. The troops and ships of each colony to bear the British flag, with a distinguishing device for each on its field.

8. External relations for the whole, and for each part of the confederation, to be under the control of the crown.

9. Where a colony abuts on other territory, its limits, within which the principles are to be kept and the imperial obligations

to run, to be defined, and, if needful, altered from time to time by the Queen in council; and all acts done beyond those limits, to be at the risk of the persons engaged in them.

9. Attack on any point within the defined limits of the empire, to be resisted with the whole force of the empire; and wrong done to any British subject, whether within or without the limits, to be treated in an imperial sense.

10. A colony adjudicated in England to have unjustly offended a foreign power or tribe, to bear the cost of reparation from its own resources, but to be defended from attack except it resist or evade the award.

11. All colonies now under the authority of the British crown to be admitted to the confederation on their sending representatives to a meeting of the assembly convened by her Majesty for a certain day: all who do not send representatives to be liable to severance from the empire, at any time when the imperial authorities shall so determine. In future, communities of British origin or descent, free from other allegiance, to be admitted into the confederation by act of parliament, after declaration of willingness and proof of competency to keep the principles.

12. A colony contumacious after being admitted, to be liable either to coercion, or to expulsion and annulling of its allegiance, as may be determined in the case.

13. Any colony to be at liberty to withdraw on fulfilling all obligations to the British crown, and public obligations to British subjects, up to the date of withdrawal.

These arrangements are suggested merely with the view of showing that no insuperable impracticability exists to defeat the design; the object with which any such are devised must necessarily be to render the empire one in spirit and action, to hold it together only by the conviction of each of its parts of the benefit of the connexion, and, therefore, to combine the necessary unity of imperial counsel and action with the fullest means of discussion and content.

We wish India could be included; we apprehend, however, that there are difficulties enough to prevent it. The case of India is generally misapprehended: it is not so much one of abnormal sociology as one of stunting, stereotyping, mummifying, at an early period of growth: hence, alone, its perplexing strangeness to us. Nevertheless, this very state of the case prevents India at present from being capable of keeping "the platform." And then, its magnitude renders it almost impracticable to influence it sufficiently by any mere teaching or example that can be bestowed

on it, so as to fit it at present for association with our colonies. Nor could its vast interests be rightly discussed in an assembly devoted to colonial affairs. For a beginning, indeed, its presidential cities might have seats in the colonial house until other plans became practicable; but it needs a like representative house of its own, and is well worthy of it.

One point remains;—is it practicable to incorporate with the British empire, on the footing of colonies, tribes of non-British descent and organization? We hopefully believe it is. We entertain, indeed, the conviction, more earnestly than it is commonly held, that the laws and government of every country are always the reflex, moral and intellectual, of its people; and, by the aid of this principle, we conclude that most untrained and unlettered communities would be found incapable of keeping “the platform.” But some who are now struggling against ignorance and adverse circumstances, might, if aided and encouraged, succeed in the attempt; and their success would be the true test of fitness for entering the confederation. It might require in most cases a period of assistance and probation,—in all a period of inquiry; but the vast amount of good so expansive a principle would accomplish, if it could be made practically effective, would justify not a little both of hope and outlay, before the attempt to bring it into action was abandoned. The particular form of the internal constitution of the candidate community need scarcely be an obstruction: for even, in the extreme case of its being a kingdom, a local and subordinate allegiance to a local king is not necessarily incompatible with a supreme allegiance to the British crown, so long as the connexion continues, as the subinfeudations of the middle ages, if we have need of precedents, sufficiently show. Each of these cases however, would require careful consideration on its own merits, and probably a special adaptation of the administrative terms to suit its circumstances. The employment of British advisory commissioners during the period of probation, and perhaps in most cases afterwards, at the request of the native authorities, might prove necessary and sufficient for enabling a willing community, anxious to escape from barbarism, to qualify itself to take and retain a place in our system.

We shall venture, then, romantic as it may seem, to add another to the thirteen foregoing articles of administration, as follows:—

14. Communities of foreign descent to be eligible to admission on terms to be set-

led by parliament in each several case, the general object being security for keeping the principles, and the means ordinarily being the employment by the native authorities, and for their aid, under the direction of the British government, of advisory British commissioners. Continuance in the confederation to be dependent on continued conformity to its principles. Subordinate allegiance to a local king to be held not incompatible with supreme allegiance to the British crown, so long as the colonial relation subsists.

Let us now imagine our colonies so confederated, and the government of India placed on a similar basis. What would be the results? 1st, we apprehend, the admitted evils of our colonial government, with its causes, would be stated, discussed, and remedied. 2nd, The means would be in constant operation of maintaining satisfaction, confidence, and internal quiet in the government, through the constant adoption, in detail, of needful improvements and reforms. 3rd, Taking Great Britain, the colonies, and India together,—140 millions of souls at least,—one-sixth of the earth’s population, would be held in perpetual peace amongst themselves, with an efficient apparatus of arbitration provided against every contingency,—the nearest approach which yet seems practicable to a general abolition of war. 4th, A confederation so varied and extensive in its interests, and presenting so many points at which it might be made to suffer, would be under the strongest inducements to keep the peace towards others, while the overwhelming force at its command would render it extremely unlikely that others should wantonly or hastily attack it. 5th, Indefinite extension might be given to the empire of Britain, without dangerous weakness at the circumference, or overpowering burdens at the centre. 6th, The most advanced and most successful principles of government the world has yet seen might be carried into practice by many communities of our own race, placed so as to influence beneficially by their example the largest populations of the world not included in the confederation. 7th, Through communities less advanced than our own, the direct action of the same principles might be gradually extended far beyond our own power of colonization. 8th, Free and unimpeded intercourse would be established and secured from legal infringement between countries of every climate and every variety of product, under one general system of law, and by right of one pervading citizenship. 9th, A feeling of fraternity, no less than a consciousness of com-

munity of material interests, seems to be the sentiment to animate spontaneously a confederacy whose only object would be to secure impartially the freedom and the rights of all.

Few of our readers would blame us for indulging in the luxury of such anticipations, even if they believed them to be of no stronger stuff than a day-dream. But has not the question, even in its philanthropy, a rational and sober side? Surely the earth is not doomed to everlasting discord! But how is it to be raised and purified? Never did a country hold, in relation to the rest of the world, the position now held by England. It is not a eulogium on ourselves, but a tribute to the influences which have operated upon us, to say that, with all our faults, never was power so extensive held with so strong a disposition to use it beneficially. We are placed by parts, in every region, and at opposite ends of the earth, dispersed yet closely knit, with highly diversified conditions and pursuits, yet of one mind and tradition. Every tribe we touch admits our superiority, and looks to us either in the conscious fear of weakness, or with the brightening hope of participating in our elevation. Have we this high station for nothing? Or shall we not rather hope that some such use of our powers as the federalization of the British colonies, on principles sanctioned by our own constitutional history and experience, may prove one of the means of fulfilling the high purposes for which our pre-eminence has been given to us?

Of the two books whose titles are placed at the head of this article, one is a history of the struggles, vicissitudes, endurances, errors, revenges, and progress of our American colonies from their earliest days; the other is one of the latest expositions of our now elaborated system of colonisation. The former is a full and impartial repository of facts, neither unfaithful to the true glory of the American patriots and their predecessors, nor yet to the higher interests of truth. The latter is a valuable collection of recent documents, which presents a view of emigration and immigration not only in respect of Great Britain, but of all the colonies, together with interesting notices of Chinese, native Australian, and other labourers. The contrasted state of facts exhibited by these two books, and the details with which each is filled, supply the liveliest illustrations of the principles on which the foregoing discussion has proceeded; and while we can warmly recommend Mr. Hildreth's book for its own

merits, we feel additional interest in it as a clear, copious, and faithful narrative of a career eminently fitted to suggest to us the evils which beset, and caused the loss of, our former colonial empire, and the measures requisite to the preservation of the wider and more important dominion by which it has been replaced.

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#### ART. V.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.

1. *Elements of Rhetoric.* By Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. John W. Parker.
2. *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.* By Hugh Blair, D. D.
3. *The Philosophy of Rhetoric.* By George Campbell, D. D.
4. *Elements of Rhetoric.* By Lord Kaimes.

COMMENTING on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says:—"It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes, nor is essential to, a good reasoner, is doubtless true. Thus, too, is it with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks:—"Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit—not rules." Similarly there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws, than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear will go far towards making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences, will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy—where there is a deficient verbal memory, or but little perception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity—no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, some practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style. The endeavour to conform to rules will tell, though slowly. And if in no other way, yet, as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved—

a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty, and what a blemish—cannot fail to be of service.

No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims contained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganised form. Standing as isolated dogmas—as empirical generalizations, they are neither so clearly apprehended, nor so much respected as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that “brevity is the soul of wit.” We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence “interrupts the description and clogs the image;” and again, that “long sentences fatigue the reader’s attention.” It is remarked by Lord Kaimes, that “to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure.” That parentheses should be avoided, and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin, are established precepts. But, however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influential if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the *why*. And we may be sure that a perception of the general principle of which the rules of composition are partial expressions, will not only bring them home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see shadowed forth in many of them, the importance of economizing the reader’s or hearer’s attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort, is the desideratum towards which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy, or confused, or intricate—when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing, we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power: to ar-

range and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for the realization of the thought conveyed. Hence the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conceived. How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by mimetic signs. To say “Leave the room,” is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, “Do not speak.” A beck of the hand is better than “Come here.” No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again, it may be remarked that when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, where custom allows us to express thoughts by single words, as in *Beware*, *Heigho*, *Fudge*, much force would be lost by expanding them into specific verbal propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think that in all cases the friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that in composition the chief if not the sole thing to be done, is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us then inquire whether economy of the recipient’s attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and even in the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

The superior forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason—economy. The most important of them is early association. A child’s vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, *I have*, not *I possess*—*I wish*, not *I desire*; he does not *reflect*, he *thinks*; he does not beg for *amusement*, but for *play*; he calls things *nice* or *nasty*, not *pleasant* or *disagreeable*. The synonyms which he learns in after years never becomes so closely, so organically connected with the ideas signi-

fied, as do these original words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less powerful. But in what does a powerful association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression—it is *acid*, must in the end give rise to the same thought as—it is *sour*: but because the term *acid* was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term *sour*; If we remember how slowly and with what labour the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension, until, from its having been a conscious effort to realize their meanings, their meanings ultimately come without any effort at all; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother tongue from childhood upwards, we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words, will, other things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms.

The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then do surplus articulations do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognise every vowel and consonant. If, as we so commonly find, the mind soon becomes fatigued when we listen to an indistinct or far removed speaker, or when we read a badly written manuscript; and if, as we cannot doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention required to catch successive syllables; it obviously follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each syllable. And if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence, the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force, as involving a saving of the articulations to be received.

Again, that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words—their imi-

tative character, may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as *splash, bang, whiz, roar, &c.*, and those analogically imitative, as *rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin, hard, crag, &c.*, by presenting to the perceptions symbols having direct resemblance to the things to be imagined, or some kinship to them, save part of the effort needed to call up the intended ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas themselves.

The economy of the recipient's mental energy into which we thus find the several causes of the strength of Saxon English resolvable, may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a current maxim of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter." We should avoid such a sentence as:

— In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

And in place of it we should write:

— In proportion as men delight in battles, tournaments, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, beheading, burning, and the rack.

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals but in particulars—as, whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it—it follows that when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose from among his stock of images, one or more, by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this, some delay must arise—some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

Turning now from the choice of words to their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have, *à priori*, reason for believing that there is usually some one order of words in a sentence more effective than every other, and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backwards and forwards

in order to rightly connect them; as in a group of sentences, the arrangement adopted should be such, that each of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones; so in every sentence the sequence of words should be that which suggests the component parts of the thought conveyed, in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. To duly enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental process by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

We cannot more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say with the French—*un cheval noir*; or to say as we do—a black horse? Probably, most persons of culture would decide that one is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would suspect those educated in the use of the opposite form of having an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favour of the English custom. If “a horse black” be the arrangement used, immediately on the utterance of the word “horse,” there arises, or tends to arise, in the mind, a picture answering to that word; and as there has been nothing to indicate what *kind* of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown horse; brown horses being equally or more familiar. The result is that when the word “black” is added, a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present in the imagination has to be suppressed, and the picture of a black one summoned in its place; or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever be the case, a certain amount of hindrance results. But if, on the other hand, “a black horse” be the expression used, no such mistake can be made. The word “black” indicating an abstract quality arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that colour; and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If, then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without the possibility of error, whereas the precedence of the sub-

stantive is liable to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is therefore more forcible.

Possibly it will be objected that the adjective and substantive come so close together, that practically they may be considered as uttered at the same moment; and that on hearing the phrase, “a horse black,” there is not time to imagine a wrongly coloured horse before the word “black” follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this be so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be falling more and more in arrears. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But whether the force of these replies be, or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted; and that, as in forming the image answering to—a red flower, the notion of redness is one of the components that must be used in the construction of the image, the mind, if put in possession of this notion before the specific image to be formed out of it is suggested, will more easily form it than if the order be reversed; even though it should do nothing until it has received both symbols.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And without further explanation, it will be at once perceived, that in the use of prepositions and other particles most languages spontaneously conform with more or less completeness to this law.

On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage of respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown that as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it

becomes comprehensible. Take the often quoted contrast between—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and—Diana of the Ephesians is great. When the first arrangement is used the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows; and when the words—"Diana of the Ephesians" are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can, on the instant, be summoned, is used in the formation of the picture: the mind being thus led directly, and without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea—"Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived in any ordinary way, with no special reference to greatness; and when the words—"is great," are added, the conception has to be entirely remodelled—whence arises a manifest loss of mental energy, and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony."

Of course the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula should have precedence. It is true, that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus in the line from "Julius Caesar"—

"Then burst this mighty heart:"

priority is given to a word embodying both predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect.

"The Border alogan rent the sky!  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;  
Loud were the clanging blows;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It wavered 'mid the foea."

Pursuing the principle yet further, it is

obvious that for producing the greatest effect, not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases, the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification called its complement; commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject, which form its complement, have to be specified: and as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the ideas they belong to shall be conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kaimes notices the fact, that this order is preferable; though without giving the reason. He says,—“When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable: is like ascending or going upward.” A sentence arranged in illustration of this may be desirable. Perhaps the following will serve.

—Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear that in practice the French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest.

In this case were the first two clauses up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of the beginning, much of the force would be lost; as thus:

—The French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest; in practice at least, if not in theory.

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion."

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star  
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Here it will be observed, not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Saturn," and that the three lines in italics constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it, but that in the structure of that complement also, the same order is followed; each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence will manifestly be regulated by the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate and their complements, dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the

principal one when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority must clearly prevent misconception of the principal one; and must therefore save the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be clearly seen in the annexed example:

—Those who weekly go to church, and there have doled out to them a quantum of belief which they have not energy to work out for themselves, are simply spiritual paupers.

The subordinate proposition, or rather the two subordinate propositions, contained between the first and second commas in this sentence, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it ends; and the effect would be destroyed were they placed last instead of first.

The general principle of right arrangement in sentences which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the normal order of their minor divisions. The several clauses of which the complements to the subject and predicate generally consist, may conform more or less completely to the law of easy apprehension. Of course with these as with the larger members, the succession should be from the abstract to the concrete.

Now however we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper combination of the elements of a sentence; but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other; the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions of every proposition, severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified, the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use. And the more numerous the qualifications to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the greater will be the mental power expended and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number, and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination.

— A modern newspaper-statement, though probably true, would be laughed at,

if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court-gossip is thought good historical evidence, if written some centuries ago.

A re-arrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus:

— Though probably true, a modern newspaper-statement quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court-gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence.

By making this change some of the suspensions are avoided and others shortened; whilst there is less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from "Paradise Lost" affords a fine instance of sentences well arranged, alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described, which by the way is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and therefore to effect.

"As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb."

The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited, gives rise to what is called the inverted style; a title, which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the *direct style*, as contrasted with the other, or *indirect style*—the peculiarity of the one being that it conveys each thought into the mind step by step with little liability to error, and of the other that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sentence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without limitation. Though up to a certain point it is well for all the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified, yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows that when the



number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner, where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming image, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a considerable power of concentration and a tolerably vigorous imagination. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; whilst to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundred-weight from place to place at once, than by a stone at a time; so to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such an idea, and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterwards mentioned. Whilst, conversely, as for a boy the only possible mode of transferring a hundred-weight, is that of taking it in portions; so for a weak mind the only possible mode of forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

That the indirect method—the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations—is best fitted for the uncultivated, may indeed be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage as in “Water—give me,” is the simplest type of the approximative arrangement. In pleonasm, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance in—“The men, they were there.” Again, the old possessive case—“The king, his crown,” conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called the natural one, implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common peo-

ple—that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be remarked that even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct style is unfit for communicating thoughts of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention—if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker's or writer's drift, it may happen that the mind, unable to carry on both processes at once, will break down, and allow all its ideas to lapse into confusion.

Turning now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules that may be given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement—economy of attention. It is indeed chiefly because of their great ability to subserve this requirement, that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception, is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

Let us begin with the figure called *Synechdoche*. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient, or more accurate, presentation of the idea thus secured. If, instead of saying “a fleet of ten ships,” we say “a fleet of ten *sails*,” the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested; and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous part of vessels so circumstanced: whereas the word *ships* would very likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say “All *hands* to the pumps” is better than to say, “All *men* to the pumps;” as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing “*grey hairs* with sorrow to the grave,” is another expression, the effect of which has the same cause.

The occasional increase of force produced by *Metonymy* may be similarly accounted for. “The low morality of *the bar*” is a phrase both briefer and more significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force, is conveyed in a more concrete, and therefore more realizable form, if we substitute *the pen* and *the sword* for the two abstract terms. To say, “Beware of drinking!” is less effective than to say, “Beware *the bottle!*” and is so, clearly because it calls up a less specific image.

The *Simile*, though in many cases em-

ployed chiefly with a view to ornament, yet whenever it increases the *force* of a passage, does so by being an economy. Here is an instance.

— The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now, is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns, the furthest off look the closest, so the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are.

To construct, by a process of literal explanation the thought thus conveyed, would take many sentences; and the first elements of the picture would become faint whilst the imagination was busy in adding the others. But by the help of a comparison all effort is saved; the picture is instantly realized, and its full effect produced.

Of the position of the Simile,\* it needs only to remark, that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive, predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, &c., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best, may be seen in the following passage from the "Lady of the Lake:"—

"As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,  
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
And at the monarch's feet she lay."

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last; as in these lines from Alexander Smith's "Life Drama:"—

"I see the future stretch  
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

The reason for this seems to be, that so abstract an idea as that attaching to the word "future," does not present itself to the mind in any definite form, and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

Nor are such the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object

\* Properly the term "simile" is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ "simile" to express this also. The context will in each case show in which sense the word is used.

depends on its being carried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen that if, from length or complexity, it cannot so be carried forward, the advantage is not gained. The annexed sonnet, by Coleridge, is defective from this cause.

"As when a child, on some long winter's night,  
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,  
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight  
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,  
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;  
Or of those hags who at the witching time  
Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime  
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell;  
Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear  
More gentle starts, to hear the beldame tell  
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,  
Murder'd by cruel uncle's mandate fell:  
Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,  
Ev'n so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart."

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison becomes more or less dim before its application is reached, and requires re-reading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it, and to modify the conception of it in conformity with the comparison, than to retain the comparison, and refer back to the recollection of its successive features for help in forming the final image.

The superiority of the Metaphor to the Simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact that "all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves, than in having it pointed out to them." But after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause. If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say,

— As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colours of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colourless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry;—

it is clear that in receiving the double set of words expressing the two portions of the comparison, and in carrying the one portion to the other, a considerable amount of attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus:

— The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.

How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the Metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be

abundantly exemplified. From "A Life Drama" may be quoted the phrase

"I spear'd him with a jest,"

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound," of Shelley, displays the power of the Metaphor to great advantage :

"Methought among the lawns together  
We wandered, underneath the young grey dawn,  
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the moun-  
tains  
Shepherd'd by the slow unwilling wind."

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene ; bringing the mind as it were, by a bound to the desired conception.

But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the Metaphor, by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained ; but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the Simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under Allegory, but which might perhaps, be better called Compound Metaphor, that enable us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even where the analogy is intricate. This is done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel itself. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times":—

"The main interest which any aspects of the Times can have for us, is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light which they cast on the wonderful questions, What we are ? and Whither do we tend ? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea ; but from what port did we sail ? Who knows ? Or to what port are we bound ? Who knows ? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we ? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No ; from the older sailors nothing. Over all their speaking-trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer—Not in us ; not in Time."

The division of the Simile from the Metaphor is by no means a definite one.

Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparison are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance :

— Astonished at the performances of the English plough, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it ; thus turning a tool into an idol : linguists do the same with language.

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure. And generally these intermediate forms are good in proportion as they do this ; provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

Passing over much that may be said of like purport upon Hyperbole, Personification, Apostrophe, &c., let us close our remarks upon construction by a typical example. The general principle that has been enunciated is, that the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The special applications of this general principle have been severally illustrated ; and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is indeed difficult to find them ; for the English idiom scarcely permits the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one :—

"As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain ; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail. \* \* \* As the troubled noise of the ocean when rolls the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven ; such is the noise of the battle."

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is more or less open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing ; or rather proves our case. For what is bombast but

a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied? All that may rightly be inferred, is, that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should *all* the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked, that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force, but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built, we may trace the same condition of effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them, and so by saying a few things but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. Thus if we say:—Real nobility is "not transferable;" besides the one idea expressed several are implied; and as these can be thought much sooner than they can be put in words, there is gain in omitting them. How the mind may be led to construct a complete picture by the presentation of a few parts, an extract from Tennyson's "Mariana" will well show.

"All day within the dreamy house,  
The door upon the hinges creaked,  
The fly sung i' the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about."

The several circumstances here specified bring with them hosts of appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. Whilst the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence, each of the facts mentioned presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness, and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away, that little impression of dreariness would be produced. And here, without further explanation, it will be seen that, be the nature of the sentiment conveyed what it may, this skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success. In the choice of component ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey

the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

Before inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, will account for the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes, but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified—reflex manifestations of them. In the first place, then, we may remark that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. "Out with him!" "Away with him!" are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as "Crack went the ropes, and down came the mast. Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase, "Never was there such a sight!" All which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again, every one will recognise the fact that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them; often, indeed, consists of little else. "Beast," "brute," "gallows rogue," "cut-throat villain,"—these, and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets, at once call to mind a street quarrel. Further, it may be remarked that extreme brevity is one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are omitted, and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as "It is beautiful," but in a simple exclamation, "Beautiful!" He who, when reading a lawyer's letter, should say, "Vile rascal!" would be thought angry; whilst "He is a vile rascal," would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see that alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually found them in connexion with vivid mental impressions; and having been accustomed to meet with them in the most powerful writing; they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms, are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of

animation ; they induce a preparatory sympathy ; and when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

The continuous use of these modes of expression that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations, produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought, and those methods of using them, which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them, and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence of the inversions will this distinction be remarked. In the abundant use of figures, again, we may recognise the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications, are the poet's colours, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as "poetical" the prose which repeats these appliances of language with any frequency ; and condemn it as "over florid" or "affected" long before they occur with the profusion allowed in verse. Further, let it be remarked that in brevity—the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out, and emotion spontaneously fulfils—poetical phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent, elisions are perpetual, and many of the minor words which would be deemed essential in prose are dispensed with.

Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. Whilst the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings ; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment, those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

There is one peculiarity of poetry conducing much to its effect—the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought to be its cha-

racteristic one—still remaining to be considered: we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent ; and like each of them it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings ; and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognised. This last position will scarcely be at once admitted ; but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading—if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable—then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate, will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body, in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come ; so the mind in receiving unarranged articulations must keep its perceptive active enough to recognise the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion ; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable. Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will countenance it. That we do take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case, we know that there is an erroneous pre-adjustment ; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually pre-adjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize

attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, simply because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause.

A few paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as seen in the larger features of composition, would exceed both our limits and our purpose. But we may fitly indicate some further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out, and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental *energies*: we have now briefly to glance at those which depend upon economy of mental *sensibilities*. Indefensible though this division may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest that besides considering the extent to which any faculty or group of faculties is tasked in receiving a form of words and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty or group of faculties is left; and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state. Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties and its reactive effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition, which end in what we term exhaustion, begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for long, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "a deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them for hearing faint ones. Now, the truth which we at once recognise in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout; and it may be shown that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all

the mental powers, however we may classify them—action exhausts; and that in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only, after continued rest, do they regain their full power—not only do brief cessations partially reinvigorate them—but even whilst they are in action, the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence, with faculties habitually exercised as the senses in all, or the muscles in a labourer, it happens that, during moderate activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, *some* lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be re-acquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste—or, as Liebig would say, some change of matter in the brain—and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished—the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will, in many cases, depend on the order of their presentation; even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other. We shall find sundry facts which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. Climax is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness—often the ludicrous weakness—produced by reversing this arrangement, depends on the general law indicated. As immediately after looking at the sun we cannot perceive the light of a fire, whilst by looking at the fire first and the sun afterwards we can perceive both; so, after receiving a brilliant, or weighty, or terrible thought, we cannot appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, whilst, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each. In Antithesis, again, we may recognise the same general truth. The opposition of two

thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait insures an impressive effect; and does this by giving a momentary relaxation to the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image—the faculty of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power; and will immediately afterwards appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise do. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility will seem to many, we cannot doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, every one knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black ground looks whiter, than elsewhere. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their action upon us, dependent on the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

But this extension of the general principle of economy—this further condition of effect in composition, that the power of the faculties must be continuously husbanded—includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best; but that some modes of dividing and presenting the subject will be more effective than others; and that, too, irrespective of its local cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions, should tend towards a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same species of thought, or repeated production of the same effects. It warns us against the error committed both by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays—the error, namely, of constantly employing the most effective forms of expression; and it points out that as the easiest posture by and by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy; so the most perfectly constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind. Further, it involves that not only should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in

one way, however telling, but we should avoid anything like uniform adherence, even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest: we should not always rise to a climax. As we saw that, in single sentences, it is but rarely allowable to fulfil all the conditions of strength; so in the larger portions of composition we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effects to the total effect.

In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out—the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. The constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will in a great degree result from a skilful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people; and how their language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity. Hence these may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; whilst, in impressing a view already enunciated, we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skilful analysis would, in like manner, detect many other peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind; and by paying due attention to all such traits, a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely organized work.

This species of composition which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentence which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them; so we shall find that the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction, is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of mind would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which Art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific

style is to be poor in speech. If we glance back at the past, and remember that men had once only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been towards a greater number of implements of thought, and consequently towards a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words, and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression. As now in a fine nature the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences, vary in harmony with every thought uttered; so in one possessed of a fully developed power of speech, the mould in which each combination of words is cast will similarly vary with, and be appropriate to, the sentiment. That a perfectly endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles, we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Addison diffuse, Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently in each case the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But whilst long, though unconscious, discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less powerful feelings; and when these are excited, the usual modes of expression undergo but a slight modification. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however—let the ability of the intellect to convey the emotions be complete—and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius, when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhythmical and now irregular; here his language will be plain and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then again great variety. From his mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus without effort conform to what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And whilst his work presents to the reader that variety needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also

answer to the description of all highly organized products both of man and of nature; it will be, not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent.

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ART. VI.—THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* New and Revised Edition. Willis, Covent-garden.

THE quotation which at once rises to the lips of the educated Englishman who reads the above title, is the well-known remark in Selden's delightful "Table Talk," that "libels" are like "straws," which serve to show how "the wind is." But we hope that it is scarcely necessary to fortify ourselves with this respectable observation. The great literary reputation of the "Anti-Jacobin,"—the interest attaching to such well-known names as those of Canning, Frere, Gifford, Wellesley, will induce the reader, we willingly believe, to glance with us at their revised productions. Whatever has been famous in its day has some claims on posterity's curiosity. What were the real merits of those writings which a society calling itself cultivated, and having a wide range for comparison, agreed to consider of unparallel brilliance, and pronounced to be highly influential on public opinion? This is a kind of question which in an age of republication is constantly urging itself. And ours is an age of republication. We are continually summoned to discharge the duty which devolves, under the Mahometan dispensation, upon the two angels named *Monker* and *Nakir*. "When a corpse is laid in the grave," Sale tells us, "they say he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of the *examiners*; which are two black livid angels of a terrible appearance. . . . These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him, &c."

We are called on repeatedly to come in this ferocious capacity, and put dead literary bodies to the question. For there are "clubs" which employ their whole corporate existence in providing us with the opportunity. Authors of every period of history do in these later times come out of their graves, and walk abroad, to the astonishment of the literary sentinel. We believe that the British Museum is arranged, and arranging itself, expressly so as to



accommodate the labours of "Dryasdust." And nothing can be more certain than that material of all sorts is accumulating—quite in over-proportion to the increase of that faculty which sees into the spirit and meaning of the said material for the benefit of the living, whom that, and that only, can in any way serve. We confess, we rather wonder that the contents of the book before us waited so long for an intelligent and admiring editor. But Mr. "Charles Edmonds" comes forward at last, duly apportioning to each writer his fragment of satire, impartially divides parodies among their proper creators, and is indeed the "Old Mortality" of Tory libellers. Mr. Edmonds has done what he undertook—which, as Mr. Jarndyce remarks, is of itself a decided merit. "Coavins" would sit on a post for his twelve hours, if he said he would; and all honour to the literary Coavinses whose merit is similar! It is only natural, and surely not to be harshly treated in any case, that Mr. Edmonds should participate in the editorial weakness of a too great admiration for the object of his labours. He is inclined to talk of such productions as the "Knife-grinder" and the "Loves of the Triangles," as one might expect to hear a young gentleman, with a manuscript in his hand on his way to Moxon, talk of Keats's "Hyperion" or of "Christabel." He has apparently no qualms in calling such productions "poetry." But when he makes a special point of asserting on behalf of Canning, as distinguished from other writers of satire, that he "knew how to respect the decencies of life," we are forced to ask him if he never heard of Canning's describing a political opponent as "the revered and ruptured Ogden?" and if he is not aware that Sydney Smith has especially described him as one "who spares nobody"? However, we have no wish to be harsh on the pious credulity of editors; only they would do well to be discreet in their laudations, and not manage to remind one so often of those Indians who torture their victims by smearing them with honey to bring down the wasps on them!

The "Anti-Jacobin's" reputation is certainly, as we said above, and as Mr. Edmonds is correct in believing, very considerable. And it is a reputation of a peculiar, highly respectable, English, and orthodox character. Very grave and decorous people—people who speak of "Punch" as a "facetious contemporary"—admire the "Anti-Jacobin." Priggish gentlemen, like the "Ranville Ranville" of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," smirk pleasantly at the mention of it. Serious people class it among those instances in which the

"faculty of ridicule that has been conceded to us" has been "lawfully" used. Its quotations are bandied about the orthodox press, when a man of dangerous views is to be held up to proper contempt and ridicule. Now all this, and the fact that it was one of the "straws" (to recur to old Selden's saying) which served to show how the stormy winds of the French Revolution time blew, makes it well worthy of a notice in these pages. The treatment of it, and of the men and deeds which its name suggests, will naturally bring the period before us, and we shall be able to see, in some measure, how English ways of thinking have altered since the days when Coleridge and Southey were the butts of ridicule, and when Byron submitted his productions to the approval of Gifford.

Naturally enough, satirical literature is always referred to—and in all the stages of its development—when one wants to form a warm and vivid picture of the life of a people. Satire grows out of the natural humour of the popular heart. It makes its appearance in the very earliest ages of history; comes dancing out of the primeval woods with laughter, and crowned with wild flowers. You hear its laugh at the earliest festivals of the race, when they met together for religion and revelry; and after Tellus had had his offering, and Silvanus his milk, and the Genius his wine and flowers, why then, the—

"Agricolæ prisci, fortes parvoque beati,"

pelted each other with jests fresh as the turf below them, with a smack of hard humour rough as their early wine. The first old satirists would be good-natured, and fun would be the main element of their *fescennina licentia*. For hate would express itself in those early times by weapons at once. It requires *civilization* to produce iambs that slay as surely as steel, or a *Junius* letter, that will reduce its object to living on potatoes for a week! And these early *carmina*—for it was the natural tendency of the large-hearted early man to wing his sarcasm with song—would be the first rude assertions of literature proper against force—of the value of the intellectual element as a redeeming feature in the social conditions produced by political movements—far-off gleams of ideas afterwards to be developed in the world's history. If we turn from early southern to early northern life—we leave the warm regions of taunting *fescennine* song, and we find our Scandinavian ancestors, in their different way, lacerating each other with

"*nothing-verses.*" Everywhere satire, in one or other of his various garbs, is found doing his duty in his station. With the car of the victor of civilization, he marches to remind him of his mortality. He follows at the funeral of dead institutions as the mime who burlesques the gestures that characterized them living. He jeers in the wake of Cæsar's Gallic triumph, at the baldness below the laurel—at the vice that disfigures the greatness. He is found pitching "sacred chickens" overboard, to see if they will drink when they decline to eat. He is wise in the fool's garb, and rings a moralizing knell from those bells of his. Many duties devolve on satire in the ever-varying world-history. But when satire is genuine, when it comes from the heart, and is the voice of nature, appealing to man's instincts against the falsities, hypocrisies, corruptions of a time—surely then we may admit it amongst the grander products of the human faculty, and may speak, without impropriety, of the Satiric Muse. It certainly is *not* true that "ridicule is the test of truth," in the sense in which that *dictum* is commonly used; but when men heartily join in the scornful laugh of the satirist, it may be presumed that the reverence which he is labouring to destroy, has already begun to stand on a false foundation. Would Paris have seriously delighted in the "Tartufe," had it not been well known that hypocrites of the same *genus* infested the town? When old Sir David Lindsay, with his deep Scotch humour, made the friars laughable—was he not really appealing to every man's experience of their impudence, falsity, hypocrisy, and godless laziness? Men may laugh loudly, but they will not laugh long at ridicule of the truly venerable. The godless jester has his hour and his knot of *claqueurs*; but when the real satirist—who is at once humourist and moralist—makes his appearance, he is hailed as a brother by more generations than his own. He plants himself on the common instincts of mankind, and when he exposes the solemn impostures of the world, he is appealing to the genuine, healthy sense of the people, and his laughter wakes them from the enchanted sleep they have been bewitched into. "What think you of Luther?" says the good Elector to Erasmus. "Why—hem!"—the careful scholar, who loves his lettered quiet, hesitates; suddenly the eye brightens: "he has attacked the pope's crown and the monks' bellies!" The laugh echoes over Europe—"the pope's crown and the monks' bellies! Yes, that is it—the rascals!" chuckle the deep-hearted northerners. "*Ha-*

*bet!*" is the exclamation of the gazing world. Erasmus's satire was a thin and poor affair, compared with that of Burns, for example, yet how much it did for the good cause? Then, everybody has heard of despotisms "tempered by epigrams." The gloomy, hypocritical, keen, and knowing Tiberius—with his stiff neck, face blotched with dissipation, and big eyes that shrank from a fair glance, and had a cat-like faculty in the dark—had a dread of this darting light in particular. Tacitus, who saw everything, saw this, and well notes why Fufius is glanced at in the imperial letter—Fufius who is "*dicax, et Tiberium acerbis facietis inridere solitus;*" "*quarum,*" adds the historian, himself a king of satirists, if need be,—"apud præpotentes in longum memoria est!"

Genuine satire, then, we may well prize. There is a peculiar beauty in the white nettle-flower. And of its literature, as a means of enabling us to know a time, the value is indubitable. For Roman life, we go to Horace and Juvenal. For our own life in past ages, we go to our satirists—not, of course, without distinction of persons. But it may be said, further, that the great satirist is essentially of a genial nature—preeminently "a good fellow." We hear, every now and then, of the "black malignity" of one, the "bile" of another: as well talk of the mean anger of the bearer of the silver bow! Think you those arrows shall not be shot, because respectability is startled by the glitter? We could get up as good a band of cheerful, loveable friends from the ranks of satirists as heart could wish. The tenderness of Catullus, in spite of his "arrow shower" of satires, everybody knows, and wishes for his ashes the peace that his beautiful verses implore for those of his brother! Horace, high priest to the devotees of *savoir vivre*, chastises with rods of myrtle. And why do we hear so much of the "grossness" of poor old Juvenal? Sometimes we hear him described as a butcher; sometimes as an exhausted old voluptuary, turning to rail at vices which he had "used up." But his was not an age for using light weapons. It was a war like Thor's attack on the serpent, Midgard. His *fasces*, too, were always lowered before the old genius of his country: wherever a divine power came along, they bowed in due reverence. There are stray, sad gleams, too, of poetry, as in the passage ending with the mournful, musical, *plenæque sororibus urnæ*. But does not a hearty old Roman geniality breathe from the invitation to Persicus in the eleventh satire? Persicus is to come to that grim satirist's Tiburtine villa. No raw-

head-and-bloody-bones repast awaits him. There will be a plump kid, Persicus, my boy, fresh from the banks of Tiber—inno-cent of grass, and scarcely having cropped the willow—a most innocent kid, with more milk than blood in him—(Charles Lamb would have gone at once)—vegetables, eggs, excellent grapes. We will dine as our an-cestors used to dine. We will have a mo-dicum of modest wine, and we will hear the verses of the "Iliad" and of "Virgil."

"Quid refert, tales versus quâ voce legantur?"—

We cannot expect such cheerful feeling to prevail often in a heart sick with the con-templation of the brutal greed, cruelty, stu-pidity, and manifold baseness of the time. But it is pleasant to feel this cheerful breath, as from the old hills of Italy, in an at-mosphere redolent with smoke, foreign oint-ments, gigantic kitchens, and all sorts of sin. Sad and grim old Juvenal had the honest simplicity of one of the old rustic gods about him, and the bare manliness of his humour is not suited to the morbid squeam-ishness of effeminate respectability. Dry-den's genuine good-nature and geniality are apparent at the very first glance you cast at his character. Swift "had a great deal of love in him," said Thackeray, in his last year's lectures; while he spoke of the faith-ful friendships of the great men of that era. Pope was cursed with a morbid tempera-ment; but, after all, who really sympa-thizes with "Sporus," or gets up any genu-ine enthusiasm in favour of the herd of men whom he wantonly—say sometimes cruelly—attacked? In any case, Lord Her-vey was a miserable worldling and a cour-tier, with considerable Walpolean clever-ness, but nothing that a man heartily can sympathize with. Cibber was not a dunce. Was he anything? Has our English lite-rature gained anything from such as he and his fellow victims? They are at best mere sacrifices to the general cause of entomology. They were mercilessly whipped. Well, better they should roar than the author of the "Dunciad" keep silence. They only owe their remembrance to the fact of Pope's having satirized them; as you remember the existence of a beetle by the marks of its blood on the wall. Gay, who wrote satiri-cally enough, was as good-natured as a cherub. Churchill, who is, perhaps, our most violent satirist, inspired profound af-fection—so much so, that his friend Lloyd rose from the dinner-table, where he was sitting when the news of his death reached him, and died within a few days of the shock. Who doubts the kind-heartedness of Mo-

lière, or Voltaire, or old George Buchanan, who wrote the ferocious "Franciscanus," and the pungent "Fratres Fraterrimi," or of Butler, or Dr. Donne? There was no need of Coleridge's elaborate preface to the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," to convince us that literary bitterness does not come from malignity. The genuine satire is an utterance of scorn which may hate—as, in-deed, who ought not to hate—baseness; but hates without meanness, from the very love of the good and noble. We cheer on Apollo when he is attacking the serpent—Thor when his mallet is about to ring on the Frost-giant. We know that Cicero was one of the warmest-hearted men that ever lived; and it does not diminish our regard for him when we see him exhausting lan-guage to heap infamy on the plunderer of Sicily, or the miscreant Piso.

It would seem absurd to apply the rules derived from our ideal of satire to every concocter of political squibs, with an air of solemn measurement. This would be to practise a kind of hawking like that of the king who used to have sparrows trained to catch butterflies. The political squib is a favourite article of British manufacture; we are skilful in its concoction, as, in truth, in that of most other species of satire. Within the circle of a century, did we not produce Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope?—four of the greatest satirists the world ever saw. Hudibras, unmatched for humour; Dryden, for a large, flowing, broad invective, with smart strokes of sharpest sense; Swift, whose irony is exquisite, who scents corrup-tion with morbid keenness, and lavishes on it his wit and scurrility, as a volcano sends up at once fire and mud; Pope, perhaps the most finished satirist of all—refining satire into an art, putting deliberately on, you may say, like the poisoner in Browning, a glass mask, to keep his features covered, while he prepares his subtle poisons. Yes; we have a talent for satire in England. Per-haps, to be sure, we never attain to the airi-ness of the French epigram—

. . . . "that masterpiece of man!"

which slays as with a sun-stroke. Our sa-tire has a tendency to be noisy. We *rattle* as well as sting. Thus, when an offender is to be lashed, much dust and hubbub is raised round him. The laws against which the unhappy fellow has rebelled are solemnly in-voked and repeated to him as at a military flog-ging. Who does not remember the "slash-ing article" of the "Quarterly," in its old day?—The public were always first re-minded of their duties as Britons, and their

moral position in Europe generally, and called on to rejoice sternly in the coming castigation. Of the two great branches into which satire divides itself—invective and ridicule—perhaps the first is our forte. Dryden confesses that he preferred Juvenal to Horace, for his private reading. He himself shows an example of merciless violence. Thus, we are unhesitatingly assured of Shadwell—really, by the way, a clever man—that—

“With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in Og,  
For every inch that is not fool is rogue!”

So Churchill solemnly commences, of a foe:—

“With that small cunning which in fools supplies,  
And amply, too, the place of being wise,  
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave  
To qualify the blockhead for a knave.”

Again, Junius calls one great man “purely and perfectly bad.” And Swift opens a battery on the Irish public body (we are quoting from memory) with—

“Half a mile from Dublin college,  
Half the globe from sense and knowledge.”

It is our English way. A majestic severity seems to become our national seriousness; we feel that the *non temnere divos* is to be taught to some purpose, while we are about it.—To revert, however, to political squibs.

We enjoy the reputation, undoubtedly, of being the first caricaturists in Europe. Our Gilrays and H. B's are unmatched. And we have never been without our squib-writers. Tho ballads against the “Rump” alone, we believe, count by thousands. Cleveland, the royal satirist, went through edition after edition. Cowley's wit is as visible in his attack on the Puritans as in anything of his we have left. Villiers and Dorset's *carmina probrosa* were renowned. William the Third's diseases; Sir Robert Walpole's mistress; Queen Caroline's hate of her son; the Georges' affection for Hannover—their bad English—their queer ways—their amours—occupied a cycle of satirists. Walpole's letters are always registering the last “copy of verses,” which had aimed at inflicting misery on his king, his rivals, or his uncle. Pulteney wrote squibs, and so did Chesterfield. Bolingbroke's stately eloquence complains of the “flowerers” . . . “gathered at Billingsgate,” by his enemies, to annoy him. And to this hour, the orthodox reviewer of the day still thinks it the proper thing to mention Sir Charles

Hanbury Williams, the great gay libeller of the last century, an elegant, witty gentleman, always ready to embody the scandal of the hour in neat and flowing verses. It became an art to do this kind of thing—an art like that of the early poisoners, who conveyed death in perfumed soap, gloves, flowers. So that every period of political movement has its knot of libellers:—the “Rolliad” is succeeded by the “Anti-Jacobin;” then comes the era of the “Twopenny Post-Bag,” which is followed by the Tory triumph of the *John Bull*; till, at last—which was the upshot of the whole, and natural development of the system—it led to abysses of blackguardism (in the *Age, &c*), where not even the sturdiest critic can be expected to follow.

Just before the period of the “Anti-Jacobin,” the great squib-writer of the day was Dr. Wolcot, the famous *Peter Pindar*. The Doctor was a Devonshire man—had served as physician in Jamaica, under Sir William Trelawney—was afterwards in holy orders. He was a man of fair acquirements, amateur in art and music, and, as far as we can see, a much more respectable kind of person than you would expect from his reputation, or, indeed, from some of his writings: for the Doctor was decidedly coarse. To be sure, there are degrees of coarseness. We should perhaps be harsh, if we were to say that he was ever exactly *blackguardly*. One must remember the time, and one must judge a man of the world by the standard of his class. There is about Peter, then, a certain “after-dinner” kind of coarseness—a loose, rough way of talking, seasoned with *gros sel*—quite intolerable now, of course; but such as, there is good reason to believe, was once not unknown in circles of men well-born, bred, and educated, according to their time; and which, we dare say, is still known among bagmen, American slave-dealers, and thick-skinned talkers of many sorts. The Doctor was a libeller of immense fertility, and certainly had real humour. Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to see a specimen. We transcribe (from the respectable five volume edition of 1812) one of the many attacks which he made on George the Third. The peculiarity in that king's way of talking was a favourite subject of the writer. He is here narrating a visit paid by the monarch on a progress, in company with the Earl of Pembroke:—

“From Salisbury Church to Wilton House, so  
grand,  
Returned the mighty ruler of the land:  
'My lord, you've got fine statues,' said the king;  
'A few, beneath your royal notice, sir,'

Replied Lord Pembroke.—'Stir, my lord,  
stir, stir,  
Let's see them all, all, all, everything.'

"'Who's this?—who's this? Who's this fine  
fellow here?'

'Sesostris,' bowing low, replied the peer—  
'*Sir Sostis*, hey? *Sir Sostis*? 'pon my word!  
Knight, or a baronet, my lord?

One of my making? What, my lord, my  
making?

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

"'Sesostris, sire,' *so soft*, the peer replied;

'A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old.'

'Poh! Poh!' the instructed monarch snappish  
cried,

'I need not *that*, I need not *that* be told!

"'Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow,  
there?—

''Tis Hercules,' replied the *shrinking* peer.

'Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow,  
hey?

Cleaned stables; cracked a lion like a flea:

Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle  
found him:

The queen, queen's coming: wrap an apron  
round him.'

This is the kind of buffoonery which the Doctor produced, which everybody read, and which ministers stood in awe of. The sale of his "poems" was something enormous. His reputation brought down opponents enough. Isaac Disraeli fleshed his youthful weapon on him, but made the Doctor's acquaintance, and lived on good and friendly terms with him. Gifford, who was the Tory bully of his day, published an "Epistle to Peter Pindar;" but Gifford was no match for him. The Doctor had humour far beyond his assailant's, and made the most ferocious and personal attacks on him. How strange it seems to read, in grave biographical language, of two men—both fond of letters, both dear to their own friends, and with some qualities worthy of love,—"Gifford published his so-and-so against Wolcot; to which the Doctor replied by a 'Cut at a Cobbler!'"

The "cobbler" was, indeed, a capital point for a satirist. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of talent in this country, is to be the son of a respectable tradesman! That fact, at all events, will never be forgiven him. "Vices" will be pardoned, for they were committed in hot youth. To renounce his early opinions, is perhaps the next most damning blot; still, it is sometimes conceded that this may be maturity of judgment, a ripener knowledge, and the "exercise of a sound discretion." But if he be sprung from the *taberna* of a "cobbler," or a grocer, or a

barber—the shadow of the parental establishment will darken his path through life. The Tory reviews will bring forward the fact, as a conclusive reply to his argument for a reform of the constitution—as an additional reason for rejecting the "emendations" in his edition of a classic. "Not that I think any the worse of him for it—but—" and Snob looks unutterable things. A reform may be in progress in such matters, now, but it was not so in the times of which we are writing. Indeed, we might draw up a list of rules derived from the party-satirists (the smallest of all satirists, of course), how to use this kind of reproach to the greatest advantage.

Gifford's autobiography, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, is one of the most remarkable things in our language. It sets forth, with the plainest, barest, most business-like air, one of the most extraordinary stories of struggles and privations, ending in reputation and prosperity, that can be read anywhere. The poor, bowed, unhealthy boy—he had been rejected as "too small" at a storehouse; he had done menial work to the skipper of a coaster; he was "bound apprentice to a shoemaker" (the *satirical* for which is "cobbler"); and the imaginative eye may behold him at eighteen or nineteen years of age barely able to read and write, and "working out my algebra problems, on pieces of leather beat flat, with an awl." In all England there was not a more utterly forlorn boy than William Gifford in 1776. Other men have been as poor—Heyne, for instance; but to be so far behind in culture, so late, was the worst part of the business. In 1795 he was the most popular satirist in England; he published his "Juvenal" in 1802, and in 1809 he was chosen to edit the "Quarterly." Byron spoke of him, at a time when Byron was the most popular writer of his country, as his "literary father."

This was the man who, next to George Canning, occupies the most notable place in the history of the "Anti-Jacobin." A benevolent Cookesley had taken him up; a magnificent Grosvenor had pushed him on. He had been to Oxford. He had been drilled and developed into being the sturdy defender of the old British ideas in politics and literature. They made him "Paymaster of the Gentlemen Pensioners." There he was—the precise man that "hide-bound Toryism" needed; a pedant, by nature and by culture; enveloped in a suit of spiritual leather, and impervious to everything new, everything original, within and without. Here was just the man—Vaucauson could not have made a better one to

order—to denounce the “enormities” of the French Revolution from the fire-side point of view, to abuse and deride the Coleridges, the Shelleys, the Keatses.

Leigh Hunt, in his “Autobiography,” looking back kindly and charitably to those early days, and desirous of taking a solemn and peaceful farewell of contemporaries, good or bad, can find in that large heart of his no corner for William Gifford. We cannot wonder at that; though indeed when, at this distance of time, one comes fresh and without bitter recollections to look at the dead old reviewer of the “Quarterly,” one recognises something of the stuff of humanity—something in the patient, sturdy, wooden energy of the man, which impresses one with a not unpleasant idea of him. One thinks of him as of some ancient gravedigger working away in digging graves for, it may be, the young and the beautiful—faithful to the post, with no sort of spiritual perception of the nature of the employment—but still faithful, tough,—with glimpses of a rude humor, and dim consciousness that here is his work anyhow, and that he will labour to the last in it. You may study him as a genuine Briton of his kind. And, though his sea experiences had not been of the romantic yachting kind, God knows, thirty years found him still with a “love of the sea,”—though up to his ears in commentaries on Juvenal, and “brushings away” of “literary flies!” Nay, it is on record, that he could not sit down to compose those diatribes which enraged Hazlitt, unless there sat in the room to cheer him, with her presence, an ancient plebeian female, to whom he had a “Platonic” attachment! So he had a heart then, and had not expended it all in ferocious iambs! We would ask that ancient female, were she still in the flesh, whether there was not a better William Gifford, than the bowed, keen-eyed, grim, wooden man, who scowled at Hunt in the room where he was first pointed out to him.

Hunt is right in denying him “genius.” His “Baviad” and “Mæviad” are very poor productions. A vigour of abuse, with now and then a glimpse of grim humour, distinguishes them; all the rest is imitation of Pope, and personal violence. It looks very absurd now, that ferocious onslaught on the poor clique of “Della Crusicans,” from Mrs. Piozzi downwards. Fancy—

“Weston! who slunk from truth’s imperious light,  
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite;”

and—

“Reptile accursed!”

What crime had been perpetrated by the object of this vituperation? He had written ridiculous verses! Poor Mrs. Piozzi figures as “Thrale’s Grey Woman,” and her and her colleagues’ verses are described as—

“The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.”

The triumph of such satires was the triumph of the old repute of our heroic metre—which, when it marched abroad with decent energy, bore about it the respectable air of olden times, like an ancient carriage glittering with armorial bearings. For the satirist always bore in England something dignified and ministerial in the way of reputation. He was looked on as a public officer, and called himself Censor: till he passed into beadledom, like other great officials.

Gifford has credit given him, in the edition before us, for a share in the “Loves of the Triangles” and the “New Morality;” but the most memorable things in the poetry of the “Anti-Jacobin” are from a different hand. For example, the parody on Southey’s “Inscription” for the cell where Henry Marten was confined, and the thrice-famous “Knife-grinder,” bear the joint names of “Canning” and “Frere.” The names have different degrees of celebrity, indeed. “Whistlecraft” may still be read with pleasure by an idle man; and an old age of peaceful literature in the island of Malta has associated the name of “Frere” with that of the scholars of his day. But the name of “Classic Canning” gives to the “Anti-Jacobin” the lustre by which it lives, and raises its fiery squibs into literary constellations.

“Classic Canning” had come up to London—the handsome, gentlemanly youth, with his noble brow and his fine dexterous intellect—the model “young gentleman” of his time. He had been the very cleverest boy that had perhaps ever appeared in a public school, and the author of a Latin “prize poem,” which excited the wonder of mankind,—at Oxford. He was a master of debating weapons. If the highest ideal of a life be parliamentary success, and the best qualities those which ensure that triumph, never was a candidate better fitted for the career. While a “House of Commons” was a debating assembly, in which two bodies of gentlemen contended for mastery under traditional flags, the people looking on from afar with admiration, and a convulsed Europe affording the grandest speculative subjects to discuss—why, what could he, as a gifted youth, do better than go in and cry, “Here am I!”

"Skillful in ethics and logic, in Pindar, and poets, un-rivalled."

"I, too, can fight, and make my way like the best of you!" The time required a very good fighter too, for it was now becoming a very sore problem, and destined to occupy some considerable time in its solution—how long this kind of debating assembly, which was called the "House of Commons," could be expected to go on without entirely new conditions of action and modes of proceeding; so that you had not only to fight, if you were ministerial, the band who desired to be ministerial, but you had to keep what they call at sea your "weather-eye" looking out during the time, for the general safety of the establishment, threatened by "deluges" abroad, and a general thunder-muttering every where. Canning's memory is affectionately regarded in this country—partly for his fine genial qualities, the heat and the light, that radiated from him, and made him loveable among mere politicians; chiefly, however, for the holier light of hope, which played round him, just when he was taken from us. But it is assuredly difficult to get at his real convictions on the great problem of the day, when he entered public life, or to see what was the notion of duty which he had laid to heart, and determined to act on; or how far, indeed, his moral position was higher than that of a young Macedonian prince, who, having proved his descent, enters to combat in the great Olympic games of the world. His "opinions" were always known to be liberal in his youth; and he enters public life a squire of Tory Pitt's.\* However, our special business is not with that question, strictly relevant as it is. Canning had peculiarly a fighting man's qualities; in particular, he had a vein of pleasantry, native and genial, in him, and which descended fresh as dew on that hot and dry assembly.

The "Anti-Jacobin" was started in 1797, and the first number appeared on the 20th November of that year, under the title of the "Anti-Jacobin Review." Gifford did the "heavy business"—the general butchering and slaughtering department; Canning and John Hookman Frere the elegant and vivacious satire, and the only satire worth remembering. The Marquis of Wellesley, a scholarly and able man, contributed occasionally, particularly Latin verses. The other *collaborateurs* are not worth the recording ink. The purport of the work is

\* The weakest part of Mr. Bell's agreeable biography is that relating to this phase of Canning's life.

signified in its title. It was to make war on the French Revolution, and all that pertained thereto; on the French Directory, and the English sympathizers; on all new literature from suspicious quarters; on German dramatic importations. This was comprehensive enough. The full force of the lash fell, of course, on the French "miscreants." The terror of the orthodox at that time, and the wild agitation on one side and the other, of old and young Europe, we, who only read of it, can just dimly fancy, as we can fancy the Lisbon earthquake. It certainly was not from Giffords, and such-like heavy or light writers of satirical squibs, that you could expect a deep glance or an earnest laying to heart of the meaning of the Revolution. Few knew, few were great enough to know, that in that storm, awful as it was, the "Lord was abroad!" But most people could judge of the outward phenomena, more or less, by the standard of their own parish, or their own House of Commons. Let it be said at once, that the "Anti-Jacobin" poetry can have no value as a *protest*—does not rank with high satire, but properly with conventional and squib-satire. For such cleverness and veracity as it had, we would give it all due credit. And let us begin accordingly by quoting the reputed gem of the collection—the "Knife-grinder."

There were at that time, of course, plenty of republican converts in this country, and doubtless they were ready enough to make proselytes. Here was a good subject; and Mr. Southey, then a young man of very different views from those which he subsequently held, happily supplied a satiric form, by his introduction of "Sapphics."

#### SAPPHICS.

#### THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

##### FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going!  
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—  
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole  
in't,

So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives  
and

Scissors to grind O!

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind  
knives!

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the squire! or parson of the parish?  
Or the attorney!

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or  
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?  
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit?"

"(Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by  
Tom Paine?)  
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,  
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
-Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d  
first—  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse  
to vengeance—  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast."

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel,  
and exit in a transport of Republican en-  
thusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Such is the famous "Knife-grinder," which convulsed the Whigs of England with comic delight. Our editor thinks it "unnecessary to speak" of it, and subsides into rapturous silence. Not only did it make the hit implied in its frequent quotation, but it has had a continued influence on the question of the employment of "sapphic" metre in English. We doubt not that it deterred many an aspirant from following Mr. Southey in his metrical experiment. This, however, is not all. Writers on the great question of classical metres consider it to have injured our appreciation of the real Horatian sapphic itself. Mr. Clough conceives it to have confirmed our habitual "misreading" of that metre ("Classical Museum," vol. iv., p. 347); and over its "well-known jingle" the learned Donaldson has shed erudite tears! (See "Varronianus," note to p. 276.)

Now, allowing for all this hubbub, is it anything more than a rather smart copy of verses, such as our comic publications of the day often enough furnish us with? We doubt if a reader pampered with modern pleasantries would, on coming to it for the

first time, fresh from "Punch," think it anything but a squib of ordinary cleverness. As a burlesque of Southey's "Widow," however, it was fair enough. We could hardly wish such lines as the following to be spared:

"Cold was the night wind; drifting fast the snow  
fell;  
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;  
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and waysore.

"Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;  
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom:  
She had no home, the world was all before her,  
She had no shelter."

The radical objection to this sort of versification is, not that it is founded on a misapprehension of the metre it imitates (and it is only an ear-imitation of the ordinary jingle), but that it is an altogether unsuitable vehicle of the thought and feeling it is intended to convey. The "poor wanderer" is made to *trof*, and weary and bore us, without exciting our sympathy at all. This exotic metre has none of the magic force which belongs to our native rhythm, and which deepens tenfold the impression of a fact or a sentiment. The parody on the "inscription" mentioned above is certainly clever. We give the reader the benefit of it, prefixing the "inscription" itself:—

"INSCRIPTION"

For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where  
Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned  
thirty years.

"For thirty years secluded from mankind  
Here MARTEN linger'd. Often have these walls  
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread  
He paced around his prison; not to him  
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;  
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,  
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a  
sad  
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his  
crime?  
He had REBELL'D AGAINST THE KING, AND SAT  
IN JUDGMENT ON HIM; for his ardent mind  
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,  
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but  
such  
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal  
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile  
From man withheld, even to the latter days  
When Christ shall come, and all things be  
fulfill'd!"

\* "[By Southey.—Ed.]"



## [IMITATION.]

## " INSCRIPTION

*For the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her execution.*

"For one long term, or e'er her trial came,  
Here BROWNRIGG linger'd. Often have these  
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice  
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her  
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,  
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;  
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went  
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?

SHE WHIPP'D TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO  
DEATH,

AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her  
mind

Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage  
schemes!

Such as Lyncurgus taught, when at the shrine  
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog  
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised  
Our Milton when at college. For this act  
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time  
shall come,

When France shall reign, and laws be all  
repeat'd!"

We know few parodies superior to this. Still our admiration keeps on this side idolatry. We are tempted to inquire mildly, with Leigh Hunt in his "Autobiography," whether an "undue amount of fame" has not been allotted to Canning for these *jeux d'esprit*? Perhaps it is, that there is little wit and humour among our public men: assuredly epigrams make a tremendous sensation in St. Stephen's, which seem flat and ponderous to common people out of doors.

Gifford did not contribute much to the humorous attractions of the periodical. His fun is like the fun of a Squeers—a savage and ghastly pleasantry. This was the weapon he used afterwards in the "Quarterly Review" against critics like Hazlitt, and poets like Keats. The "Anti-Jacobin's" judgments have of course turned out badly enough. It attacked Coleridge, and called Godwin and Holcroft "creeping creatures." To see how Gifford fails in humour, it is only needful to glance at those parts of his "Juvenal" which required that quality—to compare, for instance, his rendering of the account of the *ménage* of Codrus with that of Dryden.

Few people read the "Loves of the Triangles," in which Canning's hand was employed, for few have read Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," which it burlesques. The parody grows flat, after a few lines have put you in possession of the idea of the

burlesque. The ingenious notion of Darwin was to "enlist imagination under the banners of science." To this end, he devotes a long poem, in which the Popian verse is painfully echoed and re-echoed, to describing the "sexual systems of Linnæus," and so endeavours to impersonate poetically the flower as divided and classified by the botanist. E. G. "Galantha nivalis. The Snowdrop. Six males, one female." Such is the scientific description of that well-beloved flower. Here comes the worthy Doctor's *poetic* one:—

"Warm with sweet blushes bright GALANTHA  
glows

And prints with frolic step the melting snows:  
O'er silent floods, white hills and glittering  
meads,

Six rival swains the playful beauty leads."

He would be a clever fellow who could see the poetry of the snowdrop here! The doctor's attempt was indeed a difficult one. He had to take the flower, after science had divided it, put the *disjecta membra*, Medea-fashion, into the cauldron of his imagination, and bring out a poetic unity! His book is the failure, the monotonous failure, of a gifted man. Accordingly, it too was fair game for the satirists; and so the "Loves of the Triangles" brought in a happy enough ridicule of it, in which—

"The obedient pulley, strong MECHANICS ply  
And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye."

Canning also wrote the greater part of the "Rovers"—a happy burlesque of the imitations of the German sentimental drama, then having a great run in London. To this parody we are indebted for the inexhaustible joke—"A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship!"

The weakest part of the Anti-Jacobin poetry is that which is intended to be serious, and to express the indignation of the Satiric Muse. "New Morality," which is attributed to Canning and Frere, we consider the worst poem in the collection. The assumption of moral sternness does not sit well on the authors of the "Knife-grinder." Happy cuts of ridicule occur, but the effect of the whole is that of "tedious malignity," to quote a significant expression of old Johnson's. And after all, has not "Time, the avenger," convinced most sincere and thinking people that the revolutionaries—even some of worst repute—had at bottom an ardent sincerity in their souls during that terrible struggle, which is more honourable and respectable than the quasi-epicurean position of the orthodox lampooner, who

laughs at them from his Rabelaisian "easy chair." Canning's satire sometimes erred against good taste, but oftener against good feeling; and in this poem he speaks of—

"ROLAND the just, with ribands in his shoes,  
And ROLAND's spouse," . . . .

in a tone of ungenerous ribaldry, and verging on the simious—the lowest form that satire can assume.

A great satirist, as we have indicated above, is a large-hearted man. Burns and Dr. Johnson—both men who perpetually emitted satire—are admirable instances. And a great satire enjoys the vitality of great poetry, and has its verdict to give, its protest to make, to all generations. But of course there is every variety of degrees in this as in other literary departments, and so we are perpetually seeing the name of satire applied to mere squibs and ephemeral productions, and the character of satirist and censor assumed by men who have neither its moral position nor its intellectual qualities.

If we ask, then, as the world at last asks of every production, what is the moral upshot of the "Anti-Jacobin's" achievements? the answer must be, that it cleverly ridiculed what was laughable on the surface of public movements which were true at bottom! One can scarcely preserve one's gravity, by the by, while one weighs this kind of manufacture in the critical scales. But this "Anti-Jacobin" poetry has been so long cried up, applauded, roared at, chuckled over, that it is by no means a superfluous task to give a hint or two as to its real value. The big-wigs that it shook are gone to the limbo of old wigs. The ideas, institutions, prejudices, passions, which it maintained and supported, have lost immensely since its time in power and importance. The writers whom it ridiculed, and whom its contributors ridiculed for long years, have emerged from behind the clouds of ignorance and prejudice and hate, and shine in our literature as the permanent ornaments of their age. Canning's memory itself is chiefly loved as that of one who was advancing to be a reformer. Poor old Gifford sleeps tranquilly—his cobbling of all kinds finished!—and—*opera sequuntur!*

We gave above, in a rapid paragraph, a sketch of the "developments" which our political libelling underwent after the "Anti-Jacobin's" time. Moore is incomparably the first performer in this line that our literature possesses. His light airy satire effervesces like the poison in the Venetian glass. We shall see nothing so brilliant, so subtle,

so searching, so Figaro-like, again. Theodore Hook's verse we always thought overrated. Up and down our Tory literature of the last quarter of a century, is scattered plenty of brilliant squib-writing, the work of such geniuses as Maginn, and other "Fraserians,"—a peculiar school—satiric, bacchanalian, classical—a school which prided itself apparently on violence, classical literature, and punch-drinking; which delighted to brew its punch with the water of the Aganippe!

The good old classic satire is apparently defunct, for the "New Timon" we cannot consider a successful specimen. Our political and literary wars now go on, too, with decorum and moderation. Problems, involving matters too solemn for squib-writing, engage our statesmen. Comic publications, having no party interests, make their fun and satire of the harmless nature which does not startle "families." Dulness rules in high places. Meanwhile the genius of satire embodies itself in the novel, and in that sphere has the thousand-fold varieties of cant to war against. Real satire is perhaps recurring to its early origin, and becoming dramatic. At all events, a Gifford or a Mathias, or any solemn old censor of an abusive turn, would now pass for a "bore," and that only. Their kind of weapon is as out of date as the catapult. Indeed, why should we retain the solemn ancient form? The spirit of satire will always live in the hearts of the enemies of baseness, dulness, cant, nonsense, and will work successfully in forms suited to each age. The "English Bards" is but a school exercise; the real satirical work of Byron was done in the "Juan," where he held up a glass to the age with a vengeance—showed it what a languid, empty, false thing it was; how it sneered at everything as a "bore," and was yet perishing, "bored" by its own spiritual and moral inanition. "Don Juan" is *the* satire of the time.

As for our defunct friend thus brought before us—the "Anti-Jacobin"—it may still be read with interest, as a curiosity. At best, however, it can only be a curiosity; and we feel as if we had been discoursing speculatively on the mummy of some long dead mime.

## ART. VII.—GOETHE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE.

1. *Goethe's Werke*. 40 vols. Stuttgart. 1840.
2. *Œuvres d'Histoire Naturelle de Goethe, comprenant Divers Mémoires d'Anatomie Comparée, de Botanique et de Géologie*. Traduits et Annotés, par Ch. F. Martins. Avec Atlas. Paris.

THE antithesis to Poetry, as Wordsworth felicitously said, is not Prose, but Science. Therefore have Poets and Men of Science, in all times, formed two distinct classes, and never, save in one illustrious example, exhibited the twofold manifestation of Poetry and Science working in harmonious unity: that single exception is Goethe. There have been philosophic poets, and men of science with poetical tastes, but the absolute fusion of high scientific capacity with the highest poetical power has, we believe, been limited to the single example just cited. One might, indeed, put in a claim for Leonardo da Vinci, that great artist having anticipated discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler, Mœstlin and Maurolycus, Castelli, and even some modern geologists, famous; not to mention his clear insight into the Baconian Method of experiment and observation as the guides to just theory in the investigation of Nature.\* Yet, in answer to such a claim, as an exception, we might show how Science was necessary to a painter's education, and how his very materials, as it were, lead him into some superficial acquaintance with scientific processes; whereas, so far from Science forming the necessary preparation to a poet, it is radically opposed, both in method and detail, to all our ideas of his education. Indeed, the antithesis between Poetry and Science is so marked, that when Goethe claimed a hearing on abstruse and comprehensive questions of positive science, the world at large very naturally prejudged the matter, and somewhat superciliously regarded his efforts as those of a poet dabbling in science; while professional men, with professional contempt, shrugged their shoulders at the "amateur." They did so then, they do so now. It is true, that the great comparative Anatomists and Botanists of our day are too sensible of Goethe's immense services, not to speak of him with respect; and Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire mentions, with no slight exultation, the conformity of Goethe's views with those of his illustrious father. Yet even the men who alone do him justice, because alone competent to appreciate the importance of his la-

bours, would, we may safely assert, rank him still higher as a Naturalist, were they not also somewhat under the common prejudice as regards the Poet. It is difficult in considering the Metamorphosis of Plants, the Unity of Composition, and the essays on Comparative Osteology, to forget that the cunning hand which holds the scalpel also wrote "Faust," "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Meister," and Iphigenia." The same difficulty has been felt with regard to Buffon, in whom the majority still refuse to see the great thinker beneath the splendid writer. Buffon was a stylist, *ergo*, not a philosopher: that is the unconscious reasoning. Goethe was a poet, *ergo*, he could not have been a scientific thinker: that is said openly.

It is time to dissipate such errors, and to examine more strictly into Goethe's pretensions. Even those best informed on this point are not thoroughly informed, for the materials demand extensive and minute search.

Let us first quote three unexceptionable authorities, *not* German, to prove that the subject is worthy of serious investigation, and that Goethe is accepted as a man of science by competent persons. He takes his rank among the few great Naturalists whose biographies follow in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles," the writer very justly remarking, that "pour Goethe en effet l'étude de l'histoire naturelle ne fut pas un simple caprice, ou une distraction à ses innombrables travaux; ce fut une œuvre sérieuse et dans laquelle il a marqué l'empreinte de son génie. . . . Il s'y appliqua non en amateur qui se contente de notions générales, mais en savant qui n'arrive à la généralisation qu'à force de détails."

We must also give Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire's emphatic verdict; its importance will excuse the length of the extract, and we leave it untranslated, in order that the actual expressions may be weighed:—

"En outre, et sans parler ici de ses mémoires non moins nombreux sur la physiologie végétale, de ses notices géologiques sur plusieurs contrées de l'Allemagne, et surtout de son ouvrage sur l'optique et les couleurs, qui restent tout à fait en dehors de mon examen, on doit à la jeunesse de Goethe plusieurs autres travaux zootomiques que l'auteur n'a point lui-même mis au jour, mais qui, communiqués par lui à divers anatomistes Allemands, et honorablement cités par eux, sont un peu plus tard entrés dans la science. Il en est ainsi, par exemple, des recherches de Goethe sur le crâne des mammifères, dont les résultats, publiés en partie par Loder et Sæmmering, ont surtout contribué à fixer l'attention des anatomistes sur une pièce tour-à-tour appelée os transversal, pariétal impair, épactal, os de Goethe, et

\* Hallam, "Literature of Europe," vol. i. p. 304.

interpariétal. En présence de faits qui attestent des études préliminaires, solides, pratiques et poursuivies avec persévérance pendant quinze années—en présence de travaux aussi nombreux et continués par l'auteur presque jusque sur son lit de mort, les droits de Goethe au titre de naturaliste ne sauraient être un instant douteux.

"Assurément, si l'homme qui a fait tout cela, n'eût pas été en même temps l'un des plus grands poètes—le plus grand peut-être de l'Allemagne—l'idée ne fût venue à personne de n'attribuer à Goethe que des vues poétiques sur la nature, ou bien, selon les expressions employées par lui-même pour caractériser quelques pensées jetées dans ses premiers ouvrages littéraires, *des désirs de connaître qui s'évaporaient en vagues et inutiles contemplations*. Et surtout, si la vie de Goethe, cette vie dans toutes les phases de laquelle la science a eu une si belle part, eût été plus complètement connue, nul n'eût admis cette erreur, encore partagée par plusieurs, que les travaux scientifiques de Goethe se réduisent à quelques brillants essais de jeune homme et à quelques reminiscences de vieillard.

"Toutes ces opinions préconçues, que j'avoue avoir conservées très long-temps, et qui ne sont tombées que devant un examen approfondi des faits, sont nées du sentiment, exagéré peut-être, que nous avons tous, sans même y avoir réfléchi, sur l'immense différence des conditions psychologiques qui tendent à constituer le poète et le naturaliste, et des facultés par lesquelles ils se distinguent."\*

To this we will add the authority of the greatest living comparative anatomist—Richard Owen—who, in his celebrated work "Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," (page 3,) says, "Goethe, indeed, had taken the lead in inquiries of this nature in his determination, in 1787, of the special homology of that part of the human upper maxillary bone, which is separated by a more or less extensive suture from the rest of the bone in the foetus; and the philosophical principles propounded in the great poet's famous anatomical essays, called forth the valuable labours of the kindred spirits, Oken, Bojanus, Neckel, Carus, and other eminent cultivators of anatomical philosophy in Germany."

The mere versatility of intellect implied by these scientific labours in a poet, ought not astonish us in one who, with Shakespeare, certainly deserved the epithet "myriad-minded," but should be accepted as a fact. He notes the disinclination of the public to accord praise to any man who aims at success in different spheres, and while finding it perfectly natural, wisely adds, that an energetic nature feels itself brought into the world for its own development, and not for the approbation of the public: "it declines fatiguing and exhaust-

ing itself by always doing the same thing, and seeks elsewhere relaxation." If, therefore, Goethe passed from the elaboration of great anatomical laws to the composition of a comic opera, the reason was that his versatile nature demanded *varieties* of activity.\*

It should not be forgotten, however, that one very active cause of the disrespect with which men consider his scientific labours, is the bad taste of his polemics with Newton. He laboured for years to replace the Newtonian theory of colours by a theory of his own, carefully elaborated from original experiments. It is quite beyond our competence to decide upon the truth of his theory—*non nostrum est tantas componere lites*—and in the servility of ignorance we naturally range ourselves on the side of authority. But even as historians we cannot help the remark, that not only has Goethe's theory against it the immense authority of Newton, and all physical enquirers since Newton's day—a body of compact, demonstrable doctrine, incessantly proving its truth by fresh discoveries deduced from its principles; but over and above this it has against it Goethe's own conduct, which, to our minds, is very suspicious. The remark was originally made to us by Charles Kingsley, who, commenting on Goethe's well known irritability on this subject, and this alone, alluded to the notorious fondness of authors for their weak points.† Goethe had a vague feeling that his conclusions were not sound, and had the jealousy incident to imperfect conviction. We have to compare his conduct on the other points, and the force of the remark will make itself felt. If the opposition with which his theories were met by scientific men was enough to justify the tone he assumed, and to explain his sensitiveness on that point, how was it that, although his discovery of the intermaxillary bone was forty years before it was accepted (and when he first propounded it to Camper, the only answer he received was a compliment on the beauty

\* A friend of the writer's confessed that, to escape from the absorbing interest of his physiological researches, he wrote a comedy, and returned to his studies refreshed.

† Liston thought that tragedy was his forte. Eckermann tells us that Goethe would repeatedly say, "As for what I have done as a poet I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself—more excellent poets have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colours—of that, I say, I am not a little proud. There I have a consciousness of a superiority to many."—*Conversations with Goethe* (Oxenford's translation), ii. p. 145. See also vol. i. p. 109.

\* "Essais de Zoologie Générale," 139. Supp. à Buffon, tome 81.

of his handwriting); although his "Metamorphosis of Plants" was treated as a poetical fiction; although his views on comparative anatomy were only accepted when taken up by others,—how was it, we ask, that in these cases he maintained a dignified attitude, and never showed more than a moderate and reasonable sensitiveness to neglect and opposition? On the "Farbenlehre" he could bear no contradiction; Eckermann relates a curious conversation, wherein he brings forward a fact he has observed which contradicts the theory; and Goethe not only grows angry, but refuses to admit the fact.

To speak our whole mind with the frankness demanded by truth—and no one will accuse us of want of respect for Goethe—we must say that not only is the "Farbenlehre" his *very* weak point, and his whole demeanour in the controversy that of one painfully conscious of being in the wrong; but if there is one department wherein he shows himself to disadvantage as a man of Science it is in Optics. We do not deny the value of many of his observations, nor do we question the testimony of Artists so freely given as to the value and suggestiveness of his book to them: we are not unaware of the labour of years which furnished him with materials; but we think his optical researches and theories show that whatever rank he may hold in Science, it is not as an experimentalist that he shines. And this leads us to a more specific exposition of his peculiar attributes as a philosopher.

In Science there are Hodmen and Architects; men who assemble materials, and men who organize materials; men who make small discoveries, and men who point out the paths where great discoveries may be made. The Hodmen are of all degrees of capacity, from plodding dullness to a mastery which almost claims a place among the Architects; but with them we have no concern here, our purpose is only with the Architects, the Thinkers of the great thoughts which are to occupy generations and widen the horizon of philosophy. Among these there are two classes, types of the two Methods, Analytical and Synthetical, Inductive and Deductive. These two are so well described by Goethe in his parallel of Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, that we avail ourselves of the description to throw light on his own position.

"Cuvier is never weary of observing and describing accurately what falls under his own observation, and thus extending his empire over an immense surface; Geoffroy St. Hilaire studies in silence the analogies of organized beings and their mysterious affinities: the former starts from

Individuals in order to arrive at a Whole which is pre-supposed, although considered unattainable; the latter carries within himself the image of this Whole, and lives in the persuasion that little by little the Individuals will be deduced from it. Cuvier gratefully adopts all Geoffroy's discoveries in the field of observation, and the latter is far from rejecting the isolated but decisive observations of his adversary; neither is conscious of this reciprocal influence. Cuvier, for ever analyzing and distinguishing, always using observation as his starting point, does not believe in the possibility of an intuition—a prevision of a part in the whole. A desire to know and distinguish what cannot be seen by bodily eyes, or touched by hands, seems to him exorbitant. Geoffroy, resting on fixed principles, abandons himself to his lofty inspirations, and does not submit to the authority of this method.

"No one will blame me for repeating, after this preparatory *exposé*, what I have said above, that here may be seen the contest of two opposite forces of the human mind, almost always isolated and scattered, so that they are now as rarely combined among scientific as among other men. Their heterogeneity renders a connexion between them difficult, and it is with regret that they mutually help one another. Long personal experience added to the teachings of the History of Science, make me fear that human nature will never be able to resist the contest. I will go still further: analysis requires so much perspicacity, such sustained attention, such aptness at tracing variations of form in the smallest details, and such talent for nomenclature in naming these differences, that one can scarcely blame the pride of a man gifted with all these faculties, if he looks upon this method as the sole true and rational one. How could he make up his mind to share a fame so painfully acquired by laborious efforts with a rival who has had the art of reaching without difficulty a goal where the prize should be given only to industry and perseverance?"

"Assuredly, the man who starts from an Idea has a right to feel proud of having conceived a leading Principle; he will confidently repose on the certainty that isolated facts will verify what he has pointed out in the general fact. A man in such a position has naturally a legitimate pride caused by the consciousness of strength, and we cannot be surprised if he refuses to yield any of his advantages, and protests against insinuations tending to lower his genius in order to exalt that of his adversary."

In describing Geoffroy, he has sketched the broad outlines of his own Method. Although the greater part of his life was varied by scientific researches, and the last pages he ever wrote were devoted to a review of Geoffroy's "Philosophie Zoologique," yet he never had a *special* scientific education, and only manipulated scientific ideas, so to speak: for although he spared no labour in research, his researches were always undertaken to discover in analysis that which in synthesis had already been made present to him. Hence the accidents of his education

operated with the tendency of his mind to keep him rather in the domain of Philosophy than in that of inductive science. He viewed nature from the heights, and descended into the plains merely to verify the truth of his observation. He was an Architect, but he *sought* his materials. Hence, we believe, the failure of the "Farbenlehre."

It will be greatly to misunderstand the drift of the foregoing, if from it the reader conclude that Goethe was a "German Metaphysician"—a man who played with symbols, and neglected facts—a man who tried to supply the slow process of Observation by the facile rapidity of Reasoning. Goethe was eminently a positive thinker. Whatever may have been his deficiencies as an experimentalist—whatever may have been the defects of his various theories—the attitude of his mind, the organic tendency of his nature, was eminently scientific; and it is owing to *that* tendency that he made great discoveries, and deserves his place beside the Geoffroy St. Hilaire, whose character he describes, and whose great discoveries were made by them both simultaneously.

His scorn of Metaphysics breaks out in various parts of his works. "A man who speculates is like an animal led round in a circle by some malignant spirit on a dreary heath, while *beyond* the circle lies the beautiful pasture."

Ein Mensch der spekulirt  
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Heide  
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis herum geführt  
Und rings herum ist schöne, grüne Weide.

No one conversant with his poetry, and the intense feeling for concrete reality which animates it, will suspect him of any predilection for vague speculation. "*Für Philosophie im eigentlichen Sinne hatte ich kein organ*—I had no capacity for that which we Germans call philosophy," he confesses in a little essay on the "Influence of the New Philosophy;" and his remarks on Kant are curiously illustrative of his mind. He read Kant's two great works and appropriated therefrom certain formulas suitable to his own views. "I could very well accept his *à priori* knowledge, as also his *à priori* synthetical judgments, for my own life had been passed in creating and observing, in synthesis and analysis: *the systole and diastole of human thought were to me like a second breathing process—never separated, never pulsating.*" It is, however, in his admirable essay on "Experiment as the Mediator between the Object and Sub-

ject,"—"Der Versuch als Vermittler von Object und Subject, 1793,") that we gain the most formal expression of his views on Method, an essay that may be read with advantage by every thinker, with sympathy by every positivist.

"Man," he says, "at first regards all external objects with reference to himself, and rightly so. For his whole fate depends on them, on the pleasure or pain they cause him, on their utility or danger to him." This, which is the initial stage of all speculation, and has for Method the determination of external things according to analogies drawn from within, is essentially metaphysical, and gains its definite formula in the axiom of Des Cartes, that "*all clear ideas are true.*"\* Goethe passes on to the subsequent or positive stage, by remarking how much more difficult is the task of discerning objects as related among each other, and not as related to us; for here the term of comparison disappears. We give up our touchstone of Pleasure and Pain, Use and Danger, and with godlike indifference becoming *spectators*, we seek *that which is, not that which touches us*—"Als gleichgültige und gleichsam göttliche Wesen suchen und untersuchen was ist, und nicht was behagt." Thus shall the real Botanist consider neither the Beauty nor the Use of Flowers, so much as their laws of growth and their relations to the rest of the vegetable world; and as the sun shines on them and develops them all, so must he with calm contemplative eye regard them, taking the terms of comparison—the data for his judgment—not from within his own mind, but from the circle of the things he contemplates. Goethe continues to develop this theme; but we have done enough to indicate with precision his attitude as a positivist. He gives to Observation and to Reason their respective functions; and while, on the one hand, insisting on the necessity of due regard to facts and experiments; on the other, vindicates the claim of the deductive method. What he taught he practised. Although, as before hinted, his proper domain is that of general ideas—his eye never for a moment ceases to observe reality.

In a note inserted among the fragments at the end of the "Farbenlehre" is one entitled—"Important assistance derived from a single felicitous phrase." It alludes to an epithet used by Dr. Heinroth as characteristic of his mind. The epithet is *gegenständlich*, by which Goethe says, "is

\* "Quicquid tam clarè ac distinctè percipitur quàm istud verum est."—*Princip. Phil.*, p. 4.

meant that my thoughts are never independent of the objects," or, to express it in more familiar language, instead of his thoughts wandering off into vagueness, they are always inseparably connected with concrete realities. By this the old antagonism of Metaphysics and Science is again illustrated; luminously so in the following comment Goethe makes upon the phrase.

"Here let me confess that the grand oracular phrase, *Know thyself*, always presented itself suspiciously to my mind, as a cunning term of a secret Priesthood, desirous of perplexing man by the ambition of insoluble questions, and thus perverting his active contemplation of the outward world into a sterile contemplation of the inward world. *Man only knows himself in as far as he knows external nature, which he knows only in himself and himself only in it.*"

If that phrase about priestly cunning be meant seriously, it is a serious error; but the meaning of the whole passage is a profound one, and the closing sentence might form the epigraph to Comte's "Philosophie Positive." Goethe proceeds to show, in reference to his poems and his science, how truly the epithet *gegenständlich* characterizes his mind.

Let us descend from these general to particular considerations; and first to the history of his scientific studies, which—written in various parts of his works—presents not the least instructive aspect of his career, showing, as it does, the constancy underlying all his versatility—the unity animating the variety of his life.

A child of seven, we find him arranging on a music-stand ores, weeds, and other natural productions, as types to form an Altar, on the apex of which a pastille is lighted, symbolical of the aspiration of man's soul! As a youth, we find him herborising and theorising. As a student at Strasbourg, we find him neglecting jurisprudence for Spielman's "Lectures on Chemistry" and Lobstein's "Lectures on Anatomy." In his note-book of that period, we see traces of the study of physics, especially electricity, and the first dawn of chromatic investigations is here noticeable. These are but incidental studies, it is true; yet we find him in all his voyages actively observing, and speculating on every fact, geological, meteorological, botanical, or zoological, which he meets with: thus silently and unconsciously amassing a store of material for after use. Shakspeare, Spinoza, and Linnæus, are the three men who, he says, exercised the most constant influence over his mind—then hesitating between poetry, philosophy, and science.

In 1780, under the guidance of his friend

Loder, he studied anatomy with a direct and serious object. The conception of the Metamorphosis of Plants had not, he says, then germinated in his mind; but the parent thought, the *idée mère*, as the French happily style it, must have been in his mind, for we find him then endeavouring to construct his osteological Type; and this notion of a Type, with its collateral notions of modification and development, lies at the basis of biological philosophy. According to his notion of an osteological Type, every portion of an animal was to be traced in all other animals; and the anatomical difficulty was that of detecting the identity amidst such diversities of form and position. In this search he made his first anatomical discovery, and the discovery, though of no great importance, is illustrative of his philosophical mind. We allude to the intermaxillary bone, which was then supposed to belong to the ape and lower animals, and by its absence in the human skull to establish a point of difference between human and simial structure. His studies in comparative anatomy had convinced him that men were without a compass on that vast ocean—they wanted a Method; so he pushed aside all treatises, and turned to Nature. "I chose the skeleton of a quadruped, the horizontal position being the most characteristic, and I proceeded to study it piecemeal from head to tail." The intermaxillary bone being the first in that order, he followed its modifications through the animal series, and then he came to man, who was said not to have the bone. "But that bone being remarkable as containing the incisor teeth, I could not well understand how man possessed incisor teeth and not the bone in which they are fixed." Guided by this light, he soon discovered unmistakable traces of the existence of this bone, which in the fetus is as visible as in animals. He intended publishing this discovery in an essay, accompanied by plates, which were to represent this bone in a continuous series from its simplest form to its most developed, and thence to its concealment in man, "where it seems afraid lest it should reveal the voracity of the wild beast."

Although the fact is now beyond dispute, when first Goethe announced it—even to men so eminent as Camper and Blumenbach—it met with contemptuous rejection; for, as he truly says—"The phrases men are accustomed to repeat incessantly end by becoming convictions, and *ossify the organs of intelligence*," and it having been constantly repeated that man was distinguished from the monkey by the absence of the intermaxillary, no discovery could be entertained if it contradicted that phrase. Loder, Spix, and

Sömmering willingly recognised the discovery, but it was forty years before Goethe saw it generally accepted.

This discovery was made in 1785, and, although not published, was communicated to several anatomists; in 1787, Loder mentions it in his "Compendium." We give these dates for the purpose of making more evident that simultaneity of discoveries, so often leading to unjust charges of plagiarism in matters of science, and which we shall see curiously illustrated in the course of this article. In 1786, the great Vicq d'Azir published his "Traité d'Anatomie," wherein he not only gives a distinct *aperçu* of the presence of this bone in man, but adduces it in support of his conception of a *type* according to which Nature works;\* thus showing a coincidence of discovery which is self-explained, because the discovery in both cases was a deduction from a general principle, and that general principle was in the air, so to speak, breathed by philosophic anatomists of the day.

"My long and conscientious studies of the metamorphosis of plants," Goethe says, "revealed to me many luminous points of view from whence to study the organization of animals." And, indeed, one sees throughout his biological speculations the same parent thought everywhere lighting up the manifold obscurities, and reducing the diversities of Nature to unity in the laws of growth. His celebrated theory of plant-metamorphosis, as we are told by a considerable authority, Auguste de St. Hilaire, was for a long while neglected—"et depuis dix ans (written in 1838) il n'a peut-être pas été publié un seul livre d'organographie ou de botanique descriptive qui ne porte l'empreinte des idées de cet écrivain illustre."†

Linnæus, indeed, had an *aperçu* of this doctrine, as we see in his phrase *Principium florum et foliorum idem est*, but the development and establishment of this *aperçu* into a theory was Goethe's own. "His book," says M. Auguste de Saint Hilaire, "met the same lot as the phrase of Linnæus—it was neglected. The savans did not read it, imagining that, coming from the pen of a poet, it could be nothing more than a reverie, written in the false poetic style of the 'Loves of the Plants.' How ill they understood the genius

\* "Peut on s'y refuser enfin, en comparant les os maxillaires antérieurs que j'appelle *incisifs* dans les quadrupèdes avec cette pièce osseuse qui soutient les dents incisives supérieures dans l'homme, où elle est séparée de l'os maxillaire par une petite fêlure très remarquable dans les fœtus, à peine visible dans les adultes, et dont personne n'avait connu l'usage."

† "Comtes Rendus de Séances de l'Académie," vii. 487. See also "Morphologie Végétale," i. p. 15.

of Goethe, that flexible genius which assumed every form, and always selected that which suited best his subject . . . . . When Goethe wrote upon science, he was grave as science itself. He had given the models of several kinds of literary composition, and he gave one for scientific composition. If his work was not at once accepted it was because it appeared too soon for his contemporaries—he had anticipated the coming era."\*

Most readers will remember Goethe's account of his first interview with Schiller, who irritated him by calling his conception of metamorphosis an *Idea*, by which he meant a metaphysical notion, such as German philosophy revels in. The immense intellectual difference between them, which that remark implied, Goethe felt to be a chasm which only great friendship could bridge over. It separated them for years. But Schiller might be excused for not seeing the truth of a doctrine only admissible into minds previously trained in studies of comparative anatomy. Take the leaf, the flower, and the stamen of a rose, and present them to the most intelligent man you know, out of the circle of physiologists, telling him that they are three forms of the same organ variously modified, and await his answer.

Although Germany and France have applied Goethe's morphological ideas with great success, yet England—true to her antimetaphysical instinct, unhappily no more than an instinct with the majority—has been very chary of giving them admission, because the real philosophic method which underlies them is not appreciated. While we write, the *British Association for the Advancement of Science* holds its annual sitting in Belfast; and before Section D., Professor McCosh has read an admirable paper on the "Morphological Analogy between the Disposition of the Branches of Exogenous Plants and the Venation of their Leaves," founded upon Goethe's theory. We beg particular attention to this extract from the Report published in the "Literary Gazette" (No. 1861), wherein the present state of scientific thought is not inaptly characterized:—

"Professor McCosh, 'On the Morphological Analogy between the Disposition of the Branches of Exogenous Plants and the Venation of their Leaves,' endeavoured with great ingenuity to generalize and reduce to a common law the peculiarities which are manifested in the branching of exogenous plants, starting with the theory propounded by Goethe, that all the appendages of plants, whether leaves, bracts, sepals, petals, or stamens, are formed after a common type, and that that type is the leaf. Professor McCosh

\* "Morphologie Végétale," i. p. 15.



attempted to show that this theory might be extended further, and that the type of the leaf is not only that of all the appendicular organs, but of the buds and of the branches, and therefore eventually of the whole plant itself. The leaf is to the plant as the microcosm to the macrocosm—it is the plant in miniature—a common law governs the two, and therefore whatever disposition we find in the parts of the leaf, we may expect to find in the parts of the plant, and *vice versa*. Now, the veins of the leaf are the analogue of the branches of the plant, and therefore the venation and ramification must essentially harmonize with one another. In illustration of the law, the Professor pointed out that, in reticulated leaved plants (to which alone he referred) there is a correspondence between the distribution of the branches along the axis and the distribution of the venation of the leaf. In some plants the lateral branches are disposed pretty equally along the axis, whereas in others a number are gathered together at one point, and the plant becomes, in consequence, verticillate or whorled. The Professor stated, that wherever the branches are whorled, the leaves of the plant, as in the rhododendron, or the veins of the individual leaf, as in the common sycamore and lady's mantle, are also whorled. When the leaf has a petiole the tree has its trunk unbranched near the base, as in the case of the sycamore, apple, &c.; and when the leaf has no petiole the trunk is branched from the root, as in the common ornamental low shrubs, the bay, laurel, holly, box, &c. Professor McCosh exhibited an instrument for the measurement of the angles at which branches, &c., go off, and in 210 species of plants he found the angles of the branches with the stem and those of the veins with the midrib to coincide. The Professor stated in conclusion, that he believed there was a similar unity running through linear-leaved plants and monocotyledons. If substantiated, these views will give greater exactness to our distinctions of genera and species, and will lend more exactness to our ideas of the physiognomy of plants; they will at the same time exhibit an unity of design in the skeleton of the plant, similar to that which exists in the animal world, and so subserve the purpose of the natural theologian. In the discussion, a very interesting one, which ensued, while all acknowledged the value of the Professor's memoir, some, among whom were Professors Arnott and Balfour, appeared to doubt whether the theory would hold good if extended to more numerous cases. Professor Allman again drew attention to the question of method. He considered that development demonstrates the vein and the branch to be altogether dissimilar organs; that therefore the fundamental position of Dr. McCosh, the homology of vein and branch, was not proved, and consequently that any apparent resemblances between such dissimilar organs must be received with great caution. Dr. Lankester maintained that the paper before the Section was an admirable exemplification of the results to be obtained by the *à priori* methods of the school of Goethe, Carus, and Oken; while Mr. Huxley made a strong reclamation against any such doctrine, asserting that the *à priori* method, however useful as a stage of the scientific

method, as a means of what Dr. Whewell has called *colligating* the facts, not only cases to be useful if we stop here, but becomes absolutely hurtful. In reply, Professor McCosh repudiated the *à priori* method, and declared himself to be in all respects a Baconian. 'Who shall decide,' &c., says the old adage. It is at any rate not our affair in this place, and if we have specially indicated this discussion, it is only because we consider it to be an indication that the important question of the proper nature of a true scientific method is *beginning to agitate the minds of naturalists*. When it is fairly worked out, we may expect a new era in the annals of scientific biology."

The loose conceptions of Method which are implied in these objections to *à priori* reasoning, show how excessively imperfect is the philosophic education current in England. The vice of the *à priori* method, when it wanders from the right path, is *not* that it *goes before* the facts, and anticipates the tardy conclusions of experience; but that it rests contented with its own verdicts without seeking the verification of facts, or seeking only a partial hasty confrontation with facts—what Bacon calls "*notiones temerè à rebus abstractas*." The confusion we are alluding to, arises from not distinguishing between Metaphysical and Philosophic Methods. Englishmen, alarmed at the absurdities which *à priori* speculations have elaborated, learn to look with suspicion on every employment of the *à priori* method. But because men cut their fingers we need not relinquish knives; and this *à priori* weapon which alarms the pretended Baconians is one of the most effective in the armoury of Science, as indeed the history of Science abundantly testifies; but it must not be used incautiously.

The doctrine of Morphology is doubtless an *à priori* doctrine, and one not easily accepted by minds unfamiliar with its application. It is difficult to understand how all the bones of the body are but modifications of the vertebral column, how the skull is but a congeries of four or more vertebræ, and the hands and arms, upon which so much of our superiority depends, are but "diverging appendages of the costal or hæmal arch of the occipital segment of the skull;" yet difficult as these homologies may be to trace, there is no doubt of their truth in the minds of those who have carefully examined the evidence; and they do but show us, in a higher stage, the same Law of Development through modification of form to meet different circumstances, that lies at the basis of Goethe's theory of metamorphosis. How thoroughly he had grasped this Law, may be seen in the fol-

lowing extract, the great interest and importance of which must excuse its length :—

“That we may the more easily understand organized beings, let us glance at minerals. Always homogeneous in their constituent principles, they seem susceptible of a thousand different combinations determined by fixed laws. Their elements separate easily to form fresh combinations: these can be destroyed again, and the body which seemed destroyed be recomposed anew. The elementary principles separate and reunite therefore, not arbitrarily, but only in a very varied manner; and the constituent elements of inorganic substances are, notwithstanding the affinity which unites them, in a state of reciprocal indifference; for an affinity, either stronger or acting at a shorter or the shortest distance, can withdraw them from their combinations, in order to form a new body of which the elements are unvarying, it is true, but seem always ready to be recomposed, or to form, according to circumstances, fresh combinations.

“The forms of minerals vary according to their chemical composition, but it is precisely this influence of the *elements* over the *form* which proves that the combination is imperfect and temporary.

“Thus certain minerals owe their existence to the presence of foreign substances, the loss of which causes their own dissolution. Beautiful transparent crystals fall to dust if they lose their crystallizing water; and (to cite a more far-fetched example) the mass of iron filings which imitate hair round the loadstone attracting it, resolves itself anew into small fractions as soon as the action of the attractive force ceases.

“The distinctive character of minerals on which we are now insisting, is the indifference of their constituent principles, as to their union, co-ordination and subordination. They have, however, according to their destination, affinities more or less strong, of which the manifestation resembles some sort of choice; therefore chemists appear to grant them a power of election in their combinations; and yet for the most part it is only external circumstances, which, by driving or leading them here and there, determine the formation of mineral bodies. Far be it from us, however, to deny them their share of the general vivifying breath which animates the whole of nature.

“How different are organized beings, even the most imperfect! One portion of the nourishment they have taken is elaborated and assimilated with the substance of the different organs, the other is rejected. In a word, they grow by intussusception. They give, therefore, to this food, eminent and entirely special properties; for at the same time that the closest combinations are taking place, they give it *form*, that index of complete life, which, once destroyed, cannot be reconstructed from the remains.

“Compare the inferior with the perfect organisms; you will see that the former, even whilst completely elaborating the elementary bodies in order to assimilate them, are unable to bring the organs resulting from the process, to that high degree of perfection and unvaryingness which is observed in the superior animals. Thus, on descending still lower in the scale of beings, we find the plants developing in a fixed gradation,

and presenting to us the same organs under the most varied forms.

“An exact knowledge of the laws by virtue of which this metamorphosis takes place, will not only advance descriptive botany, but also our acquaintance with the physiology of plants. Let us only remark, that the leaves and blossoms, the stamens and pistil, the various envelopes, and all the other forms, are identical organs, modified by a series of vegetative processes, so as to be unrecognisable.

“The compound leaf and the stipule are the same organ, either developed or brought back to its most simple condition. According to circumstances, we see a flowering sprout or a sterile branch appear; the calyx, if it advances a step too far, becomes a corolla, and an undeveloped corolla remains like a calyx. The most varied transformations become possible in this way, and the knowledge of these laws renders research more easy and more productive. The necessity of studying the striking transformations of insects has long been felt, and the conviction exists that the entire economy of that class reposes on the idea of transformation. A parallel between the metamorphoses of insects and those of plants would be interesting; for the present it will be sufficient if we indicate it here in a succinct manner.

“The vegetable only becomes an individual at the moment when it separates from the parent plant in the shape of seed. As soon as germination commences, it becomes a being in which not only the identical parts reproduce themselves, but in which they are successively modified to such an extent that we fancy that we behold an unique whole composed of very different parts.

“But observation, and even intuition alone, prove that this whole is composed of parts independent of one another; for plants divided into fragments and entrusted to the earth grow again under fresh forms.

“With the insect it is quite different; the egg which comes from the mother has all the characteristics of individuality; the worm that issues from it, all those of distinct unity. Not only are its rings connected together, but they are also arranged according to a determined order, and subordinate to one another; they appear to be, if not animated by one will, at least to be led by the same appetite. One can distinguish a head and a tail, a superior and an inferior surface; the organs occupy a definite place, and one cannot be substituted for another. Yet the caterpillar is nevertheless an imperfect being, incapable of the most important of all the functions, Reproduction; it is only after a series of transformations that it attains to that function.

“In plants we observe successive stages co-existing in the same individual; the stem and root exist when the blossom is developing; fecundation is accomplished whilst the pre-existing and preparatory organs are still full of life and strength. The plant fades only at the moment when the fecundated seed attains its maturity.

“In the insect it is quite different. It abandons one after the other the various envelopes which it throws off, and from the last comes forth an evidently new being. Each successive stage differs from the preceding, a step backward is impossi-

ble. The butterfly emerges from the chrysalis and leaves it; the blossom is developed from the stem and on the stem. Compare the caterpillar and the moth; the former is composed, like all articulated worms, of analogous parts, the head and tail being alone different, the front feet varying but little from the hind feet, and the body divided into a number of rings resembling each other. The caterpillar sheds its skin several times during its growth; every covering seems intended to tear and fall off as soon as its elasticity is insufficient to the growth of the animal's body. The caterpillar becomes larger and larger without changing its form, and at last attains a limit it cannot exceed. An important change then occurs; it seeks to rid itself of the cocoon which formed part of its economy, and thus to free itself from all which is useless or injurious to the transformation of its grosser elements into more subtle and perfect organs.

"The body, whilst thus developing itself, diminishes in length without widening proportionably; and when the last covering falls off, there emerges an animal no longer resembling the preceding, but a perfectly different being.

"In order to complete the history of insect transformation, we ought to enter into greater details respecting the characteristics of both stages. Let us take the caterpillar and moth as an example: the body of the latter is no longer formed of parts resembling one another; the rings are grouped to form systems of organs; some have disappeared completely, others are still visible. Three sections exist,—the head and its appendages, the thorax which bears the limbs, and the abdomen with the organs it contains. We are far from denying the individuality of the caterpillar; but it appears to us to be imperfect, from the very fact that its parts were in a state of relative indifference, one having as much value and power as another, from whence it followed that the secondary functions of nutrition and secretion could alone be accomplished; whilst all those secretions of elaborated juices which produce a new being were quite impossible. But when, by means of an internal, slow, and gradual process, the organs susceptible of transformation have attained the highest degree of perfection; when, under the influence of a heightened temperature the body has discharged and freed itself from the juices that clogged it, the parts first become distinct, then divide, and acquire, notwithstanding their secret analogy, fixed and marked characteristics; they group themselves by systems, and thus assist in the accomplishment of those varied and energetic functions which, as a whole, constitute life.

"Although the moth is a very imperfect and transitory being compared with mammalia, yet it shows, by the transformations which take place before our eyes, the superiority of a perfect animal over an imperfect one. The parts are distinct, no one could be confounded with another, each has its determined functions to which it is inseparably bound. Let us recall those experiments which prove that among certain animals, limbs which have been cut off can grow again. This, however, takes place only among those animals whose limbs resemble each other sufficiently to allow of one performing the functions of another, and acting as a substitute; or in those whose organ-

ization is more flaccid, less positive and more easily modified by the element in which they live, such as the amphibious animals.

"The marked distinctions which indicate the limbs, point to the high grade which the most perfect animals, and man in particular, occupy in the scale of creation. In those regular organizations, every part has a determined form, place, and number; and whatever may be the anomalies produced by the creative activity of the vital forces, the general balance is never destroyed.

"It would not have been necessary for us to consider the transformations of plants and insects in order laboriously to attain this point of view, if we had not hoped thereby to find some light thrown on the forms of the perfect animals.

"After admitting that the idea of a *successive or simultaneous transformation of identical parts* is the basis of all studies of plants or insects, our researches about animals will be singularly facilitated, if we admit that all their organs undergo a simultaneous transformation already prepared at the moment of conception. In fact, it is evident that all the vertebræ are identical organs, and yet any one who should compare the first cervical vertebra with a caudal vertebra would not find a trace of analogical form between them. Here then are parts, the affinity of which is undoubted, and which are yet very different; and it is only by examining their organic connexion, their points of similarity, and their mutual influence, that we have arrived at a satisfactory result.

"The organic whole presents that perfect harmony which we admire, because it is composed of identical parts, insensibly modified. Really homogeneous, they appear not only heterogeneous, but antagonistic; so different are their forms, destination, and functions. It is thus, by the modification of organs which resemble each other, that nature can create systems of the most varied kinds, which sometimes remain distinct, sometimes unite and amalgamate.

"Metamorphosis takes place among the most perfect animals in two ways; sometimes, as in the vertebræ, it makes an identical organ pass through a series of degradations. In this case, the type is easily found. Sometimes the isolated parts of the type are modified by passing through the whole animal series without losing their characteristics. The vertebral column, taken in its whole, is an example of the first kind. The first and second vertebræ are a proof of the reality of the second. In fact notwithstanding the incredible modifications which they undergo in each animal, a conscientious and attentive observer will follow them through all their transformations.

"From whence we may conclude, that universality, constancy, and the limited development of simultaneous transformation, permit the establishment of a type; but the versatility, or rather the elasticity, of that type in which nature can follow its own vagaries, on condition of preserving to each part its individual character, explains the existence of every genus and variety of animal with which we are acquainted."

The law of development here illustrated is that to which the efforts of Lamarck, and

Geoffroy St. Hilaire pointed; and it may be mentioned, in passing, that Lamarck was like Goethe, a botanist before he was a zoologist, and he was doubtless led to his celebrated hypothesis by the influence of his botanical studies. For the sake of keeping dates before the reader's eye, we may mention that Lamarck's "Philosophie Zoologique" was published in 1809.

Although Goethe did not push this development hypothesis to anything like the extent we see it in Lamarck, it is unquestionable that he had distinctly conceived *evolution*, as opposed to the old idea of *creation*, to be the organic process of the world; and the stages of this evolution he conceived as a *series of modifications of simpler beings into more complex beings*. Hence the resemblance of his speculations to those of Geoffroy St. Hilaire is more specific than to those of Lamarck. Indeed, the remarkable son of the illustrious anatomist, speaking of Goethe's anatomical labours, says they present so striking an analogy, and sometimes so complete an identity, with those of his father, that he feels some hesitation in speaking of them. And not the least curious part of this is the perfect unconsciousness each was in as to the other's labours. "L'un en Allemagne," says M. Isidore St. Hilaire, "l'autre en France, n'ont cessé de marcher parallèlement, et souvent de front, sans le savoir, et même sans qu'il fût possible de le savoir, vers une semblable rénovation de l'anatomie comparée."

M. Isidore St. Hilaire here alludes to the conception of the true Method of Comparative Anatomy, and the elaboration of a Type, or, to use the French phrase, that Unity of Composition, which philosophy detects in the structure of animated beings. To any one conversant with the history of science, we need not remark on the capital importance of method; to say that Goethe was among those who first established the true Method of Comparative Anatomy is therefore to say, that he claims a place beside the great legislators of science.

His essay on Comparative Anatomy ("Erster Entwurf einer allgemeinen Einleitung in die vergleichende Anatomie, 1795,") points out the essentially sterile nature of the comparison then made, not only in respect of comparing animals with men and with each other, but also (and this arrow flies straight at Cuvier) in the foolish and unscientific resource of *final causes*.\*

\* Elsewhere he ridicules those seekers of final causes by saying they would have you believe cork trees were made to stop ginger-beer bottles.

He does more than expose the poverty of the reigning Method, he substitutes a true one.

The conception of an anatomical Type or universal pattern (*allgemeines Bild*) according to which all organized beings are constructed, although to men of purely analytic minds it has ever been repulsive, was a truly scientific conception. This Type, must not be confounded with a Platonic Idea. It is no metaphysical entity, it is simply a scientific artifice. Goethe expressly says, we are not for an instant to believe in the existence of this Type as an objective reality, although it itself is the generalized expression of realities. It is not an *a priori* assumption, like the mathematical line and point, though it serves as a basis to anatomy in a manner somewhat similar to that of the point and line to mathematics. It is a Type gradually and carefully elaborated from an inspection of existing organisms. "Observation reveals to us the parts that are common to all animals, and in what they differ among each other; the philosophic mind must embrace this *ensemble*, and deduce from it an abstract type."

The great battle between Cuvier and Geoffroy respecting this type—or Unity of Composition, as Geoffroy called it—was of immense service to Zoology, if only in the stimulus it gave to philosophic observation. The battle rages still, though the opposition to the doctrine of Unity becomes feebler and feebler. How intensely it interested Goethe, even in his eightieth year, may be seen in this *very* curious page in Eckermann.

"Monday, August 1, 1830.

"The news of the Revolution of July, which had already commenced, reached Weimar to-day, and set every one in a commotion. I went in the course of the afternoon to Goethe's. 'Now,' exclaimed he to me, as I entered, 'what do you think of this great event. The volcano has come to an eruption; everything is in flames, and we have no longer a transaction with closed doors!' 'A frightful story,' returned I. 'But what could be expected under such notoriously bad circumstances, and with such a ministry, otherwise than that the whole would end in the expulsion of the royal family?' 'We do not appear to understand each other, my good friend,' returned Goethe. 'I am not speaking of those people, but of something quite different. I am speaking of the contest, so important for science, between Cuvier and Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture in the Academy.' This expression of Goethe's was so very unexpected, that I did not know what to say, and for some minutes felt my thoughts perfectly at a standstill. 'The matter is of the highest importance,' continued Goethe, 'and you can form no conception of what I felt at the intelligence of the sitting

of the 19th July. We have now in Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire a powerful and permanent ally. I see how great must be the interest of the French scientific world in this affair; because, notwithstanding the terrible political commotion, the sitting of the 19th of July was very fully attended. However, the best of it is, that the synthetic manner of treating nature, introduced by Geoffroy into France, cannot be kept back any more. The affair is now become public, through the free discussion of the Academy, and that in the presence of so large an audience.

"It is no longer referred to secret committees, and arranged and got rid of, and smothered behind closed doors. From the present time, mind will rule over matter in the physical investigations of the French. There will be glances of the great maxims of creation, of the mysterious workshop of God! Besides, what is all intercourse with nature, if, by the analytical method, we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts, and do not feel the breath of the spirit, which prescribes to every part its direction, and orders or sanctions every deviation by means of an inherent law!

"I have exerted myself in this great affair for fifty years. At first I was alone, then I found support, and now at last, to my great joy, I am surpassed by congenial minds. When I sent my first discovery of intermediate bones to Peter Camper, I was, to my infinite mortification, utterly ignored. With Blumenbach I fared no better, though, after personal intercourse, he came over to my side. But then I gained kindred spirits in Sommering, Oken, Dalton, Carus, and other equally excellent men. And now Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire is decidedly on our side, and with him all his important scholars and adherents in France. This occurrence is of incredible value to me; and I justly rejoice that I have at last witnessed the universal victory of a subject to which I have devoted my life, and which, moreover, is my own *par excellence*."

We are afraid ardent politicians will be terribly shocked at this preference of the old man for Science over Revolutions, and will regard it as an evidence of his "coldness." We prefer regarding it as an evidence of his sincere and absorbing love of great ideas; he knew that a whole revolution in thought, far deeper and far more important to Humanity than twenty July Days in France, were germinating in that doctrine.

Although this Unity of Composition must be admitted as an admirable artifice for the better exploration of the homologies and analogies of organized structures, yet when it is no longer used as an artifice, but presented as an ascertained *plan* according to which the structures were composed—a *scheme* of creation subsequently realized, then indeed the positive philosopher demurs, and declines to see in this Unity of Composition anything more than the limitation of organic processes. One might as well

talk of the unity of composition of crystals, whose forms are identical because the limitations are identical; indeed Professor Owen has hinted at this *rapprochement* in saying, "The repetition of similar segments in a vertebral column, and of similar elements in a vertebral segment, is analogous to the repetition of similar crystals as the result of polarizing force in the growth of an inorganic body."\*

This Law of Repetition, which is the first law of organic growth, must be coupled with another law distinctly announced by Goethe in a very remarkable passage, and subsequently taken up by Schelling, and various other philosophers, including Von Baer, whom Dr. Carpenter improperly credits with the discovery: the law we speak of is by Coleridge named the *Law of Individuation*, and may be more intelligibly explained as the principle of "division of labour" in organisms. Here is Goethe's statement:—

"The more imperfect a being is, the more do its individual parts resemble each other, and the more do these parts resemble the whole. The more perfect the being, the more dissimilar are the parts. In the former case the parts are more or less a repetition of the whole; in the latter case they are totally unlike the whole. The more the parts resemble each other, the less subordination is there of one to the other. Subordination of parts indicates high grade of organization."

These pregnant sentences should be placed at the introduction to every treatise on Zoology, for they express the highest generalization of the organic series. Specialization of function is consequent upon specialization of structure, as the homogeneous mass becomes heterogeneous, as the simple cell by spontaneous fission becomes an aggregation of cells, as the cellular tissue becomes by gradual condensation fibrous, cartilaginous, and osseous, and finally the muscular and nervous tissues become developed; in the ascending series the "division of labour" follows, so that instead of each part performing several functions, the separate functions are localized in separate organs; and according to the *ratio of the specialization* is the *grade of the organization*.

Not only did Goethe clearly perceive that the march of Nature was always from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; but he also saw that in studying nature we should follow the same Method, and not "proceed as men have done hitherto to detect the traces of human structure in animals, but we must commence from below and rise gradually, and detect in the

\* "Homologies of the Skeleton," p.171.

complex organization of man that of the simpler animals."

By thus bringing together the various conceptions Goethe had elaborated, we prove, even better than by dates, that his opinions were the natural results of his method of looking at Nature, and were arrived at by him independently of all contemporary efforts in the same direction. Indeed, strange as is the coincidence between his notions in comparative anatomy and those of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, yet it is impossible—and Geoffroy's son has shown it—that either of these philosophers could have been cognizant of the labours of the other. Dates prove it. Goethe's essays were written in 1795, though not published till 1820. Geoffroy did not publish till 1796—1806. Yet that Goethe's manuscript essay of 1795 was not *subsequently* altered is sufficiently evident in these three discoveries: *the metamorphosis of plants*; the discovery of the intermaxillary; the discovery of the vertebral structure of the skull: all three being special applications of the general doctrine.

The coincidences, then, must be accepted as coincidences, similar to the one previously noted respecting the discovery of the intermaxillary by Vicq d'Azyr; and the one now to be mentioned respecting the vertebral structure of the cranium. It has been often discussed, Who really was the originator of this vertebral theory? and a few years before his death, Oken wrote an article in the "Isis" (1847, Heft vii.), in which he accused Goethe of mendacious vanity, declaring that he, Oken, was the sole discoverer. We will give the substance of this protest, because it has undoubtedly influenced Professor Owen, and it made a great impression on our own minds when we first read it; the more so as we confess to an uncomfortable suspicion of plagiarism somewhere, having stolen into our thoughts on observing the similarity in the manner of the discovery.

Goethe, during one of his rambles in the Jewish cemetery near Venice, picked up the skull of a ram which had been cut longitudinally, and, on examining it, the idea occurred to him that the face was composed of three vertebrae: the transition from the anterior sphenoid to the ethmoid was evident at once. Oken, during one of his rambles in the Harz mountains, picked up the skull of a deer; on examining it, says Carus, he exclaimed, "That is a vertebral column!"

Oken's statement is as follows. He made the discovery in 1806, and in 1807 wrote his academic programme as *privat docent* in Göttingen, "at a time therefore when Goethe certainly knew not of my existence." The reader is requested to note this avowal that

Goethe knew nothing of Oken at that period. He sent this dissertation to Jena, where he had just been appointed professor, and had it printed as his inaugural discourse. Goethe, be it observed, was curator of that university: a fact thought to be sufficient to establish Oken's claim, as Goethe, it is supposed, would at once have remonstrated against such a claim had he not recognized its justice. This fact, however, we shall presently see to have no such bearing. Goethe had his own reasons for silence. "I naturally sent Goethe a copy of my programme. This discovery pleased him so much that he invited me at Easter, 1808, to spend a week with him in Weimar, which I did." But he does not say whether Goethe then mentioned having conceived the same idea: he does not say that Goethe credited him with priority. He adds, however, that as long as the notion was ridiculed by men of science, Goethe was silent; but no sooner had it attained some renown through the works of Meckel, Spix, Ulricks and others, "than there grew up a murmur among Goethe's servile admirers that this idea originated with him. About this time Bojanus went to Weimar, and hearing of Goethe's discovery, half believed it, and sent the rumour to me, which I thoughtlessly printed in the "Isis." [1818, p. 509.] Whereupon I announced that I made my discovery in the autumn of 1806, during a journey through the Harz." True; but he did not throw any doubt upon Goethe's claim to priority; he only asserted his own claim to originality. "Now that Bojanus had brought the subject forward, Goethe's vanity was piqued, and he came afterwards, thirteen years subsequent to my discovery, and said that he had held the opinion for thirty years."

Oken not only speaks with profound contempt of Goethe's "fantastic and foolish osteological essays—*ganz verwirren und ideenlosen osteologischen Aufsätzen*," which "prove that he could know nothing" about the matter; but plainly charges him with having attempted to usurp the claim to a discovery he, Oken, had made. And at first we were quite prepared to side with him, and to hold Goethe guilty of the charge. A long and minute investigation has convinced us that the charge is completely groundless, and very foolish when properly stated. The independence of both is clear enough. There has been no plagiarism—there has not even been identity of discovery. Goethe had an *aperçu* of the truth; Oken laid the basis of a demonstrative theory. Goethe did not work out his *aperçu*, and cannot therefore be considered as the discoverer; he only saw the truth like a philosopher—Oken proved it like a

man of science. It was with Goethe one among many applications of a fundamental conception of organic evolution and transformation—a detail of the unity of composition. It was with Oken the special anatomical problem which a young anatomist devoted himself to solve. That Oken had never heard of Goethe's discovery, we may reasonably assume; for although it was freely discussed among Goethe's friends, it was not published till many years afterwards. But recalling the fact of the two discoverers being at that time unknown to each other, let us adduce *proof positive* that Goethe had spoken of this discovery before Oken's publication.

In his essays on Comparative Anatomy, speaking of the vertebral structure of the skull, he says—

"I must confess, with pleasure, that I have been convinced of this secret affinity for the last thirty years, and have always continued to study it. But such an *aperçu*, notion, conception, or intuition, or whatever it may be called, is always somewhat esoteric. It can be expressed in a general formula, but cannot be proved; it can be exhibited in detail, without our being able to produce anything complete and finished. Two persons thoroughly possessed of the idea, would not agree on its detailed application: moreover, I assert that the single observer, the quiet friend of nature, is not always in accordance with himself; and from day to day the subject is clear or obscure before his eyes, according to the greater or less activity and energy of his intellectual powers.

"I will make my meaning more intelligible by a comparison. Some time ago, I was interested in reading manuscripts of the fifteenth century, which are full of abbreviations. Although I had never applied myself to the deciphering of manuscripts, I set to work with great energy, and, to my astonishment, read off without hesitation unknown characters which ought to have been riddles to me. My pleasure did not last long. Some time afterwards, when I wished to resume this occupation, which had been interrupted, I found that I should seek in vain to accomplish by labour and attention a task I had begun with love and intelligence, lucidity and independence, and I resolved to await the return of those fortunate and fugitive inspirations.

"If we find such differences in our facility of reading old parchments, the letters of which are fixed, how much the difficulty must be increased when we strive to guess the secrets of Nature, who, incessantly varying, hides from us the mystery of the life she bestows? Sometimes she indicates, by abbreviations what would have been comprehensible if written in full; sometimes she causes unbearable labour by a long series of narratives in running hand; she unveils what she had concealed, and conceals what she had only the moment before unveiled. What man can boast that he is gifted with that wisely-measured sagacity, with that modest assurance, which ren-

der Nature manageable at all times and in all places? But if, with a problem of this nature, the solution of which is denied to all exoteric treatment, a man stands forth in a busy and egotistically occupied world, it will be vain to do so even with measured, well-reasoned, ingenious, and, at the same time, reserved audacity: he will be coldly received, perhaps repulsed; and he will feel that so delicate, so intellectual a creation is out of place in such a vortex. A grand and simple idea, whether original or rediscovered, may make some impression; but it never is continued and worked out in its primitive purity. The author of the discovery and his friends, the masters and his disciples, the pupils among themselves, not to mention its adversaries, perplex the question by their disputes, lose themselves in useless discussions; and this because each one wants to adapt the idea to his own mind and intellect, and because it is more flattering to be original in a mistaken way, than to acknowledge, by the admission of a truth, the power of a superior intelligence."

The allusion in the concluding passage is certainly pointed at Oken; we find proofs of it in three distinct passages. Here is one from a note headed *Das Schädelgerüst aus sechs Wirbelknocken aufgebaut* (vol. xxxvi., p. 271). After alluding to his recognition of three, and subsequently six, vertebræ as composing the skull, which he spoke of among his friends who set to work to demonstrate it, he says:—

"In the year 1807 this theory appeared tumultuously and imperfectly before the public, for it naturally awakened great disputes and some applause. How seriously it was damaged by the incomplete and fantastic method of exposition, History must relate." *Die unreife Art des Vortrags* is a sentence to be appreciated only by those who have read Oken.\* Goethe's antipathy to metaphysics made Oken's exposition as disagreeable to him as it was to Cuvier, from whom it concealed the profound truth that lived behind it.

In his "Tag und Jahres Hefte," Goethe mentions that *while he was working out this subject with his two friends Voigt and Riemer*, they "brought me, with some surprise, the news that this idea of vertebral structure had just been brought before the public in an Academic Programme, a fact which they, being still alive, can testify to." This seems to us conclusive evidence. It was published many years before Oken made his charge; and it accused him in the most formal way of prematurely venturing to disclose Goethe's discovery, and it appealed to two honourable men as witnesses. Oken

\* It may be taken as a set-off against Oken's qualification of "the fantastic and foolish 'Osteological Essays.'"

said nothing to this when it could have been settled. He says, indeed, that he made no answer to the first passage we have quoted, because, after all, he was not named in it, and he did not wish to involve himself in a host of "disagreeables." But the second passage does name him as plainly as if the letters of Oken were printed; and it adduces *living* testimony to the fact that Goethe had conceived the idea long before Oken, and that his friends heard of Oken's lecture with *surprise*.

Why, it may be asked, did not Goethe speak? In the passage following the one last quoted he answers the question: "I told my friends to keep quiet, for that the idea was not properly worked out in the Programme, and that it was not elaborated from original observations would be plain to all scientific men. I was frequently sought to speak plainly on the subject; but I was firm in my silence."

To these very strong testimonies let us add that contemporary anatomists, Carus and Bojanus, have no hesitation whatever in making the true distinction, and in assigning to each the merit due. They regard Goethe as unquestionably the originator, and Oken as the demonstrator, of this theory. Carus says—"Still more remarkable is it that the greatest of anatomical ideas relating to the development of the skeleton was first conceived by Goethe—and this is the structure of the skull, which first appeared to his mind as a development of the vertebral column. It is true this discovery was published later, and to Oken belongs the great merit, in 1807, of having the first given a scientific demonstration of the theory in public. Nevertheless, it is beyond a doubt, that Goethe had this luminous idea many years before." Bojanus—the friend of Oken, too!—is still more explicit.

We are only defending Goethe from the frivolous charge made by Oken of an endeavour to claim what was not his due. That Oken, as the demonstrator, is entitled to the claim of a discoverer is plain; or if Goethe's *aperçu* be allowed to claim this, then we may give to Linnæus the merit of having discovered the *Metamorphosis of Plants*, his phrase (previously quoted) standing in pretty much the same relation to that theory as the phrase, "The skull is a vertebral column," does to the theory of Oken. Instead of treating it as an undignified case of plagiarism, we should see in it another suggestive lesson of the truth Goethe himself propounds, that Discoveries belong to the Age, and not men. Curiously enough, while investigating the case of simultaneous discovery, we came upon a third

trace of the same contemporaneous idea. M. Duméril read a paper before the Institute, in 1808, on the Analogy which exists between the bones and muscles of animals, the second section of which is entitled *De la tête considérée comme une vertèbre*.\* and this paper is sufficient to show how the idea of the vertebral composition of the skull was "in the air"—how all science tended that way.

It is rare, indeed, that a discovery of any importance is made by one man alone; and on this point we borrow the words of Professor Owen:—

"As the truth of Oken's generalization began to be appreciated, it was remembered, as is usually the case, that something like it had occurred before to others. Autenrieth and Jean-Pierre Frank, had alluded, in a general way, to the analogy between the skull and the vertebral column. Ulrich, reproducing formally Oken's more matured opinions on the cranial vertebræ, says—'Kielmeyerum præceptorem pie venerandum quamvis vertebram tanquam caput integrum considerari posse in scholis anatomicis docentem audivi.' And the essential idea was doubtless present to Kielmeyer's mind, though he reversed M. Duméril's proposition, and instead of calling the skull a vertebra, he said each vertebra might be called a skull. But these anticipations detract nothing from the merit of the first definite proposition of the theory. It would rather be an argument against its truth, if some approximative idea had not suggested itself to other observers of nature, who only lost the merit of developing it, from not appreciating its full importance. He, however, becomes the true discoverer who establishes the truth; and the sign of the proof is the general acceptance. Whoever, therefore, resumes the investigation of a neglected or repudiated doctrine, elicits its true demonstrations, and discovers and explains the nature of the errors that have led to its tacit or declared rejection, may calmly and confidently await the acknowledgments of his rights in the discovery."†

Oken's claim, therefore, is in no way impugned by Goethe's; nor is any doubt possi-

\* The following extract will sufficiently indicate his point of view: "Le trou occipital correspond au canal rachidien des vertèbres dont il est l'origine: l'apophyse basilaire et très souvent le corps du sphénoïde sont semblables par la structure et les usages au corps des vertèbres, les condyles représentent leur facettes articulaires. Les protubérances occipitales et les espaces compris au-dessous sont les analogues des apophyses épineuses et de leurs lames osseuses, enfin les apophyses mastoïdes sont tout à fait conformes aux apophyses transverses." He deduces that the whole skull is one gigantic vertebra—a conclusion which was rendered ridiculous by a phrase, *vertèbre pensante*, and, as usual with Frenchmen, disregarded because ridiculed.

† Owen "On the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," p. 76.



ble in our minds of the rightfulness of Goethe's claim to priority.

In taking a final survey of the grounds upon which Goethe's claim as a man of science rests, it will be apparent, even from the brief indications afforded by this paper, and disregarding the geological, mineralogical, and meteorological inquiries which variously occupied him, that he was no mere amateur dabbling superficially in scientific matters, but one of the Great Naturalists to whom Science is seriously indebted. He had that *facilité de penser en grand qui multiplie la science*, which Buffon recognises in Pliny, and which leaves a rich inheritance to after generations. The most advanced thinkers of our day are only now beginning thoroughly to appreciate the reach and grandeur of his leading ideas; and, while he may thus be compared with Bacon in legislative capacity, he has shown, by his discoveries and by his researches, that he was fully penetrated by the spirit of positive philosophy. And, before concluding, we must call attention to one admirable point in his speculation—the constant presence of what may be called the embryological point of view. He studies nature in her ascending phases of *growth*, not as others habitually do, contenting himself with noticing the already grown. It is thus he traces the secret of transformations, catching Nature "in the act," so to speak, and thus brings the whole diversity of forms within the unity of Life.

We have endeavoured to show that he was a great Man of Science, no less than a great Poet. "For half a century," he says, "I have been known as a poet in my own country, and even in other lands, so that my talent in this respect is not disowned. But it is not generally known, and has not been sufficiently considered, that I have seriously, and for years, devoted myself to science, that I have observed phenomena with that silent perseverance only possible to a real passion. Thus, when my Morphological Essays on the Metamorphosis of plants, though published forty years before, began to attract attention in Switzerland and France, people could not contain their surprise that a poet, occupied habitually with sentiment and imagination, should for a moment have left his path, and made so important a discovery. But this is a complete mistake. I have devoted a great part of my life to natural history, led thereto by a dominant passion. I have not made discoveries by 'inspiration,' by the 'flash of genius,' but by steady and serious research. Certainly, I might have accepted the honour paid to my sagacity and 'genius,' but as it is equally hurtful in science to attend exclusively either to mere observation or to abstract theories, I have considered it my duty

to write the history of my botanical studies for the appreciation of serious men."

We close this attempt to place his scientific position in its true light, with two biographical details:—During the *Campaign in France*, he was steadfastly pursuing his theory of Colours; and, while the cannon-balls were whirling around him, he, not being a soldier, observed their phenomena as a philosopher! The second detail is scarcely less significant. The very last pages he ever wrote were the review of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's "Philosophie Zoologique." He was then eighty-two years old! Truly did he say, that with him Science was a passion!

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#### ART. VIII.—THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

*The Autobiography of William Jerdan, F.R.S.L., &c., with his Literary, Political and Social Reminiscences, and Correspondence during the last Fifty Years.* Hall, Virtue, and Co.

WHEN a man undertakes to write his own life, he should be able to assign some satisfactory excuse for stopping the public on the highway, and holding it by the button, while he delivers himself of a full and particular account of his private affairs. He should have something to tell, and a sufficient reason for telling it. He has acted a great public part, and comes forward to explain and vindicate his conduct; or he has been mixed up in the remarkable events of the day, and possesses the means of contributing to their history; or he has associated with men of wit, learning, and renown, and has intimate revelations to make concerning them; or, perhaps, he is distinguished by some speciality, which people may be supposed to be curious to hear about: like the young woman at Ipswich, who has been lately occupying so large a space in the newspapers, perhaps he is endowed with the miraculous gift of being able to live without food; or he is a practical juggler, and can show how swords may be swallowed, and red-hot coals taken into the stomach with impunity; or he has accomplished some one marvellous feat that lifts him above the ordinary level of humanity—walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours on his head, or gone round the world in a washing-tub. Something unusual there must be in his life to justify him in writing it. We do not lay down any very strict conditions as to the limits within which this

peculiar class of books should be confined ; but it is obviously necessary to draw a line somewhere, or we should incur the risk of having our literature overrun by the plague of autobiographies. If a man insists upon blowing his own trumpet, it is not too much to exact from him, that he should blow it to some tune worth listening to. We dare not contemplate the consequences that would ensue, were every man, who had worked himself up into a hero in his own conceit, to consider his sayings and doings of so much consequence to the world, that he must needs put them into print.

We have looked carefully through Mr. Jerdan's volumes, and must candidly avow that we have not been able to discover the particular necessity there existed, so far as the public is concerned, for the trouble the author has taken in recalling the incidents of his career. Nothing uncommon appears to have happened to him ; nor has he disclosed to us anything very remarkable which he has done. The most memorable event, as affecting himself, recorded in the book is his birth. To that influential circumstance, we are no doubt indebted for all the rest ; but, although it was a matter of considerable importance to him, we do not think that the consequences it entailed are of sufficient importance to the world, to render the publication of them indispensable, or even desirable. We are not insensible to the variety of matters Mr. Jerdan has collected into his volumes, and can see that his experiences, commonplace as they are in the relation, must have been abundantly exciting, and, for the most part, highly entertaining in the reality. But they neither interest nor instruct us. We are not much edified or amused by the information that Mr. Jerdan was in the lobby of the House of Commons when Bellingham shot Percival ; that he went to the coronation of George IV. in the private carriage of Mr. Trotter ; that he was confidentially consulted by Mr. Owen touching that notable scheme of parallelograms upon which, at the same time, Mr. Owen was taking the opinion of the whole British public, by the most indefatigable circulation of printed prospectuses ever put into motion in an age of experiment and speculation ; that he was also taken into council on the establishment of the Soho Bazaar ; and many other small facts, by no means to be distinguished in the eyes of posterity from the multitudes of trivial passages that occur every day in the life of Mr. Jones—the honoured representative of the obscure mass of mankind. Mr. Jerdan was not famous in his day, in any large or suggestive sense of the word ;

he enjoyed no higher distinction than that of being known about town by his convivial ubiquity, and his connexion with the "Literary Gazette." He had done nothing in literature by which he was individually marked out from the crowd of periodical writers ; and we need scarcely remark that the reputation a man acquires as the editor of a weekly paper, being founded mainly on the anonymous writings of others, is a sort of reputation which requires to be authenticated by some original and avowed labours of his own, before it can be recognised as entitling him to a definite position. It is true that in his *Autobiography*—in which he has delineated himself, and asserted his pretensions with no unshrinking hand—Mr. Jerdan gives us the opportunity of testing his title to that distinction ; upon which the reader shall be enabled presently to form his own judgment. But in virtue of the "Literary Gazette," the claim is too slender to admit of discussion. It would carry us out of our way to pronounce any opinion on the merits of the "Gazette," as an organ of sound and independent criticism ; but it is much to the purpose of Mr. Jerdan's *Autobiography*—the publication of which seems to argue a foregone conclusion as to the estimate in which the "Gazette" was held under his management—that we should ignore the assumption of literary eminence which throughout these volumes is founded upon that journal. If we were to admit such an assumption in this case, we should deprive ourselves of all decent excuse for refusing to concede a similar ovation to nine-tenths of the gentlemen who "do" the fine arts, theatres, and literary reviews of the hebdomadal press.

Let us now turn to the *Autobiography*. The actual thread of this many-coloured life may be coiled up in a very small compass.

Mr. Jerdan was born at Kelso in 1782. His father, the laird of a few fields, and an idler in the world, died when he was thirteen years old. He frankly tells us, that he was spoiled up to his manhood, and judiciously leaves us to infer whether or not he was spoiled afterwards. The effect of the juvenile petting and indulgence was to pamper his self-will, to the manifest detriment of his progress in life. If we get no more in the way of a moral from the book than this, we may congratulate ourselves on getting so much. "I naturally grew petulant and self-willed," he observes, "and it is only extraordinary that the process did not render me also vicious and selfish." It seems that the "easiness of his disposition," which he inherited from his father, preserved him from those greater evils—to plunge

him, however, into others hardly less to be lamented.

Mr. Jerdan's destination in life is not very clearly stated; but we gather that he was originally intended for the law. While he was prosecuting his education with that view, the three brothers Pollock paid a visit to Scotland, on which occasion he formed an acquaintance with them, which was subsequently renewed, and ripened into friendship. We learn that there was a special "natural affinity or sympathy" between him and Mr. Frederick, now Baron, Pollock, which developed itself in a singular manner. "On this basis," says Mr. Jerdan, "a friendship of more than half a century has been built, and during that time the feeling I have described has often been so exact and powerful upon me that I have listened and listened to *what* my friend was saying, and, so true were the sentiments to my own, *have* almost fancied that I must *be* the speaker, and *was* delivering my individual thoughts!"

Tempted by his intercourse with the Pollocks, Mr. Jerdan came up to London, and engaged himself as clerk at an insurance broker's. His movements about this period were somewhat erratic, for we find him returning to Edinburgh to resume the study of the profession he had relinquished a few days before, and then shortly afterwards coming back to London without any "fixed plan, and only vague notions, and wishes floating in his imagination, among which the pursuit of a literary life was the most prominent and the least understood." This "literary life" appears to be the vagrant resource of all unsettled young men who are afflicted with vague notions and wishes in their imaginations; and it is not very surprising that, coming to it so ill prepared, it should prove so barren of profitable results. Under all the circumstances, Mr. Jerdan, however, has no reason to complain of having betaken himself to the occupation of literature.

His first experience of London on this occasion was to get into debt; whereupon he moralizes:—

"Debt," says Mr. Jerdan, "is the greatest curse that can beset the course of a human being. It cools his friends, and heats his enemies; it throws obstacles in the way of his *every* advance towards independence; it degrades him in his own estimation, and exposes him to humiliation from others, however beneath him in station and character; it marks him for injustice and spoil; it weakens his moral perceptions, and benumbs his intellectual faculties; it is a burthen not to be borne consistently with fair hopes of fortune, in that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, both in a worldly and eternal sense."

Starting with this homily at the outset of his career, we might naturally look for an instructive sequel. But alas! for the vanity of all human affairs—we find the very reverse. Surely, with these premonitory sentences written in his own book by his own hand, he cannot be much at a loss for the key to the moral of his own story.

We next find him falling into ill-health and acting as surgeon's clerk for a few months at Portsmouth, under his uncle, who was surgeon in a guard-ship there, and who placed him in that nominal position for the sake of taking charge of him. After this he became a reporter in a newspaper called the *Aurora*, started by the hotel-keepers at the West End, for what ostensible purpose it is not easy to divine. The hotel-keepers were jolly fellows, and understood good living better than newspaper management, and so the *Aurora* soon ceased to illuminate the West End. For seven years Mr. Jerdan pursued his useful labours as a reporter on different papers, the *Pilot*, the *Post*, the *British Press*. His alliances in the way of journalism were as various as, we apprehend, they must have been perplexing; for, between reporting, and writing "articles," and editing country newspapers, all at once, besides a stray magazine or two of rather equivocal character, he not only had his hands full, but must have found his head considerably obfuscated. From the gallery to the editorial chair is a step of some importance in the life of a reporter; and the transition to the editorship of the *Sun* newspaper marks the next great era in the life of Mr. Jerdan. From the *Sun* he transferred his services to the "Literary Gazette, which had been recently established by Mr. Colburn; and during the period of his editorial relations with these journals, he enjoyed an extensive intercourse, out of the memories of which he supplies the miscellaneous materials of his "Autobiography." The second volume conducts us to the opening of the marvels of the "Gazette," and we are promised two volumes more, which will bring us to their close.

The reader may be curious to learn how Mr. Jerdan contrives to occupy two volumes with matters that yield, upon analysis, such very slight results. The puzzle is capable of obvious explanation. The volumes are filled out, in a surprising manner, by a detailed account of his connexion with the papers; his squabbles with his partner, Mr. Taylor; his vexations about a house he had in the Strand, which was let to a milliner and an agent of a mining company, from whom he never could get any rent; and no end to repetitions about the contributors to the "Gazette," whose

names and services are recorded over and over again, as if the public had a vested interest in their forgotten glories, and could never tire of hearing them revived. Every item and particle of an item of things that were said and done by Mr. Jerdan and others in the daily routine of newspaper business, is sedulously remembered and brought into the narrative. It may be easily conjectured how a book can be made on this plan, when the maker thereof lacks the requisite judgment to discriminate between topics of public and permanent interest, and topics that are of no interest to any human being—except, perhaps, to the retailer of them, although even their interest to him, at such an interval of time, might be reasonably supposed to have faded. Incidents purely personal to Mr. Jerdan himself, furnish no mean portion of the whole. He meets an accident in the street—a news-boy comes up to him, and cries, “Hurrah!” for the escape of Buonaparte—he is disturbed by the chimes of a neighbouring church—anything, everything, however insignificant, is suggestive of its page of frothy anecdote. The appendices are eked out in the same unconscionable way, by extracts, we cannot say without rhyme, but certainly without reason; such as a life of Thomson, the poet, written for another purpose, and reprinted here; and a dramatic romance by Hood, which, we fear, will not enhance his reputation.

It is the calamity of all autobiographies of people who possess no established title to public regard, that the writers of them overrate and exaggerate the importance of everything relating to themselves, as if they were struggling to make out a case, and to create a justification for usurping a prominence that does not properly belong to them. This is exactly Mr. Jerdan's predicament. He finds himself writing his life, and having once placed himself in the position of the hero of a book, he falls into the belief that everything personal to the actor who monopolizes the foreground must possess a certain value and attraction. Thus he is constantly lamenting that all his fugitive writings, even to temporary articles in newspapers, and squibs in the *Satirist*, are not at his command that he might quote them; and he is perpetually promising the reader to endeavour to get them, that he may be able to gratify public curiosity by ample selections. Assuredly the reader has no cause to regret their omission; and, from the specimens with which Mr. Jerdan has already favoured us, we should say that the said reader has, on the contrary, much reason to rejoice that he could not put his hands on any more.

But this book, which might be described as a book dedicated by the author to himself,

is not without a purpose, to which these culled samples of “My Writings” (the title of one of the chapters) are intended to contribute; and that purpose is to show that the profession of literature is sterile and unprofitable, and that the man who devotes himself to it must be shipwrecked in the end. The argument and the illustration are equally questionable. Literature is hopeless because Mr. Jerdan has failed. As this is really the only point in Mr. Jerdan's biography that possesses the slightest public interest, or, indeed, that warrants us in noticing the work at all, we will make no apology for going a little at length into the subject. Mr. Jerdan is an excellent instance of literary failure; and if he cannot be cited as one who has adorned the story, he is at least an unexceptionable example of those whose self-frustrated progress points the moral, of the literary profession.

Retracing his early London associations with incipient lord mayors and lord chancellors, and chief barons, he marvels at his own fate in the comparison. He is here speaking of a club, where he and his friends used to meet for the purpose of reading their MS. compositions:—

“David and Frederick Pollock, and Thomas Wilde, were the most active and distinguished contributors; and when I reflect on the circumstance [what circumstance?], and that the first died Sir David and Chief Justice of Bombay; the second is Sir Frederick and Lord Chief Baron of England; and the third, Lord Truro, the other day Lord High Chancellor of England, the foremost civil subject of the realm, I cannot but marvel at the fate of their fourth, and their *not very unequal competitor*. My prospects were apparently as bright as theirs; my cleverness (not to use a vainer phrase) was only too much acknowledged; and my career has not been altogether fruitless in the service of my country and fellow-creatures. I have laboured, too, as constantly and severely, and produced effects which have had beneficial contemporary influence, and may, I trust, secure for my name a remembrance in times to come. Yet look I, with my aspirations crushed, from the clouded bottom of the hill, rejoicing in, and admiring, not envying, my early comrades, who, having bravely climbed the summit, *they* range along the height, and in happiness enjoy the brilliant region, in which, humanly speaking, warm and eternal sunshine settles.”

We will not deal with this as a piece of egotism, but take it on its naked merits, as a mere matter of fact. Can Mr. Jerdan discover no good reason for his fate? Yes; he has discovered a reason, and a remarkably convenient one. He transfers to literature the whole responsibility of leaving him at the “clouded bottom of the hill.” He asks why his competitors outstripped him?

"For why? I unsteadily forsook the choice of a profession, and, within a few years, found myself leaning for life on the fragile crutch of literature for my support."

Sir Walter Scott did a vast deal of mischief in launching that unlucky image of a crutch; but Sir Walter is always misquoted by the small fry of writers, who seek to shelter their failures under the authority of a sage remark, which, in fact, he never made. He applied the observation exclusively to *poetry*, and no more intended to include the whole region of literature in that prudent admonition, than law, physic, or divinity. But let that pass; we will give Mr. Jerdan the benefit of the crutch.

When Mr. Jerdan assigns as the sole reason why he was distanced by his competitors, the choice of literature as a profession, does he honestly state the whole case? Has he ever thought of comparing his life with theirs?—his wasteful habits with their persevering industry and self-denial? Does he believe that they achieved their several distinctions by dining out; by the indulgence of idle pleasures; by dallying with time and fortune; and living for to-day without a thought of to-morrow? Does he conscientiously believe that if he had pursued a different course, it would not have secured to him different results; and that whether a literary man is prudent or improvident, earnest or indifferent, strict and upright or negligent and lax, it is all the same—he must still come to the same end of poverty and discredit? Does he see no practical difference between men who pursue a given line of labour sedulously, concentrating their energies upon the attainment of a given result, whatever it may be, who never suffer themselves to be diverted from their object by vanities and profligacies—and men who turn work into pastime, and, to speak mildly, dissipate the opportunities of their position upon vice and folly? Mr. Jerdan forces these comparisons upon us, and must not be wounded by the issues to which they inevitably lead. He tells us that he has written his book partly for the purpose of bequeathing a lesson to the world. We accept the lesson, and extract the moral. If we find it diametrically opposed to the moral he desires to impress, the fault is not ours.

He marvels that he is not as prosperous as his friends; it would be a much greater marvel if he were. But literature is clearly not answerable for his adversity. Had he followed the profession in which they have won their high and well-merited honours, Mr. Jerdan would still be at the clouded

bottom. Success in that profession, even more than in literature, demands continuous labour and abnegation of social temptations—sacrifices which, judging from his own portrait of himself, he was never much disposed to make. He tells us that he had the choice of a profession; that he was sent to study law at Edinburgh; that he "never liked it;" and that if it had not been for such "collateral inducements" as the "superb" daughter of the writer of the signet, under whom he was placed, and other daughters and cousins who "possessed female attractions which could hardly be surpassed in the British empire," he "should never have stuck even nominally to the profession" as he did. And if he did not stick to the profession, how could he expect that he should emulate the success of those who did? Why should he complain of his failures, and cast upon literature the blame that belongs solely to himself? The secret of all the disasters that have befallen him is unconsciously betrayed in a picture he gives us of his mental idleness and incapacity for work, thrown into the shape of a reverie addressed to a fountain. "Oh! happy fountain," exclaims this gentleman, who reproaches fortune for not being more liberal to him, "would that I were like you, and had nothing to do but to play!" Mr. Jerdan is not the only man who has been haunted by similar wishes. The best of us might wish to have nothing to do but to play, were we not actuated by some more useful ambition. But we must submit to the penalty of doing nothing, if we choose to imitate fountains. Man is not a fountain; and if he acts like a fountain, and stands still, and lets the waters of life flow on in idleness, all that can be said is, that he has no right to protest against the consequences.

Even Mr. Jerdan himself is not quite insensible to this prosaic fact. He looks back with "deep and vain regrets" at the "precious hours" he "irretrievably wasted and misspent." Why, then, does he not candidly acknowledge, and save others the disagreeable office of pointing out, that his own wilful neglect and culpable self-indulgence are the true and only cause of the condition in which he finds himself in the evening of life? If his reviewers descend into these personal matters—which, in all cases, are approached with reluctance—he must remember that he has invited, or rather challenged, them to the investigation. He has set up a piteous complaint against the inadequate rewards of literature, and made his own life the evidence by which we are to try its justice. Now as it is impossible to examine the validity of the com-

plaint, without sifting the evidence by which it is supported, the whole of the following passage, in which he takes his critics to task for the way in which they have treated his work, is absolutely false in principle.

"In legitimate criticism, the main and proper business of the reviewer is with the writings before him; and unless the writer dogmatically parades himself, or inculcates dangerous doctrines, there is not a syllable out of the work, either about him or his history, which *are* within the sphere of justifiable remark. Whether an author has been gay or irregular, or a saint and a pattern, has very little to do with his text. In teetotalism, the most shocking drunkard always becomes the greatest apostle of temperance; and the old proverb says, "the greater the sinner the greater the saint!" It is an unwholesome principle, therefore, to attempt the rebuke of virtuous precepts, merely because they may be uttered by some one who may not have fulfilled the duties of the Decalogue; it is a mode of judging that must be condemned."

The author of this canon of "legitimate criticism" must not be allowed to escape under so plausible a pretext. He is writing his own life, and his own life is, therefore, the obvious subject for the "legitimate criticism" of his reviewers. It is a transparent subterfuge to say that not a syllable out of such a work is open to remark. Do not the omissions and suppressions of a biographer form as "legitimate" a ground of criticism as his statements, and the inferences he chooses to draw from them? What becomes of the judicial functions of the critic if he is compelled to accept the facts that are put before him, however partial or falsely coloured he may find them? Is he to take the biography for granted? Is he to adopt implicitly a man's own estimate of himself? Is he not to be allowed to travel out of the book for the means of correcting its errors, testing its veracity, and, it may be, exposing its falsehood?

If this passage were meant as a confession in full of the imprudences and transgressions with which Mr. Jerdan has been charged, it would deprive his critics of all right to impeach him or his arguments. They would be bound to look upon his book as a repentant offering of a misspent life, full of "virtuous precepts" drawn from fatal experiences, and published for the benefit of mankind. But his book is no such thing. Instead of being an avowal of the wrongs he has done to himself, and a warning to others to avoid the courses by which he has suffered, it is an accusation and invective against the profession of literature for the wrongs he asserts it has heaped upon him, and a warning to all young men against trusting their fortunes to

it. His book says plainly and loudly—shrieks in the ears of the public over and over again—"See, here am I, after upwards of forty years of literary labour, stranded in my old age; here am I, the early companion of judges and generals and lord mayors, who have all outstripped me in the world, although I had as good abilities as any of them, left destitute and struggling for subsistence in my declining days. Behold! here is another victim to the snares of literature—let all men take example by my fate, and keep clear of those treacherous quicksands in which ninety-nine out of a hundred who venture upon them are sure to be swallowed up!"

That we may not be supposed to magnify Mr. Jerdan's view of the certain obloquy and misery that attend the unhappy wight who embraces literature as a profession, we will trespass on the reader's patience with a single passage in his own words, extracted from whole pages of reproach and lamentation:—

"Let no man be bred to literature alone, for, as has been less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bred to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors, are *their* lot, as soon as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printers' ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough: but, without one or the other, it is as foolish as alchemy, or desperate as suicide."

To say the least of it, this is very ungrateful in Mr. Jerdan. According to his own showing, literature elevated him to associations which, without its help, he would not now be in a position to boast of.  
*Ex. gr. :—*

"My juvenile associates numbered, among others not unknown to fame, such individuals as the late Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Truro, and the Lord Chief Baron, [these people literally dance through the volumes]—the years of my middle life were past in *confidential intercourse with the statesmen of the day*, such as Lord Farnborough, Huskisson, Arbuthnot, Cook, and, still later, with many of the eminent characters who have held high places in the government of the country; and, both in the preceding and later periods of my course, I enjoyed the friendship and unreserved intimacy of George Canning, and the regard and familiar acquaintance of *almost every person of celebrity in the land*—political, scientific, artistic, literary, or otherwise remarkable."

He was admitted on the most familiar terms to the social intercourse of Tabley House and Drummond Castle, the family

parties of Lady Caroline Lamb, and the intimate reunions of many other great people. Yet Mr. Jerdan exclaims that literature is neither rewarded nor appreciated! What, after all these personal favours, delightful friendships, and rare honours it procured for him? What claim on earth had he upon these memorable associations—the Cannings, the Kinnairds, the Pollocks, the Buchans, the Lambs, and what not, except the claim he derived from his very slender connexion with the current literature of the day? Mr. Jerdan has evidently taken the wrong side of his own case, and, instead of making an appeal *ad misericordiam*, against the insufficiency of literature to float a man through life in a most delectable and luxurious fashion, he ought to have exulted in the conspicuous magnificence with which it surrounded him. His book, even if it must be regarded as a kind of funeral oration, should be attended by the circumstantial pomp and state that have graced the obsequies of other highly-favoured individuals who, after a life of ambrosial enjoyment in the highest circles, have gone out of the world poor. Even if the relentless bailiff should “seize his last blanket to-day,” he ought to indulge in the satisfaction of feeling that “his pall will be held up by nobles to-morrow.” The argument to be drawn from his example is, not that literature should be avoided by stray youths who come up to London without any definite object, but that it is the most flattering pursuit to which they can attach themselves. The white hands that flung bouquets in the path of Mr. Jerdan, and the great people that delighted to honour him, ought to operate as an incentive, and not as a discouragement. The matter resolves itself, in a manner, into a plain question in the rule of three. If Mr. Jerdan, who, as the reader may by this time have perceived, is not pre-eminently distinguished by his literary accomplishments, won all these proud distinctions in virtue of his relations with the periodical press, what amount of distinction may Messrs. X., Y., and Z. look for, whose accomplishments, we will venture to suppose, are of a somewhat higher order?

But Mr. Jerdan is not content with being admitted to the confidential intercourse of the greatest statesmen, and being smiled upon by the sweetest eyes that ever traced their lustre to the Flood; he desires something more. It is not enough for the writer of volatile criticisms and evanescent *jeux d'esprit*, that he should play at forfeits with ladies of quality, and crack jokes over his own champagne with distinguished members of the aristocracy; he desiderates an income equal to the fine company with

which he mixes. His position, we own, is an unfortunate one; let us say at once, plainly, it is a false position. We know of no situation in which a man can be placed more distressing than that of being thrown into associations which bring his pecuniary resources—although they may be ample for all the modest requirements of his real *status*—into humiliating contrast with the lavish expenditure of his acquaintances. He strains in vain—discontent grows upon disparaging comparisons—and, forgetful of the circumstances that carried him up to the rarified heights where he can scarcely breathe at ease, and incapable of asserting the self-dignity of his true calling, he picks a quarrel with fortune, and vents upon the unequal dispensation of rewards (retributive punishments never enter into his theory), the rage of disappointment which ought to fall upon his own head alone. After a life of pampered indulgence in great houses, and amongst people with whom he has not a single domestic association in common, he finds himself isolated and reduced to adversity in the end. This is a bitter lesson to learn when it is too late, but it is strictly just; and good for others flows out of the evil he has brought upon himself. The moral it teaches is severe, but it is sound and healthy nevertheless.

In the last extremity, seeking everywhere but where alone it is to be found, the sinister cause of his calamities, Mr. Jerdan turns round upon the profession to which he is actually indebted for the sunshine in which he has been basking so many years, and charges it roundly with his misfortunes—if misfortunes they can properly be called. He goes farther, and, in the face of a hundred testimonies to the contrary, somewhat egotistically paraded in his own person, he has the boldness to assert that the literary man is shunned and despised, and treated as a species of *loup-garou*!

“The fact is, that the profession of literature is neither honoured nor encouraged in England as in other civilized countries. The professors are suspected (and not untruly) of being in a way of unprofitable exertion, which is likely to lead to the curse of needing help. Such people are not wanted by the majority of well-to-do folks. There is a sort of *noli me tangere* about them which causes avoidance as of contagion. And if they are really plunged into certain poverty, bell, book, and candle-light would be too kind for them, and the sentence of excommunication is passed.”

A literary man who boasts in every alternate page of having enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the highest and most

distinguished in the land, and who inter-leaves his anecdotes of the great and eminent people he has known, with assertions to the effect that literary men are avoided like a contagion, transfixes himself on the horns of a dilemma, where we should be quite willing to leave him without a word of commentary, if there were not larger considerations at issue than Mr. Jerdan's consistency.

What, after all, is his complaint against literature? That it is not as productive of money as the cotton-mill or the smelting-house. Does he perceive no difference in the cases? The latter supply a constant want—the former ministers to an intellectual luxury, or to wants that do not wear out the supply with such rapidity as to keep up a high and incessant demand. Both must be regulated, to some extent, by the vulgar law of supply and demand, and their profits, by the same law, cannot be forced beyond the natural level of cost and competition. The latter combine the joint action of capital and labour; they feed a continual competition; they are not dependent upon the humour or the accidents of the time; no prosaic transition of the public taste converts their productions, like poetry, into a drug; however people may become indifferent to books, they are never likely to dispense with shirts, or to decline the advantages of the steam-engine; and although the writer to whose merits the age is insensible, or whose merits are of no utility to the age, may be left to starve, the manufacturer will thrive. Is it reasonable to protest against a state of things which has been inevitable from the beginning of the world, and which will continue to be inevitable so long as the material wants of the world must be served, let its intellectual wants shift as they may? The aims of the two classes are essentially different, and each has its own rewards. The literary man has a glory which is denied to the manufacturer, nor would he envy him his wealth if he knew how to appreciate his own position at its true value. He has fame, if he deserves it—honour, if he merits it—nor need he doubt of achieving the highest social distinctions, if he asserts his right to them as he ought, and maintains them with integrity and self-respect; while the other may be left to the unenvied possession of wealth and obscurity. We cannot reverse the results, without reversing the elementary conditions upon which they repose.

We are far from asserting that literature is paid as it ought to be, that its pecuniary compensations bear any adequate proportion to its rack of brain, and wear and tear

of spirit, or that it occupies that rank as a profession (for which, however, some excellent reasons might be given) it is justified in claiming; but there are other compensations in it of a higher kind, which should not be overlooked in the estimate of its good and its evil—the power it wields over society, its boundless influence in the extension of education and the diffusion of knowledge. The literary man may be justly proud of his mission, even should it not prove the most bountiful of paymasters. Mr. Jerdan, at all events, has little justification for complaints on that score, since he appears to have been in the receipt of a much larger income, for a long series of years, than the great bulk of the order to which he belongs. If it was not sufficient for the rank he assigned to his expenditure, let the blame fall upon himself, and not upon the destroying influences which, in the following entangled passage, he ascribes to the literary profession:—

“I am anxious to demonstrate the differences [between the literary and other professions], by showing the evils to which the author, the man dependent upon literature, is exposed, the enjoyments and the disappointments which await his career—the injustice and wrongs he is doomed (and must lay his account) to meet with—the trials and troubles which attach to him only as the consequence of his pursuits—the abstraction of his mind from the needful details of accurate business, and its aptness to seek refuge in the brighter idealities of imagination as the result; and his often blameable inattention, *impunctuality*, and want of order, which leave him almost a helpless prey, to be preyed upon by the sordid, the grasping, the scheming, and the rascally, who are not slow to take full advantage of their opportunities to plunder and defame their victims.”

Why, it is only in the preceding page that Mr. Jerdan maintains almost indignantly—and, we fear, with equal unreasonableness—that literary men are fit to be called into the councils of the state, and that they possess all the qualifications of “knowledge of mankind, admirable penetration, and astute discrimination,” which are requisite for the discharge of the most onerous and responsible functions. Yet here, before the ink is dry with which he has accredited them to the highest offices in the country, he tells us that, by the very nature of their pursuits, they are helpless and disorderly, apt to run away from practical affairs and take refuge in idealities, and are upon the whole such weak and credulous mooncalfs, that they become the easy prey of the meanest and basest rogues! We deny the fidelity of the portrait, unless Mr. Jerdan has drawn it from himself. Why must the literary man



be necessarily "impunctual," and exhibit such extraordinary aberrations in the conduct of life? Why must he necessarily be a victim to the "scheming" and the "rascally?" Why must he, merely because he has a better capacity than other people, be therefore a spendthrift, thoughtless, improvident, unprincipled? Mr. Jerdan's experiences amongst men of letters must have been of a singularly exceptional character, to have led to such conclusions.

But it is not the reckless day-dreamers and squanderers of money and opportunity alone who fail. There is a case to be made out against literature, and it would not be complete unless it embraced the ruin of all—the careful and steady in common with the heedless and the idle.

"If only the improvident and misconducted fail, let them show me the provident and the discreet who have succeeded. A catalogue of such would, indeed, astonish me. Surely it cannot be contended that all the unsuccessful are careless, extravagant, reckless, vicious! Thousands, and tens of thousands, of aching hearts and broken-down fortunes, alas! are but too easily to be found to vouch for the truth of my description, and the dismal force of my opinions."

Of course there are thousands of very worthy and estimable people who have failed in literature—people who are as punctual as the sun, and whose lives are morally irreproachable. What then? What inference are we to draw from so notorious a fact? They failed as writers; whereupon Mr. Jerdan lays the whole responsibility upon literature. He cannot discern the possibility of any other cause. A man fails at the bar—the bar is in fault. Let no man go to the bar. A man fails in the church—abolish the church at once. A man fails in medicine—let there be no more physicians. We do not hazard much risk of exceeding the truth in saying, that of a hundred men who fail in literature, ninety-nine of them had no business to meddle with it. Literature is a fascination very much like the stage; and of the multitude who fancy they have "a soul above buttons," who throw up "Coke upon Littleton" to strut their hour in print, who despise the honest trade of their fathers, and believe themselves destined to make a figure in the world, the number is incredibly small that are endowed with the attainments indispensable to success. There is no profession so crowded with men so deficient in the qualifications required for their work. In other professions, men rapidly find their level; but in literature, sustained by a vanity which eternally whispers in their

ears that they are ill-treated, and fed by a restless ambition which grows by what it does not feed upon, they are a long time before they find out their own incapacity, if they ever find it out. How many such men are there clinging to the skirts of newspapers and periodicals, bitterly complaining of the rejection of articles, the neglect of the public, the caprice and want of judgment of editors, and of everything above the earth and under the earth except their own unfitness for the sphere they have chosen, who might have earned a decent competence in obscurity if they had been brought up to some useful occupation instead of being cast upon that occupation which, of all others, exacts the severest toil, the most varied powers, the greatest self-denial, the most earnest labour and vigilance, uprightness and perseverance. Every youth who has perpetrated doggerel in a weekly paper, or obtained, in an unlucky moment admission for a fantastical article in a magazine, considers himself ill-used, and a martyr of genius, if he does not command a position for which neither nature nor education has qualified him. The question is, whether such instances should be cited as examples of anything but an egregious misdirection of human energies, and whether they should not be held out to admonish others from falling into the same mistake, instead of being quoted as evidences of the inadequate rewards of literature.

What result other than disappointment can be anticipated from the inveterate folly of a man who persists in a pursuit which he has taken up without the least previous training of his faculties, without study or preparation of any kind? The meanest calling requires some qualifications, and literature most of all. Can a man instruct others who is ignorant himself? or guide the taste of the public if his own be uneducated? Looking rationally at means and ends, what can he expect from persevering in so hopeless a course, but to be baffled in the long run? He hunts a phantom which eludes his grasp at every turn. He is like a child crying for the moon, or a boy chasing a butterfly. Trace the course of a literary adventurer of this numerous class, and wonder no more at the sequel.

A youth comes up to London to "seek his fortune." He has been brought up to no business or profession, and his head is, consequently, full of dreams and indefinite desires. Casting about for occupation, the floating work connected with the newspapers in the way of paragraphing and reporting, presents an easy opening to him, which

suits the desultory turn of his mind. The *agrémens* attached to this skirmishing employment captivate his senses, and flatter his vanity. He has access to a newspaper office, where he picks up the jargon of politics, and acquires an off-hand familiarity with the labels of public questions, the names of public men, and the doings of authorship; he has the run of the theatres, and speedily becomes an adept in the vocabulary, or slang, of criticism; he enjoys the free-and-easy intercourse of the loose *convives* of the press, and, emerging boldly from his chrysalis state, he begins to set up pretensions in the newspaper world as a night-man about town. Living, as the French say, *au jour le jour*, every day supplies its own expedients and excitements; facility in scribbling grows upon irresponsibility in publication, and thus, having dropped into the stream of vagrant journalism, he is swept on by the force of the current, and may be said to be only learning to swim when he finds himself buffeting the waters. Whatever chance he might originally have had of obtaining a safe and respectable livelihood is gone by. He is no longer capable of applying himself to any of the inglorious, plodding tasks in which diligence and system are compulsory. His habits are broken up; his views are scattered; he has tasted just enough of the pleasures of this gypsy and tramping life to be unfitted to settle down in quiet drudgery. He extends his connexion with the papers; he writes in half-a-dozen at a time; he ascends from paragraphs to leading articles; nothing comes amiss to him; he is ready to undertake any variety of subjects, from the highest problem in political science to the lowest conundrum in the column of scraps; the range of his miscellaneous and comprehensive powers includes every conceivable topic that can be compassed by the scissors and pen. But it is as a critic that he displays his versatile agility by the most marvellous feats; the art of reviewing comes to him by intuition; books of history and philosophy, travels and biography, poetry, fiction, and science, fly like chaff before him; and the whole field of literature is mowed down with the indiscriminate celerity of a reaping machine. The Jack of all trades who is master of none, is not a flourishing man after all. He sows his multifarious labours on the winds, and they scarcely escape from his hands when they are blown away for ever. His receipts are irregular and precarious, but his mode of living is prodigal. His incomings are slow, but his outgoings are fast. He hears on all sides that literary

men are not expected to be provident, and he thinks he is licensed to be a spendthrift. With a little care over his exchequer, and regularity in his expenditure, he might manage to maintain a satisfactory position; but he wastes his resources in ways for which there is nothing to show, and spends one half of his life in fighting against embarrassments which the other half is actively engaged in multiplying. After years of universal production and promiscuous dissipation, the utmost he can do is to live from hand to mouth; even that fails him sometimes, and is sure to fail him altogether in the end. He has not made good an inch of solid ground to plant his foot upon. He is even worse off than he was at the beginning; for now at the close of his career, when it is too late to mend or retreat, he discovers that he has spent his life in vain, and that instead of having secured something to fall back upon, he is worn out, dilapidated, and discarded. And what has become of that prodigious heap of foam he had slavered over so many printing-presses in his time? It melted away long ago. It answered its fugitive purpose, and was forgotten in four-and-twenty hours. It has not left a trace of its existence behind.

The picture is by no means overcharged. Such cases are numerous, diversified by an infinite variety of circumstances. Literature is to blame for it all!—for the misapplication of time, the false pretensions, the defeat, the ruin; and a man who might have gone through the world creditably and safely, had he addressed himself at first to some avocation for which he was qualified, thinks himself warranted in attributing to the profession of letters the misfortunes he has brought upon himself by the grievous error he committed in adopting it. But the last thing most of us are disposed to admit, is, that we are ourselves the chief cause of our own failures in life.

Mr. Jerdan, indeed, probably without intending it, settles the question himself by a comparison of the fate of the broken-down writer with that of "gentlemen, perhaps retired officers from the two services, who may be induced, at a matured period of their lives, to enter upon trade."

"Who have ever witnessed one among fifty of them succeed in business? I have not; but, just on the contrary, have seen them as unlucky and squeezeable by their more cunning competitors to the manner born, as the literary man. Acute, clever, diligent, they have not been brought up to it, and are unaware of what its profitable occupation requires."

We are not acquainted with any instances

of gentlemen from the two services who have ruined themselves in trade; but the moral has an exact application to the class of *littérateurs* we have selected as an example from amongst many other classes who founder from a similar cause. "They are unaware of what its profitable occupation requires." This is the whole case in a nutshell. They believe writing to be a matter of inspiration. If they can write, no matter how loosely, coarsely or incoherently—if they can only fling reams of manuscript at poor Priscian's head, and, having neither conscience nor knowledge to check their headlong course, run a muck at literature—they fancy themselves entitled to the honours and rewards which the world pays only to genius and to learning. But the world does not look for leviathans in shadows, nor expect to discover in the works of writers who are "unaware" of *what* their work requires, the unexpected treasures of Mr. David Fallen's miraculous region—

"Where golden ore lies mixed with common sand."

Mr. Jerdan's sole test of literature, as a profession, is the ledger. He sees nothing else in it. From the first page to the last of his two volumes, there is not a solitary elevating or ennobling aspiration welling up out of his long life of literary labour. It is one continuous wail about pay and poverty. He never asks the question, did such or such a writer *deserve* a great reward?—he only inquires, did he *get* it? The desert never enters into Mr. Jerdan's calculations. The test is, *Did he die rich?* He puts this finishing interrogatory to Scott, Moore, Campbell, Hook, and others; and, without stopping to reflect whether there were any special circumstances to be taken into consideration in any of their cases, he triumphantly settles the matter by demanding, seriatim, *Did he die rich?* It might be a sufficient answer to remind Mr. Jerdan of the generals, judges, and statesmen who, living in their elevated spheres lives of abstinence and toil, and living for higher objects than wealth, died comparatively poorer than the poorest of the literary cases he has cited; but we reject the test altogether. If the aim and end of literature were to accumulate money—as it is of cotton-spinning and glass-blowing—it would be rightly applied, and Mr. Jerdan's lamentations would have a curious grain of truth in them. The problem why authors do not die rich is solved by the fact, that the aims of litera-

ture do not lie in that direction; and that it would be utterly impossible so to shape them as that literary men should make fortunes like men engaged in commerce and manufactures. The answer to the inquiry lies on the very threshold; and Mr. Jerdan mistakes the nature of the profession to which he belongs, and its actual and inevitable conditions, when he tries it by a standard which is applicable only to pursuits of a wholly different character.

We do not apprehend that we shall be misunderstood on this matter. We state the case of literature as it is, and not as we should wish it to be. We, too, deplore that its material rewards are not on a level with its honours; but as we know not by what process that desirable result is to be attained, we think we take a more judicious course in laying down the chart faithfully, than in tossing our pens frantically in the air, and exclaiming against this island because it is not a continent, and that lake because it is not an ocean. Surely it behoves a man who sets out on the choice of a profession, to ascertain beforehand, first, whether he possesses the requisite talents and acquirements, and secondly, whether the course he proposes to embark upon is profitable, if profit be his object. Such salutary precautions are advisable in respect to all professions, but in literature they have an especial weight. In other professions there are definite advantages, offices, and gains, which ability, perseverance, and vigilance in the seizure of favourable opportunities, may ultimately hope to achieve. Every man who goes to the bar has a *chance* of being Lord Chancellor. It is a common joke at college. The medical profession teems with hospital and other appointments. In the church there are bishopricks, and deaneries, and stalls, and livings to slumber in, for him who is fortunate enough to obtain them. But literature presents none of these temptations in prospect; it has no offices to give away, no sinecures, no pluralities, no snug retreats from work and poverty, for the idle, the profligate, and the incapable; interest can do nothing, connexion can do nothing, patronage can do nothing in literature; the appeal lies direct from the author to the public, and distinction must be won and carved out by merit alone. It may be that all this is wrong; that literature ought to have its easy cushions and patent privileges; but so it is, and every man knows it, or ought to know it, before he risks his fortunes on so arduous and doubtful a venture. He ought to know that he has nothing to expect from adventitious helps. He ought to examine his chances of success, and look prudently to the consequences of failure;

submit his qualifications to a severe scrutiny, and, if he comes to his labours with the knowledge and attainments which alone can command attention, he has as little reason to fear the issue, in its noblest aspects, as any man who trusts to his own exertions and fitness in any other walk of life. Let him rightly appreciate the true dignity and usefulness of his vocation; let him show that strict dealing and unimpeachable integrity are not incompatible with the cultivation of letters; let him vindicate his honourable pursuits from the conventional slur of negligence and slattern dissipation, by setting an example of rectitude and steadfastness, instead of making literature an excuse for the violation of moral duties and social obligations, and he may seek with confidence, and wear with pride, honours which the richest may envy, and the loftiest in birth and station will not be slow to recognise.

We entirely concur with Mr. Jerdan in not recommending literature as a profession to the multitude of aspirants. But we arrive at our conclusion by a different route. We should hesitate in recommending any profession unconditionally. If the church, have you interest? If law or medicine, have you connexion? When Mr. Jerdan complains that literature does not pay, wringing a peculiar hardship out of its small gains, he overlooks the fact that other professions are pretty much in the same predicament, so far as the bulk of their members are concerned. Every profession is overstocked. Such is the condition of medicine, that there is scarcely a single physician of eminence at the present moment bringing up his son to the profession. A medical man looks out for a fortune with his wife, as an indispensable ground-work to build upon. Most medical men begin life with a little capital, or a resource of some kind, or they would be compelled to abandon their calling before they had fairly got into it. The law, with the exception of its magnates, who absorb nearly all the business, is bankrupt. Ask solicitors what they think of the law as a lucrative profession. The church, with its golden benefices on one side, and its miserable stipends on the other, presents a hopeless prospect to him who enters it without a living in his family, or a patron among his friends. The pecuniary statistics of the church are not very encouraging to young men in search of a provision. If Mr. Jerdan were to apply his test, *Did he die rich?* to the population of the working clergy, does he believe that the result would be more cheering than in the case of literature? The ordinary attachés of the newspapers make considerably larger incomes than the great body of the clergy;

and if they do not die rich, they are at least not worse off, and have less to complain of, than a class of men who are doomed, on the scantiest means, to the most painful privations and humiliating struggles.

Of the volumes that have carried us into this digression, it may be expected that we should give a more particular account than we have entered into. We imagine, however, we have already sufficiently indicated their character. Their contents consist chiefly of miscellaneous gossip and personal reminiscences. From one living, as Mr. Jerdan did, amongst celebrities and great people, we looked for some interesting, or, at all events, lively memorabilia. But we were disappointed. Mr. Jerdan is neither a Spencer nor a Selden. We could forgive the lack of permanent value in the materials he has collected; but we believe it is an established maxim with critics never to forgive dulness. And to confess the plain, but disagreeable truth, these volumes are singularly dull and flat. Take, as a prominent example, the anecdotes about Mr. Canning. Mr. Jerdan was so intimate with Mr. Canning, that every Sunday, after church, he was expected to pay a visit at Gloucester Lodge; yet he has nothing of higher moment to reveal about the great man than such items as the following:

"At this time I had experienced a peculiar trait of Mr. Canning, which it may be amusing to record, and deemed somewhat characteristic. Near the beginning of our acquaintance, when we met in the Old Brompton lanes, he used, in giving his hand, to place in mine only one, or occasionally two, of his fingers, and this I have reason to know, was his general habit with those with whom he was not on more intimate terms; for Mr. Dundas observed to me, that I was becoming a great favourite, and had already got to three fingers! Such had been the case till now; when having found out the value of the prize, I was not a little delighted to have the whole hand of the man I so esteemed shaken with mine. I assure you I was proud enough of the distinction, which few shared, except the *Huskissons, the Freres, the Ellises, the Backhouses, and other faithful and attached friends,*" &c.

Or the following, which, perhaps, will be considered a little more attractive, as there is a lady in the case—no less a person than the Princess of Wales:—

"On going to the Lodge, on a Sunday afternoon, as customary, I observed the princess's carriage at the door; I was hesitating whether I should go in or not, when Mr. Canning led her out, and handed her to her seat, beckoning me to enter by another passage. A glance informed me that something of unusual interest had taken place, for the princess appeared flushed to crim-

son, and Mr. Canning exceedingly moved. I proceeded into the room, and, walking up to the fire-place, stood leaning my arm on the chimney-piece, when the latter [the chimney-piece!] returned in a state of extreme excitement and agitation, exclaiming (in a manner more resembling a stage-effect than a transaction in real life). 'Take care, sir, what you do! You arm is bathing in the tears of a princess!' I immediately perceived that this was the truth, for her royal highness had been weeping plentifully over the very marble spot on which I rested!"

Either Mr. Jerdan did not know how to take advantage of his opportunities, or nothing very brilliant fell in his way during his intercourse with distinguished people. The names of his celebrities flit through his pages, and scarcely leave an impression on them. We learn nothing of their ways of life, their conversation, their specialities; and, in lieu of traits of character and illustrative facts, we are regaled with such *morceaux* as the following:—

"At a small evening party, *sans etiquette*, the almost obsolete pastime of Games and Forfeits, and other ancient humours, came into play. In the process I was victimized to be blindfolded, and in that *kilted of seven years old condition* was compelled to kneel upon the carpet, and with my head bent into Lady Caroline Lamb's lap, to give such answers as I could to such questions as might be proposed to me. It was late, and I had been persecuted very cleverly; when I was asked what I would do if an injured ghost approached to assault me for wrongs done in the flesh I was about to reply, when a smart cuff on the side of my head proved to me that it was no ghost-story. I pulled off the silken bandage, and looking up from his laughing lady's knee, found William Lamb, just released from a late sitting in the Commons, taking me thus abroad, in his way to take his wife home."

Mr. Jerdan is quite unconscionable in falling out with literature. Why, he has led the most enviable of lives. Are the privileges of shaking the whole hand of Canning, of having his arm bathed in the tears of a princess, and reposing his head in the lap of Lady Caroline Lamb, to go for nothing in his estimate of the advantages of the literary profession?

From the specimens we have given, the curiosities of the style in which this work is written will be tolerably apparent. But as this is a matter which bears rather significantly upon the main topic Mr. Jerdan has invited us to discuss, we must make room for a few select samples. Having set up his own test of literary success, he must indulge us in the application of ours.

Mr. Jerdan is at Paris, and relates what he saw there:

"Why should I speak of the opera, where the noble aristocratic presence of Lord and Lady Castlereagh eclipsed every other box, and were admired specimens of the Island race."

He bears testimony to the merits of the editor of the *Standard*, after having spoken of certain singularities in the character of that gentleman's father:

"His son, Dr. Giffard, is now one of the ablest political writers of the age; and, educated under such a father, it is not surprising that he should be as zealous as he is powerful; as is testified by the *Standard* newspaper, and everywhere else where his pen is wielded."

An apophthegm on duelling;

"Party spirit rages, as it too generally does in Dublin at this time, and was attended by constant duels, in superseding which there is undoubtedly some improvement."

He bewails the fate of the poetical contributions to the *Sun*:—

"If the day of poetry were in the *ascendant*, I should say that a sweet volume might be culled out of their productions; but, as it is, they must be left to the dispersion of their first birth, and, perhaps, the only recognition of them be found in this brief notice, by an old friend, who has to mourn them, nearly all, among the lost, from his earlier affections."

Of Mr. Chalmers he tells us that—

"He was able, laborous, good-humoured, and had a thorough enjoyment of the good things of social life, to which his conversation contributed the appendages of pleasureable intelligence and instruction."

His "proximate neighbour" at Little Chelsea, the exiled Princess of Condé, "with whom the Duchess d'Angoulême frequently stayed," furnishes occasion for a royal portrait.

"The establishment was upon a very moderate scale, and the daughter of the murdered king of France dressed little better than a milkmaid, which rank, indeed, she much resembled in form, and walking about in thick-soled boots."

A sequitur:

"Barry Cornwall, I believe, made his *début* in print, or very nearly so, at the same time in the 'Literary Gazette,' and his genius was so vivid, that I think I can put my finger on some twenty of his pleasing contributions in the year 1818."

The next passage confounds us. Perhaps our readers may be able to unravel it. We

can make nothing out of it, except that Mr. Jerdan fancies himself a peacock.

"An autobiographer being, like a peacock, the hero of his own tale, may be pardoned for the hope that he has created, or may create, some interest in the beholders, by the spread and rustling of his shivering quills. In my case, especially in this volume, the analogy holds tolerably together, for though the bird displays a perfect shower of radiant Suns, and I had only one of a fog-covered appearance to exhibit, yet there is Sun in both cases, and that is enough for any fanciful resemblance."

Here is a little pleasantry about Mr. Jerdan's connexion with the "Literary Gazette," which, we are informed, "had not made great way" before that event.

"Without boast, my accession seemed to put a little heart into it, and if it were up-hill work for a long while, still it was UP, and, but for a few incidental or accidental crosses, would have been UP-PER!"

Not being able to obtain copies of some articles he wrote; he expresses a hope that his friends in "Notes and Queries" will "help him to repair some of his vacuities;" and he tells us an anecdote of Turner, the painter, who took so great a fancy to a boon companion that he "invited him to travel together, and treated him in a princely style, without costing him a shilling." An amiable young lady dies, and Mr. Jerdan says: "Soon after, I spoke my feelings in the following lines, on the affecting event." Of these lines, one of the many examples Mr. Jerdan quotes of his poetical powers, we will make room for a specimen. The first verse states that there are some woes that point to the sky for consolation, and the poem then proceeds—

"Vain, then, to hope, with human dross  
To bid such griefs be o'er;  
Friends can but feel thy fatal loss,  
Thy fatal loss deplore;  
And He who gives and takes away,  
Tell thee is now thy only stay.

"Yet fain would I some comfort shed  
Upon this hour of pain.  
Alas! I cannot! She is dead,  
And will not come again!"

The whole closing with this comforting reflection—

"Who bless'd us in this world shall be  
Bless'd with us in eternity!"

To which might be advantageously added—

"Hallelujah! Hallelujee!"

A line of which, however, we beg to disclaim the paternity. It is the exulting wind-up of a well known epitaph.

Between Mr. Jerdan's prose and Mr. Jerdan's verse, it is difficult to choose; but we cannot dismiss his volumes without observing that we have not quoted these choice specimens from them for the mere sake of provoking a smile. We hope they will be understood to have been culled for a better and a graver purpose. When literature is charged with bestowing inadequate rewards upon its professors, it is desirable to look a little into the claims of the complainants.

Scattered over the volumes are some questionable passages, which, upon reflection, Mr. Jerdan himself will see occasion to regret. Such are the allusions to the wretched fate of the daughters of an old friend (vol. i. p. 18), the introduction of unnecessary details respecting the origin of distinguished persons yet living, and the publication of a letter (vol. i. p. 244), which contained the strict injunction of the writer that it should be destroyed. Mr. Jerdan frequently speaks of his own "genial" disposition and "kindliness of heart," and of the services he rendered to various persons. Whatever we may think of his taste in recording these excellent qualities, we are by no means indisposed to give him full credit for the possession of them; but we must not, therefore, let them pass as excuses for the neglect or violation of social duties. Few men connected with current literature have enjoyed better opportunities than Mr. Jerdan of attaining a final position of credit and security; and if he have not succeeded, we must seek the cause in other sources of misfortune than his overflowing good nature, and the imputed ingratitude of the world.

#### ART. IX.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. *Wellington's (The Duke of) Despatches during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France.* Compiled from Official and other Authentic Documents. By Colonel Gurwood, C.B. A new and enlarged edition, 8 vols. 8vo. John Murray.
2. *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France.* By Major-General Sir W. F. P. Napier. 6 vols. 8vo. T. and W. Boone.
3. *History of the British Empire during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century: being an Introductory Narrative of Events*

*from 1800 to 1815, and the History of the Peace from 1815 to the Present Time.*  
By Harriet Martineau. Embellished with Portraits. 2 vols. Charles Knight.

THE world, like the individuals which compose it, would seem to have alternations of sleeping and waking, of activity and repose. Sometimes long years glide over it in dull and languid monotony; at other times it arouses, like a strong man after sleep, shakes off its lethargy, and condenses a century into a lustrum. Occasionally, for whole generations, History has nothing to record; then suddenly events and vicissitudes of such startling magnitude crowd upon her in such quick succession, that she can hardly keep pace with them. It sometimes happens that one member of the great commonwealth of nations awakes into vivid life, while all around her slumber in a deathlike stillness; and it would seem as if the aggregate energies of humanity were concentrated within her narrow boundaries. Sometimes, on the contrary, an electric shock appears to run through the world, and startle every country into simultaneous activity. In casting our eye back over the pages of the past, we find their interest comprised in the small territory of Greece, and almost in that of Attica, and in the single century which began with the battle of Marathon and ended with the death of Socrates. Then Rome "takes up the wondrous tale," and attracts all attention to herself in the crowded period between the appearance of Hannibal and the disappearance of Augustus. After the commencement of Roman decline, a long interval of monotony succeeds, during which history records little to compel our interest, except the progress and gradual establishment of a mutilated Christianity. For a short time, the Italian Republics of the middle ages throw a strange and lurid lustre over the page. But the first great awakening of Europe took place between the end of the fifteenth and the middle of the sixteenth century, when sciences, religious fervour, literary genius, and sometimes discovery, with all its unforeseen results, combined to irradiate the western world. Since then, the old torpor has never quite crept over us; but in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, an upheaving both of the political and the intellectual world began, greater even than that inaugurated by the Reformation, and is still convulsing society and thought to their inmost depths.

All these epochs have been as prolific in great men as in great events; and none have been more prolific than the last. The peculiar character of the greatness developed

has varied with the nature and requirements of the time. Some periods have been more rich in warriors, some in statesmen, some in artists, in poets, or in thinkers; and the warriors, statesmen, and writers of one epoch have been markedly distinct from those of another. But each greatness has many phases, and rarely, if ever, reproduces itself. We can scarcely compare Pericles with Richelieu, with Burlleigh, or with Oxenstiern; yet we do not know that he had essentially a higher order of intellect. It would be idle to draw a parallel between Sophocles and Shakspeare; yet assuredly we cannot concede the palm of genius to the ancient dramatist. We cannot compare Thucydides and Tacitus with Grote, Gibbon, or Macaulay; yet we would not willingly place the latter on a lower level than their great prototypes. Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, were in the old world what Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington have been in our modern days; but were probably gifted with no grander genius. And though many of us know more of Aristides and Phocion than of Hampden and of Washington, yet the former characters were assuredly no purer or loftier than the latter.

The three-quarters of a century which has elapsed from 1775 to 1850, has been one of almost ceaseless excitement over the whole civilized world. It has seen, at least seven revolutions,—three in France, one in Belgium, one in Greece, and two in America. It has witnessed the sweeping away, and the replacing, of the landmarks of nearly all the European states. Spain, Holland, England, and France, have lost many of their colonies. Russia and America have made vast strides both in civilization and strength. But the excitement and activity have not been confined to the region of politics alone: Religion, Literature, Art, and Science, have all participated; and every department of intellect and effort has sent forth its conquerors and its grandees. Religion has awakened greater earnestness, and created deeper interest, than at any period since the Reformation. Literature has been preternaturally active, and its productions, as a whole, may bear comparison with those of any preceding period; while Science has made vaster progress, and Art has accomplished grander achievements than in all previous centuries combined.

It is not easy to award the crown of pre-eminence among men of genius, who have followed different walks of intellect; nor is it always possible for contemporaries to estimate correctly the relative greatness of those who have lived and acted among them.

The more hidden idiosyncrasies of their nature, the deeper secrets of their character, are often disclosed only after they themselves have long passed off the stage; and the remote and more signal consequences of their actions, the comprehensiveness and accuracy of their foresight and their insight, and the degree in which they have impressed their stamp upon the age, and influenced its features and its destiny, it sometimes requires generations fully to develop and explain. Often, too, though we may know accurately what a statesman or a warrior has done, we are only imperfectly acquainted with the obstacles which had to be overcome, the exertions which had to be made, or the sacrifices which had to be encountered, in doing it; and it is from a comparison of the deed with its difficulties that we can alone judge truly of the greatness of the actor. Sometimes, too, for long years, brilliancy and good fortune, when combined, will usurp the admiration which belong to solidity and worth, even when less strikingly successful; and a nation is commonly more ready to worship the qualities which dazzle than the qualities which save.

There are cases, however, in which, from a variety of concurring circumstances, these difficulties in pronouncing a sound judgment on the merit of contemporary celebrities do not apply;—in which all the facts and documents needed for forming an opinion are as fully known to us as they can be to our successors; and in which the actions were too remarkable, and their consequences too immediate and vast, to leave us much to learn on this head from the future. Such is the case with regard to the events and actors in the great struggle which immortalized the first quarter of the present century. Such is peculiarly the case with regard to the Duke of Wellington. Every action of his life has been vehemently canvassed both by friends and foes; every part of his career has been described by the ablest historians from the most authentic documents; his own despatches are on record to portray him; he bore the principal share in those transactions which led to the great settlement of Europe; and, lastly, he survived his own great achievements by nearly half a century.

The two men whose names will in after ages stand out in bold relief from the history of the first half of the nineteenth century, are Napoleon and Wellington. Both were eminently GREAT: but in our judgment the Englishman was the greater of the two. Nor do we judge thus from any narrow national partiality, or from any grounds which men of all countries would not equally ad-

mit to be valid. It has, we know, been the fashion of late to depreciate Napoleon—to speak lightly of his genius—to speak harshly of his fame. We do not sympathize with those who write in this tone. Those who grudge the title of “great” to that wonderful man must be either strongly blinded by their animosities, or culpably ill-read in his history, or they must measure him by some fanciful and peculiar standard of their own. If Alexander, if Cæsar, if Hannibal, were great men, Napoleon was a great man too. If the most consummate military genius, if the most profound knowledge of strategic art, if the most comprehensive and far-seeing power of combination, if the most masterly grasp of every subject which he handled, if a faculty of civil organization which has never been surpassed, and a capacity of exciting the enthusiasm and devotion of his followers which has never been equalled, if, in a word, the most magnificent and dazzling success—owed not to fortune, but won by genius, extorted by energy—and a rise from obscure poverty to wider empire than any modern autocrat has wielded,—if the union of all these do not make a man great, of whom can greatness be predicated? It is true he had no conscience; it is true he had no unselfish virtue, and little disinterested affection; it is true that his ambition had no limits, and his moral nature neither loftiness nor purity; but to deny to a man so gloriously endowed and so marvellously sceptred, the epithet of *great*, because he was not also *good*, is a foolish and pedantic misuse of words.

Yet gifted as Napoleon was, and passing wonderful as were the deeds he wrought, we still think that, in the elements of the highest order of greatness, he was inferior to his rival and conqueror. If Wellington had had Napoleon's position, he would neither have committed his blunders nor have been tempted to his crimes. If Napoleon had been compelled to work against the obstacles, to endure the vexations, to encounter the embarrassments, to fight in the fetters, which were the lot of the Duke of Wellington from first to last, his mental defects and his moral weaknesses would have been insuperable barriers to his success. On two grounds, therefore, we assign the supremacy to the English hero. The first is that, while Napoleon was always selfish, Wellington was always conscientious: the Duke was invariably the master of his passions—the Emperor was frequently the slave of *his*. The second ground is, that whereas, Napoleon, as soon as his reputation was established, namely, from 1800 onward, was omnipotent and uncontrolled, and wielded, by his single will, the whole civil and military power of France,—the Duke was always



thwarted and crippled both by allies and countrymen, and was throughout in a position of mortifying, irritating, and incapacitating thralldom to men at home, who had neither ability to comprehend the grandeur of his plans, nor magnanimity to imitate his steady and unselfish patriotism. These points will come out in painful clearness as we proceed in our sketch of the great man whom we have lost.

Both these great men were born in the same year, 1769. The active professional careers of both of them were short. They began and ended in the same year. Their first real services were in 1795, their last in 1815. Both fought their last battle when they were forty-six years of age. Napoleon had gained his reputation when he was twenty-six, Wellington when he was thirty-four. Between the Duke's first great battle as an independent commander and his last—between Assaye and Waterloo—only twelve years elapsed. Both were fought against tremendous odds, and both displayed precisely the same qualities of character. Indeed, from first to last, the most marked peculiarity of the Duke was his consistent *individuality*: he was always himself; he never belied his antecedents, or disappointed those who knew him; he never acted otherwise than as you might have predicted that, under the circumstances, he would act. He displayed the same unshaken coolness and strategic skill in India and at Copenhagen as in Portugal and Belgium; and the same administrative genius and inflexible justice when Governor of Seringapatam, as afterwards when commanding the army of occupation in France. To the last his rigid and inexorable severity was the dread, but proved the salvation of his troops. His first demand, when appointed to rule in the conquered city of Tippoo Sul-taun, and to restrain a triumphant and disorderly army, was "Send me the Provost Marshal, and put him under my orders: till some of the marauders are hung, it is impossible to expect order or safety."

The battle of Assaye first made him celebrated. It is by the battle of Waterloo that his name is most widely known. But it is on his Peninsular Campaigns, from 1809 to 1814, that his fame with professional men, and his chief glory with prosperity, must rest. It was in that immortal struggle—of which we are happy in possessing a record, as immortal as itself—that he displayed that wonderful combination of the loftiest and rarest qualities, both of intellect and character, which entitle him to a place in the very first rank of those few luminaries of history, who have united the special genius of the warrior with the more comprehensive grandeur of the

statesman. The full merit and magnificence of that superb but painful conflict, can be appreciated only by those who read Colonel Napier's history of it in detail, and study there all the maddening vexations, all the countless privations, all the gigantic difficulties, which beset the English general, and the sublime patience, the indomitable firmness, the dauntless resolution, with which he encountered and overcame them all. The French army was the feeblest of his enemies; his conquest of the French marshals, the least and easiest of his victories. He had to uphold, to encourage, to advise, and to control three cabinets; to contend at once not only against the foe in arms, but against the selfishness, the cowardice, the vanity, the incapacity, the opposition, of the people whom he came to save; to struggle with the timidity and imbecility of one government, the weakness and falsehoods of another, the intrigues and ingratitude of a third. He had at one and the same moment—and this, not once or twice only, but habitually and for years—to fight and hold in check Napoleon's veterans, the Portuguese Regency, the Spanish Juntas, and, last and worst, the conceited, insincere, incapable government at home.

Throughout the contest, he was fearfully overmatched. The French had, during most of the war, nearly 400,000 men in the Peninsula, mostly veterans, and commanded by Napoleon's ablest generals. Wellington scarcely ever had more than 50,000, and often not above half this number, if we except the Portuguese regiments under Marshal Beresford, which, though often efficient, well-trained, and courageous, were not to be relied upon like English troops. While the French army was amply supplied with all the munitions and *matériel* of war, and while hundreds of thousands of muskets, swords, bayonets, and cartridge boxes, were sent to the Spaniards, who never used them, but stored them idly in their arsenals, to be taken by the French on the first opportunity; the English army, in spite of the strongest reiterated remonstrances of its commander, was left wretchedly supplied with artillery, and destitute even of a battering-train.\* While enormous subsidies were lavishly wasted by Mr. Canning, through numberless incapable agents, on the Spanish irregular troops, none of which was efficiently expended, and most of which merely fed the corruption of the Junta and their subordinates, our own soldiers were left many months in arrear of pay, and frequently their wants were so neglected by the ministry at home, that

\* The engineering tools sent out were so bad, that our men could do nothing with them, but were dependent on the French instruments which they chanced to capture.—Napier, vol. iv. p. 471.

the Duke had not even the means of purchasing provisions. While the Spanish and Portuguese armies were not only supported, but actually fed by English money, no entreaties could prevail on the English ministers to supply the wants of their own brave troops, who were sometimes furnished with food so bad, that the Duke thought it but just to return half their ration-money; and the splendid victory at Talavera was won by men who for twenty-four hours had tasted nothing save a few grains of corn in the ear. Horses died, and men went into the hospital by thousands, from no cause but insufficient or unwholesome nutriment. While the Spanish and Portuguese troops were clothed and shod at our expense, while our grasping and selfish allies were forwarding fresh applications to the British government, through British agents, for "500,000 yards of broadcloth, 4,000,000 yards of linen, and 300,000 shoes," our own Peninsular troops, though in a state of splendid discipline and warlike efficiency, were so scandalously neglected by those rulers who should have fostered them as the apple of their eye, that their marches were postponed "for want of shoes," and their "clothes so patched that not a single regiment could be known by its uniform." The English commander represented, complained, and remonstrated in vain: intrigue, vanity, and incapacity caused the government to turn a deaf ear to his expostulations; and over and over again the Duke was on the point of giving up the contest in despair and disgust at conduct which, even at this distance of time, makes our blood boil with indignation as we read the narrative.

Speaking of the first siege of Badajos, Colonel Napier writes:—"Thus, the first serious siege undertaken by the British army in the Peninsula was commenced; and, to the discredit of the English government, no army was ever so ill provided with the means of prosecuting such an enterprise. The engineer officers were exceedingly zealous, and notwithstanding some defects in the constitution and customs of the corps, tending rather to make regimental than practical scientific officers, many of them were very well versed in the theory of their business. But the ablest trembled when reflecting on their utter destitution of all that belonged to real service. Without a corps of sappers and miners, without a single private who knew how to carry out an approach under fire, they were compelled to attack fortresses defended by the most warlike, practised, and scientific troops of the age: the best officers and the finest soldiers were obliged to sacrifice themselves in a lamentable manner, to

compensate for the negligence and incapacity of a government always ready to plunge the nation into war, without the slightest care of what was necessary to obtain success. The sieges carried on by the British in Spain were a succession of butcheries, because the commonest materials and means necessary to their art were denied to the engineers." At the time when the ill-fated and ignominious Walcheren expedition was planned, "Sir Arthur Wellesley might have had eighty thousand British troops on the frontiers of Portugal, and he was a general capable of wielding them. He was forced to commence a campaign upon the fate of which the Peninsula—a quick triumph or a long protracted agony of twelve millions of people—depended, with only 22,000, while 60,000 fighting men, and ships numerous enough to darken all the coasts of Spain were waiting, in Sicily and England, for orders which were to doom them, the one part to scorn, and the other to an inglorious and miserable fate. Shall the deliverance of the Peninsula, then, be attributed to the firmness and long-sighted policy of ministers who gave these glaring proofs of improvidence? or shall the glory of that great exploit lighten round the head of him who so manfully maintained the fierce struggle under all the burden of their folly?"

If such were the difficulties heaped upon his path by the ministers who sent him, the obstacles the English General had to encounter at the hands of the people whom he came to defend, were greater still. When he commenced the war in the Peninsula, Spain might be said to be without a government. King Ferdinand was a prisoner in Bayonne; and the management of the usurped country was undertaken by a number of local Juntas, each acting independently, and obedient to no central power; and each making the most inordinate demands on their English allies for immediate and almost exclusive assistance. When a supreme Junta was at last established, in consequence of the remonstrances of the British Government and General, the case was little mended. The Junta was almost without authority; was bursting with corruption and distracted by intrigues. The authorities would organize no plan of defence in concert with the English Commander, or, if they agreed upon a plan, they never adhered to it; they never performed their portion of any contract; they utterly disregarded truth alike in their promises and their sentiments; they engaged to supply the British troops with rations and means of transport, yet habitually left them destitute of both. They monopolized

the contributions of the people, and expended them in rewarding their own creatures. They seized the horses of the peasantry under pretence of supplying the troops, and then left them to die in the sea marshes. They raised large armies, but left them unprovided either with clothes, arms, or ammunition. "At the period when the Marquis of Romana and the insurgents in Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms and five thousand pounds from Sir John Cradock, the Junta possessed many millions of money (mainly furnished to them by England), and their magazines in Cadiz were bursting with the continually increasing quantity of stores and arms arriving from England, *but which were left to rot as they arrived*; while from every quarter of the country not yet subdued, the demand for these things was incessant." Altogether, such a deplorable example of vanity, wickedness, and imbecility was probably never before presented to the world.

Then the army was as bad as the government. The generals would not co-operate, and the soldiers would not fight. By no persuasion or menaces could the Duke ever induce the Spanish commanders heartily and honourably to stand by him. The best and richest opportunities were constantly lost by their tardiness, insincerity, and falsehood. Time after time they placed the British troops in situations of the utmost peril, by breaking their promises and deserting their post. Time after time they were well fed while their English allies were left starving; yet they would not share with them. Time after time large Spanish armies stood by inactive, insubordinate, or panic-stricken, while a few English regiments fought their battle against overwhelming numbers. It was so at Talavera. It was so at Albuera. They abandoned the hospitals they had sworn to protect. They neglected the fortresses they had engaged to repair and provision. They refused even to assist the wounded after a battle, but they were always ready to plunder the dying and the dead. Destitute of truth, courage, or generosity, they were almost more dangerous to us than the open enemy. Lord Wellington at last entirely refused to act with them, or trust to them any longer. "There was," said he in one of his dispatches, "a more serious consideration, viz., the constant and shameful misbehaviour of the Spanish troops before the enemy. We in England never hear of their defeats and flights, but I have heard Spanish officers tell of nineteen or twenty actions of the description of that at the bridge of Arzo-

bispo, the accounts of which have never been published. In the battle of Talavera, in which the Spanish army, with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged—whole corps threw away their arms and ran off, when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack. When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet. *In their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that moment bravely engaged in their cause.*" After the awful carnage of Albuera, when of 6000 British only 1500 remained standing when the French were beaten off, Marshal Beresford, when his pickets were set, had scarcely any soldiers left to assist the wounded. In this cruel situation he sent Col. Hardinge to demand assistance from Blake, the Spanish general, who had taken little part in the battle, and to whose indolence and incapacity the frightful loss of the British was mainly attributable. The proud and selfish old ruffian *refused*, saying that it was customary with allied armies for each to take care of its own men! Such were the allies whom Wellington had both to fight for and to contend with.

The Portuguese were nearly as intolerable. It is true that their peasantry were far more generous and friendly; their soldiers, being led by English officers, behaved far better under fire; and their Regency, though to the full as dishonest and intriguing as the Spanish Junta, was not quite so incapable. But the authorities were utterly impracticable; they would neither furnish transports for the commissariat, nor keep the promises they had made, nor supply faithfully the provisions for which they had contracted, and for which they had been paid. The English General was at one time obliged to feed, from the rations collected for his own troops, the Portuguese militia, whose sustenance had been utterly neglected by their own authorities; and this, too, at a time when England was not only fighting the battle of Portugal, and had just freed her from a wasting enemy, but was supporting her government by enormous subsidies. The plans of the English Commander were perpetually thwarted by the opposition, and his best-laid enterprises rendered abortive, by the incurable delays and inveterate faithlessness of the Regency; his remonstrances were unheeded; his orders disobeyed; and on more than one occasion vast stores of provisions and munitions of war, which he had repeatedly ordered the authorities to destroy or remove to Lisbon, were left for the French, who were thus enabled to maintain their position in the country,

and defeat Wellington's most sagacious and laborious combinations. In 1810, when he retired to his lines, having arranged everything for compelling the French to evacuate Portugal, he writes thus: "The French are stopped effectually: in front all the roads are occupied, and they can get nothing from their rear; but all the military arrangements which have been made are useless if they can find subsistence on the ground which they occupy. Now the inhabitants, in flying, *have left behind*, in spite of repeated orders and ample notice, *everything that could be useful to the enemy and could subsist their army*; accordingly they still remain in our front, notwithstanding that their communication with Spain, and with every other military body, is cut off; and if the provisions which they have found will last, they may remain till they are joined by the whole French army in Spain. *It is heart breaking to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly.*" In addition to all this, the Regency threw upon him the odium of every harsh order which military necessity required to be issued, and even desired, by way of increasing his unpopularity, to compel him to take into his own hands the punishment of offenders against their own decrees. Then the jealousy and hatred between the Spanish and Portuguese peasantry—which their respective governments took every means to foster—involved him in ceaseless annoyances; the Portuguese muleteers deserted if he passed the frontier; and the Spanish ones refused to carry stores or provisions for the assistance of the Portuguese troops.

Thus harassed on all hands, thwarted by three cabinets, and compelled to endure the follies and remedy the blunders of them all; reduced to attempt vast enterprises with insufficient means, and to make the blood of his soldiers atone for the incapacity of his superiors and the imbecility of his allies; sometimes obliged to act as a merchant, and often as a banker and financier, in order to supplement the neglect or inefficiency of those who should have served him; it would not have been surprising if he had sunk under the pressure, and resigned the unequal contest. That he did not do so, is perhaps the greatest proof of courage, constancy, and patriotism that could have been given. "Lord Liverpool's intimation (writes Col. Napier) that neither corn nor specie could be had from England, threw Lord Wellington on his own resources for feeding his troops. He had before created a paper-money by means of commissariat bills, which being paid regularly at certain periods, passed current with the people when the national bonds were at

an enormous discount. He now, in concert with Mr. Stuart (our minister at Lisbon), entered into commerce to supply his necessities. For, having ascertained that grain in different parts of the world, especially in South America, could be bought for bills cheaper than it sold for hard cash in Lisbon, and that in Egypt, though only to be bought with specie, it was at a reduced price; they employed mercantile agents to purchase it for the army account, and, after filling the magazines, sold the overplus to the inhabitants. As Mr. Stuart could obtain no assistance from the English merchants of Lisbon, in a traffic which interfered with their profits, he wrote circular letters to the consuls in the Mediterranean, and in the Portuguese islands, and to the English minister at Washington, desiring them to negotiate Treasury bills; to increase the shipments of corn to Lisbon, and to pay with new bills, to be invested in such articles of British manufacture as the non-importation law still permitted to go to America. By this complicated process he contrived to keep something in the military chest; and this commerce (which, Lord Wellington truly observed, was not what ought to have engaged his time and attention) saved the army and the people, when the proceedings of Mr. Percival would have destroyed both. Yet it was afterwards cavilled at and censured by ministers, on the representations of the merchants who found their exorbitant gains interrupted by it.

"Pressed by such accumulated difficulties, and not supported in England as he deserved, the General, who had more than once intimated his resolution to withdraw from the Peninsula, now seriously thought of executing it. Yet when he considered that the cause was one even of more interest to England than to the Peninsula; that the embarrassments of the French might be even greater than his own; and that Napoleon himself, gigantic as his exertions had been and were likely to be, was scarcely aware of the difficulty of conquering the Peninsula while an English army held Portugal; when he considered also that light was breaking in the north of Europe; that the chances of war are many, even in the worst of times; and, above all, when his mental eye caught the beams of his own coming glory,—he quelled his rising indignation, and re-tempered his mighty energies to bear the buffet of the tempest."\*

During the whole of this period, when his patience, which seemed absolutely inexhaustible, was so severely tried, not only by the faults of his own government and the inca-

\* Napier, vi. 474.

capacity of his allies, but by the carelessness and disobedience of too many of his own officers,—and while a temper, naturally stern and peremptory, was severely tried by every imaginable vexation, yet never disturbed or irritated for more than a few moments, or disproportionably to the exciting cause,—the Duke found time to look after and give his mind to the minutest details of the service. Nothing which could in any way contribute to the efficiency of his army or the welfare of his troops, was deemed too unimportant to engage his attention. Indeed few things are more remarkable in the character of this remarkable man than the power with which he could concentrate his whole thoughts upon the immediate matter before him, however critical or distracting were the circumstances around him. His despatches relating to the shoes of the infantry, the use of hair-gloves or the curry-comb by the cavalry, the mode of packing camp-kettles, and the most desirable size of kettle to employ, and many other matters, written during the pressure, hurry, and anxiety of actual warfare, are singular proofs of his indefatigable activity and watchfulness. He had, too, the most marvellous faculty of abstracting his mind from the difficulties and embarrassments of the moment, and bringing it to bear on distant subjects, the treatment of which would seem to require an undivided intellect and a heart at ease. Like those of Marlborough and Warren Hastings, some of his most remarkable despatches on points of general policy, and some of his ablest discussions with ministers at home on their various absurd schemes and proceedings, were penned amid his greatest dangers, and almost in the critical moments of actual conflict. "All these schemes," says Colonel Napier, after enumerating some of the most foolish, "were duly transmitted to Lord Wellington and Mr. Stuart; and the former had, while in the field, to unravel the intricacies, to detect the fallacies, and to combat the wild speculations of men, who, in profound ignorance of facts, were giving a loose to their imaginations on such complicated questions of state. It was while preparing to fight Marmont (at Salamanca) that he had to expose the futility of relying on a loan; it was on the heights of San Christoval, on the field of battle itself, that he demonstrated the absurdity of attempting to establish a Portuguese bank; it was in the trenches of Burgos that he dissected and exposed Funchal's schemes of finance, and exposed the folly of attempting the sale of church property; it was at the termination of the retreat that, with a mixture of rebuke and reasoning, he quelled the proposal to live by forced requisitions; and,

on each occasion, he showed himself as well acquainted with these subjects as he was with the mechanism of armies."

It is curious to compare this passage with the account given by Macaulay of the coolness of Warren Hastings after the deadly struggle with Nuncomar, the great Indian civil authority, which terminated in the defeat and execution of the latter. "The head of the combination against Hastings, the richest, the most powerful, the most artful of the Hindoos, distinguished by the favour of those who then held the government, fenced around by the superstitious reverence of millions, was hanged in broad day before many thousands of people. It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson bears date a very few hours after the death of Nuncomar. While the whole settlement was in commotion, while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief, the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic self-possession, to write about the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' Jones's 'Persian Grammar,' and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India."

Notwithstanding his splendid qualities as a commander, and his sedulous attention to the wants and necessities of those he led, the Duke of Wellington never gained the affection of his troops. Their confidence in his genius was unbounded, but they had no enthusiasm for his person. Though inflexibly just, yet to them he was unbending, ungenial, and severe. He had nothing of the histrionic art of Napoleon, none of the universal courtesy and gentleness of Marlborough. "It seems (says Napier) to be a drawback to the greatness of Lord Wellington's character, that while capable of repressing insubordination, either by firmness or dexterity, as the case may require—capable, also, of magnanimously disregarding, or dangerously resenting injuries, his praises and his censures are bestowed indiscriminately, or so directed as to acquire partisans and personal friends rather than the attachment of the multitude. He did not make the hard-working military crowd feel that their honest unobtrusive exertions were appreciated. In this he differs not from many other great generals and statesmen, but he thereby fails to influence masses, and his genius falls short of that sublime flight by which Hannibal in ancient, and Napoleon in modern times, commanded the admiration of the world."

His coolness in danger, his indifference to obloquy, his hardihood and firmness in adhering to his plans in spite of blame, oppo-

sition, and intreaty, and in suffering no transient schemes to divert his attention from his grand ultimate designs, were displayed in every incident of the Peninsular war. On the evening before the battle of Talavera, with an overwhelming enemy before him, worthless and half hostile allies on his flank, and little apparent prospect of extricating himself from a position in which defeat would have been ruin to his army and to his cause, and would have damaged his reputation irretrievably at home, he was as placid and careless as if he had a clear path and a certain victory before him. He had done everything, he said, that had to be done, or could be done, and he was indifferent to the rest. Notwithstanding the vehement entreaties both of Spanish and Portuguese authorities—notwithstanding the strong pleadings of his own feelings, he resolutely refused to succour Ciudad Rodrigo, because he could only do so at the price of risking the whole object and success of the campaign. Indeed, on most occasions of peril and of bloodshed—

“ in him there was an air  
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair :—  
A something of indifference, more than then  
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.”

On two occasions, however, his natural sympathies overpowered his acquired insensibility ; and the iron warrior was shaken by a passionate burst of grief—once was when he beheld the frightful butchery at Badajos ; the second time, when his aid-de-camp reported the irreparable losses at Waterloo. In both cases the carnage had been foreseen ; but the object was deemed worth the price.”

The Duke's noblest quality was his unswerving CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. In this he stands out in splendid contrast to nearly all the great captains in history. The motive spring of Cæsar, Napoleon, and Wallenstein, was personal ambition ; that of Charles XII. of Sweden was a boyish passion for glory ; the nobility of Hannibal was dashed by the vindictive hatred in which his enterprise originated ; the fame of Marlborough was tarnished by the low cravings of a mean and grasping avarice ; but the Duke of Wellington, though far from insensible to glory or reckless of character, seems throughout his consistent career to have listened solely to the voice of patriotism, and the sentiment of duty. He kept one object steadily in view ; amid all the difficulties and vexations of his Peninsular campaigns, he felt that he was there to do his duty, to defeat the enemy, to save his

country. No thought of self—no paramount preference for his own fame—none of that prudish sensitiveness to the purity of his own reputation, which is the form selfishness often assumes in able and honourable men, ever seemed to cross his mind. He never feared to encounter obloquy, if it lay in his way ; he never shrank from putting to hazard his own professional reputation, if the welfare of “ the cause ” seemed to require it. Over and over again he undertook enterprises where failure was probable, and when failure would have been fatal to his fame ; but where great political purposes rendered it desirable that the effort should be made. No general, tender of his character, would have ventured on the assaults of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo. The physical courage which he displayed in chasing the French from Portugal and Spain, was as nothing compared with the moral courage which he manifested in facing the ignorant and disgraceful clamours of the English opposition, and the weak, timid, and sometimes criminal suggestions of the English ministers—in fighting against desperate odds—in retreating in the face of still more formidable and malignant clamour. We question whether in the whole of his public career he ever once acted from any considerations except those of public duty. In this he was a marvellous contrast to the politicians whom he served. “ There was a ministerial person in 1810, who in his dread of the parliamentary opposition, wrote to Lord Wellington, complaining of his inaction, and calling upon him to do something that would excite a public sensation ; *anything provided blood was spilt*. A calm, but severe rebuke, and the cessation of all friendly intercourse with the writer, discovered the general's abhorrence of this detestable policy.”\*

This single minded conscientiousness is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the Duke was never addicted to the profession of any high-flown sentiments of morality. He did his duty without much protestation of his determination to do nothing else. But for simple, straightforward, disinterested devotion to principle, among leading statesmen, we can find his parallel in Washington alone.

The political qualifications of the Duke of Wellington were scarcely, if at all, second to his military ones. Indeed, he was often compelled to be more of a great politician than of a great general. His campaigning movements had frequently to be guided rather with reference to their po

\* Napier, iii. 218.

litical than to their military effects. He had to encounter risks, and undertake enterprises, which the common rules of generalship would have forbidden, out of considerations in which generalship had no share. He had to adventure bold strokes, which prudence would have condemned, in order to keep up the spirits of both the English and Portuguese people. He had to resign splendid chances, to endure vexatious delays, to submit to deplorable inaction, because such was the timidity and downheartedness of the English ministry, that he dared not risk the loss of a single brigade. Repeatedly he felt called upon to put to hazard his military reputation, lest the great political objects of the war should have been endangered. He had always to bear in mind the ultimate purpose of the great struggle, and to look beyond the actual battle, or the immediate campaign. Those who regard him only as a great captain will both judge him unjustly and appreciate him ill.\* He was, in fact, pre-eminently a statesman; and notwithstanding the imperfect success, short duration, and speedy overthrow of his two administrations in England, we consider that he was a truly great statesman. But his statesmanship was of the Administrative, not of the Parliamentary or Legislative order. He was one whose genius lay in action, not in words; and in a system in which dialectics and rhetoric bear sway, in which oratory opens the path to greatness, and covers every species of incapacity, he was over-matched and out of place.

Therefore, though a statesman of a first-rate order, he was not a statesman of the modern British order. "From the time of Charles II. to our own days, a peculiar species of talent, parliamentary talent, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesman. It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, rashness, and the most fatal maladministration. A great negotiator is nothing compared with a great debater; and a minister who can make a successful speech need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda; which made a foreign secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel, and which was

very near making a chancellor of the exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division."\*

In such a system the Duke of Wellington, who knew how to govern but not how to argue and harangue, had no fair field, and could scarcely meet with due appreciation. He was a statesman not of the class to which Bolingbroke, Pitt, Canning, Peel, and Thiers belonged; but of the order of Richelieu, Alberoni, Oxenstiern, Hardenberg, abroad, and of Walsingham, Cromwell, Clive, and Hastings, at home. He was a statesman rather for Spain, Austria, or France, than for England; and in England would have been better placed under the House of Tudor than under the House of Hanover. He had a profound contempt for the popular capacity: † what he had seen of the abortive attempt at self-government, and of the miserable intrigues and imbecility of popular assemblies in Portugal and Spain, had fortified this contempt; and the proceedings of the English parliament, the language of the public press, and the conduct of popular orators, and of the liberal opposition, during his Peninsular campaigns, were assuredly not calculated to weaken it. Hence his opposition to parliamentary reform. Hence his sagacious estimate—exaggerated perhaps, but certainly not far astray—of the added difficulties which that measure would throw in the way of the king's government. He saw that such an organic change would render the government of the country a *new act*—and an act of no ordinary perplexity and labour. He did not know the extent to which the country could govern itself, and supplement the deficiencies of its rulers. But whenever the Duke was called upon to *act* as a statesman, all his native superiority stood forth. Whatever he did, he did well. His management of the army of occupation in France showed what he was a negotiator. His speeches and conduct at the period of Catholic emancipation showed his conception of the duty of an English minister. He was no party man. He considered solely what was best to be done under the circumstances—what course was most desirable for the country—what course would be most likely to ensure its welfare, and avert the evils which menaced it;—and this course he recommended simply and pursued steadily, without reference to its inconsistency with his previous opinions, or its obnoxiousness to the party whose leader he was com-

\* Macaulay, "Sir W. Temple."

† The Duke was essentially aristocratic in his notions of government. See Napier, vi. 444, (and in many other places.)

\* Napier, vi. 633; vi. 405—407.

monly considered. He regarded himself always as holding office merely to save his king and country. He looked at and treated each subject and each emergency as it came before him, not as a party chief, but as a British administrative statesman.

There are several remarkable points of similarity between Wellington's career and character, and those of three of the ablest English commanders of modern times. Like Clive, he was distinguished for the marvellous vigour, promptitude, and daring of his operations—for the steady and unswerving gaze which he fixed upon the special object he had in view—for his courage in encountering any odds and any obloquy. He showed a capacity for government and politics in no way inferior to that of Warren Hastings, with the same indomitable and indefatigable patience, the same impassive temper, the same sublime imperturbability. But he never stooped to the unscrupulous violence of Clive, or the enormous injustices of Hastings. It is between Wellington and Marlborough, however, that the parallel runs closest. Both had to struggle against incapable ministers and factious enemies at home. Both were constantly hampered, and often nearly ruined, by the results of parliamentary intrigues, and the inherent stinginess of a democratic government. Both were driven nearly distracted by jealous, faithless, and incompetent allies. Both found it a harder task to fight their friends than their enemies. Wellington had to contend with the "cat and dog" hatred of Spaniards and Portuguese, and the incapacity of both governments. Marlborough had perpetually to mediate between the Austrians and Dutch, to soothe their jealousies, pacify their pride, appease their unceasingly recurring quarrels, and endure their scandalous misbehaviour. Both were repeatedly obliged to forego their own wishes, and suppress their own feelings, for fear of endangering an insecure but indispensable alliance. Marlborough was offered the viceroyalty of the Netherlands, which would have given him the power and independence necessary to the carrying out of his plans; but he magnanimously declined it, to allay the exasperation of the Dutch. Wellington was offered the government of Portugal, which would have been invaluable to him as a general; but he feared the political mischief of such an arrangement, and he refused it. Both generals were repeatedly prevented from following up their victories by the most vexatious interferences at home, and the impracticable behaviour of the allied troops. Both were often compelled to merge the daring general in the

prudent and far-seeing statesman.\* In management of men, Marlborough was the superior. Everybody loved him, and nobody could resist him. His powers of fascination were unrivalled. He could persuade any one to anything. On the other hand, the fame of Marlborough is sadly chequered and tarnished by early vices and mean desires. That of Wellington has no drawback. And if true greatness consists in overcoming obstacles—and must, therefore, be measured by the amount of the obstacles overcome, in proportion to the means of surmounting them—the greatness of Wellington must be estimated far beyond that of Marlborough; for there was no comparison in the relative magnitude of the difficulties which they had to encounter. He has left behind him an enduring reputation, founded not on splendid days, but on painful years—not on the success of hazardous achievements, which might have been owing but to the inspiration of a happy moment, but on toilsome campaigns, won against heavy odds by skilful combination, by deliberate science, by fortitude which nothing could exhaust, by sublime daring, and still sublimer patience.

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#### ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

*[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]*

#### Theology and Philosophy.

THE past quarter has turned out a few novels, and the usual, or probably more

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\* For particulars, see Alison's "Life of Marlborough."



than the usual, quantity of travels, but it has not otherwise been characterized by activity or enterprise in the world of letters. In Theology there is nothing new, though there is what is perhaps more indicative of progress in that direction, a re-issue, in a new and cheaper form, of Parker's "Discourse of Religion"<sup>1</sup> and Newman's "Essay on the Soul."<sup>2</sup> These works are now within the reach of all classes, and, as the ripe fruits of genius and learning, their popularity is destined to increase, in proportion as they become accessible to the mass of the people. Parker's noble burst of prophetic utterance is still echoing within us, and has ineffaceably impressed itself on the mind of the age, as alike powerful to pull down a decaying superstition and to build up a new faith. Mr. Newman's treatise, though on the same subject as Mr. Parker's, resembles it only in its courageous tone. It is a calm philosophical inquiry into the positive foundations of natural religion. By the *soul* he understands "that side of human nature upon which we are in contact with the Infinite, and with God, the Infinite Personality." The spontaneous rudimentary developments of religious emotion; the spiritual phenomena which accompany our sense of sin; the struggling of the soul after a sense of its personal relation to God; its progress in spiritual growth; its hopes and aspirations concerning a future life, with concluding reflections on the state and prospects of practical Christianity: these are the topics successfully investigated. The present edition is supplemented with a chapter of Introductory Remarks, settling accounts between Mr. Newman and his critics, and a Preface, reiterating his maturest opinions on the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, which we here present to the reader.

"The books differ extremely in moral value, as also in literary importance. Nevertheless they form, in some sense, an organic whole, since the later books grew out of the earlier ones; the more puerile conceptions were gradually laid aside or transformed, and new ideas also were brought in gradually, and were grafted on to the old stock. We can therefore speak of the religion as having a certain unity of its own, in spite of the enormous diversity between Genesis, Leviticus, Isaiah, and John.

"This unity seems to me mainly to depend on

<sup>1</sup> "A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker. (Catholic Series.) London: John Chapman. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "The Soul; its Sorrows and its Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the True Basis of Theology." By F. W. Newman. (Library for the People. No. 4.) John Chapman. 1852.

the belief of the SYMPATHY of the Most High with his devoted servants, and His desire of their moral perfection.

"In this belief I think that there resides a prolific germ, which makes the Bible a book of vast worth and a root of goodness to those who wisely venerate it. The doctrine may be found, *occasionally* expressed, in the best of the Greeks or Romans; but it *pervades* the Bible, and therefore is constantly re-appearing in every form of Christianity."

In Philosophy we have a new edition of "Tennemann's Manual," and a re-issue of "Fourier on the Passions of the Soul." A translation of the former by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, was published at Oxford in 1832. This Mr. Bohn has put into the hands of the Rev. J. R. Morell, who has revised, enlarged, and continued it to the present time, so that in this compact volume the stream of metaphysical speculation may be traced by the inquiring reader from Thales to writers so recent as Proudhon and Pierre Leroux in France; Emerson, Henry James, and Parker in America; Wilkinson, Charles Bray, and Newman in England. It incorporates the additions given by Professor Wendt in the last German edition, and continues the development of German philosophy to its latest manifestation,—“the Will's Phases” of Schopenhauer and Plancke. It gives a few of the latest divarication of the new Hegelian School, as exemplified in Strauss and Feuerbach. Chapters are added on Swedenborgianism, Animal Magnetism, Mystical Socialism, and Phrenology. There are, besides, the minor conveniences of a Kantian Vocabulary, a Chronological Table, and—what Bohn never neglects—an Index. By the way, we observe that this volume is the first of a new series bearing the title of "Philological Library," which, if not a misprint for "Philosophical," mis-classifies the work.

Mr. Morell is also the translator of Fourier's work, but how it ever came to be translated at all is a marvel. And yet such works are read and admired, on the principle, we fear, of *omne ignotum est pro magifico*. Swedenborg, Fourier, and Andrew Jackson Davis, have each thousands of disciples, who profess to understand and to believe all, and more than all, that those seers have propounded. Is there any deception on either side? We

<sup>3</sup> "A Manual of the History of Philosophy." Translated from the German of Tennemann, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A. Revised, enlarged, and continued by J. R. Morell. H. G. Bohn. 1852.

<sup>4</sup> "The Passions of the Human Soul." By Charles Fourier. Translated from the French, by J. R. Morell. With Critical Annotations, a Biography of Fourier, and a General Introduction, by Hugh Doherty. London: Henry Lea. 1852.

think not. Abnormal minds will always find abundance of other minds similarly constituted, who will sympathize with them. Great truths lie at the root of Fourier's theories, though people, who dig into them, do it less for the sake of the fundamental conceptions, than for the pleasure of floating in a wide expanse of speculation, amid airy "clouds of the mind," which twist themselves into fanciful images of familiar objects, and often reflect sudden beauties impossible to more substantial structures. Only such as feel a "passional attraction" toward mysticism, will find it a "*travail attrayant*" to peruse mystical books. In England they form a very small class: in Germany and France they are more numerous. The later mystical developments of the former country have been pantheistic; those of the latter socialistic. Fourier's advent happened at a fortunate epoch for his success as an author. For in spite of all the horrors of his logic and rhetoric he *did* succeed—he was popular—his books sold, and brought him profit! The people were intoxicated with Fourierism. "*Travail attrayant*," and bucketfuls of lemonade, formed a pleasant dream. For in the grand Fourieristic millennium the ocean was to be converted into that delectable beverage—so he promised them, and probably they believed it!

#### *History and Biography.*

It is gratifying to observe, that the example set by Dr. Andrew Combe, in divesting Physiology of its technicalities, and expounding the great laws of the science of popular language, is now becoming more extensively followed. Indeed, the popularization of science is one of the great intellectual characteristics of our age. Philosophers hitherto have been too prelatial, not condescending to teach the people, but only the people's teachers. As authors, too, their works have been always professional, never popular. But in proportion as the "dignity of labour" has been recognised and talked about, there has been a growing perception of the dignity of instructing the labourers. From the platform and the press, the working classes, and, consequently, *all* classes, have of late been directly addressed on theoretical or practical science, as well as on other subjects, by the men most eminent in their respective departments. Books of the very highest authority, combined with the greatest possible simplicity, are rapidly multiplying. Such a book is "*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon.*"

\* "*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon.*" By

It is a popularization of British Archæology, and comprises, in a neat portable volume, the results of extensive erudition and research lying scattered in numerous and costly works. One takes up such a book with satisfaction: it combines those two desirable elements which so frequently manage to shun each other's company—cheapness and goodness. A work like this on the pre-historic annals of Britain was much wanted, and the want is here supplied.

"Its object (says the author) is to give a sketch of that part of our history which is not generally treated of, the period before England became Christian England—the period, indeed, which, in the absence of much documentary evidence, it is the peculiar province of the antiquary to illustrate. Every article which is turned up by the spade or the plough is a record of that history, and it is by comparing them together, and subjecting them to the assay of science, that we make them tell their story."

In carrying out his plan, archæology and history are made to walk hand in hand. We are introduced to Britain at the time of the Roman invasion; and after a narration of its conquest and a description of its contemporaneous antiquities, we take a journey through *Roman* Britain—this is a geographical excursion; then we make a closer inspection of a Roman town—the walls, towers, and gates, the houses, baths, temples, theatres, &c.; after which, we take a walk into the country, to look at the villas and villages, the fields and forests; the manufacturing interest then presents itself, and potteries, glass-works, iron-works, &c., appear on the programme; immediately, other interesting topics are taken up, connected with religion, domestic life, or military organization. In this way we get a view of Britain under Celt, Roman, and Saxon. The author discards the new theory of dividing antiquities into metallic periods characterized by the use of bronze or iron, and treats them simply according to the races to which they belonged—clearly the most safe and satisfactory method. The work is profusely illustrated with plates and woodcuts—a useful, and, in fact, indispensable help to the clear understanding of the subject.

The "*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*"\* are at length completed; they form four bulky volumes, and contain much that is of general interest, with not a little that tends mere-

Thomas Wright, F.S.A. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

\* "*Memoirs of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.*" By W. Hanna, LL.D. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: Constable. 1852.

ly to impede the progress of the narrative, which slowly winds its way amid the documentary deposits accumulated throughout its course, instead of darting onward with the directness, rapidity, and force of a cataract, like the life which it portrays. Chalmers was a man of *action* rather than of *thought*; and his writings will be forgotten before his works and labours of love. Physically and intellectually, he was born to be an agitator; and circumstances were singularly favourable to his success in that capacity. His concentration and courage always compelled him to adopt his own course of action, and his own style of writing. He necessarily, therefore, became a man of marked individuality and power. There was in him, too, such an intensity of vital force to drive the elementary, but well-constructed machinery with which body and mind were furnished, that his energy was irresistible. We were privileged to hear him speak on two of the grandest occasions in his career. The whole effect was produced by his earnestness; and our wonder was, how so much spontaneous vehemence could flow from so little originality or real brilliancy of thought. His originality merely consisted in declining to imitate Hume, Blair, or Robertson, and in expressing himself after his own fashion. It is not our intention, however, to discuss the *man*, but only to notice the *book*, which is mainly occupied with the chief event of his life—the Disruption of the Church of Scotland—an event mainly brought about by his influence, as a teacher of theology, upon the rising ministry at that time. It may be regarded, therefore, as the culmination of his labours, and gives an epic grandeur to his history. It happened in the seventh decade of his life, which he had long consecrated in his mind to sabbatic purposes; but it was his destiny to be an agitator to the last. The student who started an opposition Class, which threatened to be the ruin of a university chair, ultimately started an opposition Church, which, in strength and resources, at once rivalled the National Establishment!

The name of Thomas Chalmers is one of which Scotland may justly be proud, not more for his public services than for his private virtues. It is interesting to see the child-like simplicity and freshness which he preserved throughout. His concentration kept him so long in one line of thought, and in one phase of life, that the sources of human interest kept opening up around him even in old age. In the wide field of intellectual speculation he had hardly broken ground. He crept into new regions of

thought like a child learning to walk; and some of his exploits in that direction belong to the curiosities of literature! There is this to be said, however, that he was accessible to new influences, and that is rarely the case with men in his position. Chalmers in Scotland, Arnold in England, and Channing in America, have each impressed themselves upon the age in a remarkable manner, and are among the finest specimens of the clerical character which the world has ever witnessed.

The "Life of the Venerable Kirby,"<sup>†</sup> the entomologist, is an important work, but the biographer, though nominated by Kirby himself, has executed his task in a very indifferent manner. The materials seem to have been abundant enough, and he had the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the subject of his sketch, but he lacks the tact necessary for such a work. The researches of the naturalist are, to an unusual degree, encumbered with technicalities, and show rather *what* he observed than *how* he observed. *This* was the proper material for his *life*; the other we have in his *works*; and to print letters which were merely those works in embryo, is more curious than instructive. And such letters! Those to Mr. Spence (whose name is inseparably associated with that of Kirby as the joint author of the "Introduction to Entomology,") "were mostly written (says that gentleman) on sheets of large folio paper, so closely, that each would equal a printed sheet of sixteen pages of ordinary type. These we call our 'first-rates,' or, sometimes, 'seventy-fours,' the few on ordinary-sized paper being 'frigates;'" but one I find from Mr. Kirby, which he calls the 'Royal Harry,' written on a sheet nearly the size of a *Times* supplement."

The following simple incident was the occasion of directing his attention to what became the absorbing pursuit of his life. It is related by himself:—

"About half a century since, observing accidentally one morning a very beautiful golden bug creeping on the sill of my window, I took it up to examine it, and finding that its wings were of a more yellow hue than was common to my observation of these insects before, I was anxious carefully to examine any other of its peculiarities, and finding that it had twenty-two beautiful clear black spots upon its back, my captured animal was imprisoned in a bottle of gin, for the purpose, as I supposed, of killing him. On the following morning, anxious to pursue my observation, I took it again from the gin, and laid it on the win-

<sup>†</sup> "Life of the Rev. W. Kirby, Rector of Barham." By the Rev. J. Freeman. Longmans 1852.

down-sill to dry, thinking it dead, but the warmth of the sun very soon revived it; and hence commenced my further pursuit of this branch of natural history."

Kirby's genius consisted in a fine faculty of observation. Nothing escaped his small sharp eyes,—so small that they were a subject of ridicule at college, but the source, to him, of fortune and fame! What he saw he could describe, and confining himself to what suited his capacity, he may be said to have attained immortality by the mediocrity of his powers. He was an industrious student, but his mental processes were slow. He made no figure at the university, and not from idleness, but through sheer necessity, preached other people's sermons. He lived to the age of ninety, and was for sixty-eight years parish-priest of Barham; and it is questionable if, with his quiet plodding habits, he could have made the acquaintance of all the insects in his neighbourhood in a much shorter period. Botany and Entomology became his favourite studies, not as *branches of science*, but because flowers and insects were *visible* objects, presenting themselves to his organ of individuality in his daily walks. Having no faculty for abstract speculation, and no taste for science, *as such*,—situated, moreover, in a retired rural district in Norfolk, with plenty of leisure and little to occupy it—the extension of his friendship to spiders and butterflies was simply a gratification of social feelings otherwise objectless. His biographer estimates him after a very different fashion, and believes that he was a great entomologist in consequence of being a great man. The *real* life of Kirby would not have been sufficiently dignified for detailed description, nor could Mr. Freeman have stooped to describe it. He is not quite sure that his venerable friend's pursuits fitted his sacred vocation, and more than one apology is made for their impropriety. There is an eager desire to starch and stiffen the old man a little, by representing him as a high churchman; and such he was, if that character consists in an attachment to old-fashioned doctrine and discipline. But he was no partizan, and would not have sanctioned some occasional samples of clerical intolerance which disfigure his biography. Though his death occurred only two years ago, he belonged to the last century, and was old-fashioned in other things besides his churchmanship. We are told here of his continuing, to the last, to wear his shovel-hat, and of the antiquated cut of his coat. There were no modern innovations at Barham: the monotony of

insect life pervaded the entire parish; but the world outside was fast moving forward, and Mr. Kirby lived to travel by the Eastern Counties Railway, and to witness such a phenomenon as a reforming bishop! The spirit of progress, however, was not permitted to penetrate the vicarage, which was a picture of primitive simplicity. To the very last, came the toast of "Church and King," after dinner, then the "Royal Family," followed by the Conservative statesmen whom he delighted to honour, and finishing with one expressive of the full measure of his charity and goodwill to all mankind—viz., "The Bishop of the Diocese, and *the best of the Whigs!*"

If we have in Kirby a submissive son of the church growing up into the good old parish-priest—one after George Herbert's own heart—we have the other side of the picture in the "Life of William Sidney Walker,"\* whose tragic fate presents a striking contrast to the peaceful and prosperous career just sketched. Walker was a Cambridge student, religiously educated, whose prospects as a clergyman were destroyed by his doubts upon Christianity, and who, instead of achieving those brilliant results which his friends anticipated from his talents and acquirements, wasted his life in writing verses and essays for obscure periodicals; and, after suffering for years under a broken-down constitution, dropped into a premature grave, where he would have lain, buried in oblivion, had not the Rector of Rugby published his "Remains," with a memoir, which (as is somewhat usual now with clergymen who undertake this duty to their heretical friends), makes but a slight allusion to what was the permanent condition of his mind, and the key to his whole interior life. In all these particulars his history offers points of coincidence with that of John Sterling, but there are no others—none, at least, biographically developed—of sufficient vital affinity to afford a ground of comparison between them. Of the two, Sterling's mind was more richly endowed, Walker's more highly cultured. The one was a thinker, the other was a scholar: They differed still more in temperament: the spirit of the one being active, flexible, and buoyant; that of the other passive, stubborn, and desponding.

Walker's history is soon told. He was connected by birth with the Milners, the leaders at that time of the evangelical section in the church. He was physically of a delicate constitution, and somewhat deform-

\* "Poetical Remains of William Sidney Walker, with a Memoir." By the Rev. J. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby. J. W. Parker. 1852.

ed. His mental development was precocious. We are told that, when eighteen months old, he could repeat all the current nursery songs: that he learned to read after one lesson; that, when two years of age, he could read the history of England, and that in his fifth year he "had read history extensively, and poetry still more devotedly." In his tenth year we find him translating Anacreon into English verse as a private amusement, and soon after engaged in writing an epic poem, which was published while still in his teens. He had every line of Homer by heart, and could compose Greek verses himself perhaps much faster than Homer could. Being introduced to Sir James Mackintosh, it was stated that the young poet could "turn anything into Greek verse." "Indeed," said the baronet, "what do you think of a page of the 'Court Guide'?" The proposal was accepted, and the said page was turned into Greek hexameters! At Eton "he wrote satires, after the fashion of the 'Dunciad,' on particular boarding-houses; prologues to be delivered at Long-Chamber theatricals; pungent epigrams on masters and præpostors." Both at Eton and Cambridge, he obtained his full share of prizes and scholarships, becoming at last a fellow of Trinity, with which his promotion ended. A brilliant youth, this; but what preparation was there for manhood, and for buffeting the billows of the life-ocean on which he was about to launch forth? The storm had already begun to gather, and, though long averted, it burst upon him at last—Cambridge, and the classics serving him in no stead then!

He went to Cambridge under the auspices of the Evangelicals, and attached himself to Mr. Simeon, of low church celebrity, though lax enough in his notions of ecclesiastical propriety to attend occasionally the Baptist Conventicle to listen to the eloquence of Robert Hall. But, notwithstanding the protective influence of circumstances so favourable to his theological safety, his independent mind was led by inquiry to burst the bonds of traditionalism. It is admitted by his biographer, that "his mind had been, up to this time, what it indeed continued to the last, of an essentially religious character;" but that, "like some of the most distinguished heretics of the present day, he combined with a highly sensitive conscience, and with deep and pure religious affections, a morbidly sceptical understanding." This is termed a "disease." It would appear, indeed, to have been at that time a sort of university epidemic, which "few, probably, of his most intellectual contemporaries at

Cambridge—very few certainly of the academical generation immediately succeeding his—escaped;" but what in their case was cured by holy orders and matrimony, in his case became "chronic and incurable." He communicated his mental difficulties to Mr. Wilberforce, one of his patrons, who prescribed Paley and a chapter in his own work on Practical Christianity—a mixture which failed to relieve the patient. "The doubts which he entertained were apparently those of a rational and self-possessed scepticism," but in the end this scepticism becomes associated with insanity, which, though a source of regret, somewhat relieves the perplexity of his biographer. It is not asserted that the two things were related as cause and effect, but they were in mysterious juxtaposition. It is as evident, however, that the one was the result of intellectual strength, as the other was the effect of physical want and weakness and solitude. After holding his fellowship for ten years, he had to resign it, or take holy orders. In this crisis he held fast his integrity, and for the remaining sixteen years of his existence ate the bread of poverty in obscure lodgings in London. He was not without friends: under that designation he could reckon Moultrie, Malden, Præd, Townsend of Durham, Derwent Coleridge, Arnold, Bonany Price, and the Bishop of Manchester: but friends could do little for one so hopelessly incapable of taking care of himself or of his money. Præd, however, in particular, generously made a permanent provision for him; and Mr. Crawshay, of Newcastle, offered him a home in his own house, discharging his debts after his decease, besides undertaking the responsibility of publishing his works, which are said to be of some value.

The compositions in the present volume are the productions of a poetic mind accustomed to clothe its sentiments in chaste and classical language. Though the muse is not rich, there is a Cowperian sweetness in it which will redeem it from oblivion.

"The Life of Lord Langdale" is a prosaic picture of a somewhat prosaic man, if we are to judge either by any very high standard. It was his lordship's fortune to have greatness thrust upon him while living, and his misfortune to be condemned when dead for not achieving what should never have been expected of him. His own estimate of himself was modest and truthful. He was an able, plodding, conscientious man, adapted for routine work, well fitted

\* "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Henry Lord Langdale." By Thomas Duffus Hardy. 2 vols. Bentley. 1852.

for a legal practitioner, and making as good a judge as any on the bench; but he neither had the genius requisite for advancing legislative science, nor the force of character indispensable for urging forward legal reform. He had acquisitive abilities sufficient for anything to which he might turn his attention. He was a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and after studying Medicine betook himself to Law; and was such a hard, mechanical man, that when fatigued with law he relaxed himself with mathematics. By dint of punctuality, industry, perseverance, and those minor morals which depend upon a sober temperament and a good wearing brain, he became a rising man at the bar, where he seemed destined to spend his life, and to be honoured with a respectable obituary in the "Law Magazine;" but having become a devout disciple of Jeremy Bentham, he rose in the esteem of his teacher in proportion to the passivity of his intellect, and received from him the compliment—"that Bickersteth was of all his friends the most cordial to law reform, to its utmost extent." Thus accredited, it was naturally expected that he would do something to justify his reputation; and in 1836 he was elevated by Lord Melbourne to the Mastership of the Rolls, for the express purpose of carrying out those reforms (especially in Chancery) which the progress of opinion had forced upon the legislature. But not to say that little could be done by one man, however well intentioned, in a position which really required all his energies for the conscientious discharge of its immediate duties, Lord Langdale was about as ill-qualified for reforming Chancery as the present Archbishop of Canterbury for reforming the Church. The cleansing of an Augean stable is ever an Herculean task, and can never be performed by a man, who, in addition to sheer want of strength, is too fastidious to endure the stench and confusion which such an undertaking creates. A community may be gradually regenerated by some pleasant homœopathic process; but reform, where tithes and taxes, salaries and fees are concerned, is a surgical operation, which, when a bad case, requires an iron-nerved doctor for its performance, and is never submitted to by the patient but in desperation, lest something worse befall him.

But, as we have said, though Lord Langdale disappointed the expectation of his friends, he satisfied his own. He, at least, was not guilty of over-estimating his capacity or his achievements. His life was uneventful; but as a public man, his biography is interesting from its notices of

contemporary characters and circumstances, and will furnish a good deal of raw material for political historians.

### Law and Politics.

But while we are complaining that Law Reform makes such slow progress, here comes a Jeremiah, in sackcloth and ashes, deploring the destruction of law and lawyers altogether. In a work entitled "The Advocate,"<sup>10</sup> Mr. Cox tells Lord Denman, in a flattering dedication, "that the glory of the bar of England has departed, that its sun has set, and that it is doomed to destruction, or to a change of character and position that will be more lamentable than destruction." This is very alarming, and the reader may be ready to ask, "What is up?" Nothing, so far as we can see, but this County Court business, which causes the loss of a few fees, the effect of which will be that "hundreds, nay thousands, must go out of the profession." Which only shows that there are too many in it. Mr. Cox is not concerned for himself, but he patronizes his junior brethren, and makes a most feeling appeal in their behalf. He apprehends the same evils from law reform that the Tories did from parliamentary reform. Much they are reformed, after all! But as then it was the crown that was in danger, now it is the bench; for he argues, very cogently, that "if juniors cannot now live by the bar, whence are to come our future leaders—whence our judges?" The case is evidently desperate. Mr. Cox is "unable to discover any way of escape." With a Roman magnanimity, he encourages his lordship to meet his fate like a man. "If we must fall, let us fall with dignity."

Not so fast: may not this book avert the calamity? The author had been accustomed to contemplate Lord Denman, when at the bar, "as the ideal of an advocate," and proposes to give such directions as will guarantee a new generation of model advocates. We will not weary our readers with details as to the mode in which Mr. Cox discharges his office of Mentor to the incipient advocate; but we can safely recommend his work to such of them as may wish to explore the depths of duncedom in professional places.

While the book just dismissed is for lawyers, here is another for legislators, which is calculated to be useful to some

<sup>10</sup> "The Advocate: his training, Practice, Rights, and Duties." By E. W. Cox. Vol. I. Orosford. 1852.

member of parliament, not very clear about principles and parties, but anxious withal to do the state some service, if he only knew how. Let him, in that case, read Mr. Moseley's "Political Elements,"<sup>1</sup> the object of which is—

"To pass under survey and contemplation the events that have transpired in this country within the last thirty years—to try if there are not some truths, some principles, to be found, that may serve to explain the past and to enlighten the future. By events, I do not mean those facts that more commonly fill the pages of history. He who expects to find here a nice detail of the strife of interests, the manœuvre of parties, the violence of opposition, the subterfuge of ministers, the rumor of the clubs, and what the papers said, may pass on. There are other events, higher—the causes, the effects, the compounds, the abstracts, and the emanations of these—as these are but the compounds, the causes and effects, the abstracts and the emanations of others. The fact of the existence of a desire for political improvement—the fact of the existence of causes of that desire—the facts which give rise to those causes—the effects which the desire produces—how it operates—these, too, are events no less true than those we speak of. It is these we seek out, which we treat of here—the false, though it come from men of truth—and wisdom, though it come from fools."

The principal points expounded are, "The principle of reform," "The principle of conservatism," "Political parties," "Political progress," "Public opinion," "Legislative science," and "The functions of a legislator."

"The principle of reform" is shown to have its foundation in a constitutional element of human nature, viz., the desire of improvement—the yearning for perfection, which gives birth to an ideal of future glory, in the light of which we become dissatisfied with present attainments. "The principle of conservatism" is shown to be equally constitutional, arising, on the one hand, from the natural fear which men have for venturing upon paths which are new and untried, and, on the other, from the sentiment of veneration, or love of what is old and familiar to us. It is contended, consequently, that, as both principles are constitutional, they are universally operative, "affecting all functions—all orders—all parties—all classes; and if not all alike, or all adequately, still all to a powerful extent." And it is further shown that "a people that would progress in political institutions, would improve in political well-being, must adopt both these principles as its rules of legislat-

ive action, each in an equal degree—that if it does so adopt them it must progress, and that if it does not, it never can progress." It is proved that, practically, all "Political parties" are more or less influenced by both principles—the reformers manifesting a disposition to be conservative, and the conservatives manifesting a disposition to be progressive; and that both parties are thus useful as the representatives of principles which are respectively necessary to the equilibrium of the state, and to the progress of society. The author accordingly adopts the principle of "progress by antagonism." From the collision of parties, there come righteousness and truth, as light is produced by the neutralization of colours.

A similar antagonism presents itself between the government and the people. "Public opinion" puts itself forward as a power, but it cannot be an *absolute* power, any more than the principle of reform. Admitting its immense influence, the question is, how is it to be identified? Public meetings, petitions, the press, and individual observation, are all deficient and unsatisfactory. And, even when identified, public opinion can only form the raw material of legislation. "It is not till it has been operated upon by 'Legislative science,' till it has been sifted, sorted, refined, and mixed with other ingredients, that it becomes useful." But in the present imperfect state of legislative science, good government must depend, after all, upon the character and qualifications of the *men* who govern. "The functions of a legislator" become, therefore, the next subject of inquiry. Does he represent his constituency or the whole country? Is he a mere spokesman, through whom the country and his constituency express themselves, or how far is he bound to exercise his own judgment on the measures brought before him? It is maintained, in reply, that the elective franchise itself belongs to the *community*, though vested in the constituency, which is consequently bound to exercise it, not as a private right, but as a public trust—a trusteeship; and that, even under what is called universal suffrage, this would be, and must be, the case. It follows, that the representative, though appointed by the constituency, is the servant of the community, and owes his first duty to his country. His office is a public institution for public purposes; its functions are defined; and the electors have no power to alter them, but only the right of *presenting* the individual who is to perform them.

<sup>1</sup> "Political Elements: or, the Progress of Modern Legislation." By Joseph Moseley, B.C.L. J. W. Parker. 1852.

"The constituents (he says) are the best representatives of the feelings and wants of society

as to legislation, and the best judge of the fitness, general capacities, and political principles of the men who will make good legislators. And, therefore, the constituency should have, and has, full scope in exercising its functions to that end, and up to that extent. And there its powers do, and ought to cease. If it go further, and by extracting pledges, or by dictating, or in any other way interferes in the act of legislation, it interferes with what it has neither the right nor power of dealing with properly."

Mr. Moseley's book is rather a popular discourse than a scientific treatise, and would have answered its purpose much better had it been more condensed. The same ideas and the same illustrations are reiterated till they become tedious. The staple illustrations are Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws—these three, always together, and generally in the same order. We venture to say, that they are introduced more than twenty times in this manner. The style, moreover, is loose and conversational, with a lawyer-like affectation of precision which keeps a sentence see-sawing through half-a-dozen clauses till it becomes equilibrious. So many words tend to suffocate rather than elucidate the few, but important ideas propounded.

A political treatise of a more elaborate character is comprised in a new work by Mr. Cornewall Lewis,<sup>12</sup> which aims to render the same service to legislative science that Bacon's "Novum Organum" did to physical science. As yet we have only acquired, by serving an apprenticeship to traditional skill, the *art* of legislating, as formerly we were familiar with the *art*—and *only with the art*—of money-making. But it did not long escape the observation of a scientific age, that it was both possible and desirable to ascertain the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, the result of which is, that we are now equally familiar with the *science* of money-making. And it is not doubted, that a similar application of scientific methods to political questions will lead to a science or system of legislation, which all intelligent men will admit to be true, and not to be disobeyed with impunity. Eternal laws will then supersede individual caprice, and absolute decrees. It is impossible, therefore, to over-estimate the importance of endeavours in this direction, or the salutary influence which the mere recognition of such an extension of the empire of scientific investigation must exert upon the legislation of the country. A stronger tendency of the age than the absolutism of the Cossack, is the ab-

solutism of science. The publication of the "Novum Organum" may be said to have determined two centuries ago the destiny of Europe! The present treatise, however, does not profess to expound a system of politics, but merely the *logic* of such a system. Its object is—

"To survey this foreground of political philosophy, with the view of furnishing a guide to the political student who seeks to reason for himself, and to form an independent judgment upon any department of politics. On the one hand, it does not aim at establishing any political theory, or inculcating any system of political doctrine; on the other hand, it does not pretend to be a logical treatise, but it avails itself of logical rules, established by professed writers on logic, and is merely concerned with their application to politics. It makes no claim to novelty or invention; but it seeks only to extend to politics those methods of observation and reasoning which experience has proved to be most effectual, and which are employed with success in other departments of knowledge. Without proposing to determine truth, it proposes to be instrumental in promoting the determination of truth by others."

But though thus restricted in its object, the work is most comprehensive in its range of discussion, and exhaustive in its treatment. There are few political questions, or political facts, which are not, in some way or another, introduced; and taking the notes along with the text, there are few facts of *any* kind which are not to be found in this encyclopedic work. The preliminary chapters, beginning at the beginning of the subject, and showing the incapacity of the inferior animals to form a government, give as much information about their way of life as would form a history of animated nature. Anything in the text which is suggestive of anything else, whether of surplus facts or parallel passages in other writers, ancient or modern, is thus supplemented in the notes. *Apropos* of the taming of animals, we have a note on the *etymology* of the word. *Apropos* of the use of an almanac to a politician, there is a note on the *history* of almanacs, and on the derivation of the term, with a reference to an encyclopædia for further information! This may, with all propriety, be called pedantry. Except for the citation of authorities, the introduction of foot-notes indicates either an error of judgment, or an incapacity for good composition; and the multiplication of them not only proves an inconvenience to the reader, but is wanting in due respect for his intelligence and taste. For an author to introduce the sweepings of his brain into his book is an impertinence. It is unfortunate that this work is conceived and executed in a scholastic spirit more befitting a monk than a modern

<sup>12</sup> "A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics." By G. Cornewall Lewis. 2 vols. J. W. Parker. 1852.



member of parliament, and that its influence will hence not extend greatly beyond what consists in the simple fact of its existence.

### Education.

Some important suggestions touching the work of practical education will be found in two little books, which we hail as indicative of the progress this great question is making in influential quarters. Of our two authors, one is a clergyman,<sup>13</sup> and the other an inspector of schools.<sup>14</sup> Both are enthusiastic educational disciples of the Dean of Hereford, and advocates of the principles and plans carried out by that dignitary in his famous school at King's Swinborne. Mr. Symons acknowledges that "a very extensive inspection of schools of all kinds, at home and abroad, for twenty years," has failed to give him so much insight into the subject as he has derived from the Dean's "hints," written and oral; while King's Swinborne furnishes to Mr. Zincke the model from which he constructs "the School of the Future." The two works, however, though thus derived from a common inspiration, differ widely in character, if not in tendency. "The School Economy" is "a practical book on the best modes of establishing and teaching schools, and of making them thoroughly useful to the working classes, by means of moral and industrial training." It is a book on the *machinery* of education. "The School of the Future" is "a sketch of the solution which time appears to be preparing for the different educational questions of the day." It is a book on the *character and conditions* of the educational provision demanded by the circumstances of the age and country. Mr. Symons, accepting the "Minutes of Council," gives his thoughts about the kind of *teaching* required. Mr. Zincke's observations refer rather to the kind of *school* required. The one turns his attention to the improvement of schools for the *working* classes; the other deprecates such schools altogether. For *class* schools he would substitute *territorial* schools; and for the poor he would substitute the *people*. Mr. Symons advocates government schools, and government aid; Mr. Zincke contends for *national* schools and *local* aid, either as subscriptions, rates, or fees—prefer-

ring the last as most in accordance with his main idea, which is that of having a school in which all the people of the district will have such a personal interest, that it will necessarily be well conducted, and well supported. This can only be secured where *all* classes unite to establish a *common* school, by which they will bring the best education to their children, instead of being compelled, as on the present system, to send their children from home for the best education. From the contiguity of the population this is now deemed a practical, while various other social considerations combine to render it a very desirable measure of educational reform. The term *revolution* will perhaps appear more appropriate when we have allowed Mr. Zincke to explain his scheme in his own words:—

"It may be as well to state at once what is meant when it is said that the schools to be proposed in these pages ought to be such as that the children of the middle, and even of those above the middle classes, might attend them with advantage. It is not supposed that many children from these classes would frequent them at first; nor, of course, would they ever do so, unless it became very manifest that to do so would be greatly to their advantage. What I shall endeavour to show is, that in these days we ought to have, and that we easily might have, schools in which a better education might be given to all, than the children of the upper classes are now receiving—at all events, for the first five or six years of their school career, at the schools now appropriated for their special use; and that we shall never have good schools, or make any great advances in popular education, as long as we adhere to the plan of establishing schools for the labouring classes exclusively."

Now on a government, or rate-supported system, it would be as practicable to establish schools for the whole community as for a particular class; and on the voluntary principle, a good school may be started as readily as a good omnibus; but Mr. Zincke's argument is, that till rich and poor alike patronise the omnibus—till the former cease, from motives of "interest" or duty, to keep their own coach and take their chance of a clean and comfortable seat in a common conveyance, there can be no "great advances made" in the improvement of public vehicles. He might as well argue that till we abolish first, second, and third class carriages, and adopt one class for all, as in America, we can have no good railway communication. A scheme like this involves a vast social revolution. A common school will be attended only by a common class. It is so in America, which excludes the slave population from her schools,—consistently enough, in this

<sup>13</sup> "Some Thoughts on the School of the Future; a Sketch of the Solution which Time appears to be preparing for the different Educational Questions of the Day." By the Rev. Foster Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead. Longman. 1852.

<sup>14</sup> "School Economy: a Practical Book on the best modes of Establishing and Teaching Schools," &c. By Jelinger Symons, B.A. J. W. Parker. 1852.

respect, that she does not regard them as constituting a class at all: they are chattels—things. Mr. Zincke's complaint should be directed, not against the present constitution of our schools, but against the present constitution of society. His language implies, it is a pity that we are not all communists. It may be a very pleasant sight for a clergyman to see peers and peasants worship at the same altar, and this may suggest to him the desirableness (for his levelling doctrines have an ecclesiastical, not a political origin) of their children being taught in the same school-room: but we venture to think that the socializing influence of the church has been over-estimated. People meet there, as they meet on the street: the contact is remote and temporary. Not so that of the school. If in the former you have the *minimum* of social intercourse, in the latter you have the *maximum*. These difficulties may have been surmounted at King's Swinborne, but King's Swinborne is not England. Social equality among children is only possible or expedient where it is practically recognised among their parents; and before it can triumph in the school it must triumph in the community. So long as rich and poor exist, they will have different interests and institutions practically exclusive. The idea of one church and one school may satisfy the sense of parochial symmetry, but it does not satisfy the conditions of educational organization laid down by the author himself at the outset of his discussion. These conditions are, that all must be taught; that every one must have the means of acquiring that quality and quantity of education that will be most conducive specifically to his own and the general advantage; and that, further, we must take society as we find it, and adapt education to the demands of the present, so as to prepare the people for the destiny of the future. But instead of a *relative* system such as these conditions demand, he lays down an *absolute* system, which shall be the *ultimate* system, capable of being put into present operation—of working in harmony with present interests—of supporting itself by its own merits—of adjusting itself to our changing circumstances—of absorbing all anomalous institutions, till, finally, it reign without a rival! Why this, of course, would be a perfect system; but too perfect, we fear, to be practicable. By aiming to establish its relations with the future as firmly as with the present, it loses its relative character entirely, and becomes a mere Utopian dream. Like everything else Utopian, however, it is very fruitful of ideas of great practical value, leading to such radical results, that, but for their ideal origin, they would in all likelihood

never have been otherwise adopted, nor advocated with such clearness, directness, and unswerving consistency. It is a thoroughly liberal book to come from a clergyman, and its principal recommendation is the tone of earnest and faithful remonstrance in which he addresses the gentlemen of his own profession. Mr. Zincke is fully convinced of the democratic destiny of England; his sympathies are with the people; and all his efforts seem to be intensely directed to their elevation.

Mr. Symons concentrates his attention upon the school of to-day. The main design of the "School Economy" is to show "how to make schools thoroughly useful for poor children," and the main feature of his system is to associate mental and moral training with industrial labour, on which he remarks:—

"I am convinced not only from long observation of the existing shortcomings in the ordinary schools, but by practical experience of a different system at Quatt and other industrial schools, that efficient moral training can be best accomplished where industrial labour out of school is combined with religious and secular instruction in school; and I believe horticulture and farmwork by far the best adapted for the purpose. It seems to have these recommendations as regards moral training: first, the child is thereby taught to be useful, and receives perhaps his earliest lesson in labour. This is a great step in moral elevation, and herein does industrial employment distance the play-ground, which affords no such advantage. In the next place, the work done is of a kind to call into operation not only more of the faculties of mind and body, but also of the moral feelings and perceptions. Thirdly, horticulture has a tendency to turn the mind to God. . . . All this obviously points to a different order of schools than we at present possess, save in some exceptional cases. It also demands another order of teacher. It is by more intimate intercourse than that of the old style of mere master and scholar that faults are known and corrected, virtues developed and nursed, sympathies strengthened, minds opened, and knowledge improved. The field is a fine sphere for effecting this. I believe that schools without industrial and moral training fulfil but part, and that the least important part, of education. It is not too much to say that mere schools cannot educate. I believe this to be true even for the higher and middle classes of the people; but it is infinitely more true and forcible when we are dealing with poor children, who require both moral and physical régime."

It is not intended to form skilled workmen, but only to give boys "a handiness for work, and a habit of industry." The object is to educate simultaneously the *entire* nature—to let the boy begin as he will have through life to go on, and to have communities of children organized and governed on the same

principles that are recognised in the parent communities from which they have sprung, and into which they have to grow. The school is to be a colony, in which the institutions and laws of the old country are introduced, till the colony acquires the strength requisite for independent national existence. Not only, therefore, is reproductive employment introduced so as to train the young to habits of self-support, but "trial by jury" for all misbehaviour, so as to instil habits of self-government. The pandects for such miniature commonwealths are furnished in this little work, where any one ambitious of establishing a juvenile empire may learn "how to start and maintain schools," and "how to teach reading, writing, and cyphering;" with full details about "the building and organization of schools," "religious education and moral training," "industrial training," and "the school farm." He will, by perusing a page or two, be initiated into Mechi's method of manure-making, and shown how to manage the manure-cart, and handle the sub-soil prong, with other things "too numerous to mention."

On the subject of religious training, Mr. Symons distinguishes between religion and theology, yet pleads for the introduction of the Church catechism; thinks it "impossible to insist too strongly on the necessity for constant and zealous teaching of its full meaning;" and has even persuaded himself that Dissenters admit "the extreme merit of this composition." When a boy has done wrong, he would ask him which of the commandments he has broken! He would illustrate the doctrine of atonement "by the various modes in which men can make amends to men for wrongs done by them. *God only can make amends to God* (*i. e.*, one God to another), and hence a divine atonement in the blood of the Saviour was required." His industrial system will be a much more efficient method of infusing religion than this. Mr. Zinke would leave the religious question entirely to the decision of the school managers, "who will be fathers of families, and will have a greater interest in the character of the religious instruction given in their respective schools than any other parties can possibly have." And he justly adds, that "it will be far more easy to give a religious tone to the kind of instruction proposed for these schools, than either to our present system of classical education, or to that given in our commercial schools, or to the reading, writing, and arithmetic, accompanied with catechism and texts, of so many of our parochial schools."

### Travels and Topography.

The American expedition to Japan has reawakened, for the time, so much public interest in that island-empire, that a special supply of information has been provided to meet the demand. Besides the republication of Captain Golownin's amusing narrative of his romantic captivity in 1812, Mr. Charles MacFarlane has collected all the accessible information, ancient and modern; and whoever reads his book\* (which is well worth the reading) will find that we know perhaps everything that there is to be known, either about the country or the people, and that certainly we know as much about Japan as about any other Eastern nation. The country was once as open to foreigners as England is at this day. The books are even numerous which contain accounts of voyages thither, and travels in the interior. Mr. MacFarlane speaks of possessing "what might almost be called a Japanese library. These books are in Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, German, and English. They vary in date from 1560 to 1850. The contributions furnished by the Dutch, or by the German medical officers in their service, are perhaps the best, as well as the most numerous." Of this possession the author has made good use in the compilation of his own work, which is intended to survive the immediate occasion which called it forth, and will at least serve the purpose till we get the narrative of the American expedition, and the report of the Topographical Engineers, who will be sent, by the authority of Congress, to survey the conquered country; for if America does not intend to "annex" Japan, it is quite expected of her, and she may as well do it now: she will not have the chance again. The game must be played out; England, Russia, and America must divide the unappropriated territories of Asia and Africa amongst them. Empires are once more to swallow up the nations of the earth, and Constitutionalism, Absolutism, and Republicanism will then draw nearer to their respective destinies. Having said thus much, we beg to express our entire approval of the avowed object of the American expedition, which is, to demand access to the ports and coal-mines of the country. This involves a doctrine which we are glad to see recognised—viz., that a government is not the absolute master, but only the *trustee* of

\* "Japan: an Account, Geographical and Historical." By Charles MacFarlane. With numerous Illustrations. Routledge and Co. 1852.

anything within its territory which Nature has placed there for the benefit of the whole world. To obstruct the development of steam-navigation in the Pacific, by refusing coals on equitable terms, and to make her seas the terror of seamen, by closing her harbours even against vessels in distress, or by confining the shipwrecked mariners in cages, is to place herself beyond the pale of toleration; and America, or any other power, has the right to tell her that she must either mend her manners, or cease to have the control of her own conduct.

Of travels in America there is no end. A voyage across the ocean has become as common as a trip across the Channel. Emigrants go over and perambulate the whole extent of "Uncle Sam's Farm," before fixing on a settlement; naval officers go ashore—take a run for a couple of thousand miles up the country, by river and rail, to the head of Lake Michigan—and are back to their ship while it has been filling its water-casks, and replenishing its stores; young gentlemen spend their summer holidays, shooting on the prairies; and ladies, in search of health and religious recreation, instead of going to Bath or Leamington, adventure on the waters of the Atlantic, and after a fortnight's purgatorial treatment at the hands of Father Neptune, they are ready for the excitement and fatigue of a twelvemonth's apostolic "visitation" of churches, prayer-meetings, and Faneuil Hall gatherings. In this way Mr. Casey,<sup>10</sup> Captain Mackinnon,<sup>11</sup> Mr. Sullivan, and Mrs. Duncan, have contributed their observations,—each of a different phase of American life. These are all good books, and none of them are superfluous. Mr. Casey's plea for publishing is, that "the views given of America, and the passage thereto, have usually been taken from the poop-deck, and Astor House—and are consequently hackneyed." His observations were taken from "'tween decks," and from "the byways as well as the highways." His remarks are shrewd, expressed in rough but often eloquent language. He is obviously a self-educated man, and is rather ostentatious of his acquaintance with poetry and philosophy. Though his book is written in *New York*, it is printed in *London*, and we "guess" that the author is from *Ireland*: it is, therefore, two-thirds English, and evidently written for English readers, but under the influence of a strong anti-English feeling. The woes

of Erin are not forgotten when her expatriated sons reach the land of promise. The sentiment of retaliation is deep and deadly in the Celtic race, and is not likely to remain inoperative, when once it is felt as a common consciousness in the breast of millions. Nor is it confined to the emigrants of the Exodus: it may be said to be an *American* feeling,—always excluding, of course, that portion of society whom culture has rendered cosmopolitan rather than national. Mr. Casey's language on this point is very strong. "It is impossible (he says) to mix in *general* American society and fail to observe that there is a feeling of implacable hatred to England, as a nation, pervading it." The two nations are the Jews and Samaritans of modern history. They have peculiar reasons for preserving peace; but they manifest, as we have recently seen, a strong disposition to make any trifling dispute the occasion of war. The Americans have the mistaken notion that the English of the year 1852 are the same as in the days of the "old king," and that it is but a necessary act of prudence on their part to maintain a reciprocity of opposition and contempt. The suspicion is altogether childish, both in its character and origin. As, for instance:—

"It is [was] an article of faith with the school-boys of England, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and there is not a schoolboy in the woods of Michigan or the cities of the coast, who will not tell you that the Austrians were beat by the French, the French defeated by the English, and the English were whipped by the Americans. In both cases, when the boy has grown a man, John Bull squares off with perfect confidence at any three frog-eaters, and Uncle Sam taps his rifle, and coolly 'calculates' he can rub out any three Britishers in creation."

But Captain Mackinnon was made the subject of a "calculation" still more cool, and, at the same time, more serious than this. Strolling, one day, on the beautiful prairies in Wisconsin, he encountered a tall, gaunt Yankee pioneer, who had been a soldier in Mexico and California, and bore the name and title of Captain Ezekiah Conclin Brum. The said captain had a proposal to make to the British government, through his brother officer. He took him into his log-hut, and showed him a British infantry musket, which he had recently got direct from England.

"Well, captain, did you ever see such a clumsy varmint in all your born days? Now, captain, look out of the doorway; do you see that *blased* stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred and fifty yards from

<sup>10</sup> "Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam." By Charles Casey. Bentley. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches." By Captain Mackinnon, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn and Co. 1852.

my door. I have fired that clumsy varmint at the stump 'till my head ached, and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, captain, look'ee here" (taking up his seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other), "I guess you will find seven bullets in the *blased* stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and if you choose will hit them all." He then offered to exchange shots at one hundred and fifty yards, himself armed with his rifle, and the other with the musket. But this was prudently declined. The English officer was then asked, if he would be one of two, three, or even six, each with a musket, to encounter this single rifle, but even this challenge was not accepted. Now, came Captain Brum's offer to the British Government. He undertook to enlist five thousand Yankee marksmen, each armed with a rifle like his own, and kill all the "Injuns" at the Cape of Good Hope, within six months of landing, for the sum of five million dollars. "We should be ekal to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns, as them reg'lation muskets is. We should do it slick, right away."

This comical proposal gave rise in Captain Mackinnon's mind to grave reflections, not only as to land fighting, but naval engagements. It was Nelson's opinion that "small arms in tops, through fatal to a few men, never decided an action." And yet, what would have been the result if the tops of the "Redoubtable" had been manned by marksmen like our friend Ezekiah? The result would have been, that every man on the "Victory's" upper deck would have been killed in a few minutes. "This fatal result may be confidently anticipated in any future war with America or France. In America especially they are preparing rifles that can be discharged twenty-four times without loading." The calculations which the Author makes on this subject afford ground for grave apprehension to this country, and ought to occupy the serious attention of the government. But as there is no hope of improved railway management until after immolation of a bishop, so the loss of a battle may be necessary to open the eyes of those in authority. It is painful to find a British officer indulging in language of such bitter complaint against the Admiralty as occurs more than once in these volumes, and as could only escape from the pen of one meditating a transhipment of himself to the American navy, where his Celtic impulsiveness would certainly find a better field than in England.

His head, like his book, is full of "notions," which here subject him to ridicule, but which there would at least be taken up and tested. He saw many instances of this in the Brooklyn dock-yards, and other national establishments, where he found ex-British officers, gunners, and artificers, who had carried thither the fruits of their ingenuity and experience. If we are not mistaken, this report of his observations in those quarters, which only a naval inspector would think of looking so narrowly into, contains revelations of a nature to startle English readers. In this respect, these volumes are of more than ordinary value. Their Author is a man of sagacity and practical genius, suggesting improvements on most things that come in his way, and in all taking a lively interest. He is even too "cute" sometimes altogether to escape ridicule from Jonathan himself, who has no occasion to create so much disturbance in the Bay of Fundy, if he would only take our author's advice. For it is here asserted that "a greater quantity and more variety of fish may be found on the shores of the United States than in any other place I have ever visited. The reason why America is not as plentifully supplied as any other part of the world, is simply because the people do not use the means." On showing them what means they must use, they "ridiculed the 'Britisher' who should come over from Europe to teach the Yankees to catch fish." But he made a practical trial himself, and succeeded; and is not unwilling to offer his personal superintendence "to add a new and important branch of commerce to the United States." This would be a more rational and effectual method of terminating the fishery dispute than an international duel; and would, moreover, furnish another illustration of the failure of protection leading to efforts and giving birth to expedients productive of increased prosperity instead of apprehended ruin.

Another suggestion of some importance in connexion with the feebleness of our national defences is thrown out in the second volume, in the shape of a "Gunnery-Mate's Yarn." It relates to the arming of the smaller vessels of steam mercantile-marine with Congreve rockets. There are 750 steamers belonging to the various ports of the country, condemned by the Parliamentary report as useless for the defence of the coast, which, if properly equipped with these rockets, would be "more than a match for the largest fleets the world could muster to attack this country." Such is the subject of the "yarn," to which, not having space to spin it out, we simply call atten-

tion, regretting that every suggestion of importance is coupled with an expression of want of confidence in those at the head of affairs, and with an ominous threat of carrying it elsewhere. The recent commission appointed by the Duke of Northumberland is an auspicious indication of improvement for the future.

Mr. Sullivan,<sup>10</sup> as the son of a Rear-Admiral, is more becomingly patriotic and conservative. "I left England (he says) strongly biased in favour of our government and institutions; I returned with all my predilections strengthened by a comparison with those of our cousins in the West." He further admits that he had "a strong prejudice against the American people;" which vanished on acquaintance with them, having met "as agreeable women and as gentlemanly men in America as the world can produce." He has some other prejudices to get rid of before he can do justice to all parties. In Boston he sneers at the martyrs of Nonconformity, and at the puritanical traditions still cherished in that city. He finds that, as there is "no Established Church in America, dissent (?) and unbelief flourish in their rankest growth." Finding that the Episcopal church ranked only fifth or sixth in point of numbers, and not higher in point of respectability than the Baptists, he becomes "convinced that an Established Church is the only, certainly the best, means of ensuring the proper amount of order and decency in the conduct of Divine service." Boston is the manufactory of "new religions," among which he reckons Unitarianism and Transcendentalism. On the former he sagely remarks that, "as in arithmetical unity is next to nothing, so in religion the belief of a Unitarian is very close to no belief at all;"—a good arithmetical argument for polytheism. Of the latter it is observed, that "they find it very easy, after reasoning themselves with a great deal of labour into a disbelief in the existence of Two Persons of the Trinity, to extend the doubt to the Third Person;"—a sentence which displays at least as much discourtesy and theological ignorance as wit.

According to Mr. Sullivan's account, the "Reading for the Rail," which suits the American taste, is not of a very refined order. "The books which command immediate sale on the railroads, steamers, &c., are such works as 'The Mysteries of the Court of St. James,' 'Amours of the Children of George III.,' and novels of a highly

sentimental tendency, such as 'The Evil One unveiled,' 'The Frantic Footman, or the Prodigal Reclaimed,' and the trash contained in them is quite incredible, hardly worthy of the *Weekly Dispatch*, or the lowest journal in England." This is unquestionably exaggerated.

These "Rambles and Scrambles," however, are, upon the whole, excellent. The object of the author was pleasure, and in pursuit of this he visited localities which escape the notice of flying tourists. Besides going "far West," and down the Mississippi, there is the novelty of yachting in the West Indies, with descriptions of the forests of Guiana, the valleys of Chacao and the Aragua, and the Lake of Valencia,—all beautiful scenes, and sufficiently unhackneyed to admit of an exciting volume.

Our lady-traveller<sup>11</sup> devotes two chapters to slavery, and takes a very sensible and practical view of the subject. Liberia is like "baling out the ocean with a bucket." In Canada they are not in a climate that suits them. Nor would it do any good to let them spread among the white population on free and equal terms. She proposes, therefore, to give up to them a state for themselves at the south. This is not a bad idea; for though America cannot enact abolition, she can purchase it; and might turn her emancipated children to some account in furthering her policy of annexation, which is to colonize the territory (as in the case of Texas) with her own citizens, and to let the demand for annexation come from themselves.

We are, upon the whole, very much pleased with Mrs. Duncan's book. She has great tact in authorship. Her notes are arranged *topically*, not topographically. She begins with "The Children," "The Common Schools," "Sabbath Schools," "The Boys' Meeting" (Ragged Schools), "Collegiate Schools"—then proceeds with the "Churches" and ecclesiastical institutions—then comes to topics of more general interest, "The Cities," "Hotels," "Domestics," "Funerals," "Prisons," "Islands," "Railways," &c. Quite a cyclopedia of information about subjects which have an interest for those to whom a little pleasant gossip, on things sacred as well as secular, is not repulsive. The most interesting thing we have found in the volume, is a plan for well-placing (to use an Owenism) orphan children. The grand difficulty in social economics is to get all the shirts and

<sup>10</sup> "Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America." By Edward Sullivan. Bentley. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "America as I found it." By the Author of "A Memoir of Mary Duncan." Nisbet and Co. 1852.

all the shirtless into proper relations: in America they are trying to bring together the fatherless and the childless on a plan of mutual accomodation. Two ladies in Boston have started an organ in which both parties may advertise their wishes. The advertisements are arranged in separate columns, the "Homes for children," on one side, and the "Children needing homes" on the other. Some of the advertisements are very touching. An orphan is wanted to fill up a blank in the family, and must have "light eyes and hair," as the case may be, to restore the image of the lost one. The scheme is meeting with general approbation, and is being carried out with success. It is a very ingenious way of establishing a Board of Supply and Demand in a new department of commerce. Mrs. Duncan expresses herself highly gratified with her transatlantic visit. She went thither "with cordial feeling and ardent expectation, and was not disappointed." And if her conclusions sometimes differ from those of other observers, she is, at least, entitled to say that this is "America as I found it."

Just one bit of quotation for those whom it may concern. It relates to the hotels—everybody has a remark about the American hotels.

"One day, being at leisure to observe the proceedings of my neighbours, I saw a very respectable-looking lady reduce one-half of an oval slice of bread to the shape of a horse-shoe by one goodly bite that she took out of the middle. This lady introduced herself to me in the saloon, and—O Dickens! O Trollope! can ye bear the dismal truth?—she told me she was a Londoner! A gentleman did tell me, that he saw at a New York hotel dinner, one person give his fork to another, with 'just stick that fork into that potato for me, will you?' His surly unneighbourly neighbour did as he was requested, and *left it sticking there!*"

We have heard of a clergyman who got a good collection from his congregation by telling them that they were already booked for a certain sum; and as an expedient which was so successful from the pulpit may not be without effect from the press, the public are politely informed by the author of the "Lands of the Messiah,"<sup>30</sup> that they are already booked for "ten thousand copies" of that work, and that "a handsome sum" has been given to him in anticipation of such an extraordinary sale. To a critic with any mischief in him, such in-

<sup>30</sup> "The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as visited in 1851." By John Aiton, D.D., Minister of Dolphinton. Fullarton and Co. 1852.

formation might only have provoked an attack, while to one charitably disposed, it might have been rather perplexing. But our author was not concerned about contingencies: he knew that he had written a good book, and he was very glad to get a good price for it. The author of the "Life of Henderson" must now be an old man, but he writes with great spirit and enthusiasm. This "jaunt of about ten thousand miles" is evidently the great event of his life, and has moved every muscle of his body, as well as every faculty of his soul. He had accomplished "what from his earliest recollections had been the desire of his heart—a journey into the Bible-Lands of the East, into the once-stirring localities of Western Asia, and homeward through the classic countries of Greece, Sicily, and Italy." He has heard (as a *parliamentary* fact!) that "not one book of a season pays the publisher;" and he has heard, moreover, "of a worthy clergyman, who wrote a bulky commentary on the Revelations, being compelled to sell a house for every thick folio volume he produced." But none of these things move him. No man "who has the capacity of a pen should visit Palestine without writing a book about it." And "if no other human being ever peruse" it, he will do it himself, and thus re-traverse the ground "in his own easy chair," which he has experienced to be the cheapest way of doing it. "And whether the transaction pay or not, I am not the man in such an affair to sell a house at this time, in respect that I possess no such heritable property in my own right." If the reader feel disposed to join the author in his easy chair, he will find him as facetious and chatty all through as he is to begin with. He roughed it through "thick and thin;" and his talk is sometimes as rough as his travel. His denunciations of popery would have been better omitted in a book intended for general readers, many of whom may pay for it in the faith that it is exclusively a volume of travels, and not also, inclusively, a manual of Romish controversy. The imminence of his own conversion (or "*perversion*," as we believe it is called) should teach him charity. When in Rome, he says:—

"I trembled for a time at some of the sights and sounds; then I saw and heard them with complacency, then with pleasure and desire to see and hear them again. When I shut my eyes in the splendid Vatican, at one of the high masses, and listened to the gorgeous sounds of the grand music, verily I thought I was going by railway to Heaven in a first-class carriage, well cushioned, and, altogether, very comfortable. But I began to

feel that I had taken my seat in a down train, and I left Rome as fast as I could for fear!"

The country of Jung Bahadoor was little else than a *terra incognita*, till Jung himself visited this country a couple of years ago. Nepaulese travels are, therefore, a novelty in literature, and the two before us ought, at least, to possess the merit of freshness, and to be free from the suspicion of being compiled from "Murray." Nevertheless, one of them<sup>21</sup> is little else than a compilation. Captain Smith resided for five years in the country, and during that time *might* have gathered materials for a good work; but such does not seem to have been his object then, whatever may be his desire for authorship now. With the exception of the author's military testimonials, which, for some reason or other, are printed *in extenso*, and occupy several pages, these two volumes contain nothing but what could have been compiled from any good gazetteer and history of British India. To be sure, the anecdotes of Jung Bahadoor are not to be found in Mill or M'Culloch, but they are avowedly collected from newspapers and magazines. All that can strictly be connected with "a residence in Nepaul," is an account of some wild sports, in which the gallant captain showed the Nepaulese how to shoot elephants, and relieved them of one which had been the terror of the kingdom for half a century. More than half the work is occupied with the history of the Nepaulese war; and, not content with this, "he has deemed it indispensable to append a memoir of the late General Sir David Ochterlony; and "besides this memoir, it has been considered *expedient* to publish an account of the formation and services of the Sirmoor battalion." Being thus informed of the way in which the author has considered it expedient to make his book, the reader may now consider whether it is expedient for him to buy it.

We are happy to give a more favourable report of the "Journey to Katmandu."<sup>22</sup> Though less than half the size of the other, it contains more than double the amount of information about the country. It is not often that a traveller has such an inducement offered to him to undertake a journey, or write a book about it, as Mr. Oliphant, when invited by Jung Bahadoor at Ceylon, on his return from England, to accompany him to his highland home at the foot of the

Himalayas. He had, consequently, unrivalled opportunities of observation, and has made a more diligent use of them than the modest size and title of his book would seem to indicate. Though he does not wield a practised pen, he displays an excellent judgment and no small share of pictorial power. Jung figures prominently throughout the narrative; his reception on his return is described, and an intelligent estimate is formed of his position and policy as head of a Reform cabinet, if, indeed, we can apply such constitutional phraseology to one who exercises absolute power and has the exclusive administration of state affairs. Already he has introduced improvements in the laws; he is keeping his eye upon the development of the industrial resources of the country, and altogether seems more ambitious to lead it on in a career of civilization than of conquest. But dangers surround him. A change of ministry in Nepaul is brought about by assassination; and though he has provided himself with a good supply of Colt's revolvers, he fears the fate of his fourteen predecessors. A Conservative conspiracy, sanctioned by the king, and headed by one of his own brothers, was recently on the point of success, when it was discovered and crushed. And it deserves to be recorded, to the credit of English journalism, that the fear of the Press and of public opinion in this country induced him, in the case of the convicted conspirators, to substitute banishment for decapitation. "What would the *Times* say?" was his response to his wondering counsellors, who urged the adoption of the old *régime*, a fact which says much for the moral influence which England exerts among the nations of the East.

"Leaves from My Journal," &c.,<sup>23</sup> contains a portrait of the Author, of Toni, Queen of the Spindel Mädchen, and Babbi; also of the two ladies of Carlsbad, and a picture of the Elephant Coffee House. The reason for such a selection is more than we can tell: there is no accounting for taste. The "leaves" are pretty much like the pictures. Our ex-M.P. had a fit of gout, or something of that sort, and took a trip to the Continent, visiting and describing Hamburg, Leipsig, and Carlsbad, speculating a little in politics and religion, and not so badly either—for a legislator! The book (which is a very handsome one) reads like a long, smartly-written letter to a friend, and is good enough for an idle hour, if it happen to fall in one's way. It contains a fact or two worth noting, and among others,

<sup>21</sup> "Five Years at Nepaul." By Captain T. Smith, Assistant Political Resident at Nepaul from 1841 to 1845. 2 vols. Colburn and Co. 1852.

<sup>22</sup> "A Journey to Katmandu." By Lawrence Oliphant. Murray. 1852.

<sup>23</sup> "Leaves from My Journal, during the Summer of 1851." By a Member of the late Parliament. With Illustrations. Murray. 1852.



this,—that no Austrian that he spoke to seemed to doubt that the Papal bull, which gave us so much bother two winters ago, was the work of Austria and Naples; and that the price of it was the cession, on the part of Austria, of an important right, extorted from the Pope by Joseph II., and remaining in force to the present time, viz., that no papal bull could be *published*, or have any force in the Austrian empire, without the sanction of the emperor.

To these records of general travel, we have to add the reports of several exploratory journeys. Dr. Thomson\* comes first with his "Western Himalaya and Tibet," which is devoted to the Geography, Geology, and Botany of those romantic regions. In 1847, he was appointed by Lord Hardinge a member of a mission which was to proceed across the Himalayas into Tibet, and the present work is the result of his observations on that journey. It is not a work for general but exclusively for scientific readers; and, for the latter, it possesses those merits which they will deem most valuable, viz., careful observation, accurate description, and cautious induction. Most industriously the author has registered the height of each mountain, the breadth of each river, and the length of each road,—noting at the same time, the peculiarities of temperature, vegetation, and geological structure, all with such mechanical monotony, that, while it would be of excellent service to Mr. Wyld in constructing a model of the Himalayas, it does not assist the reader in forming a conception of the living splendours of any one scene which met the eye of the writer amid those majestic mountains. Humboldt and Hugh Miller have shown that scientific travels may be written with a poetic pen; but it can only be said that this is not Dr. Thomson's forte. Facts and figures, flowers, fossils, and fragments of abstract science were the sole fruits of his research. Of Nature, as the mother of all the sciences, he caught no glimpse, and her radiance kindled no enthusiasm in his soul.

#### Miscellaneous.

In the literature of the quarter a special notice is demanded of the "Reports of the Juries," connected with the Great Exhibition. The work is a huge record of the industrial history of the world, each of the

\* "Western Himalaya and Tibet; the Narrative of a Journey through the Mountains of Northern India, during 1847 and 1848. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. Reeve and Co. 1852.

thirty classes into which the Exhibition was divided, being reported by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the subject, who generally traces the rise and progress of a particular branch of industry, before recording the decisions of the jury on the individual articles in the section. Much valuable information is in this way accumulated; and a compiler would have little else to do than wash out the grains of gold-dust mixed up with the coarser material, and collect the rich nuggets of solid facts which lie thick in every sheet, in order to make a very serviceable industrial history for industrious classes, to whom the Report is a sealed book.—"Our Iron Roads," by F. S. Williams, forms the second volume of the "Illustrated London Library," and amply sustains the reputation of its predecessor, which we noticed in our last number. To use his own words, the author "has endeavoured to sketch the rise and progress of the railway system; to describe the various processes in the erection of the noble and wonderful structures which the formation of our iron roads has called into existence: to explain the arrangements which are necessary for their successful management; and to point out those social influences which have arisen from their establishment." It is a beautifully illustrated work—as substantial as it is attractive—and has our unqualified recommendation. Bohn's various Libraries continue to increase and multiply. His "Scientific Library" is in process of incorporating the "Bridgewater Treatises." Those by Kidd and Kirby—the one on "The adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of Man;" and the other on "The history, habits, and instincts of animals," are now in a shape which renders them both accessible in price, and more convenient for use. Other of the current volumes, such as "Humboldt's Travels," "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," and "Miss Bremer's Works;" translated by Mary Howitt, should be in the possession of all who wish for instructive and entertaining reading, in a readable form.—We have just space left to call attention to three volumes of poetry—the first containing "Specimens of old Indian Poetry," translated from the original Sanscrit into English verse, by R. T. H. Griffith, M.A., is a very successful attempt to win appreciation from the English reader for Oriental poetry. The other two—"The Village Pearl," by John Crawford Wilson; and "Poems" by the Hon. Julian Fane, both contain pieces of great promise, though manifesting the unavoidable characteristics of early efforts in the art of song.

*A Catalogue of the Library of the London Institution; systematically classed. Vol. IV. Additions from 1843 to 1852. [Not published.]*

THE appearance of a fourth volume of the Catalogue of this noble library affords us a very convenient opportunity for reviewing the progress of this branch of an institution which is an honor to the enlightened merchants of the city in which it stands. Of course, the compiler of the present volume is not responsible for the plan in which it is arranged; namely, the classification of the books by their subjects; in this he only follows what is laid down for him in the first volume. But the manner in which he has executed his task is highly creditable to him. The title of the books are given at considerable length. The contents of the several collections are, for the most part, set out in full. When the subject of a work requires it, it is mentioned in more than one of the classes into which the library is divided. An alphabetical index of authors' names relieves the reader from the difficulty of understanding the writer's classification of subjects. The compiler's knowledge of books is great, and he has made the most of his material. But he, perhaps unwisely, follows the example of Mr. Panizzi in his attempt to give the authors to the anonymous books, and he probably makes about the same proportion of mistakes. For example: "An Argument for the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture, by Arachnophilus," Mr. A. White, of the Insect Room in the British Museum, is given to Mr. W. H. Black, of the Rolls Office. The latter will hardly be thankful for this addition to his literary honours.

The first and second volumes of the catalogue, printed in 1835 and 1840, embrace the great bulk of the library. In the first, the titles of the books are abridged, and it presents us with a most valuable collection of 27,000 volumes. The second contains the collection of tracts and pamphlets. The third and fourth volumes show the additions since made to the library, and enable the proprietors to compare the results of the present management with the past. The comparison is by no means satisfactory, or complimentary to the present state of literature in the city. Learning does not seem to be valued on the east side of Temple Bar as it was half a century ago. The board of managers who elected a Porson and a Maltby for their librarians, placed on their shelves a large collection of Greek and Roman classics, of grammars, dictionaries, works on coins and antiquities, on moral

philosophy, and general literature. But few additions have been made to these classes. Nine years have added but six volumes to the Greek classics, and not one to the Latin classics, if we except the Delphin reprints by Valpy, which the library lately received as a present from a friend who possessed more generosity than knowledge of good editions. To recompense us for this oversight, the medical sciences seem to have been carefully attended to, and a very considerable addition has been made to the works on *Materia Medica* and diseases. Even in the lighter class of reading, which has chiefly engaged the attention of the managers, the books are not always of a very high order. Nine-tenths of them seem to be the new publications; and much has been done by the easy and often profitless task of subscribing to the Shakspeare Society, the Percy Society, the Camden Society, the Musical Antiquarian Society, and Mr. H. G. Bohn's several cheap and rapid issues. Under the head of Antiquities, we are amused with finding "Notes and Queries;" under the head of History, we find the names of Miss Strickland and Mr. G. P. R. James; and, lastly, we have eight pages of works on the Crystal Palace, lately standing in Hyde Park. Alas, alas, for the fate of all endowments! They do not always remain under the management of the generous and enlightened founders. The first board of managers contained the names of Baring, Angerstein, Harman, Thornton, Hibbert, and other patrons of art and letters, of whom the City was justly proud. But in the list at the beginning of the present volume, we see no similar names. It contains six medical men, and the rest are, no doubt, equally respectable. But none of them are known to literature, or are counted among our merchant-princes—except, indeed, Mr. Thomas Baring, who honours the institution and himself by being its president; and the committee probably think the name of Baring, like Charity, will cover a multitude of deficiencies.

But the noble collection of classical and historical works, which was got together by the first managers, still sheds its useful influence over the city youth. Many a reader has there first gained his knowledge of the treasures which have descended to us from the great minds of old. Not a few deep-read scholars look back with thankfulness to their first admission into the Library of the London Institution.

## ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

*Theology.*

IN our last number, we announced the completion of Dr. Palfrey's "Academical Lectures," and since that time, we have had an opportunity of examining the work. Its aim is to show what it is, in the ancient Jewish books, that a Christian is called upon to believe; and that all that he is called upon to believe is credible and well substantiated. In reviewing these ancient books, the object is to ascertain their authority, design, and sense. The Pentateuch he believes to be substantially the work of Moses, and to be the sole authoritative oracle of Judaism. He finds no evidence or trace of supernaturalism, in word or deed, from the time of Moses to the time of Christ. All inspiration in the old dispensation was confined to the Hebrew lawgiver; and all subsequent hagiographers bore the same relation to the Pentateuch that the Christian fathers bore to the New Testament. But the Jews in the one case, and the Catholics in the other, gradually overlooked the distinction. The Reformation, which asserted the exclusive authority of the Apostolic records among Christian writings, should have done the same for the Mosaic among Hebrew. The Prophets are thus excluded from the circle of supernatural teachers; and their supposed predictions of future events are affirmed to be "nothing of the kind." They misunderstood Moses in supposing that a Jewish golden age was promised in the law, in the same way as some Christian divines (such as Bishop Newton) have imagined that the New Testament teaches an earthly millennium. Their Messianic rhapsodies were strikingly inapplicable to Jesus of Nazareth, whose divine mission, however, is all the more powerfully sustained by these discrepancies, and by his own avoidance of all reference to the model Messiah, and of all attempts to resemble so fanciful a being. These are Dr. Palfrey's opinions, clearly stated in these Lectures (delivered at Harvard University), and supported with extensive erudition and bold criticism, though not, we think, with much philosophical discrimination or sagacity. People will with difficulty believe that inspiration produced Leviticus, but not the Psalms and Prophecies. The learned professor must surely

have been leading as cloistered a life at Harvard as would befit an Oxonian monk, to suppose that the canonization of the Pentateuch, and the excommunication of the seers and sweet singers of Israel would effect a compromise between the believer and the sceptic. He has long, he says, been "under the impression that no other cause obstructs so powerfully the intelligent reception of Christianity at the present day, as the mistaken notions which prevail concerning the Old Testament Scriptures and Dispensation, and their connexion with the New; and that the great service to be rendered to Christianity is that of relieving it by a careful, but not timid criticism, from the objections arising out of these errors." But while he would relieve Christianity by sub-relieving the Pentateuch of the prophets, Professor Norton\* seeks to attain the same end by relieving the prophets of the Pentateuch; and while Dr. Palfrey's Jewish motion is, "Not Isaiah, but Moses," he would refuse the analogous Christian amendment of "Not Paul, but Jesus." It is an ingenious, but arbitrary relation, which he establishes between the earlier and later writings of the Jews and Christians respectively. It is easy for Protestants to reply, that as he does not mutilate the *New Testament*, neither do they the *Old*—that as he retains the *Apostles*, so they the prophets—that as he finds the *Christian Fathers* outside the one canon, he might have found the *Apocrypha* correspondingly outside the other; and that the Reformation was consistent both in what it accepted and repudiated of either canon, as received from the Catholic Church. Dr. Palfrey must either believe more, or believe less, of what is ordinarily understood as sound Protestantism.

Professor Norton has not yet favoured the world with his concluding volume on the Evidences, or his translation of the Gospels, both long promised; but, in the meantime, we are presented with a very handsome edition of his collected "Tracts concerning Christianity." These consist of tracts (properly so called), contributions to periodicals, and academical discourses. They are seven in number, and bear the following titles:—"A Defence of Liberal Christianity;" "A Discourse on the extent and relations of Theology;" "Thoughts on True and False Religion!" "Views of Calvinism;" "A Discourse on the latest form of Infidelity;" "On the objections to Faith

<sup>1</sup> "Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities." By John Gorham Palfrey, D.D., LL.D. Vol. III.—Prophecies. Vol. IV.—Hagiographa and Apocrypha. 1852.

\* See his "Genuineness of the Gospels," vol. ii. p. 402. (English edition.)

<sup>2</sup> "Tracts concerning Christianity." By Andrews Norton. 1852.

in Christianity, as resting on historical Facts and critical Learning." Mr. Norton is an extreme Rationalist of the Priestley school. His writings are always able, but there is nothing genial or suggestive in them. To his opponents he is hardly courteous; and upon theologians of the spiritualist school he is ungentlemanly enough to bestow epithets as false as they are opprobrious. The Spiritualists are *not* "infidels," except as not agreeing with Mr. Norton, whose faith in revelation consists in giving it as little as possible to reveal; and after all, taking only as much of it as suits his convenience. When men admit, or even boast, that they have *no* faith (and there are such), the term may be etymologically applicable; but it is what a generous man would avoid using. Mr. Norton himself was once the most ultra divine in America; and in one of these tracts he informs us that, in 1819, when he was elected Professor of Biblical Criticism at Harvard, Dr. Channing, who was then a member of its corporation, objected to giving him the title of professor, "on account of the injury it might be to the college, to make so conspicuous its connexion with one holding such opinions." And when the first article in this volume was published, forty years ago, Mr. Buckminster told him of a remark that had been made about it by a friend of Dr. Priestley—that it reminded him of what the English Unitarians had been called, namely, "The Sect of the Imprudent." It is instructive to find the imprudent young polemic, subsequently, from the professional chair, disparaging the intellectual powers of De Wette, grudging Spinoza the eulogium he received from Schleiermacher, and reproaching Schleiermacher himself for partaking of the sacrament as a Christian. But he is unwilling to believe that they possessed either gifts or graces; and though he reduces religion to two articles of belief (God and immortality), he speaks harshly of wise and good men who believe both of these points, and a great many more besides. Mr. Norton should remember the three points of practical Christianity, and which of them is the greatest.

Curiously enough, as a retributive incident, the next work we lay our hands upon is of an orthodox character; and among the first passages which catch our eye, is one which ranks together, after De Wette and Strauss, "such men as Channing, Norton, Parker, and Palfrey," &c. This work is somewhat patronizingly called "The Friend of Moses,"<sup>3</sup> and its object is "to vindicate

the authority of the Sacred Books, and more especially of the Book of Moses, against the sophistry of the Rationalist, the cavils of infidelity, against the objections urged on various scientific grounds, and against the difficulties presented in the alleged results of modern research and recent discovery among the archives of the east, and the monumental records of Egypt." Dr. Hamilton displays a respectable acquaintance with his subject, and, as "the friend of Moses," he eulogizes him in true Yankee style, as a man of "genuine patriotism—noble, pure, *as that of the immortal Washington.*" Consequently, Moses was a *very* great man.

A much abler work than the preceding, and of the same nature, will be found in the Virginia "Lectures on the Evidences."<sup>4</sup> The illustrious Jefferson, who founded the Virginia University in 1820, and framed its regulations, made no provision for theological instruction or religious worship, but left each sect at liberty to use the most appropriate means for propagating its peculiar opinions. At the same time, with a wise and generous consideration, he proposed to have a large building erected in a conspicuous part of the grounds, to be used, among other purposes, for religious worship, under such impartial regulations as the visitors shall prescribe." None of the sects, however, availed themselves of this accommodation for the purposes of religion till 1828, or for theological instruction till 1850, when a number of Presbyterian ministers determined to give the course of lectures since published in this volume. They are all elaborate productions; and their authors, fifteen in number, are above the average in talent and information. On inspiration, they attack Morell's "Philosophy of Religion;" and on mythology, they quote Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect." The lecture on the "Unity of the Human Race" is well-reasoned and eloquent; but it is noticeable that, in his peroration, when picturing the millennial congress of nations and races, though the orator remembers the "cannibal Zealander," the "fierce Malay," the "wild Camanche," the "gigantic Patagonian," the "grovelling Bushman," the "squalid Esquimaux," the "crouching Hindoo," and every other race he can think of, *he forgets the enslaved negro*—although it was doubtless "an article" of that kind that drove him to the lecture-hall an hour or

Pentateuch against the objections of Modern Scepticism." By W. T. Hamilton, D.D. 1852.

<sup>4</sup> "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered at the University of Virginia, during the Session of 1850-'51." 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "The Friend of Moses; or, a Defence of the VOL. LVIII. 21

two before. The best lecture in Virginia on human brotherhood, or on Christian Evidences generally, would be a *practical* one.

### *History and Politics.*

The event of the year, if not of the age, for America, is Kossuth's visit. History, indeed, presents few spectacles more interesting than that of this exile crossing the Atlantic as the representative of the oppressed in one hemisphere to the freemen in the other—in a few months traversing thirty commonwealths, and addressing twenty millions of people; who all, as if by a pentecostal miracle, heard, in their own language, the wonderful words of the prophet of freedom.

The annals of agitation record no parallel instance of a stranger in a strange land, with only a few weeks' practice in the language, holding millions in thrall by the magic of his voice, and, as it were, shaking a mighty continent by an earthquake of enthusiasm! Here is a book called "Kossuth in New England," which no man can read without being impressed with the solemnity and earnestness pervading it. One continuous wail runs through every address, yet not a wail of despair. "Hungary is in bonds, but Hungary shall be free!"—this is the burden of all his speeches. And the response has been intensely enthusiastic. If Kossuth has returned disappointed, he must have had marvellous expectations. There are doubtless many, even in America, who are hostile, and more who are indifferent, to the cause of freedom in Europe; but the mass of the people are aroused, and in the event of another European revolution, they will not be inactive. The appendix to this volume contains an elaborate paper on Intervention, prepared by a committee appointed by the State to report on that subject. It declares for intervention, "and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in Senate," passed eight resolutions, the seventh of which is—

"That it is the duty and the interest of all constitutionally-governed nations to cultivate the most intimate relations with each other, to the end that, should the emergency arise, they may the more easily combine their powers to repel the attack of despots."

Veteran politicians, who opposed this resolution in the Senate, were afterwards observed weeping in Faneuil Hall. The tide will turn: it is turning already. A noble impulse has been given to the best minds of

\* "Kossuth in New England: a full account of the Hungarian Governor's Visit to Massachusetts; with his Speeches, and the Addresses that were made to him." 1852.

the country; old and young have listened to a new version of the gospel of freedom; and while trafficking politicians have hid their heads in shame, every honest heart looks more hopefully to the future. What that future is likely to be, Kossuth pointed out, in Faneuil Hall, in his last and greatest speech on the condition of Europe. He spoke for two hours, detailing the course of revolutionary operations in the coming struggle, and, at the close, remarks, with becoming confidence and dignity:—

"Some take me here for a visionary. Curious, indeed, if that man who, a poor son of the people, has abolished an aristocracy of a thousand years old, created a treasury of millions out of nothing, an army out of nothing, and directed a revolution so as to fix the attention of the whole world upon Hungary, and has beaten the old well-provided power of Austria, and crushed its future by his very fall, and, forsaken, abandoned, alone, sustained a struggle against two empires, and made himself in his very exile feared by czars and emperors, and trusted by foreign nations as well as his own,—if that man be a visionary, then for so much pride I may be excused, that I would like to look face to face into the eyes of a practical man on earth!"

A romantic incident related in this volume deserves to be recorded in our pages. Our readers will recollect the danger to which Kossuth and his companions were exposed when they were offered the alternative of embracing Mahometanism, or of being surrendered to Russia. At this crisis, the unfortunate exile wrote to Lord Palmerston, and consulted with Captain Henningsen, an English officer, how the letter was to be sent. It must reach England in ten days. "This man will take it," said Henningsen, pointing to an Englishman in the room, who had come to see the refugees, and had sat in silence for hours with his umbrella under his arm, biting his finger-nails. Being informed of what was wanted, he merely said, "Where is the letter?" It was handed to him. He rose, said, "Good-bye, sir," and was gone. Palmerston received the letter within the specified ten days, and his reply was, that the sultan should be supported by the entire British fleet, if necessary, in case he gave unconditional protection to the exiles. The name of this prompt and generous Englishman was Roger Casement, formerly a British officer, who volunteered to carry to Kossuth resolutions of sympathy from friends in England, and had followed him through Hungary to Widdin for that purpose. While Kossuth was in New England, a man stepped up to the car in which he had taken his seat from Hartford to Springfield, and handed him a book, but, in the hurry of departure, he took little notice either of the book or its donor.

When, however, the train was in motion, he looked at it, and found it to be "Brace's Hungary in 1851," accompanied with the following note,—

"This is from the person who carried your letter from Widdin to Palmerston in ten days.—  
CASEMENT."

A man of generous deeds, but of few words. Kossuth was much affected by the note, and regretted that he had not met with the writer.

In one of his American speeches, Kossuth speaks of his having received "a very curious letter," which, he says, "tells me that I am doing a great mischief even here, to advocate the necessity of a republic in Europe; for many gentlemen, even out of those who addressed me, have not a love for their own republic, but would like to see her a constitutional monarchy, which this gentleman says is the happiest form of government in the world." Possibly this gentleman may be a member of the "Order of the Lone Star," or one of the Berkeley Men," who are the authors of a brilliantly-written work called "The Napoleon Dynasty." They profess to be Americans and republicans, but their speech "betrays" them. The "Idées Napoléoniennes" form their "philosophy of government." Louis Napoleon is called "the Emperor of the French Republic." He is spoken of, on his election to the Presidency, as "the only man in France who understood his own position—he alone understood the feelings, the wants, the desires of her forty million countrymen." The *coup d'état* is applauded. "His return from exile, his triumphant election as President of the Republic for four years, with his *coup d'état* of 2nd December, 1851, and the *absolution the nation passed on that act by seven millions of votes*—the apparent stability of his government, and the success which has attended every movement of his administration of power, have excited the wonder of mankind, and appeared to *baffle philosophical solution*." What is the solution? It is this: "The Napoleon dynasty is, and will be for some time to come, an inevitable government in France—it is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism or the past, and Republicanism or the future." The "Berkeley Men" admit that this is not the common opinion in America, and the reason assigned is that the Americans get their information through *English* sources.

\* "The Napoleon Dynasty: or, the History of the Bonaparte Family." An entirely new work. With twenty authentic Portraits. By the "Berkeley Men." 1852.

Their work is intended to counteract the prevailing impressions; its information is derived from French, and even, directly and avowedly, from *Bonapartist* sources; and its object must be either to enlist American sympathy on the side of Bonapartism, or to employ the history of "the empire" as a medium for propagating the sentiment of imperialism. Now that America is becoming a power in the earth, and destined to take an active interest in European politics, it is of importance to the present government of France not only to stand well with her, but, if possible, to effect an imperial-republican alliance, which, in the event of Louis Napoleon falling back upon the people for the defence of their *national independence* against the Holy Alliance, would not be an improbable occurrence. Such a war would be popular in France, and there are many politicians in America who would prefer to co-operate with a French emperor rather than with an English oligarchy,—on the ground both of present policy and past obligations. From personal residence, Louis Napoleon is well acquainted with the United States; he has many personal friends there, and may be sufficiently sanguine of success, in diplomacy or intrigue, to make the attempt. That Russia, also, should be at work is more than probable; and America may yet find that her foes are they of her own household. We apprehend no danger, but we anticipate a great amount of mischief.

The work is not the only one of the kind which has come in our way. In 1849, an American citizen wrote a series of articles in the "Democratic Review," giving an account of a visit paid by him to the "Prince Louis" during his captivity at Ham. He was in the confidence of the Bonaparte family, and was a believer both their dynasty and in their destiny. The sketches were republished in a volume, the preface of which, after some virulent abuse of England, thus indicates the object of the work:—

"With this double view, then, of essaying to rescue this country from its moral vassalage to England, and to spread abroad distinct and full ideas of the real sentiments which animate and direct the American heart and mind, I have begun a work which I intend hereafter perseveringly, inflexibly, and, to say it with due reverence, even religiously to pursue."

What work does he refer to? The work of an imperial propagandist. An *American democrat—a French Bonapartist*—his patronymic is *Russian* (Henry Wikoff), and his last whereabouts was *Constantinople*. We note this merely as a curiosity of Republic-

canism. His lively dramatic narrative of the history and opinions of "the Prince" were well adapted to propagate imperialism under a democratic guise. The same may be said of the "Napoleon Dynasty." It is an attractive book, both in appearance and literary execution. A rapid narrative, and a dashing style, carry the reader with railway speed over the battle-fields of the republic and the empire, and trace the fortunes of the whole family down to the present time. Some of the material is new. The correspondence between the Emperor and Pope Pius VII., requesting a divorce to be pronounced between Jerome and his American wife, which request the Pope flatly refused, is as creditable to his Holiness as it was disgraceful to his petitioner. Though brief, it is the most complete, and professes to be the most impartial history of that singular race hitherto published. As regards the life of Napoleon himself, this is apparently true; but there is an evident purpose in the sudden and decisive transference of sympathy to the repudiated Josephine, from whom it descends to her daughter Hortense, (who is held up as a pattern of all the virtues,) and through her to her son Louis Napoleon, upon whom all the glory of the family is entailed, and the sympathy of the reader concentrated.

The presidential struggle gives birth to an ephemeral literature in the shape of "Lives" and "Campaigns." A "*Life of General Pierce*," by Hermitage (not Hawthorne) and which has received the *imprimatur* of General Cass, furnishes a fair illustration of the character of such publications. The biographer, in this instance, has not only ransacked "documentary history," but has been favoured, at his request, with an explanation of the secret of the general's popularity from a lady in New Hampshire. This lady's account of him is, that "he is a fine looking man—all the ladies will testify to that, and *that goes a great way*." Upon which the author remarks, that "it is always amusing to see how much more philosophically women can generally explain such things, than any man whatever." The lady further testifies, that "one day he rode fifty miles with the thermometer below zero without feeling it, and then came and passed the whole evening chatting with me. He is not only a true-hearted Democrat whom all the people love, but *he is a real gentleman*." There can be no question after this of the general's fitness for the presidency. "The Life of

General Scott," (which we have not seen) is very likely composed of similar stuff. The best way of conducting the canvas would be to consign the rival candidates to the care of Barnum for exhibition through the States. A life of Pierce has been announced from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne (a fellow-student at College,) which will be of a different stamp.

### Fiction.

From fact we pass to fiction, and to the examination of Hawthorne's last production, in order to which we must brush aside the whole brood of negro tales now swarming amongst us. "Uncle Tom" has become a notoriety; and the success of the book is the great literary fact of the day. Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens never addressed as many readers, in the same space of time, as Harriet Beecher Stowe. The extraordinary sale in England, however, is due, first of all, to the *price*, secondly to the *subject*, and finally to the *novelty* of the thing. Meanwhile it is a hopeful omen for the slave, that a universal sympathy has been excited in his behalf. "The Blithedale Romance" will never attain the popularity which is vouchsafed (to borrow a pulpit vocable), to some of its contemporaries, but it is unmistakably the finest production of genius in either hemisphere, for this quarter at least—to keep our enthusiasm within limits so far. Of its literary merits we wish to speak, at the outset, in the highest terms, inasmuch as we intend to take objection to it in other respects.

"Blithedale" is an idealization of Brook Farm, where, about ten years ago, a few young and hearty enthusiasts, tired of moving on so slowly toward the millenium, took Destiny into their own hands, and set up "Paradise Regained," not by writing verses or romances, but by the more prosaic method of planting their own potatoes, baking their own bread, and cobbling their own shoes, as in the days before the Flood, when every man was his own master and his own servant, and political economy had not yet brought social death into the world, "and all our woe." How this modern Arcadia originated, how it thrived, and why it was abandoned, we do not know; but it may be taken for granted that hoeing turnips, feeding pigs, and milking cows, turned out less romantic than was anticipated. Its denizens accordingly went back

\* "The Life of General Franklin Pierce, with a Sketch of Hon. W. R. King." By Hermitage. 1852.

\* "The Blithedale Romance." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1852.

to the old ways of the world, most of them having since become conspicuous, in various walks of literature, and all of them the better for an experience so well paid for.

Of this experience Hawthorne, who was one of them, has availed himself, in writing this romance. With our limited space, we cannot pretend to give even a faint outline of a tale which depends for its interest altogether upon the way of telling it. Hawthorne's *forte* is the analysis of character, and not the dramatic arrangement of events. "To live in other lives, and to endeavour—by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing his spirit into manifold acquaintance with the companions whom God assigned him—to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves,"—this, which is the estimate formed of Miles Coverdale, has its original in the author himself. The adoption of the autobiographical form (now so common in fictions) is, perhaps, the most suitable for the exercise of such peculiar powers. Not more than six or seven characters are introduced, and only four of them are prominent figures. They have, therefore, ample room for displaying their individuality, and establishing each an independent interest in the reader's regards. But this is not without disadvantages, which become more apparent towards the close. The analysis of the characters is so minute, that they are too thoroughly individualized for dramatic co-operation, or for that graduated subordination to each other which tends to give a harmonious swell to the narrative, unity to the plot, and concentrated force to the issue. They are simply contemporaries, obliged, somehow, to be on familiar terms with each other, and, even when coming into the closest relationship, seeming rather driven thereto by destiny, than drawn by sympathy. It is well that the *dramatis personæ* are so few. They are always a manageable number, and are always upon the stage; but had there been more of them, they would only have presented themselves there in turns, which, with Hawthorne's slow movement, would have been fatal to their united action and combined effect. Even with a consecutive narrative, and a concentration of interest, the current flows with an eddying motion, which tends to keep them apart, unless as happens once or twice, it dash over a precipice, and then it both makes up for lost time, and brings matters to a point rather abruptly. But the main tendency is toward isolation—for the ruling faculty is analytic. It is ever hunting out the anomalous; it discovers more points of repulsion than of attraction;

and the creatures of its fancy are all morbid beings—all "wandering stars," plunging, orbitless, into the abyss of despair—confluent but not commingling streams, winding along to the ocean of disaster and death: for all have a wretched end—Zenobia and Priscilla, Hollingsworth and Coverdale—the whole go to wreck. The queenly Zenobia drowns herself in a pool; her ghost haunts Hollingsworth through life; and, as for Coverdale, he falls into a moral scepticism more desolating than death. Hear him at middle age:—

"As regards human progress, let them believe in it who can, and air in it who choose. If I could earnestly do either, it would be all the better for my comfort."

Is this the moral of the tale? It is but too appropriate, Poor Miles Coverdale! so genial, so penetrative, so candid—he begins by mocking others, and he ends with mocking himself! Hollingsworth's life teaches a solemn lesson to traffickers in humanity, and with due solemnity is it enforced. Priscilla's life is too shadowy and colourless to convey any lesson. She is a mere straw upon the current. And what of Zenobia? It is difficult to say what we may gather from her life—so many lives were in her! She discusses it herself with Coverdale (quite characteristic) on the eve of her fall. It is a wise point to settle, but she makes it out thus:—

"A moral? Why this: that in the battle-fields of life, the downright stroke that would fall only on a man's steel head-piece, is sure to light upon a woman's heart, over which she wears no breast-plate, and whose wisdom it is, therefore, to keep out of the conflict. Or thus: that the whole universe, her own sex, and yours, and Providence or destiny to boot, make common cause against the woman who swerves one hair's breadth out of the beaten track. Yes; and add (for I may as well own it now) that, with that one hair's breadth, she goes all astray, and never sees the world in its true aspect afterwards."

There is something very unartistic in such formal applications of moral or social truths, reminding us of the old homiletic fashion of making a "practical improvement" of a discourse to saints, sinners, and all sorts of folk. It indicates imperfection in the construction and colouring of the picture. So many morals—one a-piece for Coverdale and Hollingsworth, and two and a half for Zenobia—are symptomatic of weak moral power, arising from feebleness of moral purpose. Hawthorne has a rich perception of the beautiful, but he is sadly deficient in moral depth and earnestness. His moral faculty is morbid as well as weak; all his



characters partake of the same infirmity. Hollingsworth's project of a penitentiary at Blithedale is here carried out in imagination. Hawthorne walks abroad always at night, and at best it is a moonlight glimmering which you catch of reality. He lives in the region and shadow of death, and never sees the deep glow of moral health anywhere. He looks mechanically (it is a habit) at Nature and at man through a coloured glass, which imparts to the whole view a pallid, monotonous aspect, painful to behold. And it is only because Hawthorne can see beauty in everything, and will look at nothing but beauty in anything, that he can either endure the picture himself, or win for it the admiration of others. The object of art is the development of beauty—not merely sensuous beauty, but moral and spiritual beauty. Its ministry should be one of pleasure, not of pain; but our anatomist, who removes his subjects to Blithedale, that he may cut and hack at them without interference, clears out for himself a new path in art, by developing the beauty of deformity! He would give you the poetry of the hospital, or the poetry of the dissecting-room; but we would rather not have it. Art has a moral purpose to fulfil; its mission is one of mercy, not of misery. Reality should only be so far introduced as to give effect to the bright ideal which Hope pictures in the future. In fact, a poet is nothing unless also a prophet. Hawthorne is the former; but few poets could be less of the latter. He draws his inspiration from Fate, not from Faith. He is not even a Jeremiah, weeping amid the ruins of a fallen temple, and mourning over the miseries of a captive people. He is a Mephistophiles, doubtful whether to weep or laugh; but either way it would be in mockery. "It is genuine tragedy, is it not?" said Zenobia (referring to the fatal blow which laid her hopes prostrate), at the same time coming out "with a sharp, light laugh." Verily, a tragedy!—burlesqued by much of the same maniac levity. That "Blithedale" itself should end in smoke, was, perhaps, fit matter for mirth; that Hollingsworth's huge tower of selfishness should be shattered to pieces was poetically just; but that the imperial Zenobia should be vanquished, was to give the victory to Despair. Zenobia is the only one in the group worthy to be the Trustee of Human Right, and the Representative of Human Destiny; and she, at least, should have come out of all her struggles in regal triumph. But, after the first real trial of her strength with adversity, and when there was resolution yet left for a thousand conflicts, to throw her into that dirty pool, and not even to leave her there, but to send her

base-hearted deceiver, and that lout of a fellow, Silas Foster, to haul her out, and to let the one poke up the corpse with a boat hook, and the other tumble it about in the simplicity of his desire to make it look more decent—these, and many other things in the closing scene, are an outrage upon the decorum of art, as well as a violation of its purpose. That such things do happen, is no reason why they should be idealized; for the Ideal seeks not to imitate Reality, but to perfect it. The use it makes of that which is true, is to develop that which ought to be true; and it ought never to be true that the strong should be conquered by the weak, as Zenobia was by Priscilla; or, that the most buoyant spirit should sink soonest in the struggle of life, as did Zenobia, who was the first that found a grave in "Blithedale;" or, that all should be wrecked that sail on troubled waters, as were all who figure in this romance. It is a hard saying to proclaim to a fallen world, that the first false step is a fatal one. There was more truth in the words, and more beauty in the picture, of the man standing by the outcast, telling her to go and sin no more. From thence let Hawthorne draw his inspiration. Let him study that benignant attitude, and endeavour to realize it in himself toward a similar subject, and he might yet write with a prophet's power, and accomplish a saviour's mission.

We are cautioned, in the preface, against the notion (otherwise very liable to be entertained) that this is a history of Brook Farm under a fictitious disguise. "He begs it to be understood, that he has considered the institution itself as not less fairly the subject of fictitious handling than the imaginary personages whom he has introduced there. It is an ideal, not a real picture." It is what Brook Farm became in his own fancy, and, considering what that fancy is, there is no need for supposing that he has drawn largely upon his recollection. "It would indeed (considering how few amiable qualities he distributes among his imaginary progeny) be a most grievous wrong to his former excellent associates, were the author to allow it to be supposed that he had been sketching any of their likenesses." Imaginary as the characters are, however, the supposition that Zenobia is an apograph of Margaret Fuller, may not be so far wrong. That extraordinary woman could not have been absent from the mind of the novelist—nay, must have inspired his pencil, whilst sketching "the high-spirited woman busying herself against the narrow limitations of her sex." And, in so far as it is the embodiment of this sentiment or relation, we may have in the career of Zenobia (not

in its details, but in its essential features), a missing chapter in Margaret Fuller's life—unwritten hitherto, because never sufficiently palpable to come under the cognizance of the biographer, and only capable of being unveiled by the novelist, whose function it is to discern the intents of the heart, and to describe things that are not as though they were. We may, at least, venture to say that the study of Zenobia will form an excellent introduction to the study of her supposed prototype. There are problems both in biography and in history which imagination only can solve; and in this respect, "Blithedale," as a whole, may tell a truer tale with its fictions than Brook Farm with its facts. Hence it is that our author, while expressing an earnest wish that the word may have the benefit of the latter, felt that it belonged to him to furnish it with the former. A poetic soul sees more in history than it can reproduce in a historical form, and must, therefore, create a symbolism for itself, less inexorable in its conditions, and more expressive of his latest thought. The historical result of the experiment at Brook Farm, and its direct didactic value, may have been inconsiderable enough, but its reproductive capacity in a fruitful mind might have issued in a work which would have rendered that bubble a permanent land-mark in the progress of humanity.

But here, again, Hawthorne disappoints us, and again through his lack of moral earnestness. Everybody will naturally regard this, whether fact or fiction, as a socialistic drama, and will expect its chief interest as such to be of a moral kind. In "Blithedale," whatever may be its relation to Brook Farm, is itself a socialistic settlement, with its corresponding phases of life, and, therefore, involves points both of moral and material interest, the practical operation of which should have been exhibited so as to bring out the good and evil of the system. But this task he declines, and does not "put forward the slightest pretensions to illustrate a theory, or elicit a conclusion favourable or otherwise to Socialism." He confines himself to the delineation of its picturesque phases, as a "thing of beauty," and either has no particular convictions respecting its deeper relations, or hesitates to express them. It was necessary for him to pass judgment upon the theories of Fourier or Robert Owen. He had nothing to do with it as a theory; but as a phase of life it demanded appropriate colouring. Would he paint an ideal slave-plantation merely for the beauty of the thing, without pretending to "elicit a conclusion favourable or otherwise" to slavery? Could he forget

the moral relations of this system, or drop them out of his picture, "merely to establish a theatre a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real life?" In respect of involving moral relations, the two cases are analogous, and the one may be rendered morally colourless with no more propriety than the other. "Blithedale," then, as a socialistic community, is merely used here as a scaffolding—a very huge one—in the construction of an edifice considerably smaller than itself! And then, the artist leaves the scaffolding standing! Socialism, in this romance, is prominent enough to fill the book, but it has so little business in it, that it does not even grow into an organic part of the story, and contributes nothing whatever toward the final catastrophe. It is a theatre—and, as such, it should have a neutral tint; but it should also be made of neutral stuff; and its erection, moreover, should not be contemporaneous with the performance of the play. But the incongruity becomes more apparent when we consider the kind of play acted in it. Take the moral of Zenobia's history, and you will find that Socialism is apparently made responsible for consequences which it utterly condemned, and tried, at least, to remedy. We say, apparently, for it is really not made responsible for anything, good, bad, or indifferent. It forms a circumference of circumstances, which neither mould the characters, nor influence the destinies, of the individuals so equivocally situated,—forms, in short, not an essential part of the picture, but an enormous fancy border, not very suitable for the purpose for which it was designed. Zenobia's life would have been exhibited with more propriety, and its moral brought home with more effect, in the "theatre" of the world, out of which it really grew, and of which it would have formed a vital and harmonious part. Zenobia and Socialism should have been acted in the ready-made theatre of ordinary humanity, to see how it would fare with them there. Having occupied the ground, Hawthorne owed it to truth, and to a fit opportunity, so to dramatize his experience and observation of Communistic life, as to make them of practical value for the world at large.

## ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.\*

*Philology.*

THE German dictionary of the brothers Grimm is gradually progressing, and seems to be regarded by the countrymen of the learned authors as a boon particularly acceptable at the present day, when journalists and others are playing most fantastic tricks with the language of "Fatherland." The great facility of forming new words from a really Teutonic stock, and of introducing foreign ones by a peculiar description of verb, though on one side advantageous, has, on many occasions, led to a licentiousness which threatens to destroy the purity of the language altogether. The great sinners are the journalists, who, through their partiality for the verbs in "iren," introduce a language which is intrinsically more French than German; but there are also delinquents of an opposite class who, availing themselves of the German facility for compounds, are encumbering literature with a number of newly-coined words, where words already in existence answer every purpose. Berthold Auerbach, who has so pleasantly exhibited the life of the Black Forest, is by no means free from the latter fault. That the brothers Grimm, who know more of German than any body else in the world, having laboured at the philology of their country for nearly fifty (!) years, will act as efficient champions against the two-headed hydra, and fix the boundary-line between liberty and licentiousness, is the cordial hope of every Teuton who loves his native tongue. It is a great qualification in the *par nobile fratrum*, that, with a natural inclination towards purism, they are not such fanatics as to expel or prohibit foreign words which really enrich the language, and express shades of meaning more accurately than the home produce. What a book of German philosophy would look like without the words "Idee," "Absolut," "Subjectiv," "Objectiv," none of which are of German growth, we cannot so much as conjecture. Such a book would be as unreal as the universal lord mayor of whom we read in "Martinus Scriblerus," and from whom not only the year of mayoralty, but the robe and chain of office were abstracted.

The dictionary has not so completely absorbed the attention of Jacob Grimm as to prevent the publication of a valuable treatise on the origin of language,<sup>1</sup>—always a favourite topic with the Germans since the days

of Herder. To the two theories, that language is innate in man, and that it was revealed to him after his creation by the Deity, Grimm is decidedly opposed. He considers it a result of human thought—an invention in fact—improved in the course of human development. The three stages of language are the unwieldy monosyllabic, the flexional (in which the separate words are attenuated into terminations), and the modern stage in which inflexion gives way to the use of particles, and which some *dilettante* have regarded as a decline from ancient elegance. Grimm considers that the loss of this elegance is compensated by an increase of perspicuity, and he regards, with particular admiration, the English language, in which, above all others, the practice of inflexion is abandoned:—

"Among all modern languages" he says, "none has attained greater force than the English, through the abolition of old laws of euphony, and the banishment of nearly the whole system of inflexions. By its free middle tones, which are only to be learned, not taught, it has attained a force of expression which, perhaps, no other human tongue ever possessed. Its foundation and completion, so pregnant with intellect, and so marvellously felicitous, proceeded from a remarkable union of the two noblest tongues of Europe—the German and the Roman. The former, as is well known, supplying the sensuous foundation, while the latter furnished the more spiritual expressions. It was not without significance that the greatest modern poet, who, more than all others, can be placed in competition with the old poets of classical antiquity—of course I mean Shakspeare—drew his nurture from the English language, a language which has every right to be regarded as universal, and which seems, like the English nation, destined to prevail in every corner of the earth, even to a higher degree than at present. For in copiousness, sense, and conciseness, none of all the living languages is to be compared with it—not even our own German tongue, which is disorganized even as we are disorganized, and which must cast off many faults before it can enter boldly into competition."

Grammar and the love of political liberty are not necessarily connected by the laws of association, and the coolness with which they are blended in the minds of the brothers Grimm gives a remarkable character to their writings. Amid the distracted politics of their country they regard their language as the only common tie by which the German race is combined into one body, and this tie they are anxious to preserve in all its force. Thus, throughout their labours, we find the zeal of the scholar sharpened by the ardour of the patriot.

*Philosophy.*

A phenomenon of more than ordinary importance in the philosophical department of German literature is the reappearance of J. H.

\* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

<sup>1</sup> "Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache." Von Jacob Grimm. Berlin. 1852.

Fichte's periodical,<sup>3</sup> which, after attaining the respectable number of twenty volumes, came to a stand-still through the troubles of 1848,—that terrible check to all speculative inquiry. It is now resumed under the joint editorship of Drs. J. H. Fichte, Ulrici, and Wirth, and absorbs into itself the little, ill-looking, but not talentless periodical commenced by the last-mentioned gentleman about a twelvemonth ago. The first number of the new series promises well. The writers are men of celebrity, and, while well acquainted with all the speculative tendencies of their age, write in a style more popular than that of those gigantic founders of sects who seem destined to have no successor. An article by Dr. Ulrici on Inductive Logic, chiefly directed against Mr. Mill's work, is well worthy the perusal of the English reader, since it shows at a glance the fundamental difference between the English and the German mind. English and German philosophers both start with a strong prejudice, which almost amounts to an instinct. The true Briton, who more or less directly derives all his metaphysics from Locke, shrinks instinctively from anything that bears the slightest approach to an innate idea, and clings to experience with the most exclusive devotion. The German, on the other hand—who, however he may differ from Kant in other respects, is never untrue to the belief that there is an *à priori* element of knowledge in the human mind—looks with absolute abhorrence at the English conviction that all knowledge is derived from experience. While reading Dr. Ulrici's refutation of Mr. Mill, we at once see how stringent his arguments will appear to his countrymen, and how little they can affect the English philosopher against whom they are directed. As might be expected, Dr. Whewell is mentioned as an honourable exception to the inductive sinners of England and France.

The periodical, according to the professions of its editor, will not be the organ of any party, but will be open to any contribution, even from a foreign hand, which bears the mark of an earnest love of truth, and is written in a temperate spirit. The actual questions of the day—political, social, or ecclesiastical which were regarded as fitting themes in the former series—they will leave untouched, on account of the confusion that has prevailed with respect to all practical subjects since the revolutionary year. Before taking leave of this promising periodical, we will give an extract from the editorial preface, showing the present state of German philosophy:—

<sup>3</sup> "Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophischen Kritik." Halle. 1852.

"The question is now, not that of the maintenance, the improvement, or the domination of this or that philosophical system—such autocracies have generally done more harm than good—but it is the interest of all the sciences, without exception, that the true philosophical spirit of investigation does not die out in the scientific light of a nation. Unfortunately, it seems to us that the period of a one-sided preponderance of philosophical speculation over the so-called exact sciences, and over practical activity, has been followed by that nervous relaxation which usually follows excessive exertion. Because philosophy cannot give what it promised to give in its days of speculative arrogance—all philosophy is now rejected as useless, fruitless, and superfluous. Because, in its presumptuous desire to teach, it busied itself with things beyond its sphere—especially in the machinery of purely practical matters, such as the political, ecclesiastical, and social questions of the day, where it could only perplex instead of enlighten—all philosophical speculation is now regarded as dangerous, and every impulse in that direction is checked by all possible means. The theologians point out the danger incurred by faith and the church through philosophical studies; the friends of natural science express undisguised contempt towards anything which in the slightest degree bears the mark of a philosophical view or a philosophical treatment; the jurist, the historian, and the politician combat every impulse of the philosophic mind as if it were the sworn enemy of all law and all morality—the ruthless destroyer of all the historical foundations of every human society."

This is a remarkable change since the days, some twenty years back, when every department of science seemed to be in the hands of one dominating school of speculative philosophy; and an initiation into the mysteries of that school carried with it not only a share in a literary despotism, but was regarded as an introduction to court favour. So much for German philosophy in its outward relations: let us now hear our editor's report as to the home department:—

"Even in the region of philosophy itself, there now prevails a sort of apathy and indifference, or rather, perhaps, of careless security, which belongs to the most remarkable signs of the times. The most diverse principles, the most opposite tendencies, exist side by side—apparently at least—in the profoundest peace. Every school, every tendency, nay, we may say, every individual philosopher goes on building his house or cot in his own ground, just as if there was nothing else in the world worth the slightest attention. Even attacks in important critico-historical works, which are directed against the fundamental principle of a particular school, and maintain that they have clearly proved its fallacy, are wholly ignored by the party attacked. It seems as if an universal peace were proclaimed. Not only are all weapons put down, but there is an end of all contact, of all reciprocal influence. In this apathetic in-

difference stand the two sides of the Hegel school; the school of Herbart, with its various ramifications; the successors of Krause; the Schopenhauer tendency, with the various remains of the Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, and Schelling schools; Beneke, Günther, E. Reinhold, Trendelenburg, Fechner, Reiff, and others, in their several independent positions; the adherents of Feuerbach; the empirico-materialistic tendencies, &c.: all side by side, and in the face of the direction taken by ourselves."

### History.

From the wail of Dr. Fichte and Co., in the first of these two extracts, it might be supposed that the professors of positive science were all exulting at the exclusive attention bestowed upon them now the old despot, Philosophy, is dead. However, if we turn to an elaborate history of Pope Boniface VIII.,<sup>3</sup> written by Dr. Drumann, the celebrated Roman historian, we shall find the same dismal length of countenance on the part of the writer. These days, he thinks, are enough to scare any one from writing history who perceives how little its lessons are regarded; and he quaintly anticipates the question—"What is Boniface VIII. to us?" Nevertheless, he presently explains that Boniface VIII. is a great deal to us. The Roman church still claims supremacy over all the world. Gregory XVI. only recently asserted that it was impious to attempt any reformation of the Church; and Pius IX., with all his desire to amend the State, regards the Church as perfect. Where an existing structure, even in its tottering condition, is still so imposing, the history of its architects and fortifiers cannot be without interest, even to those who regard present affairs only. Boniface VIII., the doughty adversary of Philip the Fair of France, though less celebrated than some of his predecessors, is brought into unusual importance by W. Drumann, as the great perfecter of that work which was begun by Nicholas I., Gregory VII., Alexander III., and Innocent III. The bull entitled "Unam Sanctam," issued by Boniface, was the most unequivocal declaration of the superiority of the spiritual to the temporal authority that the most despotic temperament could originate. It declared that both the spiritual and the material were in the power of the Church—that one was used *by* her, the other *for* her; and that the weapon wielded by kings and soldiers was entirely subject to the permission of the priest. M. Drumann's work is, in every respect, most elaborate. He quotes documents, exhibits

the state of Europe at the time of the hero's occupation of the papal chair, and gives every event with the minutest detail. To the general reader, a work of this sort will possess no more interest than a volume of parliamentary debates; but to the student of mediæval history it will be found, no doubt, an important boon.

### Theology and Church History.

A work on the Genius of Christianity,<sup>4</sup> composed by Ludwig Noack for the edification of the cultivated (*gebildet*) laity, conveys, at the first glance, an impression that the great mass of pietistical literature has been blessed with an increase. The author talks pathetically, in the preface, about the death of his wife, expatiates on her virtues, and informs us that it was at her suggestion that the work was undertaken—all of which looks very like the prelude to a decidedly "good book." A quotation from such a pagan poet as Hölderlin, with which the preface concludes, raises, indeed, a doubt on the subject; and when we dive a little further, we find our pious instructor one of the most reckless wielders of heterodoxy that was ever produced by the fertile soil of Germany. He is, to be sure, a zealous advocate of "Christ," but then he is careful to explain that this Christ is by no means identical with the acknowledged founder of Christianity, whom he somewhat irreverently terms the "Man of Nazareth." The Nazarene, he admits, was the originator of the system which afterwards spread so widely; but he was a mere beginner, who had a very slight notion of the great results in his own work. In the same spirit, adopting a youthful view of Schelling's, he considers the New Testament all very well as a book containing information respecting the crudest and most imperfect form of Christianity; but as about the last authority in the world, if we would be instructed as to that grand universal idea of humanity to which he gives the name of Christ. His book is a sort of history of Christendom from the primitive age to the present day; but he has not that talent of seizing on characteristic points, and giving pregnant descriptions, which are the great qualifications of the philosophical historian; and we think the "cultivated laity" may more pleasantly derive the same amount of information from other sources.

"Christus," by A. Schumann,<sup>5</sup> is a learned compilation, intended to show how the person of the Redeemer is considered in the

<sup>4</sup> "Der Genius des Christenthums." Von Ludwig Noack. Bremen. 1852.

<sup>5</sup> "Christus." Von A. Schumann. Hamburg und Gotha. 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Geschichte Bonifacius des Achten." Von W. Drumann. Königsberg. 1852.

Old and New Testaments, and is suited alone to the laborious biblical student, who brings a stock of Greek and Hebrew to assist him in his investigations. The style is that of an exegetical commentary; free use is professedly made of the productions of De Wette and others, and he uses De Wette's translation of the Bible, where he quotes the Scriptures in German. The result which he draws as to the Redeemer's view of his own person would be regarded as orthodox in Germany, but would be looked upon here as somewhat broad. Christ, he considers, feels and declares himself to be a real man, though free from all sin. He knows and declares that his spiritual nature is above that of all mankind, for he speaks of an existence with God before the creation of the world, and exhibits a preternatural power over nature and man. His earthly mission comes from God, and consists in the redemption of mankind, who, without him, would be lost to all eternity. Repentance and a perfect faith in his redeeming power, are the conditions of salvation. This series of results makes up a confession of faith that might as well belong to a pious Arian as to a Trinitarian; and Schumann, by his declaration that we ought not to inquire how the human and divine principles are combined in the person of Christ, shows that he is not anxious to entangle himself in sectarian niceties.

Another contribution to theological literature is a popular history of the church in the apostolic age, written in a strictly orthodox spirit, by Dr. Thiersch.\*

### Biography.

The Germans possess one virtue to a high degree, and that is a readiness to give a literary manifestation of their veneration for their great men. The great ecclesiastical historian Neander, who died in July 1850, and who, though one of the most zealous assailants of heterodoxy, was respected by all parties for his immense erudition and known honesty of purpose, has found a characteristic biographer in Dr. Otto Krabbe,<sup>7</sup> who has collected into one thin volume a series of articles published last year in the Lutheran periodical of Mecklenberg. A biographer is usually a panegyrist: and Dr. Krabbe follows up a tolerably elaborate account of Neander's labours with these remarks:—

“Thus did Neander, by the power of history, once more call to Christ the apostate race of his

time, and prepare a new birth of evangelical life and faith through the might of a sanctified learning. He conquered the old days, and by a breath of the love of Christ, drawn from the deepest knowledge of the historical life of man, he called forth a new generation of witnesses, who have been nourished by his spirit. He saw the approach of a period, the destructive tendencies of which ventured an open war with the church of the Lord. However, the church still stands amid the violent fermentations of the present, newly animated and inspired by the love of Christ. What will be the result of the contest, and what new developments it may produce in the church, is as yet concealed from our eyes; but this we do know, that the church has yet the power to bear witness to herself, and that when the history of our own days shall be written, all Christian historians will go back to Neander as to one whose life and learning proved an imperishable blessing to the church, and who belongs to those from whom she has to date a new epoch, and a new state of development.”

Of all the Goethianer, certainly none is so indefatigable as H. Düntzer, of Cologne. Under his inspecting eye, the last edition of Goethe's works was launched into the world. It seems but the other day that his book of “Studies,” in which so much light was thrown on the “Sorrows of Werther,” started into existence; and now we have a series of female portraits,<sup>8</sup> drawn from the period of the poet's youth, bristling with dates and small names, after the true Düntzer fashion. Frederike Brim, Cornelia Goethe, Lili, and Goethe's mother, are once more summoned from the shades; and a new apparition rises in the shape of Anna Sibylla Münch, who has never before been mentioned, either under her own or another name, by Goethe himself, or by any one else; but who nevertheless, it seems, exercised considerable influence upon him at the time when he resided at Frankfort, after his return from the universities. A new flame of Goethe's!—there is a *bonne bouche* for the biographical enthusiast. The misfortune of books of this sort is, that they force one to read so much that one has read before. Even to get at the fair Sibylla, we have to wade through copious extracts from the “Wahrheit und Dichtung,” which we almost know by heart. Could not the German contributors to biography assume, as a not very violent hypothesis, that persons who would dive into the minutest *minutiae* of Goethe's biography, usually have a copy of the poet's works on their own shelves, and have occasionally glanced at his autobiography?

Under the rather fantastic title of “House

\* “Die Kirche im Apostolischen Zeitalter.” Von Dr. Thiersch. Frankfurt. 1852.

<sup>7</sup> “August Neander.” Von Dr. Otto Krabbe. Hamburg. 1852.

<sup>8</sup> “Frauenbilder aus Göthe's Jugendzeit.” Von H. Düntzer. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

and World," we have a biography of George Forster the younger, who accompanied Captain Cook's first voyage of discovery, he and his father being naturalists to the expedition. This voyage, which occupied three years, is passed over by Mr. Koenig, as an account of it was published by Forster himself. On their return, father and son found themselves elevated to the rank of social "lions," but with little or no more substantial advantage. A family of seven children had to be maintained on occasional precarious earnings, translations, fugitive literary performances, or, what was still worse, by presents from German princes, to whom the circumnavigators had sent curiosities from the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific. As the English government had opposed the publication of his narrative of the expedition, the younger Forster returned to Germany, his native country, in search of a subsistence, and was received with great honour; for in those days, to have sailed round the world was a distinction. His acquaintance was sought through a wide circle of what were then celebrated names; and he continued, during the remainder of his life to follow, "for better for worse," the career of an author, besides holding, from time to time, various appointments. The last was that of librarian to the Elector of Mentz, where he remained till the French entered the city in 1792. As he had warmly embraced the principles of the revolution, their presence had no unfavourable influence on his fortunes; but when, shortly after, the city was recovered by the Prussians, he was compelled to leave it, and lost his entire property, including his books and papers. He died about two years after.

M. Koenig has kept himself clear of the ordinary fault of biographers—that of forming too partial an estimate of his hero; and indeed, poor Forster's character was not calculated to excite enthusiasm, and his history is one that leaves a dissatisfied and melancholy impression. He seems to be always drifting before the gale of circumstances, his will scarcely ever exercising any controlling power over events, except perhaps in the instance of his marriage, the most untoward event of his life. Living mostly from hand to mouth, a prey to many corporeal sufferings, the effects of disease contracted during the years passed at sea; unsupported by any strong principle, uncheered by religious hope, he was also unblest by the warmth of domestic affection; for the very moderate attachment on

which his matrimonial engagement was formed, though it might have held together in the fair weather of a prosperous life, was by no means strong enough to resist the wear and tear to which it was exposed in one of struggle and care. When he left Mentz, a ruined man, an amicable arrangement was entered into with his, or Madame Forster's friend, Huber, by which he resigned his conjugal position, but apparently without any interruption of "friendly relations" with either party. It should be recollected of this singular passage of Forster's life, that it took place in 1793, in France. A few months afterwards, the register of the municipality of Paris recorded the decease of George Forster—"domicilié à Paris, rue des Moulins—sa femme absente."

M. Koenig has not confined himself rigidly to the events of Forster's life, but made widely discursive rambles over the literary and political history of the time. In the chapter entitled "Verwirrung," he has given a striking picture of the spiritual confusion of Germany in the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, when the German mind seems to have sought a refuge from political tyranny in the twilight caves of Rosierucianism, and of every conceivable and inconceivable kind of fraud and folly that presented itself, with the pretension of spying into the mysteries of Nature, and gaining the command of her powers by a shorter and easier method than that of earnest and persevering study.

"The Poor Man in Tockenburg,"<sup>10</sup> is a curious and interesting autobiography of a peasant weaver, who lived, about the middle of the last century, in one of the most primitive pastoral districts of Switzerland, and who could devote to the account of his life only the scanty moments of leisure snatched after his day's work. The natural activity of his mind, resisting all the benumbing effects of poverty, privation, and the incessant care harassing the father of a large family, with the scantiest means of support, enabled him to attain by his own efforts, a considerable amount of mental cultivation. Among other writings, he has left behind him a series of criticisms on the plays of Shakspeare, of whom he was a passionate admirer. His acquaintance with our great poet, and, indeed, his entire stock of literary acquirement, was obtained by means of a reading society, called the "*Moral Association*," which was established in the little town of Lichtensteg, near his village. After he became a member, he was, we are told, seldom without several

\* "Haus und Welt: eine Lebensgeschichte." Von Heinrich Koenig. Braunschweig. Vieweg und Sohn. 1852.

<sup>10</sup> "Der Arme Mann im Tockenburg." Von Eduard Bülow. Leipzig. 1852.

volumes, and sometimes had the whole twelve in his hut. To possess a copy of his own was a wish fondly cherished for many years, but destined never to be fulfilled. Besides his thirst for knowledge and intellectual pleasure, Ulrich Bräker exhibits the most ardent love of nature, and a strong susceptibility to the charms of the exquisite scenery of his native country—a gift by no means common in Switzerland. In his youth he was kidnapped, to serve in the army of the great Frederick, in his attack upon Silesia, at the commencement of the Seven Years' War, and this was the only glimpse he ever obtained of the world beyond his native mountains. After the first battle, he contrived to make his escape, returned home poorer than he had gone, married (not, it would seem, with very happy results) a damsel in the Amazonian style of beauty, for which he had acquired a taste during his service in Prussia, and never afterwards emerged from the condition of poverty and hard labour in which he was born, and of which his love of literature and Nature, and his religious sensibility, formed the only consolations. It does not appear that, except a magnificent prize of one ducat, assigned to him for an essay on some rural subject, he ever made any profit of his literary pursuits; but they afforded him relief and comfort in many trying hours, and have preserved to us the picture of a mind of more than common endowment, and a state of society, of which there are few genuine records. Several of Bräker's writings have been published since his death, in various forms; but the German editor of the present volumes has, in almost every instance, resorted to the original manuscript.

#### Miscellanea.

The "Letters from Egypt and Ethiopia"<sup>11</sup> of Dr. Lepsius, were written to furnish an account of the proceedings of the great expedition sent out in 1842 by the King of Prussia, to collect Egyptian antiquities, and pursue, on the spot, the historical inquiries connected with them. The more purely scientific results have already been in part laid before the public in the "Preliminary Report" issued in 1849, and a great work, containing above eight hundred imperial folio plates, is now in preparation, on the subject. The letters, some of which have appeared in the *Preussische Staats*

*Zeitung*, have remained nearly in their original form; they are addressed to the King, to Chevalier Bunsen, W. Humboldt, to the Minister of Public Instruction, and other distinguished men, and contain the personal narrative of the expedition, the various incidents of the journey, the circumstances that hindered or forwarded the objects of the expedition, and information on the present state of the countries visited; though all these topics are treated as subordinate to those in which what is called the learned world will be chiefly interested. A man so thoroughly qualified for his task as Dr. Lepsius, and with such abundant means at his disposal, could hardly fail to reap an ample harvest in this wonderful field of historical "diggings." As an instance of his diligence we may mention that, in a spot where Champollion discovered only two tombs, and of which he says "*Il y a peu à faire ici*," the present traveller opened and examined forty-five. In the great pyramid he deciphered so many inscriptions in which the far-spreading families of Egyptian nobles, with their titles and offices, are named and described, that he would be in a position to draw up a "Court Calendar" for King Cheops, or present us with the genealogies of the distinguished personages who formed the chief ornaments of his court five thousand years ago. Besides this, he has filled up many considerable chasms in Egyptian chronology, and found satisfactory places in the seventh and eighth dynasties for kings who hitherto have not had where to lay their heads. The "account of the fifth dynasty, as the immediate successor of the fourth," Dr. Lepsius considers as "one of inestimable importance, and sufficient of itself to richly reward a several months' residence on this spot." People will differ, perhaps, in their estimate of the actual value of these results, and some readers may not be sensible of any great relief to their minds on being told that "it need no longer be doubted that the second pyramid belonged to King Chafra, the third to Menkera," and so forth; but without the scholarly enthusiasm which tends naturally to overrate such matters, our knowledge of the antique world must have remained considerably behind its present position. Among other really noteworthy particulars communicated by Dr. Lepsius, we may mention his solution of the riddle of the mode of building the pyramids, which was by forming a small one first, and then clothing it with repeated coverings of stone, of from fifteen to twenty feet in breadth. Every king, at the commencement of his reign, began his pyramid, and at his death only the covering then in progress was

<sup>11</sup> "Briefe aus Egypten, Ethiopien, und der Halb-insel Sinai, geschrieben in den Jahren 1842—1846." Von Richard Lepsius. Herz. Berlin. 1852.



completed; so that the size of the pyramid in most instances stands in a certain determinate proportion to the length of the reign. Another discovery was that of the tomb of the prince, the son of Cheops, who was "superintendent of all the king's buildings," and, in all probability, the architect of the great pyramid, which was already old when Abraham entered Egypt; and in the Temple of Isis, in the island of Philæ, he found a decree of the Egyptian priests, containing the same text as that on the Rosetta stone. Much attention was devoted by Dr. Lepsius to the languages of the Nubian races and of the Negroes of Darfoor, to their character and condition, and to the physical features of their country; nor are the letters wanting in such moving incidents as an attack of robbers, and the greater peril of being lost in the deserts of Sinai. One apparently rather frolicsome exploit for so erudite a party was the putting up, in the Great Pyramid, an inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphics in honour of his Majesty, Frederick William IV. of Prussia, the style of which it was considered proper to accommodate to the place:—"Thus speak the servants of the king, whose name is the sun and the rock of Prussia, Lepsius the writer, Erbkam the architect, the brothers Weidenbach, painters, Frank the moulder, &c., &c. Hail to the eagle, the defender of the Cross, to the king, the sun, and the rock of Prussia, to the son of the sun who delivered his country, Frederick William the Fourth, the favourite of wisdom and history, the guardian of the river Rhine, the *Dispenser of Life*," &c.

As the modern inhabitants of the country are not acquainted with the ancient hieroglyphic, the inscription could not have been intended for their edification, and if for that of European travellers, some other tongue would surely have answered the purpose better. The expedition afforded sufficient variety of choice, as it included within itself a perfect Babel of tongues—English was spoken by Messrs. Wild and Bonomi; French and Italian served for intercourse with the authorities and the natives of the Levant; the travellers gave their orders and journeyed with Arabic, and planned their proceedings, gossiped and lived with German. The only conclusion we can come to, therefore, is, that the inscription was intended for the sole behoof of the ghost of King Cheops, and its style, to convey to him the consolatory assurance that there are points on which the world is not much wiser than it was in his day.

"Dialogues with Spirits," by Bettina

"Gespräche mit Dämonen." Des Königs-

Arnim, bears on its title-page the same loyal appropriation as that formerly published by the same lady under the striking appellation of "This Book belongs to the King," but it is dedicated, nevertheless, (whether "with permission" we are not informed,) to the Spirit of Llam, represented by the magnanimous Abdul Meschid Khan, Emperor of the Osmons. The dialogues are of a political character, and, as far as we can venture to give any opinion of their scope and purpose, it appears to be that of affording salutary counsel to an "illustrious personage" in Prussia. With the exception of the introductory portion, they are carried on between the "Demon and a *Sleeping King*," on the principle that the truth reaches the ear of a monarch more clearly in his slumbers than in his waking moments; but the truth as here presented is involved in so many whimsical wrappages and quaint conceits, that few readers will have patience to search for it. Politics belong to the practical business of life, and should be seen by clear daylight, and not in this kind of pseudo-poetical moonshine. The name of the authoress will be remembered by the reader in connexion with Goethe, for whom, in her youthful days, she entertained a most vehement sort of histrionic passion, and took care to make the world acquainted with the fact.

"Goethe in Letters and Conversations"<sup>12</sup>—if it be a sin to write books, certainly Goethe was the "most offending man alive" in his day; for, besides those which owe their origin directly to his literary activity, the number of which he has been indirectly the cause amount to a library in themselves. The compiler of the present selection of aphorisms enumerates above twenty separate works—"Correspondence with," "Recollections of," "Communications concerning," &c.,—from which he has made up a tempting table of contents. The thoughts of Goethe on "literature and poetry, nature and society, politics, religion, and philosophy," who would not gladly know? But the selection might have been better made from the works of Goethe himself, than from the reports even of the most zealous observers. Wilhelm Meister alone, indeed, might almost furnish a volume of such. On all matters connected with the plastic arts, and on physical nature, Goethe is a first-rate critic; on society and life his remarks are the perfection of common sense, for the perfect equilibrium of his great powers

buch. Von Bettina Arnim. Berlin. Arnims Verlag. 1852.

<sup>12</sup> "Goethe in Briefe und Gesprächen. Sammlung der brieflichen und mündlichen Bemerkungen und Betrachtungen Goethe's über Welt, Wissenschaft, Literatur und Kunst." Berlin. Vereins Buchhandlung. 1852.

enabled him to manifest, in its highest form, what may be regarded as the net result of all the intellectual faculties in their equal development.

"Austrian Military Life,"<sup>14</sup> (From the "Austrian Soldier World,") is a collection of amusing, off-hand sketches of a kind of life which, more than any other, is attractive to the mere looker-on, from the nursery-maid who runs after the soldiers in the park, to the "highest personages in the realm." It is here described with less of the obvious exaggeration and making up for effect than is usually met with in productions of the class; and though the sorrows of the "White Coat" are peculiar to the Austrian, the adventures of young soldiers out on leave, the life of the camp and the garrison, the incidents that sometimes vary the sentinel's lonely watch, and so forth, may stand for those of military life in general.

The collectors of classical German literature will care to learn the republication, by Cotta, of Herder's works.<sup>15</sup> Although Herder labours under the disadvantage, that many of the subjects he wrote upon have received new light since the period of his labours, whilst others have lost their importance altogether, his spirit is so genial, his place in the history of German literature is so prominent, and he is so complete a representative of that universalism which is the great characteristic of his nation, that he will always command a certain amount of popularity among the more earnest class of readers. The series, which is not expensive, will be completed in forty small square volumes.

That the zeal for classical antiquity is not extinct in Germany, is proved by the appearance of a bulky life of Cicero,<sup>16</sup> by C. A. F. Brückner, who undertakes to set Drumann right as to the character of the great Roman orator. Only the first volume has as yet appeared.

To the lovers of a *little* science, the German press presents some popular geological papers, neatly ornamented with wood-cuts, by Bernhard Cotta.<sup>17</sup> They were originally published in the "Illustrirte Zeitung"—the "Illustrated News" of Germany—and pleased so much, that the author was requested to republish them in a collected form. M. Cotta amiably consented, and the present good-looking volume is the result.

<sup>14</sup> "Aus der Oesterreichischen Soldatenwelt. Von einem müssigen Kriegsknecht. Stuttgart. Mezler. 1852.

<sup>15</sup> J. G. von Herder's "Sämmtliche Werke." Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

<sup>16</sup> "Leben des M. Tullius Cicero." Von C. A. F. Brückner. Göttingen. 1852.

<sup>17</sup> "Geologische Bilder." Von Bernhard Cotta. Leipzig. 1852.

"The House Chronicle,"<sup>18</sup> of which we have here six numbers, scarcely falls within the limits of our jurisdiction, being a periodical of miscellaneous contents. Opening a number at random, we find "The Mysterious Treasure," "The Goldsmith of Westcheap," "Knightly Deeds and Adventures," "Hamlet the Dane," &c. The style is homely, but not unpleasant; and, like most specimens of the popular literature of Germany that reach us, it is of a more healthy character than the majority of the productions that form the chief mental aliment of the corresponding classes in England or France.

#### Fiction.

The "Hochwald"<sup>19</sup> of Adalbert Stifter, will add nothing to the reputation of its author. The extreme inspidity of the *dramatis personæ* is unrelieved by any of the variety of incident or ingenuity of plot which, though a merit of an inferior order, will sometimes make partial amends for the absence of the character, passion, or sentiment that we look for in a novel. A pair of young ladies, warranted first-rate in point of beauty, but otherwise nothing in particular, a venerable papa, a faithful old servant, a young gentleman in love to the required depth—such are the materials of this silly little story; but, from its outward form, it may perhaps be intended to take its place among the literature of the *boudoir*, or the toy-shop.

The two best novels that have reached us this quarter are translations from the Swedish of Emilie Carlen, "The Guardian," and "The Report."<sup>20</sup> The latter especially possesses in an eminent degree that power of charming the attention which is so much prized by novel-readers; and in fertility of invention, in range of character, in humour and pathos, stands greatly in advance of any previous work of the authoress. Our sympathies are powerfully moved by the domestic tragedy in the earlier portion, by the situation of the young poet husband, on whom nature and fortune seem equally to have lavished their gifts, yet who is in reality only mocked by a Tantalus-show of happiness. His young and lovely bride, in deliberate villany, is the equal of Becky

<sup>18</sup> "Haus Chronik." Herausgegeben von Kaspar Braun und Friedrich Schneider. Munich: Braun und Schneider. 1852.

<sup>19</sup> "Der Hochwald." Von Adalbert Stifter. Pesth: Heckenath. 1852.

<sup>20</sup> "Der Vormund." Roman von Emilie Flygare Carlen. "Ein Gerucht." Roman von Flygare Carlen. Aus dem Schwedischen, von G. Finck. Stuttgart: Franckschen Buchhandlung. 1852.

Sharp, but lacks something of the cool and logical consistency of that admirable young woman. Astonishing as Becky's proceedings are, we never for a moment doubt that, granting the premises, such they would have been. Such a nature and such an education must have produced such results. But the wickedness of Lilia cannot well be accounted for, without the supposition of a nature originally delighting in evil, and even then it is not always consistent with itself.

Some of the humorous personages—the poet's pupil, Dick, the formidable Frau Walbog—a visitor of the Mrs. Falcon genus, but of an honester species—her daughter, Mamsell Jolly, whose *mission* it is to be permanently twelve years old, as that age is considered most suitable to the various accomplishments and feats to which she has been trained, with a view of affording amusement in the houses where it is her mother's pleasure and profit to quarter herself—all these are amusing and effective sketches. As a whole, however, both these romances would be improved by being simplified in their plot and reduced in their dimensions. There are so many plantings and transplantings of affections, so many loving pairs tending by devious tracks to the common goal of matrimony, that we get somewhat bewildered. In one instance, where the lover is a doctor, there is a rather nauseous mixture of love and medicine; the marriage arises out of the malady, and the tender passion and the tumour are simultaneously brought to a head. We should add perhaps, though it is with regret, that neither of these productions could be unhesitatingly admitted as "*family reading*."

No such objection can be raised against the next novel on our list, a novel in four volumes, entitled "Herder."<sup>21</sup> It is as innocent as butter-biscuit, and not much more piquant. The author seems to have set to work, in an unusually methodical and deliberate manner, to construct a series of novels, of which persons of high literary reputation, with whom he desires his countrymen to be better acquainted, should figure as the heroes. Having *done* Lessing and Humboldt, he proceeds, in the regular course of business, to Herder—the object he has in view being to make the German nation acquainted with the literary history of the past generation, and to unite "Homeric fidelity with dramatic action and representation of character;" and thus to awaken an interest for distinguished individuals even in the mere entertainment-

seeking public. But the lives of literary men in general are extremely undramatic, and none was ever more so than that of Herder. The author has certainly succeeded in reproducing the literary aspect of the time with astonishing exactness and industry; but a mere repetition of actual life in all its prosaic tediousness is not desirable in fiction, which should stir our imaginations by something more attractive, more vivid, than reality—by brighter joys, stronger emotions, grander sorrows—"des *Hasses Kraft, die Macht der Liebe*." A false entry in a tradesman's ledger could not well be classed as a work of imagination. We hope therefore that Dr. Klencke will reconsider his resolution of continuing these performances; and employ the large amount of information he possesses, rather in the production of authentic biographies, than of dull and uninteresting novels, without either the authority of truth or the charm of fiction.

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#### ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

ALTHOUGH Literature cannot be said to flourish under the Dictator, owing to the restraints placed upon the expression of opinion, the list of this quarter shows, among its few publications, some two or three of marked importance. Auguste Comte has sent forth the second volume of his "*Système de Politique Positive*." It is devoted to Social Statics, or the abstract statement of the principles of Order. The positive study of Humanity is divided into two essential portions: first, that which concerns the fundamental nature of the organism, the *structure* of society, or Social Statics; secondly, that which concerns the evolution of society, or Social Dynamics. It is of course as difficult, if not more so, to separate the statical from the dynamical point of view in treating of society as in treating of the human organism; but logical convenience suggests that we should subjectively separate considerations of structure from those of life, and begin our study with anatomy before approaching physiology. In seven chapters Comte discusses the statical conditions. First in order stands Religion, or the "positive theory of human unity;" secondly, the sociological appreciation of the human problem or "positive

<sup>21</sup> "Herder." Roman von Klencke. Leipzig: Kollman. 1862.

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

theory of material property ;" thirdly, the positive theory of the human family; fourthly, the positive theory of language; fifthly, the positive theory of the social organism; sixthly, the positive theory of social existence systematized by the sacerdotal institution; seventhly, the positive theory of the general limits of variations incident to order.

Throughout these abstract considerations we observe the presence of one peculiarity observable in no other treatise of the kind—viz., that the theory of social order is rigorously deduced from, and limited by, the theory of individual organism. In the first volume Comte propounds a cerebral theory which may be accepted as the positive theory of human nature; and, guided by this theory, he analyzes the social organism, showing how it employs the three fundamental principles of human life,—activity, affection, and intelligence—to construct therewith a higher organism, Humanity. In other words, Comte makes Biology the basis of Sociology. All systems pretend to take human nature as their basis; none but his rigorously fulfils the condition; they either introduce some extraneous elements—or they present a truncated system of human nature in which one or the other essential is wanting.

Comte begins with religion as the keystone of the social arch: the bond which binds the divergent tendencies of human beings into unity, and which binds together (*religare*) the diverse individualities into society. Religion, which at first was spontaneous, then inspired, then revealed, now finally becomes *demonstrated*: following thus the laws of evolution which have presided over Science. Religion, as defined by Comte, is not this or that form of creed, but the harmony proper to human existence, individual and collective, constituting for the soul a normal *consensus* similar to that of health for the body. It gathers into its bosom all the tendencies of our nature, active, affectionate, and intelligent. It presides over politics, art and philosophy.

Every stage of religion demands the continuous concurrence of two spontaneous influences: the one objective and essentially intellectual, the other subjective and purely moral. On the one hand our intelligence must conceive an external Power to which our existence must be subordinated. On the other, it is equally indispensable that we should be animated by an internal affection capable of binding together all the other affections. Submission to the external power naturally seconds this internal discipline. Men in our day almost univer-

sally consider Unity as resulting only from our moral condition; but, in truth, no unity would be possible without this objective dependence. When the belief in an external power is incomplete or vacillating, the purest moral sentiments are incapable of preventing "*d'immenses divagations et de profondes dissidences.*" (However orthodox this may appear to the casual reader, he is warned not to understand by this external Power the orthodox theological formula. Having made this caveat, we continue.)

To fulfil its true function (*pour nous ré- gler et nous rallier*) Religion must, therefore, first subordinate our existence to an external and irresistible Power. This social dogma is, properly speaking, no more than the development of the biological notion of the necessary subordination of an organism to a medium. Religion rests on the permanent combination of two conditions: love and faith; and its "*véritable unité consiste à lier le dedans et le relia au dehors.*" Since then it concerns at once both the heart and the mind, it naturally divides itself into two parts, one intellectual, the other moral: the first constitutes the *credo*, properly so called, and consists in determining the *ensemble* of that external order to which we are necessarily subordinate. And here it is that the capital distinction must be sought between the Positive Religion and all other Religions. It is, as before stated, a Religion of demonstration. Its *credo* comes from the demonstrated truths of Positive Science, and the striving of science has resulted in furnishing precise and coherent views of the *ensemble* of physical phenomena, and thus furnishing a basis to Religion.

Hitherto, in spite of their decrepitude, intellectually speaking, the earlier Religions have maintained their supremacy by reason of moral considerations. To Science has been handed over all consideration of physical laws; but moral laws have been reserved for other teachers. Comte claims to have made the two one, by his foundation of social science. The gradual appreciation of the fundamental order reveals to us a final class of natural laws more hidden and more complicated than the former, but also more nearly concerning us. Although the course of our existence is directly subordinated to the cosmical and biological laws, it is not wholly represented by them. Our principal functions demand another explanation. We all feel ourselves ruled over by astronomical, chemical, and vital laws. But on a closer inspection we find there is another yoke, not less irresistible though more

modifiable, resulting from the *ensemble* of the statical and dynamical laws proper to the social order. Like all the others, this fatality makes itself sensible, first by its physical results, next by its intellectual influence, and finally by its moral supremacy. Since the dawn of civilization, every one has felt that his destiny was materially bound to that of his contemporaries, and even his predecessors. Later on, the involuntary comparison of various social conditions manifests the intellectual dependence of each upon the rest. The proudest dreamer cannot misconceive the great influence exercised over individual opinions by time and place. And, finally, as regards the most spontaneous phenomena, examination detects the dependence of our own moral condition on that of the general character of the corresponding sociability. Thus, under all aspects, man feels himself subject to Humanity.

We cannot, in our brief space, follow Comte, be it never so rapidly, into the various sections of this chapter on Religion—a chapter only appreciable by those who have previously familiarized themselves with his Positive Philosophy. Let us rather glance at the other chapters—and first, at that wherein the theory of property is treated. This *question brûlante* of property is one which Socialist writers in general have treated very inconsiderately, not to say absurdly. “*La Propriété c’est le vol*” was, it may be, only a pistol fired in the air; but the experience of revolutions teaches us the terrible consequences of a pistol fired in the air. As far as the social argument was concerned, the question of Property was purely one of *Distribution*, not of *Origin*. It was thought that another mode of distribution would be more effective, more equitable, more economical. By perplexing this question with one of “Rights,” of “possession,” the egotistic fears and prejudices of all professors were aroused, and instead of discussion there was combat, instead of argument, invective on *both* sides.

Comte, as a philosophic Socialist who founds his theories upon actualities, who leaves to others the pleasant fields of Utopia, and is content to take human nature as he finds it, not only vindicates Property, but undertakes to show its essential position in Social Order. He includes in it the whole material and industrial activity of man, and shows how the institution of Capital becomes the necessary basis of that division of labour which Aristotle declared to be the principal practical characteristic of social harmony; and by thus permitting the division of labour, Capital impels every active citizen to work not only for himself, *but for others*.

As before noted, the peculiarity of this

treatise is its deduction of social principles from biological principles; and in this great question of property it does not discuss alone the economical side, but shows how here, as elsewhere, the selfish instincts of man lead in their satisfaction to the development of unselfish instincts, how *egotism* is the impulse to *altruism* (to use a felicitous phrase coined by Comte): thus the egotistic instinct of material preservation, which impels to industry, is the foundation of Society, rendering it possible in a higher sense than that of mere aggregation of families.

The same luminous method of deducing the social from the individual is seen in the next chapter, which treats of “The Family” both as a moral and as a political basis, where we see clearly the origin of public social virtues arising out of private personal feelings. Comte is very energetic in his denouncement of what he considers the anarchical theories of “female emancipation.” Considering “woman’s mission” to be strictly and simply the office of Sentiment in tempering, refining, and rendering more social the essential practical Activity of Man—viewing woman as the symbol of Affection, as man is of Force, he holds that, so far from women performing the same work as men, they ought not to work at all, except in their domestic sphere. The man is bound to work for the woman’s support; and she, in return, is bound to obey him implicitly. He quotes, with immense approbation, the saying of Aristotle, that “woman’s force is best shown in surmounting the difficulty of obedience.”

The fifth chapter is on Language, which he rightly conceives as analogous to Capital. It is intellectual capital; the stored-up labour of generations of minds. Its social function has never before been so closely indicated. But to bring forward the views here maintained would require considerable space; indeed, the same may be said of the whole volume, the novelty of which prevents rapid analysis, every point requiring to be placed in a light acceptable to the general reader. We may say, however, in conclusion, that agree with the opinions, or differ from them, no man can attentively study these two volumes, so eminently suggestive and so novel, without a very considerable benefit.

Although they are reprints, Guizot’s volumes on *Cornelle* and *Shakspeare* are certainly to Englishmen equivalent to new works, except in the tone, which occasionally speaks of the period when they were written. Old or new, two such admirable volumes rarely call upon our notice; and not the least curious point in them is the eminently academic *literary* spirit of the

professor, who, when he wrote these volumes, never dreamed of one day being minister. The reader will find them anything but the leisures of an ex-minister; they betray the steady labour of ambitious youth, digging the foundations deep, in order that the pedestal may be secure. An erudition, copious and exact, is set forth in a certain tempered gravity of style, which, if not eloquence, is the next best thing to eloquence; and the criticisms have an union of good sense with catholicity very rare in French writers. We do not say that, on all points, we believe Guizot to be a trustworthy guide; but, on all points, his opinion is well worth weighing. To Englishmen, there will always be that fundamental objection of his being a Frenchman, with the French attitude of mind regarding Poetry as "versified good sense," consequently, preferring "a wise moderation" to the eagle flight—

"Soaring with supreme dominion,  
Through the azure fields of air."

But although his attitude is that of a Frenchman, it is not that of a Parisian; by which we mean that he is seldom guilty of the error of turning off a sentiment with a *mot*. He is guilty of it in the following passage, which we quote as a warning, "to let well alone:"—Geoffroy Rudel, the Troubadour, had embarked for Holy Land, that he might see his lady-love. *En route*, he fell ill, and arriving at Tripolis, in a dying state, he sent to the Countess, who came to his bed-side, and "le trouvant presque mort, l'embrasse, ce baiser lui rend ce qu'il lui faut de vie pour le sentir; il ouvre les yeux et meurt en remerciant la Providence de son bonheur." Only a Frenchman could spoil such a beautiful little poem as this by an epigram. The dying Troubadour, wakened for a moment to new life by the kiss of his mistress, thanks Providence for his kindness; and the comment suggested is—*Geoffroy n'était pas difficile!* It is a natural characteristic, as he confesses a few pages onwards;—"Le Français né observateur et par conséquent malin," is the reading he gives to Boileau's famous line; and this tendency to observation is shown in placing the ridiculous everywhere—epigrams by death-beds, *esprit* in solemnities!

The volume on "Corneille et son Temps" is divided into three essays: On the state of French Poetry previous to Corneille; a rapid, yet satisfactory sketch, erudite and entertaining; On the Life and Works of Corneille; a meagre biography, but containing an admirable indication of the rise and progress of dramatic art, and excellent criticisms on Corneille's genius; and finally,

an account of Corneille's three contemporaries, Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron.

Poetic criticism, as it is understood in Germany and England, must not be expected in these essays; but that philosophic criticism which is always welcome—the psychological insight of the intellect rather than the appreciative delicacy of taste—will be found here in abundance.

"Shakspeare et son Temps," is less valuable, but has its value too, and deserves a place on the shelves between Gervinus and Schlegel. We have naturally more deductions to make on the score of national characteristics than in the volume on Corneille; but when all deductions are made, there remains a solid amount of excellent criticism and suggestive remark. It mingles with unostentatious success the philosophical and historical points of view; and although the biography is at once meagre and fanciful—repeating long-exploded traditions, and giving no notice of the recent discoveries, such as they are, in this obscure region—yet even cultivated Englishmen will not peruse without profit the Essay on Shakspeare and his times. The criticisms on the separate plays we cannot greatly commend, but in the *general* considerations we recognise the philosopher.

Roman history has of late been the arena of iconoclastic combats. Every one has something to knock down or to "rehabilitate." The agrarian laws have naturally formed a "very pretty quarrel," and now M. Macé, in his "Histoire des Lois Agraires chez les Romains," has undertaken, with erudition and ingenuity, to show the injustice of traditional opinions on that subject. He is not by any means the first who has written in this sense; but he is the last and not the least. He builds his conclusion on the nature of the land affected by these laws, in limiting the quantity each citizen was permitted to hold, and in distributing the surplus to the poor. These "slices of the rich fat soil" were obtained by conquest: originally they formed portions of the public domain, and could only become private property by usurpation. In her wars with her neighbours, Rome always sold peace for land. This land was let out at rent. By degrees the rich and powerful forgot, or declined to pay, the rent; while the poor sold their portions to pay their debts. Thus formed, the property became consolidated by passing through the various forms of sale, exchange, marriage-contract, inheritance, until nothing remained to raise a claim upon save the *original* sin of defective right—of usurpation. It was this the tribunes thundered against. They reclaimed from the few what belonged rightfully to the

many. The lands were the property of the republic, and not of individual citizens; and to restore them to their lawful owners was the object of the agrarian laws. An object totally different, according to our author, from that of modern imitators of this measure; since the Roman reformers left private property untouched, and only called upon usurpation to give back what it had unlawfully got possession of—whereas our reformers attack directly the sacredness of private property! Whatever may be thought of M. Macé's historical views, his logic will not find much favour.

Lamartine's sixth volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration" brings the narrative down to the death of Napoleon. It is a very interesting volume, with fewer of those ambitious absurdities of style which fatigue us in the earlier volumes. There are too many, however. What can a plain man make of such descriptions as this of Ney on his trial?—"Son front élevé roulait des remords et des pressentiments." Burleigh's shake of the head is nothing to it.

The story of the trial and execution of Marshal Ney is admirably told in these pages; and there is one incident to which we direct especial attention, illustrating the theatrical nature of the French, even in their most serious moments. At a certain stage of the trial, Dupin, Ney's advocate, whispered to him, "All hope is over! Nothing now remains but to fall with *éclat*, and save your name in men's memories by falling nobly and patriotically in the eyes of France!" Whereupon the Marshal, feigning want of a breath of fresh air, left the court with his two advocates, "to concert with them his attitude and language." *Concierter son attitude*: what a thought to preoccupy a man about to die! Guilty of contemptible treachery, he feels that, now all hope of evading punishment is lost, there still remains the compensation of *la mise en scène!* Die he must, but he will die with got-up *éclat*; he will attitudinize before "the universe," (a Frenchman seldom takes a mirror of less modest compass than "the universe!") His advocates convinced him of the hopelessness of his cause. "But we have reserved for you," said M. Dupin, "the means of playing a part in the *denouement* of your trial and your life, by some *supreme and noble words*. We will re-enter the court. I will demand the right of defending you, and will begin by pleading your quality as a foreigner which withdraws you from the judgment of a French government, you having been born at *Sarrelouis*, now no longer a portion of the French territory. No sooner have the words which

claim protection for you as a stranger issued from my mouth, than you spring to your feet and interrupt me with an *éclat* of indignation, and a patriotic movement, which you will not need to feign, and you will imperiously forbid my attempt to save your life at the price of the abdication of your glorious nationality!" And this mock-heroic scene was acted! They wrote on a piece of paper the few words they had arranged for him; he learnt them by heart; at the premeditated moment he played out the scene, and not only "electrified" theatrical France, but even the historian who applauds it from behind the scenes! What an odour of foot-lights this anecdote makes us scent in other heroisms played on the stage of France! That Dupin should arrange such a scene is natural enough; an advocate is always seeking effect, not truth. That Ney should gladly have fallen in with such a plan is intelligible enough, being a Frenchman. But that the historian calmly relating the whole story should not be aware of its painful falsehood and trumpery tinsel, that, we confess, is less intelligible and very disagreeable.

Among the interesting pages of this volume let us note the hitherto inedited little pamphlet wherein Louis XVIII. himself, with his own royal hand, becomes the historian of one episode of his reign; and let us also note the story of Louvel and his murder of the Duc de Berri as among Lamartine's most successful efforts. There are also some elaborate "portraits" in the Lamartine fashion. That of the fascinating Madame du Cayla being, perhaps, the most successful.

Of the books produced by the *coup d'état*, there are three not to be overlooked, and these are the works by Proudhon, Victor Hugo, and Schœlcher. With a blindness scarcely explicable, Proudhon's "*Révolution Sociale démontrée par le coup d'état*," has been allowed to appear in France, and four editions have been sold in two months. Because it professes to accept the *coup d'état* as a progress towards the final triumph of socialism, it has been permitted, although, in truth, it is one of the most destructive books ever written, and, to all thinking readers, exposes the nullity of Louis Napoleon. Amidst much that is paradoxical, and not a little that is absurd, there is matter for reflection in this book. Proudhon sees in Louis Napoleon the natural consequences of three years of imbecile reaction, always preaching against socialism, and the necessity for a restoration of authority, the absorption of individual liberty in the state. You, Men of Order, wanted Authority;

you have got it. You wanted Socialism knocked on the head; it is silenced. You wanted "order;" you have it.

The 24th February, 1848, he bids us remark, a revolution overturned constitutional monarchy and placed a democracy in its stead; the 2nd December, 1851, another revolution substituted a decennial presidency for that democracy; in six months, perhaps, another revolution will drive away the president, and re-establish a legitimate monarchy on the ruins. What is the secret of these changes? That which Louis Philippe could neither foresee nor avoid, overthrew him, and brought a republic; that which the republicans were afraid to undertake overthrew the republic and decided the success of Napoleon; that which Napoleon dare not attempt will, in turn, be his ruin; and so on with all his successors, provided the country is willing to bear the expense of all these failures. And what is this but the problem of the proletariat, *l'idée sociale*? In vain do men exclaim that socialism is vanquished. It can only be vanquished by a solution of their problem it presents. At present it is silenced, not solved. It has been answered with diatribes and bayonets. And the 2nd December was only possible because Napoleon declared himself as the representative of the social idea. The people believed he was to solve the problem for them.

Couple with this Proudhon's notorious theory of non-government, or *anarchy*, which he says this *coup d'état* illustrates anew, and you have the *résumé* of his new book. There are incidental passages of singular interest; among them a sort of philosophic history of the causes which led to the failure of the Republic, and an energetic vindication of the morality of the Provisional Government. It was that morality which hastened the fall; because, in face of a clergy opposed to them at heart, and a mass of interests necessarily affected by their measures, the Republicans vainly endeavoured to conciliate where they should have vanquished, not seeing that, as Proudhon says, every change in the state *must* damage many interests. "Les hommes du Gouvernement provisoire firent de la République le synonyme de *Moralité*. Ils furent pieux, modestes, pleins d'honneur et de scrupule, prompts au dévouement, esclaves de la légalité, gardiens incorruptibles de la pudeur démocratique, vrais surtout." The reader is requested to note these epithets coming from Proudhon, the great iconoclast; epithets the truth of which his own pages demonstrate; and then let us ask where was the censor's sagacity that could

allow such a passage to appear? Every epithet ennobles the Republican party, and brands as with a red-hot iron the character of the Decembrizers; every word is an irony in contrast. *This* is what one must say of the Provisional Government; can one word of it be said of the Decembrizers?

Proudhon is at no pains to conceal his contempt for Louis Napoleon. But repeat as often as you will, he says, that the 2nd December was an act of brigandage, that the army was ferocious, the people cowardly, and the Government wicked; all that only perplexes the question. It is true that the Louis Napoleon of Boulogne and Strasbourg was needed for such an act, but it still remains to be explained how the Napoleon who failed so miserably in Boulogne and Strasbourg succeeded in Paris. And he attempts an explanation which amounts to this: the People sympathized with the *coup d'état*. There is no doubt of it:—

One trait of the people is worth pausing to consider. Proudhon, relating the ineffectual efforts of the Republicans to rouse the people to resistance, says they were met with ignoble railleries on the loss of their twenty-five francs a day. "The Montagnards had become unpopular. Do you know why? Because they were paid. The people who quietly suffer a civil list of twelve millions regard payment of its representatives as a robbery. Twenty-five francs a day! From democrats! . . . *Democracy is envy!*" The same feeling actuates our working classes; they cannot believe in the honesty of a man who is paid for any labour not obviously physical.

If Louis Napoleon sees no danger in Proudhon's book, he is not so blind respecting Victor Hugo's "Napoleon le Petit," the sale of which must be reckoned by thousands. It is a vehement diatribe, and eloquent as vehement, against the usurper, which however becomes rather fatiguing at last; the more so as the indignation is too exclusively directed against Napoleon, and not sufficiently against the nation which submits to him. All that is said against his villany is acceptable enough; but it will not explain the success of the *coup d'état*. We are no admirers of Louis Napoleon; we think even his "ability," so much lauded, is more attributable to his utter want of conscience than to any intellectual superiority,—as Victor Hugo, in a sparkling epigram, says, "*Fausse clef bien faite. Tout est là,*"—nevertheless the question still returns, in the words of Proudhon, How is it that this adventurer succeeded? Heap accusation upon accusation, call him all the names an energetic language has among its re-



sources, prove him to be utterly contemptible (he is so), and you have only made it more difficult to explain his success.

Of explanation we have little in this volume. The poet revels in images; the orator in apostrophes and epigrams; the philosopher is nowhere to be found. Page after page of splendid writing; not a page of careful thinking. It is a cry, a protest, an appeal.

Victor Schœlcher's "Histoire des Crimes des Deux Decembre" is a book that will better satisfy the English reader. It wants the splendid rhetoric and sarcasm of "Napoleon le Petit;" but it compensates the deficiency by presenting a circumstantial, animated, detailed history of the *coup d'état*. It is warmed with the generous indignation of a republican who played a prominent part in that Revolution, glorious among Revolutions for its purity, its generosity, its integrity, and its clemency—a Revolution which abolished capital punishment, exiled no one, imprisoned no one, wronged no one, and is now persecuted in the person of all its active men by the very parties it spared. M. Schœlcher, in rapid traits, depicts the conduct of the reactionists, who first in the fatal days of June excited against the Provisional Government the terror and the anger of the *bourgeoisie* by the sudden suppression of the Ateliers Nationaux, thus throwing a mass of working men upon the streets, armed with the despair of want. Next, having suppressed the revolt, the "party of order" organised a coalition in the rue de Poitiers, whence it issued its incessant pamphlets and journals, vilifying the Republicans in every way, raising up against them the "Spectre Rouge" which finally took shape as the phantom of *La Jacquerie*. Here, indeed, lies the secret of Napoleon's success. The *bourgeoisie* were frightened by the "Spectre Rouge;" the people were made to distrust and despise the assembly. One long unvarying crusade against socialism as a doctrine of spoliation hoisting a red flag, made the "Spectre Rouge" a conviction. In vain did the socialists themselves protest at the tribune and through the press against these insulting charges; in vain did they demonstrate the absurdity, and appeal to their acts when in power: the cry of "anarchy" and "robbery" was kept up, and gained credence. Louis Napoleon availed himself of the bugbear. He "saved society."

M. Schœlcher in narrating this sad episode of the Nation's history, confessed that he had never thought the *état major* of the French army could have been so devoid of honour and loyalty, could have been so demoralized as to submit to such men as

Bonaparte and Persigny. But he must permit us to say that here his patriotism blinded him. A very little examination would have shown the *quality* of that French army so monstrously belauded by all French publicists. Of their gallantry and power on the battle-field no two opinions are admissible. Of their deplorable morality, we grieve to say the same. A more corrupt body does not exist. It is not the common soldier, the subaltern, or the junior officers alone, but the very highest people, the generals, the marshals, the "glories" of that army, who have always shown themselves the willing tools of power. How they fell away from their Emperor when at odds with fortune! How basely they deserted the Bourbons when Napoleon returned! Ney, who left Louis XVIII. vowing to "bring back Napoleon in a cage," passed over to the side of Napoleon without even offering battle. When Waterloo had finished the career of Napoleon, how these generals crowded round the Bourbons once again! So far from being astonished at the officers of the French army being seduced by the gold and promises of Louis Napoleon, our astonishment would have been at their resistance. There are honourable exceptions to this general censure; but the facts of history are damnable. It is of no use to shut our eyes to these facts. Flattery of a people will not make them virtuous; and although it is the fashion for all parties in France to laud the integrity of the French army, we, who love France dearly, with all her faults, cannot stand by and not perceive that to count upon the morality of the *état-major* for the triumph of Right, is to build on sand. M. Schœlcher does not disguise the fact that the conspiracy of December was truly a "military conspiracy." "Presque tous les officiers supérieurs de la garnison parisienne étaient complices."

The soldiers, indeed, forming as they do a living section of the People, have repeatedly shown themselves willing enough to espouse the cause of the People. But they, too, were worked upon by adroit calumnies, one of which—a most effective though audacious lie—M. Schœlcher has noticed, viz. the soldiers were told that Lamennais had proposed the suppression of their daily *sou* of pocket-money! It was a lie; but as the soldiers were not allowed to read the papers wherein such lies were contradicted, they believed it!

M. Schœlcher admits, and explains why, the Bourgeoisie and the People remained passive during the struggle. He draws this lesson: *In future let the Bourgeoisie and the People be united! As friends they can resist*

every oppression ; divided they fall beneath the sabre of Pretorians and the inquisition of the Jesuits. Well, if France and Europe have learnt but this lesson from the *coup d'état*, there will yet be hope. But what a change must have penetrated the Republican ranks when one of their chiefs can look to the union of the Bourgeoisie and the People as a source of safety ! A welcome change, a hopeful change. From it may possibly spring that other evolution which M. Schœlcher justly remarks is necessary to France, namely, the sentiment of Duty. "Nous n'avons que le sentiment de l'Autorité" he says, "il faut y substituer celui du Droit." Therein, as he judiciously recognises, lies the political stability of England. The facility with which any Authority finds obedience in France draws from him these reflections :—

"We have a thousand times shuddered with rage and indignation, a thousand times been wounded to the soul, since we have been mixed up with political life, in seeing with what excessive disdain Authority, in France, disposed of the liberty of citizens. Our sorrow was the greater because it seemed to us an abuse of force against the weak. We never suspected that those who gave way to such violence against others would themselves just as easily succumb to the effects of violence ; we could not fancy the most considerable men of the nation, representatives of the people, ministers, and ambassadors, could be illegally arrested in the presence of all the world without rousing the entire population ; we could not suppose that generals who had commanded large armies, generals notoriously innocent, would be placed between two gendarmes, and led to the frontier like malefactors, without the gendarmes, who were only the day before under their orders, hesitating to conduct them, without emotion on the part of the public, without resistance on their own part. One feels more hatred and contempt for arbitrary rule when one sees how easy it is ; when one considers that in a state of society where *order* reigns, the meanest authority finds submissive agents for the most revolting enormities."

We quoted but now a passage from Proudhon, wherein the miserable jealousy of the working classes regarding the payment of its representatives was energetically reproved. M. Schœlcher gives us an anecdote wherein we read a still finer reproof :—

"The representative of the people, Baudin, will be inscribed on the glorious and too long list of martyrs of liberty, by the side of the brothers Bandiera, of Robert Blum, and of Bathiany. His death was not without bitterness. 'We will not sacrifice ourselves for the *twenty-five francs*,' a workman said to him. 'The salaried servants of universal suffrage ! the *twenty-five francs* !' We were called so in jest even by some of our own friends. 'You shall see,' replied Baudin, 'how a man dies for *twenty-five francs* !' And he offered up his life at the foot of the Constitution, leaving to posterity his name and a noble speech !"

No one will read without absorbing interest and indignation the animated history M. Schœlcher has written of the arrest of the various generals and representatives, and the subsequent ineffectual attempts to arouse the faubourgs to resistance. Comparing these attempts with the success in 1848, one sees clearly enough how thoroughly the people were duped by Louis Napoleon's artful restoration of universal suffrage and promises of amelioration. They looked upon him as the armed solution of their difficulties. What Barbès promised, Bonaparte would give them. They even admired, without disguise, the adroitness with which he had vanquished his enemies. M. Schœlcher conceals nothing. He has written with impartiality, in spite of his indignation.

There are, of course, many striking traits of courage and devotion in these pages. At one barricade, at which the historian was present, the following scene was visible. A detachment of troops is approaching the barricade :—

"The three companies were silently advancing with funeral slowness. We made signs to them to stop ; the captain (M. Petit), who was at their head, replied by signs in the negative ; seven then got down and advanced towards him. At the sight of these few men advancing in the majesty of civic duty, the soldiers halted almost in spite of themselves. We appealed to their patriotism and honour. 'We are representatives of the people,' said we. 'You are deceived ; you are attacking the Constitution, whereas you ought, on the contrary, to save it. We entreat your assistance in maintaining respect for the law of the land. Come with us ; it will be to your glory.' 'Silence !' said the captain ; 'I will not hear you. I obey my superiors. Retire ; I have orders to execute. Retire, or I give orders to fire.' 'You may kill us,' replied the Montagnards, with one voice, 'but you will not make us give way ; our bodies must serve as a rampart to the people !' 'Soldiers, make ready—forwards !'

"This order was executed.

"We were all seven in a line ; some of us, thinking the last hour had come, stood hat in hand, as if to salute death. Officers and soldiers were, no doubt, touched by our attitude.

"It is certain that they could have killed us, as, the next day, others killed the heroic Dus-soubs, who, his scarf over his shoulder, and unarmed before the soldiery, as we were, did what we were then doing. They would not do so ; they passed between us. Nine lines of soldiers, as they rushed to the barricade, met us face to face ; not one fired. We were at the points of their bayonets and swords ; they glanced off as they touched our breasts. A young officer of the second platoon, in front of whom the *mêlée* brought us, and whom we entreated to join us, reproaching him with his fault, said despairingly, 'Our position is frightful. What can we do ? We have orders !' . . . Sword in hand, he looked miserable. Ah ! if the generals had not been

sold! He who writes these pages alone received two blows from a bayonet, which did not even pierce his clothes; they had been given rather to separate him from the captain, whom he was thought to be too near, than to hurt him.

"An episode will show still better the character of the French soldier, when left to his natural generosity. A soldier took aim *à bout portant* at our friend Bruckner. He perceived it, and said quietly, 'Fire! I dare you to do it.' The soldier smiled, raised his gun over the bold man's shoulder, and firing into the air, pressed the representative's hand as he sprung aside."

### *Belles Lettres.*

In the department of *Belles Lettres*, usually so rich, the quarter has been very poor. Dumas continues his "*Mémoires*," the twelfth volume only coming down to his first success as a dramatic author. Here the biography becomes very amusing; and we can imagine the surprise of the reader, when he learns that so strong was the feeling of the classicists against the dangerous innovation of the romanticists, that a petition was actually written, signed by seven grave personages, and sent to the king, begging him to interdict the performance of "Henri III."—not on the ground of immorality, but on that of its offence against "*le bon goût!*" There are some piquant revelations of the Orleans meanness in this volume, and many a readable page. Besides the "*Mémoires*," we have only to note the continuation of "*La Comtesse de Charny*."

Théophile Gautier has reprinted his *feuilletons* in two amusing and eccentric volumes. The first, "*Italia*," gives a picturesque account of his residence in Venice. The reader, familiar with Gautier's charmingly impertinent and highly-coloured style, will expect to hear more about art and women than anything else in "*Italia*." In fact, Gautier ought to have called his book "*A Search after the Effects of Colour in Venice*." Colour, colour everywhere. In one of his raptures, he can find no other epithet for the Creator than that of "*grande coloriste*;" which (as a "so French!" phrase) may be placed beside his other definition; "*Dieu—ce dernier amour des femmes!*" Life to him seems only acceptable, in as far as it affords subjects for pictures and epigrams. Death itself ought, he thinks, to preserve its plastic terrors, under pain of becoming contemptible; and thus it is that he despises the guillotine as a poor mechanical instrument, totally wanting in poetry: death by the guillotine he calls "*un supplice doucereusement bourgeois, privé par la mécanique et la philanthropie de sa poésie affreuse*."

Having thus indicated "*Italia*" to those who are not turned away by infinite coxcombrery, an infusion of blasphemy, and a certain *quartier latin* gaiety, let us also mention "*Caprices et Zigzags*," a more interesting volume to English readers, because mainly devoted to "impressions of England and Belgium." Gautier was much pleased with London, and has written wittily, kindly, pleasantly of what he saw, heard, and ate. Accuracy is not the quality one seeks in a Frenchman; but Gautier does not blunder so ludicrously as his predecessors.

Another book, also a reprint, "*Les Illuminés*," by Gérard de Nerval, is worth half a dozen Novels. It is a collection of biographical studies—*more Gallico*—of eccentric persons. The first "*Le Roi de Bicêtre*," is an anecdotal and dramatic narrative of poor Raoul Spifame: the second is "*L'Histoire de l'Abbé de Bacquoy*"—a striking picture of the gentilhomme forced into holy orders, and scandalizing, by his adventures, the church which imprisoned him. But amusing as these are, they are nothing compared with the story of "*Restif la Bretonne*," the once popular romancist, of whom Gérard de Nerval has written a biography more interesting than a novel. There are also admirable articles on "*Ca-zotte, Cagliostro and the Mystics*." Altogether a more curious and readable book we cannot easily name.

Louis Reybaud, author of the well-known "*Jérôme Paturot*," has also collected a volume of "*Nouvelles*," which, in the present dearth of fiction, must be gladly welcomed. The story of "*Le Dernier des Commis-Voyageurs*" is one of the best he has ever written. George Sand has written no new novel, and her last play, "*Le Démon du Foyer*," intrinsically a weak, uninteresting work, has made a "sensation" among the critics, by the disdainful epithet of penny-a-liners (*gazétiens*) it applies to them.

The only work of permanent merit among the Belletristic publications is the fifth volume of Sainte-Beuve's charming "*Causeries du Lundi*." We have already expressed our opinion on these "*Causeries*;" and, as Gray exclaimed "Be it mine to lie on the sofa and read endless new novels," so we would call for endless new volumes of "*Causeries*." This fifth volume is as various as its predecessors: Jules Janin, de Retz, Raynouard, Rivarol, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, La Harpe, Le Brun, Madame de Motteville, Sièyes, Fiévée, Perrault, Patru, Fouquet, Louis XV., Saint-Just, Pascal, Portalis, &c., pass before our eyes in this collection of subtle, anecdotal, witty, historical, *causeries*.

THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

VOLUME LIX.

JANUARY AND APRIL, 1853.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

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

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD STREET.  
1853.

R. CRAIGHEAD, Printer and Stereotyper.  
53 Vesey Street, N. Y.

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RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster

QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCXCVI.

THE

WESTMINSTER  
REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. CXV.—JANUARY, 1853.

AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXVI. No I.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.  
FETRIDGE & Co., CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., and REDDING & Co., Boston; LITTLE & Co.,  
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RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster  
QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCCL.

THE

**WESTMINSTER  
REVIEW.**

N<sup>o</sup>. CXVI.—APRIL, 1853.

AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXVI. No. II.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET; ENTRANCE, 54 GOLD ST.  
FETRIDGE & Co., CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., and REDDING & Co., Boston; LITTLE & Co.,  
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THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CXV.

FOR JANUARY, 1853.

ART. I.—MARY TUDOR.

*England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe; illustrated in a series of Original Letters, never before printed.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler. London: 1839.

If persecution was necessary to give stability to the reformed Church of England, it was no more than retributive justice that the instrument of it should have been the daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The wrongs of that lady were so widely felt, and the Reformation, ill able as it was to afford so far to compromise itself, was so deeply implicated in the history of them, that nothing less than the long list of the Marian victims was sufficient for their expiation; and we may congratulate ourselves that the education and early life of Queen Mary had left her with no other qualities than what were necessary for the part thus assigned to her, or Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles might have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history have been different. According to the loose notions generally prevalent, the fluctuations of belief under the Tudors are to be explained by the variation of opinion in the successive princes, whose dominion is supposed to have been absolute over the souls if not the bodies of their subjects. But no prince of the Tudor, or any other dynasty in England, has been able to do more than incline the scale between parties equally balanced; and so large a majority of the English people went along with the return to Catholicism, the will of the country was so repeatedly and distinctly pronounced for it, that we must

look elsewhere for the explanation of a revolution so remarkable. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it would have been far more easy for Mary to have recovered for the old faith the ground which it had lost, and renewed—at any rate for a period—the lease of its endurance, than it afterwards proved for Elizabeth conclusively to establish the Reformation.

The whole story is so curious, and illustrates, in so remarkable a degree, the danger to which the English may expose themselves by their distaste for speculative change, that it is worth while to examine the nature of the influences which were then at work among them, as closely as the limits of our present essay will permit us.

English Protestantism, in the form of resistance to papal and ecclesiastical encroachment, is as old as the Norman kings; in the Mortmain Act, and the apparently extravagant provisions of the *Præmunire* Statute, we perceive the same spirit growing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and although the splendid victories of Henry the Fifth in France gave temporary success to the more papal policy of the Lancasters, and enabled the Church partially to recover its position, yet the body of the nation went along willingly with Henry the Eighth in following out the traditionary English policy to its national issue, and wiping utterly out the last traces of the authority of the Pope throughout the country. It was a measure as welcome to the clergy as to the laity; for the former were delivered from the intolerable burden of first-fruits, and had no reason to foresee any other consequences; and the latter had always resented the pretensions of an Italian priest to nominate to English offices of so much political importance as the great abbasies and the bishoprics. The suppression

of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably over-estimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated; while the large discovery of sham miracles, sham relics, winking Virgins, and bowing roods, by which the pockets of believers were relieved of their superfluous contents, very properly and naturally aggravated the general irritation. The Establishments themselves, under the best interpretation of the mode in which they were conducted, had long been of doubtful value. Wolsey, assuredly no enemy of the Catholic Church, had set the example of appropriating their revenues to more useful purposes; and it was supposed and expected, when Henry finally broke them up, that he would go on with Wolsey's schemes, and endow large national foundations for education and charity.

The sole duty of the monks for some time past had been confined to chanting poor souls out of Purgatory; and the monastic theory of Purgatory had become suspicious when it was represented as a place from which there was a legal deliverance through private masses, at per dozen. The deliverance was considered too problematical to be worth the cost; and although the king himself, on the chance that there might possibly be something in it, provided in his last will that six hundred such masses should be said for himself, yet he did not hesitate to deprive his subjects of an advantage which they had no reluctance to lose, if they might exchange it for others of a kind more definite and palpable. Nevertheless, all this implied very little advance in the direction of a reformation of doctrine, as the Protestants understood it. The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell, when he ventured upon leniency toward them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with the change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attribut-

ed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the errors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves; but there is no doubt that they were a questionable set of fanatics, whose theories were impracticable, if not worthless, and they unhappily conceived themselves to be at liberty to propagate them with the sword of the flesh as well as of the spirit. Thus the dislike in England to speculative change became almost more decided in proportion to the natural expectation that such a change was likely to take place. *Masses* might be suspected as patent instruments of making money; but it did not follow that the Sacrifice of the Mass should be called in question. Transubstantiation remained an article of faith with all educated persons; and Cranmer, and even Latimer, only ceased to believe it when the death of Henry opened their minds to conviction. Though the *scholastic* doctrine of Purgatory was overthrown, yet men were still unable to face the appalling alternative, that all who leave their bodies unfit for heaven must remain in hell for ever. Other doctrines of Purgatory might continue to be believed, though the scholastic passed away; and if the monks' masses were no longer thought of any value, yet the saint, whose glorified figure lived in light in the chapel window, still remained to make prevailing intercession. For the marriage of the clergy, the distaste which was long felt for it may be seen in the ecclesiastical titles which survive to the present day as the surnames of families, and which were cast opprobriously on those first "monks," "clerks," "abbots," "priors," "deacons," "archdeacons," and "bishops," who broke their vows, and begot children; and the statute of the Six Articles, cruel as it may seem to be, was no more than the deliberate expression of the English feeling on all these subjects. The executions which took place under it were regarded by the body of the nation as the legitimate penalties of damnable and soul-destroying herodoxy.

The intention of Henry the Eighth was to sever the English branch of the Catholic Church from the Roman stem, and to graft it on the life of the nation; perhaps accepting the literal analogy of this metaphor, at any rate, expecting it to teach the same doctrine, and enforce the same discipline, unaltered either of them in any essential point, as it had taught and enforced before. The supreme authority in it, which had belonged to the Pope, was to be transferred to the king, and that was all the change. The infallibility, he expected, went along with the position, and the very idea never probably occurred to him, that a heretic might succeed him on the

throne. Whether the branch thus severed—severed after it had been attached for a thousand years to its parent tree—would continue to live and thrive was a problem which only experiment could resolve. He himself, however, never had a misgiving about it; and his security, shared in, as it was, by the nation generally, had at least the countenance of one man of high ability, Bishop Gardiner. This remarkable minister was, for twenty years, his ablest assistant in the Reformation; and in nominating him at his death among the guardians of his son, Henry expected that, as a matter of course, he would fill the same position, and exercise the same authority, as he had done under himself.

Henry, however, lived long enough to discredit both himself and his work. The spoils of the monasteries, instead of going to found colleges and hospitals, had been squandered in extravagances, or divided among a good-for-nothing aristocracy. It was hard to believe in the infallibility of a man who succeeded so ill in his domestic relations, and who mixed brass with the current silver, when he wanted money. His Church theory had begun to shake, even while he lived. He was no sooner dead than it fell to ruins. Gardiner himself would have been perplexed to discover where the supreme headship resided, with a council composed of such elements as that of Edward the Sixth. The fear which had previously compelled the various members of it to pretend uniformity, was no sooner gone than it was found to be composed of factions in which his voice, at least, would have little chance of being heard. Cranmer had been long married, and hastened to throw off a concealment which had become intolerable. The majority in the council were the noblemen who had already shared largely in the Church plunder, who being anxious for a further slice of spoil so tempting, were disposed to favour whatever doctrine would most readily gratify them; and the majority, with the *Præmunire* Statute in their hands, could silence any opposition from the bishops and clergy. Before the king had been a week dead, Gardiner found himself without power; within a year he was in the Tower, and the Catholic ritual was gone.

The Lords of the Council, to secure the Church lands and to get more, and the reforming bishops, from real conviction, flung themselves into the track of the Germans; the more the body of the people complained, the more it became necessary to secure the attachment of the extreme Protestants; and the reign of Edward the Sixth presents the unedifying spectacle of a spiritual anarchy deepening day by day; the supreme authority in the hands of a clique of profligate no-

bles, quarrelling over their plunder, and destroying one another; and each faction, as it rose to power, buying adherents by fresh and fresh spoliation. First, the lands went, and when there were no more lands the tithes went, to be impropriated by some noble lord or noble lord's dependent. Cranmer's liturgy, too, venerable and beautiful as it may now seem at the end of three hundred years, was but a bald exchange for the old ceremonial. Composed in the warmth of his own conversion, it contained expressions which outraged the belief of far the greater number of the people (the obnoxious passages were afterwards struck out by Elizabeth,) and yet the use of it was made everywhere obligatory. The priests who objected were turned out of their benefices; and because there were no educated men to be found who would, or who could, take their place, the income was seized upon by some hungry squire, and the parish was either left unsupplied, or some poor tradesman or mechanic was thrust upon the place at the lowest conceivable salary.

We can well understand that measures such as these should have been considered too serious to have been undertaken in a minority, and should have caused sufficient dissatisfaction. After changes, too, of so grave a kind, there was naturally with many people a certain earnest looking for of judgment, an expectation that, in some way or other, God would show whether He was pleased with them; and several years of unusual suffering were construed into an expression of His anger. Short harvests brought more than their usual consequences: for the currency had been still further debased; and wages remaining at their old level, with the necessaries of life at famine price, there was no longer distress, but positive starvation. We can fancy with what feelings, therefore, at such a time, the poor hungry peasants must have gazed at the walls of the desolated abbeys, all the sins of them forgotten, and only the open table and the warm hearth remembered. Hard landlords at least the monks had never been; and if charity had grown cool with them, cool charity was better than none at all. The silent eloquence of the ruins found a voice too in the unhappy remnants of their old possessors, who wandered, like wretched ghosts about their wasted homes; ten thousand of them, friars and nuns, turned adrift to beg or die, only by a refinement of cruelty with their vows of chastity continued upon them under penalty of death. Cromwell had assigned them pensions, which Henry had guaranteed; but the world is a hard place for those who have no means to force their claims. While Henry lived, they were perhaps paid; but in the

after reigns, "through the greediness of the officers of the exchequer," their poor pittances never found a way to them; and it was left for Elizabeth to do tardy justice to such few as were alive when she became queen. She indeed had them all sought out, and paid to the last farthing, but years too miserable to be thought of must have intervened; and the sight of them, shivering along the roads and villages, in raggedness and hunger, must have been a bitter and telling protest against the iniquity of the times.

To leave conjecture for fact, we have Lord Paget's evidence that the new Prayer Book was distasteful to eleven-twelfths of the population. The number is perhaps exaggerated, and in these eleven-twelfths there was a considerable fraction for whom it was not too little popish, but too much so. It was determined, at all hazards, to conciliate the latter, and perhaps it was necessary to do so; but it was at the cost of alienating the middle party more hopelessly than ever. The victories of Charles the Fifth naturally were regarded as a signal declaration from Heaven against the doctrinal reformers; and a worse effect of them was to increase the multitudes of Dutch and German fanatics, with whom England was already overrun. The presence of such men at all was sufficiently offensive; and when their leaders were placed in authority at the universities, when Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were consulted on the services and the Articles, the majority of the English felt much as they would now feel if Louis Blanc were invited to a council of State, or a modern project of church reform submitted to Feuerbach or Ronge. The Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalition from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against him, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country. But it became evident that there would be no need of any such violent measures. In the spring of 1553, the health of the young king rapidly declined: in the middle of the summer he was on his death-bed. It is the misfortune of all great movements, political and spiritual, that if men of the very highest character are to be found on their side, they have attractions not to be resisted for the most worthless. A man of this latter sort was unhappily supreme in the council, and was able to inflict one more stain on the Reformation by implicating it in treason. John Knox had long before seen through the Duke of Northumberland; but possessing, as he did, the absolute confidence of Edward, this

bad nobleman was able without difficulty to work on the fanaticism of the dying boy, and induce him to tamper with the succession. As a party measure, nothing could have been more infatuated. Extraordinary powers had been granted to Henry the Eighth by parliament on purpose that the succession should be decisively settled; the wars of the Roses had been too severe a lesson of the consequences of a dispute to require repeating; and since, in consequence of his proceedings with his wives, it was difficult to define which among his children were or were not legitimate, he was empowered to determine by will the order in which they were to succeed him. It was not likely that a measure so gravely considered could be set aside by a private nobleman, of questionable character, for his own personal advantage. The few really good men who were in the council, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, implored the king, at the risk of their lives, to abstain from committing both himself and them so fearfully; and although their entreaties were ineffectual, and they themselves, at Edward's order, subscribed the instrument which nominated Lady Jane Grey as queen, yet Northumberland knew well that even by such an act as this, neither Sir William Cecil, nor Sir William Petre, nor Lord Arundel, nor Lord Pembroke, nor Lord Paget, was committed to an approval of the proceeding. They had agreed among themselves, as it appears, to sign their names, but only as witnesses; and Northumberland's after conduct proves that it was no secret even from him.

All was over in nine days. London—the stronghold of Protestantism—declared enthusiastically for Mary. The fleet went over; the troops which Northumberland attempted to gather in the eastern counties deserted in a body. The conspiracy was crushed without a blow, and the duke himself was arrested at Cambridge by Lord Arundel, whom he had left in London. The following conversation is said to have passed between them:—

"For the love of God consider," the duke said, "I have done nothing but with the consent of you, and all the whole council."

"My lord," quoth the Earl of Arundel, "I am sent hither by the Queen's Majesty, and in her name, I do arrest you."

"And I obey it," quoth he; "but I beseech you, my lord Arundel, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is."

"My lord," quoth the earl, "ye should have sought for mercy sooner; I must do according to my commandment."

If these are the very words which were spoken, they are still but an imperfect evidence of what past; for words bear many meanings, and we do not know the tone in

which they were pronounced, but, at any rate, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Tytler, in regarding the scene as one of revolting perfidy. He would have us believe that the council had affected an enthusiastic unanimity, and that, when the failure of the attempt had become evident, it was a race of treachery which should first betray the other. Difficult as it would be, under any circumstances, to believe that four or five statesmen of unblemished character could have stooped to conduct so degrading, it becomes impossible when we remember that Arundel, Petre, Pembroke and Paget were continued upon the council, and that Cecil was only excluded by his own refusal to serve. If they might have earned a contemptuous pardon by perfidy, they could not have earned confidence; and historians overshoot their mark, when they attempt to explain the obscure actions of men who for any length of time fill important offices of trust and responsibility, by motives to which, in their own basest moments, they could not conceive themselves as yielding. It is certain that the entire council did sign the instrument: it is equally certain that these five members of it signed only at the express command of the dying king,—a command which it might not only have been exceedingly dangerous, but, on quite other grounds, exceedingly difficult to disobey; but the compliance ended with the formal act, and was never believed, by any party concerned, to have extended beyond it.

The conduct of the leading bishops was far more exceptionable. Cranmer was among those who were at first unwilling to subscribe; but he acknowledged that he had yielded at last, not to the king's command, but to the persuasion of the law officers of the Crown. Ridley preached against Mary at Paul's Cross, denounced her as an inveterate papist, and appealed to the fanaticism of the people; and although Hooper and Bradford were actively loyal, yet the dominant Anglicanism was identified in public feeling with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the party were forced to share in the odium and the guilt of its two great leaders.

And, as we said, as a question of policy, to say nothing of duty, a more wretched blunder has never been made. Mary's entry into London was a triumphant procession; her devotion to catholicism was notorious, but, even with the Protestant Londoners, loyalty was too sincere a passion to be interfered with by theological intolerance, and it was not till she had forfeited their attachment by her own infatuation that they ceased to feel it for her. She sailed in on the full stream of popularity, surrounded with all the prestige,

and invested with all the real power, which a triumph over an unpopular conspiracy is certain to confer; and scarcely any English king or queen was ever more warmly welcomed to the throne than this poor princess, who has left such a name behind her. She herself was only known as a harmless, persecuted devotee, the child of a lady whose cruel injuries had enshrined her in the affection of the people, and their only wish was to offer to the daughter such poor compensation as loyalty and obedience could bestow.

Her first actions as queen, though inevitably displeasing to a part of her subjects, were, on the whole, well calculated to sustain her in the advantage which she had gained. Gardiner, whom she found in the Tower, was made chancellor, the council being composed of the national party in the council of the late king, and the leading Catholic nobility. The only symptom which she showed of a disposition to act independently of them or their advice, was in a letter which she wrote to the emperor for instructions as to how she should best proceed; but the emperor's advice coincided with that of her own ministers in prescribing the utmost circumspection. The immediate and pressing question was the late conspiracy, and if she showed any want of judgment at all, it was in the leniency with which she dealt with it. Charles had been taught in the preceding year by Maurice of Saxony that Providence had not irrevocably decided for the Catholics; that Protestantism was still dangerous enough to require to be proceeded with cautiously; and, by his recommendation, the whole affair was treated as a private treason of Northumberland, for which only he and two others, one of them a man of abandoned character, should suffer. Cranmer, Ridley, and the Duke of Suffolk, had undoubtedly forfeited their lives; and no reasonable person could have complained, if she had determined to send them to execution. But Cranmer and Suffolk were set at liberty without fine or even reproach, and against Ridley, though he was kept in prison, there was no apparent intention of proceeding. Nor is there anything to object to the steps which she took about the religions. Being a Catholic, she will not be found fault with for permitting the open exercise of a form of belief which was not only her own, but that of at least half her subjects: but nothing further was to be attempted till she had taken the advice of Parliament.

The conduct of the Protestants in the two months which elapsed before it assembled, is a most curious evidence of the temper of the time, and of itself is sufficient to explain many things. They had as yet no reason to complain of persecution, but Popery with

them was in real truth a doctrine of devils, and it was little to them to be allowed their own religion, if they were to be prevented from trampling out the other. The fierce annals of the Israelites provided them with ample precedents of what was lawful for saints in dealing with idolaters—and the arms of the Reformed Church militant were by no means those of peaceful and mild persuasion. The reverend the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, afterwards bishop and archbishop, preached a seditious sermon, and when called in question for it, drew his dagger in the senate house, and was only held back by two grave doctors of divinity from doing prompt execution with it. Strange scenes took place in the churches, priests and parsons scuffling for the pulpits, and the conqueror taking possession of the conquered citadel with a flourish of rapier and pistol. One priest of Baal was stabbed at the altar, his blood running over the chalice and mixing with the wine; a dagger was hurled at a second, and a musket fired at a third. Elsewhere, the consecrated wafer was seized by a desperate iconoclast and trampled under foot, as he cried, between his teeth, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself;" and even the mild Archbishop Cranmer, within a few weeks after the remission of his first treason, composed a declaration, which, although it was in fact made public by accident, he acknowledged that he had intended to have fastened against the door of St. Paul's; wherein, after setting out the virtues of Henry and his son in promoting the Reformation, he ascribed the re-appearance of the idol of the Mass to the devil, of course in the form of Queen Mary. He excused himself on the plea that the many rumors current about him, made some public declaration from him necessary. But it would have been more prudent, and perhaps more proper, if he could have waited for the opportunity which would so soon have been afforded him, of declaring himself from his place in Parliament. Mary had nothing to do but to sit still and wait; no amount of political sagacity could have invented a course which it was more desirable for her that her adversaries should follow, than that upon which they were now thrusting themselves. Partially conservative (as the English always are) when in power, they were no sooner in opposition, than no ultra extravagance was too wild for them; and the queen, by the incessant homilies against rashness which poured in upon her from the emperor, the Pope, and her own ministers, was persuaded (irritated as she might naturally be) to continue to submit to provocation, and venture on nothing by her own authority. Only one thing she did, and that was really forced upon

her. The pulpits had become political tribunes, or high places from which the opposite clerisies cursed each other; and the scandal becoming intolerable, she wisely required her subjects of both beliefs to content themselves for a while with prayer; and abstain, till more quiet times, from such a dangerous amusement.

Having done this, she quietly waited the approach of autumn, when Parliament was to meet. Neither she nor her ministers could foresee the result of the elections; but, in spite of all which Protestant writers have stated, of the means which were used to secure a majority, it does not appear, on examination, that they used any means at all: their policy was, to appear, as far as possible, to submit to the will of the country, and the absence of any evidence of attempts at bribing and intimidating, such as does exist for the elections of the following year, makes it far more than probable, that at first they desired to feel their way, and really to learn the actual temper of the people; on the present occasion a matter of unusual difficulty. On most subjects which divide a nation, it is possible, at least roughly, to conjecture the comparative strength of parties; but on the present, it was impossible, for the singular reason that three-fifths of the nation are described as of no religion at all: that is, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but ready to attach themselves to whichever party promised to be least extravagant.

On the 5th of October, the legislature assembled. We are told that it was violently purged of its anti-Catholic members, but the records of its proceedings entirely disprove this random charge; and it is no more than an exaggeration of the expulsion of two of the bishops, who, on occasion of the high mass at its opening, were ostentatiously disrespectful, and were ejected in consequence out of the Abbey. Proceeding to business, the House of Commons was desired at once to consider the state of religion, and determine whether there should be any change in the existing Establishment—whether they would leave things as they were, or tolerate both religions; or, if not both, then which, and on what conditions. The discussion lasted eight days. There was no violence, and certainly no precipitancy; and, at the close, a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House agreed to repeal every act which had been passed under Edward, to abolish and forbid the use of Cranmer's prayer-book, and to restore the ritual unaltered, which had been in use in the last year of Henry the Eighth. Nothing could be more decisive. It was a grave and calm declaration that the country had tried doctrinal Protestantism,

and did not like it. The protest against Rome was retained and re-affirmed; but, in all other respects, England was declared to be again a Catholic country, on the terms on which Henry and Gardiner had desired to establish it. And so distinctly this appears to us to have been the general desire at the time through England, that if Mary could only have brought herself to be contented with what she had achieved, if she could have felt that she was a queen of a great nation, as well as the restorer of the belief in Transubstantiation, and bridled in her eagerness with ever so little human understanding, the game was fairly in her hands. The crisis was of that rare kind when the after history of centuries may be seen to depend on the conduct of a single person; and it rested with her, to change the entire current of the fortunes of Europe.

Happily for all of us, Mary was without the faculty to understand her opportunity. There was no reason which could be expressed in words why Henry's Anglo-Catholicism should be a delusion. It is not easy to say (to keep to the usual illustration) why an aged branch cut from a tree should be unable to live independently; but so it is with the branch, and so it was with the State Church. Henry had affirmed *one* doctrine as supreme head: Edward had affirmed the opposite by the same authority; and now Mary, the third to whom it descended, declared in virtue of it, that it was usurped altogether, and desired to give it back to its proper owner. So decisive a *reductio ad absurdum* was enough even for Gardiner. When he found himself unable to prevail upon the queen, he gave up his project conclusively, and left her to carry out her own schemes undisturbed any further, although knowing too well what a price she would have to pay for them.

These schemes, however, she was wise enough to keep from the knowledge of the Parliament. She accepted what they gave, and would not frighten them by touching on dangerous questions, as long as she had further work for them.

The religious revolution being completed, they proceeded next to repeal the act by which Mary was declared illegitimate, with some unfairness, laying the blame of the separation of Henry from her mother on Archbishop Cranmer.

The illegitimacy of Elizabeth was thus in a manner re-enacted; and if, instead of waiting till the following year, the queen had then pressed to have her cut off from the succession, there is little doubt that the two Houses would have readily consented. Elizabeth herself was little known, and only rose in popular favour as Mary's scale went down;

and, if she was set aside, the next heir would have been Mary of Scotland, a princess whose succession to the throne of England would, for many political and other reasons, have been extremely convenient. The country was weary of spiritual anarchy, and could not afford these constant revolutions of ritual, and the peaceful union of the two crowns of England and Scotland was equally desired by all thinking persons on both sides of the Tweed.

Such appear to have been the feelings of the English Parliament in October, 1553. But in periods of revolution the air is electric, and the wind shifts sharply and suddenly. In November all was changed. They had expressed a polite desire that their queen would marry. She took them at their word, and allowed it to transpire that she proposed to give her hand to the most powerful prince in Europe, the heir of the emperor. In an instant, the entire English heart began to palpitate; England was already, in imagination, become a second Netherlands, a province of Spain; the old liberties were seen vanishing one by one, Spanish noblemen dividing the great offices of State, Spanish bishops over the dioceses, Spanish priests in the pulpits, behind the Spanish prince the Pope, and behind the Pope, revolution, anarchy, civil war, and the devil.

Dr. Maitland, in his anxiety to prove every statement which has ever been made by any Protestant writer to be a lie, denies that the Spanish marriage was unpopular, and sets aside, without scruple, the entire testimony of cotemporary history, on the single ground that the rebellions which it provoked were all unsuccessful. We will not quarrel with Dr. Maitland for the word "unpopular;" it is enough that Mary's wisest advisers, including two Roman cardinals, assured her that it would not only lose her the affection of her subjects, but ruin the cause which she had most at heart; and that the Parliament, at the first hint of the matter, petitioned against it without a dissentient voice.

Mary, however, had ceased to listen to advice which went against her own opinion-ateness. The Parliament were sent about their business on the instant, for their impertinent interference; and, on the evening of the day on which the resolution was passed in the House, she called the emperor's ambassador into her closet, and, before the image of the Virgin, swore her troth, somewhat theatrically, to Philip of Spain. She had never seen him. He was only twenty-six years old, while she was thirty-eight, and she had been betrothed to his father before the latter had married his mother. It is said that she fell in love through a portrait, which, if



it was lovely, must have been unlike the original. It is more likely that she saw in him a prince like herself, devoted to the Catholic faith, who would go hand-in-hand with her in her crusade against the Protestants; the difference of years would hardly be so perceptible to her as it was to him, who had vainly implored the emperor to spare him so unwelcome a connexion; and, poor lonely creature, after her joyless existence, it was likely enough that she might long for a companion who might love her and be loved by her. But, whatever it was, it was a miserable dream, from which a bitter awakening was in store for her. Neither the disapprobation of her people, nor the entreaties of her ministers, nor the indifference of the bridegroom, which was evident to every one, could turn her from her purpose, and she went through with it to the natural consequences, which the emperor and herself were, perhaps, the only two persons in Europe unable to foresee.

Whatever Dr. Maitland may suppose, rebellion with the long-enduring English is not the immediate consequence of disapproval,—it is the last and most desperate remedy, to which they can only be compelled when all else has failed; but, in the partial revolts which broke out in the winter of 1553-4, in Kent, and Devonshire, and Suffolk, there were warnings enough, if the queen could have understood them, of the changing feelings with which she was now regarded. Though the two last were insignificant, the first, under Wyatt, was dangerous; and though London, on the whole remained obedient, there were threatening symptoms visible which it would have been prudent to have treated with less disdain. But the Catholic princes had yet to learn the lesson which it required a century to teach them, that human beings could not any more be governed by the corollaries of Roman theology; and she went on her way, believing, like a religious woman, that it was God's way, and that he would carry her through.

The secret history of the five months which followed, has been recently laid open to us by the industry of the late Mr. Tytler, who has published, from originals at Brussels, the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, then in England negotiating the marriage. The execution of Wyatt was just and even necessary. Fox has classed him among the Protestant martyrs (as, indeed, he classed a noted highwayman who was put to death for serious murders and robberies, but who expiated his offences, and earned an apotheosis by cursing the Pope under the gallows), but we cannot think that he has any business among them. His crime was treason, not heresy:

he rebelled and failed, and had no right to complain of the consequences. But Mary disgraced her previous clemency by another execution, which was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty. Lady Jane Grey was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; she was not to have profited by it if it had succeeded, and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared upon the surface. It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane inquired what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to him. Lady Jane, with a half smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question, to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival for the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger. And, familiarized as Mary had been from her childhood with the shedding of blood, accustomed to see the friend and counsellor, even the queen of one day going the next, as a matter of course, to the scaffold, and having herself, for many a year, lived in steady expectation of the same end to her own life, she could not be expected to look upon it as the dreadful thing which it appears to us. If her conduct still remains unaccountable to us, we must leave what is obscure to our charity, and think the best which we can. From her treatment of Lady Jane Grey, we turn to her treatment of another rival, whose position towards her was infinitely more questionable and painful.

The person in whose behalf Carew and Wyatt had professed to rise was the Princess Elizabeth. At the time of the outbreak she was ill at Ashridge. Letters written by Wyatt to her had been intercepted, in which he warned her to keep away from London. It appears to have been forgotten, both by those who were most anxious to destroy her, and by those who, in later times, most wish that she had been destroyed, that the fact of

these letters having been intercepted is a proof that, at least, she never received *them*. Wyatt, on the scaffold, entirely exculpated her; she herself declared, on her honour, that no word from him had ever reached her. The only other evidence against her was a letter in cypher, supposed to have been written by her to the French king, which was found among the despatches of the French ambassador. But this, too, broke down when it was examined; and at the end of three months, after the most active efforts of hatred, the law officers of the Crown were obliged to declare that there was no matter on which to proceed against her whatever. It will, therefore, surprise persons who are unacquainted with the way in which history is written, to hear that modern historians speak of her concern in the rebellion as a certain and indisputable fact, and do not hesitate to say, that she owed her life solely to the clemency of her sister.

So many lies have been told about this business (Lingard is among the worst of the offenders), that it is worth while to follow the detail of it with some minuteness. We make no pretence to the character of the "unprejudiced historian"—a pretence hardly compatible with much self-knowledge; indeed, we are far from satisfied that, for beings like men, to be without prejudice is a virtue at all. But we undertake that we will not willingly and consciously tell any fresh lies, there being already so vast a superabundance of them.

That any love could have existed either at that or any other moment between the daughters of Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon, it is not necessary to believe. There had been too many jars and jealousies in their early lives, arising out of their father's caprice, to have permitted them at any time to regard each other as sisters; and their several duties to their mothers compelled them to regard each other as illegitimate. Mary had, indeed, as we have seen, in the past autumn, declared her own legitimacy by a formal act, and although we may excuse and even admire her doing so as an act of natural piety, it was a violation of her father's will, who had undoubtedly desired to place both his daughters on the same footing; while to Elizabeth it must have appeared a serious injury. But it is equally certain that no resentment ever provoked her to forget her duty as a subject, and only the most spotless integrity could have saved her from the efforts which were now made to destroy her.

One of the parties concerned in these efforts we are at no loss to identify, for the Spanish ambassador makes no secret of his own share in them. His letters in this critical year are almost a diary for the months of

March, April, and May, and he exposes, without hesitation, his own aims and motives, and those of every one about him, as far as he was able to enter into them. His own most single-minded wish appears to have been, since his master's son was to commit himself to a residence among the English savages, to make his coming as little dangerous as possible. He freely expresses his terrors at the ferocity of their nature, and describes them as uncertain tempered wild beasts, alternately fawning and rabid, whose claws must be pared, and whose teeth must be drawn before they can be safe company for persons whose lives are valuable. Elizabeth was to him the rallying point of disaffection, and as long as she was alive there could be no safety for his precious Philip.

We said that she was at Ashridge at the time of the rebellion. A few days before the outbreak, Mary had written to desire her to come up to Whitehall, but she replied that she was ill, and was unable to leave her house. Lingard believes that it was pretence, that she was guilty, and conscious, and shrunk from showing herself. As he has no evidence to offer, except what he considers internal probability, as all the evidence which there is lies the other way, and as other people have other notions of internal probability, we need not trouble ourselves any further with this opinion of Dr. Lingard. At the end of a fortnight a second dispatch came down of a more peremptory kind. The queen's own litter was sent to fetch her, with a company of the royal guard, and the escort was accompanied by the court physicians, who were allowed discretionary power, and were to take care that she was not injured by the journey. She was brought up by slow stages, four or five miles a day; the diary of each day remains to us exact, and it is evident that her own account of herself was literally true, and that she was seriously ill. Renaud's description of her entry into London is not a little striking:—

"The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday (the twenty-third of February), clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own attendants. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification which she felt. The queen refused to see her, and caused her to be accommodated in a quarter of her palace, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guard. Of her suite only two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants are permitted to wait on her."

From the palace she was in a few days

sent to the Tower, and with her the foolish profligate Lord Courtenay, who it appears Wyatt had intended should marry her, and in whose own head some notion of the kind had nursed itself. No sooner were they securely engaged, than Renaud assured the emperor that he never ceased to admonish her majesty of the necessity of a "prompt punishment;" the preliminary of a trial being, in the Spanish view of such matters, a very unnecessary formality. The safety of a prince of Spain was at issue, whose little finger was of greater value than the lives of a thousand English princesses. The council met day after day, and soon Gardiner followed Renaud in the same strain. He saw in Elizabeth a heretic, who, if Mary's frail body failed, would be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than her brother had been, and we cannot wonder at Gardiner any more than at Renaud. Most glad we should be, if we could believe that in the queen there was any reluctance to listen to them; but it is certain, that Elizabeth had no friend except her own innocence, and those unfortunate laws of England, which necessitated an arraignment and a conviction as the antecedents of the scaffold.

Mary did not hate her: we could almost wish she had. The most vindictive personal malignity would be a feeling more intelligible and more respectable than that which was now influencing her. We acknowledge, as we said before, that written accounts of spoken words, however correct, are necessarily an inadequate account of them, and often an absolutely false one. The intonation is everything, and the intonation evaporates in the passage from the lip to the pen. But after the most cautious employment of such means of judging as we possess, we really conclude that Mary at the time was capable of no feeling whatsoever, except an impotent eagerness for the arrival of her husband, and a readiness to sacrifice everything which lay in its way. At a meeting of the council, in the first week of April, Renaud declared—

"That it was of the utmost importance that the trials and execution of Courtenay and the Lady Elizabeth should be concluded before the arrival of his highness.

"The queen answered, that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.

"Gardiner then remarked, that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquillized, and that if every one went on soundly to work as he did in providing the necessary remedies, things would go on better."

The difficulty, Renaud acknowledges, was not from any unwillingness in any quarter to

proceed to extremities, "but that they had not been as yet able to fall on matters sufficiently penal according to the law of England. Nevertheless," he adds, "her majesty tells me that every day they are finding new proofs against her."

These little sentences, if they are given correctly, appear to us to admit of only one interpretation. It is but fair to say, however, that a very chivalrous defence has been made for Mary, by Miss Strickland; and thoroughly creditable as it is to this lady, that she has been the first Protestant historian who has dared to speak a word for her, we should be disposed, if the defence were entirely single-minded, to leave it unchallenged. There is no danger of an over lenient judgment of Mary Tudor in the minds of the English, and Miss Strickland's conception of her is at any rate, infinitely more like the truth than the popular one. In this particular case, however, she is unable to confine herself to the subject before her; and in vindicating one sister takes the opportunity of a side-blow at the other.

There is a foolish story to be found in Foxe, Heywood, and other Protestant writers, which has been copied from one to the other without comment or inquiry, to the effect that when Elizabeth was in the Tower,

"A warrant came down for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges, the lieutenant, no sooner received it, but mistrusting false play, he presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of it. She called Gardiner, and others whom she suspected, before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security."

It is scarcely credible that a person of Miss Strickland's experience should have transferred to her pages such an extravagant piece of folly. No warrant could have been issued for Elizabeth's execution before she had been tried; and if any warrant was issued it must have been signed by Mary. The Lord Chancellor of England is not likely to have set an example of such preposterous illegality; and if he really did venture on it, it is more disgraceful to Mary than anything which we know of her, that she passed it over with a reprimand for inhumanity. But nothing of all this occurs to Miss Strickland; and it is an opportunity for her too good to be passed over to make a point on a favourite subject. As Gardiner was to Elizabeth, so was Burleigh to the Queen of Scots. Though the latter was tried by a high commission and formally condemned; though the Houses of Lords and Commons petitioned that sen-

tence might be executed, and the warrant had been duly signed before Burleigh despatched it; yet she can see no difference of circumstance in the two cases; Burleigh only succeeded where Gardiner attempted; and Mary is an angel of mercy and Elizabeth an inhuman murderess. It remained to be seen what she would make of Renaud's despatches; from her frequent allusions to them, there was no doubt that she had studied them carefully, and we were really anxious to learn whether any other meaning than that which we had gathered ourselves, could with any plausibility be forced upon them. Giving her the benefit of every doubt, the manner in which she proceeds is little to her credit.

"He" (the Spanish ambassador), she writes, "observes, angrily, that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his."\*

This passage she includes between inverted commas, as a direct quotation from Renaud; and if any such passage were to be found in his letters, it would of course be conclusive: we felt certain however that they contained nothing of the kind, and her reference being wrong, we could only conjecture, on going again carefully through with them, that what she intended to quote was this,—

"Quant au dit Courtenay, je la vois inclinée et persuadée pour luy donner liberté.

"Quant au dit Elizabeth les gens de loix ne trouvent maitère pour la condamner."

The queen's desire to save is pointedly limited to Courtenay, while the difficulty with Elizabeth is ascribed not to any feeling of hers, but to the impracticable honesty of the *gens de loix*; and this is the perpetual burden of Renaud's lamentation; but it is a very different thing indeed from what Miss Strickland represents him as saying.

We suppose that she intended to quote only the first paragraph; that she paraphrased the second according to her own interpretation; and that the remaining errors are due to the carelessness of the printer and to her own want of attention in revising the press. But that she should have forced such an interpretation from such words at all, is a grave evidence of her untrustworthiness when her prejudices bear upon her judgment.

And now to leave this somewhat tedious story, and to follow Mary along the rapid process by which she disembarrassed herself of her brief popularity. The executions for

the Wyatt rebellion had neither conciliated the Londoners, nor frightened them. Parliament was to meet in April to settle the preliminaries of the marriage; and as the time drew on, the English wild beast began to show its displeasure by antics which not a little terrified Renaud. One morning the city urchins turned out three hundred on a side to play at English and Spanish, the prince of Spain himself figuring in all the splendour of rags and tinsel; after a brief fight, in which Spain was contumeliously routed, the said prince was clutched up by friends and foes, and vicariously suspended from a branch; and so eager were his executioners, that the mock death was very near a real one. The queen lost her temper, and declared that she would have her parliament meet at York or at Oxford, where the people were good Christians and not a nest of heretics; but this was only an impotent threat: and, considering the way in which the Londoners had behaved a few months previously, it was neither wise nor graceful. At any rate, matters did not mend; a few mornings later, when the sun rose upon the cross at Cheapside, a cat was found swinging from it, apparelled like a priest with a shaven crown, her fore-feet tied over her head with a paper like a wafer-cake between them; and when Easter came there was "a great scandal" at St. Paul's, which was considered the best practical joke of the time.

"The custom was to lay the sacrament into the sepulchre the even-song of Good Friday, and to take it out at break of day on Easter morning. At the time of taking it out, the quire sung, Surrexit, non est hic. But then the priest, looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out, which put them all into no small disorder; but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, that their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room."

It would have been well if this had been the worst; but attached to both religions there was a refuse of population, in which, both under Mary and Elizabeth, foul scandals against the character of the princesses readily generated themselves, and these were printed and scattered about the streets. It is to the credit of the Protestant historians that the most foolish of them have not polluted their pages with these abominations, while no cess-pool has been too foul for priests, bishops, cardinals, and even great ladies, to dive into, for materials with which to defile Elizabeth. But although the stories against Mary were left to rot where they were thrown, yet they were offensive enough when first they were uttered, and wounded her cruelly.

\* "Life of Queen Mary." By Agnes Strickland.

At last, however, Parliament was sitting; and for these and all other disorders a remedy would be devised. If the towns were heretical, the country was orthodox, and the loyal knights of the shires would outnumber and overawe the insolent burgesses. It may be asked with what good hope the queen, who had been obliged to dismiss her first Parliament with such precipitation, could look without alarm to the assembling of a second. The secret comes out in the despatches of Renaud. The hope of her life, in case she ever had the power, had been to make reparation for her father's injustice, and restore the property of the Church. The distribution of it had been in direct violation of the principle on which the confiscation had been justified. But Cranmer and Latimer had protested in vain; and the latter, unable to rescue a single acre for education or for charity, was obliged to content himself with anathematizing in his strong way the hypocritical lords and squires, who only pretended to be "gospellers" for the chance of the scramble. The gospel part of the affair was now laid aside; but the convenience of the broad lands remained unaffected. Almost all the peers, and a large body of the commons, had shared more or less in the plunder; and as the queen's wish was no secret, and many right-minded men in the country were disposed to sympathize in feeling the enormity of the wrong, however they might differ as to the manner in which it should be remedied, there was no little anxiety among them. They were determined not to part with the lands, cost what it might to defend them; but they were not desirous that things should be pushed to extremities, and were open to reason if the queen would come to terms. And so it was arranged that they were to make no more difficulty about the marriage, and she was formally to relinquish her design upon their property. So far, all went easy. It was a downright bargain; so much was paid on one side, and so much was given for it on the other, and both parties affected to be mutually satisfied. But the queen attempted to close her eyes to its nature; to flatter herself that they had been persuaded not to a single act, but to approbation of a policy, and proceeded to make fresh demands upon them. The Catholic faith was re-established, but the country still swarmed with heretics, and she desired fresh powers to repress them. It was still in schism, if not in heresy; and she desired a reconciliation with Rome. Considering that at least the upper house was composed of the same men who had gone with Henry's anti-papalism, and who, under Edward, had forbidden the very exercise of the mass under any pretext whatsoever; the demand which

she was pressing upon their consciences was extravagant, and without further "consideration," she was made to feel that it was impossible that they could concede. The reconciliation with Rome was for the present again postponed; but the chancellor, in the beginning of the session, brought forward a bill for the restoration of the penalties against the Lollards; and now it appeared that a second transaction was necessary. The difficulty had been foreseen as a possible one; and Renaud was empowered to meet it with promises of Spanish gold; but the peers were so well aware of the baseness of their doings, that without the money down they would not give way. Renaud's letters of agony are not a little amusing. First the peers sent the bill to the commons, refusing to pass it while the penalties were made death. Oh! the pensions—the pensions! where were they? Then they threw it out altogether; and still no money. At last there was\* an understanding that it should be passed in the following session, with another understanding that the Prince was to bring the money when he came over. After this disgraceful revelation, we can understand Queen Elizabeth's motives in creating a new aristocracy.

Among other misfortunes which befel England through the gold of Spain, too clearly is due to it that dark and dreadful persecution which has made Mary's name execrable through all generations. The Parliament was dismissed, the proceedings in it having scandalized the country, and "a great revolt," in Renaud's opinion, "being imminent," which it would be better "should be over before the arrival of his Highness." When this arrival was to take place was now the important question. The articles were drawn, and Mary was impatient; but Renaud was anxious about the revolt, and wished first to see the steam let off in an explosion. He regarded political effervescences as periodical necessities of the English, and recommended autumn as the safest to make a first acquaintance with them, "pour ce que ordinairement les humeurs des Anglois bouillissent plus en l'esté qu'en autre temps." The danger might, however, be less than he feared. The queen assured him that there was not the slightest occasion for alarm, and that "gaignant et s'assurant des principaux par pensions et liberalitez l'on n'aura occasion de craindre le peuple." At last, although he could not close his eyes to the determinedly cold attitude of the country, and though no preparations were made anywhere to celebrate the arrival except at the

\* This must have been what really took place. Renaud says the bill was actually carried; but this is a mistake. It was not passed till the following December.

Court, he made up his mind that it might be ventured in July (Midsummer though it was), and reported to that effect to the emperor. So in July it was to be; and, like the tragedy writers who scatter sunshine over the scenes which precede the catastrophe, as if they would linger in the light to the latest moment before they plunge into the darkness, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of loitering over the tragi-comedy of the meeting of the bridegroom and the bride.

On came the summer, like no summer in all the world except in England—raining, thundering and blowing. The English fleet went down to the coast of Spain to join the Spanish, and form a squadron of escort with them. But the Spaniards would have been better pleased to have been left to themselves, for complaints were forwarded to the Court that Lord Clinton, the admiral, did nothing but laugh at their ships, and call them "mussel-shells;" and as the prince was long in coming, and the sailors grew weary and wanted amusement, they "did so cruelly push and torment" the crews of the said mussel-shells when they went on shore for water together, that it became necessary to fix separate hours for their landing, to keep them apart. And this was not the worst; for when the prince came at last, and a stiff south-wester had blown them into the channel, where the English considered themselves sovereign, the Spanish admiral, though the heir of half the world was in his ship, was made to strike his top-sails, and do homage to English supremacy. What poor Philip thought of this there is no saying; probably all minor evils were drowned in the one terrible evil which was before him, and probably too he knew nothing about the matter; for to add to his miseries, he was wretchedly, pitifully sick. The voyage, however, if a detestable, was at least a brief one, and after no more than seven days of suffering, he was set on shore at Southampton, on Saturday, the 20th of July—a memorable day in the history of this country, for the prospects of the queen may now be said to have been finally closed up, and the love, interest, sympathy, affection of her subjects gone from her forever: thenceforward there was no more inclination for Catholicism; thenceforward, in the terror of being absorbed into the dominions of a foreign country, England sought only to intensify and defend her nationality, and isolate herself within her own white walls from all foreign princes, priests, and potentates. It was not the husband of her sovereign that she could recognise in Philip of Spain, but the deadly enemy of herself, her laws, and her children.

Fortunately for us mortals, however, necessary as any future may be, and inevitable as

by our own actions we may have made it, it is kindly kept from us wrapt up in clouds, and we are not made wretched about it by anticipation. No visions of wrecked armadas or plundered caracques haunted Philip's dreams, as he rested his wearied body at the Southampton mayoralty. And if Mary's sleep was troubled when she heard that he had landed, it was certainly from no thought of impending disasters. On the Monday evening they were to meet at Winchester; and the long summer's day would only be long enough for the slow magnificence of the procession, in which the bridegroom was to march thither from Southampton. He had brought with him a glorious retinue, decked out in all the splendours in which they had been wont to glitter up and down under the blue sky of Castile. The choicest chivalry of Europe were there in choicest holiday costume, with gold, and pearls, and silks, and velvets, and plumes of gorgeous birds of Paradise, from the forests of the new world. Southampton had never seen such a troop of cavaliers as on that July morning wound along their streets; and well might Southampton stand and gaze, and wonder at them, for never before or since were so many men worth marking seen together there. Alva was among them, and Count Egmont, and, greater than either, William Prince of Orange, and Count Horn, four men whose equals were not perhaps alive in Europe, or in the world. Poor England, and still more the English climate, which showed such weak perception of the honour done to it! The sun, at least, did not care to look at them, however the people did. Swithin lying there in his shrine at Winchester would not sacrifice one hour of his moist rites. Down fell the rain, as if the whole torrent of the forty days were streaming into one; down it fell, hopeless, cheerless, incorrigible. The gay feathers dangled in the bonnets; the drenched horses drooped their heads, trailing their gaudy caparisons as they waded through the chalk slush of the roads; but no horse might quicken its pace, and no outward composure be disturbed: on they paced, slow, solemn, and most miserable. We can fancy how the Hampshire peasants stood grinning under the dripping eaves of the cottage porches, and bare-legged urchins darted out with disrespectful capers, as the last horse went by. We can fancy the oaths which were muttered between Philip's yellow lips at all England, weather, marriage, queen, and the whole accursed connexion. And the rain was not the worst. To propitiate the gods of his new subjects, he had drained in their honour, before starting, a huge tankard of "the wine of the country"—Hampshire ale—the flavour and the properties of which

alike displeased his inexperienced stomach; and, within and without, he was drenched in wretchedness.

Two hours had brought them two miles from Southampton, when suddenly a messenger dashed up from Winchester full gallop in a shower of rain and mud, and delivered, breathless, a mysterious message, that the prince was to come no further, and was instantly to return: What was to be done? What was the meaning of it? Renaud's warnings, what he had said of English inconstancy, the mysterious *boullissement* of their evil humours periodically recurrent at the dog days, all rushed into his mind; the cavalcade was halted, and Alva, Egmont, and he, drew up at the edge of the road to consult. Tradition has not preserved what passed between them; but what strange thoughts the associations of those three names call up in us when we think of them on that wet day, standing talking at the ditch side, on the Southampton road. After such a ride together, and such a scene, it is hard to understand why they were not sworn friends for ever. But we must cut short our sentimentalism, as an English nobleman, who was present, cut short their agitation. "Sire," he said, laughing, "the queen only begs you will not think of coming to her in such dreadful weather." If ever Philip blushed, he blushed then. He gathered himself together, dismissing the hope which perhaps, for a moment, had shot across him, of a reprieve from the purgatory into which he was to be precipitated. The foot march recommenced; and after eight more mortal hours of slush and shower-bath, the draggled cavaliers waded into the town of Winchester, and found dry clothes and supper waiting for them at the Deanery. Where let us leave him to digest his watery welcome as best he could.

In another day or two, the precipitation was completed. How long a time elapsed before the queen's eyes opened to the light in which she was regarded by him we cannot tell. There was much to blind her; and perhaps, during the few succeeding months, she was as nearly happy as with her unhappy nature she could be. At the close of August, they made their entry together into London; where, though they were received with a show of pageantry, there were threatening indications visible also, which showed that the temper of the citizens had not become more submissive. At one end of London Bridge stood a large painted figure of King Henry, holding a book as if to present to her as she passed, on which was written, "Verbum Dei." Without taste, and without tact, she halted till a painter had been summoned, and had dashed out the words.

The objects, however, most notable on this occasion were the twenty cart-loads of bullion which followed in the train, and in which, as behind the triumphal car of the prince and queen, the honour of the English nobles was drawn along in shameful captivity. The price of blood was come, and Parliament was now to meet once more, when they were to fulfil their promise. Means of another sort, though equally sure, had been taken to secure a pliant House of Commons, and now the queen was to inaugurate her final victory, and place the last stone on the reconstructed edifice of Catholicism. Her first Parliament had given her the mass, but protested against Pope and husband. Her second had granted the husband, but there ceased their compliance. The third was to do submission, in the name of the country, to a Roman legate. England was to be received again, as a returned prodigal, in the bosom of her mother, and, as a token of her repentance, was to offer up her misleaders with fire and faggot at the altars of the offended gods.

Unanimity would be certain; for no dissentient voice was to be permitted. The Church had been diligently weeded; the heretical bishops were in prison or in exile; three thousand clergy had been turned adrift to find some other employment or to starve. Convocations were already, therefore, secured, and the elections to the House of Commons could be controlled. A letter of Mary's is preserved to us, obviously a circular to the lieutenants of the counties, directing them how to proceed. It is addressed to the Earl of Sussex, and runs as follows;—

"Mary the Queen.

"Right-trusty and well-beloved Cousin, we greet you well: And whereas for divers causes, tending principally to the advancement of God's glory and the government of this realm, we have thought convenient to call our High Court of Parliament for the twelfth of next month, as by our writ of summons sent unto you you may at better length perceive; like as for your own part we doubt not but ye will be ready to assist us with your best advice and counsel for the furtherance of our good purpose in such matters as are to be treated of in our said Parliament, so, to the end the same may be more gravely debated and circumspectly handled to the honour of Almighty God and general commodity of our loving subjects, we have thought convenient specially to require and pray you to admonish on our behalf such of our good and loving subjects as by order of our writs have the election of knights, citizens, or burghesses within our realm to choose of their inhabitants such as, being eligible by order of our laws, may be of the wise, grave, and Catholic sort; such as indeed mean the true honour of God with the prosperity of the commonwealth, the advancement whereof we and our dear husband the King do chiefly profess and intend, without alteration of

any man's possession, as, amongst other false rumours, the hinderers of our good purpose and favourers of heresy do report.

"Given under our signet at our palace of Westminster, the 6th of October, this second year of our reign."\*

The specific form of admonition which Sussex was to administer to the good and loving subjects may be left to conjecture. It is enough that it answered its purpose; persons who attempt a game of this kind usually taking precautions which shall secure them against immediate failure. All was at last ready therefore. The commons were nominated, the peers were bribed, the convocation weeded; and, with a hand of packed cards, the game would not be difficult. Considering what the work was, it had been dexterously done. The island of heretics was prostrate, and nothing remained but that Cardinal Pole, the legate, should now make his appearance and complete the farce. It was the culmination of Mary's star,

"and from that full meridian of her glory She hasted to her setting."

On the 28th of November, the Parliament and the cardinal came face to face; on the 29th, the motion for the reunion with Rome was carried with acclamation; on the 30th was the great scene with legislature, king, queen, and legate, at the close of which, after mutual weepings, prayings, and admonishings, the latter rose in his place, and declared that "all those present, and the whole nation and the dominions thereof, he absolved from heresy, schism, and all judgments, censures, and penalties for that cause incurred, and restored them to the communion of

\* If this letter was the only evidence remaining to us, it would not be sufficient to prove that the means employed by the court were decidedly unconstitutional, as the constitution was then understood. It is important, however, as a comment on the universal complaints of the Protestants that the elections were unfairly controlled, and the following language of *Michèle*, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Mary, inapplicable as we know that was to her first two parliaments, describes the impression which he gathered from the proceedings of her third. He is mistaken in deducing a practice from a single instance, but his evidence is no less valuable as to what he himself witnessed:—

"The kings use in more than one way to keep out (of parliament) or bring in, whomsoever they please; choosing for the latter purpose such only on whose good disposition towards them they can firmly rely. They are at this time become so formidable and powerful that they may do even as they please; nor can any body, whether in Parliament or out of it, impunely, or indeed without utter ruin to himself, venture to stand up in opposition, or even to make the least show of resistance to their pleasure generally. In short, servants they enter Parliament, and servile are their proceedings therein."

the holy church, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Amen, amen, amen, rang out round the hall, the members rose from their knees, and they and the court and the legate adjourned to the chapel and sang *Te Deums*; with what emotions we feel no temptation to pause and to consider. Next followed a similar scene with the convocation, and the Sunday after Gardiner did penance at Paul's Cross, and preached a sermon of self-abomination for his schism. On the 18th of December, the persecuting bill passed, and, with the new year, the heretic burning was to begin. It was a great victory, or it looked like one; and to add to it, in the middle of all the joy, the queen was declared to be *enceinte*. Up went *Te Deums* again from every cathedral in Europe. Bells rung and bonfires blazed. There was no doubt any more; Heaven had spoken; Heaven had blessed the queen for her glorious work, and doubly blessed the Church through her. The news was sent flying to the emperor. "I never doubted of the matter," he said; "I never doubted but that God, who had wrought so many miracles, would make the same perfect by assisting nature to His good and most desired work." It was only natural that Catholics should think so. It was natural, too, perhaps, when it all turned out a dream, that they should not have seen, in the failure of their hopes, the same evidence of the disfavour of God as they supposed themselves to see of His favour, while they thought it a reality. The weight of the evidence was the same, into whichever scale it was cast. But so it is with the sons of men. The most trifling coincidence, the idlest straw driven before the wind, will be claimed as a providence when it flatters their prejudices; the most startling catastrophe will be explained away, ascribed to luck, to fortune, or the malice of the devil, sooner than they will acknowledge it to be a judgment on their sins.

That Mary's pregnancy was a pitiable delusion, politically we cannot but rejoice. With her ultra-montane extravagance she had sacrificed for ever the hope of reconciling the English to any form of Catholicism, however moderate; and the events of the next three years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution if her breaking health had not enabled them to expect an early remedy in natural causes. There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the



Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory. But for the poor queen herself it was a disappointment which may well command our commiseration. From her childhood she had been the plaything of a fortune which had bound her heart in ice; and her woman's feelings, as she brooded over her own and her mother's wrongs, had curdled into bitterness. With a more powerful nature, injuries such as hers would have brought about some tragical catastrophe; but such a result was prevented by the poverty of her disposition, and she was transformed instead into a wretched being who could neither love nor be loved.

If her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness—inexperienced as she, who had never known kindness at all, must have been in distinguishing between the degrees of it—it might have satisfied her self-flattery; and if those other hopes had not deceived her, and if in becoming a mother fresh springs of affection had been allowed to open for her, it is not impossible that the hard frost-bound soil might have thawed, and the latent humanity shot up again.

It might have been so; and those dark blots which will now lie upon her name for ever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, perhaps is all which could have been. But Queen Mary, cruelly as she was wronged in her own young days, is not one of those persons whom it is possible to hate, and we pity her, even for her crimes.

To return to the Parliament. Although Pole had received a commission from the Pope to confirm the existing tenures of the spoliated Church lands, there was, nevertheless, a hope, that by persuasion, if not by violence, the holders of them might be induced to disgorge. The Mortmain Act was suspended for twenty years to give the priests the opportunity of working upon them on their death-beds, and perhaps of terrifying them by a refusal of the viaticum. The queen set an example by giving back what remained to the Crown; and Pole, in the very speech in which he consented to the Acts of Parliament which established things as they were, yet reminded those whom he allowed to retain what they had got of the punishment which God sent upon Belshazzar for his sacrilegious usage of the vessels of the temple. Here and there a few straggling monks began to nestle among the ruins of the abbeys, like the remnants of a wasp's nest about the blackened hole which has been their home; and natural repentance, and

natural uneasiness, when the dying point was near, would soon, it was hoped, lead many a man to sacrifice for his children what he could not resolve to sacrifice for himself.

The gangrene of heresy was now to be cauterized. The queen had got her bill, and might now burn when she pleased. We can believe that the legislature, in granting her the power, had little notion of the manner in which she would use it. The Statute of the Six Articles, except on a few occasions, had been a dead letter in the hands of her father; and they may easily have been unable to conceive that a woman, who had been merciful to traitors, would be harder upon heretics than so ostentatious a champion of orthodoxy as Henry the Eighth. But they had underrated the power of Catholicism over a heart in which no natural feeling operated to soften or to counteract it.

We have no intention of pursuing the horrible history of the years which followed; but many attempts have been made to remove the responsibility from the queen; and it is necessary to say, that the closer we examine, the more certain we feel that it is wholly and exclusively hers. It has appeared so horrible a thing that a woman should have done it all, that the blame has been desperately hurled upon Philip, Gardiner, Bonner, Pole, any one whose name is prominent. And yet, the Sunday after the first execution, Philip's confessor preached openly in severe condemnation of it; Gardiner and Bonner recoiled from their loathsome duty, and we have letters extant of Mary's own, in which she rebuked them for their slowness, and goaded them into proceeding. And Pole was so notoriously opposed to the persecution, that complaints were entered against him at Rome, his legative office was suspended, and only his death prevented his being called to account as a favourer of heresy. It was the queen, and the queen only; and the explanation of her conduct, if we will only reflect, is not so exceedingly difficult.

A Catholic, if he is really sincere, cannot but approve of persecution. If he believes, as he professes to believe, that teachers of what he calls heresy are indeed leading away the souls of all miserable men who listen to them, into the eternal fires of hell, no crime can equal theirs in atrocity, as the consequences of none approach it in horror. Catholics who pretend to deplore the spirit of persecution, can by no possibility be sincere in denying salvation to all who are beyond the pale of their church; and when they prate of toleration, they make their profession an imposture and a lie. We naturally shrink from pressing one another with the logical consequences of our creed, whether political or

religious, and it seems a hard thing to charge upon the faith of so large a section of educated, well-disposed people, so dreadful a necessity. But the question is too serious to be trifled with; and whether we like it or not, we must look it in the face. Let us consider what damnation means in the creed of a Catholic; consider what the *crime* must be which involves a penalty so appalling. And if a simple heretical belief is sufficient to involve it, what can we say of those who teach heresy? It is only because the gates of hell lie beyond the grave, and he does not with his bodily eyes see the poor souls hurled through them, that the Catholic of weak faith talks of toleration. If he have the power to crush a heretic teacher, and spare him, he must stand self-condemned—condemned of a crime as infinitely greater than that of him who lets loose a murderer from his prison, as the torture of unending years exceeds the moment's pain of a single death.

And thus Catholicism, wherever it is dominant, and wherever it is sincerely professed, would always carry out persecution to its extreme and cruel issue, were it not that in the generality, if not the whole, of mankind, there is an element of humanity which no creed can extinguish, making them *men* as well as orthodox believers, and compelling them to refuse the conclusion, even while they continue to accept the premises. Gardiner would have punished the *leaders* of Protestantism, as he would have punished the leaders of a rebellion; but four or five, instead of as many hundreds, would have closed the lists, if he had had the keeping of them. Bonner, a good-natured, choleric man, would have whipped a few for the example, and let the rest go free. But in Queen Mary, early ill usage had trampled out the natural woman, and delivered her up to Catholicism, to be moulded by it exclusively and completely. With a resolute wish to do the will of God, without one bad passion, careless of herself, and only caring for what she believed to be her duty, she had no idea of what duty meant, except what she gathered from her creed; and all her loves, and all her hatreds, submitted to the literal control of the propositions of it, uncounteracted and uninfluenced by a single human emotion. The character is a fearful but an intelligible one; and we shall not easily exhaust the instructiveness of it. We may look through history in vain to find a second specimen; one such was enough, and that one was raised up on high on the English throne, for all mankind to gaze upon as an example of what Catholicism was able to do with a nature wholly given over to it, in which no other influence,

either of head or heart, assisted or interfered with its operations.

The most painful feature in the English persecution is the rank of the victims. Five bishops, and a very few leading clergymen alone appear, of men whose names were known to the world. There was neither peer among them, nor knight, nor gentleman—only poor mechanics, weavers, tailors, carpenters, common day-labourers, and poor blind boys. We are unwilling to think that the queen only struck where she dared, and would not risk a collision which might put an end to her proceedings; we know, as a fact, that it was among the poor that Protestantism had the strongest hold, and that the preachers of it were as unlettered as the first apostles; and yet as we turn over the catalogue of sufferers, the painful impression will cling to us that cowardice was added to inhumanity.

The rest of Mary's life is soon told: she was shot down from the show of her prosperity as swiftly as she was raised to it; her life on earth was one long mistake, and but for the brief delusive interval, which only served to make her cup more bitter, it was one long misery. The symptoms which she had mistaken for pregnancy were the approaches of a hideous disease. Her husband, for whom she had sacrificed the hearts of her people, detested her, and, brute as he was, took no pains to conceal his aversion. He insulted her by infamous solicitations of the ladies of her court; when they turned with disdain from him, he consoled himself with vulgar debauchery; and making no secret of the motives which had induced him to accept her hand, when the policy burst like an air-bubble, he hastened to leave a country which was always execrable to him, and a wife whose presence was a reproach.

Thus bitterly Mary's heart was again flung back upon itself; and with scared feelings and breaking health, she threw herself with undivided heart upon her religion to fulfil the mission on which she believed that she had been sent by God. The most severe edict which was issued for the persecution went out after her husband had left her, proving, if proof were wanted, that she, and not he, was the author of it. Heretics, like the Hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by their destruction, and every victim offered, kindled fresh and fresh enthusiasm for martyrdom. Dragged in troops before the bishops, the labour of the latter was to thrust upon them opportunities of escape: and, fairly read, the history of the Marian trials is that of wretched judges compelled to administer a law which they abhorred, and whose one effort was to escape the duties which it forced upon them. The queen's

determination, however, only grew with failure. She saw the hatred of her people, but it did not move her. She felt her life was ebbing from her: it was the more reason she should make haste. Her sister's accession, which now she could not hinder, would be the signal for the downfall of all for which she had laboured, if she could not first destroy the poison. In the portraits which remain of her, we can read the history of it all; that high projecting forehead, falling in and narrowing above the eyes—weak, and yet inflexible; foolish, yet with the conceit of wisdom. As she sank and sank, the more fiercely she drove on the persecution: fresh and fresh powers were given to the ecclesiastics, and fresh and fresh injunctions; what had begun in conviction of duty, had settled into a monomania. But the endurance of the people, like the queen's life, was drawing to its limits; and it was a race between them which would first give in. Near as the close of the latter evidently was, Cecil had to fear some dreadful outbreak would anticipate it. Her death was openly prayed in the churches, and it was idle to declare it treason. The exiled clergy in Germany poured pamphlets across the Channel, in which it was declared lawful, and even meritorious, to make away with her *ferro veneno quocunque modo*, and though she justly made the possession of such papers punishable with death, yet when the nation shared the treason, the impossibility of executing it made the threat contemptible.

Thus wretchedly, the last sovereign in England who reigned on to her natural end—a Catholic, sank towards the grave. She ascended the throne when the people whom she was called to govern were inclining to return to their old bondage, and her reign, though but of little more than five years' duration, was long enough to make such a return impossible for ever. Fearful as it was, we cannot regret it, for those poor men whom she destroyed, secured in their death a perpetual freedom to England; and, if to die nobly in a noble cause, be really for a mortal man the happiest service of life; if, in the midst of the profitless existence of so many millions of millions, those few are to be accounted blessed who have not lived in vain, the five hundred poor working men who sank to ashes at the stake by the order of Mary Tudor, are not among those whose fate we most deplore, or who would themselves ask us to deplore it. Surely happier far was the meanest of them all, than that poor forlorn princess who was piteously divorced from life by years of agony; who, although she passed away a queen amidst the splendour of a palace, yet knew too well in dying that no man or woman left on earth would waste one re-

gret, or shed one tear upon her memory; and who, in the miserable consciousness of the vanity of her existence, prayed that she might be buried in the habit of a poor *religieuse*, in which alone it would have been well for her if she had lived.

#### ART. II.—CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

1. *The Condition and Prospects of Ireland; and the Evils arising from the present Distribution of Landed Property; with Suggestions for a Remedy.* By Jonathan Pim. Dublin. 1848.
2. *Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland.* By W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., M.R.I.A., &c. &c. London. 1850.
3. *Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, during the Famine in Ireland, in 1846 and 1847.* Dublin and London. 1852.
4. *Tenth Report from the Select Committee on Poor Laws (Ireland).*
5. *The Cussell Prize Essay on the Condition of Ireland.* By William Edward Hearn, LL.B., &c. &c. Dublin and London. 1851.
6. *Report of the Committee of the Society for Irish Church Missions.*
7. *Sketch of the Origin and Operations of the Society for Irish Church Missions.* By the Rev. W. Marrable, A.M. Fourth Edition. 1852.
8. *Tracts issued by the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics.* London. 1852.

THE world is weary of the subject of Ireland; and, above all the rest, the English reading world is weary of it. The mere name brings up images of men in long coats and women in long cloaks; of mud cabins and potatoes; the conacre, the middleman, and the priest; the faction fight, the funeral howl. The sadness of the subject has of late years increased the weariness. People who could read with enjoyment Abdallatif's descriptions of famine, and Defoe's of plague, turn away from narratives of similar woes in Ireland, because they are too real and practical to be an intellectual exercise or pastime—to serve as knowledge or excitement. Something ought to be done for Ireland; and, to readers by the fireside, it is too bewildering to say what. So the subject is left to Parliament; while members of Parliament feel in this case, as in every other where great questions are involved, that they can do nothing, except in as far as they are sustained by public interest.

Our own attention has been of late so attracted to Ireland, and so much novelty of incident and of aspect has presented itself in the course of our study, that we cannot but believe that an hour's interest and entertainment may be furnished to the reader out of the experience of many weeks, and the teachings of some new and valuable books.

Without going back into the sad old history of Ireland, we can give some idea of what was the state of things there before the calamity of 1846, and during the famine years—and of the present state and prospects of the country. About the last of these aspects, at least, there should be nothing wearisome, for, of all new things, this is the newest. The new French emperor is a stale conception compared with it: and so is the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific; and so are the gold-fields. Take what subject of contemporary excitement you will,—the opening prospects of Ireland do, in novelty and interest, surpass them all.

Ten years ago, the persuasion that lay deep in the Irish heart was that the height of human felicity was in having a stretch of green earth for one's own, with nothing to do. There is nothing wonderful in this being the general persuasion, in that particular island. A gentle rain, distributed over most days of the year, falls in a moderate total amount, but so as to prevent the pastures being either flooded or burnt up. A glance at a geological map of Ireland will show a vast extent of limestone, large tracts of which thinly covered with soil, produce grass on which cattle thrive wonderfully. From end to end of the island, the quality of the stock is such as to strike a stranger more than many sights of which we hear more. If we do hear of it, it is in the form of lamentation that human beings should pine while four-footed creatures fatten like favourites of nature. But, why should not the cattle be fat? There is the vast limestone basin; there is the shallow soil; and there is the sweet, fine, thick herbage. The soil and the stock are evidently fitted to each other; so, let them be. The Irish have been, till now, willing enough to let them be. The landlord, whose interest was for life only, and who had no capital to lay out in farming, found grazing a good thing for the little money and trouble it cost: and so did his tenant, who, without a lease or other security, could not venture to look beyond the year; and so did the middleman, who, living where there was no middle class, could be genteel only by imitating the idleness of the landlords. Up to a recent time, Ireland has strongly resembled a slave-holding country in the one particular, of the disgracefulness of industry. Why it was so, it is easy enough

to see. William III., addressing the House of Commons on the 2nd of July, 1698, made a promise which reads rather strangely now. "I shall," said he, "do all that lies in me to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland." Other potentates made the same promise, and kept it faithfully; so, between that policy and the operation of the penal laws about religious matters, there was created a great gap in Irish society where there should have been a middle class. The laws against the importation of corn discouraged trade in food, and drove the people to patches of land for subsistence. Butter was exported from Cork and Waterford, and bacon from Dublin; but so small was the number of importers and retailers of food throughout Ireland, that the master difficulty at the time of the famine was how to put the food, as it arrived in abundance, within the reach of the people. Even now, it is a curious spectacle to the English traveller,—the attempts of the Irish to sell food to each other. Women carry about apples; and here and there, two or three members of a family may be seen escorting a kid, or a fowl, or a basket of eggs, to some region where traffic goes on,—reminding one of Arthur Young's description of how the French peasants wasted their time in seeking a market—before the great Revolution. The fisheries never came to anything for want of a market; and, in fact, the important class of food-sellers was almost entirely wanting in Ireland, except in the great towns. And in the great towns, the manufacturing element was smaller than has almost ever been known, in modern times, in a country where the people were numbered by millions. We have had a glimpse of the treatment of wool, in a country so rich in pasturage. One manufacture after another died out under restriction, or was destroyed by combinations of workmen. Flannel, coarse linen, silk, woollen, lace, gloves, and several more went down. The best workmen came over to England. The employers withdrew from business, in terror at the brutality attending trade-combinations; and those combinations were made as brutal as they were by the absence of a poor-law, which left no alternative to the depressed operative but violence or despair. There are few manufacturers capable of exercising the heroic pertinacity of Messrs. Hutton, of Dublin, who have preserved to their country their splendid coach-manufacture, after half a century of firm and fine-tempered occasional conflict with men who battered their carriages, cut their silks and laces, beat their foremen, and compelled the partners themselves to ride home armed, and walk about in protracted peril of their lives. And so it has been with fisheries and

curing establishments. The Catholics were depressed by penal visitations and restrictions; and the Protestant men of business were jealously watched by their injured neighbours, and so thwarted and held in check by their own work-people, that they gave up the game; and down went the pursuits of industry and the strength of the middle class, and up went the value of the land and the dignity of having nothing to do.

There was not even the farming element of the middle class. Arthur Young gave a good account of the requisites for profitable tillage on the spot in his time. Speaking of Limerick and Tipperary, he says, "It is the richest soil I ever saw, and, as such, is applicable to every purpose you can wish. It will fatten the largest bullock, and at the same time do equally well for sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans, and, in a word, for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry." In Ireland, the produce of wheat exceeds that of France by ten bushels per acre; and the superiority over all other countries in the produce of green crops is even more remarkable, where due pains are taken. But due pains were not taken in Arthur Young's time, and afterwards. There was no substantial farming class, any more than there was a manufacturing or commercial.

If we show what there was on either side of this great chasm, it does not follow that we must say what the reader is weary of hearing. We have all good reason to be tired of the popular representation of the Irish landlord and the Irish peasant. But, perhaps, there may be another aspect of each, disclosed by the searching power of recent misfortune.

It is rather a bold venture to say a word in favour of the Irish landlord,—in favour, not only of the Irish landlord who, in our day, impoverished by visitations of natural calamity, engages the respectful compassion of all humane men; but of him who was a by-word to the last generation. We shall be called perverse, and paradoxical, and so forth; but not the less must we say that, to us, at least, the case of the whole landlord class of Ireland is considerably altered by the recent exhibition of what that case really is—an exhibition made, not by the landlords, but by some who can tell their story better than they can themselves.

The laws have allowed the Irish landlord no fair chance. They have been cruelly oppressive to his fortunes.—But who made those laws relating to Irish land? Did not the landlords make them? They did. But it was very long ago, when the law-makers were all land-owners; when, in the natural endeavour to legislate for the honour and profit of their

own class, they did what such self-seekers always must do,—pass laws which must in time become so oppressive to all classes as to bring about, after a world of misery, their own extinction. A glance at the condition of an Irish landlord ten years ago, will show what his law-making ancestors subjected him to.

It appears that a mistake has been prevalent about the uncertainty of titles to land in Ireland. On the spot, it is said, and appears to be proved, that English conveyancers have been mistaken about this. The ascertainment of title has been difficult, in the case of incumbered estates; but the title once got at, seems to be as clear there as anywhere else. But not for this was the owner the more able to sell any of his land—and not for this had he any more enjoyment of it while it was called his own. He came into it under a settlement which settled all his affairs, with a vengeance, while it arranged the descent of the land.

"Can you," ask the Select Committee of the House of Commons, of Dr. Longfield,—“can you describe, briefly, the mode in which this practice of family settlements interferes with the freedom of land and its transfer?—A common settlement is in this form: to the husband for life, and then terms are created to secure a jointure to the wife, and then charges for younger children, and then to the first son of the marriage in tail; and, till the first son comes to the age of 21 years, the land cannot by possibility be sold; and even when he comes of age, it is subject to incumbrances for the younger children; and sometimes a second settlement is made when the son comes of age, and there is a new set of incumbrances for younger children. I have known three generations of incumbrances on one estate.

“What is the practical effect of such a state of things with regard to that property?—The practical effect is that very frequently a country gentleman finds himself quite disabled from managing the property, where a great portion of the income of his property goes to other people who have no interest in the good management of the property; and he is a poor man, and is not able to act with the liberality with which he would otherwise be disposed to act.

“And he is injured by being placed in a position which he is not able to maintain?—Yes. He has the rank and territorial influence attached to the estate, though he has not the income from it. In improving times, he has an advantage, because he gets the benefit of any rise; but when a reverse takes place, he is unable to overcome it, because he bears the whole weight of the reverse, none of which falls on the incumbrancers.”—*Tenth Report*, p. 9.

Thus, the landlord had to bear all pressure of every sort. The poor-rate on the whole property had to be paid by him, while no allowance had been made for it in the arrange-

ment of jointures and mortgages. He thinks this hard; but is told that it would be unjust to jointresses to tax their settled incomes; and that if there was any attempt to charge mortgages with poor-rate, they would foreclose at once. If his farms are left empty, he is chargeable with the rates on them; and if the tenant has gone away in debt, the landlord not only loses his rent, but has to pay the arrears of rate. What can a man do who, with a nominal income of 1500*l.*, has only 400*l.*, and is subject to the charges upon the whole 1500*l.*!

The first thing he would desire would be the improvement of his tenantry,—for his own sake, and for everybody's. But, he has no power to give the security of a good lease to a promising tenant; that is, the law does not allow, as in Scotland, a priority of claim to lessees, over other incumbences, in case of the landlord's death. He cannot bind his successor, and the lease expires with his life. Again, he cannot charge his estate with the cost of improvements, be they ever so desirable. He cannot, out of his restricted income, build houses and barns for his tenants, or drain their land, while it is out of his power to make a secure lease of sufficient length, or to engage to compensate them for their expenditure in improvements. Without such a lease, it is not to be expected that the tenant should incur such an outlay; so, down goes each party:—the land degenerates, the buildings fall to pieces, the tenant cannot pay his rent, the landlord loses his rent, and has to pay the rates and all other charges, while his property is sinking to waste. Again, while his fertile land is thus sinking to waste, he has no power to let waste land to be made fertile. In ancient times, when there were no surveys of land, it was a serious matter to alter the description of land—as by turning a moor into corn-fields; and the law forbade such transformation. If land now descends under the description of waste, it is against the law to cultivate it; and its legal description still is "waste." Again, the decay of woods in Ireland—a serious misfortune—is not the fault of the landlords, but a misfortune sustained by them. It is not the landlords who utter the foolish saying, that trees will not grow in Ireland. Those of them who are of ancient descent can tell of the extent of ancient forests. They can tell of outlawed chiefs who lived in the woods. They can tell that Westminster Hall was built of oak from Ulster. They can tell of the income once derived from the sale of timber and staves. They can point to their bogs, where miles of forest lie sunk; and some few can look up with complacency to the sheltering growth of trees about the family mansion. But they will

know that, in the present state of the law, they might as well expect to see palms and banyan trees on their tenants' farms, as oak, elm, ash, or pine. Tenants for a shorter term than fourteen years,—that is, almost the whole tenantry of Ireland—have no claim whatever for the trees they plant, any more than for those they found growing; and the landlord cannot fell them, because the tenant has a right to their "fruit and shade." If the tenant obtains a renewal of his lease, he must cut down his trees within a year, or forfeit all claim to them; and the landlord cannot relieve him, because he may not charge the estate with improvements. It is only by a troublesome act of registration of his trees, that the tenant can have any benefit of them at all; and the short-lived and precarious benefit obtainable is not such as will clothe Ireland with woods in the place of those that are gone.

"I remember," says Professor Hancock, "hearing of a case in a northern county, where the tenant attributed the landlord's unwillingness to purchase, or secure him the value of the trees, entirely to the landlord. The negotiations about renewing the lease were prolonged till the time within which the tenant could cut the trees had almost expired; but on the last day the tenant assembled the whole country-side, and cut down and removed every tree from the place, being compelled to destroy the greater part of the value of the trees, in order to secure to himself the small compensation for his labour and capital which the law allowed in the right of cutting. The country people, seeing an improving tenant resort to such a step, never thought of the law respecting trees, but were loud in their indignation against the landlord, very unjustly ascribing to him a set of circumstances over which he had no control."—*Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland*, p. 126.

Up to a late date, the land owner was controlled by law in the leasing of mines and coal-pits, the rent he was to charge being settled for him, and at such a point that he could get no lessees, while Cornwall was open to them. And here is a case of bondage about leasing for the erection of mills. Professor Hancock, in giving evidence that the owner is forbidden, in an ordinary case of settled property, to let more than three acres for a mill, and more than fifteen for a cotton-mill, is asked—

"Have you known cases in which a mill, or mills, have not been built on certain properties, in consequence of that restriction?—Yes; there is a very remarkable case that came to my knowledge; and I had the consent of the surviving parties who were connected with the matter to publish it. The substance of it is simply this: that about fifteen years ago (that is, before 1849)

a gentleman, intending to erect a flax-mill, applied to a landlord in the north of Ireland, to give him fifty acres of land, and fifty acres of bog, to build a mill, and to put up a mill village in a very poor part of his estate. The landlord was delighted with the proposal: he offered to get up the fifty acres of land from the tenants, to buy out the tenants, to give him the fifty acres of land rent free, and to give him the fifty acres of bog also rent free, and to give him the longest lease that the settlement would allow. When the settlement was examined, it was found that the landlord could not carry out this good intention: that he must set at the best rent, consequently he could not grant the thing at a nominal rent; it was also found that he could not renew the lease as long as he lived, because the moment the mill was put up, he was then bound to set at the best rent again, and include the rent of the mill. The only lease that he could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years; and the flax-spinner said, that he could not lay out his capital upon that lease, because he would have to lodge his lease the next day with a banker in Belfast, as security. In consequence of that, the mill was not built; the capitalist went to Belfast, where he could get a better interest; he built his mill, and he has laid out 15,000*l.* a year ever since in wages. He has prospered; and that district where that mill was not erected, was one of the poorest parts of that landlord's estate during the famine. It suffered very seriously; and the people are still in a state of distress."—*Tenth Report*, p. 50.

Thus we see the landlord unable to sell, except under difficulties which amount to a prohibition. He cannot let his land, or not to advantage. He cannot improve, but by giving up his own income, and the fortunes of younger children, to throw the increased value into the lap of his eldest son. He cannot borrow money, for the improvement of his land, on the ordinary commercial terms. Being a tenant for life, he has to pay not only the interest of the money borrowed, but the insurance on the entire amount for his own life, being unable to charge his successor for improvements on the estate. He was brought up, perhaps, to consider himself a sort of prince—the descendant of old nobles—the proprietor of mountains, lakes, and rivers; able to boast to the sovereign, in the Long Walk at Windsor, that to his castle there was an avenue of thirty miles. When he came into possession, he finds himself, perhaps, with an income of a few hundreds a year; with a tenantry for whose losses he is blamed; with land, for whose deterioration he is made answerable. He cannot stand there in the midst, tied hand and foot, to be denounced by the priest, insulted by the newspapers, (especially by the *London Times*,) heart-wrung by the sight of suffering that he cannot relieve, perplexed by calls he cannot meet, and subject to the assassin's shot from

behind the wall. He goes abroad, to live in peace on his little income, or to increase it by entering into political or other official life; and immediately he is branded as an absentee. Hear Professor Hancock on this:—

"I do not think that the want of improvements arises so much from their being absentees as from their being heavily incumbered. I find that, with respect to those absentees who live in England for the purposes of ambition or pleasure, some of their estates are the most improved in Ireland; but whenever an absentee is an absentee because he cannot reside on account of incumbrances, the mismanagement of his estate arises from its being incumbered, and not from his being an absentee. . . . I doubt very much whether parties under entails would lay out much money in improvements; certainly not without the adoption of the Scotch law, of enabling them to charge the inheritance for doing so. But I think that a great deal of what is attributed to absenteeism arises from the landlord not being allowed to sell. They are compelled to hold on their estates, and cannot reside on them; and therefore, by law, they are made absentees. If they were allowed to sell their estates, the parties who bought would reside.

"Are there any proprietors whatsoever in Ireland who do erect farm buildings, and carry on their business with their tenants upon the same principle that is generally adopted in England?—I believe there are some who do so; and I believe some of those who do it most are absentees."—*Tenth Report*, p. 65.

Such was the state of a large proportion of the landlord class just before the famine. In many districts, the priests of the two churches were almost the only resident gentry: the priests of the one church with an income, but no influence outside of it: the priests of the other church with much power, but very little money. Of farmers, and shopkeepers, and artisans, there were very few. The middlemen were almost the only specimen of middle-class. On the further side of the chasm, there was a mournful spectacle. We will not describe it; for everybody knows what was the cabin-life of the Irish poor. We will merely set down the numbers. Out of a population of eight millions, nearly three-and-a-half millions lived in mud cabins—in the lowest order of human habitations. Because of the fault in the ownership and occupation of land, there was no improvement. Because there was no improvement, there was no middle-class, or work, or wages. Because there was no middle-class, or work, or wages, the multitude betook themselves to such land as they could obtain. Because the most abundant crop from that land was potatoes, the people lived on potatoes: and, finally, because, when potatoes failed, they could go no lower for food, they were doomed victims of famine.

And all this time, landlords were abroad, or hiding from their creditors behind their own iron gates, and maintaining the population as paupers in the workhouses which were rising over all the land—while many millions of acres of good land were lying waste, and the seas were alive with fish, which nobody caught—no less than 20,000 Irish capitalists had invested nearly 40,000,000*l.* in the English funds, at 3 1-4 per cent. interest. There lay the money, while the world talked of the impoverishment of Ireland, and cried aloud for an influx of capital. We may be very thankful for this curious fact of the investment of so large an amount of Irish capital in the imperial funds. It shows that Ireland is not without capital. It shows that the material for a middle-class exists; for this money cannot belong to the incumbered land-owner; nor to the very few unincumbered, who could possess but a very small share of it, and would not invest that share so unprofitably; nor can it belong to the farm-tenants, hampered as they are for want of capital to improve their business; and, of course, it does not belong to the labourers. It must belong to those who constitute the trafficking and speculative middle-class in England, and who are ready to become such a class in Ireland, as soon as there is the same freedom and security for speculation as there is in England. It is a comfortable fact in another way—as a testimony to Irish caution and thriftiness in money matters. There cannot be a greater mistake than to speak of “Irish idleness” and “Irish improvidence,” because the younger sons of the aristocracy have been wont to gallop about the country, and game, and drink, and get into debt. What the real character of the bulk of the Irish is, as to industry and providence, we have abundance of testimony. Professor Hancock says:—

“These migrations of labourers afford the strongest proof of the energy, industry, and foresight of the Irish labourers. They are willing to undergo every toil for good pay. One-half of these harvest labourers every year traverse and retrace Ireland, from Connaught to the eastern ports, for the sake of the high wages for harvest work. The self-denial which they practise while in England, in order to save all they can of their wages to provide support for their families during the winter, is the strongest proof of their providence. But the extent to which they understand the economic principle of buying in the cheapest market, is illustrated by some observations of the Census Commissioners:—‘The singular thrift and foresight which has so frequently been remarked as characterizing these people (the harvest labourers) is curiously illustrated by this table, in which it will be seen that no less than 12,256 Connaught labourers embarked at Drogheda, and only 8,308 at Dublin. This unusual circumstance is attri-

buted to a small reduction in the fare from Drogheda a few weeks before the season commenced; which reduction was industriously made known in all the towns through which the stream of labourers was likely to pass in its progress from the west.’”—HANCOCK, *On the Condition of the Irish Labourer*, p. 8.

So reported the Census Commissioners of 1841. The testimony is confirmed by those who have since known the Irish labourers face to face. “You may tell my friends,” said a benevolent and wise settler in a remote part of Connaught, to a traveller,—“you may tell my friends in England, that I am not in any one respect disappointed, and in some agreeably surprised. I find, perhaps, somewhat less truthfulness than among the same order of neighbours in England; and I have met with an instance, here and there, of dishonesty; but not more than I should expect anywhere. And I find, to my surprise, that my neighbours are not only very industrious, but very provident.” And he went on to tell how hard they worked, and how rapidly they saved. Where they put their money, he did not know. They did not put it into his hands, nor, he believed, any other man’s. It requires the lapse of generations to do away with the suspicions engendered by tyranny; and the gentry are not yet the bankers of the labourers; but the money was somewhere—whether in the thatch, or in an old stocking, or under a stone—and there was plenty of it—enough to carry many men to England once a year, and a good many more to America.

When everything was brought to depend on the potato—when that dependence was screwed up to the last degree of tightness—the potato failed. It was the potato that yielded the landlords their high rents, real or nominal. The farmers paid wages in potato-ground. It was for potato-growing that middlemen sublet the land as the only way of making it profitable. On the potato, the labourer staked his all. As the Central Relief Committee declare,

“The labourer thus became a commercial speculator in potatoes. He sunk his capital in manuring the ground, and in seed. He mortgaged his labour for a part of the ensuing year, for the rent of his field. If his speculation proved successful, he was able to replace his capital, to fatten his pig, and to support himself and his family, while he cleared off his debt to the farmer. If it failed, his former savings were gone; his heap of manure had been expended to no purpose in preparing his field, and he had lost the means of rendering his pig fit for market. But his debt to the farmer still remained, and the scanty wages which he could earn at some periods of the year were reduced, not only by the increased number of persons looking for work, but



also by the diminished ability of the farmers to employ them."—*Transactions*, p. 9.

We hope that reason enough has been shown for the sad state of the Irish labourer, without throwing blame on the potato. The condition of the land and labour market exhibits but too much reason for the people eating the food they could most readily lay hands on—and that food was the potato. Their becoming addicted to it was the effect, not the cause, of their poverty. They became as fond of it as people always are of the staple of their food; but there is abundant evidence that their tastes enlarge with experience, and that there is no natural obstacle to the Irishman becoming as good a beef-eater as his English neighbour. When the Indian meal first came over, it was not so good as it is now. Its transmission and management were not so well understood. In at least one workhouse orders were given to wet it, as a precaution against its being sold; and this made it as hard as mortar, and sour. It was a trial to the weakened digestion of the hungerers to deal with any new food at all; and many who were dying before, were believed by their friends to have died of the new food. But all that was got over long ago; and Indian meal may now be regarded as an established article of popular food in Ireland. "O, ma'am," exclaimed a Connaught girl to a friend of ours, "I hope it will please the Lord to take me to Himself, before I have to eat turnips." Soon after, she was glad enough to get turnip-tops; and now, when authorized to return to potatoes, she and her neighbours, while very glad, find they like to have meal too.

It would be mere cruelty to afflict our readers with details of the famine. If it should, unhappily, be ever necessary to recur to that dreadful history, for warning or guidance, it may be found, told in the most noble manner, in the volume of "*Transactions*" before us. "Noble" is the word for this remarkable volume. It is noble in its uprightness, in its simplicity, in its wisdom, in its benevolence—at once earnest and calm. We wish that the sentimentalist and the misanthrope, the sceptic and the enthusiast, the self-seeker and the agitator, would read this book and take a lesson. Its earnest conscientiousness may be a lesson to us all; and we are sure that its unconscious revelation of the goodness that is dwelling in the midst of us, ought to be a comfort to us all. Rich and rare fruits came out of the famine itself; and here is a feast of the richest and rarest. But the pain must be taken with the good; and here may be found details of misery to which we may refer, but which we shall not quote.

Nothing like this distress was anticipated when the Poor-law was framed. There was no adequate machinery for dealing with a whole starving population. The houses were many miles apart. There were, as we have said, no food-shops in districts where the people had not been accustomed to buy their food.

The priest of either church found himself alone, in the midst of the famine-stricken—left to deal single-handed with the calamity. And now (of all times!) was felt its full bitterness, the misery created by the protective system, just then expiring. Under that system, a factitious encouragement had been given to the growth of wheat, for exportation to England; and not only had the growth of green crops, flax, oats, and barley, been discouraged, but the importation of various kinds of food, and their distribution through the country, had been artificially hindered. When the hour of need came, nothing was ready. Food had to be hunted up on foreign shores; vessels could not be had for less than double or treble the ordinary rate of freight. "We are unable," wrote an American, "to send you all the food you require, for want of vessels. It is heart-rending to think that, while our granaries are bursting with food, your people are starving." And when it arrived, who was to distribute it? If the Government did, this was ruin to the trading interest, to the small specimen of a middle class which could not be injured without accelerating the ruin of all. If the merchants and shopkeepers went down, all was over. The Government interfered as little as it could, without letting the people die unassisted. They sent their supplies to the west, where scarcely any trade in food existed at all; and from their commissariat dépôts, food went forth in the least objectionable manner then possible. But, as the Committee declare,

"It had doubtless some effect in retarding the growth of a new trade in those very districts where it was most required. Any administrative interference with the natural course of commerce produces an apparent necessity for its continuance. The original restrictions on the importation of corn led to the interference in 1845; and the interference in 1845 rendered some repetition in 1846 almost unavoidable."—*Transactions*, p. 22.

We have not forgotten, it is to be hoped, the vast munificence of the Americans, during the whole of that awful time; nor the generosity shown wherever the story of a nation's hunger was known. "Our difficulty," says one of the benevolent agents, "was not that there was not food enough for the people, but that we could not get it to them

in time to save their lives." It appears, indeed, from what the traveller in Ireland now hears as he goes, as if there was nothing for it but visiting every house with gifts of food. As this could not be done, the people died in their cabins, and lay there till the roofs tumbled down upon their bones, because there were none to bury them. A gaunt man, trembling from exhaustion, made his way to the commissariat window, through the groaning crowd of hungerers, with a basket on his shoulders, and another on his breast, and a dead child in each. A lady, crossing through the long grass of a field, found a dying child half-hidden there, alone. A stranger, travelling for benevolent purposes, with a guide, proposed to ask a question at a house by the road side. There was no answer to the knock. They went in, and found the corpses of the man and his wife on one bed, and of the two daughters on the other. The parents had been some time dead. Of the two pretty young girls, who lay close together, one was yet warm. What a last hour must hers have been! But no more of this! Suffice it, that these were the scenes common over all Ireland, and justifying the saying that, owing to the effects of the then expiring Corn-laws, no adequate relief could possibly be given, otherwise than by ministering from house to house—for which no machinery existed. Something like this was the adversity which Peel foresaw when he delivered to Parliament the evidence collected by the agents sent by Government to Ireland. It should be remembered now, how the Disraelis, and other protectionists, then scoffed at the evidence of impending famine in Ireland. They called it a *ruse* of Peel's—a threat—a fabrication. They resisted an amount of evidence which should have sealed their lips, and softened their hearts, and humbled their pride. Men who could use the woes of Ireland as they did, to wring the great statesman's heart, and insult his name and maintain their selfish policy for another term, can never again be worthy of a nation's confidence. Whether they were destined to be converts to Free-trade or not, the men who showed themselves so devoid of integrity, reasonableness, and heart, as the Protectionist leaders, during Peel's exposition of the case of Ireland in 1846, can never be fit to rule a nation that has a conscience and a heart. It is not quitting our subject to say this: for there is a very close connection between the advocacy of Protectionist principles and the state of Ireland in 1846—a connexion which it is, as yet, much too soon for us to forget.

The money-value of the lost potatoes and oats of 1846 was reckoned by the Government at sixteen millions sterling. The first step

towards relief was taken at Calcutta, where, on the earliest hint of probable distress, 14,000*l.* were raised. Nearly a million and a half was contributed by associations at home, central and local. Government advanced nearly ten millions. Irish emigrants sent home, from America and elsewhere, in the course of 1847, 200,000*l.* Year by year, we may remark, that species of remittance has increased, till it reached, last year, the amount of 1,000,000*l.* The Americans sent food to the value of 133,847*l.*, besides tens of thousands of pounds in money. "The supplies sent from America to Ireland," say the Committee, "were on a scale unparalleled in history." This also is a fact which it will ever be too soon for us to forget. Then came the unfortunate mistake of the Public Works test—the roads, yet unfinished, where haggard men were sent to faint away, in proof of the reality of their need—roads which are now shut up and grass-grown; unfinished, and sadly premature if they were finished. Then came the dropping dead at the gate of the workhouse, or within the doors; and the opening of auxiliary workhouses, where fever patients lay three or four in a bed; and the coffins could not be put together fast enough; and death made a repeated clearance, only to have the space filled again. Then were landlords compelled to lock themselves within their gates, because they could not pay their rates,—some of them even being glad to have a bag of meal dropped in the night at their own backdoors. Then was seen the strange spectacle of the representative of an ancient family, lately a justice of the peace, presiding in his own mansion—not as host—but as master of the workhouse, with his own children there as paupers. Then did every kind of animal disappear from the road, even the donkeys: and a horrible stillness reigned when every living thing had been eaten. Then did the jobbers come forth, and make their profit out of the misery. A man here and there committed the bull of riding on his own handsome horse to fetch away the meal he meant to beg and then sell; but the owner of fifteen cows drove them up among the hills before he put on his pauper character. Then did the good Quakers, and other friends of the suffering, spread their network of communication over the land, and "lift up the hands that hung-down, and strengthen the feeble knees." Then did those excellent men toil and strive,—not only to feed the hungering for the day, but to prepare a better lot for their future years. Here, they set the people to fish, there to grow root crops; here to spin or embroider,—and there to preserve, if possible, the quarter acre which precluded their claim to legal relief. After

appeasing the immediate hunger, their aim was to foster industry, and guard trade, and multiply resources, and discourage selfishness, as much as despair. It was not to be expected that their farms and their fisheries should flourish at such a time, or at any time,—seeing how fatal corporate management is to industrial enterprises; but nobody will question their funds being well spent, in supporting life and hope, whether the result in money was profit or loss. Now was the time when another change of incalculable importance was begun. In some wild parts of Connaught, a Quaker must have been a new sight. “I believe,” said one, the other day, “they think us very queer people.” Something of an angelic light must have beamed into dim eyes, from under the broad brim—some heavenly tone must have sounded through the plain speech—when the strangers entered the desolate places, to see whom they could aid, and to speak of better cheer. Some—many—of the people’s own priests did likewise. Some had no longer a horse, and could not, therefore, go far. Some were hungry and poorly clad, and all the good were overworked; but there were many who did all they could. Many there were who did not. After all due allowance is made for unreasonable expectation, on the part of the people, and for the fretfulness of anguish—after all due allowance for the sufferings of the priestly class itself, it is impossible to avoid the persuasion that very many showed themselves hard, selfish, and insincere in their ministration. They had brought up the people in the belief that salvation depended on the performance of the last offices; and their neglect and refusal to perform those offices is, in the minds of the people, an established fact. Whether they are right or wrong, so they believe. They had always paid the priest before everybody else,—paid him for his blessing on every article of their furniture or dress,—paid him at the chapel,—paid him in their homes,—paid him by the road side,—paid him while they had anything left; and now they say that calling him to dismiss in peace the soul of the famishing, he refused to come, or neglected to come, because they, this time, could not pay. They say now that “the priest is no good where there is no pay.” Whether this judgment is just or unjust, such is the popular judgment in a multitude of cabins in the west; and the fact is of vast importance, as will be seen hereafter. Meantime, the apostles of that season did their work without a word of claim on either hand. Here is their notice, pathetic in its calmness, of their martyrs:—

“At an early period of the distress, fever and

dysentery, the usual attendants of famine, had appeared, and continued very prevalent throughout the year. The fever was peculiarly fatal among the upper classes. Those who had exerted themselves in the relief of suffering were most exposed to contagion; and thus the best and most tried were lost at the time when their services appeared to be increasingly required. Others sank beneath their own unceasing, though fruitless, efforts to relieve the suffering which they daily witnessed. This mortality greatly increased the difficulty of procuring suitable administrators of relief, and we had to deplore the loss of many of our most valued correspondents.”—*Transactions*, p. 65.

Under the Temporary Relief Act, which began to operate in June, 1847, the daily issue of food amounted, before the harvest, to rations for above three millions of persons. Then came the harvest; and then followed the amended Poor-law, by which great relaxations in the ordinary principles of the law were permitted, in accommodation to the needs of the time. Out-door relief was allowed even to the able-bodied poor, till a natural state of society should be restored. Then the charity funds, rapidly becoming exhausted, were no longer applied in the distribution of food, but in clothing, in seeds and implements, in raw material for industrial employments, and in aiding the holders of small lots of land to hold them on till the crisis should be past.

It was over at last. The visitation left the condition and prospects of Ireland entirely changed. The oracular personages who had held forth all their lives about over-population, suddenly found themselves compelled to silence, and to observe what was to be seen before venturing to preach again. Perhaps they see now that what they called over-population was simply under-production; and that if there had been manufacturers and a middle class in Ireland, with a free trade in food, the famine could not have happened. The same, or a greater number of people might then have been fed, under any failure of a particular crop. All that set of considerations was now over. It is believed that about a third of the population has been carried off by the calamities of the last few years, and emigration removes more than a quarter of a million a year. But the reduction of capital was found to have kept pace with the reduction of labour, and most forlorn was the aspect of the land. The lowest order of dwellings had disappeared, or nearly; and of the next, the bare gables stood up, dreary monuments of the calamity gone by. Wide tracts of land were falling back into waste, and for miles together scarcely a human habitation was to be seen. Where men were at work, it was for sixpence a day, or perhaps

digging a stony soil for 7s. an Irish acre; at which rate a good digger might earn 4d. a day—a rate of pay for which no man can dig well for want of sufficient food. The women were earning more than the men, at embroidery, knitting, crochet work, &c. We know of one family of ladies who pay away at this time £80,000 a year to women who do crochet work in their own cabins, the work having now attained the beauty of point lace. The burden of the family maintenance was found to have devolved upon the women, in many parts of Ireland—a strange and fearful spectacle in itself. Another was the overproportion of children. In Cavan workhouse there were 800 young girls at the close of the famine. The priests went afoot now, and their coats were rusty, and their demeanour subdued. The landlords' gates were closed, and their drives grass-grown; and the receiver came and went, instead of the family residing. The removal of the millions who were gone left a clear space on which the real questions of the country and the time stood forth conspicuously. These questions were at once seen to be, what they are now,—the land, and the churches.

The first thing to be done was to establish a free trade in land, that land and other capital might find their way to each other, and labour obtain due scope and reward. The first step towards this was to let out the land into the market; to make it purchasable at all. How well this has been done by the Incumbered Estates Act, the world knows. The burdens have been transferred from the inheritance to its price; the costs of sale have been reduced to a comparative trifle; the title has been made accessible and indisputable, and overgrown estates have been divided into manageable portions. The benefit is vast. The old landlords, humbled by long and too severe reproach, and then by calamity, had not the pride of a former generation; and their mortifications cannot but be largely compensated for by their relief and present freedom. If they have lost some ancient honours, they have slipped their bonds. At a recent date, the amount of sales effected through this court was nearly seven millions and a half; and the process is in full activity. One remarkable fact in connexion with these sales is the very small number of other than Irish purchasers. Desirable as it is that there should be a greater fusion between the inhabitants of our different islands, and that Scotch and English farming should be well planted down in Ireland, we cannot but rejoice that the Irish have ability to buy their own fields, and that some of the capital so unnaturally locked up in the imperial funds should now sow the Irish soil, and yield its

harvests where it ought. One circumstance we are sorry for; that the Friends, who have done so much for Ireland, cannot be purchasers in this court. The Tithe commutation is an insuperable obstacle. They would make such admirable settlers and employers, that it is a matter of regret that they are excluded from this class of purchasers. Of the buyers, many are, no doubt, the mortgagees, and some are the owners, who take this method of shaking off their burdens, and beginning with a small but clear property. But, whoever they may be, the purchasers must mean to do something with their land; and this is the grand point—the land being brought into a useable state.

If the Incumbered Estates Act stood alone, it would render great immediate service, but leave the country subject to the return of the old mischiefs. It has been followed up, therefore, by other Acts, and will be by yet more. Irish judgments now attach only to the lands to which they relate, instead of extending over so many claims as to embarrass the ascertainment of title. They are now of the nature of a mortgage. Indexes of land, based upon the Ordnance Survey, are now provided; and original deeds are to be deposited instead of memorials; and the process of investigation into title is simplified and made secure. The power of leasing is greatly expanded, and its expenses are reduced. Moreover, the suffrage of the tenant is now made independent of the tenure of his land. This not only severs a bad political connexion, unfavourable to the granting of leases, but much more than doubles the constituency, which had sunk very low. Still, other improvements are needed to facilitate dealings in land; and all Ireland, and we hope a good deal of England, is looking with eagerness to the further reforms promised by the Irish Attorney-General for the present session of Parliament.

What, then, is doing on Irish land?—so much of which is thus set free. To look at the worst symptoms first: certain landlords, and not a few,—landlords of the kind that have brought down so much reproach on their whole order—are indubitably trying to bring back the old state of things, for the sake of their own pride and profit. Such men are sneering at manufactures, and crying out for a restoration of the Corn-laws. They disbelieved to the last moment, this year, in the failure of the potato; and, when compelled to believe it, they used their utmost endeavours to conceal the fact. They discourage emigration, lest wages should rise. They favour, to their utmost, small holdings, and sub-letting, and potato planting,—knowing that they can never again enjoy their old rents but by this method. They refuse leases

to skilful farmers, and are pleased to see the finest pastures, even in the shallow limestone bottoms, broken up for potato patches. Another set of landlords are those who, well nigh impoverished, are giving up all thoughts of tillage, except such as is required for the winter feed of stock. Their tenants are gone, without having paid rent or rates: the farm-buildings, always wretched, are crumbling into ruins; nobody applies for their farms, or only on terms which they cannot grant. The wages of labour are rising, continuously, if not rapidly. The men who had 6*d.* a-day are not content with 9*d.*, and ask 1*s.*, and they talk of having another 6*d.* next year. The men are right; but the employer cannot take them on,—at least till he has augmented his capital. He lays out what he has in stock, throws his farms together into a great grazing ground, and finds two or three herdsmen enough on land which, under tillage, would occupy a score of labourers. These landlords are unpopular; but what can they do? The people vilify the fat cattle that flourish where men have pined and died; and they claim to be employed. But some of them will go away; and the others can, as the case shows, get work at rising wages. Another class are the purchasers of the old estates; some of whom are managing, by skill, care, and benevolence, to support the whole population on their lands, without a threat of ejection, and with substantial help towards emigrating, if it is desired. These, though in the districts where the people shoot landlords, seem to be as secure as the English merchant in his counting-house. And so are the new settlers, Scotch and English, who take farms, or break up new ground, or set up peat-works or salt-works. Not being involved in old or political feuds, and setting out on the supposition that wages will rise as rates fall and the people depart, they begin, with a good grace, to pay well. They say, that they meet with no difficulty while they make a point of good work, stick to their own business, ask no man what his religion is, and pay wages regularly in cash. When these settlers, or any other cultivators who understand their business, have fairly introduced the practice of good tillage into the soil of Ireland and the mind of its inhabitants, we, or the next generation, may hope to see a great extension of the proprietary class of landholders. At present, it is much too soon for a peasant proprietary; and the extension ought to be, and must be, very gradual. Before the famine, the number of landowners was smaller, in proportion to the land, than in any part of Europe except Spain. The number for all Ireland, was supposed not to exceed eight thousand—eight thousand pro-

prietors of land in a population of more than eight millions! Through the division of overgrown estates, now going on,—through the intermediate process of leasing,—through the establishment of tenant-right, of some kind and degree,—through the natural demand for agricultural products which must arise from the spread of manufactures,—and through the increasing tendency to regard the tillage of the ground as a food manufacture,—men will become qualified to deal properly with land, and therefore to possess it as their own; and, by that time, land will be no more difficult to buy than other raw material. That time is a long way off; and much has to be done in training the people to the practice of good tillage: for nothing can well be worse than the spectacle of Irish fields and pastures as they stand now. The time may come when they will be like the Scotch, where, within a walk of Edinburgh, may be seen the highest perfection to which the food manufacture has yet been brought. There lies the land, rich and various; there are the people, no longer too many; there are the new possessors, bringing in new methods; there are the government and lawyers, throwing open the sale of land by facilitating its transfer; and there is the absentee capital, flowing back steadily, though not very fast, and bringing plenty more after it. Every pound of such capital, flowing back into Ireland, represents a particle of a middle class which, thus deposited, will become fruitful,—filling up the wide space between the barren heights of landlordism and the engulfing floods of pauperism.

So much for the one grand feature in the condition of Ireland. Now for the other—the churches.

This used to be considered a very old subject. People were tired of it before Catholic Emancipation. But it has suddenly become a very new one. There is a fresher interest about it now than there was when King James was galloping away from the Boyne. The complaint against the Protestant Church in Ireland has always been that it was not a missionary church, and that it was therefore a mere imposition upon the Catholic nation. It was quite true that, at first, there was no attempt to convert the Catholics, but only to subdue them; and that afterwards, it was found impossible—as was natural enough—to make any impression upon those whom we had handled so roughly at the outset. It is no longer so. A fever of zeal has taken possession of a portion of the Church, and conversions, of various quality, are going on with a rapidity suspicious enough to leave no excuse for disappointment in the probable case of reaction. The impression of dispas-

sionate observers on the spot seems to be little more favourable to the Protestant Church than before, since events appear to show that that Church either does nothing or breaks the peace.

Here and there may be seen a Protestant clergyman, rich, and living in a good house, with his pretty church within sight. He is beloved by his neighbours, who cut his hay to the neglect of their own, and look glad when they meet him in the road. He is a farmer and good neighbour all the week. On Sunday, he preaches to his own household, and perhaps half-a-dozen more. It is as a neighbour that he is beloved,—his clerical character being forgotten; or, if the people are told of his fine income as priest of heresy, they forgive it in their thankfulness for his letting them alone. Here and there may be seen a Protestant clergyman, once filled full of the true spirit of a missionary, but now, disappointed and forlorn, baulked of sympathy, and wounded by exclusion, finding nothing to do, and only too much to feel, sunk into bad habits—even suspended for intemperance. Painful as this fact is, it is fact. The answer in Ireland is, when one asks whether the thing is so,—“it is just the same with the priests.” Again, here and there—in many places now—may be seen the Protestant clergyman in the missionary character, the busiest of men. There are not only prayer meetings, and school meetings, and missionary meetings, but every transaction in life is to go forward “on true Protestant principles.” Crochet and embroidery are no longer to be taught but in connexion with true Protestant principles: bibles and tracts are, on the same principles, to be laid on every table in inns and public buildings: the clergyman, in asking a blessing in public on his boiled egg and bread and butter, intercedes for the downfall of Popery. If a passionate priest works himself into a rage, at the altar or on the highway, and a fit of apoplexy is the consequence, the clergyman hastens to point out how Heaven acts on true Protestant principles in dispensing its judgments: and little children have their mouths stuffed full of texts, to spit in the face of the priest—all on true Protestant principles. In the strength of the same principles, the missionary gets up again, when knocked down in the street, sees himself burned in effigy, and affixes to the priests all the terms descriptive of Antichrist that he can cull from the Bible; and on the same principles, he “deals plainly with the people in search of a blessing,” saying, “If you listen to the priest, you will be damned.” He is not always aware that the priest follows him, saying, with the same “plainness,” “If you listen to that

man, you will be damned.” And, perhaps, neither is aware that the natural effect upon the people is, first, perplexity and terror, and then a sly defiance of both zealots. Threatened with perdition on both hands, they think that there must be some mistake, and doubt whether there is any such gulf at all. Or, the same superstition which made them slaves to the priests before, makes them anything but disinterested disciples now. They “love Jesus” warmly enough for a time. His name relieves them from the horror of their relations having died unannealed in the famine. He will preserve their potatoes,—and they saw that the priest could not,—for the priest’s sprinkling the potatoes with holy water did not do any good (even though salt was prudently used also); and, in truth, their new faith gives them, if not a good potato crop, plenty of work and Indian meal. We do not suppose that the charge of open and shameless bribery—of intentional bribery at all—brought against the missionaries, is true. The standing rule of the body is to apply its resources only to the spiritual wants of the people. They say, however, that they do not presume to interfere with private charity; and private charity cannot, and need not, resist the appeal of converts who show that the Catholic employers of the neighbourhood will not give them work, and that the priest is bent upon their ruin. Work and food must be found for such, and ought to be; but, then it throws a suspicion on the spiritual character of the movement, that the converts rise in the world by it. Priests denounce from the altar the Jumpers (as the Connaught converts are nicknamed), who, in the actual words of a priest at Achill, “are justified by stir-about and redeemed by porridge.” A short extract or two will give an idea of the state of things, according to the view of the Mission Society itself.

“In the district of West Galway there are now between 5000 and 6000 converts in connexion with this Society, where in 1840, not 500 Protestants were to be found. . . . In this district of the country upwards of 3500 children are daily attending the mission schools, and are instructed in the Scriptures which they delight to read. These often prove a blessing to their parents, in conveying from their schools the information they receive, whereby many of the aged and infirm have learned the way of salvation; thus, out of the mouths of these babes has God perfected his praise! They are each of them, more or less, ‘able to give him that asketh a reason of the hope that is in them.’ On asking a girl in the Streamstown school-house, ‘What is it to believe in Christ?’ the reply she made would put to shame many more advanced, and under greater advantages from their youth. She said—“It is the Spirit of God moving the soul to lean

upon Jesus, and trust Him for salvation? Would to God this explanation of what faith in Christ is were apprehended by our young and old! In visiting these stations in the far west, one cannot but observe the decrepid and famine-stricken appearance of many; yet the eye brightens up, and the whole countenance changes when Jesus and His salvation is the subject of conversation. The eagerness and facility which they exhibit in finding out passages of Scripture is remarkable, and nothing they delight in more than holding a controversy with their priests and neighbours, concerning the way in which a sinner can be saved."—*Sketches, &c.*, p. 23.

They are "ready;" they do delight in these conflicts, these shrewd and excitable Irish children. And it is true that they do perplex and confound the priests. The traveller asks himself which is the most disgusting and mournful sight,—a controversial child provoking the priest, or the priest, the people's guide, who can be foiled and exasperated by a voluble child? The controversy too often ends in the priest's laying his horsewhip over the little creature, or knocking it down with a box on the ear, followed up by his shouting aloud words of this sort: "The curse of a mother's broken heart be upon you! May God Almighty scald your heart in your dying bed, and command your soul to the lowest pit of hell!" We shall not be supposed to have drawn on our imagination for these words. They were actually used by a bishop to a convert, the utterance of the curse being preceded by an exhibition of the apostolic ring.

"The influence and power of the popish bishop and his emissaries," says the Sketch, "is, however, daily on the decline in districts where the Reformation has gained ground. In the town of Clifden—where Mr. Dallas was burned in effigy—Mr. D'Arcy, the magistrate, struck in a mob consisting of at least a thousand persons—the Rev. Mr. Kilbridge knocked down, and nearly murdered—and about 400 or 500 children cruelly beaten with sticks and stones—all which happened in or near Clifden in June, 1850—so great a change has taken place within the short period of a year, that when Mac Hale, their 'archbishop,' was actually in town, in June, 1851, with a body-guard of 'Italian Police,' not an insult was offered towards the Protestant Bishop Plunket, Mr. Dallas, or his party, in Clifden at the time."—*Sketch*, p. 26.

Dr. Mac Hale was somewhere else this last summer, where matters did not go off so quietly. He was visiting Achill; and there, as soon as the great brawler was gone, the little brawlers began to do like him. The reports of the petty sessions have since shown the consequences. There was, besides all manner of private railing between the Mission and the Papists, a riot at Keel, when two Scripture

readers were mobbed, and a priest incurred a trial and a penalty of 5*l.* Such is the condition of the religion of peace and love in Ireland just now. Our short extracts show something of the offensive temper and manners of the missionaries; and we have nothing to say for the priests. The natural tendency, in regarding such a case as that of the Irish Catholics, is to side with the weaker party—to disbelieve the bad, and think the best to the last moment. That last moment, however, is that of setting foot on the Irish coast. On the spot it is utterly impossible to think well of the priests and their influence. After traversing the whole island, the observer has seen, perhaps, scarcely any one who looks even human. Their very preparation for office consists in extinguishing human affections, while the passions seem to be exasperated by the process. It is painful enough to see in Italy the priests who go about in couples—the fat and thin, the jolly and ascetic; but it is worse to mark the two Irish classes—the brutes and the devils. These are strong words, but they convey our impressions; and, in considering the ecclesiastical condition of Ireland, it would hardly be right to disguise those impressions. There is plenty of material for forming a judgment for those who wish to do so. Let them look back to the part the priests took in the elections of last summer; let them read, not only the writings of John of Tuam—who may be considered an exceptional personage—but the *Tablet*, the understood organ of the body, for the last year alone. Let them go to South Inniskea, the island which is almost in view from the missionary field of Connemara, and ask for the stone pillar which the inhabitants worship. There, within the diocese (we believe) of John of Tuam, is the stone pillar which is annually dressed in new woollen by the old woman who acts as priestess, and to which the people pray for weeks. This, and the locks of hair hung on trees for offerings in various holy places, and plenty more such horrors, will show to any body who wishes to know what care the Romish Church takes of her children, and how far she has saved them from what she calls the 'perdition of heathenism.'

What are the prospects of the two churches?—and of Ireland in connexion with them? There is no question about the weakening of the power of the Romish Church—not only among the few thousands of recent converts, but over a wider area. In inquiring, for instance, into the responsibility of the priests in regard to Ribbonism—in inquiring whether they must not necessarily know, through confession, of every Ribbon conspiracy, one is told—"By no means. There is no doubt that they might, if they chose, put a stop to

secret societies; but as to knowing of special plans, they know little more than any body else, as men now very seldom confess. Women do; but the mortal sin of neglect of confession is very lightly and generally incurred by Irishmen now." Will Catholicism long sustain itself, in the presence of such a fact as this?

We have a strong impression that Catholicism will profit by this conversion movement. If it is to die out, it will die out less fast for this. The movement is not a healthy one, and it is manifestly of a temporary character. It is quite certain that the hearts of many "converts" are still with their priests and their old ways; and many will do what Gavan Duffy proposes—but with more sincerity—"go back to the old holy well." Of the many who will not do this, we do not think the greater part will belong to the Protestant Church under any form. Our expectation rather is that, in an age when the Protestant Church cannot hold her ground elsewhere against awakened inquiry, she will not do so in Ireland; and that the cry in the next generation will be about "the great spread of infidelity." This is the common and natural result of such mutual hatred and denunciation as exists between the earnest members of both churches in Ireland. Any one who reads the *Tablet* on the one hand, and the Tracts issued by the Protestant Mission Society on the other, may judge for himself whether the conclusion of a rational generation must not be that all who so vituperate must be wrong—the one party as much as the other. What will be done with church property in such a state of things, each thinker may debate for himself. If we set to work to wish, we should probably wish for a revival of the Appropriation enterprise;—for the application of all church property left over and above the reasonable needs of actual worshippers, to educational and other moral and intellectual purposes. Meantime, we cannot but see how partial must be the improvement of Ireland while this conflict of the churches is going on. In the great Dublin shops, where the shopmen are Ulster Protestants—as violent as Mac Hale, and as ignorant as his priests—there is talk behind the counter and in the evening club, of "wading knee-deep in Catholic blood." In Sligo, the priest obtains the name of the Clerical Skull-cracker, from instigating a street-row, for which he goes to jail. In Mayo, Scripture readers, who are not clergymen, and are sometimes ne'er-do-wells, mob young women who listen to the priest rather than become "Jumpers;" and in Clare, three priests lead on the mob to stone soldiers in a narrow lane. In the rivalry of oratory, there is no saying which

excels,—the Orangeman who utters his opinion of the Catholic clergy, or the priest who, from the altar, denounces the landlord, threatens the electors, and hints to the peasantry what to do to the neighbour who refuses "to vote for God." And there seems no hope of a subsidence of this hatred through lapse of time. The Catholic priesthood is certainly more offensive than it was,—stirred up from Rome (which some of the wisest of them lament to safe hearers), and exasperated by new opposition and by poverty. Very poor they are; for the people who died in the famine and fever were their most lucrative disciples; and they are growing daily poorer from the emigration of their flocks. And the Protestants, even some of the best educated and the most liberal in politics, are saying that there is nothing for it now but a tooth-and-nail fight with the Romish Church. They believe that the people can never prosper till Romanism is cast out, and they point to the contrast which exists between certain continental peoples, and which they ascribe to their respective Protestantism and Catholicism. Those who have seen how industrious and prosperous Catholics are in the United States and in the plains of Lombardy, and in the Vale of the Arno, and, we may now add, in districts of Ireland, settled by just and peace-loving gentry, will insist that it is not the Catholicism, but something else which makes the misery of Spain, Sicily, and Mexico. But the Irish Protestant gentry do not think so; and they are for theological war: We confess that, looking at the kind and degree of disqualification and disgrace on both sides,—at the bad quality of the Catholic priesthood on the one hand, and the unjust exaltation of the Church of the minority on the other,—we regard the religious quarrel as the most melancholy and the most thoroughly discouraging of the woes of Ireland.

It is cheering, to a certain extent, to rest on the hope held out by the National School system,—the brightest symptom of Irish life at present. The Dublin schools are a glorious spectacle; and there it is found possible and easy for Catholics and Protestants, at the very age of the theological passion, to live together on good terms. The teachers who are in training there, from the age of seventeen to five-and-twenty, have no quarrels about religion, though the Catholics and Protestants are in about the same proportion there as throughout Ireland. If this could last, while half a million of children are going forth from the National Schools, to spread themselves over the land, we should have great hope of the subsidence of the theological mischief. But this would imply such a decline or local extinction of the Catholic Church as



we have little reason to expect. It would imply this because, as we all know, the National School system is abhorred, as are the Queen's Colleges, by the Catholic authorities and their ignorant ministers; and there are tokens at present of renewed vigilance and aggravated hatred which make us dread a break-up, after all. It is a satisfaction to see that Lord Derby's government does not mean to meddle with the school-system. We earnestly hope that the Protestant supporters of the schools, who have shown their benevolent zeal by great devotedness, will incessantly remember how much more important it is to preserve the school-system in its strength and integrity than to make Protestants of any score or two of the pupils,—giving opportunity to the priests to complain of encroachment on their domain.

We have enlarged upon the two great causes of Irish misery,—the condition of the land question, and that of the ecclesiastical controversy. The worst mischiefs of the land question are over, or are doomed. The worst mischiefs of the ecclesiastical question are in full force. What is there to be seen besides? The Repeal agitation is over; and, except at election times, other political agitation, though the priests are ever ready to revive it. Tillage is improving, wages are rising, the work-houses are becoming disburdened, with a fair prospect of further and sufficient relief when the weight of infirmity and orphanage left by the famine is naturally disposed of. Education is raising the next generation to a fitness for a better fortune. The institution of Schools of Design in Dublin and Belfast points to an improvement in manufactures. There is something better even than all this. The education of children seems to be reacting on the mind of adults. The tone of society, in town and country, is so changed, that the Edgeworths and their contemporaries would hardly know their own country. It is a great thing to observe that literary societies are on the increase, and that reading and discussion are taking the place of shooting and drinking. But more striking still is the condition of two new societies, whose success shows how earnestly some of the best minds are engaged in searching into the causes of Ireland's misfortunes. The Dublin Statistical Society has been established only five years. It is so flourishing as to be able to send lecturers,—gentlemen of high qualifications,—to deliver lectures in a circuit of provincial towns. Out of it has sprung another,—an Association for Promoting Scientific Inquiry into Social Questions. Out of these has come some of the reform in regard to the laws of land already attained, and out of them will come much more. To them we owe, directly, Professor

Hancock's small but highly important volume, whose title stands at the head of our article; and Dr. Longfield's Report on the Land Question, and Dr. Lawson's on the Patent Laws. Mr. Pim, who was considered by Sir R. Peel the highest authority on Irish subjects, and whose work ought to be on every statesman's shelves, is one of the fraternity; and so is Professor Hearn, who wrote the Cassel Prize Essay on the Condition of Ireland, while teaching Greek in the Queen's College at Galway. If we were asked what practical measure we should suggest, and most earnestly desire for the benefit of Ireland, it would be to send as many as possible of these gentlemen to Parliament. If we could see Professor Hancock and Mr. Pim in the House of Commons, in the place of any two ranters who may be found there, and Drs. Longfield and Lawson instead of the bores, we should consider the regeneration of Ireland the most probable event in the world. Any large constituency which should send them to the National Council would virtually declare their country saved, by choosing for their representatives men who can so well instruct the Imperial Government how to save her.

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ART. III.—CHARITIES, NOXIOUS AND BENEFICENT.

*The Charities of London.* By Sampson Low. London. 1850.

THERE is much in the aspect and the tendencies of our age and country that is encouraging and gratifying. We are receding fast from the barbarism of former times, both in practice and in legislation. As a community, we are awakening to a far stronger and more general sense of the claims and dues of all classes. We are beginning to estimate our objects and possessions more according to rational principles and less according to conventional formulas. We are learning to look rather to the essentials of actions and enjoyments, than to the adventitious and unreal qualities with which imagination and prejudice have hitherto invested them. We judge more by substance and less by shadow. We lead on the whole a more individual life than formerly, and are less the slaves and puppets of each other's breath. Fame is less to us, and achievement and acquisition more. We are a little reverting towards nature and reality. Fewer are willing to ruin themselves, in order to seem rich. Fewer are disposed to wear chains, in order that they may

seem to wield sceptres. Fewer are ready to pull down their house, in order to build their monument.

On the other hand, with our progress in civilization and intelligence, we have encountered many of its perils, and are lapsing into some of its disadvantages and drawbacks. We are getting soft; we are getting material; we are getting utilitarian and calculating. We are in danger of reducing everything to an arithmetical standard, and discarding everything that cannot show a pounds-shillings-and-pence balance in favour of its retention. We are too apt—at least a pushing, active, and increasing school among us is—to forget that there are things too high, too sacred, too great for calculation—things which the multiplication-table and the two-foot rule can neither estimate nor measure. We are in danger of being more swayed by material realities than by grand ideas; yet ideas are realities too. Interest is taking the helm which principle ought to hold. Where we formerly worshipped power, fame, and empire, we now bow down before the more solid idols of peace, safety, comfort, and wealth. But we are also in peril from another tendency, with which we are more immediately concerned in the following pages: we are becoming foolishly soft, weakly tender, irrationally maudlin, unwisely and mischievously charitable. Under the specious mask of mercy to the criminal and benevolence to the wretched, we spare our own feelings at the cost of the most obvious principles of morality, the plainest dictates of prudence, the dearest interests of our country. We are kind to every one except society. We find it easier and more agreeable to be generous than to be just. We shrink from painful subjects, painful scenes, painful necessities.

Under the old system of parochial administration, for example, mistaken kindness, a misty sense of duty, and bad political economy, had gone hand-in-hand in augmenting destitution, and demoralizing our peasantry, till the result of their joint efforts threatened absolute ruin to society, when the new Poor-law stepped in to arrest the evil. It did much; it would have done much more, had not blind charity—debased this time by an admixture of the worst political passions—interfered to prevent the free and full action of those thoroughly sound, though stern principles of right and justice, on which it was founded. It was perceived by the authors of that admirable measure, that the only way of discouraging pauperism, and promoting energy and self-reliance, was by rendering the position of the pauper less comfortable and less desirable than that of the independent labourer. It was shown—what it was

a reproach to our national good sense to think required a proof—that this was demanded by every consideration of policy and justice. But since it was necessary that the poor-house should be a substantial and weather-proof building; since it was essential to health and propriety that it should be warm and clean; and since it was impossible to feed the inmates so wretchedly, or to cook their food so ill, as in the case of the honest and self-supporting peasant, it became indispensable to the object in view to compensate these advantages to the pauper with some counterbalancing *désagrémens*, in the shape of confinement, labour, classification, privation of tobacco and other luxuries, &c. &c. It was at once seen, moreover, that paupers supported by the contributions of the industrious part of the community should not be allowed to propagate paupers at their leisure and discretion. It was admitted to be indecent to have married couples sleeping together in the public dormitory, and it was found simply impossible to provide them with separate rooms: man and wife were therefore separated in the workhouse. Then, it was obviously wise and right that the young and the old, the curable and the corrupt, should not herd together. It was necessary that children should be instructed and trained, so that they, at least, if not their parents, might cease to be willing paupers: the young were, therefore, classified together, and placed under proper control and tuition; and there began to dawn a hope of better days and worthier feelings. Forthwith, however, our benevolence took umbrage; it was cruel to separate parent and child; it was wrong to separate man and wife—"whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" so the right of indefinite multiplication at the expense of others was broadly maintained. It was barbarous to force the aged and unfortunate into the workhouse (as most unquestionably it often was), so the law must be relaxed; out-door relief must be conceded; and the few hardships and restraints which still remained to make pauperism unattractive, must be modified or removed, till the very purpose of the original scheme was all but neutralized.

We are now just beginning to awaken to some of the mischiefs wrought by this ill-regulated tenderness. Alas for poor human nature!—our very amiabilities seem to lead us astray. The crimes of the virtuous, the blasphemies of the pious, and the follies of the wise, would scarcely fill a larger volume than the cruelties of the humane. In this world a large part of the occupation of the wise has been to neutralize the efforts of the good. Selfishness and benevolence have

been fellow-labourers in doing harm. It has seemed scarcely possible to attempt to do good without incurring the danger of doing a preponderating amount of evil.

There must, it is evident enough, be something intrinsically and fundamentally wrong in our system and principles of action, when such excellent feelings can lead to such deplorable results. It is well worth while once more to call attention to the point in which the error lies. In doing this, we are well aware that we are but treading over old ground that has been travelled by far abler expositors before us. But, alas! a path needs to be trodden very smooth, and made very plain indeed, before public opinion will practically and habitually walk therein.

To relieve distress, whether arising from accident or want, is not only the impulse of benevolent and cultured feelings, but a healthy natural instinct—an instinct which, in a rude and simple state of society, might probably be indulged with safety. But as we recede from this condition, as social arrangements become more complicated, and men grow more and more sophisticated, it soon begins to appear that our charitable impulses cannot always be followed without injury or danger; that to relieve misery is not always to mitigate or diminish it; and that to attack symptoms and effects only is a costly and clumsy mode of action. Then arises the second stage of awakened kindness—the desire to search out causes, origins and hidden springs, to cut off poverty and privation by drying up their source; in a word, to prevent misery instead of relieving it. At this stage many of us, theoretically at least, have now arrived. But our search is groping, unsystematic, and incomplete; our tenderness is too impatient to wait for the slow, but certain harvest of *radical* applications, and of wholesome principles. We not only shrink from administering the unpalatable medicine, but when administered, we interfere with its operations by anodynes and palliatives; in a word, we are still in a measure thoughtlessly obedient to the more instinctive promptings of our nature. Finally and slowly, and only after we have exhausted every form of benevolent error, do we reach the last form which ripened and chastened charity assumes, and learn and recognise—painfully, it may be, and reluctantly—that success in our object is only attainable when we shall have taught suffering and destitution to prevent themselves—when the cure shall have been found in the natural operation of the malady itself.

The charities of England, in extent, variety, and amount, are something perfectly stupendous. They have long been so. There is scarcely a conceivable form of human want

or wretchedness for which a special and appropriate provision has not been made. There is scarcely a malady to which the human frame is subject, scarcely a casualty to which it is liable, which has not a peculiar hospital or dispensary allotted to its victims. If people are destitute, they are lodged, clothed, and fed at the cost of the public, by a compulsory Poor-law. If they meet with accidents, hospitals and infirmaries without number are open to receive them. If they are afflicted with disease, the medical charities are endless and diversified, and easily accessible. Thousands of surgeons are willing and anxious to attend them *gratis*, for the mere sake of practice. If maternity comes and finds them unprovided, lying-in-hospitals and cognate institutions swarm around them. If a long course of vice has punished them with a loathsome malady, Lock hospitals welcome them and cure them. If they wish to emigrate, there are societies to help them. From the cradle to the grave, they are surrounded with importunate benevolence.

The following graphic sketch of the all-embracing charities of one of the most pauperized districts of the metropolis is full of instruction. It was given to the Commissioners of Inquiry in 1833, by the Rev. Wm. Stone, of Christchurch, Spitalfields, who describes himself as a clergyman concerned in the distribution of £8000 a year of charitable funds:—

“A young weaver of twenty-two, marries a girl of nineteen: the consequence is, the prospect of a family. We should presume that, under ordinary circumstances, they would regard such a prospect with some anxiety; that they would calculate upon the expenses of an accouchement, and prepare for them in the interval by strict economy and unremitting industry. No such thing. It is the good fortune of our couple to live in the district of Spitalfields; and it is impossible to live there without witnessing the exertions of many charitable associations. To these, therefore, they naturally look for assistance on every occasion.

“They are visited periodically by a member of the *District Visiting Society*. It is the object of this society to inquire into the condition of the poor, to give them religious advice and occasional temporal relief, and to put them in the way of obtaining the aid of other charitable institutions. To the visitor of this society the wife makes known her situation, and states her inability to meet the expense of an accoucheur. The consequence is, that she obtains from him, or under his directions, a ticket either for the *Lying-in-Hospital*, or for the *Royal Maternity Society*. By the former of the charities she is provided with gratuitous board, lodging, medical attendance, churching, registry of her child's baptism, &c.; by the latter she is accommodated with the gratuitous services of a midwife to deliver her at her own home.

1853.

"Delivered of her child at the cost of the *Royal Maternity Society*, she is left by the midwife; but then she requires a nurse, and for a nurse she is, of course, unable to pay herself. A little exertion, however, gets over this difficulty: she sends to the *district visitor*, to the minister, or to some charitable parishioner, and, by their interest with the parish officers, she has at last a nurse sent to her from the workhouse. But still she has many wants—and these, too, she is unable to supply at her own expense. She requires blankets, bed and body-linen for herself, and baby-linen for her infant. With these she is furnished by another charitable institution. Soon after her marriage she has heard one of her neighbours say, that she had been favored in no less than *five* successive confinements with the loan of a 'box of linen' from the *Benevolent Society*. She had accordingly taken care to secure the 'box of linen' for herself; and during her confinement she receives occasional visits and pecuniary relief from a female visitor of the charity. By her she is kindly attended to, and through her, or the 'district visitor,' she is provided, in case of fever or other illness, with the gratuitous services of the parish apothecary, or some other charitable medical practitioner of the district.

"At the end of the month she goes, *pro forma*, to be church'd; and, though perhaps the best dressed female of the party, she claims exemption from any pecuniary offering, by virtue of a *printed ticket* to that effect put into her hands by the midwife of the *Royal Maternity Society*.

"The child thus introduced into the world is not worse provided for than his parents. Of course he requires vaccination, or, in case of neglect he takes the small-pox. In either case, he is sent to the *Hospital for Casual Small-pox and for Vaccination*, and by this means costs his parents nothing.

"He has the measles, the whooping-cough, and other morbid affections peculiar to childhood. In all these instances he has the benefit of the *City Institution for Diseases of Children*.

"Indeed, from his birth to his death, he may command any medical treatment. If his father be a Welshman, he applies to the *Welsh Dispensary*: if not, or if he prefers another, he has the *Tower Hamlets' Universal Dispensary*, the *London Dispensary*, and the *City of London Dispensary*. In case of fever, he is sent to the *Fever Hospital*. In a broken limb, or any sudden or acute disorder, he is admitted into the 'London' or other *public hospital*. For a rash, or any specific disease of the skin or ear, he can be sent to the *London Dispensary*. For all morbid affections of the eye, he goes to the *London Ophthalmic Infirmary*. In case of rupture, he receives a ticket for the *Rupture Society*, or for the *City of London Truss Society*. For a pulmonary complaint, he attends the *Infirmary for Asthma, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Lungs*. And for scrofula, or any other disease which may require *sea-bathing*, he is sent to the *Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate*. In some of these medical institutions, he has the extra advantage of board, lodging, and other accommodation.

"By the time the child is eighteen months or two years old, it becomes convenient to the

mother to 'get him out of the way;' for this purpose he is sent to the *Infant School*, and in this seminary enters upon another wide field of eleemosynary immunities.

"At the age of six, he quits the *Infant School*, and has before him an ample choice of schools of a higher class. He may attend the *Lancasterian School* for two-pence a week, and the *National School* for one penny, or for nothing. His parents naturally prefer the latter school; it may be less liberal in principle, but it is lower in price. In some instances, too, it is connected with a *cheap clothing society*; in others, it provides clothing to a limited number of children. And in others, again, it recommends its scholars to the governors of a more richly-endowed *clothing charity school*. A parent of this sort, however, has hardly done justice to herself or her child, till she has succeeded in getting him admitted into a school where he will be *immediately and permanently clothed*. This advantage is to be found in the *Protestant Dissenters'*, in the *Parochial*, or in the *Ward Charity School*; and she secures him a presentation to one or other of these; either by a recommendation from the *National School*—by the spontaneous offer of her husband's employer—or by her own importunate applications at the door of some other subscriber.

"It is possible, indeed, that she may not succeed in getting her child into a clothing charity school: it is more than possible that she may find a more profitable employment for him than attendance at the *National*; she may keep him at home all the week to help her to nurse her fourth or fifth baby, or she may earn a few pence by sending him out as an errand-boy. Yet even under these circumstances she does not necessarily forego the means of getting him an education, or a suit of clothes, for nothing. Even then she can send him to one of the innumerable *Sunday-schools* in the neighbourhood; and for clothing she can apply to the *Educational Clothing Society*. 'The object of this society is the lending of clothing to enable distressed children to attend Sunday-schools.' Only, then, let her child be 'a distressed one,' and he is provided with a suit of clothes, which he wears all the *Sundays of one year*, and, in case of past regular attendance at school, *all the week-days of the next year*. The *Sundays of the second year*, he begins with a new suit of clothes as before.

"The probability, however, is that by the time the boy is eight or nine years old, his mother does succeed in procuring his admission into the *Clothing Charity School*; and there is the same probability that she will continue him in it. She has strong reasons for so doing—for she knows that he will not only be educated and clothed at the expense of the charity, but that when he is fourteen—that is, when he has remained five or six years at school—he will be *apprenticed by it to some tradesman*, with a fee, varying in the different schools, from 2*l.* to 5*l.*

"At fourteen, accordingly, the boy is put apprentice, by the charity, to a weaver; and at the end of the usual term he begins work as a journeyman. He has hardly done so before he proposes to marry a girl about his own age. Within a few months she has the prospect of a child, and a child brings with it many expenses;—but no

matter, he need not pay them. Charity never failed his mother in precisely the same difficulties, and why should it be withheld from him! In the case of his wife, therefore, as in that of his mother, the *Lying-in-Hospital*, or the *Royal Maternity Society*, provides the midwife; the *workhouse*, the nurse; the *Benevolent Society*, the blankets, linen, pecuniary relief, &c.; the *parish doctor*, the *dispensary doctor*, or some other *charitable doctor*, the extra drugs and medical attendance.

"Our protégé now finds that his earnings are precarious—and that, even at their utmost amount, they are inadequate to the support of his increasing family. But his father's family was for years in the same circumstances—and was always saved by *charity*. To charity, then, he again has recourse.

"He hears that twice a year there is a *parish gift of bread*. From some vestryman, or other respectable parishioner, he obtains a ticket for a quarter loaf at Midsummer and at Christmas. There is also a *parish gift of coals*. By the same means, he every Christmas gets a sack of coals. Indeed, by importuning several parishioners, and by giving to each of them a different address, or the same address with different names, he is sometimes so fortunate as to procure *three sacks* instead of one. On these periodical distributions he can confidently depend; for most of these parishioners dispose of their annual tickets to the same poor persons from year to year as a *matter of course*; and others who are more discriminating, invariably find, upon renewed inquiry, that their petitioners are in the same state of apparent indigence or destitution as before. Under these circumstances our applicant soon comes to look upon his share of the parochial bounty as a legitimate and certain item in his yearly receipts.

"But this is only a slight periodical relief. He wants more loaves and more coals; and he has the means of obtaining them. If the weather be severe, the *Spitalfields Association* is at work for months together, distributing bread, coals, and potatoes. The *Soup Society* also is in operation, and provides him regularly with several quarts of excellent meat soup at a penny, or sometimes even a halfpenny, a quart. At all times several *Benevolent Societies*, and *Pension Societies*, are acting in the district: and from these he receives food or pecuniary relief. He may apply, too, to the charitable associations of the different religious denominations—to the *District Visiting Society*, to the *Independent Visiting Society*, to the *Friend-in-need Society*, to the *Strangers' Friend Society*, to the *Zion's Goodwill Society*. He may even be lucky enough to get something from all of them.

"If his bedding is bad, he gets the loan of a blanket from the *Benevolent Society*, or from the *Blanket Association*; or he gets a blanket, a rug, and a pair of sheets, from the *Spitalfields Association*. The last of these charities supplies him with a *flannel waistcoat* for himself, and a *flannel petticoat* for his wife. In one instance it furnishes his wife and children with *shoes* and *stockings*.

"Thus he proceeds from year to year, to the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to

the public. He has been *born for nothing*—*nursed for nothing*—*clothed for nothing*—*educated for nothing*;—he has been put out apprentice for nothing—he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing;—and he has had his children also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked for nothing. There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society,—and that is, his burial. He dies a parish pauper; and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground.

"I wish it to be particularly understood that, in thus describing the operation of charity in my district, I have been giving an *ordinary*, not an extraordinary, instance. I might have included many other details; some of them of a far more aggravated and offensive nature. I have contented myself, however, with describing the state of the district as regard charitable relief, and the extent to which that relief may be, and actually is, made to minister to improvidence and dependence."—*Administration of the Poor Laws. Published by Authority, 1833, pp. 296—302.*

We find from Mr. Sampson Low's book, which we have placed at the head of this article, that the charitable institutions of London are 491 in number, and that their annual income amounts to not less than £1,765,000, of which £742,006 is derived from endowments, and £1,023,000 from voluntary contributions. Other cities and districts are not far behind; but of these we can offer no summary. Certainly, however, there are means here amply adequate to the relief of all misery that ought to exist and would naturally exist. Yet we do not find that destitution or suffering has been either eradicated or provided for: we do not feel clear that it has been met: we are by no means certain that it has not increased. There can be no doubt at least that it still prevails to a most alarming extent—to an extent scarcely equalled in any fully civilized country; and that it prevails most in our great towns—precisely, that is, in the very quarters where most has been done to relieve it. What, then, is the inevitable conclusion?—a conclusion not only flowing out of these premises, but confirmed by the testimony of every man of practical experience and observation—that such charity creates more distress than it relieves.\* We should weary our readers more than would be wise, were we to attempt to bring forward even a tithe of the evidence—whose weight and reliability could not be questioned, which pours in upon us in proof of this position. Every police magistrate, every relieving officer, every minister among the poor, concurs in the same doctrine. But mere tes-

\* "Charity" (said one witness), "creates the necessity it relieves; but it cannot relieve all the necessity it creates."

timony will be comparatively needless, if we spend a few moments in considering, separately, the inevitable effects of this abundant and outpouring charity: *first*, on its recipients; *secondly*, on society at large; *thirdly*, on the donors themselves.

I. The effect of charity upon its *objects*. Selfishness and indolence are natural to uncorrected humanity. Few will exert themselves who can subsist without exertion. Fewer still will undergo the wearisome drudgery of severe and continuous toil, who can supply their wants in any easier mode. The goad of necessity, or some equally urgent stimulus, is needed to arouse men in general to that steady industry under which alone individuals can flourish, and civilization can advance. In the complicated system of modern society this is especially true. The support of a family requires a degree of diligence, prudence, and self-denial, which it is difficult to make general. Thousands will always be found who will exercise these virtues only on compulsion. This compulsion from these thousands we have been careful to take away. Subsistence is difficult to earn by labour—easy to obtain from open and careless charity. What wonder that such multitudes prefer the latter mode! The extent, the thoughtlessness, the indiscriminate nature, of our benevolence, has called into existence a class—the most noxious that can infest a community—to whom charity is an ample, a regular, a luxurious livelihood; who can calculate with certainty upon this income—who *subsist* upon it, as upon any other occupation or profession. The same system not only maintains this class, it is perpetually recruiting and increasing it. It tempts into it all the more indolent, reckless, and poor of the labouring classes. It saps the virtues of energy and self-reliance in those yet uncontaminated, by holding out to them the demoralizing contrast between the easy comforts of those who beg, and the hard privations of those who toil. Wherever it plants its baneful footsteps, it spreads selfishness around it. It teaches men, ever ready to learn so luxurious a lesson, to rely on others rather than themselves. It soon teaches them to claim, as a right, sustenance from others, and to be discontented and malignant when it is withheld; it raises barricades almost insurmountable in the path of real philanthropy; it renders it almost impossible to do good among this class; it undermines the efficiency of the religious teacher, and actually poisons his ministrations. The ministers attached to the domestic missions, even while describing the most painful scenes of squalid misery, intimate that they found their power of giving pecuniary aid sadly interfered with their moral and religious influ-

ence. While money could be extracted or hoped for, a deaf ear was too generally turned to other and more valuable species of assistance. Hear the testimony of a clergyman in one of the most pauperized and charitable districts in the metropolis:—

“As a clergyman of a parish containing a population of 18,000, four-fifths of whom are of the industrious classes, I have observed the operation of an organized system of charity to be prejudicial to them; and with the sanction, or rather under the responsibility, of my honourable calling, I have testified my conviction to that effect.

“Indeed, it is in reference to the *spiritual* duties of my calling that I have been most painfully impressed with this conviction. Very soon after coming into the parish, I was struck with the incredible difficulty, the almost hopelessness, of exercising any specifically religious influence over the working classes of my population,—I do not mean, by the public instructions of a place of worship; a mere insignificant fraction of them ever enter any, or can by any importunity be prevailed upon to do so,—I mean by personal domestic visitation. It is a mockery. ‘We want bread and not preaching,’ is the sentiment always uppermost in their minds, and sometimes on their lips; and he is an unwelcome visitor who brings the Bible in one hand, without a loaf, a blanket, or a shilling in the other. And no wonder. By the prevailing system of charitable relief they have been *nursed* in this carnal spirit; they have been justified in these selfish expectations. Instead of being allowed to learn the great and salutary lesson of Providence, that there is a natural connexion between their conduct and their condition, they have, by this artificial system, been taught that indigence is *of itself* sufficient to constitute a claim to relief. They have been thus encouraged in improvidence, immorality, fraud, and hypocrisy.

“But these, though some of the most common, are not the most painful, indications of the demoralizing effects of charity upon our population. What is more directly and peculiarly offensive to my *professional* feelings, is their hypocritical religious pretences in sickness. Numbers of them, though strangers all their lives to a place of worship, and utterly ignorant and heedless of religion, will yet send to request my prayers on these occasions. In nine-tenths of these cases, I have not been many minutes in the room without discovering that it was not my *prayers* but my *money* that they wanted. I have witnessed most revolting scenes of this kind. It was the practice of my predecessor to distribute the alms collected at the Sacrament to the poor communicants assembled round the table. For obvious reasons, I disapproved of this; and after my second communion I gave notice that I should discontinue the practice. I stated to them my reasons, and my intention of thenceforth distributing these alms in my private ministrations among the poor, in cases of well-attested distress, and especially at sick-beds. ‘Indeed, sir’ (said one of these devout communicants) ‘then the sooner I’m sick the better.’ Most of them seemed much affronted at the change; and I may men-

tion that, since it took place, not more than two or three of them have been in the habit of attending. I traced some of them to more charitable places of worship. It may be said, that circumstances like some of these are natural. True. In the present state of things they are so. But what prospect do they hold out to the conscientious clergyman? They tell him that, to a population in so artificial a state, so pauperized, so demoralized, he cannot be a *clergyman*. They tell him that he must forego the specific—i.e., the *spiritual*—duties of his calling; that he 'must leave the word of God, to serve tables;' and that, in fact, to four-fifths out of 18,000 parishioners, he must stand in no higher official relation than that of a perpetual overseer."—*Evidence of the Rev. W. Stone, and others* (unpublished, 1837).

Not only does our boundless and teeming charity support vast numbers in idleness and improvidence, and encourage these vices in numbers more; not only does it multiply and perpetuate destitution to a degree which none but those who have practically witnessed its operation can adequately estimate; not only does it unfit them for the reception of worthier and more beneficial influences: it has created a class of professional mendicants who live by imposture—and live in a style of luxury which honest, and even successful, industry can scarcely dream of. The fund which supports these creatures seems absolutely inexhaustible. Begging has become not only a regularly organized trade, but it is divided into as many district branches, and carried on in as many various modes, as the cotton or the hardware trade. Its earnings seem to be at least as certain, and generally far higher. Nay, it is more than a trade: it has become an art, and an art in which talent of no insignificant order is engaged. Every species of ingenuity is enlisted in the service of deception; the most vigilant police, and the most experienced mendicity officers, are constantly baffled and at fault; and the mendicant revels in the success of his manœuvres. We have no means of forming even a conjecture as to the number of those who make a living by these mischievous and disreputable means; but there can be no doubt that it is enormous. Many of them are children trained from the cradle to this scandalous profession. Were indiscriminate charity to be regarded in its true light, and scouted as a crime instead of being hugged as a virtue, all this degraded class would vanish as if by magic. It is the conclusion of Mr. Chadwick, after a series of most laborious investigations, that not above *three per cent.* of the cases of mendicancy, in whatever form,\* are genuine,

\* Perhaps we should except the begging letter-writers—a class which, as a whole, is perhaps more

and that not above a third of these are cases of really unavoidable and unmerited distress; and we have now lying before us the unpublished testimony of a mendicity officer of long and large experience, which fully confirms this estimate. In this case, therefore, only an infinitesimally small proportion of the charity bestowed goes towards alleviating destitution; while nearly the whole of it is spent in creating misery, and fostering and maintaining sin.

But this is not all—nor the worst. This system of mendicancy is the nursery, the hot-bed, the forcing-house of crime. Comparatively few of the regular beggars confine themselves to begging. They begin with asking; they end with thieving: they constantly, as might be expected, carry on the two occupations simultaneously, and make one play into the hands of the other. The information they procure as mendicants they use as burglars, or sell to those who do. The tramping beggars are almost always thieves. The evidence given before the Constabulary Force Commissioners abounds with proofs of this connexion.\* The distributors of charity are, therefore, in the great majority of instances, recruiting sergeants for the prison, the hulks, and the gallows. Later on, they have to pay for transporting or for hanging those whom now they are paying to support in vagrancy and vice. But there is another channel through which the same operation is repeated—through which benevolence multiplies malefactors. It is well known, and has been proved over and over again, that a vast proportion of the money given in charity is spent in *gin*.† Judges on the bench, inspectors of prisons, chaplains in gaols, all concur in telling us that in five cases out of six, crime has had its origin in drinking. Hear

scandalous than any other, but which includes also more cases of real distress.

"Of giving to street beggars (says the Minister of the Poor in Liverpool), I cannot speak in too strong terms of censure. In most cases, those who thus cheaply indulge their benevolent feelings are the unconscious ministers of laziness and vice. I have made it my object to examine into many of the statements of these professional mendicants, but without a satisfactory result, *even in a solitary instance*."—*Report for 1849*, p. 9; also *Report*, 1851, p. 34.

\* See especially page 60, where thirteen kinds of these worthies are defined.

† During the time of famine, as is well known, large sums were given away in meal and other food, in the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. "In the year ending 10th of October, 1848, the sum expended on ardent spirits by the labourers and crofters in Mull was £6099, or *double the amount of the extraneous aid found necessary in that most severe year for the relief of their distress*."—See Sir John McNeill's "Report on Destitution in the Western Highlands."

the evidence of the able and benevolent clergyman already cited:—

“The small shopkeepers who live in the parts of my parish inhabited by the most indigent of the population, and who of all persons have best opportunities of knowing their habits and condition, declare that they never witnessed more profligacy and intemperance among them, than ‘at the time so much money was given away in the Church’—meaning the relief which was administered in the distressed year 1826, in the parish vestry-room, over the west entrance of the church. So gross was the general abuse, that the applicants, after receiving relief at the church, would not even go directly from thence to the public-houses in their own neighbourhood. They very commonly became intoxicated at the public-houses *contiguous to the church*, and in this state were seen entering public-houses nearer to their own homes. Many of the persons who shared in this relief, received a certain amount of money periodically; and it was common to observe some of these pointing in the direction of the church, and saying to their companions, generally females,—‘Ay, never mind, we shall get something *there* to-morrow, and then we’ll have a glass together.’

“As a pointed confirmation of this, I will mention a fact communicated to me by a most respectable medical practitioner in my parish. He attended the family of the landlord of a public-house called ‘The Ten Bells,’ and situated within a few yards of the church. This landlord had for a long time owed him a bill of about 10*l.*, and had always declared himself unable to pay it from the extreme slackness of business. *Within a week from the commencement of the relief in 1826*, the landlord’s wife waited upon my informant:—she expressed regret that the bill should have remained so long unpaid, and told him that in consequence of their *vast increase of business since the beginning of the distribution of money in the church*, she had now great pleasure in being able to hand him the amount.”\*

II. Let us now consider, for a few moments, in the second place, the operation of this extensive, organized, miscellaneous charity upon society at large. What must be the effect upon the industrious of this boundless patronage extended to the idle? What must be the effect upon the struggling of this exhaustless and ready-at-hand provision for those who have ceased to struggle? Alas! the solution of the problem is contained in the mere statement of it; the question suggests its own answer. What *can* the effect be but discouragement of all industry and effort—destruction of all honest and dignified self-reliance—disheartening of all independent feeling? What, upon any other people but the Anglo-Saxon, must the effect long ago have been, but the utter disheartening and obliteration

\* Evidence of the Rev. W. Stone, and other witnesses. (Unpublished, 1837.)

of all manly energy, of all sense of worth and justice? The pauper who sinks willingly upon his dirty feather-bed, we feed and foster; the criminal, whose fall is consummated, we pet and comfort; the frugal and toiling labourer, who is struggling with all his earnest soul, to keep himself from the great gulf of eleemosynary degradation, we load with fresh burdens, and neglect and neglect for the benefit of the complacent recipient of charitable doles; the honest man, just stumbling on the verge of guilt, and striving to avoid it, we proffer no aid to, but surround with fresh temptations.

“Philosophy, emancipation, pity for human calamity, is very beautiful; but this deep oblivion of the law of right and wrong; this indiscriminate mashing up of the right and wrong into a patent treacle of the philanthropic movement, is by no means beautiful;—this, on the contrary, is altogether ugly and alarming. . . . To whoever does still know of loadstars, the proceedings, which expand themselves daily, of the sublime philanthropic associations, and ‘universal sluggard and scoundrel-protection societies,’ are a perpetual affliction. . . . ‘Laws are unjust, temptations great,’ &c., &c. Alas! I know it, and mourn for it, and passionately call on all men to help in altering it. But, according to every hypothesis as to the law, and the temptations and pressure towards vice, here are the individuals who, of all society, have *yielded* to said pressure. These are of the worst substance for enduring pressure! The others yet stand, and make resistance to temptation, to the law’s injustice; under all the perversities and strangling impediments there are, the rest of society still keep their feet and struggle forward, marching under the banner of *Cosmos*, of God, and human virtue: these select few, as I explain to you, are they who have fallen to *Chaos*. A superior proclivity to chaos is declared in these, by the very fact of their being there. If you want the *worst* investment for your benevolence, here you accurately have it. O my astonishing benevolent friends! what sort of reformers and workers are you, that work only on the rotten material? That never think of meddling with the material while it continues sound; that stress and strain it with new rates and assessments, till even it has given way and declared itself rotten; whereupon you greedily snatch at it, and say, Now let us try to do some good upon it! You mistake, in every way, my friends; the fact is, you fancy yourselves men of virtue, benevolence, what not,—and you are not even men of sincerity and honest sense. I grieve to say it; but it is true. Good from you, and your operations, is not to be expected. You may go down.

“Incompetent Duncan M’Pastehorn, the hapless, incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobbling of my boots, and cannot find in my heart to refuse it,—the poor drunken wretch, having a wife and ten children; he *withdraws* the job from sober, plainly competent, and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally short of work too; discourages Sparrowbill; teaches him that he too may as well loiter, and drink, and bungle; that this is



not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description; clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill! What harm had poor Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him? And I couldn't save the insalvable M'Pastehorn: I merely yielded him, for insufficient work, here and there a half-crown—which he often drank. And now Sparrowbill is drinking too.

"Justice, justice! Woe betides us everywhere when, for this reason or that, we fail to do justice. No beneficence, benevolence, or other virtuous contribution, will make good that want. And in what a terrible rate of geometrical progression, far beyond our poor computation, any act of injustice once done by us grows; rooting itself ever anew, spreading itself ever anew, like a banyan tree,—blasting all life under it, for it is a poison-tree! There is but one thing needed for the world; but that one is indispensable. Justice! justice! in the name of Heaven!—give us justice, and we live: give us only counterfeits of it, or succedanea for it, and we die!"\*

There is golden wisdom in these lines. Benevolence is not only a poor substitute for justice: unless it acts under the orders and subject to the restraints of justice, it is its enemy and its destroyer; and our benevolence now is rarely so subject. We forget that our first consideration is due to the community at large—our second, to the worthy and striving members of it. Now tenderness to the criminal is treason to the community; charity to the indolent is cruelty and injustice to the industrious. On this ground we hold the Poor-laws to be wholly indefensible on any plea except that which regards them as an atonement for a wrong—a compensation for past inequitable actions and arrangements. The popular idea which lies at the root of, and sustains, our present system of parochial relief is, that indigence—*however brought about*—is entitled to prey upon property; that the idle and improvident have a right to share the earnings of the frugal and the industrious, provided only that their idleness and imprudence shall have entailed upon them the natural result of destitution—a position which we hold to be as untenable as it is mischievous. Look how the law operates. It is not merely large properties that are taxed for the support of the pauper.

"The smallest realized savings of the energetic and frugal artisan are tithed by the overseer for the maintenance of the destitute, the indolent, and the drunken. Let us look at a few cases, not only real, but of daily occurrence. A knife-grinder at Sheffield, with better education, better feeling, or better sense, than his fellows, resolves that he will employ the high wages which his trade affords him, to raise himself in the social scale. He works steadily six days in the week, denies himself all the luxuries and wasteful recreations in which most of his brother

workmen indulge, and, at the end of a few years, is able by unremitting diligence and unflinching self-denial, to purchase the cottage that he lives in, and to add to it a couple of acres of land. The overseer immediately claims from him three shillings in the pound—for the support of a man who worked in the same shop with himself, but who was always drunk three days in the week, and who is, of course, now on the parish! The cotton spinner or warehouseman of Bolton or Manchester, who earns much, spends little, and abstains from marrying till he has invested a sufficiency in some fixed security, is rewarded for years of frugality and toil, by having to pay towards the support of the wife and children of the weaver who married at twenty, and deserted his family at thirty. It is folly to suppose that he does not feel bitterly the injustice of such a claim, or that he will always remain insensible to its demoralizing preaching. The mechanic who, in 'good times,' laid by a fund to maintain himself when work should be scarce, and wages low, and denied himself many comforts in order to do so, finds his fellow-mechanic, who exercised no such prudence, and refused himself no indulgence, supported by parochial aid;—and he feels what a sad and mocking comment this is upon the exhortations to economy and forethought which he so often hears. Two men, both able artisans, start with the same advantages in the same trade—each earning thirty shillings a week. The one is steady, industrious, and frugal, lives long single, improves his mind, lays by two-thirds of what he earns, and accumulates property rapidly. The other marries at twenty, spends all his wages, drinks occasionally, is disabled by sickness, or loses his place by imprudence and irregularity. At thirty-five years of age, the one is paying parochial rates—the other is receiving parochial aid. These contrasts are very frequent; the result of them is very demoralizing, and the principle which upholds them clearly indefensible."

Of the effect of the Poor-rates as formerly administered on the agricultural population—of the injury even now wrought by injudicious and maudlin relaxation of the stricter rules introduced since 1834—we could fill sheets with instructive testimony. But it is needless. Those of our readers who may wish to refresh their memories on this subject will do well to peruse an article on "English Charity," which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in April, 1835, and is understood to be from the graphic pen of Sir Francis Head.

We by no means wish to affirm that cases of real destitution, which ought to be aided and relieved, are rare or non-existent. Such, but for our system of compulsory, perverted, and mischievous charity, which poisons the feeling at its source—would find certain and abundant assistance. We have only been desirous to point out the inevitable operation, on the morals and energies of the industrious classes, of a custom which virtually raises the

\* "Latter-Day Pamphlets." No. II.

slovenly, the reckless, the lazy, and the debauched into a superior material condition to their own.

III. Thirdly, we have a few words to say as regards the charitable themselves. On those ill-regulated individuals whose charity is the mere dictate of a shallow vanity, or into whose donations publicity enters as a large and necessary element, we need waste no words of condemnation. "I hate charity," Lord Dudley is somewhere represented as saying; "'tis such an ostentatious vice!" "We hate charity," might as fairly be said; "'tis such a lazy vice." In a vast proportion of cases, and among those who contribute most liberally and largely, charity is a clumsy and hollow compromise between indolence and kindness: the acting motive is the offspring of a half-awakened conscience, and a more than half triumphant sloth. We give, because it is our impulse to be benevolent, and our wish to relieve distress; because it is easier to be open-handed to petitioners than to be patient and laborious in investigation; because, to hand over the money to almoners and societies, who *will do the work* of philanthropy for us, requires no effort;—whereas, to give our alms with that personal inspection and supervision which alone can make them effective, or save them from being mischievous, would require much. Charity so motivated and so bestowed, can bring down a blessing on neither giver nor receiver. In too many cases again,—probably in the great majority,—charity is a simple yielding to instinctive feeling, an *indulgence* of natural emotion, a relief to our own feelings fully more than to the sufferings of others. To all unspoilt natures it is a positive pain to witness distress—a positive pleasure to relieve it; yet nothing can be more certain than that to give ourselves this pleasure where the result will be inevitable or even probable mischief, is no virtue, but a weak and criminal self-indulgence. We have no right to give free way to our feelings of compassion any more than to our feelings of indolence, of ambition, or of desire—where ultimate evil would be thereby wrought to the objects of our pity, or to our neighbours, or to society, even when the immediate consequence is temporary gratification to some wretched fellow-creature. "But," we are answered by several perplexed and pious people, "charity is inculcated upon us as a religious duty; compassion is instilled into us by the God of Nature: it is enforced upon us by the God of Revelation: we are commanded to give to him that asketh of us—we must obey that command: the good or evil consequences we leave in the hands of Him who has commanded us." This plea is so strongly felt,

and so often urged, that it is worth while to give a little attention to the detection of the fallacy which it contains. Many, under the influence of it, give away a fixed proportion of their income—a tenth, or a fifth—in charity. Many, under the influence of it, never like to refuse an application. In Mahometan countries, where the command is considered even more stringent than with us, we have often been touched and struck with the universal and unhesitating obedience which is rendered to it. We never saw the poorest Asiatic pass a beggar without drawing out his nearly empty purse. But there, as here, the effects are most mischievous, and indicate a mistake somewhere.

In the first place—and without pausing to inquire whether an ordinance suitable and safe in one state of society can fairly, without mischief, be transferred to a widely different set of circumstances, and a wholly changed community—we would inquire of those who urge this plea of a revealed command, *Do they carry out* their principle of literal interpretation and inconsiderate obedience? Would it be *possible* to do so? Do they for a moment maintain that it would be *right* to do so? Do they not habitually, and without an idea of wrong, "turn away from him that would borrow of them"? Do they think themselves called upon to give to the notorious impostor who importunes them with lies, merely because "he asketh them"? Do they "turn the left cheek to him who has smitten them upon the right"—or do they hand him over to police constable A? Do they press their cloak upon the thief who has robbed them of their coat, or do they religiously and dutifully prosecute him at common law? If, in these cases, they never dream of standing by the plain language of the text, why do they in the case of alms-giving? Why, of one and the same verse, do they take one half, and eschew the other? Is there not an obvious admission of error in this inconsistency of conduct?

In this case, as in so many others, "the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life." In all those passages which inculcate charity, there is a rich and permanent meaning that underlies and vivifies the passing, accidental, and unessential form. They command us to desire and to labour *to do good*. In the days of Christ, and in the circumstances of his land, it may be that alms-giving was one of the most prompt and certain means of doing good, and was unattended by any of those mischiefs which invariably follow and surround it here. It is not so now. Our hearts are to be filled with the desire to promote the happiness and mitigate the woes of our fellow-creatures. Our hands are to be active

incessantly in this holy cause. This is the Christian law and precept. But when it can be shown that, to give alms, is not to relieve want, but to augment it and prolong it; that to support cumbrous and ill-judged, though well-meant charities, is not to mitigate, but to multiply distress; that to yield to the impulses of inconsiderate benevolence, is cruelty, not mercy—is to spread the ravages of that moral depravation which is more fatal than any material necessity, more infectious and incurable than any pestilence; when, in fine, it is notorious that to lavish charity is not to do good, but to do harm—how can men who reverence their Bible dare to shelter their self-indulgent malefactions under the outside of a text which, in its essential meaning, commands the very opposite of such unrighteous and egotistical weakness? Why, if they will have specific words, instead of pervading tenour, to hold by, do they never think of such texts as we might quote in crowds:—“It must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man through whom they come.” “I say unto you, If any of you shall cause one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him,” &c., &c. “The industrious eateth to the satisfaction of his appetite, but the belly of the sluggard shall want.” “The sluggard will not plough, because it is cold; therefore he shall beg in harvest, and shall have nothing.” Or finally, “This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.”

Is there, then, we shall be asked, no mode in which we may indulge those kindly emotions, and exercise that benevolent activity which surely could not have been bestowed upon us merely to lie dormant? Are we to be condemned for ever to witness want and misery around us, under a stern prohibition against making any attempt to relieve it? Are there no means of doing good without the risk of doing a preponderating amount of harm? Most assuredly, yes: even the humblest among us in position and in powers, has within his reach ample opportunities, manifold channels, by the due use of which he may confer real blessings on his kind and kindred, sufficient to satisfy the most exigent affection, and may become, in sober truth, “a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature.”\* We fear, however, these modes are too laborious and too ostentatious to be generally popular. The plain truth is, that the “luxury of doing good,” like the luxury of growing rich, demands study, effort, industry, and caution. The profession of philanthropy, like every other, can be safely

and serviceably practised only by those who have mastered its principles and graduated in its soundest schools. It is as dangerous to practise charity, as to practise physic without a diploma. He who would benefit mankind must first qualify himself for the task.

The first, the wisest, the surest, the most far-reaching field for the efforts of him who would serve his fellow-creatures, is the *ascertaining and enforcing those principles of social science* by which alone misery can be permanently removed or prevented, and distress, effectually and without mischief, relieved. Thus only can the *source* be discovered and dried up: thus only can the axe be laid to the root of the tree. Till this is done, all our other efforts—even the most energetic and self-sacrificing—are blind struggles, labours in the dark,—as likely to aggravate as to mitigate the evil:—

“The prayer of Ajax was for light,  
Through all that dark and desperate fight—  
The darkness of that noonday night—  
He asked but the return of sight  
To see his foeman's face.”

There is no field so grand as this. He who relieves, even if successfully and harmlessly, a score of cases of human wretchedness, takes but so many drops out of an ever springing fountain of woe. He who, by patient thought, or searching investigation, reaches and exposes the hidden source whence all this wretchedness arises, who points out how it may be cured, and enforces the duty of its eradication, saps the very springs whence that sad fountain is supplied. A kind action is the widow's mite,—to the honour of the doer, indeed, but temporary and limited in its influence. A sound principle, once enunciated, and enforced on general acceptance, operates through all lands—bears fruit through all time. A few short years pass away, and we and our infantile efforts, and our feeble works, and our ephemeral charities, and our transient benevolences, and our microscopic barriers against an overwhelming tide of evil, and our puny struggles against an enemy whose hosts seem countless and exhaustless, will have been told off into the oblivion of the past, and have left no trace save in the books of the Recording Angel. But one certain truth of social or moral science—one clear and indisputable axiom—once discovered and made good, is eternal, unceasing and omnipotent: it acts and works—an indefatigable agent—while its promulgator rests from its labours: it operates on millions who have never heard of him; on thousands who have long forgotten him. A good deed is human, and is marked by the transitoriness and fee-

\* Robert Hall. Sermon: “Reflections on War.”

bleness of all human things. A great principle partakes of the attributes of Nature—its perennial freshness—its immortal activity—its resistless might.

The study, therefore, of those just laws on which social well-being depends, and from the neglect or violation of which all human misery springs—save that portion of it which is inseparable from an imperfect nature and a transitory life; the elucidation of those points on which we have departed from the dictates of sense and justice, and thus have brought upon society those maladies and sufferings under which it labours; the ascertainment and enforcing of the means by which our false steps can be most safely and rapidly retraced; these indicate the path in which they who have the requisite energy and patience may most surely and extensively *do good*. Sometimes the social wretchedness we would relieve springs from a selfish or a senseless law; oftener from obedience to a thoughtless impulse; oftenest of all from forgetfulness of some great rule of right—from having endeavoured to mend and counteract nature's mode of action, in place of watching it, and placing ourselves in harmony with it. We religiously believe that the want, destitution, and misery, which so haunts and shocks us in our complicated modern world, is in no way natural or necessary; that in all cases it is due and traceable, not to God's ordinances, but to some notable and palpable contravention of those ordinances; and that he who would cure it and relieve it, must first find out where that contravention has been, and how it can be most promptly amended. We hold that "No world, or thing here below, ever fell into misery without having first fallen into folly, into sin against the Supreme Ruler of it, by adopting as a law of conduct what was not a law, but the reverse of one; and that till its folly, till its sin be cast out of it, there is not the smallest hope of its misery going; . . . . that if huge misery prevail, it is because huge cowardice, falsity, disloyalty, universal injustice high and low, have still longer prevailed, and must straight-way try to cease prevailing."

Unfortunately, this line and channel of benevolence demands a degree of mental exertion, of humility, of patience, which is gall and wormwood to the hasty and restless impulses of the charitable. It is shunned by them as at once laborious and unostentatious. They leave it, with a mixed feeling of incapacity and disgust, to the thinker, the statesman, and the political economist. Nay, they too often endeavour to raise a prejudice against these more patient and toilsome well-doers, as cold-hearted and even irreligious. Misery, they tell us, was not meant to be eradicated,

but to remain a perpetual call upon the exercise of our tenderness and compassion. Those textualists—to whom the Bible, to which they should go for better teaching, is a mere arsenal of *sortès Virgilianæ*, to be opened at random and read awry—who condemn those who would abolish slavery in the name of the sentence which was passed on Ham: "a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren"—have also a verse ready to fling at the systematic and thorough "fellow-workers together with God," whose obscurer and severer labours they abjure. It is absurd to expect, and wrong to attempt to *eradicate* destitution (we are told), because it is written: "The poor shall never cease out of the land." It is *wicked*, no less than irreverent, thus to misuse Scripture, and to go to it for missiles. Now, *first*, the passage in question is from a chapter in Deuteronomy,\* and is given as a reason for the open hand and the kindly heart. It is one incidental expression picked out of a long passage, other directions (relating to the Sabbatical year of Judæa) and predictions of which are carefully put aside and eschewed; for example—that "we must lend, but never borrow;" that no creditor must exact payment of a debt from a countryman; that a bond-servant, who is unwilling to be set free, shall have his or her ear nailed to the door-post, and become a slave for ever, &c., &c. Why do the reckless citers of these Biblical expressions take the convenient and leave the inconvenient portions? *Secondly*, even if the passage in question were meant to convey the positive divine assertion which is ascribed to it, how could a statement relating to the peculiarly-governed land of Judæa, be held applicable to the wholly differently constituted land of Britain? However, in the *third* and last place, the supposed signification of the abused passage cannot be the correct one; since, at the fourth verse, we are told that such and such things shall be done, "*save when there are no poor among you*," or as the margin reads more emphatically, "*to the end that there be no poor among you*." Such are the unseemly and broken weapons with which the charitable assail the laboriously, scientifically and judiciously benevolent!

"But," some will say, "this scientific, wholesale, somewhat roundabout way of doing good is not for us. We have neither the requisite knowledge nor the requisite talent for philosophical investigations into the primary causes of the misery we see around us; but our hearts bleed for it; we yearn to bind up the broken-hearted, and to pour oil into the wounds of the wayfarer; to commu-

\* xv. 11.

nicate some portion of our own peace and prosperity to those whom Providence is trying with a darker and wearier lot. It cannot be that we are condemned to do nothing for our fellow-creatures; show us some way in which we also may be useful."—The plea is irresistible. Our views would bear a manifest impress of unsoundness were we unable to meet it with a satisfactory reply.

The men of action, as well as the men of thought, have their appropriate sphere of benevolent exertion, and one which yields prompter and more perceptible, if less grand and permanent results. But even here much previous consideration and information is necessary to enable them to act judiciously. They will still have to be most carefully on their guard, both against imposture and against anything which can impair self-reliance or the motives to industry. This premised, *their sphere of usefulness is that of personal exertion.* The easy course of making committees and societies their instruments and almoners must be abandoned for the far more difficult and laborious one of direct intercourse with the distressed. Relief and aid, judiciously administered to those whose circumstances are and have long been known to the giver, will do harm in comparatively few cases. To these it ought, we think, to be almost rigidly confined. One great advantage of this mode of action is that assistance will be far more likely to reach the really and the *quietly* suffering. Now, it is the clamorous, the importunate, the shameless, who obtain the dole, while the patient, the modest, the enduring, who hide rather than parade their wants, are apt to be passed by, and are robbed by imposture or improvidence of the charity and the sympathy which are their due. True, heart-breaking distress is far seldomer to be found in beggary than in a few steps higher in social life. The second advantage is, that the pecuniary means of the benevolent not only go much further, but are often found not to be the thing wanted. The assistance that a man of business, or a judicious lady, or any person of education or knowledge of the world, can give to the poor, the ignorant, and the inefficient, without drawing their purse-strings, often far surpasses any that could be rendered by money. Instruction, such as experience can give, how to make the most of their slender means; *putting them in the way* of obtaining most readily and simply the object they desire; finding out for them the precise quarter in which their peculiar faculty will most surely and profitably meet with employment; unravelling any difficulties or *imbroglios* in their affairs, arising either from casualty or the injustice and oppression of others, which

five minutes' close attention from a practised man or woman of business will generally suffice to do; a well-timed letter written for them, if merely to show that they *have* a friend;—nay, even the mere sympathy of listening—will often prove the most invaluable aid which the rich can bestow upon the poor.

There is yet another mode in which the energetic and benevolent may do incalculable good. They may feel a particular vocation; they may be specially impressed with some one peculiar form of social evil, and may devote themselves to war with it; their line of usefulness may be indicated to them by their capacity rather than by their position; they may master one particular branch of philanthropy, and bind all their powers to its service. These are perhaps the most obviously, certainly, speedily, successful of all the messengers of mercy. They unite the full comprehension and careful thought of the first class with the personal action of the second. Such is Mrs. Chisholm, who, by years of unwearied individual effort, has remodelled the whole system of Australian emigration, has reunited many families long broken and apart, has saved many unprovided women, cast desolate upon the streets of Sydney, from destitution and from sin, and has started thousands on a respectable and prosperous course. Such is Mr. Wright, of Manchester, who, poor and laborious himself, has long devoted himself to intercourse with prisoners, gaining their confidence, and ascertaining their character and capabilities, in order that he might be able, when their term of imprisonment was expired, to procure for them some honest employment, and thus save them from the ordinary and otherwise inevitable destiny of the liberated convict—being cast back upon his evil courses for a living. Such, again, are several others we could name, were it not that we have no right to drag before the public those who "do good by stealth," and would "blush to find it fame." Such, finally, is the gentleman, a brief account of whose labours we subjoin:—

"In the spring of 1848 the attention of Mr. Walker, the Westminster Missionary of the City Mission, was called to the necessity of applying some remedy to the alarming vice and destitution that prevailed amongst a large section of a densely peopled community, whose future prospects seemed to be totally neglected. A vast mass of convicted felons, and vagrants, who had given themselves up as entirely lost to human society, and whose ambition was solely how they could attain the skill of being the most accomplished burglars, congregated upon the 'Devil's Acre.' Most of these degraded youths were strangers to all religious and moral impressions—destitute of any ostensible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and having no provision made for them when

sent from prison. They had no alternative but again resorting to begging or stealing for a miserable existence; and not only they themselves being exposed to all the contaminating influences of bad example, and literally perishing for lack of knowledge, but also leading others astray—such as boys from nine to twelve years of age, whom, in a short time, they would train as clever in vice as themselves, and make them useful in their daily avocations.

“Nearly ten years’ experience in visiting their haunts of misery and crime, and entering into friendly conversation with them, taught Mr. Walker that punishment acted with but little effect as a check upon criminal offenders; and it was thought more worthy of the Christian philanthropists to set on foot a system of improvement, which should change the habits and elevate the character of this degraded part of our population,—a system which should rescue them from the haunts of infamy, instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality, and train them to honest and industrious occupations. With these great objects in view, a scheme of training was commenced which has since flourished. *One lad* was selected from the Ragged School, fed, and lodged, as an experiment. The boy had been a thief and vagrant for several years, was driven from his home through the ill-usage of a step-grandfather: the only clothing he possessed was an old tattered coat, and part of a pair of trousers, and these one complete mass of filth. After five months’ training, through the kindness of Lord Ashley, he was accepted as an emigrant to Australia. Finding he was successful, his joy and gratitude were unbounded. A short time before he embarked, he said, ‘If ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called Lord Ashley’s Farm. I shall never forget the Ragged Schools; for if it had not been for it, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I should have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains.’ He has since been heard of as being in a respectable situation, conducting himself with the strictest propriety.

“Being successful in reclaiming one, Mr. Walker was encouraged to select six more from the same Ragged School, varying from the age of fifteen to nineteen years; although at the time it was not known where a shilling could be obtained towards their support, he was encouraged to persevere. A small room was taken at two shillings per week; a truss of straw was purchased, and a poor woman was kind enough to give two old rugs, which was the only covering for the six. They were content to live on a small portion of bread and dripping per day, and attend the Ragged School; at last an old sack was bought for the straw, and a piece of carpet, in addition to the two rugs, to cover them. One of them was heard to say one night, while absolutely enjoying this wretched accommodation, ‘Now, are we not comfortable?—should we not be thankful? How many poor families there are who have not such good beds to lie on!’ One of those he addressed, aged nineteen years, had not known the comfort of such a bed for upwards of three years, having slept during that time in an empty cellar. Five of those lads are now in Australia, and the other—who had been the leader of a gang of

thieves for several years—is now a consistent member and communicant in the Church, and fills a responsible situation in England.

“When the experiment was in this condition, a benevolent lady not only contributed largely towards the support of the inmates, but also recommended her friends to follow her example. A larger room was taken; the lady ordered beds and bedding to be immediately purchased: the merits of the system became more publicly known; two additional rooms were taken, and ultimately the whole premises converted into a public institution, known as the Westminster Ragged Dormitory, and particularly alluded to in the article before mentioned.\*

“Since its establishment, there have been one hundred and sixty-three applications. Seventy-six have been admitted from the streets; thirteen from various prisons, recommended by the chaplains; twenty-three did not complete their probation; four were dismissed for misconduct; three absconded after completing their probation; five were dismissed for want of funds; two restored to their friends; two are filling situations in England; fifteen emigrated to Australia; five to the United States; and thirty are at present in the Institution.”

Some great services yet remain to be rendered to the poor, especially in large towns, which they cannot render to themselves, and which lie, for the most part, beyond the reach of individual exertion. Such are sanitary arrangements, on which so much both of health, comfort, and morality depends, and yet which require not only consent and combination on the part of numbers, but sometimes also Legislative or Government facilities. These are legitimate and worthy objects for the united benevolence and means of numbers. One other we may specify—the placing of decent and comfortable dwellings within reach of the poor. In our great cities, it often becomes absolutely impossible for the working to procure these for themselves. The establishment, therefore, of blocks of well-built cottages, and of model lodging-houses, in healthy localities, is an exertion of benevolence which the strictest principle must approve. They are not gifts; they are investments of money, yielding an adequate remuneration, and for which the good they do to others is an incidental and additional return. They result from the employment of the thought, knowledge, and judgment of educated men on behalf of those who, though anxious for the advantage, and quite willing to pay for it, do not know how to set about procuring it.

To conclude. Destitution, and the charity which so largely causes it and so imperfectly relieves it, we regard as temporary evils, which

\* We confess that now it has become an “Institution,” instead of a case of *personal* care, watchfulness, and management, its real good, will, we fear, become more problematical.

will pass away together, so soon as true benevolence, under the guidance of wisdom, shall have brought back society into its normal condition of sanity and soundness. We do not believe that professions are to be always overstocked—wages to be always inadequate—labourers to be always improvident—imposture to be always fat and prosperous. We see countries where these things are not so: we see indications of the rising activity of causes, and the incipient triumph of principles, under the operation of which they will cease to be so in England. When that time shall have arrived—when those influences which are now only beginning to act, shall have wrought out their finished task—our kindly impulses and deep consciousness of the debt we owe to others, will cast off the lazy shape of charity, and rise into the attitude and assume the garb of true philanthropy. No longer partially a love of self, it will become, purely and unstainedly, a love of man. It need fear no pause in its activity, from the want of an ample and a worthy field. It will never die out from lack of aim. Though the destitute may “cease out of the land,” the objects of our Christian compassion and human love never can. When poverty has ceased to be squalid and miserable, and when want is banished from a land of plenty, and dependence has died out with the social blunders and injustices which fostered it, humanity will remain as it was before—imperfect, feeble, subject to casualty, to misfortune, and to sorrow. In soothing, aiding, and strengthening these, benevolence will still and ever find abundant occupation; but its objects will be cases, not classes—exceptions, not rules; and its operations will be no longer carried on by machinery, relentless, ponderous, and indiscriminate; but by human creatures—watchful, tearful, considerate, and wise.

#### ART. IV.—THE ENGLISH STAGE.

*Lettre de M. Charles Mathews aux Auteurs Dramatiques de la France. With a Translation according to the terms of the International Convention.* C. Mitchell.

SUCH is the title of a *brochure* with which the lively manager of the Lyceum amused his own leisure and the town during the last theatrical recess. It is published in French and English, and, notwithstanding the sly hit at the convention in the title-page, neither version is strictly a translation. It appears to have been written in both languages, the

points of departure being clearly marked by the *couleur locale*. The French is creditable to Mr. Mathews, perfectly easy in the *tournure*, and idiomatic in expression. Yet the reader feels at once that it is an Englishman's French, which is about as different from that of a Frenchman as an anatomical wax figure from the living original.

We note this, not by way of criticising Mr. Mathews, but for the sake of illustrating a difficulty which no Englishman has ever entirely vanquished. He may write with an exactitude so faultless, that even the Academy itself shall not be able to detect a flaw in the performance; yet the national *esprit*—that which imparts the distinctive *vis*—will still be wanting. The mind of a Frenchman is trained in a different school. As Hazlitt observed of that gay and volatile nation, that they are *au fond* the most melancholy people in the world, so beneath the surface of their most trivial productions, down to the evanescent *vaudeville*, there is a strict and severe arrangement of the subject. The Frenchman is a logician and casuist under his mask of vivacity. He is as systematic in the division and distribution of his topics, as in the observance of rule and measure in his old legitimate drama. The groundwork is as regularly laid out as gardens of Versailles. So far, we may imitate him with success: for the same sort of method is attainable by a faculty universal and common to all. But it is when he comes to cover this formal surface with fantastical and meretricious embellishments that we strain after him in vain. Our sober judgment instinctively rejects these strange heresies of treatment. We cannot light up serious things after the manner of a galantie show. We cannot throw political treatises into the shape of dramatic *tableaux*. The cemetery, with us, must retain its air of sadness and solemnity; we cannot make it laugh out in the sun with gaudy decorations and floral surprises. There are some examples of excellent French authorship by Englishmen, amongst the most remarkable of which are Colonel Townley's translation of “*Hudibras*,” and Beckford's “*Vathek*,” but we do not know any instance in which the peculiarities we have indicated, and which give the “native hue” to composition, have been effectively reproduced.

The main object of the pamphlet is to show that the International Convention for the protection of dramatic copyright is calculated to lead to endless embarrassments and litigation. But if Mr. Mathews' statement of our obligations on that score be correct, the perplexities created by the Convention are really of no importance whatever. He tells us, that of 263 new pieces brought out in Paris in

1851, only eight were translated for the use of our twenty-three London theatres. Could we rely on the accuracy of this curious scrap of statistics we should certainly arrive at the conclusion that it was a matter of indifference whether the Convention increased or diminished the facilities for the production of English versions of French dramas. But we apprehend there must be some error in Mr. Mathews' figures, or that the year of the Exhibition, which he has selected to illustrate his position, was, for some unexplained reason, singularly barren of foreign novelties. The fact of our extensive loans from the French need not be reduced to a tabular form. It is notorious to every actor, playwright, and play-goer in the kingdom. Some of our minor dramatic authors are in the habit of dealing so largely in this commodity, that the London managers find it necessary, as an indispensable part of their business, to keep themselves *au courant* with the ever-increasing *répertoires* of the French stage, in order to be able to discriminate, amongst the pieces presented to them, between veritable originals and mere adaptations in disguise. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Mathews, although he says in his pleasant, bantering, and irresponsible way, that our own *cuisine* furnishes us with sufficient solid meat and pudding to support us, and that if we rush over to France now and then, it is only to look after a few made-dishes and delicate kickshaws to tickle the palates of epicures. But if this be all, why does he exhibit so much anxiety about the restrictive operation of the Convention? If we take nothing but a few kickshaws now and then from France, why does he trouble himself to show the French dramatists how deeply their interests are compromised by the new international arrangements?

When Mr. Mathews says that there were only eight new pieces translated from the French in 1851, perhaps he confines his enumeration to nearly literal versions. But such versions—of which, for obvious reasons, there are at all times very few—make but a small proportion of the whole amount of our obligations. The bulk of the dramas we derive from the French are not direct transcripts, but careful adaptations, the dextrous English playwright availing himself only of those portions of dialogue and design that will suit his purpose, ignoring the rest, and filling up the borrowed outlines with matter better adapted to the taste of his own audience. Upon this point we are glad to be able to quote so practical an authority as Mr. Mathews himself:—

“Literal word-for-word translations are of no use whatever, and have never, nor will they ever,

have much success on the English stage. The taste of the two countries is so essentially different, that it requires a very skilful hand to adapt, expand, retrench, and arrange even the most available foreign dramas—especially as it is a well-known circumstance that the details which produce the most effect in Paris are frequently those which produce the least in London. Up to the present time, we have been in the habit of changing, cutting, adding, and altering whatever we have thought necessary to success.”

In short, we adopt the groundwork, invariably remarkable for the skill with which it is laid out, and reject all those features in the treatment which are repugnant to English taste.

Of the eight translations referred to by Mr. Mathews, we find that two were produced by himself, two at the Adelphi, two at the little theatre in the Strand, and only one at the Haymarket—the last refuge of the national drama. Now, it is impossible to appreciate the value of a statement intended to show in how slight a degree we are indebted to our neighbours, unless it also presents the means of ascertaining how much we are indebted to ourselves. It is nothing to the purpose to say that we have taken only eight French pieces out of 263; the real question is, what proportion did those eight pieces bear to the total number we produced within the same period? We believe, that if Mr. Mathews had put the argument in this shape, he would have been compelled into an admission the very reverse of the inference he desires his French readers to draw from his figures. He may be assured that they understand their business too well not to be able to detect the fallacy; and that they do not need to be informed that the production, in a single season, of two pieces in such theatres as the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and the Strand, swallows up a very considerable amount of the literary enterprise of their respective managements.

The objections Mr. Mathews urges against the fourth article of the Convention are not of much weight. The object of the Convention is twofold—to protect the interests of authors, on the one hand, and to secure the ultimate interests of the public of both countries, on the other. If the production to be protected were equally available at each side of the channel, exactly as it was originally produced, there would be no difficulty whatever in the matter. It might be protected as we protect any other copyright or patented article, by giving a certain term of years to the inventor. But the production is not of this nature, and cannot be thus provided for. French plays cannot be transferred to the English stage, nor English plays to the French; they must be translated or adapted.



It is only in one or other of these forms that any use can be made of either. The Convention, therefore, appears to us to meet all possible contingencies, by explicitly regulating the conditions under which translations and adaptations are hereafter to be permitted. The author must acquire his legal rights by a translation in the first instance. Having thus established his property in a work, he becomes at once entitled to the same protection which the laws afford to native authors. But, in order to prevent the dramatic literature of either country from being arbitrarily withheld from circulation, it is required that this translation shall appear within three months after the registration and deposit of the original. We are not aware that anybody complains of that arrangement, nor does it seem to present any tenable ground of complaint. If an author thinks it worth his while to secure legal rights in a foreign country, it is no great hardship on him to require that he shall establish them within three months, in the shape in which alone he can become entitled to them. And if he do not, he cannot reasonably object to the obvious consequence, by which his forfeited interest becomes common property.

With respect to adaptations, the case is different. It is impossible, in a treaty of legislative enactment, to define how far an adaptation may be carried without trespassing upon the rights of the original author. The question that arises here depends on special circumstances, and cannot be settled by a general definition. We learn from Mr. Mathews that, in adapting a French piece to the English stage, it must be changed, cut, augmented, and altered. Now, this is a process upon which the adapter expends some additional skill, and by which, to a certain extent, he may make the piece his own. The question is, whether his excisions, alterations, and additions have that effect, or whether they are merely a colourable mode of appropriating to his own use the labours of another. It is evident that this is a matter which can be decided only on the evidence; and that, therefore, each case must stand on its own merits. The Convention accordingly provides, we think very properly, that the protection guaranteed to foreign authors is not intended to prohibit "fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works," and that the question "whether a work is an imitation or a piracy, shall in all cases be decided by the courts of justice." To this provision Mr. Mathews strenuously objects. Our mercantile manager protests against the appeal to law:—

"Why leave the decision to the lawyers?"

Why not at once give a plain and lucid explanation of the meaning of the words, and define terms before commencing hostilities? Why not settle a penalty in case of any breach of the law, and refer all questions that may arise upon it—[upon what? the penalty or the breach of the law? ]—to a committee of dramatic authors, who, at least, may be supposed to understand something of the matter, rather than the lawyers, who cannot be expected to know anything about it?"

The sprightly temperament which Mr. Mathews turns to such happy effect upon the stage, is not favourable to the due consideration of international treaties. These crude and hasty questions have something of the air of that triumphant breathlessness which the actor infuses so successfully into "Patter *versus* Clatter;" but an argument involving practical results cannot be disposed of in this vivacious way. The Convention does not define the terms, simply because the terms cannot be defined; it does not settle a penalty for an invasion of property, because invasions of property are not punished by penalties; but by damages proportioned to the amount of pecuniary injury sustained; and it refers the breach of the law not to arbitration, but to the usual tribunals to which the judicature of both countries confides the decision of all similar questions. A committee of dramatic authors would be at once incompetent and prejudiced, besides that it would set up a piece of machinery so cumbersome and expensive as to deter most writers for the stage from appealing to its decision. Such a committee, to be effective and trustworthy, should be composed of an equal number of French and English dramatists; and we need scarcely add that the cost and inconvenience of assembling a mixed bench of judges from the two capitals to determine upon the infringement of a farce, would be so preposterous an application of means to ends, as to render it a dead letter in practice. Dramatic authors would be much more usefully employed in such cases as witnesses than as arbitrators.

Mr. Mathews thinks it quite a "legal conundrum" to decide "what is a 'fair adaptation' that is not a 'translation,' but only an 'imitation.'" Profounder conundrums than this are, nevertheless, decided every day in the courts of justice; nor do we apprehend that any jury, composed of men of ordinary intelligence could have much difficulty in arriving at a rational conclusion. It might be shown to their entire satisfaction, for example, that the "Honeymoon" is an imitation of the "Taming of the Shrew," and that the "Revenge" is an imitation of "Othello;" that the "Hypocrite" is a fair adaptation of

the "*Tartufe*;" and that a great number of the one and two act pieces brought out in London during the last few years, are translations, cut, clipped, and altered to the English taste. Instances might occasionally arise in which it would be necessary to exercise a little closer discrimination; but, being susceptible of evidence and proof, there is no reason to fear that the same average common sense which is found capable of dealing with the most important and intricate causes, would not be able to determine the vested rights in a *vaudeville*.

Mr. Mathews labours under another perplexity about the appearance of the translation within three months after its original registration.

"What is meant," he asks, "by 'appear'? Must the translation be 'played,' 'published,' or 'registered in manuscript?' Well, as 'appear,' in theatrical parlance, means be 'played,' it is of no use saying that a piece was 'written' at such a time—has it been 'played?' If not, it counts for nothing."

We have not the least suspicion of what Mr. Mathews means by being "registered in manuscript;" and, if we understand this passage correctly, are surprised that he should be so little acquainted with the state of the law in England, as to suppose that it is necessary to the protection of a dramatic author that his piece should be played. If he will try the experiment of appropriating to the use of his theatre any piece that has been only published and not played, he will discover his mistake. The Convention is quite clear upon this point. The translation must "appear" within three months—that is, it must be printed and published within three months; thereby establishing in the French author exactly the same legal right in his own production which the English author secures by the same means.

Passing from these knotty problems, we come to the subject of the French drama as a source for English playwrights to draw upon; and here Mr. Mathews is perfectly "at home." He touches, in a vein of laughing irony, upon the blunders our "lively neighbours" are in the habit of falling into whenever they attempt to depict English life and manners; shows how Mrs. Siddons is made to put on the disguise of a village idiot, and run about the muddy lanes barefoot, accompanied by a mysterious stranger, who turns out to be Sheridan; how a coachmaker's boy, called Robinson, who frequents the Dig-dog tavern in the city, looking on the sea, with fishing nets hanging from the walls, is discovered by the lord mayor to be the natural son of a peer of the realm, whose

magnificent mansion is at the corner of Holywell-street in the Strand, and how this Robinson is afterwards commanded by the queen in the middle of the street to marry the waitress at an eating-house, and is then sent off as ambassador to represent the Court of St. James's at Paris; how, in one piece, Shakspeare and Falstaff are presented drinking together at a public house, where Queen Elizabeth meets the poet, the "divine Williams," and falls in love with him; and how, in another, Henry V., who died in 1422, is made to choose for his boon companion the dissolute Rochester, "who was not born till 1648!"

It would be as idle a waste of space to dwell upon these incongruities as to expatiate on the immorality of the modern French drama. Mr. Mathews indulges in some details upon this latter point which it is unnecessary to pursue. In the following passage, which, extravagant as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with the real character of the French stage, is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, we have a bird's-eye view of some, and by no means the most objectionable, of the ingredients that enter into the concoction of a genuine Parisian drama:—

"Milliners' girls and lawyers' clerks live together in the most unceremonious manner; actresses talking openly and unblushingly of their numerous lovers; ballet-girls, with accidental children by unknown fathers; interesting young ladies, who fall asleep, they don't know why, at the end of the first act; to awake with a baby, they don't know how, at the beginning of the second. In short, nothing but mistresses, accoucheurs, midwives, wet-nurses, infants, cradles, and feeding-bottles, in every direction."

The mere indecency of such exhibitions is bad enough; but the vicious scenes through which they are worked up to the surface, sparkling with witty dialogue, and displaying consummate adroitness in the management of stage effects and ingenious "situations," are still worse. We are not sure, however, that we shall fare better in turning to the "virtuous indignation" phase of the French drama.

The morality of a French play is, generally speaking, more dangerous than its most open and shameless vices. Its vindication of a moral purpose is usually accomplished through the development of an immoral design, so fascinating in its presentation as to captivate the prurient imagination of the spectators much more forcibly than the final moral satisfies their reason or awakens their conscience. Virtue in these pieces consists in their successful resistance to temptation, as if that were the sole business virtue had to transact in this

world; and as the temptation is invariably of an illicit and debasing kind, the victorious issue of the struggle offers a very weak and inadequate compensation for the demoralizing effect of the process through which we pass to its attainment. Five acts, or even two or three, of exciting passion, treated with much suggestive skill, are not obliterated by a flat and artificial escape, at the close of the last scene, from the perils with which the plot is thickly strewn. All that is real and striking in the play is its elaboration of the evil; while the good that comes in the end is dull, dreary, and unreal, disappointing rather than rewarding the expectation of the audience. A French dramatist's notion of virtue would seem to resolve itself into the conception, in the first instance, of some base design against the honour of a friend, or the chastity of a woman, and a valiant conquest of the meditated villany at the last moment. His hero must sin greatly in thought, before he can prevail upon himself to exhibit a little virtuous instinct in act; and his sin is painted in such attractive colours that it monopolizes the whole interest of the representation. It is not, in short, an example of fixed principles influencing human conduct, but of loose and vagrant passions checked on the eve of consummation by an impulse, in the stability or soundness of which no thinking being, capable of distinguishing between the true and the false, would place the smallest confidence. The lessons we derive from these illustrations of the triumphs of virtue make so faint an appeal to our moral feelings, while they set the worst vices before us in the strongest lights and the most energetic forms, as to be a hundred times more injurious than instructive to the miscellaneous audiences of the theatre, who have neither time nor inclination to wrestle with sophistries, and who take sensual impressions much more quickly than they can penetrate ethical subtleties.

In England, we place the morality of the stage on a different basis. We do not dramatize mental violations of the Decalogue, and take credit to ourselves for the non-commission of crimes which we hold it to be demoralizing even to contemplate. The sentimental repentance of a profligate who is endeavouring all through the play to compass the seduction of a married woman, and who relieves her from his persecution only just before the curtain drops, out of deference to a negative faith, conveys a "moral" which the English people are disposed to resent as a social offence, rather than to accept as a tribute to virtue. They do not sit in the playhouse to try cases of *Crim. con.*, and will not consent to have the impurities of unlawful passion developed in detail, merely for the

satisfaction of seeing an imperfect criminal retreat from his purpose in the end.

As a sample of the kind of play we have been describing, we may instance "*Le Comte Hermann*," a drama in five acts, written by a distinguished author, and produced at the *Théâtre Historique* some three years ago. This piece is ushered to the public with a preface and epilogue, in which the author is at infinite pains to impress upon his readers its chaste and lofty moral, which he deliberately announces as a philosophical exposition of that nobility of soul which is raised above material passion and physical excitement. In the whole range of the French drama, probably, we could not discover a play more completely illustrative of the national idea of spiritual purity, this piece being avowedly written with that express object in view, by one who is not only master of his art, but who thoroughly knows the way to the sympathies of his audience. He tells us that his earlier plays, written when he was young, were filled with wild passions, which he looks back upon in his maturity as dreams and follies; and that he now comes to treat of these matters more calmly and thoughtfully. The heroes of these plays, he informs us, died "*maudits et damnés*;" but, says he, "you shall see how Count Hermann dies." It is the death of Count Hermann that crowns the moral; and to that matured offering on the shrine of French morality we invite the reader's attention.

It is necessary to premise that Count Hermann is one of those wonderful specimens of faultless humanity that we meet with only in fictions of a sublime and ecstatic order. He is the most disinterested of men, and so magnificent in his unselfishness that he thinks a great deal more of other people's happiness than his own. He is enormously rich, combines the chivalry of past times with the refinement of the present, has exhausted every kind of experience, and having no friends or relations except a nephew, who is to inherit his wealth, he very much resembles a man who is wandering about the world in search of sensations. In this condition of mind he meets a prodigal young nobleman at a gaming-table, lends him a large sum of money, and then advances a further amount, with which he buys up his whole estate. His health is suffering from a wound he received in a duel, and by way of change of scene, he proceeds to visit his newly-acquired property, accompanied by his physician, to whom the sister of the young nobleman is betrothed, in consideration of, or, to use the exact words of the play, in "exchange" for, a sum of three hundred thousand livres, which the said physician is to pay for the purchase of his beloved

1853.

to her brother. The Count sees the young lady, and becomes desperately enamoured of her. The reader naturally supposes that the physician is very much alarmed at so untoward a circumstance. No such thing. He is a complaisant physician, and at once agrees to transfer the lady (and the pleasure of paying for her) to his patron. This, however, is by no means the most astonishing incident in the story. The young lady, sold and affianced as she is to the physician, has already fallen in love with another person, and that person happens to be the Count's nephew. Here is a Gordian knot of more than ordinary complication; but the experienced dramatist cuts through it boldly by marrying the young lady out of hand to the uncle, notwithstanding her attachment to the nephew. These transactions are carried on without doing the least violence apparently to anybody's feelings, all parties being quite ready to buy and sell for the sake of advancing the action of the play to that culminating point at which the grandeur of Count Hermann's character is to be developed. Immediately after his marriage he discovers the secret passion that is devouring the "chaste" hearts of his wife and nephew.

Some men, upon making such a discovery, might be disposed to act rather harshly towards "the two young people," as the dramatist affectionately calls the contraband lovers; but Count Hermann is superior to vulgar prejudices. He takes the whole blame upon himself. "I," says he, "who ought to have united you, I have separated you. I am an obstacle to the happiness which God intended for you." Having adopted this noble view of the subject, he consults his physician as to how long he is likely to live, and ascertains that, in the usual course of his malady, he cannot expect to survive more than eight or ten days, which, considering that he has only just become a bridegroom, is rather a surprising revelation. He now calls the "young people" before him, announces to them, in the most benevolent and encouraging terms, that he knows all about their attachment, that he considers himself an impediment to their happiness, but that God is about to remove him out of their way, so that their union may be honourably consummated. In order, however, that in the interval, their conduct shall be "as pure and chaste as their hearts," he draws off his ring, gives it to his nephew, and desires him to absent himself for a year, at the end of which time he is to return to "his wife," this accommodating arrangement being confirmed by joining their hands together! We are now at the end of the third act. At the opening of the fourth, the year has expired, but Count Hermann, instead of dying,

as he ought to have done in the meanwhile, has perfectly recovered, and is in greater vigour than ever. He seems to have forgotten all about his nephew, but his nephew has evidently not forgotten about his wife, and returns to her as had been agreed upon. Nothing can exceed the devotion of these "young people" to the noble-hearted elderly gentleman who has acted so considerately towards them. The dilemma in which they are placed is doubly embarrassing to persons of such acute feelings and such a fine sense of honour. They would rather die than be disloyal to him; and as it would be absolutely impossible for them to live without being disloyal, there is no alternative left but suicide. This is the French solution of a virtuous struggle against illicit passion. The audiences are accustomed to it, and would, probably, look with contempt upon "young people" who could control their passions and live. The triumph of virtue is not in the subjugation of a strong wrong feeling, but in that atheism of the reason which takes refuge in prussic acid or the fumes of charcoal. That the reader may clearly understand what follows, it is necessary to observe, that, upon his marriage with the lady, Count Hermann wrote an inscription in the family Bible, by which he swore to consecrate his existence, even at the sacrifice of his life, to her happiness. The foundations of the catastrophe are thus laid in the obligations which the grand soul of Hermann voluntarily takes upon itself at the altar. We shall presently see how nobly he fulfils his oath. Karl, the nephew, being unable to live without violating his duty to his uncle, resolves to die, and, accordingly, procures a dose of poison from his friend the physician. Marie, the wife, having overheard the conversation, begs to be favoured with a similar dose, which the obliging physician, who argues philosophically on the propriety of these suicides, at once accords to her. Under these circumstances the lovers meet, to take an eternal farewell of each other, the Count listening behind a curtain to their pathetic adieux. This is the last scene of the play, the concluding part of which we have endeavoured to render with such verbal fidelity as might faithfully convey the expressions of the original without committing too flagrant a trespass upon our sovereign lady the Queen's vernacular. In the attempt to accomplish this difficult experiment, we frankly own that our English version looks very much as if it had the cramp.

"Marie. (Drawing a small phial from her bosom.) Look, Karl!  
Karl. Poison!  
Marie. The same as yours. Do you think I

should have seen you again had I not been prepared to die!

*Karl.* Marie! Marie! What do you say? What would you do? You shall not die.

*Marie.* Why should I live? You have resolved to die.

*Karl.* But the Count, Marie, the Count! Would you abandon him? Would you leave him alone in the world? Oh! God—even now I shudder at the thought of the misery I am drawing down upon him. Marie! for his sake, and to save me from his curse, I implore you to live.

*Marie.* The Count's heart is noble, and his love seeks only the happiness of the loved. He would rather see me dead than living in despair.

*Karl.* Marie, live! I ask it in his name, on my knees—on my knees!

*Marie.* Suppose my constant regrets for you—the heart is sometimes unjust—should at last turn to hatred of him.

*Karl.* Yes—you are right. Yes, Marie! It is better you should die loving him, blessing him, as I love and bless him. *We shall both be in heaven—two pure beings—two chaste creatures—who have never known an evil thought—we will pray for him.* You are right, Marie! Let us die together—let us die—my hand clasped in yours. Let us die, avowing our love to each other—repeating it with our eyes, when our lips can no longer utter it. Let us die folded in each other's arms [*ta poitrine contre la mienne*], so that our hearts may beat together to the last, and cease at the same moment. *Then God will send but one angel for us both, and the angel will take our two souls in his hand, and lay them, white as doves, at the feet of the Lord.*

*Marie.* No, no, Karl. *Such joy is not for us.* If we die together, and are found side by side, calumny would follow us to the grave. When the Count lays his wife in the tomb of his ancestors, he must be proud of her—he must feel that in her death she was chaste and pure as in her life. No, Karl, you must leave me,—you must return to the pavilion—then in five minutes, when the clock strikes, you murmuring ‘Marie, I love thee!’ and I ‘Karl, I love thee!’ we will bid adieu to this world, which we quit so young and so unfortunate.

*Karl.* Oh, Marie! is this your determination?

*Marie.* Yes—it must be so.

*Karl.* But if, in the interval, some unforeseen obstacle—if—if your strength should fail you—oh! Marie, call me back—I implore you—I supplicate you.

*Marie.* If any obstacle should occur—if my strength should fail me—I will take this light—I will raise it thus (*she takes the light and lifts it up*). Now, go, Karl—adieu!—adieu!

*Karl.* Oh! to leave you thus, without one kiss, without one embrace!

*Marie.* Karl—it is parting thus that will reunite us in heaven.

*Karl.* Oh, you are an angel! Adieu, Marie, adieu!

*Marie.* Adieu, Karl. (*Karl goes off.*)

*Marie* (*alone*; *she pours the poison into the glass of water, looks at it for a moment, and then falls on her knees before the prie-Dieu*!) My God, will you not pardon me?

*Hermann, looking very pale, draws aside the*

*curtain at the back, and approaching the table with a firm step, takes the glass, drinks its contents without speaking and then raises up the light.*

*Marie* (*turning round.*) Oh!

*Karl* (*rushing in.*) Marie! Marie! what has happened? The Count!

*Marie.* Karl, Karl—he was there!

*Hermann* (*going to the Bible and opening it, reads.*) ‘On this day, the 7th of June, 1839, Marie de Steuffenbach has consented to take for her husband Count Hermann, and in this holy book Count Hermann swears to consecrate his existence to the happiness of Marie de Steuffenbach and to sacrifice all to her happiness—even to his life.’ Have I fulfilled my oath, Marie? (*He falls down dead.*)

*The Two Young People* (*falling on their knees.*) Oh!”

The reader has now seen how Count Hermann dies, and can extract the moral for himself. This pattern-husband kills himself out of the way, to enable his nephew to marry his widow, and the “young people,” falling on their knees in gratitude over his dead body, exclaim, “Oh!” and so the curtain drops; and the author of the play, no less a person than M. Alexandre Dumas, claims for this piece of transcendent, perhaps we ought to say blasphemous, fustian, the dignity of a grand sacrifice to virtue, and sets up the loves of nephew and wife, which they were about to consecrate in self-destruction, as miracles of heroism and chastity! If such be the issues of those plays that are addressed to the special service of morality, we cannot hesitate in concurring, with Mr. Mathews, that the French dramatists are not likely to reap much advantage from the Convention, unless they endeavour to shape their works a little more in accordance with our prosaic standard of right and wrong. Indeed, there can be no doubt that our stage would be none the worse, if it could wholly emancipate itself from the contagion of their example.

Respecting the condition of the English stage as it is, or its prospects from within, Mr. Mathews gives us no information. Confining himself to the consideration of the probable future supply of pieces from France, he leaves altogether untouched a much more important topic—the supply of actors to play them. This is really the question concerning which, in the existing state of the stage, the public are mainly interested. There would be no great danger of a dearth of new pieces, even if France were hermetically sealed against us; but, judging from present appearances, there is much reason to apprehend a dearth of actors. If we venture to enter upon this ground, so often traversed without any useful result, it is certainly not in the expectation of being able to arrive at a very satisfactory conclusion, but rather in the hope of contri-

buting a few suggestions towards an inquiry that must always be perplexed by irreconcilable differences of opinion. We have no theory of our own to build up, no dogmas to propound; and, merely looking at the subject practically as it presents itself to us, our observations must necessarily partake of the speculative and desultory character of the materials with which we have to deal.

The decline of the stage is admitted on all hands. It is the common cry of managers, actors, dramatists, and play-goers. Everybody imagines he has found out the true cause in some influence that particularly affects himself, or that happens to have seized with special force upon his imagination. Managers and actors are disposed to trace it to the failure of dramatic talent. "Give us good pieces," they exclaim, "and we will restore the stage." Dramatists, on the other hand, make no scruple of referring it to the actors. "Give us good actors," is their response, "and there will be no lack of good pieces." Other causes of the acknowledged decadence have been insisted upon with no less confidence—late dinner-hours, the breaking up of the patent theatres, the introduction of expensive spectacles, the starring system, the diversion of patronage into foreign channels, such as operas and French plays, the extension of religious prejudices, which has helped to crowd the lecture-room and empty the play-house, the diffusion of general and scientific knowledge, by which a portion of public attention has been drawn off from light and fugitive amusements, the pressure upon those means out of which the stage was formerly maintained, political excitements, which are always fatal to theatres, and the gradual apathy towards native art, which has set in ever since the continent was thrown open to us nearly forty years ago. Now, although some of these assumed causes are in reality effects of causes originating in the stage itself, there can be no hesitation in accepting them as affecting, more or less, the present state of our theatres. No doubt they have all had something to do with it. An institution which is dependent on internal resources for the sustentation of which no fixed provision can be made, and which is peculiarly exposed to external influences, must discover its conditions of success or failure in a variety of mixed causes, and not in any single cause. But to what extent each, or any, of these causes may have operated, or, indeed, how far those mutations in manners and customs, which, in our time, have been so frequently referred to as the principal agency in the deterioration of the stage, have really contributed to that result, are matters not so easy to determine.

When England dined at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, as in the age of Elizabeth, or at twelve or one, as in the days of the Stuarts, the theatre was almost exclusively supported by the aristocracy; and if we were to return to the play-house hours of those times (which would be utterly inapplicable to our own), or to postpone the performances two hours later for the convenience of the late diners, it is tolerably certain that we could not, by either expedient, recover the deserters. Under the Restoration, the admission to the boxes was four shillings, equal, probably, to about sixteen shillings of our money. This fact alone is sufficient to show that if the theatre has ceased to be the special resort of the upper classes, it has learned, by dropping into a lower scale of prices, to adapt itself to circumstances, thus, by degrees, taking in a wider constituency—one of the inevitable, and by no means discouraging, consequences of the moral and intellectual progress of the people. We shall presently see that the select audiences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been displaced by the miscellaneous audiences of the eighteenth, so that the complaint against late dinner-hours does not carry quite so much weight as is ordinarily attached to it. To some extent, it must be admitted to operate injuriously; but the theatre insensibly accommodates itself to all such changes of manners. The history of the English stage illustrates this elasticity very clearly. Two centuries ago, and less, it was sustained by the court and the nobility—it is now sustained mainly by the middle-classes. The transition is strongly marked, and the conclusion to be drawn from it is obvious. If a change of taste, habits, or customs has acted injuriously in one direction, we generally find a compensation rising up in another. The theatre has always had to struggle through these alternations and vicissitudes of fortune. As susceptible as the mercury in the glass to surrounding influences, it has had its fluctuations of prosperity and adversity, and has managed to survive them all. Our own belief is, that, in spite of the undeniable depression under which it is suffering at the present moment, it has found at last its true and legitimate position, in being thrown for support upon the people.

Few of the causes to which the decline of theatricals is loosely ascribed are of recent growth. The complaint against foreign operas is at least as old as the time of Vanbrugh. Amongst the privy expenses of James II., we find charges for Italian singers and French actors, whom he carried with him in his train to Windsor and Winchester. The outcry against scenic decorations and spectacles does not date, as many people suppose, from

the managements of Mr. Macready and Madame Vestris. So far back as the production of the "Aglaura" of Suckling, at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, the regular actors, who were then very little in advance of the old system of sign-boards and rude curtains, protested against the ruinous innovation of expensive costumes, processions, and embellishments; and there are yet alive amongst the few actors of the old school who have survived the fall of the patent houses, some who remember the extraordinary pains bestowed upon Shakspeare's historical plays by John Kemble, whose "properties," they will tell you, to the minutest details of the fibulæ and the dagger, the girdle and the crown, were real and not sham, as in our more showy but degenerate days. Whatever share, however, the introduction of costly scenery and decorations may be supposed to have had in hurting the stage as a profitable speculation, must be traced originally to the stage itself, and does not properly come within the category of causes for which the public are exclusively responsible. The spread of religious prejudices is, undoubtedly, an external influence that seriously affects the interests of the stage; but even that is not a novelty of the eighteenth century. In much laxer times, religious crusades against the stage occupy no unimportant page in its annals.

It may be seen, then, that if this age, like every other age, has its special features of social vicissitude, the stage has been at all times subjected to a similar action, temporarily checking its progress, and interfering with its successful development; and that, thrown back upon its own vital energy, it has still outlived all outward hindrances. To that internal energy, therefore, we are justified in looking for its ultimate resuscitation. The power of the public to restore the stage is in an inverse ratio to the mischievous effect of its neglect and indifference. If this be true, even in a slight degree, the main effort to revive the popularity and re-assert the dignity of the theatre, must come from within. At all events, it is sufficiently evident that while the depreciation produced by external causes is indefinite and capricious, the success which follows skill and genius in the representations of the stage, is positive and certain.

The facts on which this assertion rests are familiar to every person who is in the habit of attending the theatre. Without stopping to inquire whether the admission is creditable to the dramatic aptitude of the public, there can be no doubt that a "strong cast" will draw audiences, while a weak cast is doomed to address its mediocrity to empty benches. We are afraid it must be acknowledged, that it is not the charm of the play alone that fills

the theatre, but the adequate interpretation of it by the actors; else why do we find the same play bringing crowded houses at one time, and failing utterly in its attraction at another? Where are we to look for the cause of this anomaly if not to the cast? The play is the same, the public is the same, the actors only are different. We know not how far this acknowledgment may place the actor above the dramatist in his own proper vocation before the footlights; but certain it is, that the noblest creation of the poet fails to awaken the sympathies, or kindle the emotions, of the public, unless it be presented with the requisite power and truthfulness. If the actors be unequal to their undertaking, the figures in the drama pass before the eyes of the spectator like shadows in the phantascopia. If, on the other hand, they possess the qualities required to impart vitality to the scene, the figures assume at once the attributes and earnestness of life. The difference is palpable, in a general way, to the least critical audience. We by no means say that the indiscriminate multitude gathered into pits and galleries from all classes and conditions of society, constitute the soundest tribunal before which the highest excellence of art can be put upon trial, or that their judgment is always unimpeachable. But the instincts of this human mass are seldom wrong in detecting the broad distinctions between the true and the false, between the natural and the artificial, between strength and feebleness, intellectual originality, and common-place imitation. They know the ring of the true metal when they get it, although they may not be able to assay its exact intrinsic value. We may perceive, therefore, without pursuing the argument any further, how much depends upon the actors themselves in winning back the popularity which has, of late years, fallen away from the stage. Something, doubtless, must be done before the curtain; but no such efforts, however well directed, will avail, unaccompanied by radical improvements behind it.

Did this view of the case stand in need of illustrations, they might be easily found by contrasting the present condition of the profession with its condition only some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago. Remember the actors who, at that time, conferred their lustre on the play-bills. You had then your Ellistons and your Mundens; your Listons and your Davenports; your Kembles and your Downtons; your Emerys, Youngs, Joneses, Trees, Glovers, Terrys, Wrenches, and others of no mean celebrity, crowded into the service of the evening. When we find that the bald and ragged dialogue of such pieces as "Charles XII.," relying for their success sole-

ly upon their "make-up," and their artistic situations, was delivered by such actors as Liston, Farren, and Harley, Miss Love, and Miss Tree, we are at once furnished with a key to the comparative prosperity of theatricals at that period. If we ascend to the higher forms of the drama, the comparison becomes still more striking. A new play at that time had a run of sixty or seventy nights. The utmost that can be hoped for from a new play in these times, is that it shall struggle through a flickering existence of twenty or thirty; notwithstanding that we have made a marked advance in our dramatic literature beyond the conventional fustian of the Morton and Reynolds school. Even the advent of a single actor has been known to resuscitate the drooping stage in seasons of depression, when the town had forsaken the theatres in sheer weariness. The triumphs of Kean, who concentrated nearly the whole fascination in himself, made an epoch in the history of the patent houses. The astounding fact, that his son, Mr. Charles Kean, received 50*l.* a night at Drury Lane, may be taken as a gauge to estimate the value which managers attach to mere professional attraction. When Covent-garden was on the verge of bankruptcy, it is well known that the success of Miss Fanny Kemble saved the establishment. There may be great differences of opinion respecting the merits of Mr. Charles Kean and of Miss Fanny Kemble; but our argument has nothing to do with points of criticism. We are merely showing the inherent power there is in the stage to recover its popularity, or, at least, to recruit its treasury.

The present decadence of the stage is manifestly a decadence in the profession itself. Other causes have been in operation, but that is the paramount cause. The old stock of actors is nearly gone, and no young ones are rising up to replace them. Where are we to look for a successor to Mr. Farren, who has already outlived his powers and his reputation? Who is to succeed Mrs. Glover? Where are the new Ellistons and Mundens and Downtons to come from, to revive our English Comedy? What manager is heroic enough to brave the experiment of running through a season such plays as the "School for Scandal," "Othello," or any of equal mark, with the present resources of the theatre? Mr. Phelps alone attempts the graver side of the drama, and sustains it with great courage and perseverance against peculiar obstacles. But his successes, most honourably toiled for, are not perfect. He exemplifies the desire but not the achievement. His troops are well drilled, but they are of inferior quality. Under his rigorous discipline, an actress like Miss Addison may be so moulded into a conformi-

ty with his theory of art as to blend in successfully with the general effect; but the moment she comes out of his hands, and has to trust to her own inspiration, before a more educated audience, she fails. All that can be done with such materials is done, and done well. But it is done just up to that point which commands our respect for the excellence of the intention, but neither satisfies our judgment nor awakens our enthusiasm. Sadlers' Wells is more like a well-conducted seminary than a theatre of matured and self-relying actors. The vice of mannerism (not of the most genial kind either) besets it; the consequences of excessive training are visible in every effort. There is no spontaneity—no freshness; the whole performance is minted off upon the one careful pattern, and we miss that earnest individualization, which, even if it sometimes err egregiously, gives impulse and variety to the whole. It is possible to over-rehearse till the energy of the conception is worn out, and the actors come jaded before the lamps to their task-work—a result which we have sometimes felt painfully at this house. We must not be understood to depreciate the importance of study. Too much care is better than too little; and if it be not exactly the next best thing to genius, it is at least an appealing substitute for it, and an honest tribute to art. But we cannot hope to see the recovery of the drama accomplished through these cold and accurate forms.

In the dearth of great actors to embody the loftier utterances of the drama, we are thrown upon material resources. Physical excitements supply the place of the moral elements, and nature is supplanted by an incessant succession of artificial expedients. We must give the actors what they can do, and what they like to do, if we would have that which is done well. One of the inevitable consequences of this downward tendency is to bring what is called the "legitimate drama" into contempt. It is the fashion amongst the minor critics to pooh-pooh! the five-act play as an antiquated prejudice, an obsolete superfluity. We are told that there may be as much passion in three acts, or even in two, as in five. So there may; but it must be condensed passion, an essence pungent in its appeal to the senses, and rapid in evaporation. It cannot be sustained passion, for it is contracted within limits too narrow to admit of the sustaining power; it cannot be passion depicted in its depths, and searching and drawing out the fibres of the heart. There is not time or room for that, nor does the temper or atmosphere of the short and vivid drama admit of such a process. You must have more leisure and space for the true and profound development of passion. You may exhibit its



contortions plainly enough in two acts, but you cannot explore its mental reaches. We are not arguing this question here, or we might show that, independently of higher considerations, there are good structural reasons in favour of five acts. The third act is the corner-stone of the arch, from whence you survey the past, and look onward to the future; the culminating point, from whence the catastrophe takes its spring. This division of the action is not only convenient, but essential and indispensable. But we must not be carried away into a discussion with the playwrights. Our only purpose, in touching upon the subject, was to indicate one of the lowering theories which have been generated by the exigences of the stage. The drama suffers as the profession of the actor declines. Our inability to realize the higher forms compels us to seek refuge in the lower, so we try to make a grace of our necessities by vindicating the use of the means to which they have driven us. The assertion of two acts against five is simply the argument of convenience and expediency. It is much the same as that of the property-man, who, in lack of proper materials, says, "If we cannot snow white, we must snow brown." Yet the destitute property-man does not go so far as to say that brown is better than white.

The effect upon the acted drama is sufficiently evident. What is the character of that drama? It has none. It struggles out in any vent it can get; but it does not force a vent for itself. It is the slave of the lamps, and no longer their master. The stage makes the drama, not the drama the stage. You do not go to see the play, you go to see the actors; and as it is the actors who make the play, the play must descend to their level. The dramatist must shape his means to his ends, or go into oblivion. Whichever way we turn, the same result meets us. As the stage sinks or rises, so sinks or rises the drama. Were a new Shakspeare to come, he could not lift the stage to its former height with its present *matériel*: but if a new Kean were to arise he would revive at once the finest creations of dramatic poetry, and invest them with popularity. We should have the whole fabric of legitimacy reared once more, appealing, in all its original pomp, to the hearts of the multitude. Give us an Elliston or a Munden, a Lewis or a C. Kemble, and we shall see English comedy again. We are quite aware that successes of this kind are temporary, and that they last only as long as the favourite keeps the boards. But this condition is inseparable from all theatrical undertakings, which are in their nature fugitive and perishable. The actor can raise the stage into estimation only in his own time;

he cannot bequeath his talents or his attractions to his successors; and the fact that his withdrawal is followed by an interval of depression is the best evidence that can be cited of the sources of prosperity.

The next remarkable circumstance connected with the poverty of the stage in the way of talent is the singular coincidence, that there never was a period when actors were so lavishly paid or when the expenses of management ranged so high. It would appear that salaries increase as desert diminishes. Perhaps the scarcity of even the inferior article has a tendency to put a sort of famine price upon it. In the time of the Kembles, 20*l.* a week was considered an enormous salary. John Kemble had 12*l.* a week; Munden never had more till he reached his famous farewell night; Mrs. Glover's salary, in her best days, never exceeded 10*l.* a week, but lately, at the Haymarket, we believe it was advanced to 16*l.* or 18*l.*; Farren, when he made his great hit, and sprang into the highest place in the profession, had only 18*l.* Mark the contrast between those palmy days and the present and recent times. Macready, beginning successfully, and labouring assiduously, gradually worked from 30*l.* a week to 40*l.* a night. Mr. Wright, for some years enjoying a salary of 30*l.* a week at the Adelphi, transfers his services to the Princess's at a salary rising, in three years, to 45*l.* a week. Miss Woolgar, it is understood, receives 18*l.* a week, Mr. Buckstone, 25*l.*, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, 20*l.*, and the Keeleys, 40*l.* When Power, our lost admirable comedian, used to appear latterly at the Haymarket, he received, for about an hour's performance, in a rollicking Irish farce, the prodigious sum of 120*l.* a week. To say the least of it, these are rich rewards for the few who contribute to the maintenance of the stage. The Church, the Bench, the Army, the Navy, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, may envy the happy fortune of the popular actor.

When we add to these charges the other current expenses of a theatre, it becomes a matter of astonishment by what sorcery the managers of these costly establishments contrive to keep their doors open. The regular charges at Drury-lane were about 210*l.* per night, and frequently exceeded that amount. The ordinary expenditure at the Haymarket ranges nightly, according to the weight of the engagements, from 100*l.* to 180*l.* The pressure of this ruinous outlay assumes a still more alarming aspect if we look a little farther into these theatrical statistics. Even some quarter of a century ago, when the expenses were comparatively moderate, it was impossible to strike an average of the receipts. Sometimes the receipts exceeded

200*l.* when the expenses were only 60*l.*; and when the expenses ranged at 100*l.*, the receipts would sometimes sink to 40*l.* or 50*l.* Still, the salaries being low, the chances of profit, on the long run, were considerably in the manager's favour. This is now exactly the reverse. The chances are not only against profits, but, when profits are realized, they are "few and far between." All experience testifies that successes are brief and intermittent, while the periods of depression are long and continuous. When a manager is fortunate enough to reap a harvest of profits, his nightly gains are, at the best, comparatively small; while, on the other hand, when he is conducting his establishment at a loss, his losses are comparatively large. The outlay is constant and unavoidable, the receipts are always subject to fluctuation. In order to have a chance of obtaining profits he must incur an increased expenditure, by burthening his exchequer with "stars," or by expensive spectacles. If by this costly means he forces a net profit, it bears no proportion whatever to the risk. Upon one thing alone he can reckon with certainty, and that is, his expenditure, which, in the face of all vicissitudes, must still go on.

The public are so little acquainted with the details of managerial speculation, and generally form so inadequate an estimate of the great cost (if they ever trouble themselves to think of the cost at all) of those entertainments which they sometimes condemn so summarily, that it may be worth while to collect the items of a single case (by no means an exceptional one) in illustration of the hazards and charges of theatrical enterprise. The conclusion to which it will conduct us, we venture to anticipate, will surprise most of our readers.

We will take the instance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy of "Money," produced a few years ago at the Haymarket Theatre. In order to give full effect to the representation, it was considered necessary to retain the services of Mr. Macready, in addition to whom, special engagements, with reference to this play, were entered into with Miss Faucit, Mr. Wrench, and Mr. Vining. We believe we are correct in saying that these performers were expressly engaged to appear in "Money," and that their salaries, therefore, formed, throughout the term of their engagement, an extra charge upon the resources of the theatre, in addition to the expenses of the regular company. We are the more particular upon these points, as they are material to the formation of a just view of the efforts that are made on such occasions. Let us now see what were the

increased expenses incurred in the production of this comedy, after which we will sum up the total expenditure it entailed upon the management.

In the first place, the author received a sum of 600*l.* for the London right of acting the play, extending, we presume, according to custom over a period of three years; Mr. Macready received a weekly salary of 150*l.*, Miss Faucit, 30*l.*, Mr. Wrench, 18*l.*, and Mr. Vining, 8*l.* or 10*l.*, making altogether an increased weekly outlay of 176*l.* or 178*l.*, without taking into account any of the other costs of production, in the shape of costume, scenes, and decorations. The play ran for upwards of fifteen weeks. By the aid of the simple process of multiplication, we shall now arrive at some very curious and rather startling results. Multiplying Mr. Macready's salary by 15, we shall find that for playing in this comedy, for which the author received 600*l.*, that gentleman received no less a sum, from the Haymarket Theatre, than 2250*l.*; and if we could follow him into the provinces, and through his subsequent appearances in London in the same play, and add to this 2250*l.* the further receipts he netted from the same performance, the total would present an amount which, contrasted with the amount paid to the author (and that, too, a very large sum, as compared with the sums usually paid), might reasonably excite the astonishment of the play goer, who is not in the habit of entering into calculations of this nature. We are far from desiring to draw any invidious inferences from this comparison between the actor and the author: we are merely jotting it down amongst the curiosities of stage statistics. Applying the same method of investigation to the other extra performers, we find that in the run of fifteen weeks, Miss Faucit received 450*l.*, Mr. Wrench, 270*l.*, and Mr. Vining, 120*l.* or 150*l.* Now, adding all these sums together, the total additional expenditure upon the single comedy of "Money" will stand as follows:

Author . . . . .	£600
Mr. Macready . . . . .	2250
Miss Faucit . . . . .	450
Mr. Wrench . . . . .	270
Mr. Vining, say . . . . .	120
Total . . . . .	£3690

irrespective of the other costs of production and the regular unabated nightly expenses of the theatre, which, added to this amount, would bring up the total expenditure, during the run of "Money," to the prodigious amount

of at least £13,000. Whether the manager realised any profit from this costly venture we have no means of knowing; but we think it may be safely assumed, that if he did, it could not have been considerable enough to repay him for the risk.

We might cite numerous instances of a still more prodigal expenditure, but this is sufficient as an average sample of the sacrifices managers are compelled to make in the desperate hope of attracting the reluctant public. Such expedients may be regarded as an inevitable corollary from what is called the "starring system," which assumes its worst forms at those periods when the profession is at the lowest ebb. We will not stop to trace the origin of that system, which took its rise in the time of Elliston, and has continued to increase its exorbitant demands ever since, until it has strained the resources of theatres to the last extremity. No manager would willingly adopt the starring system, because it throws the power and control out of his own hands, and places him at the mercy (which is none of the tenderest or most considerate) of the popular actor, and forces him into a course injurious in the end not only to his own interests, but to the interests of the whole profession. Several circumstances, however, concur to render its occasional adoption, even at such a theatre as the Haymarket, which ought to subsist upon the strength of a regular established company, absolutely unavoidable in the present dearth of first-rate talent. We will touch upon a few of them.

Foremost amongst the immediate circumstances that have nourished and expanded this system, is the abolition of the patent rights of the large houses, and the throwing open the minors to the legitimate drama. We are not likely to be suspected of favouring monopolies of any kind, and least of all those that contract the intellectual and moral pleasures of the people. But looking at this question practically, and seeing what consequences have ensued upon the abrogation of the exclusive privileges, we are obliged to acknowledge that the extinction of the monopoly in this case has not only not been followed by the gratifying results that were anticipated from it, but that it has tended very materially to lower the standard of art, and deteriorates the character of the stage. We cannot shut our eyes to facts. Instead of these patent houses, to which the higher forms of the drama were formerly confined, we have now no less than twenty-three establishments in London, all of which are privileged by law to take in the whole range of the drama, from Shakspeare to Fitzball. Some of these establishments are seated in the laps of great taverns, where the managers

ply a double trade in gin and genius—a privilege, however, which, we understand, the Lord Chamberlain has latterly abridged.—There is no limit whatever to the field of their ambition. How Shakspeare is presented in most of these places is not the matter to which we are now referring, although that consideration should not be altogether thrown out of view. We are merely directing attention to the fact, that the actor who has acquired a little popularity, or who is animated by a passion for prominence beyond the position to which he would be entitled under a more healthy régime, has here the opportunity of at once achieving his utmost desires. If he hold to the maxim, that it is "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," he has only to withdraw from the boards where he has hitherto occupied the subordinate post to which nature and education consigned him, and enter into a starring engagement with one of these Bacchanalian temples, and the thing is done. Many an obscure actor, whose name was before "unknown to fame," has been called from oblivion in the large houses to lead the business, in all the pomp of play-bill honours, as Mr. So-and-so, from Drury Lane, or the Haymarket, at Grecian Saloons, Bowers, and Pavilions, reeking with beer and tobacco, where he is received with thunders of applause, to the inexpressible damage of legitimacy. Thus these numerous theatrical establishments have not only done much towards degrading the literature of the Stage, but have created a class of inferior "stars" that had no previous existence in the metropolis. This, however, is not the worst of the mischief so far as the stars are concerned. When there were but three theatres in London, where actors, having any real pretensions to eminence, could appear without compromising their reputation, a certain salutary restraint over their pecuniary pretensions was vested in the hands of the managers. The rivalry of the houses was restricted within narrow limits, and the competition for the possession of particular performers was not the ruinous struggle it has since become. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* There are now three-and-twenty houses ready to compete for them.

The inexorable law of supply and demand does not relax its action in favour of theatres, any more than in favour of cotton-mills or breweries. The raw material must be paid for at the highest price it will bring; and in this matter of popular actors, the demand having increased while the supply has fallen off, the market value of the article has risen accordingly. It may be supposed at the first glance that these places of entertainment, situated on the outskirts of the town, in the heart

of dense and squalid populations—places as little known to the denizens of the west-end, as the moveable booths of China, and whose existence is never even alluded to by the critics—cannot afford the luxury of entering into engagements with stars of the first magnitude. But this is a mistake. They are the most thriving concerns we have, although their names are never pronounced to polite ears; and our leading tragedians and comedians think it not at all beneath their dignity to pass an auriferous week, now and then, in one or another of them; and on some occasions, we believe, have made the grand tour of the whole suburbs from Paddington to Mile End. It is not very long since Mr. Anderson—who, now that there are no more Macreadys and Wallacks, may be excused for putting forth lofty pretensions, since there is nobody to dispute them—produced a vivid sensation somewhere on the City Road; and we are informed, on the best authority, that at an establishment called the Britannia Saloon, where the prices of admission are sixpence to the boxes, fourpence to the pit, and twopence to the gallery, the ordinary *honorarium* paid to a “star” is ten pounds a night. The extensive competition thus organized in the metropolis by the free-trade in theatricals, throws an important light on the rapid development, within the last few years, of the star system, and the advanced demands of the stars in their treaties with the regular theatres. The Saloons and Bowers offer them a retreat which renders them comparatively independent; and if they do not more frequently avail themselves of that convenient alternative, it is simply because the legitimate houses cannot do without them, and are therefore obliged to submit to their terms. Managers are sometimes also driven into these starring engagements by dramatic authors, who will not suffer their pieces to be played except by particular actors—a system by which the ultimate interests of the drama, its breadth, freedom, and universality, are sacrificed to personal ends.

Starring in London by London actors is a new feature in theatrical history; and its success, as an experiment on the folly of the public, is utterly incomprehensible. That an actor whose lineaments and style are as familiar to the town as the statue at Charing Cross should become suddenly invested with increased attraction by merely transferring his services for a few nights to the house over the way, seems to be about as absurd a proposition as one of those schoolboy problems in science that repose upon impossible conditions. Yet it is a fact of frequent occurrence, nevertheless. At the Princess's, we perceive the nightly appearances of Mr. Wright

duly announced in the playbills and the newspapers with all the pomp and circumstance of a star, although he is really one of the members of the company; and some three or four seasons ago, Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews, stepping out of a neighbouring theatre into the Haymarket, were “starred” in the usual way at the almost fabulous rate of forty pounds a night. Now, neither the Princess's nor the Haymarket are established or conducted on the starring system. The management of the Haymarket, whose example in this direction is of so much importance to the well-being of the stage, appears to have resisted this system as long as it could, and instead of giving undue prominence to particular actors, to have aimed at the production of a creditable *ensemble* by an intelligent working company. We may therefore conclude, that whenever it has committed an aberration of this kind, it has been upon the compulsion of necessity.

Speaking of the Haymarket, we are reminded of the approaching retirement of Mr. Webster—an event which, in the present condition of the stage, cannot be regarded without regret and apprehension. The consistency and perseverance of his course, through difficulties of a novel and peculiar kind, are no less remarkable than its termination in his withdrawal from a house with whose varying fortunes he has been so long identified. Few managers have conducted a theatre with greater credit, or retired with higher claims upon the gratitude of the profession, or the acknowledgments of the public. Few managers have had more obstacles to contend against, or could have overcome them with more courage or steadiness of purpose. It is now about sixteen years since Mr. Webster entered upon the management of the Haymarket; since that time all those changes have taken place which have so seriously interfered with the prosperity of the drama. The privileges of the patent houses have been abrogated—two foreign operas have been established; French plays have been added to the regular attractions of the season; concerts in the day-time, beginning at two o'clock, and absorbing the fashionable masses who might otherwise to some extent have filled up their evenings in the theatre, have increased beyond all precedent; and there has been a gradual dying out of the stock of old actors, whose places are yet vacant. Mr. Webster fell upon evil days just as the traditional *prestige* of the house was passing away, and theatricals were beginning to fall into neglect. The whole term of his management may be described as a period of transition. In Mr. Morris's time, the theatre enjoyed a special and exclusive kind of patronage. It was then

in reality, as it used to be called, the little summer theatre in the Haymarket, appropriately devoted to comedy and light sparkling afterpieces. It ran its performances far into the morning, seldom terminating before one o'clock, and frequently much later. The late Mr. Osbaldiston made his first appearance in London at this house *after* one o'clock on a Sunday morning, as *Rolamo*, in "Clari," that character not coming on till the third act. "Speed the Plough," a five-act comedy, was actually begun, on one occasion, after twelve o'clock, on a Saturday night, but by "cutting" and speaking fast, the actors contrived to get the performance over by a quarter to two o'clock; which is, perhaps, the latest hour for the close of a theatrical performance on record. The reason of these late hours was the extraordinary receipts which used to be taken at the doors after twelve o'clock. Saturday night was invariably the latest, in consequence of the Opera House being compelled to drop its curtain as the clock struck twelve, even in the middle of a *pas*, when the audience crossed over to the Haymarket in shoals. We believe that as much as 38*l.* has thus been taken at the doors after twelve on a Saturday night. The late receipts on other nights depended, to some extent, on late parliamentary sittings; but still more on the gambling-houses, which were very numerous in the neighbourhood. These establishments were obliged by the police to close at twelve o'clock, but they opened again one or two hours after; and the gamblers resorted to the theatre in the interval, to while away the time. "Fast" young men about town, too, dropped in before they adjourned to their late suppers, tempted by the seductions which the lobbies and saloon held out to them in those dissolute days. The large amount of these receipts may also be accounted for by the fact, that there was no second price then. Second price was adopted for the first time at the Haymarket, by Mr. Morris, about two years before Mr. Webster became lessee. This midnight, or morning, income has ceased, from many causes, under Mr. Webster's management. The gambling-houses have been diminished in number, or broken up; the opera people have fallen away from English theatricals; the performances are restrained within more reasonable hours; and lastly, the depravities of the saloon (now a dreary and deserted room) have been entirely abolished. It is greatly to Mr. Webster's honor that, at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice, he was the first manager to refuse admission to a class of persons who formerly were amongst the regular frequenters of the upper boxes, and who formed no unimportant item amongst the attractions. The difficulties to be overcome in effecting

this reform were of rather a formidable kind; for persons of the class alluded to held no less than forty debentures on the house, each carrying a free admission, to which they were legally entitled. As long as they conducted themselves without any open impropriety, they could not be denied the *entrée*. But, by acting with firmness in the matter, Mr. Webster extirpated the whole class.

The licence of the Haymarket was nominally for ten months, but it was strictly a summer theatre, and was open for only about four months in the year. Mr. Webster demonstrated the practicability of spreading its performances over a much longer period, and finally obtained an extension of the licence to the whole year. This is, perhaps, the most striking incident in the history of his management. Notwithstanding that he had greater checks and hindrances, and more apathy in the public to combat than any of his predecessors, he conferred advantages on the profession which none of them ventured even to contemplate. The Haymarket is the only theatre that has ever been kept open the whole year round, and it would be an injustice not to add, that it is the only theatre during these latter years that has never failed for a single week in its engagements—a fact no less creditable to the character of the manager, than indicative of the skill with which his enterprise has been conducted. By degrees, also, this house, once dedicated exclusively to comedy, came, by the shutting up of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to be the last refuge of tragedy and the mixed drama—a circumstance unavoidable in itself, but prejudicial in its effects to the true interests of the theatre. So long as the Haymarket was confined to a comedy company, a picked troop of actors could be maintained at a comparatively moderate expenditure; but when it became necessary to augment the resources of the establishment for the purpose of adding serious plays to the *répertoire*, the outlay was increased in proportion. To carry out these hazardous projects, and to escape ruin in the result, could have been accomplished only by great energy, unflinching resolution, and consummate ability in the arrangements; and the success with which Mr. Webster controlled the perils of his position, affords the most practical evidence of that rare judgment and capacity which the stage stands in the greatest possible need of under its present adversity, and which we fear we may look for in vain elsewhere. The benefits he secured for the profession, and the encouragement he held out to dramatic writers, are not likely to be transmitted with the wardrobe and the properties to future managers, who, animated by the best intentions,

will find that the endeavour to emulate his example requires a combination of qualities not often so happily united—prudence, experience, promptitude in difficulties, consummate tact in making the most of limited resources, and unswerving resolution.

Mr. Webster is entitled to no little credit, in the midst of such accumulating discouragements, for having steadily persevered in maintaining the interests of the national drama. Plays of a high order do not “draw.” A manager who devotes his theatre to productions of that class, does so at a great risk. If there be anything very striking in them—a new incident—a choice bit of acting—strong situations—or picturesque scenery and costumes—they linger on for a few nights, but their attraction rapidly expires, and it becomes necessary to strengthen the bill by the addition of fresh novelties. The art by which original plays are thus pampered and kept alive during a feeble existence of a few weeks, is one of those mysteries of management of which the public are wholly unconscious. Mr. Webster has literally nursed the drama in this way for many years; but it has been effected only by a heavy expenditure. During the period of his management, the probable disbursement for new pieces—in which we include all classes of pieces—may be taken, on a rough estimate, at upwards of £20,000; an amount which considerably exceeds the average outlay of the larger houses under the *ancien régime*, when the production of a single five-act play was the one great event of a season. The closing of these houses appears to have cast upon the Haymarket the *onus* of maintaining the living drama; and it must be accorded to Mr. Webster that he discharged the obligation with spirit and liberality.

To that event, also, may be directly traced much of the decline of play-going enthusiasm. When the large theatres were open, the curiosity of the town was stimulated by their rivalry; there were richer and more varied attractions to choose from, to compare, to talk about; and the success of one was also the success of all. None of these houses were so prosperous as when the others were crowded. An overflow at one house helped to fill another; and the agitation behind the curtain, communicating to the public, produced a constant excitement out of doors. The “play” was then, indeed, “the thing,” to which the expectant multitude looked with eagerness every evening.

Another debilitating effect arising from the same cause, is the dispersion of the actors. Instead of having the best actors combined in the *ensemble*, they are now scattered over the metropolis. We need not dwell upon

the injury resulting from this subdivision of strength, so obvious in itself, and so familiar to every person who has reflected on the subject. It may be urged that the scattered public get the benefit of the scattered actors, and that what is lost in concentration is a clear gain, in a partial way, to desultory audiences. But we apprehend there is a fallacy at the bottom of this argument. There can be no ultimate gain to the public by any distribution of performers which has an inevitable tendency to depreciate the art of acting.

The abolition of the patents have effectually done this. Formerly there was a recognized and established school of acting in the country. There is no such thing now. When Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, basked in the sunshine of popular favour, provincial actors looked forward to the great prizes of their profession, just as barristers look to the ermine, and exerted themselves assiduously in the hope of becoming worthy of the leading *rôles* in London when they fell vacant. The principal theatres in the country were training schools to prepare the artist for his crowning effort in the metropolis—the last venture and final test of his career. Such schools were the York theatre, under Tate Wilkinson, and the Bath theatre, under Diamond. There was a regular *curriculum* for the actor in those days before he was considered qualified to appear before a London audience. He generally began in York, where he worked hard to gain a little reputation; and if he was fortunate enough to distinguish himself there, he next underwent a still severer course of discipline before the critical benches of Dublin, famous for their literary judgment, and the exacting purity of their taste; and usually finished at Bath, whose refined and aristocratic audience stamped him with the approval which justified his ambition in seeking its ultimate reward in the metropolis. Diamond trained his actors upon an educational system. He entertained the theory that every actor should be an accomplished gentleman, a skilful fencer, a graceful dancer, an observer of life and manners, and an elocutionist; and that, instead of looking at the drama as a mere collection of skeleton parts, he should penetrate and endeavour to comprehend its spirit as a whole. His rehearsals were studies in the art of acting, and he bestowed infinite pains upon every individual member of his company in preparing him for the professional honours that lay before him. All that sort of training is at an end. The great rewards have been taken away. There is no longer any triumph awaiting the provincial actor in London. He has no longer any motive to stimulate his

industry, or to induce him to cultivate his talents in the high walks of art; and he rushes up to London while he is yet only a recruit in the ranks, believing that he has as good a chance as anybody else to obtain a command somewhere amongst the raw levies of the capital. It must not be supposed that, because we point out the evils which ensued upon the overthrow of theatrical monopoly, we therefore think a return to it desirable. It could not, and ought not to be restored. It had outgrown its uses, and fell by its own incapacity of adaptation to the wants of the age. But it is necessary to exhibit the true nature of the disasters from which the stage is suffering, in order to ascertain the direction in which we are to seek for the remedy.

The truth is, the actor no longer cultivates his calling as an art—he addresses himself to it as a trade. There is no art-life in England. The actors do not associate with a view to the improvement and elevation of their profession; there is no enthusiasm, no earnestness, no discussion amongst them in pursuit of their common object. Each man looks only to himself, to his own personal gains, vanities, and pretensions: he does not coalesce with others for the advancement of the general body: he makes no sacrifices to promote the dignity or extend the influence of the stage; but, extracting from it all the profit he can, he leaves it to take care of itself. Nor does he trouble himself to draw his portraits of humanity from the observation of real life. He is content to drop into the conventions and traditions of the theatre, and to reproduce the faded modes of his predecessors, instead of reflecting living manners and contemporary characteristics. The same feints and artifices, the same stale stage business that made our fathers crack their sides, constitute his principal stock-in-trade. We can see the well-known trick of the scene in advance,—we know accurately what is coming, by the unmistakable preparations which have brought in the same identical joke, time out of mind. It is not by such means the stage can be resuscitated. The actor who does not go into the world, as the artist goes into the fields, to study the subjects he professes to paint, may be a skilful copyist, but will never produce a picture animated by the fresh colours and flowing outlines of nature.

It is perfectly consistent with this condition of the profession, that the individual in his private relations should be irreproachably respectable. We believe there never was a period when actors, as a class, were more thoroughly respectable. Provident views, and a passion for accumulation, have expelled the erratic and thriftless vices of by-gone generations. The old tavern propensities are

gone out; the reckless dissipation and proverbial excesses have disappeared. Yet, with his greatly increased means, thus carefully acquired and gathered up, the actor of the present day does not realize that independence of character and position that belonged to the actor of the last century. His respectability is not of that order. It retreats into a safe obscurity. His *status* lies lower down in the social scale. He is not surrounded—like the Kembles, the Youngs, and the O'Neils—by the *élite* of society. He does not enter into that region of life, nor does he mix up with the literature and art of the country. Nobility does not court him as it courted Garrick, whose correspondence embraced the whole aristocracy of rank and letters.

On the other hand, the morality of the stage makes a creditable set-off against its professional short-comings. The public, we are aware, hold a very different opinion. But the public do not possess the means of forming a correct judgment on this point. They know nothing of the life behind the curtain. The sins of the stage alone become notorious—its virtues are seldom heard of, and people are apt to conclude that it possesses none. A man may go through life strictly discharging all his moral and social responsibilities, without exciting the slightest notice; let him violate any of them, and his name is scandalized abroad at once. The same thing happens in reference to the stage. We are familiar, in a thousand exaggerated shapes, with its errors and lapses; but nobody ever tells us anything about its quiet charities, its home fidelities, its heroic triumphs over those special and most dangerous opportunities and temptations by which it is beset. The evil that is done is always known; but “we know not what’s resisted!” If we could trace these things to their source, we should discover that the stage is vitiated by contact with the great world, more than by an original taint in its own blood. The disgraces that have grown up in the theatre have been chiefly inflicted by the patronage of persons in power, who have introduced into the profession the individuals who have carried their shame into the green-room. The theatre cannot escape the influence that forces these vicious grafts upon it. Men of fashion like to see their mistresses on the stage, and will make any sacrifices to get them there. It flatters their vanity, and procures them the sort of *éclat* they exult in. But the profession itself is not fairly chargeable with the discredit such circumstances have attached to it. Those who have been born and bred in it are not the persons who have degraded its reputation; and, with a reasonable allowance for their position, there is no

class in the community more remarkable for constancy and devotion in their domestic relations.

It will be inferred from the tenor of our observations, that we look to the stage itself for the main efforts by which its restoration to its former popularity can be effected. Its decadence is so universally admitted, even by the profession, that whatever could or can be done in other directions, would be of little or no avail, unless an earnest endeavor be made to improve the character of the performances. The apathetic public cannot be drawn away from their late dinners, or diverted from the opera, until the English theatre puts forward attractions of a higher order than it is able to command at present. We think there cannot be any great difference of opinion on this point. By what means the *prestige* of the theatre is to be restored is another question, and must be left, properly, for the consideration of the actors themselves.

But while we urge this view of the case upon the profession, we are not insensible to the fact, that something—perhaps a great deal—remains to be done towards this end by the public. It is not altogether a one-sided proposition. If it be a function of the stage to instruct and raise the public taste, it is also a function of the public to cultivate excellence and refinement in the stage. It depends in a great measure on the audience to make the actor. We may see at once the working of this influence by contrasting a Whitechapel audience with the old audiences of Dublin or Bath. An actor who has not yet formed his style, goes to Whitechapel, finds it necessary to top the oceanic tempest that rages on the benches before him, contracts the worst vices of violence and exaggeration, and is lost for ever. Had the same actor been trained before the audience of Bath or Dublin—critical, refined, and fastidious—the tendency to extravagance would be toned down, he would find it necessary to cultivate a purer taste, and be brought at last to perceive that it is upon the development of the intellect, and not of the lungs and muscles, the permanent triumphs of art depend. All this is in the hands of the public. The actor floats on the current of applause, and, in whatever direction it flows, he trims his sails accordingly. He can hardly be blamed for adapting himself to his audience, seeing how much he lives in and for the hour, and how evanescent his glory is at the best. It is true, that there is action and re-action between the actor and the audience; but in this case it cannot be said, as in the physical world, that they are equal and contrary. An actor of great original powers, and a courage commensurate to their display, in despite of

existing prejudices and habits, may produce some slight revolution in the public taste; but the public possess surer and prompter means of producing a revolution in the taste of the actor. It is much easier for the audience to correct the excesses of a performer who is constantly before them, and who almost unconsciously falls in with their demands, than for the performer to exercise a similar influence upon the fluctuating masses who have acquired a zest for coarse excitements. The extraordinary success of such pieces as the "Corsican Brothers," which royalty itself has patronized by repeated visits, presenting scenes that outrage morality and decorum, affords striking evidence of how far the public themselves have contributed to the degradation of the stage.

This is in a great measure to be accounted for by the change that has taken place in the elements that enter into the composition of the audiences. Even so recently as seventeen or eighteen years ago, the dress boxes of the theatres were filled by people of the highest rank in the liberal professions, by politicians, members of the aristocracy, and men of letters. Now they are scantily occupied by country gentry and the middle classes. The boxes have, in fact, ceased to be reckoned on as an important source of income. The manager relies on the pit and galleries for his revenues. When Mr. Keeley conducted the Lyceum theatre, we have heard that he paid the rent of the house by the receipts of a sixpenny gallery. Reduced to this extremity, it is not much to be wondered at that managers should yield to an overruling necessity, and provide that kind of entertainment most likely to suit the taste of the audiences upon whose support they are thrown. The audiences like broad effects, startling plots, and splendour of equipment; and the managers have little choice left but to comply with their wishes. As the education of the people advances, we may hope that a wider patronage and a sounder judgment will grow up; but, in the meanwhile, we must not cast the whole censure upon the stage, but endeavour to extract what remedy we can from the acknowledgement that much of it rests upon ourselves. The aristocracy have left the national drama to perish. They have abandoned it for French plays, Italian operas, concerts, and midnight dinners. We believe the late Duke of Wellington, who was constant in his attendance at the opera, was never, or very rarely, and certainly not for many years past, seen in an English theatre. We instance the Duke of Wellington because he was an unexceptionable type of his order, and because he always, at any personal inconvenience, faithfully discharged every public duty



which he conscientiously believed to be imposed upon him by his station. He appeared at all places in public at the greatest sacrifices of his own ease and repose, where he felt himself called upon to appear by his strict sense of duty—at operas, *soirées*, balls, and drawing-rooms. But he never appeared in an English theatre. The fact is significant. It is clearly not considered by the nobility of this country to be one of their social duties to maintain the national stage.

Amongst the usages of the theatre which we believe to be extremely detrimental to its interests, is the custom of admitting the public at what is called half-price, or second price, at nine o'clock. This custom is unknown in France, and is not adopted at the Opera House, or the French plays, in London. The only English theatre that rejects this custom is the Lyceum. The effect of the division of the evening into two prices is every way injurious: it materially affects the receipts, and creates a class of play-goers who are not distinguished at that late hour by the calmness of their judgment, and whose turbulence must be propitiated by violent stimulants. Actors and audience alike suffer from this irruption. A tumultuous rush of people into the house in the middle of a scene of interest, either comic or serious, utterly destroys the train of illusion into which the performance has led the spectators, and mars the best effects of the actors, from the consciousness that they have now to work against a want of sympathy in the new comers, whose impatience of the close of a representation, to which their feelings have not been previously wrought up, although it may not break out audibly, expresses itself in ways which operate fatally on the sensibility of the actors. All rational arguments bearing upon the material prosperity of the theatre, and the interests of art, concur in recommending the abolition of half-price as one of those practical reforms which cannot fail to improve the receipts, and to attract a better class of audiences. The invasion of boxes by troops of ill-dressed persons, the slamming of doors, the clatter of feet, and the struggle for places, at a moment when the attention of the audience is concentrated upon the performance, have long been regarded as a serious and unjustifiable interruption to the enjoyment of the public; and it has certainly produced an impression so unfavourable to the English theatres amongst the higher classes, as to make them shrink from the ordeal to which it exposes them. It is in the stillness of the *Odéon* and the *Français* that those exquisite touches of art, to which the French actors owe their celebrity, are cultivated and appreciated. The play is allowed to make its way to the feelings of

the audience, and to awaken and hold their emotions in suspense, without the slightest jar to the end. We want this assured quietness in our theatres; it would be equally conducive to the advantage of the profession and the public.

Taking a comprehensive view of the present condition of the stage, and of the various circumstances by which its fortunes are affected, it becomes a question for grave consideration whether the theatre should be left exclusively in the hands of private speculators. Seeing how the stage has failed under the existing system, it is worth considering whether the establishment of a principal theatre, to be maintained by some means at the public cost might or might not be advisable. Wherever we turn, we find evidences of the ruin that has ensued upon the exorbitant demands of proprietors, who having merely a pecuniary interest in the house, and caring nothing for the drama or the profession, are utterly indifferent to all other results, so long as they can wring a rack-rent from the unfortunate lessee. This is an evil which is beyond the reach of legislation, and which lies at the root of all the difficulties against which the stage is doomed to struggle, and against which it must always struggle in vain. We cannot bring in a landlord and tenant's bill in the case of the theatres, to secure compensation to the lessee for improvements, or to protect him against the flagrant injustice of having his rent raised in proportion as he increases the value of the property. This is literally the system under which managers have been ground down for years past, and by which the means that might have fostered the drama have been forced into other channels. Elliston paid a rent of 10,000*l.* a year at Drury Lane, and, after laying out 3700*l.* on the house, which he gutted and improved, was compelled to withdraw from the establishment because he owed 3500*l.* Mr. Macready made a similar complaint against the oppressive exactions of the committee. He paid 7000*l.* a year, and was ultimately obliged to relinquish the speculation. The same committee that insisted upon these exorbitant terms are now glad to let the theatre for 3500*l.* At the Haymarket, the rent has been systematically advanced with every improvement made in the theatre by the taste, enterprise, and capital of the manager. When Mr. Webster originally took the Haymarket, the rent was about 2000*l.* a-year; but he had no sooner demonstrated, by the energy of his management, that he could make it profitable as a winter theatre, then the rent was raised to 3000*l.* a-year. The introduction of gas, which had never been in the theatre

before, and which was essential to the production of scenic effects, cost him an outlay for apparatus of 1500*l.*; but this was a trifle in comparison with what he had to pay for permission to make this improvement to the proprietor, who immediately increased his rent by 500*l.* a year. And, after having altogether laid out upwards of 12,000*l.* in alterations, by which he may be said to have nearly rebuilt the theatre, his rent, faithfully mounting with his outlay, has now reached to nearly 4500*l.* a year. We have entered into these items to show the hopelessness of theatrical speculations under existing circumstances. There are more behind, if facts so notorious to the theatrical world required any further evidence. And it is because, looking at the matter financially, we believe it to be absolutely impossible for private enterprise to bear up against such oppressive burdens, that we are disposed to think a theatre maintained by public subscription, and conducted upon sound principles, would exercise a salutary influence, not only in helping to restore the drama to its proper place, but in relieving it from the crushing expenses by which it is at present encumbered. This is really the monopoly that baffles all attempts to retrieve the interests of the stage. The mode by which an experiment in the shape we have indicated could be best effectuated requires much forethought in the details. The interference of the State in such matters is objectionable on many grounds, and would be justly regarded with jealousy and distrust. The example of France, where the State at once supports the theatre and robs it of its independence, will not assist us in the difficulty. Nor should such a design be exposed to the evils which result from joint-stock speculation. It should avoid the dangers of both extremes, and partake as much as possible of the character of a public enterprise. How this is to be accomplished, we will not now undertake to inquire: it is sufficient, for the present, to cast our suggestion upon the waters, hoping that it will be found to contain a germ out of which some future good may be developed.

ART. V.—AMERICAN SLAVERY AND EMANCI-  
PATION BY THE FREE STATES.

1. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* With a Preface by the Earl of Carlisle. London: Routledge and Co. 1852.
2. *Slavery in the Southern States.* By a Carolinian. Republished in "Frazer's Magazine," October, 1852.

3. *Uncle Tom's Companion: or, Facts Stronger than Fiction; being Startling Incidents in the Lives of celebrated Fugitive Slaves.* London: Edwards and Co. 1852.

Does "Uncle Tom" speak the truth? This cry, which, echoing from one side of the Atlantic to the other, has found its way from his cabin to the hearts of millions,—is it in truth the plaint and prayer of the sufferer, or is it not rather a cunningly-devised fable, so cunning a device that, even when discovered, it defies indignation? Is this "life of the lowly" drawn from the life, or is it not from the artist's imagination?—America is the home of the Irish outcast, the workhouse of the English pauper,—a workhouse in which he is sure of both room and work,—can it be then, that within the bounds of even that union they separate man and wife, not, indeed, as a condition of aid or consequence of improvidence, but as a punishment of weakness; because the strong, by the right of his might, claims the sinews of the husband, or, perchance, the charms of the wife? Surely in this hospitable region, to which hundreds daily fly from British miseries and mistakes, it cannot be the habit to hunt maidens because they fly from the ravisher, and mothers because they cling to their children, and strong men because they assert their manhood! The aspiring youth, weighed down by centuries of laws and customs, flies from the old country to the young republic for room to breathe;—will he find that the laws there honour a hero by setting on him a "Mark," to track him with bloodhounds, and protect an "Emmeline" by tossing her into the arms of a "Legree;" and if a saint like "Uncle Tom" should chance to bless the land, make it possible for any ruffian who has money to torture him to death? In a word, does Mrs. Stowe paint American slavery as it is, or does she not? Most of her readers, we imagine, have answered in the affirmative, almost before they have asked themselves the question; the "yes" forced out of their beating hearts by her genius,—but is this fair? The good name of a great nation is at stake, and surely it ought not to be blasted by a mere tale, told ever so wisely, until at least its statements have been weighed.

Before, however, attempting to do this, one word, not on the artistic merits of this fiction, but on the reason which compels us to refrain from considering these merits, and to neglect its manner in order to confine ourselves to its moral—viz., its coming before us not as a fiction, but as a fact. Probably no literary performance, fiction or other, ever in so short a time became such a fact. A few months ago it was appearing in the *feuilleton*

of a weekly newspaper in the States, tumbling about the coffee-room tables, whiling away the spare minutes of their visitors; now it is part of the history of two mighty nations, influencing their feelings, and through them surely, though indirectly, their actions. This may seem like hyperbole; but it is not so. Only a day or two ago we found, in an American paper, one of the two great parties in the presidential struggle charging the other with using "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as his text-book; and Kossuth may well feel that he has preached the Anglo-American alliance to little purpose, when the *entente cordiale* between the people is thus shaken, by America being held up as slave-holding and slave-hunting before the indignant gaze of abolitionist England. We have now before us, among multitudes of testimonies to her existence as an actual power, Mr. Sumner's declaration in the United States' Senate, that Mrs. Stowe is another Joan of Arc, rallying the hosts of freedom: by the side of which we have a democrat newspaper of Maine, describing her as an Eve, who "not content with the agony she created in heaven, now seeks to destroy the last hopes of humanity on earth by this attack upon our glorious Union;" and, stronger homage to her power than either of the above, we have a resolution before us in praise of this *novel*, submitted to the "Congregational Union of Independent Ministers of England and Wales," in their last solemn conclave, rapturously applauded, and only not unanimously passed because of some fear—by no means unreasonable—of the precedent. Nor yet can we stay to consider the adventitious aids of this wonderful success—what we may call the accidents of the fact—how far this popularity may, in the States, be owing to party spirit, to the antagonism between the north and the south; or here, to national conceit—to the self-glorification of feeling ourselves, in this matter—at least, holier than others; or even to the rare accident of the cheapness of the book, to its being almost the first work of genius which our publishers—thanks, alas! to our pirates—have not been able to keep from the people.

All considerations such as these, though interesting enough in themselves, are plainly of but little moment compared with this one question—Is this description of American slavery true, which thus makes a nation to be divided against itself, and sets against it another and kindred nation? But slavery is a prejudged question, it will be said: its wickedness and folly with us, at least, admit of no debate; England has formed its opinion, and backed it by twenty million sovereigns. That our verdict on the general question is

at present so unanimous might be doubted, witness the sneers and insinuations of our most influential newspaper, and the invectives of our most eloquent author. Mr. Carlyle compares the Quashee to a horse, and both he and the *Times* evidently are of one mind that he almost as much needs a driver; but allowing the general question to be settled, there may yet be special considerations affecting slavery in the States. However mighty the evil, the Americans did not make it: they found it. Our task, then,—and it is by no means an easy one,—is fairly to judge whether or no they contend with it as they best can. It might have been thought that the condition, and treatment, and past history, and future hopes, of a body of people three million strong, in a country with which we are in constant communication—where the press is free, and the language our own—might, in its main features, be without much difficulty ascertained; but it is not so. The interests involved are so enormous, the appeal to the passions so strong, the temptation to prejudice so universal and so overpowering, that it is hard for an American not to mislead his own judgment, much more that of visitors and observers. On the one hand, we have the Abolitionists, the Enthusiasts of Liberty—(they would not themselves reject the name, why should they?)—ready, as citizens and patriots, to run all risks, and incur all responsibilities—head, heart, and conscience alike driving them to dare all for their cause, be it to their own death or to the disruption of the Union. On the other hand, we have the slaveholders, fearing for the lives of themselves and of their families, and knowing that their property and power, everything which, to them, makes life comfortable or honourable, is in danger; and watching, hovering about this deadly struggle, we have all the ambitious politicians, all the greedy place-hunters, seeking how much power or pelf they can seize by serving the fears of one party or the aspirations of the others; all the sober men of business, all the moderate respectabilities, trembling for their country and themselves, praying for any compromise which may give them even temporary quiet. Work into this general picture the details of cruelties, and escapes, and romantic rescues, of bitter persecution and heroic endurance, of masters smarting under invective almost as much as their slaves under the lash, of Lynch-law victims defying their judges—and fill up the background with a dense, dark crowd—the bondsmen sullenly shaking their chains as they begin to feel them, and one by one lifting up their heads from the ground, their eyes glaring with a desperate, dangerous hope—and we shall then

be able to conceive how clear an eye he must have, who, amid confusion such as this, can see into its real meaning.

But we are outside, and can look on with tolerable comfort. Let us then, wiping away our tears for "Uncle Tom," strive to gaze steadily into the fight, and learn the rights of it.

Doubtless, all our readers will have heard the abolition side of the question from Mrs. Stowe; and for a reply, we do not know that we can do better then refer them to "A Carolinian's description of Slavery in the Southern States," copied into *Fraser's Magazine* of last October. It is, as there stated, an "able pamphlet," ingenious, and yet evidently sincere; and, considering the temptations of the subject, written in a "candid and temperate spirit." Here is his opinion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin:"—

"We have in it," he says, "a variety of vivid scenes to illustrate the power of the master in separating the families of slaves, in destroying their moral character, and in scourging them even to death. In these sketches her zeal has got the better of the authoress; and she has drawn a most wild and unreal picture of slavery. The consequence is, that the book, with its vast circulation, will do infinite injury. Its dramatic power will have no other effect upon the country than to excite the fanaticism of one portion and to arouse the indignation of the other."

So much for the "unreal picture." The picture he draws is somewhat as follows:—First, "these horrors," he tells us, "are abuses, and are only occasional." These torturings, and maimings, and wounds to both flesh and spirit, are no more to be fairly ascribed to the institution of slavery, and are no better reasons for its abolition. Are the exceptional tyrannies of husbands, and miseries of wives, and the hardly exceptional oppression of the hired labourer, to be given as grounds for a crusade against marriage and property? Follow Mrs. Stowe, and you will soon find yourself in company with Madame Sand and Proudhon. Mark, he does not altogether deny these horrors: it is well to observe that no one of the defenders of slavery, whom we have been able to meet with, does so—neither "the Carolinian;" nor General Hammond, in his piquant letters to Clarkson; nor Chancellor Harper, in his Memoirs; nor Mr. Paulding, in his elaborate defence—they all admit the possibility of the exceptional cases; but they do not themselves know them: this only they do know, that public opinion is against them, and does, in fact, protect the slave as powerfully as could the law. With regard to the separation of families, the admission is greater; the exceptions here are more fre-

quent, but still they are exceptions, becoming more and more so,—for public opinion acts here also; and, at the worst, there is "less separation of families among the negroes than occurs with almost any other class of persons."

So much for the exceptions. And if we turn to the rule, the slave is well fed, well doctored, not over-worked, for a peasant,—well clothed and lodged, free from care, with no fear of being told to *play* when he takes his wage, no anxiety lest his sick club should break, no bastle blocking up his gaze into the future, no half-lurking hope, as he counts his children, that kind Fate may close the mouth of the last comer. True, he is in the power of his master; but what labouring man is not?—the relation is the same, only more clearly defined; therein giving the slave the advantage, for the personality of the power of the slave-owner being acknowledged, both sense of self-interest and care for his character induce him to use it rightly. Whereas the capitalist can beat down wages, or wring out more work, or dole out little work; can use up or abuse his labourers to serve his greed or whim; can grind him to dust by the iron wheel of competition, behind which he hides himself, not seen, and therefore not blamed. And if the slave cannot run from the master's power, neither can the master run from his responsibility—or, at most, he can only shift it on to some other master's shoulders; he cannot turn off his man to shift for himself after he has done with him.

Thus does the Carolinian deal with the slave's physical plight. The charge against his moral and spiritual treatment is, he allows, somewhat more difficult to repel; but with this also he boldly grapples. This "peculiar relation," in which the black is bound to the white man, "is capable of generating great virtues"—if not the common virtues of independence, self-reliance, self-control; yet those more peculiar, and, in this case, more fitting virtues of loyalty and affection on the one side, protection and beneficence on the other; his intellect may not be prematurely forced, but industry is secured, and so the ground made ready for the future seed. Nor is his soul neglected. His master is "taunted with buying him body and soul;" but who that has influence over his neighbours, has not property in his soul? The chief difference is, that the slave-owner knows his position, and tries to meet it; and more and more every day is he remembering that this "soul is in some sense in his keeping, to be charged against him hereafter." He provides for him churches and chaplains, and schoolmasters and schools; and though, thanks to Abolj-

tionists, these schools cannot teach him to read, yet even "this inability has given rise to a more kindly feeling,—to a closer connexion between the races, than if each slave could read his own Bible;"—"it has induced oral teaching, and the effect of this upon both races no man at the North can conceive." And lastly, even supposing there be vices inherent in this system of slavery, the fault lies not with the slave-owner, nor yet with the system, but with degraded, imperfect human nature, which, in this particular relation of half savage negroes to civilized Caucasians, makes no other system possible. Be the races of one blood, or be they not—waiving "the fact that the one race has never been so highly civilized as when under the guardianship of the other"—this much is certain, that the slave, if liberated, or rather deserted by his master, must, in his present circumstances, either relapse into African savagery, or wither before white competition. Therefore, even though his chains may gall him, we must, for his own sake, scruple to break them, seeing that, by them alone, can he as yet be pulled up the steep path of civilization.

The above is, we trust, a fair *résumé* of the Carolinian's defence, the sincerity of which we cannot doubt. Whoever he be, there is an air of honesty and good-heartedness about his pamphlet, which assures us that he is neither a cruel master himself (if indeed he be a master at all), nor conscious of cruel masters in his neighbourhood. We cannot but acknowledge also, that his statements are confirmed by the testimonies of many of our own travellers—Sir Charles Lyell for example; and, aware of the temptation which we suppose we all of us feel, to take the part of the weak, when our interests are not with the strong, we believe we have done our best to examine and appreciate the pro-slavery evidence—both testimonies and defence. While doing so, however, we could not but remember how precisely the same case had been stated, for and by the West India planter, and how, after years of pleading at the bar of British opinion, he had at length been altogether unsuited. Governor Hammond, in his second letter to Clarkson, says, that "undoubtedly slaves were treated much more harshly in the West Indies than with us;"—possibly, nay probably, taking into account the more frequent absenteeism of English proprietors, and the severity of sugar, as compared with cotton, labour. Still we cannot forget that we had then, as now, kind masters quoted and quoting themselves, as not only examples, but samples; and a whole crowd of visitants, of naval and military officers, and respectable men of all ranks and professions, declaring that they were so. But,

then, we had two means of checking these statements, which in the United States we have not;—namely, the investigations of official commissioners and of parliamentary committees, and the reports of the missionaries, who had been as many years with the negroes as these travellers had been weeks with their masters.

Let any one read these reports, and the results of these investigations, and we think they will allow Mrs. Stowe's picture to be true enough of English, whether or no it be so of American slave-masters. Congress, however, gives us no *blue books* on slavery,—would that it did! and though there are ministers of the gospel among the negroes—missionaries, we believe, they are called—good men, we doubt not, and working hard for the spiritual welfare of their flocks; yet we imagine if they were to tell any tales about them, of which Judge Lynch did not approve, their work would soon be ended.

Failing, then, these official investigations, and these friends of the slave, suppose we hear the slave himself. The fugitive slave seems to have a fancy for learning,—finding it necessary, we imagine, to supply the "real teaching" he has lost, he generally takes to reading books and sometimes to writing them. We have one of these books before us,—the narrative of William Wells Brown; well known probably to many of our readers, who must, however, allow us very briefly to refer to it.

William Wells Brown tells us he was born in Kentucky; his father was a white man "connected with one of its first families," and a relation of his first master, the "man who stole me as soon as I was born." Still his mother was a field-hand, notwithstanding her attractions—perhaps they were past,—and one of his first recollections was hearing her plaintive cries while the overseer was giving her "ten lashes" for being "ten or fifteen minutes behind the others in getting into the field." This first master was a politician, got into the Missouri legislature; and his absence from his estate, while attending his duties there, may possibly account for the ferocities Brown details of his overseer; so we pass on to Master No. 2, a Major Freeland, to whom he was hired, a Virginian, of somewhat high and impatient spirit—who, *inter alia*, "would tie his slaves up in the smoke-house and whip them; after which, he would cause a fire to be made of tobacco-stems, and smoke them—calling this Virginia play." The boy Brown, not liking such sports, took to the woods, but was soon brought back by "Major O'Fallen's bloodhounds," duly flogged and smoked, and not long after Freeland, failing in business, he

was hired on board a Missouri steamer for the sailing season; "the most pleasant time he had ever experienced," public opinion probably preventing tourists from being amused with Virginia play. This pleasant season, however, was soon over, and he found himself hired to a Mr. John Colburn, keeper of the Missouri Hotel; a most "inveterate hater of the negro," he calls him, but doing his best, it seems, to keep a "clean inn;" for a "knife being put on the table not so clean as it might have been," he gave the knife-cleaner fifty lashes on the bare back with a cow-hide, after which he made me wash him down with rum." While living "at this hotel a circumstance occurred which caused him great unhappiness,—his master sold his mother and all her children, except himself, to different persons in the city of St. Louis,"—hiring him soon after to Elijah P. Lovejoy, the editor of the "St. Louis Times,"—"a very good man, decidedly the best master I ever had;"—too good, indeed, for a master at all, for he soon became an Abolitionist, and was, as our readers will most of them remember, consequently murdered. His next owner, or rather hirer, was a Captain Reynolds, who "got religious" while he was with him, and "joined others in hiring a preacher for his slaves;" the result of which seems to have been, that the privileges they had on Sunday were stopped, and one particular chastisement seems to have been especially impressed on his mind by its having been immediately after family prayer. The next change was to a Mr. Walker, a slave-trader, whose business was to convey slaves from Missouri down the river to New Orleans. Here scenes of cruelty and suffering abounded; but as no one—not even the members of Congress, who insist on its continuation—deny the horrors of the Internal Slave Trade, we will only give two of his slave-trading experiences. "With all our care," he says, "lest the slaves should get loose, we lost one woman, who had been taken from her husband and children, and having no desire to live without them, jumped overboard and drowned herself."

One day Brown was told to provide a separate room for a new purchase, a beautiful quadroon "bought for the New Orleans market." Suspecting this kindness, he listened at the door, and heard Walker telling her to take her choice between "going back with him to St. Louis, to be his housekeeper on his farm, and being sold as a field-hand on the worst plantation on the river." After some days' conflict between modesty and fear, fear prevailed—she chose the house-keeping, and lived with her master till, as a "previous measure to his marriage," he sold

her, and her *and his* four children. Brown, however, seems not to have been himself cruelly treated by this man, and to have been in danger of flogging only once, when he managed to cheat a free coloured man into suffering it in his place—a piece of ingenuity which he relates with commendable regret, but his admission of which is no slight testimony to his truthfulness. Not long afterwards his old owner, Dr. Young, told him he was "pressed for money," and must sell him; but, on being reminded of his relationship, gave him a week to try to find a master to his liking, which week he used first in taking leave of his sister, then in the slave jail waiting till the man who had bought her, and four other women, "for his own use, as he said," should take them south; and then in persuading his old mother to start with him for Canada. The hunters were soon after them, and caught them 150 miles from St. Louis; but at least they had the comfort of being brought back, not by "Tom Loker," but by prayerful professors. For the first night of the journey back, the head catcher, at whose house they slept, "called his family together to prayer," before offering, which "he read a chapter in the Bible." Brown got "a severe whipping," we suppose for stealing himself; but Mr. Mansfield, his mother's master, a merciful man, told her "he would not whip her," but would sell her to a negro-trader, or take her to New Orleans himself. Her son, after trying in vain to have an interview with her in the jail, managed to see her on board the boat in which she was to go south. He found her "chained to another woman: her emotions were too deep for tears." A few hurried words passed between them—her son begging her forgiveness for persuading her to run away, and so bringing her to this "sad condition;" and she telling him not to "weep for her, for she could not last long upon a cotton plantation,"—till, he adds, "Mansfield came up to me, and with an oath said, 'Leave here this instant; you have been the means of my losing one hundred dollars to get this wench back;' at the same time kicking me with a heavy pair of boots. As I left her she gave one shriek, saying, 'God be with you?' It was the last time I saw her, and the last words I heard her utter." With this leaving-taking of his mother, we take our leave of the son, who again ran away—this time successfully, getting at length possession of himself, and beginning his life as a man, some of the adventures of which he has just published in a book of no inconsiderable merit.\*

\* "Three Years in Europe; or, Places I have seen, and People I have met." By W. Wells Brown.

Now the reason why we have thus boldly gone through this narrative, is simply to show what, viewing Slavery from the slaver's point of view, is its usual and normal aspect.

There is no ground to believe that this man fell into especially bad hands—he does not seem himself to think that he did; judging from the stories of other fugitives, Douglass, Roper, Bibb, &c., contained in the book at the head of our article, (“Uncle Tom's Companions, or Fiction stronger than Fact,”) we should say that, for a slave, “his lines fell in pleasant places;” but we see from his story what must be the rule and what the exception. We will spare our readers the quotation of any more of the facts in the book above alluded to, but we must ask the editor of “Frazier” whether he cannot prevail on “the Carolinian” either to disprove them, or to prove how, as occasional abuses rather than natural results, they can be possible. To be sure there is an alternative—the facts may be allowed, and yet denied to be abuses. Frederick Douglass tells us in his Narrative,\* that the slaves generally when asked, would say that they had kind masters (thereby throwing light on the favourable testimonies of travellers,) partly because they were afraid their masters would get to hear if they spoke ill of them, and partly because their standard of kindness was fitted to the peculiar relation between the races. We hope “the Carolinian's” standard of cruelty has not been submitted to a similar adaptation.

But these fugitive slaves, it will be said, are not fair witnesses; we have it upon the authority of the printed sermon of a reverend clergyman of New York, that they are “nuisances;”—“the fact of a slave running away from his master being *prima facie* evidence that he is a bad man;” and we suppose he would tell us that they spread false reports of their former owners, in order to palliate the crime of stealing themselves, or that they invent past sufferings in order, by appeal to sympathy, to obtain present aid.

The after conduct of the person whose narrative we have quoted, would by no means, so far as we could learn, warrant such charges; and we defy any attentive reader to deny that it exhibits internal evidence of truth. Nevertheless, we could not consider such narratives as, by themselves, conclusive, and we have therefore inquired what other evidence the Abolitionists could furnish; and alas! we have found that which has convinced our judgment as much as it has sickened our heart.

We wonder if the Carolinian ever came across a small octavo published in 1839, at

\* Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, p. 19.

New York, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, written by Mr. Theodore D. Weld, and entitled “American Slavery as it is; or, the Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses,”—if not, would that he would get it, and give us what we have vainly sought for, its refutation! We doubt whether, of any evil that has existed since the world began, there has ever been any exposure at once so dreadful, so damning, and so undeniable, as is this description of American Slavery. A few words from the introduction;\* after alluding to the statements so often made by the slave-holders and their apologists of the good treatment and happy condition of their slaves, the authors go on to say:—

“We will prove that the slaves in the United States are treated with barbarous inhumanity; that they are overworked, under fed, wretchedly clad and lodged, and have insufficient sleep; that they are often made to wear round their necks iron collars armed with prongs, to drag heavy chains and weights at their feet while working in the field, and to wear yokes and bills and iron horns; that they are often kept confined in the stocks day and night for weeks together, made to wear gags in their mouths for hours or days, have some of their front teeth torn out or broken off, that they may be easily detected when they run away; that they are frequently flogged with terrible severity, have red pepper rubbed into their lacerated flesh, and hot brine, spirits of turpentine, &c., poured over the gashes to increase the torture; that they are often stripped naked, their backs and limbs cut with knives, bruised and mangled by scores and hundreds of blows with the paddle, and terribly torn by the claws of cats drawn over them by their tormentors; that they are often hunted by bloodhounds, and shot down like beasts, or torn in pieces by dogs; that they are often suspended by the arm, and whipped and beaten till they faint, and when revived by restoratives beaten again till they faint, and sometimes till they die; that their ears are often cut off, their eyes knocked out, their bones broken, their flesh branded with red-hot irons; that they are maimed, mutilated, and burned to death over slow fires. All these things, and more and worse, we shall prove. Reader, we know whereof we affirm, we have weighed it well; *more and worse* we will prove. Mark these words, and read on; we will establish all these facts by the testimony of scores and hundreds of eye-witnesses, by the testimony of slave-holders in all parts of the slave states, by slave-holding members of Congress and of State legislatures, by ambassadors to foreign courts, by judges, by doctors of divinity, and clergymen of all denominations, by merchants, mechanics, lawyers, and physicians, by presidents, and professors in colleges and professional seminaries, by planters, overseers, and drivers. We shall show, not merely that such deeds are committed, but that they are frequent; not done in corners, but before the sun; not in one of the

\* “American Slavery as it is,” p. 9.

slave states, but in all of them; not perpetrated by brutal overseers and drivers merely, but by magistrates, by legislators, by professors of religion, by preachers of the Gospel, by governors of states, by gentlemen of property and standing, and by delicate females moving in the 'highest circles of society.'"

These are the charges of the American Abolitionist. Our readers are incredulous. So were we, until we examined for ourselves the proofs which they give, and found that the testimony which they say they will bring, they *do* bring, with names, and dates, and vouchers of credibility; so that only one of two things is possible,—either the book with its charges is true, or it is the vilest of forgeries, and every word in it the falsest of libels; in which case, the silence of the slandered slave-owner is unaccountable.\* But the book is true: it is impossible to read it, and not be possessed by its truthfulness: fact after fact seizes the understanding, till it finds itself in a hell of horrors from which there is no hope of escape.

We are aware that it will be said that this was a description of American slavery in 1839, and that since then there has been improvement both in condition of slaves and conduct of masters. To this we can only reply, that the same assertion of improvement has been made in almost every vindication of the slaveholder which we have perused; as strongly, for instance, in Mr. Paulding's "Defence," published in 1836, (p. 187) as by the "Carolinian" now; and it may be well also to remark, that at the time Mr. Weld published his fearful array of facts, the testimonies of many travellers were as favourable to the masters as they are now. Still we do not deny that there may be some improvement, though we fear that it is less actual than apparent. Doubtless conscientious slaveholders do exist, to whose humanity it has not been vain to appeal; and, thanks to the vigilance of the Abolitionists, they may be more and more able so to work upon the fears, if not the feelings, of their fellow-masters, as to induce them in measure to restrain their passions. The entreaties, almost pathetic, which the defenders of the "institution" make to its friends not to endanger it by arming its foes with facts, have not, we believe, been wholly disregarded; and public opinion may have succeeded in preventing the public performance of atrocities, for the private commission

\* Frederick Douglass thus alluded to this book in a public meeting, held at Finsbury Chapel, London: "This publication has been before the public of the United States for the last seven years, and not a single fact or statement recorded therein has ever been called in question by a single slaveholder."

of which both law and circumstances arrange such complete facility. The scandal may be removed from the street and highway, to the solitary chamber or the isolated plantation, where it is safe alike from the rebuke of Southerner or indignation of Northerner—witnessed indeed, but by those whose testimony would be as useless to the sufferers as dangerous to themselves: for the judge would refuse to hear it, and the press would condemn it as insubordination.\* Nevertheless, facts do find their way out. We could ourselves, if required, furnish a fit supplement to Mr. Weld's book, in authenticated cases which have happened within the last three years. Mr. Sullivan,† an English traveller, in his book just published, writes as follows:—

"I heard a painful case that happened at Memphis some short time before I was there. . . . . A slave-dealer bought a slave from a plantation in Kentucky; the man was a first-rate mechanic and blacksmith, and his master only parted with him because he was 'hard-up,' with the proviso that his wife, to whom he was much attached, should not be separated from him. The sum paid for him was 1000 dollars (200*l.*)—after the sale, the slaves were taken as usual to the gaol to be lodged for the night, the negro being satisfied by the promise that his wife should accompany him the next day. The following morning, however, when the gang of slaves were brought out, chained two and two together by the wrists, preparatory to commencing their journey; the blacksmith looked in vain for his wife, and on inquiring where she was, the slave-driver laughed at him, and said, 'O you don't suppose that I am going to drag your wife about to please you, do you? That was only a blind to get you from your master.' The slave said nothing, but soon after drew his chain-companion to where there was a hatchet, and taking it up in his left hand, which was free, he deliberately chopped his right hand off at the wrist, and holding up the stump to the slave-driver, said, 'There, you gave 1000 dollars for me yesterday, what will you get now?' This case created rather a feeling even in Kentucky, and a subscription was got up to buy the negro back, and restore him to his wife; but the demon in human shape, his master, refused to part with him at any price, saying, 'That he would not lose his revenge for having been made such a fool of, for ten thousand dollars; that as the man chose to cut his own hand off, he should learn to pick cotton with the other, and he would

\* John Culphart, a witness at the late Boston Fugitive Slave Trials, after stating that it was "part of his business to arrest all slaves and free persons of colour, who were collected in crowds at night, lock them up," and, "next day," "flog them," declared, "I am paid 50 cents for every negro I flog, the price used to be 62½ cents." So we see the pay for flogging has fallen, possibly the demand for floggers, and the flogging itself, may have diminished in like proportion.

† "Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America." By Edward Sullivan, Esq., p. 197.



take care he lived long enough to repent of what he had done.' There was no law to interfere, not even to control his brutality, and in a few days the slave was marched off south."

The "Carolinian" says:—

"The scene of the slave's labour, moreover, is in the midst of those who are far above him in mental cultivation and Christian feeling. And finally, his state of dependence upon this superior class is such as to arouse in a peculiar degree a disposition to teach and to elevate the labourer whose entire service is due to them."

The following letter, extracted from the *North Star*, will serve as an illustration of these assertions. A coloured woman, a Mrs. Nancy Cartwright, "who had purchased her own freedom, and redeemed a part of her children from slavery by her own industry, aided by the liberality of her friends," while at New York heard from her daughter that she, "with Aunt Sally and all her children, and Aunt Hagar and all her children," were in "Bruin's Jail" in Alexandria, "expecting to go away very shortly." The heart-broken mother applied to Mr. Harned, the editor of the *North Star*, who wrote to Mr. Bruin, asking him "at what price he would sell Emily Russell to her mother, and how long he would give her to make up the amount; also, at what price he holds her sisters and their children." To which Mr. Bruin thus replied:—

"Alexandria, Jan. 31, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,

"When I received your letter, I had not bought the negroes you spoke of, but since that time I have bought them. All I have to say about the matter is, that we paid very high for the negroes, and cannot afford to sell the girl, Emily, for less than *eighteen hundred dollars*. This may seem a high price to you; but cotton being very high, consequently slaves are high. We have two or three offers for Emily from *gentlemen* from the south. She is said to be the finest looking woman in this country. As for Hagar and her seven children, we will take 2500 dollars; Sally and her four children, we will take for them 2800 dollars. You may seem a little surprised at the difference in prices, but the difference in the negroes makes the difference in price. We expect to start South with the negroes on the 8th of February, and if you intend to do anything you had better do it soon.

"Yours respectfully,

"BRUIN AND HILL.

"William Harned, Esq., New York."

One more instance, and we have done. This year (1852), a negro woman and several children were sold at Goldshoro, North Carolina. The *Goldshoro Patriot* says, "They were the children of a free man by

the name of Adam Wynne, who had purchased their mother, his wife, previous to their birth. They were consequently his slaves; and he having become involved, they were sold for his debts." Why did not the husband register the hard-earned freedom of his wife? it may be said. The following Act of North Carolina, which we find was passed in 1799, and cannot find to have been repealed, may explain why: "Any slave set free, except for meritorious services, to be adjudged of by the county court, may be seized by any freeholder, committed to jail, and sold to the highest bidder."\* Any way the story may serve as a commentary on the "Carolinian's" assertion, that "efforts are made every day to lessen the evil of the separation of families," and his supposition that Slavery supplies the artificial incitements to industry needed by the natural idleness of the African.

We think we have now said enough in reply to the question with which we started, viz., the fidelity of Mrs. Stowe's picture. We leave our readers to judge between her and the "Carolinian;" as for ourselves, facts force us to believe that in America, as everywhere else, Slavery is in practice what its theory would make us expect that it must be. We have only, as Lord Carlisle says in his preface to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to look into the first nursery we can find, nay rather, we have only to look into our own hearts, to feel what of sin on our parts and suffering on theirs will surely follow, if we strive to rob our fellow-men of their wills, and set up to be to them as gods, to whom alone they are responsible.† What we try to do, we shall fail in doing; for the manhood which we cannot utterly destroy will defeat us, and we shall rack our brain for modes by which to revenge our defeat: we shall hire others to help us, and they will be worse than ourselves. Whoever of us has dependants here in England—servants, labourers, or tenants—knows well how hard it is, even with the utmost vigilance, with all the protection which British laws and liberties give to the weak, to prevent those who are set over them from abusing their limited authority. Fearful then as it is to use the master's power, we can well un-

\* So much for buying the possession of your wife in North Carolina. In Maryland, if you suppose you have it, you are sent to prison. This year, a free coloured man was there sent to the penitentiary for two years and six months, "for inciting his wife, a slave, to run away from her lawful owner."—*Liberator*, July 18, 1852. We suppose this conviction will help to prove the oft-asserted criminality of the coloured population as compared with the whites.

† Heywood's "Manual," p. 530.

derstand that it is yet more fearful to delegate it to others.

Nor would we, in thus describing the necessary accompaniments of American Slavery, be supposed to cast any special reproach upon the American character, much less to glorify our own as compared with it. There is, alas! in the history of Negro Slavery, but little food for our national vanity. We Englishmen have little reason to boast of our conduct to the negro, either absolutely for its intrinsic excellence, or relatively as compared with that of other countries. In the last century we were as notorious for our efforts to excel other nations in the slave trade, as now for our efforts to prevent them from engaging in it. By the famous Assiento treaty, we contracted for the supply of the Spanish West Indies with Africans, and negociations with Spain were then as rife and as difficult to secure to ourselves the carrying of her slaves, as they are now to stop her from carrying them for herself. Mr. Bancroft\* is but telling the simple truth, when he charges our Government with listening to her African slave-merchants, rather than to her American colonists; with neutralizing the restrictions which Virginia and South Carolina attempted to put on the importation of negroes; and with obliging the noble-hearted Oglethorpe to relax his determination that in Georgia, the colony which he founded, there should be neither Slavery nor slave trade. And though we can now say that we do not steal African labour, either for our own use or to sell it to others, yet we must confess that we are still, nay, that we are even more than we ever were before, the buyers of the produce of this stolen labour. If this traffic in human flesh be infernal, then, while we call it so, let us not forget that in this traffic we, above all others, are the receivers. The sum which we forced the colonies to take for the descendants of the Africans whom our ancestors put there, though enormous in itself, was but a trifle for our wealth and habits of expenditure: we shall soon have spent as much in killing, or trying to kill, the Africans at the Cape. Nor can we seriously compare the money loss thus entailed on any one of our tax-payers, to the sacrifices which a Southern planter would have to make in cutting asunder the bonds which our ancestors helped to twist round every fibre of his life, domestic and national; to say nothing of the loss which he fears, and of the temporary diminution which he would probably experience, of the profits which our demand for his cotton and rice enable him to secure. Had these three millions of black slaves or their progenitors been imported to

England instead of to America, we wish we could be sure that the determination to keep them slaves, the struggle to silence their friends, and the prejudice against their colour, would not have been as strong and as bitter here as there, though probably expressed in a somewhat different form; nay, further, we shall tremble even for our wish as a nation for the abolition of American Slavery, if those should ever succeed who try to persuade us that the speed of the Lancashire cotton-mills depends on its not being checked.

But while we grant most fully that our conduct to the negro has been as bad, and might, in like circumstances, again be as bad, as is that of the Americans, yet we by no means admit that they can plead even the poor palliation of example from our present conduct to our own poor. This comparison between the condition of our labourers and their slaves is the favorite argument of the American, as it was of the West Indian planter. "Your rich men oppress your poor," they say, "therefore we may oppress ours. Your operatives are miserable, therefore we may inflict misery on ours. Your peasantry are more slaves to circumstances, and, through circumstances, to you, than are our 'chattels' to us; and therefore, lest they should become as badly off as your poor, we keep them chattels."

Even Mrs. Stowe admits the premises of this argument, though she disputes the deduction. Most of her English critics,—as, for example, Lord Carlise and Mr. H.,—controversert this admission as the weak point of her book; and, in refutation, boldly refer to facts—almost too boldly we fear. True, between the slave with a bad master and the British or Irish labourer, even in his worst estate, there can be no comparison; for there is not for the badly treated slave even the refuge of the workhouse. But compare the slave on a plantation such as Sir Charles Lyell visited, or such as we doubt not was Mr. Calhoun's, with the Dorsetshire labourer as Mr. Godolphin Osborne used to describe him, before the glitter of Australian gold had brightened his path—still more, with the Irish cottier, before he could hope to fly to Michigan or Wisconsin, where no landlord could evict him, and the case would be different. Even then, the chances are that the cottier or the labourer would not change places with the slave, for there is something in freedom which makes the man who has it cling to it while he has life. But neither, we dare say, would Mr. Calhoun's slave change places with them; and anyone might well be perplexed, if compelled to choose between the contented animalism of the one, and the comfortless, hopeless manhood of the other. But the gist of

\* "History of the United States," chap. xxiv.

the slaveholder's argument lies, it must be remembered, not in the similarity of condition, but of treatment. The amount of misery may possibly sometimes be equal—that is, the greatest misery of the one condition may be equalled by the greatest happiness of the other; but in the treatment there is this most mighty difference, that in the one case the effort is general and immense to better the condition, and in the other there is, at least, as great an effort to keep it as it is. Take an illustration—probably the one which the "Carolinian" would choose. We once witnessed an Irish eviction, and while gazing on the haggard wretch, cowering in his rafterless hut, and on the hopeless look of his wife, as she folded in her arms her pining child, and while thinking of the landlord, who, to keep his opera-box, gave his tenants this free choice between the workhouse or beggary, or death by the road-side,—we well remember feeling that so long as these things could happen under English rule, we might well be silent about American slavery. And so we would be silent were it not for the shout of execration which such deeds have called forth, and did we not feel that the execration had not ended in empty words. Not only has the press in both islands protested, but the law, though it may, and will, do yet more, has at least done enough to show its will, by passing first the Irish Poor-law, which fastens the poverty of the tenant on the purse of the landlord, and then the Encumbered Estates Act, which gets rid of the landlords who cannot meet the responsibilities of their station; and lastly, all classes, even their own, have condemned the oppressors; taking their time and their property to relieve the oppressed, and only stayed in their efforts by the fear that they were doing them harm rather than good.

But for the American slave, if Englishmen are silent, who shall speak? Let him be hard driven, ill-fed, tortured, maimed, even murdered—the law does not interfere. In most, if not all the states, the judge would not hear the slave if he testified to his wife being ravished before his eyes; and the constitution of some of them—Georgia, for example—decrees that there shall be no punishment for any one causing the death of a slave, "should it happen by accident while giving him moderate correction."\* And if the law does not protect him, neither does, nor even could, the press: it knows not of his wrongs, or hears of them only through

the companions of the wrong doer; for the press is the press of the master, and the slave dares tell no tales. Were he to resist, or even to cry out against any cruelty, however flagrant, every Southerner, and almost every Northerner, would brand him as a rebel; and the only voice raised in his favor, from one end of the republic to the other, would be that of the few Abolitionists, whose words, if spoken in his hearing, would but result in the speaker's being silenced for ever.

The most dreadful case of oppression that has occurred in England for years has been that of the Sloanes to the parish apprentice. We dare say the southern papers gloated over the story; probably they forgot to state that Mrs. Sloane served her apprenticeship to cruelty in a slave colony. But what was the effect of its disclosure in England? The Sloanes, on their way to jail, were nearly torn to pieces by the mob; and the most stringent regulations were sent round to every board of guardians, as soon as a bill could be hurried through the House to enforce them, protecting parish apprentices, so far as the ingenuity of lawyers could form plans to protect them. Cases somewhat similar would, if we may believe Mr. Weld's book, be too common to excite American indignation—at any rate, to the pitch we have described. But there was one atrocity which, as we learn from both Sir C. Lyell and Miss Martineau, did move the feelings of the good people of New Orleans. Anything so horrible as the cruelties of Madame Lalaurie, to which those authors refer, no one who has not read Mr. Weld's book can conceive. But what was the practical expression of the public opinion, roused by the discovery of these tortures not of one, but of many victims? The torturer was forced to fly; and a committee of gentlemen was formed, to prevent the commission of like atrocities; but they found themselves forced to stay their operations *for fear of the effect on the slaves*. There was a law that extreme cruelties should be punished by the sale of the victim for the benefit of the state; but in this very case the utter uselessness of that law had been proved by this woman having been able to recover her slaves, for the purpose of torture, after they had once been taken from her. Nevertheless, the only fresh slave law that we have heard of in Louisiana has been one just passed for the prevention of emancipation. The slave is there still entirely subject to the will of his master, or mistress, be she a Madame Lalaurie or no; his evidence against her could still not be heard; and still the only legal limitation which we have been able to discover in Louisiana of the avarice of the master is the provision, that the slave

\* Constitution of Georgia, Art. IV. Sect. 12. (Hotchkiss's Certification, p. 172. 1845.)

shall have two and a half hours in the twenty-four for "rest."\*

It would seem indeed, judging from their writings, that no English literature has been more studied by southern politicians than our Blue Books, Reports of Colliery Commissions, of Short-time Committees, &c.; but in their earnestness to read us a lesson from them, we fear they have disregarded the one which they might learn themselves. Surely no one can deny, that after the publication of such books as Mr. Weld's, there is at least as much *primâ facie* ground for inquiry into the doings on their plantations as into those in our collieries or mills.

Let them, then, make such inquiry, and follow it up, as we have done, by the enactment of protective laws, and by the appointment of inspectors of plantations, and we will give them liberty to quote our Blue Books against us as much as they please. But we can well imagine the impatient scorn with which a southern planter would receive such suggestions. "You only show your ignorance," he would say, "in comparing conditions of society which have nothing in common; the very essence of slavery consists in the despotic power of the master: shake this, and slavery ceases: put between the chattel and his owner the regulations of law, the precepts of religion, or the ties of family, and the 'chattel' becomes a man." It might be thought that this confession would be a sufficient condemnation of the system. By no means. "Our negroes," he would proceed, "are not men, they are children; and in this present stage of their social growth we must be to them as fathers. We may, perhaps, sometimes abuse the paternal power, but for this there is no help: we have the power, and their growth depends on our keeping it. And then there is this consolation—this abuse does not seem to them so severe as to you; like children, they expect to be chastised; and though there may be among them premature men like your Wells Brown, or your Douglass, to whom chastisement is intolerable; yet such men must take the consequences of living before their time, and we must not, out of sympathy with their transitional state, retard the progress of the great mass of their brethren."

Waiving, then, our protest against this paternal hypothesis, what can it mean? One of these two things: either the negroes are a hopelessly inferior race, which must always remain in a state of childhood—in which case, among other consequences, Liberia is a lie—all the stories that are told us (and told

\* Law of Louisiana, Act of July 7, 1806. (Martin's "Digest," 6, 10, 12.) Quoted in "American Slavery as it is," p. 40.

us too by many of the pro-slavery party) of the energy and ability of its negro leaders are false, and the grand project of civilizing Africa by the teaching of the "Southern Institution," a magniloquent sham;—or else, as must at least be the opinion of the "colonizationists," these negroes are only their inferiors because they are uneducated—only children because they have not grown to be men. How then can these fathers aid their growth? by teaching the children: and how do they aid it? by racking their brains to keep them untaught. Here again we observe a difference between the Americans and ourselves. With us there is every desire, and much effort, to give the people knowledge, in order that they may help themselves to better circumstances: with them, there is as much desire, and much more effort, to keep knowledge from the people, in order that their circumstances may remain as they are. "That is not our fault," is the reply; "gladly would we teach them, were it not for the Abolitionists, but while they write, how can we let our slaves read?" Truly, these Abolitionists are useful men! If the slaveholders enact severer laws, strengthen the chain, or make the whip more heavy, it is because the Abolitionists make it necessary. If they stay all progress towards emancipation, it is because they do not choose that the Abolitionists should push them on. If they try to enlarge the area of Slavery, to get fresh fields for their slave-labour, or fresh markets for their surplus labourers, it is because the attack on their rights drive them to self-defence. And if, by starving the minds of their slaves, they disregard that duty of their position, the fulfilment of which they allege as its excuse, they do so solely because the Abolitionists have poisoned the food.

But suppose Abolitionism abolished, all Garrisons gagged, and "liberators" suppressed, would this teaching even then be safe? No; so long as the masters remain free men themselves, and do not gag their own mouths, they do well to banish books from their slaves. The Declaration of Independence would be strong meat for babes, and speeches at democratic meetings somewhat dangerous reading lessons. At least there is only one way in which they could safely allow their slaves to read their Bibles, and that is to let them learn to read—not out of Baltimore resolutions for the perpetuation of their bondage—not out of senatorial discussions as to how they should be hunted; but out of reports of associations of their neighbours for their improvement, out of debates in Congress and State-legislatures on laws for their protection; out of plans of their masters for their emancipation. Meantime, the "Carolinian" tells

us, that "oral teaching" well supplies the written bible, producing "a kindly feeling between the races which no man can at the north conceive;" the white man being secure in the monopoly of God's Word, the black man, we suppose, less grudgingly gives his sweat in return for its loan. We would not undervalue this oral teaching—it is far better than none at all; still less would we refuse praise to those who teach. We believe that many of the masters try honestly to diminish the disadvantages to the learner, of this peculiar mode of instruction, and we know that many of their wives and daughters grieve greatly at the obstacles which it puts in the way of the duty they most honourably strive to perform; but the "Carolinian" must excuse us if we can better understand his preference for it, otherwise so strange, when we find the slave's catechism telling him that it is not "right for him to run away,"\* and that "to disobey his master is to yield to the temptations of the devil."† If the closed book were opened, he might think that he should do unto the fugitive as he would be done by, and even when ordered by his master to flog him, refuse to obey. "She is a good cook, a good washer, a good obedient servant, she has got religion; how much will you give?"‡ said the St. Louis auctioneer. But if the woman could get the religion for herself out of the Bible, there might be cases in which it would not raise her price.

Nevertheless, slaves have got religion, some of them. A short century or so ago they were heathen savages, now they are a Christian people, more or less civilized. Behold, then, the blessings of this bondage, thus blindly cursed! We do not doubt the Christianity; were we forced at this moment to search for the saints of America, we should not be surprised to find them among her despised bondsmen, as we most assuredly should seek for her heroes among those who have broken the bonds. But what then? Is a man's body to be kept bound because his soul has become free? or is a man to afflict his fellow in order that the affliction may become a blessing? There is no argument so often used by the slaveholders as this one derived from the progress of the slaves; and there is none so intolerable, so difficult to meet with patience. To make the virtues of their victims at once the excuse and the con-

sequence of their own vices, is indeed to glory in their shame.

Often do we read in history how man's selfishness is overruled, and his efforts to injure his fellow-man turned into instruments for his good; but as surely do we read that these efforts do succeed in injuring himself: he gets the evil which he means to give, and the good which spite of himself he gives, is taken from his own share. And so it is with the negro; his master, to make himself rich, wrings from him his labour, and so teaches him how to labour for himself; but this teaching brings poverty on the teacher, making his soil barren, causing him to lose the habit of toil, and his right hand to forget its cunning; and the Christianity which the slave gets, because he is dragged and fastened up within the range of Christian influence, is but too often that very Christianity which the white has lost by enslaving him. We wonder, indeed, that the argument is not pushed further, and that the southern gentlemen do not also claim credit for the warnings contained in the consequences of Slavery to themselves. These consequences are and will be a lesson to the world, which they may take the merit of teaching. Not only may they attribute the humanizing of their chattels to their avarice, with at least as much reason as might the Roman emperors the piety of the early Christians to the persecution under which it strengthened; but is not the time coming, nay, is it not in a measure already come, in which they may point to their distracted councils, and wasted fields, and fearful firesides—to their dread of disunion with the free north, which, however hated and envied, they will not dare to leave—to daily expectation of ruin, and nightly alarm of massacre—and rejoice that they are thus permitted to light the beacons which warn the nations from the paths of wrong, and to prove that no people is so rich either in energy or circumstances that it can afford to be unjust.

And, after all, to what stage in social progress has the pupil reached under this civilizing guardianship? To this: that no matter how, or by whose help, he came into the condition in which he is, not one step further can he go until this condition be changed. The seeds of life which his guardians say they have sown, they try to deaden with blows, lest they should bear fruit; they have taught him till they tremble lest he should learn more; they say they have brought him to the borders of freedom, but they know that his next step will be over them, and they struggle to the death to stay him from making it. They cannot stay him—the next step will come, but when?

\* "Catechism of Scripture Doctrine, and for the Oral Instruction of Coloured Persons." By C. C. Jones. Charleston. 1845. P. 120.

† "A Catechism to be taught orally to those who cannot read." By Bishop Ives. New York. 1848. P. 30.

‡ W. Wells Brown, "Narrative," p. 82.

This race of negroes, if they be children, are quickly coming of age; for time flies, and they will not, like the Red Indians, die prematurely; but the precise time when, and mode in which, their majority will be celebrated, is a question which it is indeed hard to answer. Would that it were as easy to lift the veil which hides the sure doom of this system, as it is to tear asunder that which cloaks its abuses and deformities!

No one disputes that this Slavery at present rules the American republic; all the States, free as well as slave, seem, as it were, spell-bound by its enchantments; priests and politicians, the north and the south, vie with one another in doing its bidding; and yet hardly any one, not even he who is possessed or paralysed by it, expects that the spell will last. Whence, then, are we to look for the rescue? It is usual, both in America and here, to say that it can only come from the south. There, it is said, the slaves are held; therefore, there only can they be freed. Doubtless it is in the power of the south, and therefore it is its duty, both to give emancipation and to guide the emancipated. These are the two tasks which it is given to it to perform; the second can be performed by it only, the first by it best. Will the south undertake these tasks? They are difficult, but oh, how glorious!

Not in all the records of the past, not in all the possibilities of the future, can we discern a career more sublimely grand than would be that of the southern statesman who should convince the dominant race of its duty, and show how it can be fulfilled. To heal this deadly feud of castes—to give hope to the hopeless, and self-reliance to millions who have it not—to open to them the gates of knowledge, and clear for them the path of progress—to drive away the Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of the master—to give back to his country its good name—to send it forth like a strong man to run its race, no longer forced for fear of the captive to stay its course, and look back, and *go back*—and lastly, to save from certain danger and possible destruction that noble union which, type as it is of the future “federation of the world,” is well worth for its preservation any sacrifice, save that of a man’s soul,—is there no ambition to aim at prizes such as these? Is there no Carolinian Peel, no son of “the Old Dominion,”—that mother-land of Washington and Jefferson,—no leader of the southern aristocracy, who can save them from themselves? for, whoever wins these prizes, must first be their leader, and win their confidence.

Henry Clay might have been their leader, for the slave-owners honoured him as much

as he in his heart hated Slavery. He knew that the slave-system was his country’s evil spirit; but rather than resist the devil, he bargained with him, and preferred a compromise to a combat. Alas! it is almost vain to expect that any future statesman will have Clay’s chance; for the line between the parties is every day becoming so clearly drawn, the friends and foes of freedom are becoming so ranged one against the other, that it is hardly probable that a second man will share the convictions of the one side, and possess the confidence of the other. Probably, indeed, this is a task too mighty for any *one man*. This age is said to be barren of great men, and America especially is perhaps too great herself, too conscious of her own greatness, to get any one man to do her work. As commonwealths become more civilized, each citizen becomes more alive to the need of the day, and the wills of many agree to perform the work which formerly one will would have set them to do. No wonder, then, if this mighty commonwealth, claiming, as it does, to be the very first in the van, finds itself every day with fewer master-minds. There are too many minds, and in each there is too much for any one mind to master.

Is there, then, no hope that in this matter of Slavery the many in the south will agree to do the work of the one?

The difficulties they would have to encounter would be great, but not insurmountable; with the will would come the way. Not that we undervalue these difficulties, much less refuse our sympathies to those who are beset by them; but if we venture to express our sympathy with men like the Carolinians, it must be by approval of motive rather than of deed. To us it seems worse than useless for them to defend their system; its use is its abuse, and its benefits are in spite of it; it helps them to do harm, but hinders them from doing good; to save strength, their first and chief aim must be to get rid of it. True, it rises up before them wherever they look—at the hearth-side, and in the fields, in the counting-house, the temple, and the forum—everywhere it haunts them, frowning on them with fierce threats if they dare to attack it; but let them look it well in the face, and it will vanish or fly. These threats are three-fold—economical, political, and social.

“If we free our slaves,” they would say, “our lands will be left barren, our purses will be drained; those whom we have ruled will make use of our own form of government to rule us in return; these very free institutions which our fathers won for themselves and for us, will be made the means by which a half-civilized race will strive to subject us to their revenge or their caprice. Lastly, the two

racés cannot live together on equal terms; either we must keep them down, or they must master us; if the races remain distinct, there will be constant war; if they become one, it can only be by our degradation. Abolition means for us material ruin and political slavery, or ceaseless political and social strife, or else—worst alternative of all—amalgamation between us and our slaves by corruption of our blood. And for them, it means a relapse into guideless anarchy and animalism—the competition of savagery with civilization, instead of its control by it.” As to the effect upon the slaves, we will not now attempt to discuss it; had we space, we think we could show that this fear for them is as unfounded in fact and reason, as it is, though often unconsciously, founded on the masters’ fear for themselves. Suppose the one fear removed, and we must be excused for suspecting that the other would follow. But, if not, we would refer them boldly to the results of emancipation of the negro in every case in which it has been tried, either to their own Liberia, (whose success in proving the capabilities of the blacks ought, we think, to be allowed by the Abolitionists as some atonement for its support by the slave-holders,) or to the freedmen in their own states, who, spite of every effort to degrade and debase them and keep them back, have yet got on, so that no one can seriously and honestly compare their condition with that of the slaves.\* And lastly, we would venture to test the correctness of our confidence by that fact which we suppose the Americans would consider as at once their warning and their excuse—the results of emancipation in our own colonies. It would require an article by itself to describe fairly these results, but we dare stake the whole question upon proof that the negroes in the British West Indies are at this moment in a more prosperous, a more advanced, and a more hopeful condition, than they were when they were bondsmen. Their former masters have not helped them to use their freedom rightly,—perhaps it would have been hardly reasonable to expect they should, seeing they were forced to give it,—the exercise and develop-

\* Two or three years ago, the Society of Friends in Philadelphia appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the colored people in that city. In their interesting Report, published in 1849, we find (p. 39) the following *resumé* of the information obtained by their diligent and searching inquiries:—“The result is certainly interesting and remarkable. It exhibits a population to a considerable degree sober, industrious, and independent; steadily advancing in wealth and social improvements—supporting from its own resources charitable and religious associations,—exercising most of the handicraft arts—desirous of education and instruction, and possessing all the elements of civil respectability and social happiness.”

ment of their freed labour has been hampered and impeded by restrictions as absurd as they are artificial; the Coolie immigration has subjected them to an unnatural competition, and an infectious and injurious influence; and the home government has done its best to tempt them to idleness by giving the Cuba sugar-grower the reward of their industry, unless they work as hard as his slaves, who are, and while the slave-trade lasts will be, driven to death; nevertheless, spite of all they have suffered, and do still suffer, from the follies and injustice of their rulers and employers, the proof of our assertion needs only a comparison between a fair picture of their condition as it was when they were either slaves or apprentices, and as it is now.

But the results of our experiment may not only make the Americans less fearful of a similar one for the negroes, but also for themselves. In Jamaica, for example, at the time of the emancipation, the proportion of whites to blacks was scarcely as one to ten. In the States, by the last census, with the exception of South Carolina and Mississippi, there are more whites than blacks in every State; and taking all the slave States together, and adding the free coloured people to the slaves, there are at least ten pure whites to six blacks and browns. If, then, our slaves, with their immense majority, and consequently preponderant physical force, make no disorderly or revengeful use of their freedom, much more could America venture fearlessly to give emancipation to hers. While dispensing with the whip, the whites would keep the sceptre and the sword, and might, without fear of bloodshed or insurrection, accompany their boon with almost any conditions they pleased. Such conditions might, very probably would, be useless clogs on the progress of the blacks, and be disadvantageous, both economically and socially, to both races; but, politically, they would be safe.

For example, we think it is Mr. Paulding who gives as one reason why the south should keep its peasantry in chains, that as soon as they were broken, this peasantry would become voters, and so, by help of universal suffrage, elect a black legislature and a black governor; forgetting that the simple expedient of the establishment of a property qualification for all who had been slaves, would avert such dreaded contingency. Again, the same firm possession of power would enable the ruling race, if they pleased, to relax their rule by degrees. They would, we should trust, take warning from our blunder of apprenticeship, and not, as we did, tempt the master to ply the lash more harshly, in order to get as much labor as possible out of the apprentice while his term lasted; thus making

the probation for freedom an aggravation of slavery. But they could, if they thought proper, merge slavery into an intermediary serfdom; they might strive to copy conscientiously and by enactment, the course which history shows to have been unconsciously and instinctively followed in Europe;—in order to secure the cultivation of the plantations, the slaves might first give all their labour for food, raiment, and lodging, and then give so many days' work in payment of rent; and thus money-wages and money-rent might be gradually introduced, until the serfs had become freemen, and obtained full possession of themselves.

We are not arguing for such transitoral course; our sole suggestion, if we made any, would be, that the emancipation should be immediate and entire—its only conditions, the honest and earnest endeavours of the whites individually, and through their collective wisdom, to act justly and honestly towards the blacks. But these conditions, which we believe to be the most expedient, as they are the only just ones, are perhaps too much to hope for; Englishmen, at least, have not fulfilled them, and we fear Americans would not. The scars which the whip has traced on the heart of the master are still more indelible than those on the back of the slave. And though these would be our conditions, our abolitionist friends will, we fear, hardly pardon us when we say, that we would gladly welcome abolition upon almost any conditions at all,—and for this reason: that we are quite sure that if the slave-owner once turns his feet the right way, he will be utterly unable to stop till he has reached the goal of freedom; however much he may try to hold back, the force of circumstances will every day compel him to go faster. Slavery is such a mass of evil, that—give it any downward impetus, however slight—its own weight will carry it into the abyss with ever-increasing momentum; and if man copies history, the copy takes a much shorter time than the original: every one knows what is to come, and therefore every one goes to meet it.

But, if slavery be this mass of evil—this incubus on the south—and if she can shake it off, why does she hug it to her bosom? Why? First and mainly, because, though slavery be an evil to the slave-owner—as are all sins to the sinner—yet it is pleasant as is hardly any other sin. "It is so comfortable an institution," as an American once described it—"so comfortable, so pleasant, to have fellow-men to do our work for us, and wait upon our whims, and be ready at our beck." And the fear of losing this comfort is, depend upon it, the real foundation of the fears above al-

luded to; take this away, and the others would quickly vanish. And next, the south clings to Slavery by reason of one fear which is founded upon a fact—viz., on the caste feeling of abhorrence of the black, which seems to be an instinct of the American white. He does fear amalgamation—of that there can be no doubt; his blood turns cold at the danger of its corruption. But this fear is a reason why he should struggle, not against the abolition of Slavery, but against Slavery itself. Doubtless, this proximity of races so distinct in natural characteristics and in acquired culture, is a calamity to the civilized Anglo-American, to whom it is little comfort to be told, that, as a compensation for the contamination of his blood by that of servile savages, he may have the credit of solving the problem of the capabilities of a hybrid race. But these servile savages are side by side with him—brought there not by themselves but by his, or, if he likes it better, by his and our ancestors; he cannot rid himself of them, for he lives *by* and *on* them; he cannot save himself from contamination by keeping them servile—the only chains which will avail for that, are chains on his own passions, and these the freedom of his bondsmen and bondswomen will best furnish.

We wish we could ascertain how far amalgamation has already proceeded in the States, but we have looked in vain among the census returns for the number of the mixed breed; and yet this number would not be difficult to ascertain. There are proficients in the science of races, it is said, who can trace the slightest taint of black blood so exactly, that they can determine by the inspection of the nail or the length of the heel, whether the destiny of a planter's daughter is to be the belle of New Orleans, or to be sold in its shambles; whether the descendant of a Virginian statesman may aspire to fill the presidential chair, or to hold the driver's whip over his fellow-slaves. Failing, however, these official statistics, than which none could be of more practical service, we must avail ourselves of the special information of travellers; and among other evidence among us, we have that of a friend and acute observer, who tells us that in a late journey through Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, he found the pure black so uncommon as quite to excite his attention. We can well believe it; if there be an instinctive obstacle to the intermixture of the races, man's brain might be racked for a more ingenious mode of overcoming it, than the slavery of one race by another. Whatever that instinct be, experience proves but too plainly that though it may be a preventive to love, it is no check to appetite. What then must be the effect of a system which exposes



the black woman a defenceless prey to the appetite of the white man? which does its utmost to deprive her of all modesty, but which if, through miracle, she should be virtuous and reluctant, enables the white ruffian to ravish her, but punishes the protecting father or brother by torture or even by death? The effect is, as we might expect, reckless amalgamation, and also the solution of the hybrid problem under the worst possible conditions. Inheriting as they do the worst features of each race—the unbridled pride and passion of the one, the servile abjectness of the other—taught by every circumstance of every hour of their lives to hate their fathers and despise their mothers, America may well mourn over the increase of the mixed breed; but nothing will stay this increase but giving to the coloured woman the possession of her own person and the safeguard of her natural protectors.

This fear of amalgamation is, then, a reason why abolition should not be dreaded, but desired; but supposing this fear removed, there yet remains the prejudice against colour, making it impossible, it is said, for the two races to associate on equal terms. Much of this talk about prejudice against colour is very vague; so far as we can understand it, it means simply this:—the white man is offended by the colour of the black man, therefore he robs him of his person. Would it not be much nearer the truth to say that the white man wants a reason for the robbery, and therefore makes the offence? The prejudice of colour is not so much the cause as the excuse of negro Slavery, and more especially of negro Slavery in the United States. So long indeed as slavery lasts, the logical deduction from the Declaration of Independence is the denial of the manhood of the African. All men are free and equal, says the republican democrat; but a negro is neither free nor my equal, therefore the negro is not a man. His very principles of freedom possess the republican with the prejudice, for while he keeps his principles his title to his "property" depends on the prejudice; and therefore the abolition of Slavery would more than anything else annihilate the prejudice, because it would make it useless. Nor does the fact that this prejudice exists in the free as well as in the slave States, militate against this view: in both cases the coloured man is despised, because in both he is oppressed, and he is oppressed in the north because he is enslaved in the south. The north is an accomplice with the south in the crime of slavery, and so long as it is so, it must be also in the prejudice.

This complicity of the north brings us to another and most important branch of our

subject—viz., the capability of the north for action on emancipation. Supposing the slaveholders do not volunteer to give emancipation—and, alas! judging from their past history, and from the history of all men in like circumstances, and still more, judging from their present practice or professions, there is little ground for hope that they will—how far can their fellow-citizens in the free States compel them to do what duty and prudence, self-interest and justice, alike demand?

It is customary, both here and in the States, to say that the free States have little or no power to force on abolition, or further its advance; if so, we fear it is indeed a very long way off. But let us examine how far the assertion is true.

A few words first, on the constitutional or legal relation in which the free stand towards the slave States in this matter of Slavery. The constitution of the Republic, which is the creed of its citizens—"their Thirty-nine Articles"—their "Catholic faith," which, to believe its expounders, "a man must keep whole and undefiled," though he lose his own soul—this constitution, so often quoted by the masters as the Magna Charta of their liberty to enslave, curiously enough contains no mention at all of Slavery; an instinctive sense of its incongruity with their vindication of their own freedom, must be supposed to have prevented Washington and Jefferson from solemnly recording their inconsistency; the more so, as doubtless *they* expected the constitution to outlast the slavery. But whatever the cause of the omission, the time may probably not be far distant when it will be taken advantage of. The preamble of the constitution thus states its object:—"We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, *establish justice*, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and *secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity*, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America." When once, therefore, the negroes are acknowledged to be men, that is, part of the people of the United States, this security to them of the blessings of liberty may well be considered as disproving the possibility of their continuance as slaves. Constitutionally, the existence of such persons as slaves *will* be impossible, and therefore those terms in the constitution which are now thought to refer to slaves,—such, for example, as that clumsy circumlocution of "persons held to service or labour,"—will have to find some other interpretation.

Taking, however, the slavish interpretation—which was doubtless that of the original framers of the constitution, as it is that of its

present expounders—there are in it, even then, only these slave-clauses:— Art. 1, sect. 2, which provided for the continuance of the slave trade, or “the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit till 1808.” Art. 1, sect. 2, which apportions the representation to each State, by adding to the whole number of free persons, three-fifths of all other persons; and Art. 4, sect. 1, in which is the provision for delivery of fugitives from labour, on which is grounded the late Fugitive Slave Law. So much for the positive slave-provisions; but the support which the masters claim from the constitution, is much more from what it does not say, than from what it does say: it was a compact, they assert, of several sovereign States, agreeing, in order to secure the advantages of union, to concede to a central federal power somewhat of their separate sovereignty; but, by this very act, proving that all these powers and rights which they did not concede, remained inviolate. No concession then being made of the power of the strong to enslave the weak, the strong declare their right to do so as long as they can. True enough, the limitations of the State-rights do not any one of them bear directly on the enslaving power, but it is worth observing how far they may do so indirectly. By Art. 1, sect. 8, Congress has power to regulate commerce among the several States; thereby having a power over the internal slave trade, acknowledged by no less an authority than Mr. Clay, who, in the first introduction of his compromise measure in 1850, admitted the present existence of this controlling power by including one for the perpetuity of the slave trade between the States, unless forbidden by themselves. By Art. 4, sect. 2, Congress has power to admit fresh States into the Union, but as it is not obliged to admit them, it of course has power to prevent the future annexation of any but free States. Again, by another clause in the same section, Congress “exercises exclusive legislation over the district of Columbia,” and by Art. 4, sect. 2, it has power “to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States;” and therefore Congress can free all slaves in either district or territory. Nay, further, judging merely from their wording, these clauses would seem to enable it to declare all slaves free on touching the national soil; the provision for the recovery of fugitives only referring to those who had escaped from one State into another State, and making no mention of such as had escaped into national or ultra-State domain. Lastly, in the fifth article of the Amendments, duly passed and ratified in the first session of the first Congress,

and therefore embodied in the creed sworn to by every governmental official or dignitary, we find this most pregnant provision: “No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law;” a provision which, as Mr. Sumner stated in his late most eloquent speech in the Senate, would, “if practically applied, carry freedom to all within its influence.” How far this influence extends, whether or no beyond the special national jurisdiction, might indeed be difficult to determine; but this much seems pretty plain, that so soon as the slave party cease to be the law-makers and law-expounders of the Union, this clause will be felt to abolish Slavery in the federal district, and in all national territories, and on the high seas under the national flag; and when the anti-slavery party get the upper hand in the federal parliament, we should not be surprised to find it made the foundation of an Emancipation Act. In like manner, Art. 8 of the Amendments, stating that “cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted,” would, if duly carried out, so restrain the master as to make his “property” untenable. These, then, being the obligations, actual power, and possible capabilities of the federal legislature, the next consideration is, by whom and in what manner it is chosen. The Senate, as is well known, is composed of two members from each State, irrespective of size or population; but the members of the House of Representative are apportioned every ten years among the States according to their free population, plus three-fifths of their slaves.

Reckoning Delaware as a slave State, there are now sixteen free and fifteen slave States; and, according to the last census, which gives a representative for every 93,716 of the voting population, there are and will be, till 1860—

	Free States.	Slave States.
Senators . . . . .	32	30
Representatives 144 . . . . .	144	89

Adding to the representatives the four delegates from the territories of New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Minesota, who, though, they cannot vote, can sit and speak, this gives the free States a majority of two in the Senate, and fifty-nine in the House of Representatives.

There is every reason to believe that, in the Lower House, the increase of the free majority, which has been almost continuous since the formation of the Union, will proceed; but this is by no means so clear with regard to the Senate. Thanks to the compromise measure, five slave States may be carved out of Texas; New Mexico or Utah may be turned into slave States, and one may possibly be

got out of California. Then, again, Cuba very probably will be annexed. There are strange rumours about Hayti, and more Mexican territory may be conquered, and turned from free into slave soil. Some of these contingencies may be prevented by free-state opposition; and others, such as Slavery in California and Utah, may be empty fears; and against them must be set the probability that Delaware will soon emancipate its small remnant of some two thousand slaves, and the certainty that Oregon and Minnesota, and other regions of the boundless west and north-west, will, ere long, be added to the free States; so that, on the whole, we may expect that the balance will for some time remain almost even in the Senate—tending, if anything, to the side of freedom.

So much for the numerical relation; but when we come to the moral force, the preponderance is much more clearly evident. The actual numbers of the population are, by the last census, about 13,300,000 whites in the free States, to about 6,200,000 whites in the slave States; but when we remember that with the 13,000,000 is all the energy and enterprise of the west,—all the wealth of the empire State of New York, and of its close competitor, Pennsylvania,—all the historical renown and hereditary prudence, and perseverance, and high character of New England,—all the organization and ardour of such cities as New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, and Cincinnati,—the sticklers for the letter of the constitution may well tremble for its preservation, should such a majority find, that by help of the anomalies of this constitution, the minority is able to thwart them.

Mr. Madison once said, when speaking of the mode in which the Senate is chosen, "Some things look well in theory, and fail in practice; this may not be justifiable in theory, but it works well." But would it work well, or rather, would it work at all, if New York, with its three million voters, and Ohio, with its two million, found themselves pitted against Florida, with its eighteen thousand, or even South Carolina, with its three hundred thousand, and *matched by them*? The very respectability and superior position of the Senate only makes the injustice of this contradiction of the principle of universal suffrage the more galling; and if Slavery become the cause of conflict, the other anomaly of slave qualification for the representatives would be felt to be intolerable. For example—taking present numbers—thirteen million whites would be struggling with six millions on behalf of three million slaves; and they would find the constitution making the six millions a match for them in the one House, and, in the other, forcing the three

millions to strengthen their foes rather than their friends.

The eight cotton and sugar-growing States—viz., South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas—the States whose interests are the most wound up with Slavery, have, altogether, a free population of some twenty-two hundred thousand, which is less than that of the single State of Pennsylvania with its two million three hundred thousand. But supposing Pennsylvania to protest against man-snaring and woman-hunting, and to say that Penn did not intend his *sylva* for such purpose,—her two votes in the Senate would find sixteen from those States against them. Compared senatorially, indeed, with the citizens of these States, each Pennsylvanian would find himself an eighth part of a man. Again, 750 Virginian planters with 200 slaves a-piece, have now as much representative power to obtain a fresh market for their surplus slaves by annexing a fresh slave state, as have to prevent them any 91,000 citizens of any free state, however wealthy or cultured. Talk of republican equality and democratic suffrage! we have no boroughmongering in England, no unfairness of electoral distribution, no absurdity of property qualification of equal injustice to these invasions of the rights of the whites in the free States, which are involved in the denial of those of the blacks in the slave. Supposing the slave-question to make this injustice as practically operative as it is theoretically glaring, the wish for a "Reform Bill" in the States, would be, we suspect, no less deeply felt than it was with us, and would become still more dangerous to the American aristocracy than it was to ours. One probable immediate effect of any serious conflict between the north and the south, would be the degradation of the Senate compared with the House of Representatives.

As with us in our Commons, the true expression of the Union would be felt to be in the Lower House, which would consequently draw to itself the best statesmen and orators; and being the assembly the most in accordance with the real facts of things, it would gain the dignity and power which were lost by its rival. There is, however, one constitutional advantage which the free party would possess, which would tend to preserve the constitution by enabling the free party legally to express its superiority over the slave-owning aristocracy. The President has no little direct legislative power, and, indirectly, his influence is immense. He names the ministers, can originate measures by suggesting them—can veto them when passed—can make them necessary by his executive action. Moreover, the presidential election is the great

political struggle of the Republic; parties are, as it were, incarnated in the opposing candidates, who fight hand to hand from the presidential chair; every politician, from the statesman who hopes to be the head, to the lowest tax collector who aspires to be the last joint of the tail, "makes his book" for this quadrennial race; for whoever wins "the White House" carries his party into power and place. No wonder that, for such a prize there is never-ending electioneering; no sooner is one candidate chosen than his successor is proposed; and, for the year preceding the crisis, the whole political machinery seems framed for little other than canvassing purposes; Congress, as in its last sitting, becomes an election meeting, and negro fugitives and Nova Scotian fisheries are alike valued according as they may be made bribes for votes. The fact, then, is worth noting, that, so soon as the free north comes to be opposed by the slave south, the former will always be sure of the President; and that this will be the case is evident from the mode of election. The President is chosen by electoral colleges, each State electing as many electors as its senators and representatives combined, so that, at present, there are 176 free-state voters, to 119 slave-state; and there is little doubt that this free majority of 57 will continue to increase.

Thus, then, we see that the general impression above alluded to, that Slavery is solely a Southern question, over which the north has no control, is altogether incorrect. Were but the north really free—as free in heart and soul as it is in name—the President would propose, and the House of Representatives would declare, that Columbia should be free soil, and Washington a city of refuge; that the internal slave trade shall be abolished, and with it the breeding traffic; that Slavery shall be restricted within its present borders, and the territories tabooed to both slaveholder and slave-catcher; and, lastly, that the Fugitive Slave Law shall be repealed, and the owner left to his former remedy of State juries, which would give him as good a chance of recovering his human property as a prosecutor for sheep-stealing would have of getting a verdict from an English jury, if sheep-stealing were again made a capital offence.

All this the north could do constitutionally, according to the present interpretation of the constitution—to say nothing of the other interpretations which would then most certainly be mooted; and though the Senate might possibly have the nominal power to prevent such measures being passed, it would as little dare to exercise it as would our Lords to defy our Queen and Commons. And though even the passing of these measures

would not, in itself, abolish Slavery, yet their agitation, thus conducted, would turn the slave-holders themselves into Abolitionists. If the thirteen millions really wish the three millions to be free, and thus express their wish, these three millions will surely hear of it, and then the six millions will find them hardly either safe or pleasant to enslave. The south foresees all this well enough; and hence the fierce threats of disunion at the very suggestion of such measures. But there is no sign of the progress of the anti-slavery party so encouraging as the fact, that it does now boldly meet these threats, and challenge their fulfilment. Horace Mann, in his scathing philippic against the Baltimore convocations in the House of Representatives, last August, after laughing at those fears for the Union, which, though they forced on the Compromise Bill, did not lower the funds, thus defied the southern gentlemen to realise them. Taking their own estimate of the value of their slaves, he said, "They are under bonds of \$1,500,000,000 to keep the peace, and their wives and daughters are sureties of the bonds."

True enough; if the south wills to withdraw from the Union, rather than allow the north the exercise of its constitutional rights, and the fulfilment of its constitutional obligations, the north cannot allow it to withdraw in peace; for while it keeps the constitution itself, it will be its duty, as well as its right, to prevent this withdrawal, until at least it has consulted the slaves as to their wish in the matter. In a word, *such* a dissolution of the Union means first a *civil*, and then a *servile* war; and brave and chivalrous as may be the slave-owners, they will count the cost before they engage in it.

A few more figures would prove this clearly enough. Suppose such a disruption to take place, it could hardly be that the border slave States, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, would join the slave union. Slavery with them does not thrive itself, nor allow any one else to thrive; for their soil neither bears the drain of slave-cultivation, nor do the staples of their produce require the large establishments which can alone make Slavery profitable. Every day their whites are increasing faster than their blacks; and the slave-holding interest would not be strong enough to prevent them from casting in their lots with the prosperous, enterprising north, rather than with the distracted south; at least, they would stand neuter in the struggle, and probably with them North Carolina. But adding this last to the eight cotton and sugar States, there were in them all, at the last census, only 2,690,074 white against 61,727 free coloured people; and 2,097,105 slaves. Should, then,

the conflict ever be moved from the Capitol to the open field, the whites, comparatively so few, who would have to bear the brunt of the battle, would have, every one of them, *more than three-fifths of a black* pulling back, instead of strengthening his arm. The planters sometimes, indeed, talk of arming their "servants," as if they were Highland clansmen. But men do not fight in order to be slaves; and there can be little doubt that a pro-slavery war would have an anti-slavery result. But do the abolitionists therefore desire it? We trust and believe not, not even the most ardent of them. Many of them are ultra-peace men, avowing non-resistance by deeds as an article of faith; but were they professed warriors, they would regard with horror rather than with hope a conflict which, in so far as it was between the two races, would be one of which civilized warfare gives no notion—in which both sides would spare neither sex nor age, and which, though it would make the remnant of the blacks cease to be slaves, would turn them into savages.

We only mention this dreadful possibility in order to show that when the north once tries to do its duty, the south cannot, and will not, attempt to resist. But the reply that will at once be made, is, "The north never has done its duty, and, judging from its governmental action, there never was less reason than now to expect that it will. The slaveholders are a miserable minority, and yet they rule the Republic. They made it annex Texas and conquer Mexico,—they have turned all the free states into so many hunting-grounds for their slaves, and forced the federal officers to follow their blood-hounds at full cry; and even now they have succeeded in electing as President, by an unprecedented majority, the candidate most hostile to the fugitives and their 'fanatical' friends."

Why, then, is this? Because, in the north, as yet, the subject of slavery is but one among many others,—tariff, land disputes, bank bills, &c., &c.,—while, in the south, it is the all-important question to which every other is made subservient. Is he Whig or Democrat? has been honestly asked by the north about every political aspirant. Will this Whig or that Democrat be the best man for us? is all that the south has cared to ask. But thanks to the efforts of the slave states, their estimate of the relative importance of the subject, must soon be felt by the free states to be the true one. They will soon feel that not only the character of the commonwealth depends upon it, but also its foreign policy; and, with that, its foreign commerce. The only real dangers to the peace of the Republic, arise from the sinister designs of the slave interests upon Cuba, or

Mexico, or Hayti, possibly, even on Jamaica; and we should not wonder if the attempt to embroil the Union in war by the realization of some one of these designs, was the signal for the expression of these feelings which the late fugitive slave law has so effectively implanted.

The passing of this law was a great victory for the south, but such a victory is worse than any defeat, for, by no other means could the north have been so made to feel what slavery is. A sense of self-interest may well be thought to be but a poor safeguard to the slaves against the passions of their owners, when it has not restrained them from so costly a revenge upon a few useless runaways and their friends. The returns of the last census show that in the year preceding the passing of the law, out of more than 3,000,000 slaves, there had been only 1011 fugitives,—picked men, doubtless, as *men*,—for they alone had energy enough to make men of themselves—but as *slaves*, the very worst that could be found, unbearable "nuisances," to use the New York clergyman's apt description, each one enough to infect a whole plantation with insubordination; and in order to save this almost inappreciable per centage, to get back this thousand or so Abolitionists, who might repeat in the cotton field the speeches they had heard from Garrison or Douglass,—the southern party has turned Congress into a debating club on slavery,—put slavery itself, as it were, in the midst of the free states, making its worst evils clear to the senses of their citizens, bringing them home to their hearts, and enabling the sufferers so to appeal to their pity and admiration, that even the northern prejudice against colour—the great bulwark against freedom—is beginning to be in danger. Every fugitive across the border is a missionary of brotherhood; every tale of torture which he tells, teaches the hearts of his hearers; men cannot admire and assist the heroism of a Crafts, without acknowledging his manhood; and so in that very Boston, which a southern defender of slavery\* would taunt with mobbing Miss Crandall for her coloured school, a coloured man has, as we lately read in a newspaper, been made a magistrate. Chains were fastened round its court-house in order that the slave catcher might secure his victim, and this sympathy in bondage has had its consequence.

In a word, this law is doing its utmost to make the men of the north look upon the chattels of the south as their fellow-countrymen; and when once they do this, these

\* "Slavery neither a Moral, Political, or Social Evil." Penfield, Georgia. 1844. pp. 40.

chattels, as chattels, will become worthless. All fixed ideas of federal conditions and formulas of state powers, and vested rights of property, will be burnt to atoms in the fire of such a sympathy as this; the iron bands of the constitution will be forced to bend, or if they will not, the mystical parchment itself will be shrivelled up like waste paper. Depend upon it, if the masters wait till this cry of fellow-citizenship be raised, they will find the most ultra views of the present abolitionists exceeded; instead of Garrison's motto, "No union with slaveholders," the watchword will be, "No disunion with slaves till they have become free; with these slaves we are united, bound together as citizens of one commonwealth, and *therefore* they claim freedom at our hands, and *therefore* they shall have it."

Sickening, then, as is the sight of this American slavery, disheartening as is the support which it seems to receive in every state, and from almost all the statesmen of the Union, we yet feel that neither its enemies nor its victims should despair. Alas, we fear that they must not hope for help from the south; we see no reason why the American slave-owners should be the first and only caste, or class, which has yet voluntarily deprived itself of power or fancied profit; they will not free their slaves because they cannot free themselves. Many individuals there are and will be among them, who will give freedom from motives of benevolence, or justice, or self-respect; but the main body, like the feudal lords of the middle ages, like the nobles in Austria and Hungary, of late, will only give it when they find it unsafe or impossible to keep. The prison door will be opened just before the the pressure of the the north from without, and of the slave from within, would have broken it open. And will this pressure from without come? We believe it will, and that before long. Hitherto, the statesmen have striven to prevent it, and no wonder; for the statesmen of America are not so much her guides as her spokesmen; they express what the people *have* thought rather than what they *are* thinking, or soon will think; and so their words not seldom check the utterance of fresh thought. But now her three great spokesmen who could not learn the new lesson because they knew the old one so well, are silenced for ever.

The south has lost its chivalrous champion in Calhoun, its able tactician in Clay; there will never again be patriot with the purity and the genius of the one, who will believe that to keep the negro in chains is the destiny and duty of his country; nor a statesman with the keen penetrating intellect of the other, who will think that slavery can be

propped up by protocols or parchments; and even now there come tidings of greater loss to the south than even Calhoun or Clay. Death has struck down that man of the north who, of all others, most kept back her pressure on the south. Massachusetts will send no second Webster to the senate, to help with his iron will and eloquent voice the slave states to give laws to the free. Peace be to their memories. It seems to us that the one of them thought that evil was good, and the other that good should give place to evil; but it is not for us to question their thoughts, for they are far away from our questionings, where there is no respect of races, where there is no "compromise" with truth, but where there is a "higher law."

And now that they are gone, how stand the chances of the slave? Law and force are against him, but art, and eloquence, and genius are for him; and they will have a quick eye for the winning side. There are still speeches and sermons without number, and books not a few against him; but, what speeches and what books! The only books he need care for are the ledgers of the planter, and his northern creditor. If we read the reports of Sumner and Horace Mann's speeches in Congress, and the replies to them,—if we try to read the retorts on Mrs. Stowe,—if we compare Wendell Phillips's appeals to the men of Boston, with the orations at Lone-Star meetings in New Orleans,—if we read the sermons against, and then those for, the fugitive slave law—if we search through these authors, whose works may be said to make the literature of America, we shall quickly learn that her mind and soul are not with her blind laws and her brute force. And now this wonderful Uncle Tom is going through the length and breadth of the north, aye, and penetrating also into the south, forcing every one to hear his tale of woe, and to ask himself first, can these things be? and then, how long shall they last? And this question—how long?—is not one which men will be contented with asking *themselves*. Oh no; the time is at hand, we have faith to believe, when the citizens of the north will say to their compatriots of the south, "We do not like this slave-owning; you say, it is your business; we will take care that it is not ours. If you will have laws which sanction robbery and order torture,—which permit rape, and connive at murder,—if you will tear wives from their husbands, or children from their mothers,—if you will let men sell their sons to the slave-driver, and their daughters to the seducer,—if you make the ignorance of these negroes your excuse for enslaving them, and yet will keep them untaught, and punish those who try to teach

them—we at least, will not help you, we will no longer be either your slave-catchers or your jailers; the soil which belongs to us both shall be free, our common city shall be a city of refuge, the suppliants who come to us for succour shall not seek it in vain; nay, further, you tell us to leave these men and women to your mercy, because they belong to you; we cannot do so, for they are bound to us by the ties of country, which we cannot sever without their consent; the time was when they were supposed to be not men, but things—'chattels,' 'your property,'—but now we have discovered they are men—aye, and our fellow-countrymen. We grant that it is your place and your duty to do justice to them, and we will give you time to fill this place and fulfil this duty; but if you will not do this duty, nor even acknowledge it to be a duty,—if you will neither free these slaves, nor make any attempt to prepare them for freedom—we dare no longer deny the claim of their fellow-citizenship; and upon your heads be the consequences of its admission."

And what *will* be the consequences? Fierce threats of indignation and defiance from the south, but we firmly believe no fulfilment of them; much talk of the dissolution of the Union, but the Union will not be dissolved; all the bonds of society strained to the utmost, but the only bonds that will be broken will be those of the slave. Let the north but really speak out, the best men in the south will hear, and understand, and be convinced. Men like "the Carolinian" will then see what slavery is, and find out how they can get rid of it. Fancied foes will vanish before real dangers, and plans will be devised to pay the debt which can no longer be denied. Words such as the above will not be spoken all at once, they will be spelt out by degrees as the lesson is learnt. Already the free-soilers are saying, that slavery shall not be increased, that it is "sectional, and not national," and that the nation shall keep it within its present section. They will say this until they succeed in making it cease to be national; but as soon as they have succeeded in this, we may expect that they, together with the present abolitionists, will say—"Free it is not, but inasmuch as it *has been* national, the nation is responsible for what has been done, and therefore she is bound to see that it is done no longer; inasmuch as the nation has riveted the chains, she must also loosen them."

And while this fearful struggle is going on across the Atlantic, can we in England do nothing for the right? Are we to sit at ease contented with shedding a few tears over artistic tales, enjoying this terrible world-drama as though it were a pleasant tragedy?

Is the only practical sympathy that we can give, sympathy with the cotton-planters, in fear for our cotton-mills? Alas, there is but little that we can do. We can think the truth, and speak it; we can say that slavery is a sin and an evil; and we can feel for, and with its victims—for and with all of them, masters as well as slaves. It is hard to say which needs to be felt for most. While aiding the abolitionist to denounce slavery, and upholding him by our admiration, we can entreat him to make allowances for the slave-owner. But all this is but mere words or thoughts; as to deeds, America must do them herself—one nation cannot do the work of another.

But indirectly, there are two things that we can do—first, we can give to our own emancipated slaves better guidance and more kindly aid, and so tempt our kinsmen to follow our example; and also, we can earn a right to remind America of her besetting sin, by contending with our own social evils, remembering that though there may be no one of them so great as is this slavery, yet that neither is any one of them so difficult to get rid of; and that therefore our guilt may be the same, because our temptations may be less. And if we can do but little direct good, we can at least refrain from doing positive harm: our religious men can refuse all sanction to those American Christians, who make the "infidelity" of some abolitionists an excuse for opposing or ignoring abolition, and can remind them that, in letting the "infidels" take their post in the holy warfare, they injure the cause of their religion fully as much as they do that of the slave, by arming its opponents with arguments against it. Our newspapers may cease from attacking the enemies of slavery, and our eloquent writers from supplying its friends with excuses. It needs all the admiration we have expressed for Mrs. Stowe to compensate the slave for the sneers of the *Times* against him and his friends, and for Mr. Carlyle's statement, that his weakness is his crime, for which his oppressions are but his just punishment; or for such articles as one we observed in a late number of the *Economist*,\* which, while stating that America could only "outgrow" her slavery, as she herself progressed in true principles of freedom, discouraged all expression of public disapproval, as though such progress would be possible, if the expression of truth be stifled. And lastly, there is one thing which we must not do—we must not be tempted to sacrifice the cause of freedom in America, in the hope of getting aid for it in Europe. There are, we fear, few men in

\* *Economist*, November 13th.

England—very few, we believe, but in that party where we should least expect to find them—who seem to think that, in order to secure what they call the Anglo-American alliance against European despotism, Englishmen should be silent about American oppression.\* Such silence would be as fruitless as unworthy, for so long as slavery lasts, this alliance is impossible, whether with or without the silence. We may pander to American prejudice, and connive at the supposition that freedom is a question of colour; but the eternal laws do not thus define freedom; and we shall share in Kossuth's failure, without having a dying country for our temptation and excuse. Though we may draw this line of colour, the slave-owner will not; and so long as the slave-owner rules the States, the States Government will not. The inconsistency, though delightful, would be too dangerous; the pleasure of inveighing against a crowned despot would be too costly a one for a Virginian aristocrat. Spite of all obstacles, some few of the slaves may learn to read, and if they read their masters' speeches against woman-flogging, or in favour of fugitives and rebels, they would hardly see the distinction which some of our democrats seem to make between a Hungarian countess and a Haynau, and their own sisters and drivers.

No, the only alliance possible is an alliance between the friends of freedom here and the friends of freedom there—every other is a lie on our parts, and a sham on theirs; and the friends of freedom there have far too hard a fight at home to be able to afford aid abroad. Let that fight once be finished, let but America herself be free,—then, and not till then, England and America together will shield the oppressed against the despots of the world.

#### ART. VI.—THE ATOMIC THEORY, BEFORE CHRIST AND SINCE.

1. *Kurt Sprengel's Versuch einer pragmatischen Geschichte dre Arzneykunde neue Ausgabe, mit Berichtigungen und litterarischen Zusätzen versehen* von J. Rosenbaum. Band 1. Leipzig. 1844.
2. *Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy*. Oxford. 1838-9.
3. *Dalton's New System of Chemical Philosophy*. Two Parts. Manchester. 1808-10.
4. *Daubeny's Introduction to the Atomic Theory*. Oxford. 1838-9.

\* See especially *Leader* newspaper; articles on "America and Cuba."

5. *Berzelius' Traité de Chimie*. Brussels. 1838.
6. *A Handbook of Organic Chemistry, &c.* By W. Gregory, M.D. London. 1852.

THE progress of science is as orderly and determinate as the movements of the planets, the solar systems, and the celestial firmaments. It is regulated by laws as exact and irresistible as those of astronomy, optics, or chemistry; although the weather of our changeful English atmosphere may not appear to be more fitful and capricious, that is to say, at first sight and to the uneducated eye. To put it more logically, both the uncrowded procession of nature, and the triumphant march of discovery, are the expression and the proclamation of the ideas or unwritten laws of development, which they respectively embody. It is only by a bold figure of speech, drawn from the sense of human freedom and fallibility before the unclouded eye of conscience, that those phenomenal ongoings (of nature and science, namely) can properly be said to obey their several laws of evolution. Where it is impossible to disobey, it is also impossible to obey. Things do not, therefore, obey the law of necessity or omnipotence: they represent, manifest, incorporate, reveal, or show it forth; as the whole physiognomy of a man (could it but be understood) is nothing less than an express and admirable picture of "the spirit of a man that is in him." Be the worth of this distinction in the present connexion what it may, however, it is assuredly a centred and standing law that the very opposition, which is always being offered to the advancement of truth, whether by uncongenial circumstance or inconsiderate man, is overruled by principles as fixed, if not yet so calculable, as those disturbing forces that systematically retard the flight of Encke's comet, or drag big Neptune from his solar orbit. Both the new investigator and his hinderers may rest assured, that they unconsciously conspire at once to hasten and to steady the career of science. The discoverer, in good sooth, who knows this so truly as to live on the belief of it, as the religion of his inquiring soul, annihilates obstruction and enmity. Everything is then propitious to the fulfilment of his vocation: his own defects, his exaggerated single faculty, his unprovided wants, perhaps his Nessus' shirt of a bodily organization, evil days and evil tongues, and all the elements of seeming ill, are on his side: his proud oppressors are nowhere to be found, for all men are his friends, although they know it not!

One of the deepest of those laws, which are expressed (as has just been said) by the



history of scientific conquest, arises out of the constitution of the mind itself. It has been illustrated with equal generality and precision by Comte the Positivist, as the readers of the "Westminster Review" are well aware. According to that vivacious, far-sighted, and muscular critic, there are, and (in a manner) must be, three principal epochs in the growth of each science, and of all the sciences together; the childish Religious, the boyish Metaphysical, and the manly Positive epochs of development. Though the terminology by which he has chosen to designate these three epochs is not unassailable by criticism, it must be admitted that, as a fine generalization of the past history of the sciences, the doctrine of Comte is most important and interesting: and it will always well repay the private labours of the task, to trace the evolutions of the law in the genesis of any science in particular, or of the sciences considered as an organic whole. But we must here content ourselves with this brief recognition of it, our present business being to trace certain other laws of scientific development.

The order of succession in which the natural sciences (for here is no question concerning logic and the mathematics, much less concerning philosophy proper) have made their appearance in the course of human progress towards Paradise Regained, has largely depended on the relations of their several objects to the person and resources of man; that is to say, considering such succession as a thing quite apart from the internal development of those sciences, taken severally or together. The parts of nature are not equally near, nor yet equally accessible to him, standing on this planetary orb, and beholding the sun and moon, nay, the vast majority of things, deploying before him, according, not to the truth of even phenomenal reality, but to that of mere seeming. Seeing nothing as it really is, but on the contrary everything nearly upside down, as if he were standing on his head, it behoved him to grasp at anything in the beginning of his scientific existence. Thus the mechanics of those palpable forms, which more immediately surround and withstand or help him, was naturally brought to something like perfection (always meaning perfection of method, not of invention or application) before it was possible to apply the same instrumentality, as had been brought to bear upon its problems with success, to the distant and majestic mechanism of the solar system. Even so lately as the time of Newton, the sublime divinations and hypothetical demonstrations of Kepler had to be postponed, by a stricter logic, to the celebrated mechanical experiment, which yielded both the idea and the ratio of the law

of gravitation. That memorable apparatus, with the seconds' pendulum and the falling weight, was nothing less than the desiderated fulcrum of our own Archimedes, who lifted the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo, and John Kepler with his lever, and placed it once for all, where it now rests for ever. It was after the development of mechanics, and through the mediation of a mechanical experiment, that the Copernican system became the model of knowledge, capable of indefinite growth, though not susceptible of essential change; consummate in method, unfinished only in extent, a perfect science, and the true Work without a Peer in all the world of modern discovery.

It was just as naturally that chemistry followed in the train of physical astronomy. Long before Dalton it had been apprehended, that the constituent particles of the sensible forms, at least of planetary, or rather of accessible matter, are in reality the agents and the patients of all chemical mutations, notwithstanding the apparent phenomenon of mass incorporating with mass. Newton, not to mention the abstract hypotheses of Leibnitz and Boscovich, who were not veritable chemists like our discoverer.\* Newton himself, after having risen from experimental mechanics to astronomical computations, came down with all the swoop and force of analogy upon the interior nature of those sensible forms from the dynamical laws of which he had mounted to the theory of the solar system.† He conceived that the chemical propensity of one body for another consists in the attraction of the particles of the former for those of the latter; pair by pair, like the earth and the moon, or one with more, as Jupiter and his satellites: and also that, when a compound of two bodies is decomposed by the coming of a third into the

\* Stahl inscribed the "Physica Subterranea" of Beecher with the lofty phrase—"Opus sive Part." And, certes, it was as wonderful a piece of creation, half brought out of its chaos, as the history of science can show:—but the Copernico-Newtonian astronomy is of another order of thing!

† It seems to be understood that those Newtonian MSS., which were burned by the overturning of a light, contained the results of prolonged experimentations in chemistry, the reigning monarch of astronomy having even dared to dream of conquests in that new world, of such a nature as is scouted by the Grahams and Liebigs of this bitter-beer drinking generation. Was anything lost in these flames! To say Yes, were to arraign Providence, or, at least, the *harmonia preestabilita*; to say No, were almost to insult the memory of the astronomer-chemist. Diamond, Diamond, little wottedst thou, when thou didst lift thy leg, that all the water in thy body could not quench the fire, nor all the blood in it pay the damages! They say that Newton never had the heart to resume his alchemical-atomic studies.

field of action, it is because the particles of the new substance are more attractive of one and more repulsive of the other original constituent, than these constituents are attractive of each other, and than one of them is repulsive of the intruding body. It is a question of attractions and repulsions: the contest lies betwixt the sum of one attraction and repulsion, and the sum of another such pair of forces: the victory is decided by the mere weight of numbers, representing amounts of force. Such was Sir Isaac's theory of chemistry: and it needs only be added, that this is the origin of that tenet of the Lavoisierian chemistry (more expressly brought out by Fourcroy, but still implicitly held in the science) which identifies the attraction of cohesion between equal and similar particles, such as two sulphurs, and the attraction of affinity between a pair of unequal and dissimilar particles, such as a sulphur and a hydrogen, the constituents of hydrosulphuric acid. Be that tenet the truth of nature, or one of those misconceptions which are so often permitted at once to speed and to check the progress of human science, such was Newton's notions of affinity in those early days; but, so far as can now be known, he made nothing of it as an organon of discovery. The master of astronomy and the creator of optics, does not appear to have done anything for concrete chemistry, his laboratory notwithstanding: always saving and excepting his conjecture that the diamond should be combustible because it is a strong refractor, a prosperous guess which it is customary to extol as sagacious, in spite of the notorious fact that there are stronger refractors than that crystalline carbon, which are not combustible a whit! Its combustibility has no connexion with its refractive power, in fact: and, though the hypothesis was not atrociously inconsequent when it was made, it is as ridiculous as illogical to admire it now. It was just one of those countless little strokes of fortune, which are constantly befalling the man of genius and industry. In the game of discovery, long and difficult though it is, Nature always gives her darling loaded dice, because she will have him win the day. But Isaac Newton has almost become the mythical man or demigod of British science, owing partly to the assault of Voltaire, partly to the lofty rhymes of Thompson, partly to the clangorous eloquence of Chalmers, yet chiefly and all but entirely, to the overwhelming conceptions with which his very name amazes the mind: and one of the consequences is, that all sorts of trumpery stories about falling apples, as well as every kind of encomium, may be heaped with impunity upon the Atlantean shoulders of "the

incomparable Mr. Newton," now that the shade is divinized! If *nil nisi bonum* is to be written on the tomb of the vulgar dead, after all; what shall men not say or sing, if so please their uncrowned majesties, at the shrines of the immortals!

The discoveries of the astronomers suggested to Torbern Bergman (better known now as the discoverer of Scheele the discoverer, than by anything he achieved in chemistry, yet a much-accomplished man of science) the thought of applying mathematics to the illustration of chemical movements. Could not the relations of those orbicles of matter, called atoms or particles, be measured and assigned by geometry, in the same manner as the relations of those orbs, called heavenly bodies or globes? The same question occurred to Buffon; but both the Swedish chemist and the French naturalist gave over this monition of their genius as impracticable; and that for the same so-called reason, namely, because they supposed (not knew, but thought they knew) that the particles of sensible matter (say, of a stone or a water-drop) are so vastly near each other, though demonstrably not in contact, as that their shapes come into the geometrical question, and vex it with hopeless perplexity. In connexion with the mineralogical theory of the day, the shapes of particles were deemed to be as numerous as their kinds, and as picturesque as the crystals in a museum; so that it was an anachronism to speak of atoms as orbicles in the last sentence, but it was intentional; for it is our present business, as it is our pleasure, to strip these things of their technicality, and to present them in as broad and human an aspect as possible, for the sake of the stranger in those parts of study. Let it be clearly understood then, that it was not till such conceptions of the material forces (as had almost kindled Bergman into another Newton, as has just been seen!) had been fairly shed into the scientific mind of Europe, that chemistry was able to assert itself with effect and emphasis, as a member of the Holy Alliance of the Positive Sciences in Europe. Scheele, Priestley, Cavendish, Black, and LAVOISIER, were the successors of Sir Torbern and his feckless compeers; and, ever since their achievements, their science has grown bigger and bigger with unborn progeny. Every ten years or so, it gets more deeply inwrought with the greater interests of mankind. Already it creates endless manufactories; already it tills the ground; and it prepares to cast its light into the subterranean physics (to borrow the title of Beecher's Chaotic Opus) of geology, and into the still more secret physics of physiology, pathology, therapeutics; all its gifts and promises being, even

ostentatiously, fraught with practical benefits and intentions. In short, notwithstanding the prowess of Herschel and the astronomers, or of Cuvier and the naturalists, and notwithstanding the presence of such questioners as Maedler and Owen, chemistry is the science of the century; and that, not by any means for what has yet been done or conceived in it, nor yet for the unprecedented conquests which the chemists are making ready to attempt with success, but because there are sciences at work, which cannot advance a step farther (we do not say in mere breadth, but) in depth, until this eminently terrestrial (yet cosmical and ideal) science be carried nearer its perfection.

Of such sort, then, is the circumstantially determined succession of the sciences;—mechanics, astronomy, chemistry. It is not our cue to trace this part of scientific history more curiously, as, for instance, to show the circumstantial relation of optics to mechanics and astronomy; nor to follow it any farther up, as by exhibiting the dependence of physiology on chemistry, or psychology on physiology, and so forth, until the full development of the natural, and partly natural sciences (at least in method) shall render it possible for philosophy to evolve a many-sided doctrine of man. These illustrations will suffice for the indication of this second and more superficial, but equally unfailing law, of the history of science. It is a third and still more interesting historic law, connected with the origin and growth of many of our modern ideas in science, that the Atomic Theory brings into view.

It is certainly the most provocative and wonderful thing in the history of positive knowledge, that many of the best results of modern science were anticipated, some four or five centuries before Christ, by the physiological and other schools of Greek or Egyptian-Grecian philosophy. They did not, indeed, propose to draw forth some precious and unheard-of combustible airs from the olive-oils of their country-groves, and send them all through Athens in a system of arterial tubes, to illuminate the city of Minerva when Dian should be resting from the labors of the chase; nor to cross the Hellespont, or tempt the broad Ægean in fantastic barges rowed by fire and water; nor to whisper words of amity to their allies, defiance to their enemies, swifter far than the flight of a dove to her mate, through the invisible hollows of a copper-wire; nor to dash strange metals out of marble and natrum by means of subterranean levin-brands, filched from the carriers of Vulcan on their way to the heaven of Jupiter Tonans; nor to make a hundred complex calculations of the disturbing forces exerted by one huge

planet on another; nor to go and seek another hemisphere, or make experiments with electron at the North Pole; nor to dig extinguished worlds of animation from the laminated hide of the old Earth; nor yet to sprinkle the ground with urine and the far-fetched dung of monstrous birds. It was never in the divining, the excavation, and the intellectual manipulation of the concrete facts of nature that they came before, excelled, or even equalled the men of renovated Christendom. In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child: whereas in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say that he was sometimes stronger than a man. Could old Leucippus, or Demetrius of Abelæa, or, better still, that vagabond philosophical quidnunc, Apollonius, the Tyanean, be resuscitated now, carried from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to metro-cosmical London, and shown all the contents and ongoings and aims of their myriad museums, laboratories, observatories, studies, libraries, and officinums, the antique scholar might well be as much bewildered and overawed as any African convert, or steadfast Indian chief, fresh from the wilds—but let some all-elloquent Coleridge, or logical Hamilton, or, better still again, some all-conceiving and ideal Goethe, take the venerable Ghost to his quiet chamber, and there expound the fundamental ideas and largest conceptions, of all those arts and sciences, perhaps beginning at the Atomic Theory, or the Law of Polarity, the Ancient might (just as well) break in on the discourse, profess he knew it all before, and vanish contented to his early haunt. Not that all the broad and general conceptions of positive science were foreknown (and therein predicted) by pre-Christian thinkers and seers, but so many of the capital points of modern theory did actually constitute principal elements of the Greek idea of nature, as to arrest and astonish the historical inquirer at almost every turn; and it is really not wonderful that our fonder Hellenists, living with reverted eye upon the men of that most fascinating past, and refusing to be comforted because they art not, swear like insulted lovers at the present unoffending age, and claim all our discoveries, forsooth, for the silent gods of their idolatry! The peculiar circumstance attending our rediscovery of their old truths, is the fact of our having reached the summits in question by a long course of observation and strict induction, climbing every step of the ascent slowly and surely, while they sprang to the tops of thought at one bound,

namely, from the standing-ground of the most obvious facts at the very foot of the mountain-range set before them and us. Happily, the immense labours of our modern method are accompanied at every step, richly compensated, and even glorified by the most marvellous discoveries of every kind, else its noble toils might have been too great for mortal man to undergo. It takes fourteen years to make out a new fact that is worth while, said a living chemist of the true Baconian genius, on an occasion in point some years ago; and every discoverer in the world, whose wealth of experience is not of yesterday, would assuredly indorse the note;—but what a strange contrast does the thing present to the swift improvisations of those patriarchal grandsires of the present race of inquirers! The maximum of concrete labour and working talent, with as much genius as can be—is the formula of the latter; the maximum of genius and daring, with as little experience as possible—was that of the former. For example, Democritus and Empedocles foresaw those things at once, but it was “as in a glass darkly,” which Dalton and Faraday, or rather, large companies of craftsmen represented by these great names, have slowly and painfully brought out to the surface, flooding their very secret part with the blessed common light of day: and now they are as minute and true as a daguerreotype, without losing a single line of their old grandeur of aspect. The reference is made, in this instance, to the four elemental forms of material manifestation—solid, liquid, ærial, and imponderable or dynamical; and to the Atomic Theory of the three sensible forms of such manifestation: nor could a better illustration of the species of historical nexus now under discussion (namely, that which subsists between the divinations of the Egypto-Grecoian foreworld and the generalizations of the Christian afterworld of human science) be anywhere found than the history of this Atomic Theory in its two movements, before the coming of Christ, and since that Beginning of Days. After a quick glance into the idea of that Theory as it made its appearance on those fertile shores where Apollo, being a god and the son of a god, condescended to men of lowly spirit, and kept the sheep of Admetus, making music as he went, we may consider it to more advantage in its onward developments, now that it has sprouted anew, grown up as wondrously as the parabolic mustard-seed of the evangelist, and spread far and wide over the cultivated fields of Christendom.

It would appear that some sort of doctrine, conceiving of sensible matter as being

produced or constituted by the concurrence of substantial or underlying atoms, not touching (but moving more or less freely about) one another, was very early promulgated among the ancient Hindoos; and that in logical opposition to the extreme Idealism, which has always predominated in the East. If the opinion of some critics be correct, that the monads of Pythagoras were endowed with corporeity or bodily presence, it is probable that a similar tenet was discussed by the initiates of the old Egyptian mysteries also;—and that (it is almost certain) in the same antithesis, namely, in contest with that inborn Idealism, which has never been able to die out of the world of speculative thought, notwithstanding its doing such violence to the common notions of us Christianized, western, and world-subduing Teutonic Tribes, as to take all the phenomena of nature for nothing but the co-instantaneous shapings of the spirit.

That aspect of the Atomic Theory, however, which is under view at present, originated in the sceptical and penetrating soul of Democritus, the successor of Empedocles in the physiological or second movement of Greek Philosophy,—if the reader will permit the whole effort of that national intellect, from Thales down to its dual consummation in Aristotle and Plato, to be dignified by courtesy (like the family of a prince) with that aristocratic and all-exclusive style and title. It was the teeming head of Democritus that first conceived of the proposition, for instance, that a pebble from the brook is not a blank extended substance or dead stone (as it seems to the bodily eye, and as it always remains to the judgment of common sense, like the Yellow Primrose of Peter Bell) but a palpable thing resulting from the congregation of multitudes of atoms, or particles incapable of being broken to pieces, as the stone is broken, when dashed against a rock, or worn to powder by friction with its neighbours. It was the secondary, but co-essential half of this definition, that these co-aggregated and constituent atoms of the stone are not in contact with one another, albeit that human eyesight is not fine enough to see the space between them. This marvellous view (for marvellous it was and still is, although now as trite as the dust under foot) was probably the lineal offspring of his earlier thought, to wit, that the Milky Way (hitherto sacred to the white feet of down-coming gods and the heaven-scaling heroes) is no blank extensive show of far-spread light, but the unique resultant of multitudinous heaps of stars, so distant and so crowded in their single plane of vision (though as free of one another as things in reality) as to render the interspaces

undistinguishable by the sight of man or lynx. The astronomical illustration of Professor Nichol applies to the crystal-stone as well as to the firmament:—Across some vast American lake, the forest-farmer is accustomed to see the mass of forest over against his log-hut as if it were some vast and silent and solid shadow on the shore, "some boundless contiguity of shade;" but he knows, with the same certainty as he knows his homestead, that it is in reality a vast, clamorous, and unresting assembly of trees, standing respectfully apart. Democritus had possibly also observed how the common stars of night are brought out, into visibility, even on the mid-day sky, when looked at from the depths of a pit; and one might venture to suppose this to have been the origin of that famous proverb of his, in which truth was represented as lying in wait at the bottom of a well. Such, at all events, and so truly sublime as well as true, were two of the great conceptions in which the disciple of Leucippus showed the lucidity with which he had seized the perceptions of his master, that the truth of appearance in Nature is not the truth of reality, and also that the latter has to be eliminated from the former by the afterthought of science. It should be mentioned in this connexion, not only as not uninteresting, but likewise as illustrative of psychological tendency, that the habit of bending his intellectual eye on the surpassing structure of sensible nature landed this brawny thinker in a scheme of materialism, and of organic necessity in the life of man. Standing in such a point of view, after having climbed (one might be excused for saying) the highest heaven of invention, there was nothing for it, of course, but to look with a light heart, if not with something like contempt, upon all the vicissitudes and poor struggles of humanity. It was thus he won and wore the questionable honours of the Laughing Philosopher. The great majority of his spiritual children and grand-children, down to the latest generation of them (for the type is as persistent as it is at once invaluable and one-sided) exhibit the same divided turn of mind, solemnity before Nature, and frivolity in the presence of the destination of man. Sadducees, Epicureans, utilitarians of every age, the larger proportion of modern physicians and surgeons, naturalists, mechanicians, chemists, astronomers, physiologists, and students of every kind, holding too close and constant acquaintance with the phenomena of matter, all display the same proclivity. Curious and enthusiastic over a fossil fish from Agiohook, or an anomalous fly from New Zealand, and not irreverent towards the Deity or Divine Law of Things, they have small reverence for

man, though ever ready to do him good in their own way, and much enamoured of his applause. For our own part, we cannot but think there is more of tragedy and pathos in such Democritic laughter of the light-hearted classes of the Commonwealth of Letters, even if the laugher knows it not, than in the weepings of Heraclitus, whose too afflicted eyes could descry nothing underneath the many-coloured canopy of human existence but matter for tears. It were but sorry criticism, however, to deduct from the fair fame of jolly old Democrit on the score of his having been only the half of a man after all, seeing he was the half of an unprecedentedly great man at the least, and seeing none but fragmentary men have yet made their appearance in the story.

It is to be understood, then, in the meantime, that the Atomic Theory of Democritus,—elaborated by Epicurus into a system of natural-legal atheism (not without a sublime aspect of its own, and so set to monotonous, but eloquent music by Lucretius towards the nightfall of that long day; repeated and consolidated by Anaxagoras, in his holding that every particular kind of sensible matter has its particular shape and size of constituent particles, or its own homoömeric parts; somewhat heedlessly retained by Plato, who treats with complacency of the atoms of the elements as so many different shapes cut out of, or assumed by, the one First Matter or primordial stuff of Nature; and, finally, contended against by the thoroughgoing geometers;—for the most part stood in opposition, not to any form of idealism, but to the counter-tenet that the sensible matter of common experience is always to be considered as being infinitely divisible, and that by the very nature of those mathematical ideas or archetypes which stand embodied in creation. It was in conflict with the notion of the endless divisibility of material substances, also that the buried and forgotten Atomic Theory was revised by the Cartesians; and, likewise, that Dalton suffered it to be placed by more than one of his earlier opponents, to say nothing now of his applauding judges and disciples, even of the latest dates.

The gist of the argument urged by the mathematicians against the Atomic Theory, as thus put in antagonism to the theory of the infinite divisibility, was just this:—Whatsoever possesses length, breadth, thickness (whatsoever has dimensions, in short), is essentially and mathematically divisible, that is to say, can be supposed to be halved, the halves halved again, and so forth for ever;—a thing most true, if that had only been the right method of considering the point under inquiry, which it certainly was not. The

reiterated argument of the Atomicians, from Democritus down to Newton, was something like the following plea:—If the invisible but extant particles, composing the frame-work of sensible matter, were not adamantine and perdurable, but divisible, they should wax old and crumbling, perhaps yet cracked, and the nature of the bodily shapes depending on their agglutination be thereby changed, whereas, air, earth, and water are as full and fair as ever. "Water and earth," said Newton himself, "composed of old worn particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles at the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, sensible bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and touch in a few points." It is the old argument, enlarged by the chemical and astronomical notions of "new associations and motions;" and nothing but an argument it was, any more than the geometrical flourish just recorded for the thousand and first time.

The first thing that strikes the modern critic, no thanks to him, but all to his position (won for him by those contending predecessors), is the now patent fact that the disputants did not argue in answer to one another at all. The mathematicians came down, and that with a vengeance, from the idea of space to the fact of nature; the physicists struck right up from the fact of nature to the idea of space; and therefore they crossed swords without touching one another. A hit was impossible betwixt them. Although they stood opposed to one another, they stood aside, and each fought his own shadow—an easy foeman, because dealing no blows, and yet a troublesome combatant, being always ready to stand up to another play of arms. The sophistication of the mathematical heads is admirably put by Henry More, our own Platonizing divine, in his book against Atheism. "If a body be divisible into infinite parts, it has infinite extended parts; and, if it have an infinite number of extended parts, it cannot but be a hard mystery to the imagination of man that infinite extended parts should not amount to one whole infinite extension; and thus a grain of mustard-seed would be as well infinitely extended, as the whole matter of the universe; and a thousandth part of that grain as well as the grain itself. Which things," slyly adds the quaint and puzzling Dominus, "are more inconceivable than anything in the nature of a spirit."

On the other hand, the mere special pleading of the physiologists (as they were denominated, without specific reference to what are now called physiological studies) is put an end to, as at once unnecessary and not to the point, by the more elaborate definitions of modern chemistry. An atom, if the unfortunate word be taken in its literal acceptation, is a thing incapable of being cut into, bruised, broken, frayed, or otherwise infringed upon; an absolutely solid little nucleus, an incalculably hard kernel of infinitesimally (but not infinitely) small dimensions, an indivisible quodlibet: and that by the sovereign will of the maker of it, or by the eternal necessity and fitness of things, according as you side with Parson Adams or Philosopher Square. Such is now understood to be by no means the legitimate definition of a particle. Retaining the old and ever-venerable term, an atom is a vastly little portion of matter never divided in the mechanical and chemical operations of nature, any more than a sun or a planet is ever divided in the astronomical processes overhead; but by no means essentially or mathematically indivisible. Then there are compound atoms (or atomic systems) as there are compound stars or stellar systems,—the terrestrial, the Jovian, the Uranian, the solar systems, and so forth. An atom or particle of marble is indivisible by any such mechanical instrumentation as is capable of dividing a piece of marble, made up as it is of multitudes that cannot be numbered of marble-atoms. But present an atom of potassa to one of marble, and it is divided at once;—yet not into two bits, only into its ingredient simpler atoms, namely, carbonic acid, which cleaves to the intruding potassa, and quicklime which is set free. It is precisely as if some stronger planet were brought near enough to draw the moon off from the earth; in which case the compound stellar unit, called the terrestrial system, composed of the earth and the moon, would be decomposed:—only a poor, little planetary artizan like man cannot mix up celestial systems, and heat the mixture in a furnace, or set fire to it in some supersolar atmosphere. Again: the particles of neither carbonic acid nor quicklime are simple atomic bodies. Potassa cannot divide an atom of lime, indeed, but bring potassium (the metal of which potassa is the rust) into the atomic neighborhood of quicklime, and its particle falls with ease into two simpler atoms, one of oxygen which unites with the potassium, and one of calcium (the metal of which lime is only the rust or oxyde) which is set free. Were it but known, beyond the reach of doubt, that the particles of the so-called elements (oxygen, brimstone, gold, and the rest of them) are really ele-

mentary or simple, it might be worth while to confine the name of Atoms to them, and to call all compound homoömeric parts by the name of Particles, and perhaps all groups of particles by that of Molecules: but it is not known, nay, it is grievously doubted by many, and even plainly called in question by more than one good man and true; so that Atoms and Particles (if not Molecules, too,) must just be jumbled together in the current phraseology a little longer, at least until the dawn of a new day on the science. In the meantime, the proper definition of atoms is something like this:—they are invisibly small pieces of matter, constituting by their co-aggregation under the force of cohesion the sensible forms of nature, constituting by their combination under the force of affinity the compound particles of chemistry, and indivisible (in the sense of never being divided) by the forces which divide their aggregates and combinations. No sort of atoms or particles, how compound soever as they may be, are ever divided in the mechanical operations of nature; and no simple atoms are ever divided by the powers of chemistry: whence the attribute of Indivisibility, as it is asked for them hypothetically and *à priori*, is lent to them on the credit of experience. Atoms are not essentially indivisible, but they are never divided: both the old parties were wrong, and both of them were right. They were severally right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied:—an immensely frequent, if not an unailing, double circumstance in the controversies of mankind. Lavoisier affirmed that the dephlogisticated air of Priestley is the acidifying principle, denying the property to other principles; but Davy soon found his negation wrong, the affirmative part of the proposition remaining intact: oxygen is only an Acidifier, and that was all that Nature had affirmed to Lavoisier! It behoves the true and completed man of science to lay down no exclusive propositions. He may withhold belief from the affirmations of another: but he will do well to trample nothing affirmative under foot, to reject nothing with an empty No.

There are two things to be especially noted and pondered concerning this Pre-Christian Atomic Theory, before proceeding to that development of the idea of Democritus which has taken place during the last age of Christendom, and that more particularly in protesting-England in the course of the present century. The first is the amazingly small basis of concrete fact on which it arose, or was erected. Leucippus, Democritus, Anaxagoras, knew no more than the most obvious things in nature, that stand connected with the idea of the atomic constitution of matter. The easy rise

of smoke, the easy motions of the air, the running of water, the yielding of wood under the wedge or the axe, the obedience of marble to the mallet and chisel, the resolution of combustible bodies into their four elements by fire, perhaps the expansion of material substances by heat, were well nigh the whole array of those ancient instances. A handful of common mechanical facts, and a single chemical phenomenon,—and these stood in no scientific collection, but mere matter of daily use since the world began,—constituted the stock of her philosophers; what an extensive *comparatio instantiarum!* Of the facts of the case, in sober earnest, they knew no more than the schoolboy or the helot. Moses and David, Solomon and Daniel, all the intellectual princes of Israel and Judah, knew as much: but they built no deep-going, sky-confronting, universal theory; because their proper genius had other kinds of work to do. They had no bias, and not the gifts, for the discovery of second causes; their eye being fixed, as if by fascination, on a Personal First Cause of all causes and effects. If we of Christendom had disobeyed the call of our proper tendency and talents, and not gone on to learn ever more and more of the individual parts of our surrounding world by observation and experiment, the idea of the homoömeric parts of the visible creation would never have come into our work-a-day heads. Every great people (or cognate group of peoples) has its peculiar vocation or genius (for character is destiny), and it never was ours to exemplify the primordial godward instincts of Humanity (like the Hebrews), nor yet to seize the first principles of things by a process of hypothetical inference resembling divination (like the Greeks), but rather to magnify the spiritual insights of the former, and to work out the conceptions of the latter, by the slow and positive inductions of observative science, adding an indivisible element of our own, even the spectacle of humble and patient industry (as of a good and faithful servant) followed by all the triumphs of specific discovery and invention. The Hebrews did one work for the whole world, once for all; the Greeks did theirs also once for all; and it becomes us, now that our turn has come, to conserve and assimilate the results of those national lives in that which we are living, on our own and all future men's behalf. It is the plain indication of self-interest and common sense, not to ignore or waste the yesterdays of man's life; and, in fact, the modern workman, how painstaking and keen soever, will never do a great stroke of work (such as Copernicus, or Cuvier, or James Watt) unless he have imbibed much of the two past spirits of the world; if

not directly, then indirectly, that is to say, if not in his own person, then through the personalities of other men, whether organically or by sympathetic contagion. In other words, it is the industrious son of Christendom, who is also a man of faith and genius, and he alone, that will now lead the world to new victories and its ulterior destination.

The second thing about the old Atomic Theory, which must be remarked upon, is the completeness of its idea, notwithstanding its pyramid-point of a foundation on the solid land of observation. It is complete in clearness, amplitude, height, mobility, and beauty. At all events, this praise is fairly due, when what it denies is blown away (as so much airy nothing) from its lucid affirmation. Matter is composed of atoms, not agglutinated, not even (properly speaking) in contact, moving vastly more freely upon one another than the visible molecules of the whitest dust on the dry sea-shore, not crowded and hunting, but orderly and harmonious, not unlike the stars that constitute the Milky Way. A block of Parian is the visible form resultant from the co-aggregation of myriads of homömeric or equi-parted (that is, equal and similar) particles of invisible marble, possessing all the properties of visible marble except such as accrue to it from their own co-aggregation, standing apart, ready to open to the edge of the chisel, prepared for separation in any direction, in readiness for every change. Why, the Conception explained all known phenomena in a trice; airy atoms giving way to every motion, watery particles flowing a thousand times more fluently than the finest sand, earthy or solid ones flying always away at the stout enough thrust, or blow, and even the atomies of fire darting like spirits from the empyrean and back again:—and then, there lay the same Conception asleep during the long night of Hellenoid thought, ready to issue forth again at the chivalrous summons of Descartes the soldier, and confound the enemies of the mechanico-corpuseular philosophy; but readier still to obey the call of Newton and Dalton, the collegian and the schoolmaster, and pour its successive floods of light into the arcana of Chemistry, a science all undreamt of and impossible in the age of Grecian insight.

No man, whether friend or foe to the Lord of our unfolding epoch, must ever suppose that Christianity is a thing accomplished, or an experience fairly gone through, or that it has been a long time in the world. Compared with other great æons in the life of man, such as the Egyptian, the Oriental-Indian, and the Greek, it is but begun; and there is therefore little wonder that the ecclesiastical and civil

polity of Christendom is yet a sorry chaos of conflicting forces, its arts crude, its sciences (including theology) unripe and divided, its philosophy divisive instead of mediatorial, and its life not divine.

One of the things, to our thinking, that puts a real difference of kind between Christendom and all its epochal antecedents in history is its being possessed by the idea of an organic science of nature, the very first condition of whose existence is unresting growth; and therefore the man, be he ever so intellectual, who is too ignorant of the living anatomy of that characteristic fabric, cannot properly be said to belong to this age of humanity at all. Nor is it easy to conceive how such an embodied and substantial creature as cumulative science could have grown before our era. The seeds of scientific thought, indeed, were sown in the Greek period, and many of these germinated then, while certainly none of them did more than sprout into radicle and plumule. The full bringing forth of that organization is a process which is now going forward in our presence; and it required the soil, the atmosphere, the skiey influence of a Christian world of sentiment and thought, both before it could begin, and now that it is proceeding in the midst of us. It is a fact, that the Hebrews grew no ever-unfolding structure of positive natural truth. Even the philosophical and logical Greeks produced nothing but embryos, surrounding them with wonderful atmospheres of philosophical speculation; in which, alack! they could not and did not flourish; for these were not their congenial airs, and, like certain difficult, but hardy germinations of the greenhouse, they awaited the day of transplantation. The Romans were as impotent as the Jews, and as impatient as the Greeks, in this kind of generation. In short, not only these three ascetors of life in Modern Europe, but no nation of antiquity engendered a body of inductive science, growing from a multitude of germinal points into one vast living type. It was reserved for the tenth century of Christianity in Europe to initiate the art of serietic observation, pursued with a view to the explanation, as well as the subjugation of modern things; and to the finding of truth as prior and superior to the invention of arts. Even when the inquiring, sceptical, and resolute mind of Greece laid hold on a strange and arresting fact, it made amazingly little of it. An old shepherd, as the story goes, found an ironstone on one of his hill-sides in Magnesia, which he noticed with astonishment to be possessed of a memorable property of attraction for iron and certain ferruginous bodies;—but nothing came of the observation in



those days, always excepting the title of an important Christian science. Theophrastus, his teachers, and his readers, were well aware that electron draws certain light bodies towards itself, after it has been rubbed a little on an appropriate rubber; but the science of Electricity owes only its name to the Greek language. In contrast with this stopping (point blank!) at the first step, no sooner does our Gilbert of Colchester (a man whom Galileo exceedingly admired and praised) take up the apparently sterile old fact, than the seeming stone approves itself an organ, and grows like a thing of life. By 1709, Boyle, De Guericke, Wall, and Hawskee, have added to its enlarging substance. By 1733, Stephen Gray has described that the rubbing of such a thing as amber calls something into manifestation, if not into existence, which travels faster than light, which some bodies suffer to travel through them untaxed and unimpeded, and which certain other substances will not convey. Next comes Dufay with his theory of two imponderable fluids or propagations, and then Symmer discovers that friction always develops them both. The central fact of the nexus being thus brought into something like the freedom of scientific life, there soon follow electrical machines, Leyden jars and electrometers, piles and batteries, electro-chemical decompositions and the birth of potassium, the induction of magnetic polarity by galvanic currents and the plucking of electric sparks from the magnet, not forgetting the comparatively early discovery by Franklin, that such electric spark, which takes place in the one-millionth part of a moment, is a flash of lightning and a thunderbolt in little—to trace the busy, growing, and surprising story no further.

The tenth century has been referred to as the initiation-day of this new spirit of cumulative and ascending discovery of the veritable secrets of nature. Everybody understands, at this time of day, that the movement is to be dated neither from the Reformation nor from Francis Bacon. It is impossible to entertain too high an admiration of the broad, statesmanlike sagacity, the supereminent forensic skill, and the fascinating style of the great ex-Chancellor's works on scientific methodology. But he was not the inventor of the method: he was only its noble spokesman; and he never could succeed in working the Organon he could so well describe. The method was no conscious device of long-headed speculators and easy penmen, whether Descartes or Verulam. It grew up spontaneously in the good heads, one might almost say, among the busy fingers of cunning and laborious men, long before their day; and the book of science would be but a mutilated,

unintelligible bible, were all the earlier chapters blotted out, its Genesis, its Exodus, its Leviticus, some of its grandest Psalms, and not a few of its most spirit-stirring Prophecies. It was not till that instinctive method of the Christian workmen had developed itself to the full, after infinite pains and throes, amid disappointments and sorrows, always surrounded and often inveigled by perils on every side, that men of speculations and eloquence began to perceive, and to drink into its spirit. It was only when it behoved it to find a voice and record itself, that it seized the massive understanding and the marvellous wit and fancy of the leisurely Lord Bacon, a man of small genius for discovery, but perhaps the greatest dialectician and expositor of his own or any other age. The thing sprang, and shaped itself, and began to change the world; Descartes the Methodist, and Bacon the Organist, proclaimed its nature and its name, the former with subtlety and precision, the other with unparalleled worldly wisdom and the stateliest luxuriance of style: and it has happened that the spokesmen of the epoch have well nigh carried off all the honour and gratitude of posterity from the men of silent genius and constancy, who really brought it about. As for the Reformation, on the other hand, there is no need of looking further back than Copernicus, the father and certainly the most industrious as well as the most daring genius of Positive Astronomy, to see the fallacy of supposing that great movement to have been the beginning of inductive science; for the long-suffering, silent, and creative Kopernick was a faithful and most laborious minister of the Old Church. The Reformation was rather, in its intellectual phase, an effect than a cause of that spirit of active and inventive observation, accompanied by the plain inductions of common sense, which began to manifest itself at all points (in Spain and the south, as well as in Germany and the north) as soon as the heterogeneous elements of Christendom began to settle;—and the complicated nature of the case made it what still seems a long process, but what will assuredly be seen to have been wonderfully short when Paradise shall have been regained, or even before the latter days of science. Doubtless that effect became a cause as soon as it was produced, and the Northern ecclesiastical emancipation gave a mighty new impulse, not only to the liberation of theology, but also to every part of rational inquiry. In fact, no sooner was the tendency to a characteristic scientific development brought to a head in the person and astronomical discoveries of the Polish canon of Wurmia, and the Christian men of the north set free from the residuary Paganism of

Rome by his contemporary Luther, than the scientific mind of Europe sprang up with a rude excess of vigour, like the nearly strangled giant Antæus, when he touched the body of his mother, the Earth; and that, in truth, to the danger or inconvenience of some things which are foreign to its proper domain.

But it was long before Copernicus, and mainly by faithful, though generally critical, and often suspected sons of his Ecclesiastical Communion in its sincerer days, that the habit of inventive and necessarily endless observation, by way of experiment as well as passive watching, was contracted and cultivated for mankind. Yet it has first, by way of preliminary parenthesis, to be observed, that Moslemism is a lineal descendant of Judaism, though the bar sinister was figured on the shield with which it fought a highway for its crescent. It is a younger and a bastard brother of Christianity; the son of the bondmaid, not the child of promise; the Ishmael of the Desert; rude and simple; possessed by the central idea of the unity and sovereignty of the Godhead; deeply tinctured with the morality of Jesus; and especially informed with the spirit of humility and resignation. Now it was under the not ungenial and (in these respects) almost Christian Religion of Mahomet, that there came to life a sort of rude chemistry in Arabia. The oriental polypharmacy, indeed, seems to have been a fantastical jumble; not purely and magnificently theoretical, like the Greek doctrine of Four Elements, yet based upon the slightly experimental knowledge of a mere handful of chemicals: but, at the same time, it was practical enough to keep its votaries dabbling among re-agents. The salt, sulphur, and arsenic of Gebiz, Mesuè, and Averrões, at least belonged to the officinum; and they smelt more unmistakably of the laboratory and its operations, than did the fire, air, earth, and water of Empedocles and Aristotle. The latter were men of the solitary sea-shore, the silent study, and the gay academy: the former were at least practical physicians and eager druggists, if they were also the most fanciful of thinkers. The genuine experimental spirit was astir within them, though they still maundered between sleep and waking, dreaming more than they saw. Their time was the orient boyhood of the new Man:—and, even in these days of positivism and matter-of-fact, the most fantastical and imaginative boy that ever blew up the kitchen chimney, or set fire to his bed-curtains, or smirked his face for life, is on the high road to a gallant youth and a productive manhood, if only he has been fairly seized by the spirit and the habit of working observation and experiment; be-

ing already nothing less than a true Arabian polypharmacist, capable of successively becoming a Roman or Pagan Catholic alchemist, a Protestant chemist, and (shall we make bold to say?) a Catholic atomician.

This Mahometan (or pseudo-Christian) chemistry was brought to Christendom, partly through Africa by the Moors, partly on the returning waves of the Crusade. It appears to have existed in Spain somewhat unprofitably, by the beginning of the tenth century, under the Omniades; and it spread to England, Germany, France, and Italy in succession; having soon got inextricably mixed up with the subtleties of the scholastic or pseudo-Aristotelean philosophy, more especially with the notion of the elementary quaternion. Fairly christened on one hand, and transformed by the infusion of a scanty portion of the old Greek spirit on the other, it passed into the hands of an energetic, all-endeavouring, and most accomplished race of men; the majority of whom were good and (some of them) even devoted Churchmen, a small minority having been daring and precocious sceptics. We do not now refer to the wretched brood of post-mediæval and post-dated alchemists, by whom the gallant age of alchemy is yet represented in the judgment-hall of the vulgar criticaster of the present day; but to an apostolical succession of mighty spirits in their day and generation. Our countryman, Roger Bacon, of Somersetshire, the author of the earliest wholly authentic works of this school, considered by Goethe to have been a greater man than Bacon the Second; Albrecht Groot, of Suabian Bollstadt, commonly called Albertus Magnus; his pupil, Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican; Raymond Lully, of Majorca, supposed to have sat at the feet of Friar Bacon; Arnaldus de Villà Novà, of Provence; the two Hollandi, the Dutch compilers and commentators; Basil Valentine of Erfurt, a Benedictine; and even Paracelsus, the idol-breaker and revolutionary—were men worthy of any age and kind of human effort; and they have been surpassed by no equal number of students in the history of science, in erudition, in force of genius, and least of all in industry. Industry was their pre-eminent virtue, and (with the exception perhaps of Paracelsus) it was industry in the laboratory;—which is that lovely and victorious, new and altogether Christian, power now under quest and illustration. We have nothing to do (though full of sympathy) with their speculative views, but only with the triple circumstances that they had been smitten with the experimental passion, that they tugged and toiled like common day-labourers suddenly inspired, and that they dug a wonderful pile of rough-

hewn facts out of the chaos set before them to quarry. All this (authentic) alchemical age transpired between the middle of the thirteenth and that of the fifteenth centuries. Bacon was born in 1214; Paracelsus in 1394.

The real alchemical school of Europe, having taken two hundred years to grow into authentic self-articulation in the person of our glorious Friar, and having thus been done to death after a lifetime of two hundred years in and by Paracelsus, the scientific world (in the way that was leading towards modern chemistry) was divided between a shadowy host of mock-chemists, as nameless as spurious, and an honest, painstaking, unideal race of laboratory-men, such as Van Helmont (who had, however, alchemized in his youth), Libarius, Cassius, Glauber, Agricola. The latter at length found a legislator and a leading idea in Stahl and the doctrine of Phlogiston. But this is not the place for even a glance into the history of chemistry: and all that has to be insisted on here is done, namely, that the simple methodology of fact and common sense was initiated just as soon as the attention of christianized thinkers was drawn to the theory of created nature. Fact and common sense is the formula of science: and all those alchemists and phlogisticians pled the cause of Fact, all of them, by their practice and inarticulate course of life, many of them in set phrase. Roger Bacon distinctly and loudly proclaimed the rights of observation; and, in truth, his whole school of experimentalists were the accredited and natural enemies of the scholastic wranglers.

This short tribute to the workmanlike fathers of experimental science is happily no digression: for it was in their direct line that the post-Christian phasis of the Atomic Theory arose. It is unnecessary to recur to the atomic views of the Cartesians, because they were dialectical and discursive, not experimental and productive. Nor need we do more than merely remember that it was Newton who first put the conception of atoms into the clear hypothetical connexion with the phenomena of chemistry. It was John Dalton that imparted enlargement, vitality, and fertility to the pertinent and memorable thought of the astronomer-royal of the world. That arithmetician descried a principle of proportion lurking among the incondite mass of recorded chemical analysis, which had been accumulating ever since the introduction of the balance as an organ of chemical discovery by Lavoisier (the historical successor of Stahl as Stahl was the historical successor of Roger Bacon, and the consolidator of Positive Chemistry), and it led him right to the revival of the Newtonian application of the idea of

Democritus. He discovered the fact of definite proportions in chemical combination and decomposition. Two brothers of the name of Wenzel had well nigh anticipated the discovery by 1777, but only within a very small range of inquiry. In 1792, Richter had pursued their conception a little farther, and published tables of the combining ratios of certain acids and bases. But Dalton generalized the indication in all its breadth, and rose to its dependence on the Atomic Theory of sensible forms. Wollaston and the late erudite and independent Thomson of Glasgow College were his earliest converts of established reputation. These ingenuous men, followed by Davy, Gay-Lussac, above all, Berzelius, and the whole phalanx of the chemists of the present century, quickly carried the fact of chemical proportionals (as associated with the idea of the homoömeric constitution of matter) towards its consummation through a million of new and interesting particulars, and not a few important general deductions: and now the ancient theory stands embodied in the entire fabric of an absolutely post-Christian and most practical science. Dalton began to promulgate his views towards the close of the first decade of the century: they were probably conceived and crescent by the beginning of it: the New System was published in 1808-10. Some twenty long years after that historical publication, Danberry, the Oxford professor, rendered its fontal thought familiar to the English student. Turner explained it in a shorter and more popular essay. Berzelius' large Treatise, and all the minor text-books, up to the latest Manual of Organic Chemistry, are so many elaborate illustrations of the fact of chemical proportionals, and of the Atomic Theory of Democritus, Newton, and our Dalton,—the Manchester Dominè, and the greatest discoverer of the times in which he lived.

Now that it has been worked out by its originator and his exact and scrupulous disciples (to a wonderful degree, that is to say; but not nearly to completion), the Atomic Theory of the nineteenth hundred years of Christianity is characterized and distinguished, from that which preceded our era, by three notable things; but first and foremost by one glorious peculiarity: and the glory is of a right Christian kind, being no other than the grace of humility. It does not overween; it does not dictate itself; it is not oracular. It comes forward, knowing that it is a hypothesis. It offers itself as a sufficing explanation of all known phenomena at all related to its idea. It claims no divine rights as a revelation of genius, nor professes to be demonstrable after the manner of a geometrical or logical truth. It simply advances as an amazingly probable

proposition, willing to rest its reception as such on the amazing number (and the significant kind) of things it renders coherent and intelligible. Like the theory of celestial gravitation, it is its simple and self-possessed plea, that it explains everything. Its more arduous advocates, indeed, are not slow to avow their conviction that the mass of such presumptive evidence in its favour is so mountainous and transcending as to constitute an analogon of demonstration, so compulsive that only the unreasonable and (as it were) imponderable mind of an ignorant person or a fool can resist its force. This may be very true, for anything we know to the contrary; but the wise and positive chemist will always consider and adduce the Atomic Theory as a venerable and marvellous hypothesis, indefinitely likely to be the very truth of nature, but neither recognizable as such by sense, nor demonstrable by reason, yet conceived, defined, tended, cherished, and continually eyed with hope, not only as the all-sufficient Rationale of his young though gigantic science, but also as the organ of advancing discovery. As for the idea of it, we will frankly confess that it is none of ours; it came down upon us from the oracular schools of Greece: but, as for its application to the present and practical affairs of the laboratory, he shall use it as not abusing it, being bent upon the excavation of new particulars, more than on the contemplation of old and even everlasting universals. At all events, whatever be his living thought as a man, such is bound to be his formal judgment and sentence as a methodologist, or professor and practitioner of the logic of Chemistry. The man of investigation must be as wary in his walk and conversation as a woman, in their several worlds: neither honest impulse and intention, nor yet the poetic licence of eloquence and love, will suffice: the very appearance of evil must be shunned, because sinister appearances argue sinister causes of some sort, as surely as the shadow brings its substance.

A quick glance at the kinds of phenomena rendered intelligible, that is, truly conceivable by this theory, will illustrate these remarks with sufficient enlargement. They are three. There are, *first*, all those common phenomena of the immediate sensible forms of matter which are ordinarily distinguished as being mechanical, in contradistinction to such as are chemical or vital; but, since astronomical movements are quite mechanical, the phenomena in question had better be called somatic. They are those material movements and alterations which are produced by the repulsions and attractions of cohesion, as chemical mutations are produced by those of affinity, as astronomical evolutions are pro-

duced by those of gravitation, and so forth. This class includes the obvious natural changes and motions which have been signalized above as constituting the whole little material basis of the ancient Atomic Theory: the old and the new theories have that small segment of sensuous experience in common. The same facts, however, have received much elaboration in later times, under the influence of the experimental habit; and many analogous things have been added to them. For example, it is now known that a gas may be contracted by cold to the liquid state, a liquid to the solid state; and that the process may be reversed. Sulphuretted hydrogen is crushed in frigid strong tubes into a yellow liquor; fixed air is compressed into a snowball, and tossed from glove to glove in our lecture-rooms: solid zinc is melted, changed into dry steam or gaseous metal, and distilled like any alchemical spirit, and so forth. Seeing it is the idea of such things, however (and not the details), that is now wanted, it is needless to particularize to any extent, under either this or the other two heads of illustration. Suffice it that the Atom Hypothesis renders all those somatic transitions conceivable, that is to say, intelligible according to the law of the human understanding. A solid can be crushed by cold or compression into smaller dimensions: it is, by hypothesis, because it is made up of small equal and similar particles, not in mutual contact, and therefore capable of being thrust nearer one another, so as to diminish the bulk of their aggregate mass. The same solid expands when heated;—its constituent particles being thereby driven farther asunder. The reader will generalize the application all over the ground for himself, taking in every circumstance of somatic commutation that he knows. The application is always easy, happy, unexceptionable: and, if the atomic view be rejected, there not only remains no better explanation, or no nearly so good a one, but absolutely none at all. In that case, the flowings, runnings, springings, enlargings, divisions, accumulations, and all the sensible interchanges of the face of nature, become a series of opaque and ultimate facts. Yet the scientific judgment must not be seduced by this temptation to accept the hypothesis otherwise than conditionally. Better no explanation for a thousand years to come, or even for ever and ever, than a wrong one: for no truth at all, so it be felt (like the Egyptian darkness) is less injurious than an error; and if brute ignorance is the fulsome parent of superstition, it is also true that conscious human Ignorance is the modest mother of Knowledge.

The *second* order of things, brought into

intellectual cohesion and harmony by our antique, yet most modern Theory, belong to the region of Astronomy. They are one or two mechanical phenomena on the grand celestial scale. Wollaston has proved, by certain optical phenomena connected with the invisibility of the fourth satellite of Jupiter when out of sight by position, that the terrestrial hemisphere is limited in extent. It ceases at a short distance from the surface. It does not reach higher than 45 to 50 miles: beyond that there is a vacuum, so far as air is concerned. Yet air is (*in statu quo*, at least) a self-expansive body. Remove pressure from it, and it swells to any bulk. Put an inch of air into a vacuum of a thousand inches' space, and it straightway puffs itself out so as to fill the vacuum. Hence the atmosphere grows thinner and thinner the further from the earth, owing to the diminishing power of gravity, that is to say, owing to the diminishing pressure on it. Yet it does not extenuate and rise any higher than 50 miles! Why does it not go on thinning, and ascending, and self-expanding? Why, according to this hypothesis, it is because the atmosphere is composed of mutually repulsive particles, the force of that mutual repulsion being a very finite thing, else the hand of a boy could not squeeze a quart of it into a pint-measure, as it can do with ease. The more expanded it is, the temperature remaining the same, the more easily it is compressed; that is to say, the mutual repulsion of its particles diminishes with their distance from one another. Hence the atmosphere ceases to swell (that is, to rise further from the earth's surface) just when the progressively diminishing mutual repulsion of its constituent particles becomes precisely so enfeebled as to be balanced and counteracted by the down-draught of gravitation. The solution is explicit, if nothing more. The limitation of the terrestrial hemisphere, it should be added, was pled by Wollaston also, on the fact that the observed and the real position of Venus when only forty-five hours from the sun, as observed by Kater and himself in May, 1820, were identical,—proving that our atmosphere did not extend to those heavenly bodies, else its refractive power would have disturbed the visible position of the planet. But the argument (or fact explained) is one and indivisible; and must be taken for what it is worth. It is, at all events, one notable and striking new fact contributed to the original stock of Democritus. Both this and the first of our three classes of phenomena, now being represented as craving and deriving explanation from the Atomic Hypothesis, are identical in kind with those scanty and obvious appearances, known to all men in a manner, on which the Greek

physiologists erected their idea. They are only greater in extent and precision, thanks to the sacred experimental rage of Christendom.

But our THIRD class had no kindred in the old world. It is altogether modern, because altogether the result of humble toil. It is experimental; and that in the most elaborate and perfect degree, being experimental and numerical. It is the whole body of that vast and altogether experimental and literally hair-splitting science of Roger Bacon, Stahl, Lavoisier, Dalton, and Berzelius. After long and painful centuries of continuous effort, chemistry has discovered that the elements combine with one another in definite and unchanging ratios of quantity; and that, when their compounds are decomposed, they yield up those identical ratios. Everything is accomplished by weight, measure, and number: and that with pure geometrical accuracy,—could our instruments and senses but attain to perfection. Glauber's salt never yields other than one proportion of sulphuric acid, and one of soda; else, *ipso facto*, it is not Glauber's Sel Mirabile at all: and, that one definite proportion of acid, that one of base, attend them respectively in all their combinations, as inseparably as a shadow tracks its substance, or the moon goes with the earth. Water is always composed of 1 weight of hydrogen, and 8 weights of oxygen. When they combine in another proportion, it is in that of 1 to 16, or twice 8, and the product is no more water than aquafortis is laughing gas: it is a pungent new liquor, the dentoxide of hydrogen. Fourteen parts by weight of nitrogen combine with eight parts (the water-ratio) of oxygen, and the product is a sweetish intoxicating gas; nitrogen 14 with oxygen 16, or two ratios, produce the second oxide of nitrogen, a perilous air to inhale; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 24, or 3 ratios, compose the hyponitrous acid; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 32, or 4 ratios, are the ingredients of nitrous acid; 14 and 40, or 5 ratios, produce nitric acid, in five: and these five compounds, made of the same elements in such differing proportions, constitute a series of substances, so well marked and contradistinguished that no mortal sagacity could ever have conjectured them to contain the same or even similar ingredients. What is the meaning of this series of 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, in the case of oxygen, whether combined with hydrogen or with nitrogen? Why, according to the Atomic Hypothesis of Democritus, as connected with the conception of affinity by Newton, and as united to that of number by Dalton, it is not the mass, but the constituent particles of oxygen that enter into chemical combination; and that with

the particles, not the masses, of hydrogen and nitrogen respectively. Water is a compound (let it be said provisionally) of 1 atom of hydrogenous matter with 1 of oxygenous; while the pungent of dent-oxide contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of hydrogen and 2 of oxygen. Again: the laughing gas of Davy contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of oxygen; the binoxide of nitrogen 2 atoms of the same; the hyponitrous acid 3 atoms; nitrous acid 4; and nitric acid 5. Hydrogen particles being subsumed as unity for the sake of comparison, an oxygen atom is 8 times, a nitrogen 14 times, heavier than a hydrogenous one. In this sort of way, the combining equivalents of all the elements have been determined with a world of labour; and, with the help of these, also those of whole hecatombs of compound bodies, acids, bases, salts, radicals, and all sorts of proximate principles. Waiving all particular questions (such as the inquiry whether 14 stands for one or for two particles of nitrogen, and such-like points, probably more numerous and urgent than is commonly supposed) the uninitiated or reminiscent reader must conjure before him not hundreds, but thousands of such numerical series, and millions of more isolated facts of the same tendency, as well as add the later (but corollary) discovery that the gases combine in definite volumes, before he shall approximate to a due sense of the huge amount of presumptive evidence, in favour of the theory under discussion, afforded by Positive Chemistry. Yet that theory is only a Hypothesis or ideal conception, placed by the mind like another atlas underneath a measureless world of facts, to give them intelligible cohesion and hold them up to view. Without it, the fact of all chemical combination transpiring in definite and unchangeable proportions, remains intact, and still invaluable; but it is ultimate and opaque.—But *Terminus*, the old god of proportion, is as inexorable as the new laws of Dalton and Berzelius; and it must suffice, for the present, to do no more than succinctly state the other two qualities which institute a broad distinction between the Greek and the Teutonic presentations of the Atomic Doctrine.

I. The enormous breadth of material or sensuous foundation on which the latter has been being slowly reared (from the pseudo-Christian polypharmacists of the East till these the days of John Dalton the Friend, Baron Berzelius the Lutheran, and Faraday the Sandemanian,) offers a wondrous contrast to the handful of stones, gathered together on the highway, from which the former rose like an exhalation, or rather on which it condescended like a thing come down from

Olympus or the Epyrean. This has been sufficiently set forth in the enumeration, just made, of the kinds of phenomena which the Hypothesis now offers to explain, without forgetting its place or station (as nothing more than hypothetical) in the system of positive thought.

II. The only other differential characteristic of the modern aspect of this time-honoured theory, to be noticed in the present connexion, is its availableness—a working chemist might well say its gracious obtrusiveness—as an organ of new and nobler researches. It does not any longer dwell on high; it expatiates over the islands and wide continents of nature. Its ideal existence is no longer a kind of endless now: it lives and seeks congenial food from day to day. “To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!” For example, the fact of isomerism (or the known existence of two (in some cases, many) totally different substances being composed of the same elements in the self-same proportions) is truly confounding and hopeless without it; but with it, there is no difficulty in the matter. Our solar system were another unit than it is, if the planets were differently put upon it;—if our earth, say, changed places with Jupiter, Mercury with Mars, Saturn with Neptune, Saturn’s rings with Jupiter’s satellites, and so forth. And in like manner, a compound particle, changing the relative placings of its constituent atoms, becomes thereby another particle altogether, giving rise to a new sensible form isomeric with the former one, inasmuch as it still comprises the same elemental atoms in the same proportion, but differently arranged within its complicated round. Other isomeric pairs (not to go beyond a pair) are to be explained by the second or denser members, containing exactly twice or thrice the number of the same kinds of atoms as the first within the girths of their respective particles. Thence there is suggested the two startling ideas, that the former schematism may one day unriddle the mutual relation subsisting between such pairs of the hitherto intact elements as are represented by the same atomic weight, such as platinum and iridium; and that the latter may lead to still richer results in the same direction. Moreover our hypothesis is big with hints of experiment upon the weights, sizes, distances, gyrations, evolutions, involutions, and resultants of those orbicles of matter which are its proper subjects. It renders the application of geometry and the calculus to these invisible, but computable stars in little, a thing of hope. Organic chemistry, which is now naught as a chemistry of the living plant and animal, though most important as a chemistry of the dead, cannot be eliminated from amid the phenomena of vi-

tality until many, if not all these questions (and more) be brought to judgment; for it is impossible to separate between the chemical and the vital, before the idea of what is chemical (and what not) be determined by exhaustion.—But we must refrain. Perhaps enough has been said to suggest more.

In conclusion: still the inquiry recurs, how the aboriginal idea or fundamental conception of this beautiful, hundred-eyed, and hundred-handed Theory came into the world; that idea, which it might never have entered into our heart to conceive; and which was, in indisputable fact, derived to us from a Hellenic and a pre-Christian School! Was it by such revelation as is claimed for the profound ideas of Holy Writ? Was it by that inspiration which all men are fain to accord unto Homer, Dante, Shakspeare; Praxiteles, Raphael, Turner; to old Bach, Handel, and Beethoven? Certainly not by anything like the former: and, if by aught resembling the latter, that must be better defined before it will throw any light on either its own or any other subject. The process was as follows, in our humble opinion. The Grecian intellect had an unprecedented, and still unequalled keenness of eye for the analogies of things. The slightest resemblance caught, charmed, and fixed its glance. The analogy of the Milky Way doubtless carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The Atomic Theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down, and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimates it in the presence of a positive methodology. But the earlier Greek sages were not positivists, whatever may have to be claimed for Aristotle. They rather believed in their sense of analogies without more ado. They knelt before the ideal creatures of their imagination. Beauty and fitness were enough to command their faith, so they were of the intellectual species of beautiful propriety. It was their proper genius to see analogies with telescopic vision, while yet a great way off, and to believe in their own conception of what they saw: for the moral attitude of the Greek populace (to speak of men belonging to the thinking, not the social scale) was that of vanity—of the philosophers, that of pride, intellectual pride; and no wonder: for they were a marvellous people, and their sages the most intellectual men the world has yet been able to produce.

Christ, Christianity, and the Christian era (surely about to be fairly inaugurated in some degree of purity ere long—*Usquoque Domine?*)

present an aspect the reverse of all this magnificent self-exaltation; that is to say, in their real character—and their true nature has always been shaping men more or less, directly or indirectly, especially our greatest men. Now self-distrust, humility, obedience, faith in One who is mighty to bless, before the creation of the Word, the way of pain and sorrow, are the order of the new-born day, that sprang in Bethlehem of Judah. It is now obedience that makes men free. If they would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, they must come as little children; and Francis Bacon has finely said, the kingdom of Nature admits no other guests. Fact, the actual thing in Nature, the very test and letter of that great and public manuscript of God, are now sacred once for all; and no pains dare be spared in their study. This is the moral clew to the new, most patient, self-distrustful, yet always well-rewarded science of Christendom. There is also an intellectual key to its peculiar nature and destination, furnished by the intellectual character of Christianity (and, indeed, certain secondary lights might be thrown on the subject by the consideration of race, climate, and such minor elements), but these closing remarks, taken together with the hints of thought scattered in the course of the discussion, are sufficient to illustrate the cardinal proposition of the present article.

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#### ART. VII.—HISTORY AND IDEAS OF THE MORMONS.

1. *The Book of Mormon*. Translated by Joseph Smith, jun. Third edition, carefully revised by the Translator. Nauvoo, Ill. 1840. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 571.
2. *The Times and Seasons; containing a Compendium of Intelligence pertaining to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God and the Signs of the Times; together with a Great Variety of Information in regard to the Doctrines, History, Principles, Persecutions, Deliverances, and onward Progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, &c.* Edited by John Taylor. Nauvoo. 1839—43. 4 vols. 8vo.
3. *The History of the Saints; an Exposé of Joe Smith and Mormonism*. By John C. Bennett. Third edition. Boston. 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 344.
4. *Narrative of some of the Proceedings of the Mormons; giving an account of their Iniquities, with Particulars concerning the training of the Indians by them, Descrip-*

- tion of their mode of Endowment, Plurality of Wives, &c., &c. By Catherine Lewis, Lynn. 1848. 8vo. Pp. 24.
5. *The Mormons; a Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850.* By Thomas L. Kane, &c. Philadelphia. 1850. 8vo. Pp. 92.
  6. *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon.* By Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. [Liverpool. Without date.] 8vo. Pp. 96.
  7. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, with Memoirs of Joseph Smith, the "American Mahomet."* Illustrated with forty Engravings. London. [1851.] Pp. x. and 326.
  8. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; a History of their Rise and Progress, peculiar Doctrines, present Condition and Prospects, derived from personal observation during a residence among them.* By Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers. Philadelphia. 1852. 12mo. Pp. x. and 168.
  9. *Mormonism in all Ages, &c. &c.* By Professor J. B. Turner, &c., &c. New York. 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 304.
  10. *The Doctrines and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, &c., &c.* By Joseph Smith, &c. Nauvoo. 1846. 12mo. Pp. 445.
  11. *Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, &c., &c.* By Howard Stansbury, &c. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States. Philadelphia. 1852. 1 vol. 8vo. Pp. 487.

ONE of the most remarkable events of this century is the rise of the new religious sect, the Mormons. In 1825, in one of the little towns of Western New York, there was living an obscure young man, poor, ill-educated, idle, of vagrant habits, "rather irregular in his conversation," a man by no means trustworthy and little trusted. His companions were low and vulgar fellows, like himself. But in 1830, he began to communicate a new religion, and a strange one too; soon he has a new "bible;" presently converts in small numbers, then in large numbers; by and by he has his twelve apostles and great crowds of followers. In thirty years' time, he has been murdered, is regarded as a martyr; his persecuted followers have multiplied, built towns and cities; extended to England, Norway, Sweden, Germany, the East Indies, the Sandwich Islands, and have actually the government of one of the territories of the United States. They are 300,000 in number; they have a Mormon representative in the lower house of Congress: and a Mormon,

the chief of the sect, is the governor of the territory of Utah, appointed thereto by the President of the United States; another Mormon is lieutenant-governor; the Secretary of the State is also a Mormon.

We beseech the reader's attention to this singular phenomenon. In what follows, we will speak of the history of the sect—its rise, progress, persecutions, and triumph; then of its doctrines; and finally, of its character and influence.

It is but just to allow the Mormons to tell their own story first, that they may appear in as fair a light as possible. This, then, is the short of their early history, as we abridge it from the "Remarkable Visions" of Mr. Pratt:—Joseph Smith, jun., was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 23rd of December, 1805. When he was ten years old, his parents and family removed to Palmyra, in Western New York, and lived in that neighbourhood till 1826. Young Joseph had slender opportunities for acquiring an education; "he could read without much difficulty, and write a very imperfect hand," and had a quite limited knowledge of arithmetic. In the spring of 1823, when he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, he began to think of "the salvation of his soul." He went one day to a secret place in a grove, knelt down, and "began to call upon the Lord." He overcame the "powers of darkness" which beset him, prayed fervently, and at length saw a "very bright and glorious light in the heavens above." The light descended gradually, and rested upon the earth, he in the midst of it kneeling. Then he felt a "peculiar sensation" in all his system; "his mind was caught away" from the natural objects about him, and he saw "two glorious personages;" and he was informed that his sins were forgiven, that the various sects were all in error, but the true doctrine should be made known to *him*; then "the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable."

But he afterwards was entangled again in the "vanities of the world," of which he subsequently repented. He had another vision on the 21st of September, 1823, in which a personage stood before him, of "pleasing, innocent, and glorious appearance," who informed Joseph that the Messiah was presently to appear, and the fulness of the gospel to be preached unto all nations; and Joseph himself was the instrument to bring about some of the purposes of God. In special, he was to bring to light certain ancient writings of the prophets "pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom." He was told where the ancient writings were deposited; and on the 22nd of September, 1822, he went to the place,



and saw the records in a stone box, in a pit in the ground, where they had been kept fourteen hundred years.

While he stood looking upon it, the angel of the vision came and said, "Look!" and as he looked he saw "the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable associates." Four years after, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands. Those records were engraved on plates looking like gold, not quite so thick as tin, and seven or eight inches long and wide. They were covered with engravings in Egyptian characters, and fastened together by three rings, like a book. In the box was the Urim and Thummim, consisting of two transparent stones set in the two rims of a bow; this was an instrument to give "revelation of things distant, or of things past or future." He found a scribe to aid him, one Oliver Cowdery, a rough schoolmaster; and began to translate his writings into English by the aid of inspiration and the Urim and Thummim—the result was "The Book of Mormon."

But let us add some particulars related by the "Prophet" himself:—"Some few days after I had this vision [the first one] I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers, who was very active in the religious excitement; and conversing with him on the subject of religion, I took occasion to give him an account of the vision I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behaviour; he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the devil; that there was no such thing as visions or revelations in those days; that all [those] things had ceased with the Apostles, and there never would be any more of them. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me amongst professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase; and though I was an obscure boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a hot persecution; and this was common among all the sects—all united to persecute me."

"I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did, in reality, speak to me—or one of them did; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true. And I was led to say in my heart, 'Why persecute for telling the truth?'"

Mr. Smith alleges that, on the 22nd of September, 1827, the angel gave him the

records—the "golden plates." With the help of his scribe, he set to deciphering and translating the same on the 15th of May, 1829. He "baptized" Oliver Cowdery to "the Aaronic priesthood," and Oliver, in turn, "baptized" him.

A miserly farmer, Martin Harris by name, lived in this neighbourhood—a man of no good repute for ability or character, it seems. He had been a Quaker, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian. He was captivated by Smith's story of the "gold plates," and lent him fifty dollars. But Harris also went to New York, and carried a "copy" of one of the leaves of the Gold Bible to Dr. Anthon, a classic scholar of large reputation, who, naturally enough, thought the whole thing a *hoax*. The paper was covered, says Dr. Anthon, "with all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns; and the whole ended in a neat delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks."

In due time, in 1830, the Book of Mormon got published, accompanied by "the testimony of their witnesses," who declare that they "have seen the plates which contain this record, 'shown unto us by the power of God.' And we declare that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon." This is "sealed" by the "testimony of eight witnesses," who affirm that Joseph Smith, jun., "has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken." Of these eleven witnesses, five are of the family of one Whitmer; three are Smiths, father and brother of Joseph; there are also Cowdery, the "Aaronic priest," Harris, the convert, already mentioned, and one Hiram Page, of the Whitmer family.

But let us leave the orthodox side of the history and turn to the heretical view. General Bennett (author of No. 3 above) is an apostate from the Mormon faith. We will introduce him to our readers by his own letter of recommendation:—"I was," says he, "from an early period, one of their first residents, who, after the prophet, are the rulers of the church." Mr. Bennett says he decided to "profess himself a convert to his (Smith's) doctrines, and join him at the seat of his dominion." "The pretence of belief was unavoidable in the part I was acting; and it should not be condemned like hypocrisy towards a *Christian church*." He was high in the esteem of the Mormons, because "brigadier-general," and "quartermaster-general of the militia of the State of Illinois." He was elected mayor of the city of Nauvoo, in which office he delivered a *remarkable* inaugural address; "chancellor of the university

of the city of Nauvoo;" and "master in chancery for Hanwell County." On the 19th of January, 1841, Joseph received a special revelation from Heaven touching this quartermaster-general. Here it is:—"Let my servant, John C. Bennett, help you in your labour in reading my word to the kings and people of the earth, and stand by you, even you, my servant, Joseph Smith, in the hour of affliction, and his reward shall not fail, if he receive council; and for his love he shall be great; for he shall be mine if he do this, saith the Lord." After he had continued long enough with the new sect for his purposes, he left them, and became one of their most bitter persecutors; and in 1842, published his *exposé*—a really valuable book, containing documents of great importance in this history; whence it appears that the Smith family were remarkable for idleness, intemperance, and lying. It proves that they not only lied in general, but lied specifically about the "gold plates," and lied with contradictions. From various works, to which we have not access, he collects solemn depositions, legally taken, to substantiate the facts. "The general employment of the family was *digging for money*." Joseph Smith had married the daughter of a Mr. Hale, and turned out a thriftless husband before he became a "prophet." Smith hired one Peter Ingersoll to move his furniture in August, 1827; and he testifies under oath that, at that time, Mr. Hale reproached his son-in-law: "You have stolen my daughter, and married her; you spend your time in digging for money, pretend to see in a stone (the *Urim* and *Thummim*, already mentioned), and thus try to deceive people." Continues the deponent—"Joseph wept, and acknowledged *he could not see in a stone now, nor never could*; and that his former pretensions in that respect were all false."—Testimony of Peter Ingersoll before Th. P. Baldwin, Judge of Mayne County Court, 9th Dec. 1833; in Bennett, pp. 61—64.

The history of the "*Urim and Thummim*" is a little remarkable: we abridge it from the deposition of Willard Chase, taken Dec. 11, 1833:—In 1822, Mr. Chase employed Alvin and Joseph Smith to help him in digging a well; in the process, "he discovered a singularly appearing stone, which excited my curiosity." "Joseph put it into his hat, and then his face into the top of his hat, alleging that he could see in it; and subsequently borrowed it of its owner, and kept it about two years, when Mr. Chase reclaimed it. In 1825, Hiram Smith came and borrowed it again. But in 1826, a friend wishing to see it—for it had now become a famous stone—he re-demanded it of Smith who refused to

deliver it up. Here is the conclusion of the testimony:—

"In the month of June, 1827, Joseph Smith, sen., related to me the following story: 'That some years ago, a spirit had appeared to Joseph, his son, in a vision, and informed him that in a certain place there was a record on plates of gold, and that he was the person that must obtain them, and this he must do in the following manner: On the 22nd of September, he must repair to the place where was deposited this manuscript, dressed in black clothes, and riding a black horse with a switch tail, and demand the book in a certain name, and after obtaining it he must go directly away, and neither lay it down nor look behind him. They accordingly fitted out Joseph with a suit of black clothes, and borrowed a black horse. He repaired to the place of deposit, and demanded the book, which was in a stone box, unsealed, and so near the top of the ground that he could see one end of it; and raising it up, took out the book of gold; but fearing some one might discover where he got it, he laid it down to place back the top stone as he found it; and turning round, to his surprise there was no book in sight. He again opened the box, and in it saw the book, and attempted to take it out, but was hindered. He saw in the box something like a toad, which soon assumed the appearance of a man, and struck him on the side of his head. Not being discouraged at trifles, he again stooped down and strove to take the book, when the spirit struck him again, and knocked him three or four rods, and hurt him prodigiously. After recovering from his fright, he inquired why he could not obtain the plates; to which the spirit made reply, 'Because you have not obeyed your orders.' He then inquired when he *could* have them, and was answered thus: 'Come one year from this day, and bring with you your oldest brother, and you shall have them.' This spirit, he said, was the spirit of the prophet who wrote this book, and who was sent to Joseph Smith to make known these things to him. Before the expiration of the year, his oldest brother died; which the old man said was an *accidental providence*!

"Joseph went one year from that day, to demand the book; and the spirit inquired for his brother, and he said that he was dead. The spirit then commanded him to come again in just one year, and bring a man with him. On asking who might be the man, he answered that he would know him when he saw him.

"Joseph believed that one Samuel T. Lawrence was the man alluded to by the spirit, and went with him to a singular looking hill in Manchester, and showed him where the treasure was. Lawrence asked him if he had ever discovered anything with the plates of gold; he said no; he then asked him to look in his stone, to see if there was anything with them. He looked, and said there was nothing; he told him to look again, and see if there was not a large pair of specs with the plates; he looked, and soon saw a pair of spectacles, the same with which Joseph says he translated the Book of Mormon. Lawrence told him it would not be prudent to let these plates be seen for about two years, as it would make a great disturbance in the neighbourhood.

Not long after this, Joseph altered his mind, and said L. was not the man, nor had he told him the right place. About this time he went to Harmony, in Pennsylvania, and formed an acquaintance with a young lady, by the name of Emma Hale, whom he wished to marry. In the fall of 1826, he wanted to go to Pennsylvania to be married; but being destitute of means, he now set his wits to work how he should raise money, and get recommendations, to procure the fair one of his choice. He went to Lawrence with the following story, as related to me by Lawrence himself. That he had discovered in Pennsylvania, on the bank of the Susquehannah River, a very rich mine of silver; and if he would go there with him, he might have a share in the profits; that it was near high-water mark, and that they could load it into boats, and take it down the river to Philadelphia to market. Lawrence then asked Joseph if he was not deceiving him; "No, said he, for I have been there and seen it with my own eyes; and if you do not find it so when we get there, I will bind myself to be your servant for three years." By these grave and fair promises, Lawrence was induced to believe something in it, and agreed to go with him. L. soon found that Joseph was out of money, and had to bear his expenses on the way. When they got to Pennsylvania, Joseph wanted L. to recommend him to Miss H., which he did, although he was asked to do it; but could not well get rid of it, as he was in his company. L. then wished to see the silver mine, and he and Joseph went to the river, and made search, but found nothing. Thus Lawrence had his trouble for his pains, and returned home lighter than he went, while Joseph had got his expenses borne, and a recommendation to his girl.

"Joseph's next move was to get married; the girl's parents being opposed to the match: as they happened to be from home, he took advantage of the opportunity, and went off with her and was married.

"Now, being still destitute of money, he set his wits at work how he should get back to Manchester, his place of residence; he hit upon the following plan, which succeeded very well. He went to an honest old Dutchman, by the name of Stowel, and told him that he had discovered on the bank of Black River, in the village of Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y., a cave, in which he had found a bar of gold, as big as his leg and about three or four feet long. That he could not get it out alone, on account of its being fast at one end; and if he would move him to Manchester, N. Y., they would go together, and take a chisel and mallet, and get it, and Stowel should share the prize with him. Stowel moved him.

"A short time after their arrival at Manchester, Stowel reminded Joseph of his promise; but he calmly replied, that he would not go, because his wife was now among strangers, and would be very lonesome if he went away. Mr. Stowel was then obliged to return without any gold, and with less money than he came.

"In the fore part of September (I believe), 1827, the Prophet requested me to make him a chest, informing me that he designed to move back to Pennsylvania, and expecting soon to get his gold book, he wanted a chest to lock it up, giving me to understand at the same time, that

if I would make the chest he would give me a share in the book. I told him my business was such that I could not make it; but if he would bring the book to me, I would lock it up for him. He said that would not do, as he was commanded to keep it two years without letting it come to the eye of any one but himself. This commandment, however, he did not keep: for in less than two years, twelve men said they had seen it. I told him to get it and convince me of its existence, and I would make him a chest; but he said that would not do, as he must have a chest to lock the book in, as soon as he took it out of the ground. I saw him a few days after, when he told me that I must make the chest. I told him plainly that I could not, upon which he told me that I could have no share in the book.

"A few weeks after this conversation, he came to my house, and related the following story: That on the 22nd of September he arose early in the morning, and took a one-horse wagon of some one that had stayed over-night at their house, without leave or licence; and together with his wife, repaired to the hill which contained the book. He left his wife in the waggon by the road, and went alone to the hill, a distance of thirty or forty rods from the road; he said he then took the book out of the ground, and hid it in a tree top, and returned home. He then went to the town of Macedon to work. After about ten days, it having been suggested that some one had got his book, his wife went after him; he hired a horse, and went home in the afternoon, staid long enough to drink one cup of tea, and then went for his book, found it safe, took off his frock, wrapt it round it, put it under his arm, and ran all the way home, a distance of about two miles. He said, he should think it would weigh sixty pounds, and was sure it would weigh forty. On his return home, he said he was attacked by two men in the woods, and knocked them both down and made his escape, arrived safe, and secured his treasure. He then observed, that if it had not been for that stone (which he acknowledged belonged to me,) he would not have obtained the book. A few days afterwards, he told one of my neighbours that he had not got any such book, nor never had such an one; but that he had told the story to deceive the d—d fool (meaning me), to get him to make a chest. His neighbours having become disgusted with his foolish stories, he determined to go back to Pennsylvania, to avoid what he called persecution. His wits were now put to the task to contrive how he should get money to bear his expenses. He met one day in the streets of Palmyra a rich man, whose name was Martin Harris, and addressed him thus: "I have a commandment from God to ask the first man I meet in the street to give me fifty dollars, to assist me in doing the work of the Lord by translating the Golden Bible." Martin being naturally a credulous man, handed Joseph the money. In the spring of 1829, Harris went to Pennsylvania; and on his return to Palmyra, reported that the Prophet's wife, in the month of June following, would be delivered of a male child, that would be able when two years old to translate the Gold Bible. "Then," said he, "you will see Joseph Smith, jun., walking through the streets of Palmyra with a Gold Bible under his arm, and having a

gold breastplate on, and a gold sword hanging by his side." This, by the by, proved false.

"In April, 1830, I again asked Hiram for the stone which he had borrowed of me: he told me I should not have it, for Joseph made use of it in translating his Bible. I reminded him of his promise, and that he had pledged his honour to return it; but he gave me the lie, saying, the stone was not mine, nor ever was. Harris at the same time flew in a rage, took me by the collar, and said I was a liar, and he could prove it by twelve witnesses. After I had extricated myself from him, Hiram, in a rage, shook his fist at me, and abused me in a most scandalous manner. Thus I might proceed in describing the character of these high priests, by relating one transaction after another, which would all tend to set them in the same light in which they were regarded by their neighbours—viz., as a pest to society. I have regarded Joseph Smith, jun., from the time I first became acquainted with him, until he left this part of the country, as a man whose word could not be depended on. Hiram's character was but very little better. What I have said respecting the characters of these men will apply to the whole family. What I have stated relative to the characters of these individuals, thus far, is wholly true. After they became thorough Mormons, their conduct was more disgraceful than before. They did not hesitate to abuse any man, no matter how fair his character, provided he did not embrace their creed. Their tongues were continually employed in spreading scandal and abuse. Although they left this part of the country without paying their just debts, yet their creditors were glad to have them do so, rather than to have them stay, disturbing the neighbourhood."—Bennett, p. 67, *et seq.*

Parley Chase testifies, "not one of the male members of the Smith family was entitled to any credit whatever." They were "lazy, intemperate, and worthless men, very much addicted to lying;" "in this they frequently boasted of their skill. In regard to their Gold Bible Speculation, they scarcely ever told two stories alike." Others deposed to the same effect. Mr. Smith, senior, "and his boys, were truly a lazy set of fellows, and more particularly Joseph." When intoxicated he was very quarrelsome; he was once "fined for a breach of the peace." He was "very much addicted to intemperance." After he professed to be inspired by the Lord, he one day "got quite drunk on a combination of cider, molasses, and water." "His character for truth and veracity was such that I would not believe him on his oath," adds another. His general reputation "is that of an impostor, hypocrite, and liar." Oliver Cowdery, the Aaronitic priest, had a reputation not much better, as it appears; but he afterwards renounced Mormonism.

In short, fifty-one gentlemen of Palmyra, New York, and eleven of Manchester, and several persons who lived near the family residence, and often laboured for days in com-

pany with them, all testify to the same effect:—"that they consider them destitute of that moral character which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community; and particularly that the senior and junior Josephs were entirely unworthy of belief in such matters, and addicted to vicious habits."—Gunnison, p. 89.

So much for the narratical account of the prophet, and of his claims to inspiration. Now let us say a word on the origin and composition of the Book of Mormon itself. How could a man so illiterate as Smith produce such a book? By inspiration and the use of the *Urim* and *Thummim* upon the "gold plates," is the Mormon answer. Alas, the "eternal reason" has another explanation of this mystery. It seems a person of the name of Solomon Spalding (or Spaulding, for the name is spelled both ways in the documents) is the original author of the larger part of that famous book.

This Mr. Spalding was born in Ashford, Connecticut, in 1761. He graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law, and afterwards theology. He was ordained as a minister. He lived for a time in Cherry Valley, in New York; and afterwards removed to New Salem (or Conneaut, as it is also called) in Ash-tabula county, Ohio. Sometimes he was a preacher, sometimes a trader. His health failing, he withdrew from active labours. Here we will introduce the testimony of his widow, who subsequently married a Mr. Davidson (or Davidson) and removed to Massachusetts.

"In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and pits, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style; and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbours: this was about the year 1812. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbours would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of 'MANUSCRIPT FOUND.' He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singu-

lar names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognised by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, John Spaulding; residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

"From New Salem he removed to Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his MS. to Mr. Patterson, who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding, that if he would make out a title-page and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has since figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing-office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and, as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it.

"After the Book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A Mormon preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the Book of Mormon; the historical part was immediately recognised by all the elder inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognised perfectly the work of his brother; and expressed to the meeting his regret that the writings of his brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. This was in 1834. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine.\*

The following testimony of Henry Lake is too important to be passed by.

"Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio,  
September, 1833.

"I left the state of New York late in the year 1810, and arrived at this place about the first of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a copartnership with Solomon Spaulding. He has frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, which he entitled the 'Manuscript Found,' and which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became well acquainted with its contents. He wished me to assist him in getting his production printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. I designed to do so. This book represented the American Indians as the descendants of the lost tribes, gave an account

of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct; but by referring to the Book of Mormon, I find, to my surprise, that it stands there just as he read it to me then. Some months ago, I borrowed the Golden Bible. I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spaulding had read to me, more than twenty years before, from his 'Manuscript Found.' Since that, I have more fully examined the said Golden Bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally, if not wholly taken from the 'Manuscript Found.' I well recollect telling Mr. Spaulding that the frequent use of the words, 'And it came to pass,' 'Now it came to pass,' rendered it ridiculous."—Bennett, p. 116, *et seq.*

In Bennett's Book, p. 115, *et seq.*, there is the testimony of Mr. John Spaulding and his wife, and numerous other witnesses, containing the most important statements of Mrs. Davison's letter. Whereupon the General remarks:

"The Book of Mormon was originally written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, A.M., as a romance, and entitled the 'MANUSCRIPT FOUND,' and placed by him in the printing-office of Patterson and Lambdin, in the city of Pittsburgh, from whence it was taken by a conspicuous Mormon divine, and remodelled, by adding the religious portions, placed by him in Smith's possession, and then published to the world as the testimony exemplifies."

It is not quite so clear, as General Bennett thinks, how the manuscript got into the hands of Mr. Smith: the statement of Mrs. Davison is not free from inaccuracies; but this fact is quite plain,—that Spaulding's romance forms the chief part of the Mormon Bible, and that Smith obtained it in 1826.

In a "pious" fraud, begun is half done. In 1830, the Golden Bible got printed, and he proceeded to organize his church, which took place on the 6th of April, 1830. Then it consisted of only six members—himself, his father, two brothers, and Cowdery, his scribe, and, we think, his wife.

Smith with his associates soon made converts: he baptized and "commissioned" elders, who began to preach. Visionary persons were first converted—men with a good deal of religious sensibility perhaps, with no settled religious doctrines beyond the most elementary ideas of God and a future life, but with a large degree of marvellousness—while females were captivated and went over at once. Smith was a low, vulgar man, and spoke to others, as low and vulgar, of duty, of God, of "salvation," of heaven and of hell: they heard him gladly. His claims to

\* Matilda Davison's Letter in the *Boston Journal*, for May 18th, 1827: reprinted in "The Mormons," (No. 7, above), p. 31, *et seq.*

inspiration, his "miraculous" Bible, his stone of vision—all were helps to him. In August, he converted Mr. Parley P. Pratt, an enthusiastic man, a preacher of the Campbellite or Christian denomination, an eloquent and poetic-minded man. Mr. Pratt returned to Ohio with his book of Mormon and a "new heart." "The word grew and prevailed," and members were added unto this church with a rapidity which amazed the sober men of the neighbourhood. In January, Pratt and Rigdon had a thousand followers in Kirtland, a town in Ohio. Thither went the prophet and his people. Says the eulogistic Mr. Gunnison,—

"New ardour and energy were infused, and such wonderful tales of visions, voices, and miracles were spread abroad, that people flocked from all parts of the lake region to witness and judge of this *new thing*. There were ecstasies—men and women falling to the floor in the public assemblies, wallowing, rolling, and tossing of hands—pointing into the heavens at the 'cloud of witnesses'—uttering Indian dialects, and declaring that they would immediately convert them—there was swooning—rushing out of doors and running to the fields; some would mount stones and stumps, and speak in loud 'tongues'; some would pick up the stones and read from them characters of writing, which were miraculously made, and then suddenly disappeared—others found pieces of parchment falling upon them, which they declared were sealed with the seal of Christ, and which they no sooner copied than they vanished. The utmost excitement prevailed in their meetings, and it was all attributed to 'the outpouring of the Spirit.'

"The prophet himself seems to have become alarmed, lest the 'vision' should pass from him, and the vocation of Seer and Revelator become equally that of all. Accordingly, he began to preach moderation, and, finally, informed them that it was the work of the devil, who was counterfeiting the gifts of the Spirit; and the faithful were cautioned to beware. Another revelation soon followed. This made the spiritual duties of the 'Seer' so onerous, that he was told that strength to work would not be given him. He was to live 'by the church;' and through him alone was to come all the counsel of wisdom, and ghostly strength for the enlargement of the same. He was privileged to converse with angels. All must obey him as the voice of the Most High, when the message was with the prefix, 'Thus saith the Lord,' under the penalty of the Divine wrath."—p. 102, *et seq.*

In June, a "revelation" was given that the elders should go forth, two by two, preaching as they went, and meet at an appointed time on the borders of the Missouri, to select a spot for a temple in "the land of Zion," and to found there "its new Jerusalem of the saints." They selected a spot in Jackson county, Missouri, near the town of Independence, where—so it was revealed to them—

"Adam's altar was built in the very centre of the garden of Eden." Twelve hundred converts soon assembled. The corner-stone of the temple was laid, but the elders returned to Shinehar, or Kirtland, and engaged in building a provisional temple there. All property was consecrated to the Lord. Saints were "stowards, not owners," of their property. A tenth part of all things was for the priesthood—for Mr. Smith and his co-hegues. Two years passed away, and the power of the prophet began to wane a little; but, fortunately for his enterprise, the people of Jackson county drove out the Mormons from Missouri. Smith declared this was a punishment for their *lack of faith*. However, an "army of Zion," with rifles at the shoulder, went over to aid their brethren. But there was no fighting. Soon the governor of Missouri furnished them protection. The slight persecution awoke new faith. In 1835, a Hebrew and theological school was established at Kirtland, and several hundred elders attended the instructions of a celebrated Hebraist and scholar. Let Mr. Gunnison tell the story:—

"Meanwhile swimming operations in lots, buildings, banks, and manufactures, were in full tide at Kirtland. A large mercantile house was started on a tithe basis, and obtained credit to a considerable amount; and in 1837, a bank was set in motion, and property assumed fictitious values. The temple, with its various compartments for giving and receiving endowments, or for imparting and obtaining the gifts of the Spirit, was so far advanced that the rites were actually held. For some days wine flowed freely—wine that had been consecrated and declared by the prophet to be harmless and not intoxicating. This, with previous fastings, and expectations wrought up to the highest pitch, and other means used to create mental excitement, produced unheard-of effects, if we may credit the witnesses of these proceedings. Visions, tongues, trances, wallowings on the ground, shoutings, weeping, and laughing, the outpouring of prophecies, and terrible cursings of the Missourians, exhortations from house to house, and preaching to unseen nations; those, and other fantastic things, were among 'the signs following' at Kirtland.

"Not long after followed the crash of the speculations. The improvident habits of sudden wealth, the unwise investments in lots, houses, and mills, and the loose management of the mercantile firm, brought on embarrassments in 1838. The bank failed, and the managers were prosecuted for swindling. Smith and Rigdon secretly departed for Far West, the new Zion, and thus escaped to 'the city of refuge,' from the sheriff and his writs, and perhaps from the penitentiary. Here they imparted to the saints the *developing* nature of their own spirits. New cities were located, and settlements begun in Daviess, Caldwell, and Carroll counties. The spot where Adam blessed his children was revealed, and a city was founded in the valley, to be called Adammon-

diamon, significant of the patriarchal blessing."—p. 106, *et seq.*

"The older inhabitants complained of the loss of property, and alleged that no confidence could be placed in contracts made with the Mormons. When credit was given, they could not find the persons to collect dues: fictitious names were used to obtain goods and chattels, and when inquiries were made for certain persons, nobody could be found who ever heard of them. Also they began to fear that the doctrine of the Saints' right to property would render their possessions insecure. Crimination and recrimination became frequent and mutual. But we may readily believe, that the fears of the Missourians were more aroused on the prospect of losing political ascendancy. In their meetings to consult on the alarming state of affairs, they resolved that 'the rule of the counties should never be submitted to the control of Joseph Smith.'" (p. 108.)

Soon the Mormons became dangerous neighbours; they were notorious for four things—for profligacy with women, for lying, for theft, and for profane swearing; at least, such is the reputation they left with various persons we have consulted, who lived in their vicinity, and had no prejudice against them. And alas! the same thing is abundantly confirmed by documents of unquestionable authority. When some among the Mormons, as the first fire of enthusiasm grew faint and dim, withdrew from the company, of course those "apostates" were more hated, and feared also, than the "gentiles" themselves; so, for self-defence, the chief persons organized a secret society, with signs and "keywords," called the "Big Fan," and afterwards "Danites" and "Destroying Angels"—a body of men who took a dreadful oath to obey the chief of the sect in all things, right or wrong, and drive off, or put out of sight secretly, all the worst enemies of the sect. The Mormons confess that several suspicious persons suddenly disappeared, or "slipped their wind," as the phrase was. Sidney Rigdon declared that the saints must fight, and traitors be dealt with according to "the law of the Lord," asserting that Judas was trampled to death by the Apostles, and that Ananias and Sapphira were killed by St. Peter. The prophet himself did not spare his old associates when they fell back. Here is a specimen of his language, taken from the "Elders' Journal" for August, 1828, published at Far West.

"Granny Parish, and a few others who acted as lacqueys, such as Martin Harris, &c., but they are so far beneath contempt, that a notice of them would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make. While they were held under the restraints of the [Mormon] church, they had to behave with some degree of propriety. But no sooner were they excluded from the fellowship of the church, than they gave loose to all kind of

abominations,—swearing, lying, cheating, swindling, with every species of debauchery."—Quoted in Turner (No. 9.) p. 166.

The Mormons were haughty to their opponents, and denounced "Woe to them in the name of Jesus Christ," and declared that, if compelled to fight, they would not stop till the city of St. Louis was in their possession. Such conduct, with such threats, aroused the indignation of the people, already disposed to persecute a new form of religion. Violence was committed on both sides. The local militia was called out, but defeated and driven off by the Mormons, who took the "soldiers" for a mob, coming to destroy their property—an opinion, seemingly, not very far from the truth. So the Governor of Missouri, Mr. Boggs, called out the troops to enforce order, and, if it were necessary, "to exterminate the obnoxious Mormons."—(Gunnison, p. 110.) The principal leaders were secured, brought to examination, and treated, as it turns out, with needless and unjustifiable harshness, if not positive cruelty. Smith, Rigdon, and Parley P. Pratt were committed to jail, charged with treason. They had often been persecuted before. Joseph Smith, in 1832, had been taken from his bed, beside his wife, at midnight, by a mob—stripped naked, tarred, and feathered: Rigdon had shared the same treatment. Mr. Mayhew gives an exceedingly interesting account of these persecutions in his pleasing work, p. 62, *et seq.*

The following is Mr. Gunnison's account of the later persecutions:—

"But, in the account given by the Apostle Pratt we have a picture of horrors and inhumanity toward his people which would surpass our belief, if we did not know that a lawless mob were the actors in the scenes, or an uncontrolled, exasperated soldiery. There were too many authenticated facts, that make the blood curdle as we contemplate them, to deny that foul injustice was often practised;—and the deeds of savage brutality, whose disgusting details we pass in silence, make us sigh that they could be enacted by American citizens. Pratt avers that the flesh of their martyred comrades was cooked, and offered to the prisoners in jail for food. At How's mills, twenty of his brethren were lulled into fancied security by professions of friendship, and, when defenceless in a log building at night, they were coolly shot, through the crevices; and, after the massacre, they found a lad of nine years of age, concealed under a forge, and, dragging him out, deliberately blew off the top of his head, the miscreant boasting of his manly prowess, and all dancing with the exultation of fiends incarnate.

"The prisoners were carried from one jail to another, and their trial for treason delayed; their sufferings greatly enhanced from the uncertainty which hung over the fate of their wives and chil-

dren. At last these leaders escaped, while, on one of the journeys, the guard sank into a deep sleep after a drunken frolic; and thence they found their way to Illinois, to join those who had preceded them.

"The Mormons had been driven from the State. The sufferings of that defenceless multitude, whose arms and property had been surrendered, as they crossed the State to Commerce, on the Mississippi, over the bleak prairies, and amid the storms of wind and snow, in November, were most intense. The aged and the young, the sick and the delicate women, the infants, and even those born on the road, houseless and unsheltered, were to be seen in that crowd of forlorn, persecuted, and unresisting exiles. The rivers were without bridges, the waters flowed with chilling anchor ice; the currents, swollen by recent rains, had to be forded or swam, as the delay of bridging would kill by starvation or cold. *Thirty or more persons had been murdered*, others were sinking under exposure, grief, and hardship; and as one was relieved by death, a bark coffin would enclose him, and a wave of the prairie sea pass over the mortal remains, and the sad *cortège* move on. Families were scattered, widows with helpless children clinging to them, and piteously clamouring for food; hunger, want, and disease through all ranks—this was the exodus of a people under an inclement sky, from their homes of plenty and comfort. That fearful journey was made where fuel could scarcely be found to cook the scanty stores, and where cattle died of starvation; for they could not be trusted to range far for grass, and must be tethered at night, not permitted leisure to graze by day, but convey along the starving pilgrims to a place of refuge. All that brotherly kindness can do was exhibited then—the crust was shared with the first neighbour whose store was exhausted—the robust cheered the weak, and the hearts of all united in sympathy."—p. 110, *et seq.*\*

"Twelve thousand persons arrived on the banks of the Mississippi in destitute plight: their tale of distress touched the hearts of the Illinoisians, and they hospitably received them. Provisions and clothing were hastily gathered and freely bestowed: this generous conduct is a bright ray, piercing through the murky clouds of that dark tragedy.

"Let us reflect a moment on what has been presented before us. Can we blame a sad, revengeful remembrance of those times by the Mormons? We may ask them to forgive—to forget, never. And has a remuneration been made them for the wholesale spoiliations of those whose crime was laid in their mistaken view of the rights of conscience? We have heard of none. But we have heard that one appeared in Jackson county, to sue out a writ of possession of his land, and the citizens collected and stamped him under their feet, until his bowels gushed out, and then buried him: this was all the home-stead he secured. Such exhibitions of justice do not satisfy the mountain brethren that purity and right prevail in Missouri—yet, afar off, they are preparing memorials, praying permission to return, and fondly hope yet to possess the heart-beloved Zion."—p. 112.

\* This was in 1838.

But this persecution, cruel as it was, proved of great service to the Mormons. Several dissenters went and formed the sect anew. Hardy men, who deserted it for conscience sake when no one invaded, buckled on their armour, and went back to repel assault. The more religious and manly persons of the neighbourhood felt a kindly sympathy with men so grievously in error, but so wickedly oppressed. The Mormon preachers caught new zeal from oppression. There was one point in which they were obviously like the early Christians—they were called on to endure persecution.

The starving multitude came to the Mississippi, and crossed over to Illinois. On a bend in that great river they selected a place for a city, and named it Nauvoo, "the City of Beauty." Smith, throughout the whole of his ecclesiastical career, has shown some quite remarkable qualities—power to endear himself to men, with ability to organize them for his purpose, and secure unity of action in a multitude of discordant men. His skill in organization was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. We quote again from Lieut. Gunnison:—

"Soon the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness. Gardens sprang up, as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the old and new world, whose seeds were brought as mementos from former homes, by the converts that flocked to the new stake of Zion. Broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce: the steamboat unloaded its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandize,—fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills. A temple site was chosen on the brow of the bluff overlooking the lower town, which part of the city was on the sloping meadow in the bend below. The pattern was given to the prophet by his angel, and all the details explained orally. A Gentile architect was employed to draft it by dictation. He soon found that it was complicated, and broke the rules of his art; but notwithstanding his difficulties, Joseph insisted that the *tout ensemble* must be right; and, true enough, the 'Lord's design' was at last pronounced correct. Revelations were freely vouchsafed, and they were informed that their situation was much better than what it was in Pandemonium; and they must bear the late chastisement like obedient children. All saints were loudly called to pay in their tithes of time and money; and one revelation, especially, told the kings and queens to become nursing parents to the church, and bring in their gold, their silver, and all precious stones, to build and adorn the temple. Minute transactions were governed by these revelations; some of them have been printed, but many more remain in the manuscript, and are of no further use than historical records for preserving memorials of that time and actions of that people.



"Flourishing centres of dense settlements sprung up in the vicinity of Nauvoo, and the accessions and exertions of emigrants enlarged their borders. Not alone to these was the increase confined. Horsethieves and housebreakers, robbers and villains, gathered there to cloak their deeds in mystery, who, caring nothing for religion, could take the appearance of baptism, and be among, but not of them. Speculators came in and bought lots, with the hope of great remuneration, as the colony increased. The latter class, unwilling to pay tithes, soon fell into disrepute, and, when proper time had elapsed for conversion without effect, measures were taken to oust them. A proper sum would be offered for their improvements and land, and, if not accepted, then petty annoyances were restored to. One of these was called "whittling off." Three men would be deputed, and paid for their time, to take their jack-knives and sticks—down-east Yankees, of course—and sitting opposite the obnoxious man's door, begun their whittling. When the man went out they would stare at him, but say nothing. If he went to the market, they followed and whittled. Whatever taunts, curses, or other provoking epithets were applied to them, no notice would be taken, no word spoken in return, no laugh on their faces. The jeers and shouts of street urchins made the welkin ring, but deep silence pervaded the whittlers. Their leerish look followed him everywhere, from 'morning dawn to dusky eve.' When he was in doors, they sat patiently down, and assiduously performed their jack knife duty. Three days are said to have been the utmost that human nature could endure of this silent annoyance; the man came to terms, sold his possessions for what he could get, or emigrated to parts unknown."—p. 115, *et seq.*

Then followed a period of peace and surprising prosperity. "Numbers were added to them," to the amazement of mankind. Soldiers were drilled—for Joseph was no prince of peace, but wrought with "his sword girded by his side, and so builded." Schools, banks, newspapers, taverns, and all the apparatus of an American town, soon came into being. Missionaries were sent out all over the land to "plant stakes" in other places; some went to Europe, some to Palestine, some to Africa, to the East Indies, and the Sandwich Islands. The elders selected for missionaries the ambitious, uneasy, and restless spirits who would make trouble at home. If a man of this stamp was getting too deep in his investigations, or becoming weak in his faith, he presently received a "commission from on high," and went off on a mission of perilous extent and unknown duration. A three days' notice for a three years' mission was time enough for the Mormon Jesuit; and he started without purse or scrip. The missionaries preached in school-houses, in bar-rooms, in public halls, or expostulated with men by the road-side, and taught "the word" from house to house. We have often con-

versed with them—earnest, honest, and devout men they have seemed, with an enthusiasm which only religious feeling calls out. Of course they met the same insults which the early Christians everywhere encountered, often in the same spirit, and gave their "back to the smiters."

In 1844 the Mormons declared that there were a hundred thousand "believers" in the United States. Their votes became important, the political newspapers altered their tone: for Joe Smith had a tail of a hundred thousand men. He wrote letters to the candidates for the presidency, but the answers were "unsatisfactory,"—he was not yet powerful enough to succeed in that movement. So "the prophet" put forth his own programme of government, and was nominated for the office by his followers. They say that, had he lived, he would have been elected in 1848.

But a dark day drew nigh. The Mormon leaders seemed intoxicated with their success and the accumulated power at their command. They tyrannized over the "Gentiles." It is said they aspired to rule the State, and set the laws at defiance. Quarrels took place in the Mormon camp. Joseph had a newspaper, appropriately called the *Wasp*; his opponents at Nauvoo another, called the *Expositor*. The hostile printing press was destroyed by a mob. Writs were issued against the leaders of the mob, but the Mormons prevented their execution. The *posse comitatus* was called out by the authorities of the State, and the militia of Nauvoo by Joseph Smith. Mr. Ford, the Governor of Illinois, repaired to the place, and succeeded in arresting the prophet, his brother, Hiram Smith, and two others—Dr. Richards and John Taylor—the "apostles." They were indicted for treason, and confined in jail. Only one thing was wanting to complete the success of the Mormons—that was presently furnished. The following is the Mormon account of the martyrdom of the prophet, which we take from the "Book of Doctrines and Covenants," (No. 10,)—p. 144, *et seq.*

"To seal the testimony of this book, and the Book of Mormon, we close with the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the prophet, and Hiram Smith, the patriarch. They were shot in Carthage jail, on the 27th of June, 1844, about five o'clock, p.m., by an armed mob, painted black, of from 150 to 200 persons. Hiram was shot first, and fell, calmly exclaiming, 'I am a dead man!' Joseph escaped from the window, and was shot in the attempt, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my God!' They were both shot after they were dead, in a brutal manner, and both received four balls.

"John Taylor and William Richards, two of the twelve, were the only persons in the room

at the time; the former was wounded in a savage manner with four balls, but has since recovered; the latter, through the promises of God, escaped 'without even a hole in his robe.'

"Joseph Smith, the prophet and seer of the Lord, has done more (save Jesus only) for the salvation of men in this world than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fulness of the everlasting gospel which it contained, to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of doctrine and covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of the Latter-day Saints; founded a great city; and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and works with his own blood; and so has his brother Hiram. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated!

"When Joseph went to Carthage, to deliver himself up to the pretended requirements of the law, two or three days previous to his assassination, he said, 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards all men. *I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, He was murdered in cold blood.*' The same morning, after Hiram had made ready to go—shall it be said to the slaughter? Yes, for so it was—he read the following paragraph, near the close of the fifth chapter of Ether, in the Book of Mormon, and turned down the leaf upon it:—

"'And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord that he would give unto the Gentiles grace, that they might have charity. And it came to pass that the Lord said unto me, If they have not charity, it mattereth not unto you, thou hast been faithful; wherefore thy garments are clean. And because thou hast seen thy weakness, thou shalt be made strong, even unto the sitting down in the place which I have prepared in the mansions of my father. And now I——bid farewell unto the Gentiles; yea, and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment-seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood.' The testators are now dead, and their testament is in force.

"Hiram Smith was forty-four years old last February, and Joseph Smith was thirty-eight last December; and henceforward their names will be classed among the martyrs of religion; and the reader in every nation will be reminded that the 'Book of Mormon' and this Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church, cost the best blood of the nineteenth century to bring it forth for the salvation of a ruined world. And that if the fire can scathe a *green tree* for the glory of God, how easy it will burn up the 'dry trees,' to purify the vineyard of corruption!

They lived for glory, they died for glory, and glory is their eternal reward. From age to age shall their names go down to posterity as gems for the sanctified.

"They were innocent of any crimes, as they had often been proved before, and were only confined in jail by the conspiracy of traitors and wicked men; their *innocent blood* on the floor of Carthage jail is a broad seal affixed to Mormonism, that cannot be rejected by any court on earth; and their *innocent blood* on the escutcheon of the State of Illinois, with the broken faith of the State, as pledged by the governor, is a witness to the truth of the everlasting gospel, that all the world cannot impeach; and their *innocent blood* on the banner of liberty, and on the Magna Charta of the United States, is an ambassador for the religion of Jesus Christ, that will touch the hearts of honest men among all nations; and their *innocent blood*, with the innocent blood of all the martyrs under the altar, that John saw, will cry unto the Lord of Hosts, till He avenges that blood on the earth. Amen."

Our military informant thus speaks of the matter:—

"Thus ended the mortal career of one whose true biography has yet to be written. He founded a dynasty which his death rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having one hundred and fifty thousand ready to do his bidding when he died; and all of whom regarded his word as the voice from Heaven. Among his disciples, he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read. But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life. With those who knew him in his youth, and have given us solemn testimony, he is declared an indolent vagabond, an infamous liar, of consummate impudence. He is regarded by the 'Gentiles,' who saw him in the last few years of successful power, to have been a man of unbridled lust, and engaged with the counterfeiting and robbing bands of the Great Valley; but these charges have never been substantiated—and dissenters charge him with breaking the whole Decalogue.

"His mind was an active one, and he possessed elements of an engaging kind; without them, he could not have held men so long and so forcibly. In this, he has compeers among those who have played a similar part on the credulity of mankind, and claimed a divine mission. Like them, he was bold in assertion of his 'truths,' and hurled anathemas upon all who did not acknowledge his pretensions. He found many to listen, who would then consider and examine awhile, and ask themselves the question, 'What, after all, if this should be true?'—and in that

*doubt* lay their danger, for 'he that doubteth is damned,' when the true light is shining around him. The wonder that strikes us is, the time and the manner in which this new doctrine is sought to be established, and its rapid success. No one can doubt that there was genius, sagacity, and intuitive insight into the characters of men, which was operated with from the time of inducing Harris to assist in publishing his Bible. From the moment that person was duped, and became bound by his cupidity to the issue of the book from the press, was the struggle of mental power. Next, when it was found that the work would not be a lucrative object, what but transcendent ability could have controlled the mind of the versatile, eloquent, and methodical Rigdom, and used his talents to organize a church system and put it into complete operation, which no follower has dared to amend? And the most bitter trials did not daunt him: he looked calmly on the misery of thousands about him, in the fires of persecution, and still moved on unflinching, till at last he dared a ruthless mob to his death, which showed a determination to ride 'the whirlwind and direct the storm,' regardless of the human sufferings that might be endured.

"The anecdotes of his eccentricities and manners are household themes in the mountains, and time and distance are embellishing them with all the virtues of the true hero. They love to relate to listening friends and children how the prophet Joseph would strip off the mask of hypocrisy—how he would meet a new convert, bringing his long-faced piety from the other denominations, and challenge a wrestling match in the streets, nor let off the sanctimonious and surprised fellow until he had shown him that his athletic reputation was not a sham, by leaving him flat in the dust—and to all he taught that his was a laughter-loving, cheerful religion. And how another, coming with charitable zeal to the prophet, would be requested to lend for the temple all his money, and then be noticed no more than other strangers; the poor destitute being obliged to shoulder spade and axe, and labour in poverty until he would decamp or be proved faithful. If he stood the test for a few months, he would suddenly be called to headquarters, and eligible lots assigned him, and some position given in which he could earn his bread in comfort."—p. 124, *et seq.*

"He lived long enough for his fame, and died when he could just be called a martyr. He had become too violent and impatient to control, for a long time, the multitude—he could begin, but not conduct successfully, a revolution. In this respect, he contrasts remarkably with his successor in the Seership of the Saints. The latter could never be a martyr. His prudence and foresight have been shown under the most trying circumstances, and in cool calculation of the future he is pre-eminent, and plans with cautious policy to meet all the exigencies before him. Policy is a word little known in the vocabulary of the first prophet, and is the most frequent in that of the present one."—p. 127.

After his death, the Mormons were greedy for vengeance, thinking the "time to fight had fully come;" but prudent men delayed

the multitude, and wiser counsels prevailed. Brigham Young was chosen for their chief in place of Joseph. He is called "the Lion of the Lord," a shrewd and eloquent man, at present governor of Utah. It was not safe for the Mormons to remain at Nauvoo; yet it was hard to leave their "City of Beauty." They dreaded to finish their Great Temple, already far advanced, and then sell their possessions and remove into the wilderness, to a place "appointed" for them. In the autumn of '44, and the winter of '45, several parties set out on their second journey of twelve hundred miles through a wilderness.

Says Mr. Gunnison, with his usual beauty of speech:—

"Ox-carts and mule teams, loaded with all sorts of furniture, intermingled with women and children, wended their way slowly along on miry tracts, and crossed the swollen streams—fuel and grass scanty—but the spirits of all unbroken, save the sick and helpless. Closely bound together by common dangers and common faith, they performed with alacrity their duties, and sympathy made the dreary journey one of social life. Their mirthfulness would be excited by little incidents, and even misfortunes were turned into jokes, as helping hands lent their aid to right a broken wheel or upset wagon. At the halting places, the spinning-wheel would be taken down and yarn spun to keep the knitting-needles going when riding during the day, and cloth made from wool sheared after the journey began. At some places, land was broken up and planted with seed, and a family or two left to rear a crop for those who were to follow in autumn. The lowing herd accompanied, and the milch kine yielding the nourishing beverage, and butter was made by the jolting of the wagons as they travelled along."—p. 130, *et seq.*

Still they continued to work on the temple, and, when it was completed, they called together the covenanters:—

"From the surrounding country, and from parties far advanced on their prophetic journey, priests, elders, and bishops, stole into the city as dusty travellers, and were suddenly metamorphosed to dignity by their robes of office; and one day, from high noon to the shade of night, was there a scene of rejoicing and solemn consecration of the beautiful edifice, on which so much anxiety and thought had lately been expended. There stood the Mormon temple in simple beauty, the pride of the valley. The great altar hung with festoons of flowers and green wreaths; the baptistic laver resting on twelve elaborately carved oxen, decorated with the symbolic glories—celestial, teletial, and terrestrial; the chaunt was sung, the prayer offered up, and the noble building, resplendent with lights of lamp and torches, solemnly dedicated to their own God. This done, and the walls were dismantled of ornaments and the symbols of their faith, the key-words of the mysteries and lettered insignia were all removed

with haste, except the sun, moon, and stars, carved in stones of the walls, and the temple forsaken, to be 'profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles.' A few brief hours were given to this brilliant pageant, and during this festive, joyous scene, a spectator would have supposed the actors expected that house to be their own for ever. There is something truly affecting in the contemplation of that devotional offering of so fine a temple, and their leaving it unscathed to the hand of their enemies."—Gunnison, p. 131, *et seq.*

"From this time all defence ceased, and their enemies rested satisfied that the Mormons had decided to sell their possessions. Arrangements for surrender and departure were quickly made. Company after company followed the pioneers to the white Missouri; and many, crossing over in early summer, turned up the rich but pestilential prairie sod to prepare a harvest for autumn, and await the last of the trains. During that summer the plague and fever raged violently, and its ravages in the great bottom, on Indian and white men, were fearful. Winter approached—the tent and wagon body, with its hooped canvas, was exchanged for caves dug in the sides of the hills, covered with logs, reeds, or cloth. The scanty fuel gave but little warmth to ward off the cold, made more searching from the piercing winds that howled over the delta prairies of the Missouri and Nebraska. Then came the ague, the rheumatism, and the scurvy, the terrible concomitants of fatigue, exposure, and scanty fare. Numbers died, and were buried in the rich alluvion. Awful as was that winter and spring, a cheerful heart and countenance was on all sides—a revelation gave permission to dance, to sing, and enjoy the swelling music from the excellent band that accompanied all their journeys."—p. 132, *et seq.*

"In the spring of 1847, a pioneer party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the host, in parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds followed. This was an admirable system, and baffled the thievish desire of the Sioux, Crows, and Shoshones. A captain was appointed over each division, but the captains of hundreds had the supervision of the smaller bands. A strict discipline of guard and march was observed. But the drain of the battalion threw the burden of toil much upon the women. Females drove teams of several yoke of oxen a thousand miles. A man could take three teams by the help of a woman and lad, he driving the middle one, and stepping forward to assist over the creeks with the foremost, and then bring up the rear ones—and at the camps unyoke and 'hitch up' for his feebler coadjutors. Thus they wound along their weary way, at ten and fifteen miles a day—forded, or bridged, and ferried over, the Loup, the Horn, and Platte rivers on the plains, and the swollen streams of the Bear, and rushing Weter, in the mountains."—p. 133, *et seq.*

Colonel Kane, an accomplished and philanthropic gentleman of Philadelphia, accompanied them in this painful march. "Every day closed," says he, "as every day began, with an invocation of the Divine power; without which, indeed, no Mormon seemed to dare to lay him down to rest: with the

first shining of the stars, laughter and loud talking were hushed—the neighbour went his way; you heard the last hymn sung, and then the thousand-voiced murmur of prayer was heard like bubbling water falling down the hills." "They lived in the sort of strong-stomached faith that is still found embalmed in the sheltered spots of Catholic Italy and Spain, with the spirit of the believing of the Dark Ages." "It mixed itself up fearlessly with the common transactions of every-day life, and only to give them liveliness and vigour."

The Indians came and welcomed the Mormons, who saw the "LOST TEN TRIBES" in the wandering red men of the wilderness. Said a celebrated chief to them in a *talk*:—

"My Mormon brethren,—the Pottawattomie came sore and tired into this unhealthy Missouri Bottom, not many years back, when he was taken from his beautiful country beyond the Mississippi, which had abundant game, and timber, and clean water everywhere. Now you are driven away the same, from your lodges and land there, and the graves of your people. So we have both suffered; we must help one another, and the Great Spirit will help us both. You are now free to cut down all the wood you wish. You can make all your improvements, and live on any part of our actual land not occupied by us. Because one suffers and does not deserve it, it is no reason he shall suffer always. I say, we may live to see all right yet: however, if we do not, our children will."

On the 24th of July, 1846, they came to their journey's end; the site of the city of Deseret—the Great Salt Lake city—in the "land of the Honey Bee." In 1852, they have a population in the city of about 30,000, it is said, industrious, comfortable, and rich in the industrial wealth of a settlement in the interior of the wilderness. The land yields sixty bushels of wheat to the acre. Reptiles grow to an enormous size; and cattle fatten and fruits mature with slender aid from man. Timber is abundant; the streams abound in fish; the woods are full of game. Nature takes the Mormon kindly to her bosom, after man had rudely thrust him away.

Let us now speak briefly of the doctrines of this remarkable sect. Here is a brief sketch of them, which we take for convenience from Mr. Gunnison's book. He gives the language of the dogmatic authorities.

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.

"We believe that, through the Atonement of

Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and the ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are—1st. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ: 2nd. Repentance: 3rd. Baptism, by immersion, for the remission of sins: 4th. Laying on of hands by the gift of the Holy Spirit: 5th. The Lord's Supper.

"We believe that men must be called of God by inspiration, and by laying on of hands from those who are duly commissioned to preach the Gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church—viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

"We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel—viz., the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, visions, tongues, and the interpretations of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love, &c.

"We believe the Word of God recorded in the Bible; we also believe the Word of God recorded in the Book of Mormon, and in all other good books.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal; and we believe that he will reveal many more great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God and Messiah's second coming.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes: that Zion will be established upon the western continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years; and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisaical glory.

"We believe in the literal resurrection of the body of the saints, and that the rest of the dead live not again till the thousand years are expired.

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how or where they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, queens, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honouring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say, that we follow the admonition of Paul, we 'believe all things,' we 'hope all things,' we have endured very many things, and hope to be able to 'endure all things.' Everything lovely, virtuous, praiseworthy, and of good report, we seek after, looking forward 'to the recompense of reward.' But an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian, neither have salvation. He is a drone, and destined to be stung to death and tumbled out of the hive."—p. 39, *et seq.*

"God the Father is a man like unto one of yourselves," says Joseph, in his "Last Sermon,"—"that is the great secret." "If you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him in all the *person, image, and very form of a man*: for Adam was created in the very fashion and image of God,—*walked, talked, and communed with Him as one man talks and communes with another.*" "We worship

a God, says another authority, "who hath both body and parts; who has eyes, mouth, and ears, and who speaks when and to whom He pleases; and who is just as good at mechanical inventions as at any other business."

"God the Son is the offspring of the Father by the Virgin Mary, whom He wooed over to be the wife of His bosom."

The Holy Ghost is the Mind of the Father and the Son, but has not a material body.

The souls of men were *begotten* by the Father, not *created*, independent of a body, and afterwards took material bodies of their own choice—there are high and low races of men. The "negro is cursed to the priesthood, and must always be a servant wherever his lot is cast, and therefore never shall attain to anything but a dim-shining glory." At the resurrection, the body is to be raised the same as before—all, except the blood. There are angels, good and bad, and a devil.

The highest magistracy is the Presidency of three persons, whereof one is the President; next is the high apostolic college of twelve apostles; then the high-priests, priests, elders, bishops, teachers, and deacons: prophets arise out of every rank. There is a high council of twelve high-priests, in perpetual session, at head quarters to advise the presidency. The council is "eye, ear, and hand to the president." The priesthood is supreme in the State; so the government is a theocracy of the most absolute character, only the offices are not hereditary.

They do not regard the Scriptures as a *finality*: thus in the Book of Mormon (the Second Book of Nephi, chap. xii.) it is said: "And because My (God's) words shall hiss forth, many of the Gentiles shall say 'a bible, a bible, a bible—we have got a bible, and there cannot be any more bible!' But thus saith the Lord God: "O fools, they [ye] shall have a bible." "Thou fool, that shall say, 'A bible, we have got a bible, and we need no more bible.' Have ye obtained a bible, save it were by the Jews? Know ye not that there are more nations than one?" "Wherefore murmur ye because that ye shall receive more of my word?" "And because that I have spoken one word, ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; but my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be, until the end of man; neither from that time henceforth, and for ever."

The Mormons claim the continuity of inspiration, and believe in the perpetual revision of theology; so the sect has an element of progress not acknowledged by any Christian sect. There is no written book that is the absolute standard of doctrine. A new

revelation may repudiate the Bible of the Christians and the Book of Mormon, or any portion thereof.

The Book of Mormon itself is an impudent and worthless fabrication, possessing no merit of any kind, save the copying of some beautiful and pious passages of the Holy Scriptures. The extract above is the most noteworthy in the book; the style is poor and low in general, often setting at defiance all recognised rules of uninspired grammar. These are some specimens: "The Lord remembereth *all* *they*," &c; "unto *they*:" "know that he *be* *thy* God;" "ye *hath* done;" "I *saith* unto them;" "these things *had not ought* to be." The Mormons admit these errors, but add, that for the inscrutable purposes of Providence grammar was not needed.

It is not difficult to detect three different authors by their several styles,—namely, Solomon Spalding, as we suppose, Joseph Smith, and Rigdon, or Cowdery, or some other author to us unknown.

The Mormon doctrine of marriage is peculiar and extraordinary for an American sect in the middle of the nineteenth century. No doubt, the condition of woman is one of the dark spots in the ecclesiastical civilization of Christendom. She has not been recognised by the theology of the Christian Church, as a complete *person*, the equal or equivalent of man—only as a fraction of a person, and convenient as a helpmate to the stronger-bodied portions of the human race. But the Mormons, in their theory as in their practice, degrade woman more than any of the Christian sects at this day. All the hierarchical persons are allowed a plurality of wives. The writings of Joseph Smith, and the "Doctrines and Covenants," maintain a discreet reserve on this matter; and many Mormons, for a good while, denied the polygamy of their sect. But the disclosures of Catherine Lewis (No. 4) and others, put the fact beyond question. Indeed, their most important teachers now boldly avow and defend the doctrine. At first, if we understand the matter, it was adopted as an exceptional and private *measure*, purely for the convenience of the prophet and his coadjutors. But he, in his divine character, must justify on *principle* what he practised as a measure.

After a man has one wife, others may be "sealed to him;" and every woman, not otherwise provided for, has an undeniable right to demand of the authorities a man in marriage. He is, to her, the vehicle of salvation: for the idea prevails that "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man," in the kingdom of heaven. The president may "seal" any woman upon

any man. If we may trust the report of the judges, appointed for that district, laid before the American Congress, this "blessing of Jacob" is pretty widely diffused. It is said that Brigham Young filled an omnibus with his wives, and every one of them had "a young prophet in her lap or arms." Miss Lewis's book, otherwise enlivened in its statements, gives a melancholy impression of the state of morals at Nauvoo.

This is from the pen of Orson Hyde, "the chief of the apostles:"—

"If in Christ himself were fulfilled the words of Isaiah, 'he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand,' the Christian world are not mistaken in their opinion. But how were they fulfilled! If at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom, and took unto him Mary, Martha, and the other Mary whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves.

"If there were not an attachment and familiarity between our Saviour and these women highly improper, only in the relation of husband and wife, then we have no sense of propriety, or of the characteristics of good and refined society. Wisely, then, was it concealed; but when the Saviour poured out His soul unto death when nailed to the cross, He saw his *seed of children*; but who shall declare His *generation*? No one, if He had *none* to be declared. Notwithstanding this, which to many is a new and strange feature in Christianity, are we not disposed to mock at it, neither to regret salvation through the Virgin's Son?"

Says Mr. Gunnison:—

"On the 24th July last, 1851, the orator said, 'Here let the sacred rights of matrimony, like the pure love of God, 'spread undivided and operate unspent,' until the children of Abraham become as numerous as the stars above, or the sands below; that from the resurrection the joint heirs of Jesus Christ may do the works that their Father did, till each in the centre of his own glory, may reign in his own eternity a god."

"Let it be a sacred motto—The woman that marries out of the priesthood, marries for hell." —P. 69.

Last summer (June, 1852), Brother Pratt, "Apostle of the Latter-day Saints," published a communication in the *Sun Francisco Herald*, in which he asks, if men would "exclude Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the kings, prophets, and patriarchs of old, from the kingdom of God; and three-quarters of the present generations of mankind from all participation in the gospel ordinances, merely because *their family is too large*? Nay more, the narrow, ignorant limitation of some churches and states would imprison for years the patriarch Jacob, turn his *four wives*, twelve sons, and a daughter, into the street, without

a father or husband, dishonoured and rendered illegitimate; others, if possible, demolish the very gates of the New Jerusalem, because the names of the sons of Jacob, by his wives, Rachel, Leah, Bilbah, and Zilpah, were found engraven on the gates."

The condition of woman, of course, is degraded, and must become more and more so continually; the effect of polygamy must ere long become apparent in the manners of the men at Deseret. Says Mr. Stansbury, in his highly interesting work (No. 12.) "I heard it proclaimed from the stand (pulpit) by the president himself; that he had the right to take a thousand wives, if he thought proper, and he defied any one to prove from the Bible that he had not. At the same time, I have never known any member of the community allow that he himself had more than one, although that such was the fact was as well known as any fact could be." But he confesses that the practical operation of the scheme was quite different from what he had anticipated. "Peace, harmony, and cheerfulness seemed to prevail, when my preconceived notions led me to look for nothing but the exhibition of petty jealousies, envy, bickerings, and strife."

The question has often been asked, "Will the Federal Government allow an individual State to tolerate and legalize polygamy?" This question will hardly present a new issue in the United States: for in half of the Union not only is polygamy a fixed fact in the institutions of the country, but the raising of women for sale is a thriving branch of business. We think the general government will settle certain questions of morals which lie nearer the Capitol, before the constitutional arm is prolonged so far as to reach the Great Salt Lake city and disturb the "holy family" of Brigham Young, and his "omnibus full of wives." However, America probably is the only country of Christendom where Mormonism could fairly get on its legs, and essay a walk.

The Mormons have been most vehemently attacked, and have sometimes defended their doctrines with a good deal of subtlety and skill. Orson Pratt's volume (No. 6.) is a remarkable book. It contains the Mormon "Evidences" of "revealed religion." He denies that it is unscriptural to expect more Scripture, and thinks it would have been no worse for the compilers of the Bible to have added the "Book of Gad the Seer," than the "Song of Solomon."

New revelation has always been needed, and God has furnished it from time to time. The revelation to Abel was sufficient to save him; but it would not have kept Noah out of the Flood. Lot was only saved by a yet new revelation. Revelations given to one

generation are not adequate to develop the duties of another. The *general* laws which are revealed are always the same. The *particular* laws are different; things naturally right and wrong are discernible by conscience; but other things technically right and wrong are only made known by miraculous revelation. The doctrine of continued revelation has always been believed by the Saints, and it would be the greatest presumption to call it in question at this period.

The Mormons claim that they alone inherit the "promises" made by Jesus to his followers, and that no other church can claim this, on account of its corruption. The Christian church has lost all authority; but, shrewdly quotes Mr. Pratt, the Church of England states in one of her Homilies ("Of the Perils of Idolatry") "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, men, and women, and children, of all ages, sects, and degrees of whole Christendom, have been at once busied in the most abominable idolatry (a most dreadful thing to think) and that for a space of eight hundred years, or more." Wesley, quoth he, asserts that the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost parted from the Christian church, "because the Christians were turned heathens again, and had only a dead form left." This authority was forfeit, and the party forfeiting it could not recover the lost gift. So God bestowed it upon the "Church of Latter-day Saints;" gave them the power to work miracles—miracles of healing, of conversion, of prophecy, and of the new revelation. The early Christians lived in *continued* revelations, which the Mormons now exclusively possess. The Bible is not a sufficient guide, as is shown by the fact, that all sects of Christians require creeds, commentaries, book of evidences, and sermons, to guide their opinions or their practice.

"The Christians claim a miraculous revelation," say the Mormons; "and so do we claim their Scriptures and our own new ones. The miracles of the book of Mormon are quite as credible as the miracles of the Bible—the angels of one as much a fact as the angels of the other—the visions of Joseph Smith as authentic as the visions of Paul or Peter."

Unbelievers say, "Show us the gold plates, the original records of the Book of Mormon;" to which the Mormon replies, "Show us the original MS. of any part of the Old Testament or New Testament!"

"Jesus and the Apostles wrought miracles; so did the early church," say the Christians; and the Mormons claim to work miracles today, and have a "church of witnesses" to corroborate the claim. Smith wrought miracles; the elders work miracles; the Book of

Mormon itself is a stupendous miracle; and the rapid rise and steady progress of the new sect is the most astonishing miracle on record, say they.

If ever Christians appeal to the evidences of the genuineness and authenticity of the Christian Scriptures—the Mormons have their evidences. Do the more romantic appeal to the “testimony of the Spirit?”—the Mormons do the same, and claim the “undying witness of the Holy Ghost” to the truth of their religion. Sometimes the other sects attack the Mormons, and say, “Work us a miracle.” Say the Mormons, “Do you appeal to miracles as proof of truth?—let us see the miracles of the Baptists or the Methodists, of the Calvinists or the Unitarians! We have *miracles* in abundance to show.” Orson Pratt relates sundry miracles in his book (p. 53 and 69, *et seq.*), “the great miracle of Reuben Brinkworth;” cases of healing the blind, the leprous; cures of the cholera, and other diseases; cures of “bones set through faith.” There are written records stating the names and places of the persons, the time, and circumstance of the miracle, with a minute nicety to which the Christian Scriptures make no pretence.

Some of the Mormons defend themselves quite shrewdly from the attacks of other sectarians. If the Christians say, “Your story is incredible—we cannot believe your account of the miraculous origin of the Book of Mormon,”—the Latter-day Saint replies, “The origin of the Book of Mormon is not more incredible than the miraculous inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; one miracle is as miraculous, and so as incredible, as another.” “But,” says the objector, “the doctrines of your sect are absurd and incredible.” Replies the Mormon “What is more incredible to the ‘natural man’ than the Miraculous Birth, Life, Resurrection, and Ascension, of Jesus of Nazareth? What more apparently fantastic and absurd in our book than in Hebrew Ezekiel or the Christian Apocalypse?”

“But your claim for Joseph Smith is absurd,” says the “Gentile.” “So is the claim of the Catholic for his Pope’s infallibility,” retorts the “believer;” “so is the claim of the Protestant, that Paul had an infallible inspiration. But these things only seem absurd to the ‘outsiders,’ not to the ‘elect.’”

“But you make God material, give Him the parts of a man, and the passions of a man!” “In this,” says the Mormon, “we only follow the Old Testament.”

“But you advocate polygamy,” continues the “Gentile!” “And have Abraham to our father,” retorts the new “saint;” “with Job, and David, and Solomon, to sustain us, and

not a word in the New Testament directly against us. The man is not for the woman, but the woman for the man; and if one is not enough, why let us take more. Besides, we only do openly, and as a religious principle, what you secretly practise as a measure of carnal policy.”

We have no doubt that Joseph Smith was quite as bad as he is represented. It seems to be made out that he was a low and dissolute man; would lie, was often drunk and quarrelsome; that this character continued after he was the head of the new sect, and remained, without much alteration, till his death; and that the Book of Mormon is an impudent and worthless forgery. Still, he had the power to endear himself to a large body of men, to unite them together, inspire them with a zeal and vigour, a resolution and self-denial, such as no other preacher in America has had. Both he and his successor, Mr. Young, seem to have a great deal of skill in organizing men, and managing them.

Here it seems to us is the secret of their success: 1. They excited the marvellousness of men to a great degree. The claims of Mr. Smith to inspiration, to the possession of the Golden Plates of his Bible, attracted rude and visionary men as a ghost-story or a “spiritual rapping” fascinates and delights so many. The Catholic church has enough food for this marvellousness, which goes hungry in the Protestant Church, and is fain to fill itself at the tables of “tipplers” and “rappers,” and “writing mediums.”—2. They claimed, that God is just as active at the present day in inspiring the souls of men as He was in the days of Moses or Jesus; that He has not withdrawn from the world; that inspiration is a fact now, and always will be a fact while men are faithful. This also commended itself to the minds of men who had wondered that there were no more “open visions.”—3. They actually did demand piety and morality of men, and deeply and earnestly touched the religious feelings of men. Mr. Smith himself seems to have had a good deal of religious sensibility, like king David, though it did not appear in the normal form of a moral life in the case of the prophet, more than in that of the Psalmist and king.—4. The leaders had really the power to organize men so as to produce unity of action in a large multitude, to inspire the mass of men with respect and confidence in the governing power, and to have comfort and good order.—5. They encountered persecution—gross, cruel, and remorseless persecution.

The Mormons at present at Deseret live in an orderly and quiet manner—industrious, comfortable and happy. The testimony of Colonel Kane, of Lieut. Gunnison, of Captain



Stansbury, proves this. There is abundant evidence that the Mormon emigrants are more orderly, temperate, clean, and decorous, than any class of foreigners that arrive in America. We trust they may renounce the miserable absurdities of their theology, discard the doctrine of polygamy, respect woman as the equal of man, abandon their hierarchical form of government, and become a great sect that loves God and man. It is not just to despise their humble origin, nor the extravagance of the rude men who set the sect in motion. If in the second century a "commission" had been appointed to investigate the origin of the Christian Church and the Christian Scriptures, it might perhaps have brought strange things to light. For our own part, we are glad to see any signs of a fresh religious life in America, or in Christendom, and welcome this sect to the company of the Methodists and Anabaptists, the Protestants and the Catholics, and wish them all God speed. The freaks of religious childhood do not surprise us; and we expect a baby to cry before it talks, to creep before it runs.

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ART. VIII.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

- 1. *The Works of Daniel Webster.* 6 vols. 8vo. Boston: Little and Brown. London: John Chapman.
2. *Daniel Webster: a Discourse.* By Theodore Parker.

No American statesman of the present century has won for himself a higher or wider renown than Daniel Webster. At home, amid varying verdicts as to his purity of purpose, all parties were unanimous in attributing to him unrivalled ability as a lawyer, an orator, and a politician; and abroad, his conduct in international affairs, with two recent exceptions, created a general disposition to accept the high estimate made of him by his countrymen. His death has been mourned throughout the United States as a national loss; and the public prints, of all shades of political belief, have united to do him honour, as a man who has left no equal. The mere fact of this reputation, apart from its justice, warrants our laying before our readers a sketch of Daniel Webster's career, together with as complete an estimate of his public character as is attainable amidst the strangely conflicting opinions and statements of fact with respect to him.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, belonged to a Scottish family, which settled

in New Hampshire about the year 1626. He was a fine representative of a class of men peculiar to New England, and who have left their mark on the character of the whole American people,—a class vigorous in body and mind, patient of hardship, indomitable in purpose, wringing their subsistence from a reluctant soil whose ownership was contested by savages, and exhibiting in their varying occupations as farmers, huntsmen, soldiers, and legislators, those qualities of courage, independence, fortitude, sagacity, homely sense, and instinct of government, which made them such proficient in the art of organizing liberty and instituting equality. Their characters gained an iron strength in their daily struggle with the grim facts of their border life—in that grapple with natural difficulties where nothing was given as a boon, but everything had to be won as a conquest. In such an existence there could, of course, be no weak divorce of speculation and action, but thought and will had the connexion of light and heat. Their rights and duties were not theories, but household facts; and to defend their freedom, and, if need be, to die in its defence, was as natural, as instinctive, as free from the sentimentality of mere opinion, as the healthiest heroism which springs from the family affections. This truth has been sometimes doubted, from the singular infelicity of much of its literary expression. Most of the oratorical patriotism of the country misrepresents the thoughts and feelings it so clumsily labours to embody. The big phrases, and the periods swollen almost to bursting with rhetorical self-elation, which provoke the contempt or disgust of foreign taste, are but rude freemason signs of genuine emotions, with which they have no intrinsic connexion. At the worst, they are but after-thoughts of deeds originally performed as simple matters of course.

Ebenezer Webster had his full share of the hard, persistent vitality of the New England yeoman of his time, and traces of his character are visible in the moral and mental lineaments of his more distinguished son. Over six feet high, broad-chested, with prominent features and swarthy complexion, and undaunted mind in a robust body,

"That ever, with a frolic welcome, took  
The thunder and the sunshine,"

his whole life was passed in sturdy, uncomplaining labour, at a period when existence was to be earned only by the sweat of the brow and the toil of the brain. In the war of 1756, he was a common soldier in the provincial troops that served under General Amherst, in the invasion of Canada, and in this service his merit soon promoted him to the

rank of captain. The cession of Canada to England, under the treaty of 1763, opened the interior of New Hampshire to settlement, by relieving it from the constant incursions of savages; and Ebenezer Webster received, with other retired soldiers, a grant of land at the head-quarters of the Merrimac River, now called the town of Salisbury; and here, in 1754, with no civilised habitation between his own and the walls of Quebec, he built a log-cabin, and began his rough farmer's life. Eighty years after, Daniel Webster, in noticing a taunt of his political opponents, that General Harrison was the log-cabin candidate for the Presidency, alluded with deep and characteristic feeling to his own father's first home. "It did not happen to me," he said, "to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements in Canada.

I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for HIM who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues under its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own,—may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind!"

The period between 1764 and 1775 was one of great popular excitement throughout the American colonies. The various measures of taxation which resulted in their revolt from British dominion, were vehemently and intelligently discussed in every village and hamlet in New England; and on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Ebenezer Webster raised a company, composed of his friends, kinsmen, and townsmen, and was in service during the greater part of the contest. In the last year of the war, on the 18th of January, 1782, Daniel Webster was born. His mother, the second wife of his father, was a woman of strong mind and deep affections, and seems to have early discerned the uncommon capacity of her child. His juvenile thirst for knowledge, combined with the fact that he was frail in constitution as compared with

his robust elder brothers, gained for him the privilege of being sent to school when very young. The peripatetic schoolmaster of that day, who ventured to carry the treasures of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to towns on the edges of civilised life, was commonly unskilled in more than one or two branches of learning. Thus the boy's first master could write a good running hand and read pretty well, but his spelling was as bad as Sheridan's or the Duke of Marlborough's. To his school-house, however, the future statesman daily trudged in the bitter winter weather of New Hampshire, when he was only four years old, to lay siege to the precious fraction of universal knowledge deposited in the cranium of Master Chase, and to hear, on his return, the jocular Anak's (his elder brother) remark, that "Dan was sent to school in order that he might know as much as other boys." His second instructor, at a later age, was somewhat more brilliantly endowed; and still lives to testify to the willingness with which his pupil received the rudiments of learning. As the boy grew older, he eagerly availed himself of a small public library in the town, and thoroughly studied the few English classics it contained. The "Spectator," Pope's "Essay on Man," and the dramas of Shakespeare, were his especial delight. His memory, as vivid as it was tenacious, fastened on the ideas and images suggested by these books, and made them his companions during the long hours in which he assisted his father on the farm. The "Constitution of the United States," with which his name is now inseparably connected in America, first met his eye in a country shop, printed on a cotton handkerchief. Making it his own by a valorous sacrifice of his hoarded pocket-money, he read it the same evening by the light of his father's snapping wood fire, and fixed it in his mind for ever. But it is to be presumed, that the education which exerted the greatest influence in forming his character came directly from the culture and discipline of his home, and the scenery with which that home was surrounded. The American spirit which appears so constantly in his writings, was wrought into the substance of his growing mind at his father's fireside. Ebenezer Webster had, in his humble way, acted history; and from his lips his son caught the living annals of the two great contests in which the colonies had been engaged,—"the Iliad and the Odyssey," says Mr. Everett, "of American independence." Nature also spoke to him in her rudest Spartan tones. He saw, to apply his own words in relation to his native State, "a sterile and stubborn soil, but the resolution to subdue it as stubborn also. Unrelenting rocks have yielded, and do yield,

to unrelenting labour. Manly strength, the nerved arm of freemen, each one tilling his own land, and standing on his own soil, enjoying what he earns and ready to defend it,"—all these preached to him the lessons of self-trust and faith in effort.

The reserve, also, which hung like a cloud round his boyhood, probably aided his development, by deepening and broadening his nature. At the academy, to which he was sent at the age of fourteen, no entreaties of his teachers could surmount his aversion to public speaking, or tempt him to join in an exercise of declamation, though, even then, his prodigious head, deep, rich voice, and blazing hazel eyes, seemed to prophesy the orator he eventually became. This reserve, and contempt of exhibition, starving vanity to feed pride, indicated no want of ambition; but his ambition was of that healthy kind, which is content to advance by steps instead of leaps, and which indulges in none of those vague illusions of greatness, by which thought so often weakens will. It was not until he had been nine months at the academy, that his father told him his intention of giving him a collegiate education. "I remember," says Mr. Webster, in a memorandum of his boyhood, "the very hill which we were ascending, through deep snow, in a New England sleigh, when my father made known this purpose to me. I could not speak: how could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

After some preparatory studies, he entered Dartmouth College in 1797, where he remained four years, keeping school during the winter months, to help pay the expenses of his brothers' education. He graduated with honour, though he does not appear to have been swayed by the common ambitions of a college student; and he signified his sense of the value of his diploma by contemptuously tearing it to pieces as he left the college doors. For about eight months after, he took the charge of a school in Fryeburg, Maine, receiving as compensation a dollar a day. With the provident forecast of New England prudence, he saved his whole salary to provide for the period of his professional studies, and supported himself by copying deeds for the recorder of the county. At Fryeburg he borrowed a copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," the reading of which decided his leaning to the law. In 1802, he returned to Salisbury, and, for two years, studied his profession in the office of a hard-headed pedantic lawyer of the town, who tasked him with his toughest books. From

this ungenial master he escaped, in 1804, to Boston, and completed his legal studies in the office of Christopher Gore, an accomplished lawyer and civilian, whose favourable opinion he quickly won, and under whose direction he mastered some of the most intricate branches of his profession. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar; but his career was in danger of being suddenly checked by what appeared to be an uncommon piece of good fortune. His father had been made a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, "in conformity," says Mr. Everett, "with a very common practice at that time, of placing on the side bench of the lower courts men of intelligence and respectability, though not lawyers." The clerkship of this court became vacant; and Judge Webster's colleagues offered it to him for his son. The fees were about fifteen hundred dollars a-year, which, in New Hampshire, was a princely income. Mr. Webster was at first disposed to accept it; but Mr. Gore, who had discerned the uncommon ability of his pupil, and witnessed the clearness, quickness, and grasp of his mind in the apprehension of the knottiest parts of the law, strenuously advised him to struggle a few years in comparative poverty, rather than bury his powers for ever in a county court. Much to the amazement and mortification of Judge Webster, therefore, his son declined the offered post; but, in order to be near his father in his declining years, he was content to open an office in the little town of Boscaawen, where he remained until the death of his parent, in 1806.

Shortly after this event, he removed to Portsmouth, the principal town in New Hampshire, and almost immediately took the first rank in his profession. The Portsmouth bar, at that period, had no superior in the United States. Among four or five native lawyers of more than ordinary ability, the ablest was Jeremiah Mason, a giant in body and mind, of undaunted confidence, imperturbable temper, and unerring sagacity,—before whose penetrating and pitiless understanding no fallacy or misstatement could hope for concealment or mercy. To this leader of the bar, Mr. Webster was frequently opposed; and his legal education was completed in the struggle with his antagonist. Two eminent counsel from Massachusetts also practised occasionally in Portsmouth—Samuel Dexter, whose "might grasp of principle" made him the terror of all merely technical intellects, and Joseph Story, now so widely known as a jurist. For the nine years that Mr. Webster remained at Portsmouth, he was retained in most of the important cases which came before the Superior Court of New Hampshire, and almost always as senior coun-

sel. In eloquence, he surpassed all his rivals at the bar; while he made up for their superiority in age and experience by "toiling terribly." Among other bracing studies, to which he devoted himself at this period, he carefully read every published statute of British legislation, principally for the purpose of observing the progress of society.

It was impossible that a man like Mr. Webster, in a country like the United States, should long be allowed to remain in private life. His ability was so marked that it forced itself upon the attention of politicians without effort of his own; and the result was a nomination to Congress, which, though supported by the whole strength of a party connexion, left him free from the dictation of party passions. In November, 1812, he was elected a representative from the state of New Hampshire to the House of Representatives, at Washington; and at the extra session of Congress in May, 1813, he took his seat. The country was rent by the mutual hostilities of two domestic factions—the Federalists and the Democrats,\* whose opposition dated from the organization of the government in 1789, and had been further inflamed by the course of events in Europe. Mr. Webster was a moderate Federalist of the school of Washington, Hamilton, and Jay,—a class of statesmen who appear to have monopolized a great portion of the organizing genius of the country, and whose republicanism was never seduced from the plain path of practical wisdom and constitutional duty, either by abstractions or passions. The democrats, however, had been in power since 1801; and at the period of Mr. Webster's entrance into public life, they had a majority in both houses of Congress; were led by the ablest and most influential politicians of the country; and had compelled the administration of Madison to abandon its favourite policy of fighting Great Britain by means of commercial restrictions, and declare open war. When Mr. Webster took his seat, the war was raging; and though he had a just contempt for many of the measures of the administration by which it was conducted, he acted an independent part during the whole contest. His first speech placed him at once on an acknowledged level with the leading public men in Congress—Clay, Calhoun, Forsyth, and Lowndes; and he had not been two years in public life before it was said of him, by one of his most distinguished opponents from the Southern States, "that the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior."

\* This contest has now ceased, and the term *democrat* no longer has reference to it. A democrat in the United States is, at present, equivalent to little more than a Free Trader.

It is not our purpose to follow the course of American politics during Mr. Webster's long political career, but simply to attempt an estimate of his personal and intellectual character, as exhibited in his efforts as a statesman, diplomatist, advocate, and orator. It is sufficient, therefore, for us to say, that in 1816 he resigned his seat in Congress, removed from Portsmouth to Boston, and from that time continued to reside in Massachusetts. Though his purpose was to forsake political life, in order to devote himself exclusively to his profession, he was induced, in 1822, to accept a nomination to Congress from Boston, and was, of course, elected. In 1827, he was elected by the Massachusetts legislature to the Senate of the United States, to which he was re-elected every six years, until 1841, when, on the accession of his party to power, he was appointed by President Harrison Secretary of State. This office he held about two years, and, on resigning it, was again elected to the Senate. In 1850, he received the appointment of Secretary of State in the administration of President Fillmore—an office which he held up to the time of his death.

During the greater part of this whole period, Mr. Webster held a high position among American statesmen, and his name is connected with almost every important measure of the Government. Those of his countrymen who most vehemently opposed his opinions still felt an artistic interest in him as their foremost man of genius, and were ever willing to give him their respect and admiration while they withheld their love and their votes. There was also a general feeling in the United States that the man was infinitely greater than his works—a belief in a reserved power in his character which circumstances left undeveloped, or which no adequate emergency had called forth. He was so uniformly victorious over every eminent man with whom he came into collision in debate, and achieved his triumphs with such a seeming absence of strain and effort, calmly putting forth just strength enough to ensure his success, and affording here and there vanishing glimpses of idle reserves of argument and passion, which he did not deem necessary to bring into action, that the impression he universally made was that of a man great by original constitution, with an incalculable personal force behind his manifested mental power, and therefore one whose deeds were not the measure of his capacity.

This disproportion between the impression produced by the personality of some men and their actual achievements has been finely illustrated by Emerson, in his "Essay on Character." He says:—

"I have read, that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution, that when he has told us all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not, in the record of facts, equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his works. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes, is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance."

Webster had little, very little, of that sensitiveness of feeling and flexibility of imagination by which a man is sometimes hurried beyond his nature; deceiving, for the moment, both himself and others as to his real capacity and average strength. He disdained all parade of rhetoric, or logic, or learning, or eloquence; would not affect excitement when he was not excited; and was probably the only great orator too proud to please an expectant audience by any exaggeration of the subject on which he spoke. Objects lay in his mind as they lie in nature; and their natural order was never disturbed in his speech from any appetite for applause. Always equal to the occasion, he despised all lifting of the occasion to the height of his own reputation. But, when thoroughly aroused by a great and kindling passion, his words came from him like bolts—swift, gleaming, smiting—evincing, in their instantaneous effects, the prodigious force with which they were hurled.

No other American statesman approaches Mr. Webster in the massiveness and austere simplicity of his intellect, or exhibits equal amplitude of comprehension with equal strength of nature. It is difficult, indeed, to detect in his writings, any of those minor peculiarities and petulances of character which, in the case of other men, slide adroitly into their conceptions, and give a twist to their reasoning. Two speeches alone, that at Boston, in 1842, and that at Marshfield, in 1848, contain records of political antipathies, revealing glimpses of personal dislikes, and dotted with bits of shrewish sarcasm. But commonly, his intellect, though penetrated with will, is free from wilfulness. Always self-moved, it was very rare that he was morbidly self-conscious; and while he was not an economist in the use of the personal pronoun, he purged the "I" from all idiosyncracies. It was

the understanding of the man that spoke so imperiously, not his prejudice or egotism. Pride of intellect was, in him, identical with pride of character; and he would have felt the same shame in being detected in a sophism or falsehood. Misrepresentation is, in his view, as deadly an intellectual as moral sin. Accordingly, he seems to reason under a sense of personal responsibility, and his statements sound like depositions taken under oath. His perceptions of things and their relations were so clear, calm, and comprehensive, that his countrymen always held him morally accountable for mental error, and judged his logic in the spirit in which they would judge another man's motives. As he never received, so he never appeared to expect any toleration for mistakes; he was ready to stand or fall by the plain reason of his case; and, while his facts and arguments were unanswered or unanswerable, he rarely honoured an insinuation levelled at his motives by an outbreak of rage, but treated it with a toss of imperious contempt or a flash of withering scorn. He could not, had he been in Burke's place, have condescended to write the "Letter to a Noble Lord." Thus, when a library of vituperation was written against him for remaining in the cabinet of Mr. Tyler, after the other Whig members had resigned, he remarked, in the course of a speech to some of his friends in Massachusetts,—“No man of sense can suppose that, without strong motives, I should wish to differ in conduct from those with whom I had long acted; and as for those persons whose charity leads them to seek for such motive in the hope of personal advantage, neither their candour nor their sagacity deserves anything but contempt.” The look which accompanied this, and the tone in which “candour” and “sagacity” were uttered, had a vitriolic intensity of meaning more effective than volumes of ordinary invective. This mode of meeting accusation is certainly not without a certain spice of aristocratic insolence, but it saves time. In the United States a man is too busy to spend one-half of his life in explaining the other half.

As a lawyer, Mr. Webster's power of purifying reason from personal peculiarity, while he impregnated it with personal force, early made him potential before a jury, who, when he appeared before them, soon found themselves not merely listening to a clear exposition of facts and principles, but in burning contact with a superior nature. His comprehensive and systematizing mind,—seeing all sides of a subject at once, evolving simplicity out of seemingly hopeless complication, and rapidly grouping the significant facts around appropriate principles,—resolved the

essential points to be pressed into statements which contained the very essence of the law and evidence, and then drove them into the minds of the jury with ponderous vigour.

From a certain instinct of truth in his own intellect, which established magnetic relations with the same instinct in jurors, Mr. Webster was not, we believe, considered so good an advocate in a bad cause as many lawyers of less grasp but more flexibility of mind. He made the worse appear the better reason, only "by compulsion and laborious flight." But in desperate cases, with the truth on his side, he won great triumphs. No lying witness could then escape his terrible cross-examination. He held his very soul "with his glittering eye," and forced the truth out of his faltering lips with inquisitorial power. The defence of the Kennistons, given in the fifth volume of his works, and the argument against the Knapps, in the sixth, are celebrated instances of his transcendent ability on the side of justice. In the first case, he rescued his clients from the coils of one of the most ingenious conspiracies on record; and, in the last, with little more than slender threads of circumstantial evidence bearing on the main point to be proved, he compelled a reluctant jury, who could not resist the mingled moral and mental power he brought to bear upon them, to convict a criminal whose guilt was undoubted, though its legal evidence was made up of subtle details, which left a rather wide margin for "a reasonable doubt."

It was, however, as a constitutional lawyer that Mr. Webster found the largest legal scope for the exercise of his own power in seizing, wielding, and applying principles. In the United States, the Supreme Court is the final judge of the validity, not only of the enactments of State legislatures, but of the laws of Congress itself. As the authorized interpreter of the constitution, it can pronounce any unconstitutional act of the State governments, or general government, void, and release citizens from obedience to it, provided the act can be made to assume the shape of a case in law or equity. All power in the United States is restrained by written constitutions, and the moment it plainly oversteps its delegated authority, it is, in theory at least, not only entitled to no obedience, but it is the duty of a good citizen to disobey it, and raise the constitutional issue. In most of the important historical cases which have come before the Supreme Court, in its appellate jurisdiction, during the last thirty or forty years, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel; and, in this court, the qualities calculated to make a first-class statesman are almost identical with those which

make a first-class lawyer. An important decision with which Mr. Webster was connected may be mentioned as illustrative of the system. We refer to the one in the case of Gibbons and Ogden, by which the act of the great State of New York, granting to the assignees of Fulton the exclusive right to navigate by steam all its rivers, harbours, and bays, was annulled. Mr. Webster, in his argument, successfully contended that this master monopoly was an encroachment on the power given to the general government to regulate commerce.

The solidity and grasp of intellect and the force of character which distinguished the forensic efforts of Mr. Webster were equally his peculiarities as a statesman. These qualities gave to his political speeches and addresses a prevailing tone of moderation, which rendered him a fair representative of the principles which lie at the foundation, and regulate the action, of the American political system. A scrutiny of these principles, as they appear in his exposition, may dissipate some current prejudices in regard to the United States, and convey an accurate impression of the real nature of American liberty. This liberty, far from being an unrestrained democracy, is a complicated system of checks and balances, equally removed from the simplicity either of despotism or of anarchy. It is a concrete system, with a history, with institutions, with traditions, prejudices, inconsistencies,—an organic product, indeed, expressing the national life of the people, and obeying interior laws rather than conforming to exterior maxims. A case, in which Mr. Webster was engaged as counsel, and which came before the Supreme Court of the United States, in January, 1848, brought prominently out some of the essential features of the above system. A party in the State of Rhode Island, assuming to be a majority of the people, proceeded, in conformity with abstract democratic principles, to call meetings of the people, and to organize a government without any regard to the existing authorities of the State. The legal government refused to abdicate, stigmatized the movement as rebellion, and put it down by force. Six years afterwards, the case to which we have referred came before the Supreme Court. It involved the question as to which of these governments was entitled to the obedience of the people. Mr. Webster, in his argument, justified the constituted authorities, and referred to the pretensions of their opponents with marked contempt. "Men," he said, "cannot get together and count themselves, say there are so many hundreds and so many thousands, and judge of their own qualifications, and call themselves a go-

vernment. Another set of men, forty miles off, in the same State, might, on the same principle, do the same. What is this," he asked, "but anarchy? What liberty is there here but a tumultuous, tempestuous, violent, stormy liberty—a sort of South American liberty, without power, except in its spasms; a liberty supported by arms to-day, crushed by arms to-morrow? Is that our liberty?"

Mr. Webster answers this question by stating the facts and principles on which American liberty rests; and he proves that, judged by the ideas and the practice of American republicanism, the Rhode Island movement was a rebellion. We condense his argument, but present it, as far as possible, in his own language. He starts with the proposition, universally admitted in the United States, that the people are sovereign; that is, the aggregated community, the collective will of the people, is sovereign; but this, he proceeds to say, is not the sovereignty which acts in the daily exercise of sovereign power. The people cannot act daily as the people. They must establish a government, and invest it with so much of the sovereign power, as the case requires; and this sovereign power being delegated, the government which it creates becomes what is properly called the State. The State then is an organized government, representing the collective will of the people, so far as they see fit to invest that government with power. As the exercise of power directly by the people is impracticable, it must be exercised by their representatives; and American governments are distinguished beyond all others in ancient or modern times by the marvellous felicity of their representative system. This system in England had its origin, not in the rights of the people, but in the necessities and commands of the crown. In America, on the contrary, it was strictly popular both in its origin and development.

Now, the basis of this representation, is suffrage. The right to choose representatives is every man's part in the exercise of sovereign power. This is the mode in which power emanates from its source, and gets into the hands of conventions, legislatures, courts of law, and the executive chair. It begins in suffrage. Suffrage is the delegation of the power of an individual to some agent.

This being so, then follow two other great principles of the American system, essentially conservative in their character. The first is, that the right of suffrage shall be guarded, protected, and secured against force and fraud; the second, that its exercise shall be prescribed by *previous law*; its qualifications, the time, place, and manner of its exercise, and the rule by which its results may be cer-

tified to the central power, shall be prescribed by previous law.

The American people thus not only limit their State governments, and their general governments, but they *limit themselves*, set bounds to their own power, and provide for the security of their institutions against the impulses of mere majorities. They limit themselves in regard to alterations or amendments of the fundamental law, according to which their general government is organized.

By the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States, Congress, two-thirds of both houses concurring, may propose amendments of the constitution; or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States, may call a convention; and amendments proposed, in either of these forms, must be ratified by the legislatures or conventions of *three-fourths* of the States. The people also limit themselves in regard to the qualifications of electors and candidates for election. They have not only said, "We will elect no man who has not such and such qualifications," but, "We will not vote ourselves unless we have such and such qualifications." The will of the people is never to be taken "from public meetings, nor from tumultuous assemblages, by which the timid are terrified, the prudent are alarmed, and by which society is disturbed;" but from its expression through legal forms which prescribe the mode of its exercise.

The mingled energy and temperance of national character, implied in this orderly liberty, has perhaps, in Mr. Webster, its grandest individual expression. Most of his own political life was passed in opposition, and opposition in many cases to innovations he deemed foolish and ruinous; but he ever exhibited that solid temper which bears temporary defeat with fortitude, which doggedly persists in the hope of future victory, and which scorns to resist constituted authority by the demagogue's weapons of faction or anarchy. He knew, as well as the most fiery and impatient radical, that such a course is not the most attractive to the imagination and passions, and not always to the impulses, of the moral nature. "It is no pleasant employment," he says, in reference to his own long opposition to General Jackson's administration,—"it is no holiday business, to maintain opposition against power and against majorities, and to contend for stern and sturdy principles against personal popularity,—against a rushing and overwhelming confidence that, by wave upon wave, and cataract after cataract, seems to be bearing away and destroying whatsoever would withstand it."

Mr. Webster had the watchfulness, sagacity, and courage, as well as the stubborn pa-

tience, proper to an American constitutional statesman. The substance of political liberty, as embodied in fundamental laws, he would never sacrifice to generous passions or abstract maxims. The liberty that he loved is an organizing genius, not a declaimer of noble sentiments;—a liberty which fortifies itself in forms, and intrenches itself in establishments; and as the people have limited themselves by constitutions, so he demanded that the authorities thus constituted should limit themselves by constitutional restraints. The very essence of free political constitutions, he remarks, consists in their being subject to rule and regulation.

“The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose, come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to legal authority,—far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and, building on the experience of ages which are past, labours diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; this is *our* liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it.”

Again, in referring to the duty of a representative of the people to hold constituted power within the limitations of constitutional restraints, he represents him as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty.

“Is he to be blind when visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon with the clear and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing in any form towards the citadel which he guards?”

This extreme jealousy of power, this steadfast adherence to established maxims, and resistance to the slightest usurpations of authority, are characteristics of Mr. Webster, in common with all the thoughtful portion of his countrymen. His teaching is, to meet encroachment at the first step; and he loves

to illustrate it by reference to the history of the country.

“Our fathers,” he says, “accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. . . . They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. . . . They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated it to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, *whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*”

Such being the nature of American liberty, the question immediately arises,—what are the principles which seem likely to ensure its permanence? The first is the localization of power, and comparative absence of centralization. The American system proceeds on the idea of “local governments for local purposes, and a general government for general purposes.” The people are avaricious of their power, and delegate it with a grudging hand. They have given no authority to the general government which can be as wisely and usefully exercised by the State, and none to the State which they can exercise as well in the township, and none to the town which the individual can properly exercise in person. As a consequence of this subdivision of power, there is a multiplicity of trusts; and few American citizens, of ordinary education and character, pass through life without at some time holding an office. The people in such a system are not only important in the mass, but they are important as individuals; and universal education at the public expense, if need be, is a natural result. But perhaps the principle of permanence in the American system most worthy of note is one on which Mr. Webster laid peculiar emphasis—namely, the laws which regulate the descent and transmission of property, and the policy which makes the creation of wealth a matter secondary to its distribution. In 1820, in speaking of the popular foundation of all American governments, he took the broad



ground, that government is founded on property; that in the absence of military force, political power naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property. And, in accordance with this principle, he predicted, in reference to the French law of succession, that if the French Government did not change the law in half a century, the law would change the government. "Our ancestors," he adds, "began their system of government here under a condition of comparative equality as to wealth, and their early laws were of a nature to favour and continue this equality. . . . Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the lands; and it may be fairly said, that this necessary act fixed the future frame and form of the government. . . . A great revolution with regard to property must take place before our governments can be moved from their republican basis, unless they be violently struck off by military power." The preservation of this equality in a country where suffrage almost universal exists is, he contends, necessary to the safety of American institutions. It ensures popular intelligence, popular education, popular morality; it gives sobriety of character and the hardy civic virtues; it makes the great body of the people directly interested in the stability of the government.

On the question of Free Trade, Mr. Webster rose to no higher point of view than the majority of American politicians. His opinions on this subject, at first adverse to protection, and subsequently in favour of it, were determined not by general principles, but by a consideration of immediate sectional interests. The following passage from Mr. Everett's "Memoir," will throw light at once on Webster's change of view, and on the mode in which the position of the Northern and Southern States, in relation to the above question, has been reversed:—

"It will excite some surprise at the present day, in consideration of the political history of the last thirty years, to find how little difference, as to leading measures, existed in 1816 between these distinguished statesmen [Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Lowndes, and Cheves]. No line of general party difference separated the members of the first Congress after the peace. The great measures brought forward were a National Bank, Internal Improvement, and a Protective Tariff. On these various subjects members divided, not in accordance with any party organization, but from individual convictions, supposed sectional interests, and general public grounds. On the two first-named subjects, no systematic difference of views disclosed itself between the great northern and southern leaders; on the third alone there was diversity of opinion. In the Northern States considerable advance had been made in manufacturing industry, in different places, especially at

Waltham (Massachusetts); but a great manufacturing interest had not yet grown up. The strength of this interest as yet lay mainly in Pennsylvania. Navigation and foreign trade were the leading pursuits of the North; and these interests, it was feared, would suffer from the attempt to build up manufactures by a protective tariff. It is accordingly a well-known fact,—which may teach all to entertain opinions, on public questions, with some distrust of their own judgment,—that the tariff of 1816, containing the *minimum* duty on coarse cotton fabrics, the corner-stone of the protective system, was supported by Mr. Calhoun, and a few other southern members, and carried by their influence against the opposition of the New England members, including Mr. Webster. It has been stated, that, during the pendency of this law before Congress, he denied the constitutionality of a tariff for protection. This statement is inaccurate; although, had it been true, it would have placed him only in the same relation to the question with Mr. Calhoun and the other southern members, who, at that time, admitted the principle of protection, but lived to reject it as the grossest and most pernicious constitutional heresy. . . . It is not true, that Mr. Webster, in 1816, denied the constitutionality of a tariff for protection. In 1820, in discussing the subject in Faneuil Hall, he argued that, if the right of laying duties for protection were derived from the revenue power, it was of necessity incidental; and on that assumption, as the incident cannot go beyond that to which it is incidental, duties avowedly for protection, and not having any reference to revenue, could not be constitutionally laid. The hypothetical form of the statement shows a degree of indecision; while the proposition itself is not to be gainsaid. At a later period, and after it had been confidently stated and satisfactorily shown by Mr. Madison, that the Federal Convention intended, under the provision for regulating commerce, to clothe Congress with the power of laying duties for the protection of manufactures; and after Congress had, by repeated laws, passed against the wishes of the navigating and strictly commercial interests, practically settled this constitutional question, and turned a vast amount of the country into the channel of manufactures; Mr. Webster considered a moderate degree of protection (such as would keep the home market steady under the occasional gluts in the foreign market, and shield the domestic manufacturer from the wholesale frauds of foreign importations), as the established policy of the United States; and he accordingly supported it."

Two of Webster's most celebrated speeches, his reply to Hayne, and his reply to Calhoun, relate to this matter, though their chief importance is due to their powerful influence in settling a disputed question of constitutional law. So far as they relate to this question, the speeches are worthy of their fame; but they are at the same time a record of what to us is the strange anomaly,—that a mind of such rare breadth and penetration as Webster's should have enlisted itself in the cause

of Protection, on the ground of a confessedly sectional interest!

While the Northern States had, through the change of circumstances indicated by Mr. Everett, become converts to the tariff system, the Southern States were discovering its tendency to enrich northern manufacturers on the plunder of southern planters. The plan of party tactics in the United States is to denounce all legislation which is considered impolitic, unjust, or oppressive, as unconstitutional; if it be not immediately abandoned, then it becomes "dangerously unconstitutional"; and if persevered in, after it is thus stigmatized, it becomes "palpably unconstitutional." But the majorities in Congress in favour even of the tariff of 1828, called the "Bill of Abominations," were so decided as to afford little hope that the policy would be abandoned by the general government. The southern opponents of the system then fell back on the position of State rights, and broadly asserted the right, under the Constitution, of each State to nullify, within its own limits, a law of Congress which it deemed unconstitutional. This theory, though hardly pushed so far, had always been viewed with some favour by minorities in the party discussions of the United States. The Democrats, much to the horror of the Federalists, had asserted it in their opposition to the administration of John Adams; the Federalists, much to the horror of the Democrats, had asserted it in their opposition to the administration of Madison; and the healthy hatred of the people to centralization gave to any principle which emphasized local rights a peculiar fascination. Now the natural right of revolution for an adequate cause was admitted by all parties; it was also universally conceded that unconstitutional laws were void; but the nullifiers claimed that, without revolution, and by a clear constitutional right, a State could resist a law of the United States pronounced to be void by its own interpretation of the Constitution. The discussion, therefore, related to the very nature of the general government and the bond of union; and the pertinent interrogation was put—Who is finally to construe the Constitution of the United States?

In the first year of President Jackson's administration, this question was brought prominently forward, and became the occasion of what, in America, is called "the Great Debate." General Jackson had been elected by a combination of parties, who agreed in little but in their opposition to John Quincy Adams. The party of State-rights, however, had supported him; Mr. Calhoun, their most distinguished statesman, was Vice-President, and it was at first supposed that they would

control the administration, destroy the tariff, and identify the principles of nullification with those of constitutional law. The leaders of the party were the cleverest thinkers of the new Jackson connexion: they had a positive theory of the nature of the federal government, and at least had cleared their minds of all those loose notions of the relations between the States and the general government, which characterized the views of President Jackson, and many of his northern and western supporters. Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, their leader in the Senate, was a brilliant and accomplished orator and politician, abundantly confident in opinion, popular in manners, and plausible in speech. The debate commenced on the 18th of January, 1830, on a resolution, moved on the 29th of December previous, by Mr. Foot, of Connecticut, in relation to the public lands; and it dragged on for months. Half of the whole body of senators spoke, and some speeches occupied two or three days. Very early in the debate, a concerted plan was revealed on the part of members from the south and west, to fix upon New England the odious charge of a narrow policy in regard to the settlement of the western domain. Mr. Hayne, especial; though representing a State known as the bulwark of slave institutions, assailed New England as hostile to western emigration, because, adhering to her accursed policy of the tariff, she required multitudes of dependent labourers—a population, in fact, of paupers—to build up her interests at home. Mr. Webster answered this charge in what is termed his "First speech on Foot's resolution"—a masterpiece of condensed statement and argument, though not characterized by much animation or elegance. Mr. Hayne replied, in a speech of considerable ability, but overflowing with arrogant assertion and epigrammatic impertinence, in the course of which he indulged in a series of sparkling libels on New England, made a direct personal attack on Mr. Webster, and developed the South Carolina theory of nullification. As the high ground taken in this theory respecting the sovereignty of the States might, by a little extension of logic, be used as an argument for the sovereign States of the West to convert the public domain within their respective borders to their own use, the seeming concurrence of southern and western statesmen wore an ominous appearance; and, as Mr. Webster had been the most distinguished supporter of Mr. Adams' administration,—which the whole Jackson combination especially hated,—the attack on him was considered as the first movement of a concerted plan to overwhelm him by the united force of the party in power. He had thus to defend himself, the institutions and

character of his section of the country, and the constitution of the United States. On the 26th of January, accordingly, the day after Mr. Hayne had concluded, he rose to reply; and he replied in such a way as to prevent any senator from ever afterwards giving him an opportunity to repel a personal attack. His speech on the occasion is commonly considered the greatest and most influential ever made in Congress, in pointed felicity of retort, in withering sarcasm, in clearness of statement, in vigour and reach of reasoning, in knowledge of the history and principles of parties, in comprehension of the constitutional law, and in the irresistible eloquence of its patriotic appeals.

The fame of this speech was great, and its circulation immense. It had the effect, not only of checking the progress of nullification doctrines among the great body of the people, but of imprinting on their understandings the true principles of constitutional law. It obtained for him the honourable title of "the defender of the constitution." But Mr. Calhoun, the ablest expounder of the theory of State right, contended that the victory was rhetorical rather than real; that Mr. Hayne had not been sufficiently trained and disciplined to give logical exactness to the theory; and hinted that, in his own hands, the result would have been different. Three years afterwards, the question came up in a more serious form: he appeared in the senate as the champion of his State, which, under his lead, pushed nullification to its practical consequences; and he had the opportunity he desired to debate the question in person. The passage of the Tariff Act of 1832, by a vote of both houses of Congress, of two to one, exasperated South Carolina beyond endurance. The legislature called a convention of the people. This convention passed an ordinance, which declared the revenue laws of 1828 and 1832 to be null and void within that State; provided against any appeal being made to the Supreme Court of the United States, to test the validity of the ordinance, or the laws passed to give it effect, and prohibited the State authorities, or those of the United States, from enforcing the payment of any duties within the State after the 1st of February, 1833. The convention met on November 19, 1832; and immediately on its adjournment, on November 27th, the legislature again assembled, and passed the laws directed by the ordinance.

Mr. Calhoun, previous to this action of his State, had quarrelled with President Jackson; and whatever apparent agreement between them on the subject of State rights there may have been, the energy of Jackson's hatred was sufficient to dissolve it. The President's

strength lay in volition rather than in logic, and there was some appositeness in the comparison that Mr. Clay instituted between him and Oliver Cromwell, in the conduct of the latter towards a Catholic town, which stipulated, in surrendering, for the toleration of its religion. "Oh, yes, certainly;" said Cromwell, as he ran his eye over the conditions, "granted, granted; but," he added, "if any one of them shall dare to be found attending mass, he shall instantly be hanged." Jackson, in the same way, seemed originally willing to assent to the fundamental position of the nullifiers, that the constitution was a compact between sovereign States; but he did not hesitate to declare them conspirators and traitors when they acted in conformity with principles deducible from it. On the 13th of December, accordingly, he fulminated against the South Carolinians his famous proclamation, in which the principles of Webster were arrayed in the rhetoric of Livingston, and penetrated by the will of Jackson. It expressed a fixed determination to execute the laws at any hazard, and those who knew the President felt that he was not the man to flinch or recede.

On the 21st of January, the celebrated "Force Bill" was introduced into the senate, conferring extraordinary powers upon the President to meet the emergency. Mr. Calhoun, who had resigned his office of Vice President, and had been elected a member of the senate from South Carolina, called it "A Bill to repeal the Constitution of the United States, and vest in the President despotic powers." The administration, although it was sure of large majorities in favour of the bill, felt that it had no debater who was a match for Mr. Calhoun, and the aid of Mr. Webster was solicited. Although he had every party and personal motive to wish for the discomfiture of the administration, he promised it his support on this question, for the simple reason that he thought it in the right. After the discussion had proceeded to a great length, Mr. Calhoun, on the 15th of February, commenced his celebrated speech against the bill. It occupied a large portion of two days, and is generally considered the greatest effort of his ingenious and audacious mind. It was devoted not only to a statement of the constitutional question, but abounded in illustrations of the vicious effects of centralization, from the time of Solomon down to that of Andrew Jackson. In subtlety, depth, and vigour, and in profound acquaintance with philosophy of government, it was superior to any speech previously made by his opponents, and fully sustained his reputation as a statesman and debater; but with all its remarkable felicity in deductive reason-

ing, it lacked that broad common sense grasp of premises which characterizes Mr. Webster's argumentation. As it contains the whole argument for nullification, as many of our readers may desire to know the course of reasoning by which this theory of legal insurrection is justified, we have prepared a condensation of it.

The Constitution, according to Mr. Calhoun, is a compact between sovereign States. In virtue of this compact, certain powers are delegated to the general government, as the *agent* of the States, with an express stipulation that all powers not delegated are reserved to the States or the people. The government thus created is a federal, not a consolidated, government; the parts are not fractions of an unit, but integers of a multiple. The sovereignty resides in the States, and is not divided: for sovereignty is incapable of division. It is a gross error to confound the exercise of sovereign powers with sovereignty itself, or the delegation of such powers with the surrender of them. Sovereigns may delegate their powers to one or many agents; but to surrender any portion of their sovereignty would be to destroy the whole. The whole sovereignty being thus in the States, the sovereign powers alone are divided.

Now, in a division of power, it is plainly the right of each to judge of the share allotted to each, for if either party had the right to judge, not only of its own share, but of that allotted to the other, the division would be annulled, and the whole power would be conferred on the party vested with such right. If it be contended that the Supreme Court has the right to judge finally in a case of contested power, the answer is, that the powers reserved to the States are reserved equally against all departments of the general government, the judicial no less than the legislative and executive. The sovereign States have not, indeed, conferred on their agent, in any department of his delegated powers, the right to judge of the reserved powers; for that would be to annul the acknowledged division of powers, to destroy the sovereignty of the States, exalt the agent above the principals, and end in changing the government into a consolidated democracy, in which an absolute majority might violate all the constitutional rights of the States as separate communities.

This being demonstrated, it follows that the duty of the general government, in case its laws are held unconstitutional by any State, is to confine itself strictly to the civil process, and to use no force; and, in that event, the State, by its inherent sovereignty, and standing on its reserved powers, must triumph over the general government, sus-

tained only by its delegated and limited authority. This right of State interposition to nullify any unconstitutional law is the great conservative element in the government. If generally admitted, it would rarely need to be exercised, as the fear of it would be a check on unconstitutional legislation; for the general government would hardly usurp undelegated authority, if it knew that each State held the power to nullify its encroachments; and the consequence would be, that the disposition in the stronger section of the confederacy to impose burdens on the capital and industry of the weaker, not for the purpose of revenue, but to benefit itself, would be abandoned. It is true that, in theory, the general government is restrained by the plain terms of a written constitution; but, in fact, it will never heed these restraints if it be itself the judge of the constitution. A majority will rule in defiance of justice; whereas the resistance of a State compels it to do one of three things,—to recede, to compromise, or to obtain a new grant of power by an amendment of the constitution. This amendment would require two-thirds of the States to propose, and three-fourths of the States to ratify. Such an amendment being made, the nullifying State would be properly compelled to recede from its opposition. But to attempt to enforce the revenue laws as they are, would be to enforce robbery by murder; for unconstitutional laws being null and void, all property taken from the people under their enactments is robbery, and all attempts to enforce them, when resisted, is murder. "In the case of South Carolina," exclaimed Mr. Calhoun, "it is a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others still more terrible to the free and the brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honour."

With a perfect knowledge of the strength and weakness of Mr. Calhoun's position, Mr. Webster, in his reply, struck immediately at the proposition, from which all of Mr. Calhoun's opinions are deduced,—that the constitution is a compact between sovereign States. In assailing this definition of the constitution, Mr. Webster proved that where sovereign communities are parties, there is no difference between a compact, a confederacy, and a league. But a league or confederacy, is nothing but a continuing and subsisting treaty. Now, what does the constitution say of itself? Does it call itself a compact? Certainly not. It uses the word but once, and that is when it declares that the States shall enter into no compact. Does it declare itself a league, a confederation, a subsisting treaty

between the States? Certainly not. It declares itself a constitution. What is a constitution? It is a fundamental law—that fundamental regulation which determines the manner in which the public authority is to be exercised. The idea of a constitution is familiar, definite, well settled, in the minds of the American people. Nobody pretends to misunderstand what is meant by the constitution of one of the States; and the constitution of the United States speaks of itself as an instrument of the same nature. It says this constitution shall be the law of the land, anything in any State Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. The old confederation, which the constitution supplanted, and the evils of which it was designed to avoid, was expressly called a league, and into this league it was declared that the States, as States, severally entered. But the constitution speaks of itself in plain contradistinction from a confederation; for it says that all debts contracted, and all engagements entered into by the United States shall be as valid under this constitution as under the confederation. Why was not similar language used in the constitution, if a similar intention existed?

Again, the constitution speaks of the political system it established, as the Government of the United States. Can a league between sovereign powers be called a government? The broad and clear distinction between a government and a league is, that a government is a body politic, with a will of its own, and possessing powers to execute its own purposes. Every compact looks to some power to enforce its stipulations; if a compact between sovereign communities, this power is the force of one party against the force of the other—the power of war. But a government executes its decisions by its own supreme authority. Its use of force in compelling obedience to its enactments is not war. A constitution of government, and a compact between sovereign powers, are things essentially unlike in their very natures, and incapable of ever being the same.

If by compact be meant, not a league or confederacy, but the consent of people—termed by some European writers, the social compact,—even then the constitution is not a compact, but the result of one. Founded on consent, it is a government. The people have agreed to make a constitution; but, when made, it becomes what its name imports. The United States' laws have their foundation in the agreement of the two houses of Congress; but the result of the agreement in each case is not a compact, but a law. So, when a government has been actually erected, the fruit of the agreement exists, but the agreement itself is merged in its own accomplishment; for there can be no

longer a subsisting agreement or compact to form a constitution or government, after that government has been actually formed.

No discrimination can be made between the State governments and the general government, on the ground that the latter rests on delegated powers, because the powers enjoyed by both are equally delegated by the people. The sovereignty of government is an idea unknown in America. The sovereignty is in the people. The State constitutions were established by the people of the States. The constitution was established by the *people of all the States*: in one case the powers delegated are delegated by the people of the several States, in the other by the people of the States as united. The constitution was ratified by State Conventions; but its preamble commences—"We, the people of the United States." It proceeds to delegate sovereign powers to the government it establishes, and these powers create direct relations between itself and individuals which no State authority can dissolve, which nothing can dissolve but revolution. In everything, therefore, relating to the general government, the sovereignty is in the people of the United States.

Mr. Webster then proceeded, at much length, to prove by the history of the country, by analogies from the nature of government, and by an examination of the constitution, "that there is a supreme law, consisting of the Constitution, acts of Congress passed in pursuance of it, and treaties; and that, in cases not capable of assuming the character in a suit in law or equity, Congress must judge of, and finally interpret, this supreme law, so often as it has occasion to pass acts of legislation; and, in cases, capable of assuming, and actually assuming, the character of a suit, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter:" and "that an attempt by a State to abrogate, annul, or nullify an act of Congress, or to arrest its operation within her limits, on the ground that, in her opinion, such law is unconstitutional, is a direct usurpation on the just powers of the general government, and on the equal rights of other States; a plain violation of the constitution, and a proceeding essentially revolutionary in its character." After arguing that the law complained of was constitutional, he closed in a strain of solemn and commanding eloquence, expressing his readiness to meet any scenes of commotion and contest which the passage of the "Force Bill" might produce; and warning the friends of nullification that, in the event they succeeded, they would but prove themselves "the 'most skilful architects of ruin,' the most effectual extinguishers of high-raised expectations, the greatest blasters of human

hopes, that any age had produced. Amidst," he said, "the incantations and orgies of nullification, secession, disunion, and revolution, would be celebrated the funeral rites of constitutional and republican liberty."

After the delivery of Mr. Webster's argument, there was little doubt on which side was the reason of the question, as before its delivery, with General Jackson in the executive chair, there was little doubt on which side was the power. Mr. Calhoun replied to Mr. Webster's speech, the real irritation of which was but ill-concealed by a tone of assumed triumph, and which, with all its presumptuous pity for his opponent's logic, did not really invalidate one of Mr. Webster's positions. The "Force Bill" was passed, and any evils which might have resulted from it were prevented by Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill, which so modified the Revenue laws as to provide for a gradual reduction of duties. South Carolina, glad of an opportunity to recede from its attitude of resistance without loss of honour, accepted the measure as one yielded to her demands. Mr. Webster opposed it as a seeming concession to "unconstitutional menace."

In the autumn of 1840, the ascendancy of the Democratic party was completely overturned, and General Harrison elected President. To this event, Mr. Webster had greatly contributed, and on the formation of the Whig administration in March, 1841, he was induced to accept the office of Secretary of State. As a negotiator and executive officer, his intellect found a new and appropriate field for its exercise. His mind was deeply imbued with the principles of international law, and he was a complete master of the foreign relations of the Republic. The state of affairs was such as to demand instant attention. A few days after he had accepted office, he was in possession of intelligence regarding the feeling of the British Government, in the affair of the *Caroline*, which would, had he divulged it, have depressed the value of all the interests connected with the commerce of the United States, "one-half in six hours." The vexed question of the North-eastern Boundary, and other irritating subjects of dispute with Great Britain, were likewise clamorous for settlement, either by negotiation or war. Mr. Webster, in relation to all these matters, might have played the game either of finesse or audacity. If acuteness had been the quality which wisdom would have chosen to meet the emergency, the author of the speech on "The Appointing and Removing Power," and the advocate in the case of "Ogden and Saunders," had certainly no lack of ability to give prominence to distinctions almost microscopic, and to conduct a contest of dialectics, which would have

resulted in bequeathing the questions to his successors in office, as his predecessors had left them to him. Audacity would probably have produced war; and war, in Mr. Webster's opinion, could, in this age, be rightly undertaken on grounds which would justify the nation, not only in its own opinion, but in the general judgment of mankind. "With the right on our side," he had said, "we are a match for England; and with the right on her side, she is a match for us, or for anybody." The course which he did take resulted in an honourable settlement of the subjects in dispute; a settlement vindicated by reason at the time, justified by events since, and which nobody would now disturb. Mr. Everett has devoted an able chapter of his biography to a clear exposition of Mr. Webster's whole policy and action as Secretary of State; and this, taken in connexion with the State papers it elucidates, furnishes satisfactory evidence of Mr. Webster's eminent practical wisdom.

The most striking of Mr. Webster's papers, during his official connexion with President Fillmore's administration, is his letter to Chevalier Hülsemann, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, who had protested, in rather peremptory terms, against the employment, by President Taylor, of a confidential agent to observe the revolutionary movements of Hungary, with a view to the recognition of her independence by the United States. Mr. Webster, in this document, sustains the course of his predecessor in office, and treads, with a bold and free step, the dizzy edges which separate influence from intervention. He distinctly informs the Austrian Chargé, that the people of the United States feel a direct sympathy with every nation struggling for institutions similar to their own; that this sympathy is not necessarily hostile to "any of the parties to these great national struggles, but is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all;" and it is broadly hinted that the present condition of the Republic is such as to render it independent in the expression of its own opinions, and the pursuit of its own purposes, in its own way, it "being spread over a region, one of the richest and most fertile in the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface," and its population, already twenty-five millions, being likely "to exceed that of the Austrian empire within the period during which it may be hoped that M. Hülsemann may yet remain in the honourable discharge of his duties to his government." In order to be fully appreciated, this document should be read in connexion with Mr. Webster's speech on the Greek Revolution, delivered in 1822, as it is

an official expression of opinions and sentiments, respecting the duties of constitutional governments, which he has entertained from his entrance into public life, and to which, in that speech, he gave dignified and noble expression. The despotic ideas which the sovereigns, assembled at Laybach, attempted to interpolate into the code of international law, he assailed with his whole heart and whole strength. Representing their plan to be the preservation of the peace of the world, "by bringing the power of all governments to bear on all subjects," and alluding to the declaration of these crowned philosophers, that henceforth all national policies should be merged in a government policy, he remarks: "If it be true, that there is hereafter to be neither a Russian policy, nor a Prussian policy, nor an Austrian policy, nor a French policy, nor even, which yet I will not believe, an English policy, there will be, I trust in God, an American policy. If the authority of all these governments is hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow, in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance to its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness by the preservation of our own principles; which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity." Human liberty, he soon after adds, "may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigour of the Saxon race;" and, as far as regards the United States, he trusts that they will always be found on the side of freedom. As the pretensions put forward by the doctors of Laybach, of a right of forcible intervention in the affairs of other nations, was in violation of the public law of the world, and as nations have the same interests in international law which individuals have in social laws, he thinks it the duty of every free State to make its emphatic protest against such principles, and do its part in forming that public opinion of the civilized world, which is "the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression."

Nothing in the course of Webster's public life drew on him a greater amount of hostility and vituperation than his defence of the Fugitive Slave Law, and his advocacy of the other measures of compromise with regard to Slavery, in his speech on "The Constitution and the Union," delivered March 7th, 1850. There are persons who do not hesitate to pronounce that his conduct in relation to the above questions was in direct opposition to his convictions, and was a mere canvassing of the south for the Presidency. But to be

determined on a momentous point simply by the vulgar egotism of a desire for office belongs only to minds of a far inferior calibre to Webster's; though it is possible that personal ambition in this case, as well as in others, may have subtly blended itself with the other influences which helped to mould his opinion. The central point of Webster's views, as a statesman, was the maintenance of the Union; hence he was very liable to exaggerate any dangers which threatened it; and we have very little doubt that, in advocating the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other compromise measures, he honestly believed himself to be submitting to a minor evil as the only means of avoiding one incalculably greater; although we are strongly convinced that a fuller philosophical enlightenment, and deeper moral insight, would have brought him to a different conclusion.

In passing from Webster the lawyer, statesman, and executive officer, to Webster the orator and writer, we have no additional characteristics to record. The same muscular strength of intellect, the same disdain of the artifices of manner and pretences of emotion, the same closeness to things, the same proud and somewhat sullen content with his own limitations, are recognised in the rhetorician as in the man of affairs. The clear and wide perception which calmly includes facts; the understanding which detects their relations; the reason which grasps their principles, are all penetrated by that force of individual manhood which stamps every weighty paragraph with "Daniel Webster, his mark." He rarely took a position on any political question which did not draw down upon him a battalion of adversaries, with infinite noise of declamation and ingenious array of arguments; but after the smoke and dust of the conflict are blown over, the speech looms up a permanent thing in history or literature.

Mr. Webster's power of giving well-defined form to the products of his intellect is not usually accompanied by a corresponding strength of imagination to fuse the various materials of his speech into a symmetrical whole, in which the unity of the impression answers to the prodigious force of the various parts. His imagination seems to have been a faculty roused by the action of his nature after it had reached a certain pitch of excitement; and then partakes of the general grandeur and largeness of his mind; but it does not preside over his work from the commencement. The succession of his ideas is dependent on their relations, as seen by his understanding, to the almost entire exclusion of other sources of association. He has separated conceptions of great vividness, and occasionally of electric force; but the power of

artistic combination seems to be wanting. His thought tramps from sentence to sentence, but rarely glides or runs. So deficient are some of his minor performances in imaginative congruity, that some of the propositions and arguments look as though they had been heaved to the surface of his mind by throes of internal energy, which subsided with the effort, while the rest of the work is made up of such common material as happened to be readily at hand. Such is often the impression produced on the reader of Mr. Webster's printed speeches; but, great as many of these are as compositions, they lose much of their essential spirit in being reported, from the absence of the subtle, elastic, life-communicating energy, which streamed from the majestic presence, and kindled in the inspiring voice of the orator himself. A form of imposing manhood—a head and brow which had no parallel among twenty-five millions of people for massiveness—a swarthy face, dark, glittering, flexible to all emotions—eyes flashing with intelligence—a voice of great strength and compass, capable of being heard by ten thousand people in the open air, and of unapproachable power in its upper piercing tones—and all enforced by action which seemed to be the very instrument of will;—to be in the presence of these on some occasion worthy of their exercise, was, for the time, to have no thoughts, sentiments, or passions but those which were gleaming in the eyes, and heaving in the breast, and quivering in the uplifted arm of the self-kindled orator before you. The unity of the speech was then felt in the vitality of the man.

“He was,” says an eloquent countryman of his, by no means one of his indiscriminating panegyrists,\* “a great advocate; a great orator; it is said, the greatest in the land, and I do not doubt that this is true. Surely, he was immensely great; yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great orator. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a whole by nature, as a mother bears a son; nor the wide knowledge or deep philosophy, nor the plastic industry, which creates a beautiful whole by art, as the sculptor chisels the marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. . . . His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. . . . He always addressed the understanding, not the imagination. In his speech

\* Rev. Theodore Parker.

there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, making a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. . . . Commonly, Webster was honest in his oratory; open, English, and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar; and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column, and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy—in the Court-house, in the Senate, and the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and honest-minded man.”

“As a scholar,” says the same critic, “he passed for learned in the Senate, where scholars are few; for an universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him.”

It is difficult to extract from such an orator any specimens adequate to explain his influence before a popular assembly. His direct object is never to rouse the passions of his audience, but to kindle and brighten their reason, and their sense of duty through their reason, and to overbear the resistance of their prejudices and wills. This is effected as much by his condescended statements as by his sublimest outburst of enthusiasm. He persists in believing that man is a reasonable and moral creature, and in the height of political passion rarely exaggerates or inveighs. The lack of personal invective in his speeches is doubtless to be referred to the fact, that his sympathies, though deep were not quick: he did not hate the ordinary run of politicians to whom he was opposed; but, for the same reason, he did not love those with whom he was connected; and this indifference to individuals, this absence of facile manners and superficial feeling, this want of the polite cordiality, ludicrously misnamed “heart,” was the real obstruction in his path to the Presidency of the Republic. There is more profound and genuine feeling in any one of his great speeches than in all of Mr. Clay's; yet Mr. Clay was universally popular for his warm heart, and fostered the most selfish politicians



to his interest by the grace and geniality of his address. He was capable of loving and hating intensely from the slightest cause; had the spirit of the head of a clan as well as the shrewdness of the leader of a party; was vehement in faction as well as ardent in patriotism; and the result was, that his most immediate followers were fanatics in their enthusiasm for him; and one of them, labouring for words to express his love, is reported to have been delivered of this sentiment, that he would vote for Clay as long as Clay lived, and for his executor afterwards. Yet Mr. Webster's frequent postponement of his superior claims to the pretensions of his rival, evinced a magnanimity and depth of feeling altogether beyond Mr. Clay, and therefore never thoroughly appreciated by him. With all the abatements to be made to the merit of Mr. Webster's forbearance in invective, it is still no little praise "to have a giant's strength," yet hesitate "to use it like a giant." But while his sarcasm commonly spared persons, it was sufficiently remorseless to measures he disapproved and principles he disliked. In detecting and ridiculing the false maxims on which a course of policy proceeded, he exhibited a fine combination of sense and satire.

Patriotism, with Mr. Webster was a sentiment as well as a principle; and the value of the union of the States he ever refuses to make a matter of calculation. "I have not accustomed myself," he says, "to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below;" and none who heard can ever forget the solemn and thrilling pathos with which, in his reply to Hayne, he hoped that death would come to him before disunion to his country. "When these eyes," he exclaimed, "shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!" This patriotism runs through his writings, a constant inspirer of great thought and imaginations. At the close of his speech at Bunker Hill, he says:

"Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states,

Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, **OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.** And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever."

In closing this survey of Daniel Webster's intellectual character and public career, we cannot add to the list of his rare qualities that which gives the highest value to moderation and the intensest vision to wisdom: we mean, moral audacity in a wide field of action—a faithful adherence to principle under the pressure of immediate practical difficulties. Yet he provokingly raised the expectation of this quality by occasional flashes of moral enthusiasm, and by the intellectual hardihood with which he maintained his purposes. His sentiments, though not up to the level of his powers, were yet great enough to inspire, on some occasions, the noblest expression of moral truths. At such times no retired philosopher had a more vivid conception of those inexorable moral laws whose silent, certain, and awful operation neither individual men nor nations can safely disregard or ultimately elude. He seemed not only to see them as facts, but to feel them as duties; and, by his grasp of practical details, he could connect them with the every-day events with which, as a statesman, he had to deal. It was natural, therefore, that his countrymen should try him by severer tests than those which they applied to other statesmen; and perhaps the denunciations he received from eager reformers, when he acted from the ordinary motives, and met crises of affairs with the common expedients of politicians, was the best tribute ever made to the loftiest elements of his character. All that class of men in America whose interest in politics is confined to the moral questions occasionally connected with political action, looked to him as their natural leader, in

virtue of his possessing both knowledge of affairs and the inspiration of ideas; and they had little mercy or charity for his conduct when he crossed their designs and disappointed their expectations. The complaint, as far as we can glean it from various sources, seems to resolve itself into this,—that in those great emergencies which require a statesman of the stamp of Chatham, or a reformer of the stamp of Luther, Mr. Webster's worldly wisdom and moral insight appeared in juxtaposition rather than in combination. The vision faded, and faith in ideas departed, as practical difficulties thickened; the wide-glancing understanding of the man, perplexed with the view of the thousand uncertainties and dangers which hung ominously round the position it still wished to take, declared despairingly, at last, for moderation and compromise—a noble opportunity to make an historical event was cast aside; and instead of a decisive blow, which would have thrilled a whole continent we had a lawyer's astute argument, which all prudent people praised. Doubtless, there are occasions when audacity is the highest prudence, and the bright object of statesmanship is to be reached only by a bold plunge through intervening impediments; but it requires a very great man to detect their presence, and a very resolute one to act on their inspiration. It is not for us to decide, in regard to involved questions relating almost exclusively to American politics, whether Mr. Webster's course in such perilous emergencies was the wisest that his intelligence could have selected, or the safest that his patriotism could have found; and it is perhaps well to receive with caution, in the absence of complete information, the strictures made by uncompromising spirits on the part he took in complicated affairs, the difficulties of which could be seen most fully by his own comprehensive mind.

#### ART. IX.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be

treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

#### Theology.

THE literature of the season makes an auspicious commencement with the learned and ingenious work of the Chevalier Bunsen, on "Hippolytus and his Age," which, as treating chiefly of matters theological, seems to fall under this head more fitly than under History. About a year ago, a Patristic curiosity was published at Oxford, supposed to be one of the lost books of Origen, but which, in Bunsen's opinion, ought to be ascribed to St. Hippolytus,\* "an illustrious and influential member of the Church of Rome." And what difference does this make? It makes the difference of four volumes full of Theologico-historical deductions, which are believed to be very important, but which, at best, depend for their validity upon the frail foundation of critical conjecture.

Among other things, this work is regarded as having established a new landmark in the wilderness of Christian Evidence. The reader may be aware that, in the chain of historical testimony by which the advocates of Gospel Succession endeavour to trace back the pedigree of the Four Gospels to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, some important links are wanting, in consequence of which many have been led to question the existence of those records anterior to the time when they are first mentioned in patristic literature; at least they think it most probable that they existed only at first as traditional fragments, undergoing peculiar modification, according to the recognised laws of mythical development, and finally, under editorial superintendence, assuming more individuated forms of the same number, and with the same names, as still

\* "Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus; and Ancient and Modern Christianity compared." By C. C. J. Bunsen, D. C. L. Four volumes. London: Longmans. 1852.

\* "Ἐπιπέποιτος Φιλοσοφούμενα ἢ κατὰ πασῶν αἰρέσεων ἔλεγχος. Origenis Philosophumena sive Omnium Hæresium refutatio. E codice Parisius nunc primum ed. Emmanuel Miller. Oxonii e Typographeo Academico, 1851.

The title proposed by Bunsen is this: Τοῦ ἁγίου Ἰππολύτου Ἐπισκόπου καὶ Μαρτύρου κατὰ πασῶν αἰρέσεων ἔλεγχος τῶν δέκα βιβλίων τα τοῦ ὁμοῦ. Sancti Hippolyti Episcopi et Martyris Omnium Hæresium Refutatio. Librorum decem quæ supersunt.

distinguish them. And for this gradual biblical formation, they hold that there was sufficient time in the century and a half which elapsed between the death of Christ and the first clear and positive identification of the Four Gospels. This is a wide gulf of interrupted evidences, and it has hitherto been found impossible to bridge it over. The earliest quotation, expressly stated to be from any gospel, is from St. John; and is found in Theophilus of Antioch, about A.D. 172. It appears, however, that, in this newly-discovered work, Basilides is represented as quoting from the same gospels, and the date of the quotation is supposed by Bunsen to be somewhere "between 120 and 130." This furnishes "a conclusive answer to the unfortunate hypothesis of Strauss, and the whole school of Tubingen, that the fourth gospel was written about the year 165 or 170." But its conclusiveness has this drawback, that if Basilides, about A.D. 130, quoted from St. John, we have not the work itself in evidence, but only a quotation from it by Hippolytus, in A.D. 225.

For more purely historical purposes something is gained by the transference of authorship from Origen to Hippolytus:—

"For Hippolytus, as a disciple of Irenæus, and being about twenty years older than Origen, must have enjoyed, on many important points, still more than he, the living tradition of the Apostolic age: his name and character are not involved in any reproach or suspicion of heresy, as those of the great Alexandrian doctor unfortunately are! and, further, as a member of the Roman presbytery, he could speak with the highest authority on the affairs of the Church of Rome. Though his master, Irenæus, the Apostle of the Gauls, and disciple of Polycarp of Ephesus, who had caught the words of the Apostle of Love from St. John's own lips, Hippolytus received the traditions and doctrine of the Apostolic age from an unsuspected source, while, as a Roman, he recollects, and describes from his personal knowledge, the secret history of the Church of Rome under Commodus. In his riper years, he had witnessed successively the important administration of two Roman bishops: the one, Zephyrinus, who succeeded Victor, cotemporary of Irenæus: the other, Colistus, who occupied the see of Rome during a great crisis of that church in doctrine and discipline, and whose life and character are here for the first time disclosed."

Besides treating of Hippolytus and his work, these volumes treat of his Age. The first applies the principles of historical criticism to the questions of the authenticity, the authorship, and the contents of the work, the second treats of a higher subject—"the philosophical history of the Christian Church." In the third and fourth volumes are given the texts of the Creed, Liturgy, and Ordinances; in

short, the Book of Common Prayer and Ecclesiastical Code of the third century, or Ante-Nicene Church.

The book will, no doubt, find its way into the hands of every Christian scholar. The distinguished reputation of the author for varied learning and critical acumen is amply sustained, and we are glad to find him announce that a "Synoptical Text of the Four Gospels," and a "Critical Reconstruction of the Chronological order of the Evangelical Accounts," are ready for the press, and will be followed by a "Life of Jesus." "This is the work," he says, "which, for twenty years, I have considered as the final object of my thoughts and researches, if I should be found worthy to realize the idea which I have conceived of this sublime problem." This is, no doubt, intended to furnish a reply to Strauss, which, notwithstanding the many attempts that have been made, is still felt to be a desideratum. We notice Hippolytus and his age thus briefly, now, as we hope ere long to devote an article to the work.

That England is not deficient in critical learning, so much as in a scientific method, is illustrated in another work which is entitled to notice here; and which, like the preceding, may be designated a theological biography: this is no other than "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul,"\* so far secularized by the adoption of a superfine literary garb, that, though an old friend, we had nearly mistaken him for a new acquaintance. The letters, retranslated, are inserted in chronological order, in the course of the Life. "The object to be sought is, that they may really represent in English what they were to their Greek readers when first written." This design is carried out with remarkable ability. Doctrinal comment is omitted; but whatever light can be thrown upon the Apostle's opinions, labours, and position, by history, geography, archæology, &c., is worked into the narrative. The general object aimed at is a restoration of St. Paul's writings, and a reconstruction of his life; but the editors have not been governed in their labours by what scientific men call a *method*; they have merely followed an ingenious *plan*, and exhibited a fresh *style*. At the same time, with the above merits, and the attraction of beautiful pictorial illustrations, it is a praiseworthy effort towards presenting the records of the Christian faith, in a shape commensurate with the esteem in which they are held by the community. The plan should embrace all the Biblical writers, who, instead of having

\* "The Life and Epistles of Saint Paul." By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A. and Rev. J. S. Howson, M. A. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1852.

their individuality recognised like the writers of Greece and Rome, seem to constitute a species of sacred chain-gang, never to be trusted but when in each other's company. If, on the contrary, they could be sent out, each on his own account, to present his own credentials, and make his own individual impression, it would be a wonderful means of disabusing the public mind of some "popular errors" on the literary history of the Bible.

### Education.

The real value of old books, sacred or secular, is now becoming a topic of *ex cathedra* discourse in the universities. Professor Blackie, who has been recently elected to the Greek chair at Edinburgh, in his Inaugural Discourse,<sup>3</sup> delivered in presence of the clergy and Senatus Academicus, has had the boldness to "read them a lecture" on *Bibliolatry*! This is progress, to have Rabbinitism attacked in Scotland—to have the idols assailed in their own temples—and amidst the applause of their very worshippers! It is done, however, with rather more discretion than our representation would indicate. He first of all tells his audience that they have greater skill in swelling the "babblement of an ecclesiastical assembly than in editing a Greek play or in dissecting a Greek Gospel." But, though magnifying his office, he recognises the great facts of an English literature, a German literature, and other literatures, competing with those of Greece and Rome. The general public may have its choice; but for the Christian divine there is still nothing like Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, inasmuch as "Christian Theology" is based upon "historical tradition" (which is, being interpreted, "the Holy Bible.") He then seems to turn in another direction, and points to the geologist who explores for himself in the quarries and mines, and the botanist who learns his science in "the green fields and flushing crags." They go to Nature—not to Tradition—to the living volume, which presents living facts, in reference to the artificial volume, which represents them. So it is in Natural Science: how should it be in Religious Science? Here the student may, in like manner, generalize from the facts presented in his own religious consciousness, and from the facts re-presented in the history of the religious consciousness of humanity,

either in the whole or in parts. But, we must explain: this is *our* prosecution of the analogy between the science of geology and the science of religion—not that of our Professor, who advances to the edge of the precipice, trembles, and retreats! In the crisis of his discourse he breaks down, and instead of sending the theologian to follow the geologist, turns round, forgets his analogy altogether, and forbids him to go "*anywhere else than to the New Testament.*" Presently he relaxes this restriction, and bethinks him that for "a comprehensive and truly catholic theology" he must commend them to—"The Fathers." Surely Rabbinitism has now felt itself avenged for the insult it received at the outset. The Professor evidently had it in his heart to say something more liberal, but he was injudicious in descending to particulars. In the upper region of general principles, he might have let the lightning of Nature flash against the dark cloud of tradition without danger. He recovers himself before he concludes, and atones for his previous stammering, by letting such sentences as the following ring in the ears of the preachers and pedagogues of "Auld Reekie":

"We live in an age that is justly proud of its physical science, and will not allow the mere wielders of an old grammar and dictionary to assume an oracular tone, or dictate a monopolizing tuition to the men who have had their eyes opened to the great mundane mysteries written in the stars and in the rocks, through the teaching of a Lyell and a Herschell, a Faraday and a Brewster. . . . Do you, on the contrary, always know and feel, that the profoundest study of the dead past never can be anything more than, as Richter beautifully says, the 'unswathing of a bandaged mummy,' except in so far as the student brings along with him the heart that beats and the eye that speculates from the living fulness of the present. Mere learning, as Falstaff says, 'is a hoard of gold kept by the devil,' or we may add, an ass. Beware, therefore, above all things, ye who teach from ancient books, of this lean worship of the dead letter. . . . Seek, therefore, for the inspiration of your school exercises in the living depths of your own soul; seek for it in the green trees and in the golden stars; seek for it before God on your knees, and before men, in whatever work your hand shall find to do, vigorously; but seek it not in the grey book merely, or in the pale parchment. Like is the father of like in this world, not among the doves only and the eagles, as Horace says, but everywhere. Mere paper never yet begot muscle. If you wish to be strong men in the world, and workers of strong work, remember that.

<sup>3</sup> "Classical Literature in its Relation to the Nineteenth Century and Scottish University Education: an Inaugural Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh, Nov. 2, 1852." By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek, Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1852.

These are wise words, and if their significance was recognised, must have had a novel sound in a Scotch university. Honour to the man who uttered them, and has thereby inaugurated a new educational era in that

stronghold of parchment, piety, and sectarian intolerance.

Professor Blackie will find it a difficult task to reform the teaching of theology; but he has determined, at all events, to reform the teaching of Greek. He has kicked out the grammar, to begin with—a measure which should have been adopted long ago—and he is teaching his students to pronounce Greek as they do in Greece, insisting that it is not a dead but a living language—as any one may see by looking at a Greek newspaper. In the work<sup>4</sup> which he has published in defence of his opinion and practice, he gives an extract from a newspaper printed last year at Athens, giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America; "from which the fact will be abundantly evident that the language of Homer is not dead, but lives, and that in a state of purity to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its literary existence—2500 years at least—there is no parallel perhaps on the face of the globe—in Europe, certainly not." After noticing a few trifling modifications which distinguish modern from ancient Greek, he states, as a fact, that "in three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852, there do not certainly occur three words that are not pure native Greek," so very slightly has it been corrupted from foreign sources. In addition to the authority of a living tradition, he adduces many other grounds for his conclusions as to the original pronunciation of the language. The work is both able and interesting. It indicates a rare faculty for clear exposition, which is one of the prime qualifications of a successful teacher. Clear thought and consistent utterance are Mr. Blackie's natural characteristics; and if, on any particular occasion, we have to complain of their absence, it only shows that genius cannot compensate for the lack of mental freedom.

On the other hand, freedom sometimes compensates for the lack of genius. The accomplished scholar glances at the relation of Religion, Theology, and Education, only to add perplexity to the problem. The intelligent working man understands the problem clearly, and expounds his thoughts on "Religion and Education in relation to the People,"<sup>5</sup> with that charm of unaffected simplicity which truth never fails to lend to all who are truth-seekers. The plan which Mr. Langford pur-

sues in this little work is "to see in what religion and education consist, what necessary connexion there is between them, and how far they are independent of each other; to look into the causes which have prevented a clear understanding of their relative powers and places, and why it is that so little progress has been made in settling their respective claims, so as to have produced a joint and harmonious, or a free and unrestricted, working out of the great mission which belongs to them; and finally, to offer some suggestions which may aid in removing some of the difficulties, and softening some of the prejudices, which now overload the questions with contention and strife." It is a work singularly adapted by its precision of thought, aptness of illustration, and gentleness of tone, to promote the purpose which its author has aimed at. That purpose is not to effect a compromise between conflicting parties, but to show them where the truth lies, and to invite co-operation upon that basis. It does not say, let us agree to sink our differences upon the relations of religion, theology, and education; it asks, what *are* our differences? What is religion? What is theology? What is education? May we not be more united in our principles than we suppose? May we not *become* sufficiently so for all social purposes? It is in this way that it deals with the question. The author, therefore, instead of withholding his sentiments, on the distinction between religion and theology as irrelevant in a case which demands universal toleration, frankly states them; because, if thereby he may convince his neighbour he establishes a positive basis of sympathy and action between them, instead of a merely negative one. And it is easy to see that these questions are necessarily raised by the educational controversy, and must be discussed before a common educational system can be agreed upon. All our controversies are of a complete character, and indirectly settle more questions than come to the surface. The cholera gave birth to the sanitary movement; sanitary investigations raised the cry for national education; the educational struggle will teach the act of defining and distinguishing things that differ to men who were accustomed to take a very concrete and conventional view of matters before. Mr. Langford has done well, consequently, in penetrating to the root of the matter, and in candidly showing the religious protectionists what they have to make up their minds to abandon, and what to embrace. Like their political friends of the same school, they will perhaps be compelled by the force of circumstances to come round *practically* before they will concede the demand *theoretically*; but

<sup>4</sup> "The Pronunciation of Greek; Accent and Quantity: a Philological Inquiry." By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo.

<sup>5</sup> "Religion and Education in relation to the People." By John Alfred Langford, author of "Religious Scepticism," &c. London: John Chapman. 1852.

both stages will be reached, and without any long interval between them.

Almost every child capable of thinking, after it has entered on its school career and experienced the difficulties of acquiring knowledge, the tedium of confinement, and the irksomeness of discipline, is impelled to ask—"What is the use of all this toil and suffering? What good will it do me? Why should I submit to it?" In the little work named at the bottom of the page,\* the author of "Outlines of Social Economy," &c., has furnished plain, yet instructive answers to these questions. By a simple exposition of familiar truths, he informs the pupil "What he is," namely, a digesting, breathing, locomotive, emotional, intellectual, and social being; and points out what course of instruction such a creature requires. He tells him "Where he is,"—on a planet revolving round the sun, and composed of matter having various qualities, under some conditions and combinations of which health, strength, and enjoyment are the results; under others—disease, weakness, and suffering; and he gives illustrations quite within the child's comprehension. He shows him "What he ought to do,"—namely, that to obtain food, clothing, and shelter, and to be loved, he must work skilfully, honestly, and industriously, act courteously, benevolently, gratefully, generously, and practise economy. He proves to him that, in order "to become qualified and disposed to do what he ought," the pupil must have the opportunity afforded him of acquiring knowledge; and this can be supplied only by those who have learned it by instruction and experience. The answer to the concluding question, "Why should children go to school?" evolves itself in the clearest manner from the considerations that precede it. The object and advantages of school instruction cannot remain a mystery to any average child, after the elucidation here given of his own nature, position, interests, and duties. One characteristic of the work is, that the information supplied is drawn from objects, occurrences, feelings, and thoughts, which may fairly be held to be within the sphere of the child's observation and experience.

In the preface, Mr. Ellis grapples with the question, whether religion should be taught in the secular school?

"My reasons for omitting it," he says, "are numerous. In the first place, the consideration of man, as a religious being, is so mighty, so serious a task, that to shrink from the responsibility

of engaging in it, on behalf of others, ought scarcely to incur censure, although to shrink from it as regards oneself is a sad dereliction of duty. I may be in error; but to my mind religious teaching ought not to be undertaken by those who mistrust their own competency. Some works had better be undone than ill-done. In the second place, had I felt confidence in my own ability, what success could I have looked for educationally? Had I pleased the members of the Church Establishment, how should I have fared with Catholics and Dissenters? Besides, could I have hoped to give universal satisfaction to all who communicate with the Church? Are there no educational feuds within her bosom—feuds of some bitterness too? . . . Nor are these the whole of my difficulties. I should regret to be banished by my Jewish fellow-citizens; my personal intercourse with them has shown me that they are at least on a par with the age in the zeal and intelligence with which they are pushing the education of their poorer co-religionists. If they are quite prepared to receive the secular knowledge which I present to them, why should I defile it in their eyes, or make it unpalatable to their tongues? To those who contend that to separate the secular from the religious is to repudiate the latter, I would observe that it is much easier to make a charge than to substantiate it. So long as the secular and religious are apart, religion is sheltered from contamination, at all events, from secular perverseness, ignorance, and triviality. These, when condemned, suffer by themselves, endangering nothing that is holy. . . . The gain to religion itself has never been fairly considered by those who are so free in casting imputations upon others who cannot agree with them. It will, I think, be admitted on all hands that secular conduct and secular doctrine ought never to be screened from the most fearless scrutiny. But are they not screened when, without regard to the goodness and truth that are in them, they are sanctified by religion, or, more properly, by the ministers of religion."

American slavery is adduced, as an example of an institution which Christian clergymen, in the United States of North America, defended on the authority of the Bible; and the recent political revolutions in France, with all their broken oaths and perjured infraction of solemn covenants, are alluded to, as sanctioned by the ministers of religion. The argument is maintained with great vigour and telling illustration throughout, but we cannot further pursue it. We recommend the work to the practical schoolmaster, to parents, and to all interested in education, who are disposed to teach religion undeseccrated by school tasks and penal inflictions. It will enable them to supply a want which they must all have felt.

#### History.

Sir Archibald Alison's new work,<sup>7</sup> like the

\* "What am I! Where am I! What ought I to do! How am I to become qualified and disposed to do what I ought!" London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852. 12mo. Pp. 66.

<sup>7</sup> "History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in

large one, of which it is the continuation, comes very opportunely; and to this circumstance, more than to its intrinsic merits, will its reputation be attributable. Moreover, it states so many topics of discussion of an interesting and important nature, that it cannot fail to command attention. Its author may not display great historical genius, but he exhibits tact in book-making. He writes what will serve his own party and the public convenience at the same time. He hits upon a work that is specially wanted: he executes it in a style that is at least readable; and, though ostensibly dealing with the history of the past, he gives it immediate interest by lugging in the party-politics of the present, and by making it a medium of propagandian attack, as if he were writing an article in "Blackwood." It is, in fact, a *hash* of his essays in that magazine, solidified with the old bones of Parliamentary Debates, cut down, from "Hansard" and the *Moniteur*. It required an extra quantity of rhetorical pepper to render such a dish palatable, and it will give extra work to the digestive powers to turn it into nutriment.

Sir Archibald is not a philosophical historian, but merely an *opinionative* one. He has many crude "notions," which, with prophetic complacency, he believes to be in advance of the age, and he is always obtruding them. He has no perception of the vital forces at work in society, affecting alike growth and decay; but all the good and ill in the history of humanity are traced respectively to the adoption or rejection of what he considers sound views of commerce and the currency! This piece of quackery may give an air of profound sagacity to his speculations in the eyes of the unreflecting, and his incessant repetition of his nostrums, in the loose, declamatory style of the platform, is well adapted to produce a popular impression, but it will never constitute him a philosophical historian, if it even leave to him the title of historian at all.

The leap from Modern Europe to Ancient Egypt need hardly be apologised for as a violent transition in these days of electric telegraphs. Mr. A. C. Harris, of Alexandria, well known to our Egyptian travellers, lately published some Fragments of Greek Orations against Demosthenes, concerning the memory of Harpalus. He has since printed a small volume, called "Hieroglyphical Standards," in which he gives the result of an interesting discovery in Egyptian history. He finds sculptured on some of the temples a series of figures—some men, some women—following

the king, and, like him, each presenting an offering to the god of that temple. On the head of each is a standard, which is symbolical of the person; and Mr. Harris has most ingeniously proved that they are the figures of so many Egyptian cities walking in procession after their monarch. They are arranged geographically down the Nile, from Ethiopia to the Delta; and they were sculptured on the temple by the priests, in grateful acknowledgment of the help in money which those several cities sent to them when they were building their temple. They are, in fact, the subscription lists of the places that sent their contributions and pious donations towards the undertaking.

On the Temple of Dendera, built under Tiberias, are forty cities presenting their voluntary offerings. On the temple of Kalabshe, in Nubia, also built in Roman times, are twenty-six such contributing cities. On the temple of Edfou, built a few centuries earlier, under the Ptolomies, are one hundred and seventy-six cities and villages bringing their gifts. Thus this discovery by Mr. Harris explains the manner in which the earnest zeal of this eminently religious nation exerted itself in raising its massive temples. It is also of some little geographical use to us, as we can in some cases determine the name of a city from its place in the series.

Mr. Gilfillan has been essaying a history of the Covenanters,<sup>o</sup> chiefly, it would appear, for a polemical purpose. That purpose is to show the blessings of "voluntaryism," and the evils of an ecclesiastical establishment, which he considers "the great question of the present day." It is difficult to see what countenance the Covenanters can lend to such an object, when, so far from being the advocates of anti-State-Churchism, they contend for a thorough identification of Church and State, after the model of the Hebrew Theocracy. Their position is but dimly recognised from the point of view, either of Erastianism or modern dissent; and it is ridiculous for Mr. Gilfillan to append to his history a "practical improvement" divided in due homiletic order into twelve "heads," showing "the evils of Erastianism," "the power of the voluntary system," and such like. "It was that principle which, like the ravens of Elijah, fed the ministers in the desert. It was it which, in that full developement of its power, 'turned the stones into bread.'" Certainly, if the voluntary principle can accomplish this, it is infinitely preferable to any endowment whatever.

A history of the Covenanters is a fine sub-

1852." By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1852.

<sup>o</sup> "The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant." By George Gilfillan, M.A. London: Cocksaw. 1852.

ject for an artistic historian capable of apprehending the real significance of that movement. But, perhaps Scotland is the last place in which to look for such a man. A prophet is said to have no honour in his own country, and, paradoxical as it may appear, it may be said with truth of the Covenanters, that they have been little understood in Scotland, and least of all in the orthodox churches. There is no lack of traditional veneration for them as martyrs and national heroes. They are called, *par excellence*, the "Scottish Worthies." The truth is, however, that though the Covenant had at one time found acceptance with the dominant party in the State, it never was accepted by more than a fraction of the people. It was originally a political manifesto, not a social one. And when, afterwards, the Covenanters became what would now be called the Opposition, and took to agitation, they dwindled into a sect, which would have been speedily extinguished, had not the theocratic idea, on which the movement was based, burst out into a flame, accompanied with "signs and wonders." Their position, henceforth, became one of antagonism to all existing institutions, and necessarily isolated them from the mass of society, which never sympathizes with anything violently deviating from the beaten track, and has always a mortal horror of epidemics, spiritual as well as physical. From being non-conformists, they became essentially *heretics*. Deeply rooted as they were in the soil of the past, they took leave to grow up in the free atmosphere of the present. If they did not discard the Bible, they believed, without figure of speech, that the Word of the Lord came from the living lips of their own preachers, as well as through the dry channel of the ancient Scriptures. They knew nothing of the theological restriction of inspiration to a bygone age and a particular nation. They were "all taught of God."\* They had the power to prophecy, and to work miracles. They had authority to "bind and loose." As the "chosen vessels" of the Most High, they were superior to all earthly principalities and powers, and authorized to sit in judgment upon them, though themselves privileged to be "judged of no man." And it was in this capacity of God's vicegerent that Cargill proceeded to "deliver unto Satan" King Charles and all his counsellors. This, of course, was imputed to fanaticism; but he had only followed Scripture precedent, even had he not been "moved by the Holy Ghost" himself. God had verily "visited and redeemed his people;" and the theocracy which had disappeared from Pa-

lestine had dawned upon the hills and valleys of Scotland. This they believed, and no historian can do them justice who has not penetrated to the ground of this belief, and who does not in some measure sympathize with it. The historians of the period, at least on the covenanting side, believed in it as a "time of visitation;" but that day has gone by. The Age of Faith has been succeeded in Scotland by the Age of Sober Orthodoxy, which repairs the sepulchres of the prophets, but ridicules their pretensions. Young Scotland spoke through "Old Mortality," and made mirth of its own martyrs. The reaction was complete, and the credulity of Woodrow hides its face before the "Niebuhr criticism" of Gilfillan. The original records of the Covenant weave together warriors and miracles into as compact a specimen of theological solidarity as can be found in the original records of Christianity; but what is that to our historian, who, in language unknown to his forefathers, says of the "majority" of these miracles, that they appear to his "*logical understanding, PALPABLE FALSEHOODS.*" (Be it remembered, that the sceptical side on this question is the orthodox one.) And, with regard to the exceptional cases, he simply resolves "prophecy" into "presentiment," and "miracle" into "wonder,"—a most felicitous translation, which only requires to be sanctioned (as it ought to be) by the dictionary, and by general usage, to settle the whole controversy about supernaturalism. But Mr. Gilfillan's "logical understanding" does not betray him into heresy; and these etymological equivalents are used by him with the discrimination of a divine.

Mr. Gilfillan does not seem to be actuated in his literary labours by a lofty purpose, and is consequently satisfied with showing off his rare gift of mixing up whatever he has in hand with bits of criticism and clerical gossip in a pedantic plum-pudding style, stamped with vulgarity in every line. There is no topic of the day which is not introduced into this volume, which concludes with a "presentiment" of the approaching advent (bodily!) of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with a penultimate malediction on Emerson and Carlyle, who are accused of doing away with Christ! Carlyle is doubly damned, being, in addition to his other torments, consigned to the bottomless pit of literary ruin!—Carlyle, the only man capable of doing well the very work which this book does exceedingly ill.

#### Biography.

\* Some of them "gave up Christianity, burned their Bibles, and became a species of Mormonites."

We should have applied the same remark to the life of Robert Burns, had not this



work been undertaken, and, at length, worthily completed, by Robert Chambers,\* who had earned a certain right, as he had collected full materials, and possessed no mean qualification, to become *the* biographer of Burns. No preceding attempt is either so copious in information, or accurate in its facts and figures,—qualities in which it cannot be excelled by any future effort, however the picture may be improved in brilliancy of colouring, and in that delicate radiance of ideality, which throws an indescribable charm over the work of an accomplished artist. The plan of the present work is peculiar, though by no means novel. There are only very few cases—and this is one of them—in which it could be adopted with advantage, or with propriety. When poems are so circumstantial in their original, and lyrical in character, as those of Burns, they may be said, with truth, to be part of the poet's life. And with such truth, as cannot be said of a contemplative poet like Wordsworth, whose love for *Nature* was entirely different from Burns's attachment to *Locality*. What *scenes* were to the one, *places* were to the other. We are familiar with the "Land of Burns," but we never hear of the "Land of Wordsworth." Hence Burns requires more circumstantial *explanation*. In this respect, he is like a Greek or Roman classic; and you can never understand him so well, as by reading his life, letters, and poems together. Never did anything, in the shape of literature, more fitly deserve the title of "*Remains*;" it is only in keeping with their character, therefore, to have them arranged in a form apparently miscellaneous, but well adapted to serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Such was the object contemplated by the editor. In the preface, he remarks:—

"It occurred to me—and I find that the same idea had latterly occurred to Allan Cunningham—that if the various compositions were strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir, they might be made to render up the whole light which they are qualified to throw upon the history of the life and mental progress of Burns, at the same time that a new significance was given to them by their being read in connexion with the current of events and emotions which led to their production. Such is the plan here adopted, and the result is not merely a great amount of new biographical detail, but a new sense, efficacy, and feeling in, what many would perhaps describe as hackneyed, the writings of the poet himself."

The great textual accuracy attained, is the result of the editor's long experience in tex-

\* "The Life and Works of Robert Burns." Edited by Robert Chambers. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1851-52.

tual criticising, combined with a degree of labour "which seems surprising in regard to a poet who flourished only sixty years ago." The tone of *moral* criticism adopted, meets with our hearty sympathy. The editor views the subject in the following light:

"As to the tone adopted regarding the *morale* of Burns, my wish has been, in a word, to write truth with tenderness. To say that Burns was a man, is to say that he was not without infirmities. On this subject, there has been much error on both sides, and the very prominence given to the subject has involved an injustice. I feel, for my own part, no hesitation in showing Burns as the being of impulse and passion, subject, like other men, to occasional aberrations, which he actually was; but this in due subordination to the many admirable traits of character which shone in his life and writings. Regarding one whose brief career was one long hardship, relieved by little besides an ungrainful excitement—who, during this singularly hapless career, did, on the whole, well maintain the grand battle of Will against Circumstance—who, strange to say, in the midst of his own poverty, conferred an inestimable and imperishable gift upon mankind—an Undying Voice for their finest sympathies—stamping at the same time more deeply the divine doctrine of the fundamental equality of consideration due to all men—regarding such a one, justice perhaps might be contented with less, but it could not well demand more."

Next to Robert Burns, the most popular character in Scotland, is Mary Queen of Scots. The peasant and the princess possessed the common characteristic of rendering themselves obnoxious to the bigotry and conventionalism of their country, only to secure a reaction in their favour of deep and widespread sympathy from a people who were proud of the genius of the one and the beauty of the other, and who, in spite of their reputation for dogmatic piety, manifested such an intense interest in the distinctive virtues and vices of both, as could only proceed from kindred qualities, rendering unconscious homage to the genuine representatives of the national character. To this ill-fated queen, Miss Strickland devotes the new volume of the *Royal Biographies*.<sup>10</sup> It would have been well had the same moral tone been adopted in this work as in the preceding "Life of Burns," and it would have been sufficient for every honest purpose which the work can serve; but the author's admiration of the "beauteous majesty" of Scotland is incompatible with a qualified milk-and-water sympathy. It is a religion with her—a sentiment of pure and undefiled *Mariolatry*.

Genius inspired by such a sentiment can-

<sup>10</sup> "Lives of the Queens of Scotland." By Agnes Strickland. Vol. III. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1852.

not fail to produce a striking work. We exceedingly admire Miss Strickland's tact. There is no digressive argumentation addressed to the judgment of her readers, but she gives throughout such a shape and colour to the narrative as will infallibly secure their *sympathy*. She promises to make her vindication clear and conclusive; she calls for an absolute acquittal, and will hear of no compromise. She gives vent to her womanly indignation against those writers who, believing in Mary's guilt, find an excuse for her in "the errors of a French education, the levity of youth, the misfortune of being linked to an ill-conditioned boy-husband, the frailty of human nature, and the infatuation of a resistless passion for a bad man." Confident that she has the verdict now in her own power, she presses it to an extreme. In all her actions it is "Innocent or guilty"—saint or sinner—angel or devil! On such finely-edged principles it is impossible to write history, especially the history of Mary Stuart. An old Puritan defined a Christian to be a person who had in him a little of Christ, and a great deal of the devil. We suspect that this is the key to many an ambiguous character—the Queen of Scots included—and that the rejected apology is more appropriate than the attempted vindication on the special question. It will ever be a sad and sorrowful tale, this destiny of a young, inexperienced gentlewoman, to struggle with the angry passions, bitter feuds, and dark intrigues, which had descended to her as a legacy from a former generation. Her traitorous nobles conspiring to sell her to her enemies, and fanatical sectaries cursing her by their gods,—she was but the mockery of a queen, as she felt when she asked "Maister" John Knox whether he or she were sovereign of Scotland. The author is not particularly partial to that cankered old gospeller, and introduces with great effect the interviews which he had with Mary. There was little to choose between Pope and Presbyter, so long as "Maister John" stood sentry at the palace, and dealt out damnation from the pulpit. He had an unprincipled aristocracy to sustain him, and it served their purposes to let him bark so loudly. As in England, so in Scotland, church spoliation was the most substantial reason for church reform, and the example set by the crown, in the one kingdom, was followed by the Lord James and his colleagues in the other. The ordinary historians of the Reformation have generally been ecclesiastics, who could hardly be expected to give a view of the subject unfavourable to their own order and to the interests of religion. But the old varnish is wearing off, and the original pictures, when cleaned and

retouched by such skilful artists as Miss Strickland, will present things in a new aspect.

It is a work which (according to the John Cassell style of advertisement in which it is announced) "may be placed without hesitation in the hands of readers of all ages." "It contains," according to the same authority, "a body of hitherto inedited facts, the most curious, as well as the most important, that have ever been condensed into a biographical narrative." Miss Strickland's popularity is too well established to require any puffing from her publishers. This is not the best book that ever was written, nor can its author take the first rank as an historian; but she has the art of collecting what is most picturesque in the old chroniclers, and of working up her "notes and extracts" in a very graceful manner into a fresh and lively narrative, in a style plain and unaffected.

In the volume just dismissed, there is an awkward attempt made to exhibit Queen Mary as a philanthropist and social reformer, because she introduced into Scotland a new branch of industry, which furnished support for some poor families. This was a peculiar kind of straw-plaiting which she had observed in France; and Mary, with her poor straw-plaiters, becomes a prototype of Mr. Sidney Herbert and his "distressed needle-women." Miss Strickland makes sadly too much of this interesting circumstance. When philanthropy is connected with a crown or a coronet, it is soon recognised; but when it appears in a homely, every-day form, in the services of a lady like Mrs. Chisholm, destitute alike of the wealth or the poverty which might associate those services with chivalry or religion, it is hardly romantic enough to be consecrated by Literature, at least till Time has lent "enchantment to the view." It gives us the greater pleasure, therefore, to call attention to the "Memoirs of Mrs. Chisholm,"<sup>1</sup> and to commend the work to every friend of progress and every lover of humanity. Seldom, within the same space, have we met with so many facts throwing light upon human character, political ethics, and social and criminal reform. We have small respect for professional philanthropists in general, or for ladies of Mrs. Jellaby's type in particular, but we should lay down no absolute rule upon the subject. There are circumstances which warrant a deviation from one's usual and legitimate path, and the best justification of a well-meant but hazardous enterprise is its ultimate success. The perusal of this little book will show that Mrs. Chisholm has done more for the moral

<sup>1</sup> "Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm." By Eneas Mackenzie. London: Webb, Millington, and Co. 1852.

regeneration of the Australian colonies than *all their clergy, with their four or five bishops to boot*. She did, moreover, what they could not do—what you feel no one could have done but herself. Like other moral heroines, she seemed born just for that work which she did, and which waited for her to do it. Like others, too, whose work grew upon their hands, the beginning of her career was “a day of small things.” It may be said, indeed, to have begun early, for she played at colonization when a child, and she established a school of industry when in India—not for the blacks, but for the *barracks*—but this was only a preliminary training for her career in the colonies. The pursuit of health led her husband, who was an officer in the Indian army, to Sydney; and an incident in the life of an “unprotected female,” ere long opened her eyes to the frightful state of colonial society, and to the still more appalling condition of the poor immigrants, especially the females. It was estimated that, at the time Mrs. Chisholm commenced her labours in Sydney, there were in that city *six hundred females* wandering about unprotected and unprovided for! This, along with the evils which it involved, and the mismanagement which it revealed, she determined to remedy—a state of things which no other person deemed it possible, or expedient to try to remedy. She proposed a “Female Emigrant’s Home,” or, rather, she established it, and struggled with it, unaided, and under the most desponding circumstances. The clergy doubted, the press hesitated, and the Governor regarded her as a “lady labouring under amiable delusions.” But she persevered, overcame all obstacles, and won universal respect. The work she so earnestly coveted she got all to do. It devolved upon her to “well govern, well feed, and well place,” thousands of immigrants. She became matrimonial agent for the entire colony. She undertook journeys of hundreds of miles into the interior, with the families under her charge. And such was the hospitality everywhere shown to her, that her personal expenses, during seven years’ service in this kind of work, amounted to only *1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.** Since her return to England, she has devoted herself to the promotion of Family Colonization in a manner which has commanded the confidence of all parties, while it has developed her extraordinary faculties for organization and government. A true, queenly woman, and by divine right, too!

Biography is never so true to its noble function as when thus employed in portraying the heroism of humble life, and in elevating the aristocracy of Nature into permanent power and enduring influence over mankind. An author, whose sympathies

move in this direction, may be always sure of producing an interesting and useful work, when he selects for his subject the man of struggling genius and moral worth. Such a man was “Palissy the Potter,” whom Mr. Morley, in the true spirit of hero-worship, has introduced to the familiar acquaintance of the English reader. The work belongs to what may be termed the New School of pictorial composition. The style is lively, but diffuse. Too much attention is paid to contemporary characters and circumstances. Palissy’s writings are quoted too copiously. It is only Palissy the *man*—not Palissy the *author*—that is of any consequence to us now. It was an error, also, to eke out the deficiency of information about his early life, by mingling fiction with fact through several entire chapters! Poor Palissy may have more fathered upon him than he was ever accountable for. Fictitious biography is not objectionable in itself, but it should always be in the shape of a *bonâ fide* romance. The fictionist has a right of trespass upon the domain of the historian, but the law does not permit the latter to return the compliment. The privilege is as one-sided as the law of Yankee copyright. A violation of the rule may be allowable, in a slight degree, in the case of a Representative man, whose life is the reflection of his age; but Palissy was not such a man: he was remarkable rather for his individuality. Besides, a full-length portrait is not necessary to the completeness and harmony of art; and this picture of Palissy would have gained, rather than lost, in effect, had he been represented emerging from the shade of obscurity in which his youth was spent, to the full lustre of that heroic struggle with adversity which glorified his manhood and immortalized his life. But the picture is an excellent one, nevertheless. For a first effort in this line, it indicates surprising maturity, and gives promise of greater achievements in this favourite branch of literature. There is a quiet modesty and quaint thoughtfulness of expression about Mr. Morley’s writing which gains upon the reader. His remarks never swell into sermons, but fall like dewdrops, in fit season, and with fine effect. He does not make a text of his hero, and preach himself into a perspiration over it, like some of his contemporaries. Let him aim at greater compression, and his other good qualities will appear to more decided advantage.

Were it of any use, we should tender the same advice to Mr. Jerdan, whose lazy, lumbering loquacity has filled up the measure of his infirmities to the third volume.” Com-

“Autobiography of William Jerdan. Vol. III. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

pression of one kind is resolved upon: either he or his readers have tired of the work, for, instead of the promised six volumes, we are now to have only four. He has turned Turk at his reception by the Press, and takes refuge in the self-complacent belief, that the *Literary Gazette*, while in his hands, reached the perfection of journalism, and cannot be equalled by anything of the kind now! It ought to have been something good with such a brilliant band of contributors as are here said to have been attached to it. It is all the more surprising that this autobiography has so little to show for advantages so precious. Either Mr. Jerdan's memory has failed him, or his friendships were not of a nature to yield pleasant and profitable reminiscences. A courteous flatterer may secure extensive recognition even from great and gifted individuals; but the record of such connexions cannot be otherwise than heartless and insipid, lacking every element which can render it vitally interesting and morally impressive.

#### *Historical Topography.*

The gold-mania, and the interest excited in Australian emigration, besides giving birth to numerous guide-books, have occasioned the appearance of some large and important works. Such is Mr. Lancelott's new work,<sup>11</sup> which, like most other works on Australia, containing a topical digest of information rather than diurnal memoranda, commences with a brief glance at the country generally, and at the progress of discovery round the coast, and within the interior of the great island-continent. Without much regard to order, there follow chapters on the aborigines, the zoology, the botany, the climate, agriculture, horticulture, vine-culture, topography, geology, and mineralogy of the three principal colonies. The diggings occupy a prominent place in its pages; and, in addition to much scientific information, the reader will be able to gather a very clear idea of social life among the colonists, in the towns as well as in the bush, and at the mines.

Suffering from bad health himself, the author carefully investigated the subject of climate; and, after comparing notes with the principal medical men in the country, he has arrived at the following results:—Immigrants, arriving in the heyday of life, may expect to die ten years sooner than they would in England. Persons, on the other hand, who have passed the meridian of life, will, in all proba-

bility, add ten or twenty years to their existence. The young arrive at maturity earlier than in England, especially the females. The climate cures dyspepsia, checks a tendency to consumption, increases nervous debility, and apparently develops the latent seeds of insanity. On diseases of the kidneys it exercises a curative effect, renders those of the skin more virulent than in Britain, occasionally induces derangement of the liver, is baneful to the scrofulous, and beneficial to the gouty. During summer, ophthalmia, sore lips and mouths, and bilious and intermittent fevers occur. The frequent and sudden changes of temperature often induce diarrhoea and dysentery. Considering their exposed life, the colonists are not much troubled with coughs or colds. With the exception of influenza, no cases of pestilential epidemic have occurred. A few cases of *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, occur every year during the hot weather; and sometimes a person dies from the bite of a poisonous serpent. Of the climate generally he remarks:—

"Many settlers, on first arriving in Australia, find the clearness of the air, the dazzling brightness of daylight, and the daily round of unceasing sunshine, monotonous and disagreeable, while the heat produces more or less lassitude. These impressions and feelings are usually of short duration; the eye adapts itself to the clear, bright air, and, after the lapse of a few months, the body becomes inured to the high temperature, and henceforth suffers more from cold than heat. It is, however, by no means advisable for those who enjoy buoyant health in the cold, moist winter and spring of England, and suffer lassitude in the height of summer, to settle in Australia; for the climate, although highly salubrious in a general sense, is an extreme one—great dryness and heat being its characteristics; and, as the hot winds turn green leaves yellow, so they shrivel up those individuals whose physical conformation only fits them to dwell in more temperate climes. Persons who are not scrofulous, who suffer from cold and moisture, and are most healthful in hot weather, have nothing to fear from the climate of Australia. I know instances of such individuals, after a few years' residence in the colonies, becoming quite robust and much invigorated."

Colonial life is diversified occasionally with bits of romance:

"Many, at holiday times, form pic-nic parties. They leave the city early in the morning, in a cart or chaise, retire to some mountain gully, perhaps twenty miles from Melbourne; and there, by the side of a rippling creek, where the laughing jacquar wakes the wilderness with his wild ha, ha! and the glistening plumage of chattering, many-coloured parrots sparkles in the sun like precious stones, take their homely but relished repast. They sit among these mountain wilds without fear of harm from man or beast, and surrounded

<sup>11</sup> "Australia as it is: its Settlements, Farms, and Gold Fields." By F. Lancelott, Mineralogical Surveyor of the Colonies. 2 vols. Colburn and Co. 1852.

by all the grandeur, the awful sublimity of uncultivated Nature, to breathe the pure invigorating air, that has never been contaminated by plague, cholera, or pestilence; and listen to the thousand wild harmonies, from the wild screech of the cockatoo to the loud flump, flump! of the hidden frog, or the numerous strange sounds emitted by the many curiously-formed, richly-dyed insects, flitting by; all so new, so wild, so curious, that you fancy yourself in a land of sprites and fairies!

"And then the journey home by moonlight, among those mountain gullies, is most imposing, awakening, as it does, all the feelings of awe and devotion experienced on visiting a cathedral, or the ruins of an old castle; the bright moon, lighting up the perpendicular rocky mass on one side, gives it the appearance of a mighty battlement touching the sky, all in ruins; while the mountains on the opposite side resemble wild, scowling entrances to unearthly caverns; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to convert the shadows around into monsters and fiends from another world."

But Sidney's "Three Colonies of Australia,"<sup>14</sup> is the book of books for the emigrant, and for all who feel interested in Antipodal affairs. We have read many—we may say, nearly all the books that have been published, from first to last, on that country—but for a clear, comprehensive, succinct narrative of its political progress—for fulness of information about its various products and resources—and for graphic sketches of social life, we know of no work equal to this. Mr. Sidney has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the minutest details of its physical and industrial history, and seems ignorant of nothing which could render his book useful to the emigrant, or instructive to the general reader. It is divided into three parts: the *Historical*, the *Descriptive*, and the *Practical*—relating respectively to the past, the present, and the future. The first part is the most important, and the most carefully executed. It is not a mere chronological retrospect, but what we may call a sociological review, informed with a philosophical grasp of thought which strings together its vast body of facts in such a way as to constitute it, what it claims to be, "a review of the Art of Colonization."

Throughout this survey, he loses no opportunity of "showing up" Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his theories. The truest description, indeed, of Mr. Sidney's own views would be summed up in the term anti-Wakefieldism. His opposition is, in the main, just; but it leads him not only to ignore many excellencies in that gentleman's plans, but to depreciate his genius, and, we may

add, his services in the great cause with which his name is indelibly associated. Mr. Sidney allows his prejudice to depreciate in the same way "the notorious Dr. Lang," who must be admitted (we know nothing of his private character or motives) to deserve well of his adopted country, for his strenuous advocacy of its rights, and for his zealous endeavours to further its industrial development. And, should Australia become—as there is every likelihood of its becoming—a land of cotton, as well as of wool and of gold, it will be his destiny to rank with Mr. M'Arthur and Mrs. Chisholm, as one of the greatest benefactors of the colony. To the individuals just named ample justice is done; but the principle of "honour to whom honour is due," should have been applied with more impartiality.

*Apropos* of emigration, there is a very amusing description of the state of feeling in Germany, on this subject, in an interesting little work on the historical topography of Franconia.<sup>15</sup> Not remembering to have seen any similar allusion to the subject by continental travellers, we quote it:—

"Halting to partake of a noon-day meal at Gefrees, a caricature sheet was brought to us, 'The Village Barber,' a paper published in Saxony, in imitation of 'Punch' and the 'Charivari.' The jests were coarse and irreverent, two characteristics of German free-thinking; but one of them may be retailed as a good specimen of German wit, and but too true in its signification. A peasant comes into the presence of a government official, with his hat under his arm, and a book in his hand. 'So,' says the official, 'he will forsake his fatherland, and be off to America; what has induced him to think of such a thing?' 'A book, Mr. Steward,' replies the husbandman. 'A book,' cries the steward; 'what book?' 'One that has cost me a great deal of money,' answers the farmer. 'Let me see it,' is the reply; and the husbandman hands up to the officer the TAX BOOK."

The tour described in this volume was made through a part of Germany anciently called Franconia, but now composing part of the kingdom of Bavaria. As it includes such places as Würzburg and Nuremberg, "it contains relics of early German characters and events of singular interest, which have been hitherto somewhat neglected by travellers and topographers."

#### Fiction.

However desirous we may be of making

<sup>14</sup> "The Three Colonies of Australia." By Samuel Sidney. With numerous Engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1852.

<sup>15</sup> "A Historical Tour in Franconia, in the Summer of 1852." By Charles Tylor. Brighton: Folthorp. 1852.

our bibliographical survey as comprehensive as possible, we cannot pretend to universality in the department of Fiction; and as, with the exception of Thackeray's "Esmond," which we reserve for notice in a future number, there is no instance of pre-eminent merit among the new novels of the quarter, we could hardly make a selection on any fair ground of discrimination. Hence we prefer the alternative of total omission, and await the harvest of the coming months, in which we are promised a new work by the authoress of "Jane Eyre."

### Poetry.

The "Poet's Corner" has always occupied a place in our private programme of the quarter's literature, but the difficulty is to find poets to fill it. The poets of sorrow, however, have lately been giving musical utterance to the national mourning for the late Duke of Wellington, and foremost among them is the Poet Laureate with his beautiful Ode.<sup>10</sup> Critics differ in their opinion upon this production, and there is some difficulty in dealing with it on objective principles of criticism. It may be a fancy on our part, but it seems to us that its construction and movement are strikingly in unison with a funeral pageant. Line after line seems to correspond to the successive steps in the procession—now regular, then irregular; now a pause, then an advance. Others, again, re-echo the tolling bell, and "the roll of muffled drums." The difference between this dirge and "In Memoriam" is noticeable. The quiet monotony of the latter, such as befits individual grief, is changed here into the loud *polytony* (to coin a corresponding term), which symbolizes the "pomp and circumstance" of a public funeral, and the tumultuous outburst of a national lamentation. Its tone is eminently national and noble. Nelson's apostrophe is very striking. It is a Biblical imitation (see Isaiah, xiv. 12, and lxiii. 1.), but it is a very happy one, and appropriately introduces "the greatest soldier" to his last resting-place beside "the greatest sailor" in England or the world.

A little volume of Poems by Miss B. R. Parkes,<sup>11</sup> contains some genuine poetry. The pieces are of a miscellaneous character, but they are characterized by a spiritual vein of sentiment, which seeks to penetrate the symbolism of nature, and to interpret its living

voice, in language graceful and melodious. She belongs to the contemplative school, and in some of her pieces reminds us of Emerson.

## ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

### Theology.

Among recent importations there are only two works that can with propriety find a place under this head, viz., "Brownson's Essays,"<sup>1</sup> and the third volume of the "Great Harmonia,"<sup>2</sup> representing the two extremes of theological opinion in America, Brownson being the great champion of Rome, and Davis the leading "medium" of Nature's new "Revelation."

Brownson is better known to us as the author of "Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted;" a little work written while its author was a disciple or professor of New England Transcendentalism, but characterized rather by that logical dogmatism which leads a man to become indifferently an atheist or a papist, than by that intuitive sagacity and calm reflection which constitutes him a votary of truth. Referring to his past history, he informs us that he was born in a Protestant community, of Protestant parents, and was brought up a Presbyterian. He then became successively a Universalist and a Unitarian, circumnavigating the ecclesiastical world, and finally, casting anchor within the haven of the Catholic Church. He expresses himself satisfied with his present position, and has "no desire to change it." "Conviction," he says, "not desperation, led me into the Church, and I have found a thousand times more than I expected." But, whatever he may have found in the Church, the reader will hardly experience the same agreeable disappointment as to what he will find in these "Essays." And of this he is duly warned. "From first to last I think and write as a man many centuries behind his age." We admire the *vaivité* of this confession, as well as the submissive humility which prompts a man who "asserts his liberty in his practice," to submit his articles before being printed in his Review to the censorship of the priesthood, and who will be "most happy to correct any error of any sort they

<sup>10</sup> "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." By Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Moxon. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Poems." By B. R. Parkes. London: John Chapman. 1852.

<sup>1</sup> "Essays and Reviews, chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism." By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "The Great Harmonia." Vol. III. The Seer. 1852.

may contain the moment it is brought authoritatively to his notice." "It is not my province to teach; all that I am free to do is to reproduce with scrupulous fidelity what I am taught." Such thorough abdication of manhood must be flattering to Catholic authority, but it is only possible where there is an absence of manly qualities, and can only be true in the author's case, as a literary man, in proportion to his lack of genius. For it is a necessity with every one endowed with this divine gift, to be "a law unto himself," or (to use another Biblical expression) to be "under the law" to Nature. Men of literary genius are often welcomed as the defenders, but they generally prove the ruin, of any system of an arbitrary or artificial nature. Gioberti and Lammenais were no friends of the papacy. Father Newman, though apparently more docile, is not in reality less awayed by his own individuality. Authority, when speaking through him, speaks *philosophically*: in other words, he accepts it on *his own terms*. Disraeli stands in the same relation to Conservatism. Such men are nothing if not original. In their hands Romanism becomes rational, and Conservatism a synonym for progress. Professing to obey their respective parties, they in fact appropriate them, and, by staking their existence upon a theory, surrender them to public opinion. The parties under such leadership may retain their former names, but they have *changed their former character*. The literary leader of the American Catholics, Dr. Brownson, has not equal ability to the men we have named, and this alone prevents him from doing equal damage to his own cause. This literary championship of superannuated systems is one of the signs of the times—very cheering to the lover of progress. To defend old opinions by new methods is in itself a mighty innovation, and to reconcile the dogmas of authority to the dictates of reason, is equivalent to making them change places; traditionalism is shifting its position, and virtually giving up the contest. This will appear in good time. Dr. Newman's "Theory of Development" aimed a mortal blow at Catholicism, and "Butler's Analogy" will yet prove the weakness of orthodoxy. In an evil hour, the one appealed to the law of progress, and the other to the analogy of nature. On such fertile fields it was easy to have a choice of flowers, but there are plenty left for others to pluck.

The "Great Harmonia" is an instance at hand. The analogy of nature is the source whence its teachings are derived, and the foundation on which they rest. And the more closely it harmonizes with nature, the more powerfully it testifies against tradition.

Identifying the natural and the human with the divine, it resolves the *super-natural* into the *anti-natural*, and soon makes an end of both. It is not a work which is likely to find unqualified acceptance in any quarter, for the author's analogical faculty is so fertile, and preponderates so greatly, that you must take the crop as it grows—the chaff with the wheat—and let your understanding winnow it for yourself. Its peculiar principles were explained in a previous number of this "Review,"\* to which we beg to refer the reader who may be curious on the subject, and it is for such only that the work is intended. Like all works of a similar character, it contains much that will excite a smile or even a sneer; but no person whose mind is at once curious and cautious, speculative and reverent, can fail to read it with benefit. "Standing in the vestibule of creation," says the author, "we are capable of comprehending but a small amount of the truths connected with our present and future existence. But it is truly believed, that the volume here presented will extend the reader's survey of life, and add many rainbow tints to those familiar thoughts which every age has done something toward developing."

The present volume is intended to throw light on "the entire phenomena of Psychology, Clairvoyance, and Inspiration." It is in the form of lectures, and is less oracular in tone, and more logical in its general texture than its predecessors. The author is making marked progress as a thinker and as a teacher. He is throwing off much of his former obscurity and affectation, and speaks more in the every-day language of the world, and gives evidence of a widening experience of its affairs. There is, consequently, a greater degree of self-consciousness about him, exercising a subduing influence over all his utterances. In his Lecture on "The Authority of the Harmonial Philosophy," he endeavours to define his position. It is "peculiar," but "mainly misinterpreted." Authority rests only in Truth, and Truth is to be found only in Nature, and Nature is to be interpreted only by Reason. "God lives in Nature; therefore, when we study Nature, we study God; therefore, too, in proportion as we comprehend Nature, in the same proportion we comprehend God. The terms Revelation and Development are synonymous. Hence, when we examine the *Developments of Nature*, we examine the *Revelations of Nature*." In another Lecture on a cognate topic, he defines and illustrates the various standards of authority in different ages. In the Savage Age, the authorities are Desire and Fear. In

\* No. I. January, 1852.

the Barbarian Age, they become Strength and Mystery. In the Patriarchal Age, they are Position and Title. In the Present Age, which is the age of Civilism, Authority springs from Doctrine and Wealth. In the Coming Age, there will be no Authority but Nature and Reason—Nature the great exponent of God, and Reason the great exponent of Nature—these will constitute the supreme authority upon all things which pertain to man and his maker.

### Ethics.

Though America is not deficient in theological authors, and can boast of at least one metaphysical genius in Jonathan Edwards, she has not as yet produced any distinguished writer in ethical philosophy. Dr. Wayland and Dr. Lieber are the only names that occur to us in this department, but, though both are eminently qualified for this kind of work, the former has merely attempted an improved edition of Paley, and the latter has restricted himself to a particular branch of the subject—viz., that of *Political Ethics*. A posthumous little work by Dr. Alexander, of Princeton,<sup>4</sup> has recently been added to this meagre list, which, though not aspiring to the dignity of a treatise, forms a most compact and convenient text-book. It is similar in origin and design, though inferior in analytical and expository ability to Dr. Wayland's "Elements." It is, however, more elementary in its character, confining itself to the elucidation of fundamental principles, without entering into the discussion of practical duties. It is also more strictly scientific in its form. The author has had a clear perception of the limits of his subject, and has not aimed at making it a manual of "the whole duty of man." Regarding it, moreover, as a *science*, he does not eke out the conclusions of reason by the "light of revelation!" It is a calm, clear stream of abstract reasoning, flowing from a thoughtful, well-instructed mind, without any parade of logic, but with an intuitive simplicity and directness which gives an almost axiomatic force. From this characteristic we could almost have conjectured what is stated in the Preface, that the study of Ethical Philosophy was the author's favorite pursuit for at least threescore years, and that for forty years it formed a branch of academic instruction in connexion with his theological course. As the work is didactic, and not polemical, there is seldom any reference to the opinions of others, though there is no affected avoid-

<sup>4</sup> "Outlines of Moral Science." By Archibald Alexander, D.D., Late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. 1852.

ance of controversy, and, on the other hand nothing but fairness towards an opponent. "Amidst a life of perpetual reading, of which he held the spoils in his memory with singular exactness and tenacity, he persevered in seeking and presenting truth with the minimum of quoted aid. This quality of his thinking will be all the rather obvious in a treatise like the present, which, as an epitome of extended results, necessarily leaves out a thousand particulars of the process and all the lighter play of illustration."

### History.

An elaborate history of the revolutionary movement in the Austrian dominions in 1848, characterized by the fulness and accuracy of its information, as well as by the impartiality of its judgment, from the pen of an American citizen,<sup>4</sup> whose official position at Vienna, during that eventful period, gave him unequalled opportunities both for observation and research, commends itself at once as a work of some interest and importance. Mr. Stiles has turned his advantages to good account, and shows himself in every way qualified for such an undertaking. Careful and conscientious in his statements, he writes with the sober solemnity of a witness upon oath. He does not betray the slightest prejudice against monarchy; nor, on the other hand, can it be said that he is hostile to republicanism. This may appear strange language to employ in reference to one who is himself a republican; but it is the only language that can appropriately describe the attitude, not of personal indifference, but of official neutrality, which is assumed and maintained throughout the work. Mr. Stiles, at the solicitation of Kossuth, offered to mediate between Hungary and Austria; and the attitude of courtesy of the Prince, and of condescension to his *protégé*, assumed on that occasion in the presence of Schwarzenberg, seems to have been stereotyped on the spot, and to have stamped its impression upon the history before us. For its impartiality often degenerates into a tone of cold, dignified diplomacy, which takes the spirit out of the narrative. In order to secure accuracy, a historian is not called upon to suppress his personal sympathy.

He recognises three distinct parties in the

<sup>4</sup> "Austria in 1848-49: being a History of the late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice, and Prague; with details of the Campaigns of Lombardy and Novara; a Full Account of the Revolution in Hungary, &c." By William H. Stiles, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Vienna. 2 vols. 1852.



revolutionary struggle, viz., "the government party, or monarchists; the radicals, or reckless agitators; and the intelligent or moderate reformers." As to the sentiments and designs entertained by the "radicals," one of the "most talented" of their leaders in Vienna said to the author, "we wish no such republic as you have in the United States; we wish something original; we wish a government where there shall not only be an equality of rights and of rank, but an equality of property and an equality of everything." Another leading radical, "one of the celebrated council of Fifty-two, to whom for a season was committed all the affairs of the German Confederation," remarked to him: "Sir, the only course left to us is to raise the *guillotine*, and to keep it in constant and active operation; our only watchword should be, '*Blood, blood, blood!*' and the more blood that flows, the sooner shall we attain our liberties!" The great lesson, he thinks, which the Revolution has taught Europe is, "that constitutional freedom must be gained by degrees, not by one desperate and sudden effort." This is cold comfort to our democratic heroes, and a strange conclusion for one to come to whose own country gained its freedom only by "a desperate effort," but, nevertheless, it is probably the wisest lesson for the people to learn, if they would only learn it. With nations as with individuals, physical development is the basis of mental growth, and material prosperity is the pathway to independence. In other words, social progress must precede political reform; national regeneration is the only safe and legitimate means of accomplishing a national revolution. No class in society ever acquired influence by the soundness of its abstract principles until it claimed consideration by the weight of its material interests. Every additional mill in Lancashire has increased its political power in England. And from first to last, the growth of English liberty has kept pace with the growth of certain interests, which no government could dare to trifle with. Absolutism can exist only in an impoverished country. In a great commercial country like our own, or like America, the government must be the servant, and not the master, of its commercial interests. Nicholas himself could only govern England by conforming to the necessities of his position, overcome by the mightier magnetism of the contending mass. The inventions of Watt and Arkwright have secured us against despotism or conquest more effectually than the victories of Nelson or Wellington. And Count Széchenyi was doing more to revolutionize and emancipate Hungary by making roads, building bridges, and introducing manufactures, than Kossuth,

by making speeches, organizing armies, and winning battles. This harmonizes with that process of "levelling upwards" which should henceforth be the watchword of all wise and earnest reformers.

Mr. Stiles reviews, with high appreciation, the conduct and "Herculean labours" of Kossuth during the struggle with Austria, but blames him severely for the closing act of his administration. "What explanation," he asks, "can be given of the act, by which, at this essential climax of his country's fortunes, he abandoned his post, and without any guarantee whatever, intrusted a power which was not his to bestow, to a soldier whom he had repeatedly declared unworthy of confidence, and then sought his personal safety among the hereditary enemies of his country? Is there any new light to be thrown on this wretched termination; or is it to be inferred that the orator, the statesman, the man of genius, was unequal to the fierce conflict of arms; and that, overawed, subdued and stunned by the storm he had himself aroused, he shrunk from the blast, and was as unable to protect his own fame as to defend the fortunes of his country?" The case is here presented in its most unfavourable aspect. If Kossuth acted illegally in conferring supreme power upon Görgey, there are emergencies which enthrone *moral* right above *legal* sanction, and which call upon a man to act simply because it so happens that he *can* act. Kossuth may on that occasion have looked upon himself as placed in such an emergency. If, as we cannot however suppose, he foresaw that Görgey would betray his country, it was perhaps the best policy to permit what he felt it impossible to prevent; and if it was an unfortunate termination of the struggle for Hungary, it was an ignoble one for Austria. To the share of the invaders and traitors combined there would fall only the execration of mankind, while the betrayed would be saved the discouragement of defeat, and be regarded with sympathy if not with admiration. But it is more probable that Kossuth gave way to Görgey, and retired from the scene in the full hope (and not an ungrounded one either), that, as Görgey was bent on achieving undivided glory, he would now, when every competitor was removed, even if he had already meditated treachery, change his purpose, and do of his own will and pleasure, and for his own glory, what he would never have done in obedience to authority, or under the impulse of patriotism. This appeal to Görgey's vanity failed, probably because too late, and not because he was proof against its power. The circumstances admit of such an explanation; and, at all events, the problem cannot be solved by imputing absolute

cowardice to Kossuth, on the one hand, or absolute villany to Görgey, on the other.

### Biography.

The recent death of the venerable Professor Hopkin, of Harvard University, has been followed by "A Memorial,"\* containing selections from his Academic Lectures and Pulpit discourses, with a Biographical sketch by his successor in office, Professor Felton. Dr. Popkin, or "Old Pop," as he was familiarly called, was a *character*. He belonged to the "old school" of teachers, now an extinct species in America, as they nearly are in Britain. In his youth he had an old-fashioned education himself. We smile at the recollection of our own initiation into classical studies, as we read of him "committing to memory Cheever's Accidence, with the list of irregular verbs at the end; a nomenclator in Latin and English; then the Syntax of Ward's Grammar in Latin." "These were dry morsels," he remarks, "but haply wholesome and nutritive." His father, seeing him to be "a lad of parts," sent him to Harvard to study for the ministry. There he distinguished himself by his diligence in study, and radicalism in politics. On becoming a clergyman, he continued to drill himself in Greek—frightening his landlord by his habit of walking his chamber, and reading aloud, or repeating, *ore rotundo*, long passages from his beloved Homer. His zeal for the classics at length procured him the appointment to the Greek chair at Harvard, which suited him better than the pulpit. He filled this office from 1815 to 1833, spending his declining years in retirement, till his death in January last, at the advanced age of eighty.

As one of the old school, Dr. Popkin was a thorough pedagogue—a grammar and dictionary man, in whose eyes a good memory was of more importance than a strong understanding or warm imagination. He was more memorable for his eccentricities than for his endowments as a teacher. He was shy in his manner, curt in his speech, and methodical in his actions. He was a capital subject for caricature, and, at the same time, an object of universal respect. He was a man of keen humour himself; though his temperament was also tinged with melancholy, owing to his nervous excitability and solitary life. He was never married. There was a tradition that, while a student, there

was one to whose attractions he was not insensible. "Half a century afterwards, on the death of an estimable and venerable lady, Dr. Popkin, contrary to the long fixed habits of his life, attended her funeral, and followed her, in his carriage, to the grave. Perhaps some lingering memory of an early dream of romance, untold at the time, but unforgotten afterwards, may still have dwelt in that lonely heart." As happens with regard to all similar characters, the law of mythical development was at work in giving circulation to abundance of anecdotes, some of which are here related, though admitted to be apocryphal. As we wish to extract one good anecdote of him, we select the following, as both good and true, resting upon the authority of his biographer:—

"I was in the habit of calling to see him in his study, and never without receiving amusement, delight, and instruction; and I now regret that I made no effort to preserve a record of the rare peculiarities of his genial conversation. I will mention, however, one incident of the olden time, that occurred in a visit of mine to the doctor, which will be understood and relished by those who knew him. Some friend had sent me a few bottles of Greek wine, labelled, 'Ἑλληνικός οἶνος.' Thinking the doctor might be pleased to see and taste the long-descended offspring of the grape of Anacreon, I took one of them with me, and called at his house, telling him what I had brought. He examined the label curiously, repeating the Greek words several times, walking all the while rapidly round the room, as if he almost fancied himself transported back to the Heroic Age; then went to a closet, and brought out a rusty cork-screw, with two old-fashioned wine-glasses. Having drawn the cork, with considerable difficulty, he filled the glasses, handed one to me across the table, on which lay an open volume of the Iliad, and, standing at his full height, gravely proposed, 'The memory of Homer.' The toast to the old Ionian was drunk standing, with a hearty good-will in the presence of his portrait, and many editions of his works—perhaps the only time such a ceremony has ever taken place this side the classical ages."

Hawthorne's "Life of General Pierce,"\* belongs to that mongrel species of literature called "political biography." It does its author no credit. We should not deem it worthy of notice did we not wish to give emphatic expression to our regret that Hawthorne should have written it. Not that we object to him using his pen in political discussions, for he is an American citizen as well as an author. He is, moreover, one of the General's former fellow-students at college, and might have been prompted by a noble and magnanimous desire to do justice to an

\* "A Memorial of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin, D.D., late Elist Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University." Edited by C. C. Felton, his Successor in Office. 1852.

\* "Life of Franklin Pierce." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1852.

old friend, whose sudden celebrity exposed him to the risk of crucifixion between hostile abuse and partisan praise. But we discover nothing noble in the work itself—nothing to indicate that it is not the production of a partisan who has been paid for the job. The writer is clearly out of his element; his genius forsakes him; and his usual thoughtfulness is replaced by declamatory panegyric. Franklin Pierce may deserve all the compliments here paid to him; but what excites our surprise is, that a writer so discriminating as Hawthorne usually is, should deal in compliments at all.

"We wish to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of stockings she wore,"—so Carlyle is reported to have said in reference to Margaret Fuller to one of that lady's friends; and in that wish Carlyle was only expressing what nearly every one feels respecting celebrated characters with whom they have no personal acquaintance. Catering to this latent curiosity, Mr. Putnam has produced (instead of another volume of "Home Beauties") a handsomely illustrated work on the "Homes of American Authors." The idea has apparently been suggested by William Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets:" at any rate, it forms a beautiful counterpart to that work. Besides the engravings of the Authors' Homes, there are fac-similes of their handwriting, with anecdotes touching their manner of life. The authors he has housed, autographed, and anecdoted, in this volume, are—Audubon, Paulding, Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Dana, Prescott, Miss Sedgwick, Cooper, Edward Everett, Emerson, Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Webster, Kennedy, and Lowell. The anecdoters are Curtis (The Howadji), Tuckerman, Bryant, Griswold, and others.

The first impression made by glancing through this work is, that American authors are a very prosperous race, and that literature, like everything else, must be a thriving business in the New World. These homes, though some of them are constructed of wood, have a substantial and picturesque appearance, generally "embowered amid elms and oaks" in the quiet country, or pleasant suburb. Washington Irving lives on the banks of his favourite Hudson, on a spot which his own pen had rendered classic ground. His house commands a fine panoramic view of the noble river and surrounding country. Bryant, on the other hand, has chosen a residence more strictly rural, embosomed among trees, and standing on a gentle elevation, at

the foot of which there is a miniature lake, with a basket-work bridge over the strait, and boats here and there rippling its calm surface. Dana, again, prefers the open sea, with the ocean spray of the Atlantic dashing upon his windows. Prescott's summer retreat is similarly situated on the furthest headland on the coast. "It is the oldest spot," he says, "in New England," and has a most dismal aspect, but he has two other houses besides to pick and choose from. Emerson and Hawthorne, as is well known, live at Concord, near Boston. It is a quiet New England town, with a few white houses, and two or three spires shooting up amid the trees. Emerson has himself described the character of the scenery in his Essay on "Nature." His house is a plain, square, white building, on the road-side. To this was attached a small estate of two acres—now increased to nine. The land, originally bare, is now shaded with trees; but the poet, it seems, is no farmer, notwithstanding the agricultural enthusiasm which characterized the Boston literati a few years ago. Mr. Emerson's library is "a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a dilettante. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural book-cases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men."

Emerson has many visitors, and "there have even been attempts at something more formal and club-like than the chance conversations of occasional guests, one of which will certainly be recorded nowhere but upon these pages." It was a complete failure, and the writer's account of it is very amusing:—

"I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of Silence with a solemn 'saying,' to which, after due pause, the honourable member for blackberry pastimes responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair, and eyes, and suit of sables, made him, in that

\* "Homes of American Authors: comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches." By Various Writers. 1853.

society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like beat-lightning around the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings."

Miles Coverdale's home, for three years, was the "Old Manse," though it seems to be a disputed point in Concord whether, during those years, it was inhabited at all. He was never seen in the village, but bent his course direct to the river, where he was sure of solitude. In this river, it was his favourite habit to bathe every evening, after night-fall. His love of solitude and silence would befit an Indian Yogi. The writer says that the first time he met him (at a tea-party at Emerson's) not a word passed his lips during the whole evening! He has been with him for hours on the river, enjoying his silence as something "most social." He knows of only one "call" in which Hawthorne was involved, and that was from Emerson and a friend. "It was a vague ghost of the Monday evening club." The two visitors sat upright in their chairs—each like "a Roman Senator." The host is compared to "a Dacian king," and "sat perfectly still," while "the call went on!"

Hawthorne was absent for six years from Concord (having been appointed Collector of Customs at Salem during the Presidency of Mr. Polk), but has now returned—not to the old Manse, but to a romantic-looking house, formerly occupied by Alcott. He calls it "the Wayside," and already it has secured for itself a name among the high places of the earth, by being the house in which he wrote the "Blithedale Romance."

A second volume to complete this American Valhalla is promised next year.

#### Criticism.

It may be proper to notice here a work on "Anglo-American Literature and Manners," written by a Frenchman, and translated and published in America. It does for the literary and social characteristics of America what the elaborate work of M. De Tocqueville did for its political institutions. He does not appear to have visited America himself, but he is familiar with their "two or three thousand men of genius in prose and verse," and seems to know the names at least of their "three

hundred best poets." He has also read the "sixty odd volumes" of Dickens, Maryatt, and other travellers (English and European) in the States, by means of which "one can see America without going there." "How," he adds, "can any phase of North America escape you, helped as you are by a German doctor, a Swedish diplomatist, an American novelist, a priest, a historian, a writer of statistics, not to mention a lady novelist, a sailor, a cavalry captain, a writer on manners, and a playwright?" There is, certainly, no lack of materials; and it is due to our author to say that he has thoroughly mastered them. He understands his subject—feels thoroughly interested in it—and dashes along in a light and lively style, scintillating wit and wisdom on the wide range of topics passed in review.

#### Fiction.

Slave tales continue to be the literary staple among the products of the American press. Uncle-Tomism has had its day; and now comes anti-Uncle-Tomism. There are two sides to every story; and most assuredly, in fiction, at least, there are two sides to slavery. No wonder the ladies of England are so interested in "those dear blacks,"—they are indeed interesting creatures, living in "peace and affection," precisely as Mr. Hawthorne describes them. It was exceedingly naughty of Mrs. Stowe to represent them differently. It never was her privilege to live at the South, and how could she know? If she had seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is," she would have seen the "Real life of the Lowly," and neither betrayed her ignorance nor her uncharitableness. The real Uncle Tom, though deceived by the Abolitionists, and induced to make his escape, finds, after suffering many hardships at the North, that there is no place like home, and is glad to come "back to Old Virginia." If you are not satisfied with this, you may accompany Mrs. Eastman to "Aunt Phillis's Cabin,"<sup>10</sup> where you will also see "Southern Life as it is." Philanthropists will weep over the picture here presented. Not over the slaves, for they are happy and comfortable, but over the miseries of their masters. The poor planters, in addition to their own sorrows, have to bear the vicarious burden of the whole sufferings and sorrows of the South. It is a great affliction, but it

<sup>9</sup> "Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is; or, Life at the South; being Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents, in the Real 'Life of the Lowly.'" By W. L. G. Smith. 1852.

<sup>10</sup> "Aunt Phillis's Cabin; or, Southern Life as it is." By Mrs. Mary H. Eastman. 1852.

<sup>9</sup> "Anglo-American Literature and Manners." From the French of Philarete Chasles, Professor in the College of France. 1852.

is the Lord's doing and marvellous in their eyes. Mrs. Eastman, besides being a writer of some reputation, is a lady of shining piety, and would have nothing to do with slavery were it not a divine institution. "However inexplicable may be the fact that God would appoint the curse of continual servitude on a portion of his creatures, will any one dare, with the Bible open in his hands, to say the fact does not exist?" She can find nothing against slavery in the Bible, but everything in favor of it. The Abolitionists would unchristianize slaveholders, but how was it of old? "The Lord has called himself the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. These holy men were slaveholders!" Again: "Christ alludes to slavery, but does not forbid it." As to St. Paul, "he was not a fanatic, and, therefore, *could not be an Abolitionist.*" Paul "knew that, God had made Onesimus a slave," and, therefore, required him to return to his master. Clearly, Paul would have voted for the Fugitive Slave Bill. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: "Slavery, authorized by God, permitted by Jesus Christ, sanctioned by the Apostles, maintained by good men of all ages, is still existing in a portion of our beloved country. How long it will continue, or whether it will ever cease, the Almighty Ruler of the universe can alone determine." Slavery stands well, by this account of it, while "Abolition" is denounced as "turning aside the institutions and commands of God, treading under foot the love of country, *despising the laws of nature,*" &c. She is getting upon wrong ground here: she should stick to the Scriptures, and Mrs. Stowe should meet her there—if she can!

"Uncle Tom" is not the universal cognomen for negroes; for, in the "Cabin and Parlour,"<sup>11</sup> we have one christened "Uncle Peter." As the Pope has only nephews, the little niggers have only uncles and aunts. So many of them, and all so exemplary—they begin to be stale. Some second-cousins should be introduced by way of variety. "The Cabin and Parlour," however, is a good tale, and worth reading. The Courtenays are a noble Virginian family, reduced to ruin, on the death of their father, by the dishonesty of a Yankee house at the North. Isabella, the eldest daughter, opens a school, and Horace becomes an errand-boy in the store of a pious Abolitionist called Sharpe, in one of the free States. The little fellow sinks under the hard work imposed upon him by his avaricious master, and his Irish landlady is reciting his sufferings one day at Mr. Sharpe's

door, when overheard by Mr. Walworth, a Southern planter, whose compassion is so touched that he visits Horace in his humble abode, and makes an unavailing effort to restore him to health. Having learnt his history, and heard him talk about his lovely sister, he feels so much interest in her that he pays her a visit, and ultimately marries her. The "old place" is re-purchased, together with the old slaves, and Uncle Peter is once more the happiest man in Virginia. On this thread of fiction, the author strings his views on the main question involved in it. Slavery, in its practical working, appears to great advantage when contrasted with the misery endured by the free blacks and poor whites in the Northern cities, while its abstract merits are discussed by Walworth in a debate with Mr. Brawler, an English anti-slavery lecturer, over whom he gains a triumphant victory.

Besides these, we have "Northwood,"<sup>12</sup> and "The White Slave," both re-publications of works of older date. "Northwood" was the first literary effort of Mrs. Hale, in her early widowhood, five-and-twenty years ago. "It was written," she says, "literally with my baby in my arms—'the youngling of the flock,' whose eyes did not open on the world till his father's were closed in death!" It was favorably received, and procured her the editorship (which she still retains) of the "Ladies' Magazine," which was then about to be started in Boston, and which was "the first literary work, exclusively devoted to women, ever published in America." Mrs. Hale's planters are philanthropists of the Shaftesbury school. Sidney Romilly has a family of 149 slaves left him by his godly father, whose dying advice to his son was, "Be sure, when you marry, that your wife is a real believer in the Word of God." And Sidney finds such a wife—one who "shakes hands with all her negroes, old and young," who has week-day schools and Sunday-schools, with teachers and chaplains to Christianize their black skins. It would have been a sanctifying sight to see them "all together, form a congregation, and kneel in worship of that holy God who is Lord over bond and free," and to hear the "servant of Christ announce to both, on equal terms, the Great Salvation." The Christian slave "should bless God for the *privileges* that American slavery has conferred on himself and on his race." This is sickening stuff; but Mrs. Hale admits that slavery "injures the white race more than it benefits the coloured," and she gives an illustration:—"The negro is imita-

<sup>11</sup> "The Cabin and Parlour; or, Slaves and Masters." By J. Thornton Randolph. 1852.

<sup>12</sup> "Northwood; or, Life North and South: showing the true character of both." By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. 1852.

tive and capable of speaking the English language correctly; as a *slave*, he will never be taught to do so, but allowed to go on in his own idiomatic jargon. This he communicates to the children of his master, and thus our noble tongue is vulgarized, and rendered disgusting to the scholar and people of refined taste. I have met Southern ladies, elegant-looking women, whose manner of speech and intonation were so 'niggerish,' that it required a knowledge of this peculiar dialect fully to understand them."

"The White Slave"<sup>13</sup> written by Mr. Hildreth, the historian, uncompromisingly advocates abolition. As a practical protest against slavery, it is more pointed and forcible than Mrs. Stowe's far-famed romance, though much inferior in breadth, humour, and artistic finish. "Wild Tom," however, is truer to human nature, and better fitted for a novel than "Uncle Tom." Altogether, it is a work of decided merit, though not likely to acquire extensive popularity.

#### *Political Economy, &c.*

If industrial science does not keep pace with industrial progress in the United States, it is not from any want of interest in the subject, or from want of data on which to build conclusions. The American economists are diligent collectors of facts, as works like De Bow's "Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States"<sup>14</sup> amply testify. The multifarious information contained in this work "has been collected during many years of active researches in the editorial conduct of one of the most widely-circulated journals in the Union." The articles are arranged in alphabetical order, and some of them, such as those on Cotton and Slavery, are very copious, and furnish materials not elsewhere to be met with for a full view of the subjects discussed. To the American planter, manufacturer, and merchant, such an industrial cyclopædia must be invaluable; nor, looking at it as a contribution to comparative statistics, is it less important to the economists, statesmen, and merchants of other countries. Political Economy is best studied in the history of trade and commerce, and the future

<sup>13</sup> "The White Slave." (By Richard Hildreth.) 1852.

<sup>14</sup> "The Industrial Resources, &c., of the Southern and Western States: embracing a View of their Commerce, Agriculture, Internal Improvements; Slave and Free Labour, Slavery Institutions, Products, &c., of the South; together with Historical and Statistical Sketches of the different States and Cities of the Union, &c. &c." By J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy, &c., in the University of Louisiana. 3 vols. 1852.

progress of industry will throw light on many problems in the science which now perplex the inquirer. Guided by this conviction, Mr. Seaman, in his "Essays on the Progress of Nations,"<sup>15</sup> has endeavoured to present the principles of political economy in a historical and statistical shape. The work comprises, says the Preface, "the leading principles of political economy and social philosophy, and the facts from which they are deduced, united in a systematic series of essays, logically arranged, showing the connexion of the whole, and the bearing of each upon the development of the faculties of man, upon productive industry, civilization, and the progress of nations."

Mr. Seaman, however, does not perform so well as he promises. His reading has been limited, his manner is old-fashioned, and, though he takes a wide survey, his views are superficial. He closely follows Mr. Carey in his opinions on native industry and commercial legislation.

#### ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.\*

##### *Study of the Classics.*

THE change which has recently taken place in Germany with respect to the classical literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans, is one of the most striking characteristics of the present time. Germany came late into the field as a worshipper of classical antiquity, the great scholars of Holland, whose works now rather encumber than adorn our shelves, having finished their labours before hers had begun; but her love, though late, appeared lasting, and in no other country has there been such a direct influence of ancient upon modern literature. In other lands, the study of the classics, even where carried to great perfection, has stood more or less apart from the work of production in the vernacular. We find, indeed, a result of the "revival of letters," as it is called, not only in the literature of such professedly classical periods as those of Queen Anne in England, and of Louis XIV. in France, but also in the romantic poems that preceded them. But this indirect influence of the classics, which made

<sup>15</sup> "Essays on the Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population." By Ezra C. Seaman. 1852.

\* The works named in the article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

Pope satirize after the manner of Horace, and Racine dramatize, as he thought, after the manner of the Greeks, is so widely different in degree from that zealous worship of the ancients which marked the writers of the German "golden age," that the difference in fact, became also a difference in kind. To whatever sources they turn, Pope remains a man of fashion of the last century, and Racine the court poet of a modern king. In Goethe and Schiller, on the other hand, we find, at a certain epoch in their lives, an actual tendency to become Greeks themselves, and not merely to regard the ancient mythology as a source whence the poet without much expenditure of invention, and without any great amount of sympathy, may draw an abundant store of elegant images. We should in vain search the poets who, flourished in England and France, during the so-called classic period, for poems which showed such a deep veneration for antiquity, as Schiller's "Gods of Greece," and Goethe's second part of "Faust," in point of feeling, and Goethe's "Elegies," in point of both feeling and form.

Nevertheless the interest in the ancients who, eighty years ago, when the labours of Winckelmann, in expounding antique art, gave a sudden impulse to the cultivation of antique literature, were regarded as almost the sole sources of beauty and of wisdom, has now sensibly declined;—and the decline is not only shown by the decreased influence of the Greek and Roman poets upon the vernacular literature; but also in the doubts which are felt in Germany, as well as in other nations, respecting the propriety of allowing the study of the ancient languages to occupy that prominent position in general education which it has hitherto held without dispute. There is an utilitarian party, which discovers that proficiency in classical learning is but a slight qualification for the practical business of life; a national party which finds out that the Greeks and Romans were not Germans; and a religious party which is shocked to perceive that they were not Christians, reminding us of the pious horror which was inspired in Dean Swift, by Horace's ignorance of the Thirty-nine Articles. Altogether, these several classes make up a formidable body, and though the classical scholar may eye them with contempt, he is nevertheless compelled to acknowledge their existence.

Under these circumstances, the dissertation of Dr. W. Herbst,<sup>1</sup> on the position of classical literature, in the present day, will be highly acceptable to the higher literary public. Dr. Herbst is on the classical side, but he is

a very moderate man, and does every justice to his adversaries, while he aims to secure victory for his own cause. In fact, he rather steps in as a mediator, with a leaning, than as a decided partisan, and while he laments—not very pathetically—the growing indifference of the public to the objects of his sober predilections, he is willing to admit that the classical professors themselves have of late done all in their power to strengthen the case of their antagonists. The fact is, that since the time of Niebuhr, the classical literati of Germany, isolating themselves from the world, have confined their attention to the investigation of archaeological and philological details, which are of no interest to the general public, instead of producing comprehensive works, bearing upon them the stamp of universal importance. The antiquities of the Dorians, and the formalities of the Olympian games, though delightful to the special student, will not attract the sympathy of a people engaged in all the political and material interests of the middle of the nineteenth century; and the classical renovator, if he would make an impression worthy of comparison with that made by Winckelmann, Wolf, and Niebuhr, must, according to Dr. Herbst, treat his subject in an historico-political manner. Poetry will no longer be the link connecting the ancient and modern worlds, as in the last century; but the political lessons of ancient Greece are not exhausted, and are possibly still applicable to the movements of the present day.

To confirm this opinion, Dr. Herbst ingeniously draws a parallel between the present state of Germany and the condition of Greece, at the time of the Peloponnesian War—putting Austria in the place of Sparta, as the representative of conservatism, and Prussia in the place of Athens as the representative of movement. That his admonitions may have a practical end, he recommends, in conformity with this parallel, a new history of the Peloponnesian War—as a work that would have claims to the general appreciation of the public. The immortal eight books of Thucydides are, of course, to lie at the foundation of this undertaking, but the "coming man" is to introduce what the ancient historian left out, and the mass of details which his predecessors have accumulated in books hitherto consulted by the classical scholar alone, will serve as materials towards an edifice of essentially human interest.

Those who will not accept the theory of Dr. Herbst may still read him with profit as an historian. His account of the changes which German literature has undergone through the successive influences of classicism, romanticism, and modern politics, is

<sup>1</sup> "Das Classische Alterthum in der Gegenwart." Von D. W. Herbst. Leipzig. 1882.

succinct and comprehensive; and the distinction which he draws between the great scholars who have acted on the public, and those whose dominion has been confined to the academies, places in their right position the learned Germans who have occupied the attention of classical students for the last eighty years.

### History.

That interest in the ancient national literature, which was awakened by the poets of the romantic school, and which proved so hostile to the supremacy of the pagan classics, is steadily maintained even now. It does not, indeed, show itself in that poetical fervour which marked the days of the Schlegels, Tieck, and Novalis, but in the steady worship of an unwearied scholarship, anxious, by minute and careful investigation, to snatch from oblivion the relics of the German past. Now and then, indeed, we find a complaint that the antiquities of the fatherland do not meet the attention they deserve. Such a complaint, for instance, is made in the preface to a German mythology;<sup>2</sup> in which J. W. Wolf presents, in a readable form, the results of the valuable researches made in that department by Jacob Grimm, and other antiquaries. Nevertheless, whenever a new parcel of German books arrives, we find in it unmistakable indications that the serious study of the middle ages, their history, and literature, together with the desire to render them acceptable to the general public, is steadily gaining ground. The elaborate history of "Alfred the Great," by Dr. Pauli, which was only published in the course of the present year,—and has been recently translated into English,—is already followed by another history of the same monarch, written by Dr. J. B. Weiss,<sup>3</sup> who introduces his subject by a general review of the state of the Anglo-Saxons before Alfred's accession. Dr. Otto Abel has devoted a tolerably large volume to a "Life of King Philip of Germany;"<sup>4</sup> one of the most amiable, though the least fortunate, of the great Hohenstaufen family. Occupying a place between the enterprising and reckless Henry VI. and the enlightened Frederick II., and engaged in a perpetual contest with the anti-Emperor Otho IV., Philip marks a melancholy period in German history—a period of anarchy, intrigue, and ecclesiastical baseness; to which his own assassination, by Otho of

Wittelsbach, appears as the climax. That Dr. Abel should regard Philip, the subject of his biography, and the idol of the noble minnesänger, Walther von der Vogelweide, with all respect, is not to be wondered at; but the English reader will probably be startled by a defence of the Emperor Henry VI., who, in spite of the pretty love-song which bears his name in most collections of *minneleider*, is generally looked upon as a monster of cruelty and rapacity; and is rendered especially unpopular to the romantic reader of English history by the imprisonment of Richard Cœur de Lion.

A little book, by Dr. E. Wietersheim,<sup>5</sup> on the origin of the German nation, may be mentioned as containing a great deal of information respecting the early migrations, within a small compass. With most other learned men, the author entertains the opinion, that the Germans originally came from Asia; and the warmth with which he maintains an opinion so generally received, is somewhat amusing. The forest and marshes of Germania, he says, were not the cradle, but the school of the Teutons; and it is an insult to humanity to regard its noblest race as the specific product of its present residence. We are quite ready to concede to Dr. von Wietersheim that the Germans are not Autocthonous; but why is he so energetic? We are reminded of the zeal with which the Duke of Middlesex, in Sir E. B. Lytton's last comedy, sympathizes with the mailed barons of the time of King John.

From a new work on the German literature of the middle ages, by M. Karl Gödeke,<sup>6</sup> we are disposed to hope much; although only two books out of twelve have yet appeared complete. M. Gödeke has already established his character as a literary collector by the "eleven books" of German poetry from the year 1500 to the present day, which he published in 1849, and which ought to be on the shelf of every German scholar; and the work before us, if conducted with equal care, will be still more valuable, as containing matter less generally accessible.

The earlier portion (all that has yet appeared) of another work,<sup>7</sup> professing to be a history of German literature in general, is occupied with matter similar to that collected by M. Gödeke; and the editor, M. Heinrich Kurz, follows the same plan of interspersing literary dissertation with copious extracts.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Deutsche Götterlehre." Von J. W. Wolf. Göttingen. 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Geschichte Alfred's des Grossen." Von Dr. J. B. Weiss. Schaffhausen. 1852.

<sup>4</sup> "König Philipp der Hohenstaufe." Von Dr. H. F. O. Abel. Berlin. 1842.

<sup>5</sup> "Zur Urgeschichte Deutscher Nation." Von E. v. Wietersheim. Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>6</sup> "Das Mittelalter, Darstellung dar Deutschen Literatur des Mittelaltars." Von Karl Gödeke. Hanover. 1852.

<sup>7</sup> "Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur." Von H. Kurz. Leipzig. 1852.



This book, which seems addressed to a more general public than Gödeke's, possesses the additional attraction of some well-executed woodcuts, in which the quaint figures of the middle ages are reproduced.

Even in the school-book form we can find a manifestation of the mediæval tendency. Dr. W. H. Mönnich<sup>8</sup> has published a little volume of extracts from the *Nibelungen-lied* and *Gudrun-lied*, with a short grammar and glossary for the use of schools.

Closely connected with the study of early history and literature is the study of popular legends, to which the Germans pay more attention than any nation in the world. In England we seldom publish collections of legends without working them up into an amusing form; but the Germans, from Grimm downwards, venture to give them in all their unadorned dryness, as a source, not of amusement, but of instruction. Two of the most recent collections are those of M. Ernst Meier,<sup>9</sup> who briefly sets forth the legends and customs of the Swabian peasantry, chiefly from oral tradition; and of M. A. Schöppner,<sup>10</sup> who is commencing a most bulky account of the superstitions of Bavaria.

We may pause for a moment on the first of these two books, which contains a curious revelation of the state of paganism in Swabia at the present day. The name of the old god Woden, or Hústan, is still preserved among the peasantry; his passage through the air attended by music is deemed the harbinger of a fruitful year; the festival of Donar, the Thor of the Scandinavians, is still recorded by the usages on the Ascension-day ("Holy Thor's Day"), when the peasants adorn their houses with garlands as a charm against lightning. The close connexion that exists in the minds of the people between the ancient god of thunder and the Christian Redeemer, is shown by an expression of the children in the south of Wirtemberg, who, when a thunderstorm comes on, say that the Redeemer (*Heiland*) is shooting.

To modern history there are several contributions. M. J. W. Zinkeisen, the historian of the Ottoman Empire, has commenced an elaborate account of the Jacobin Club,<sup>11</sup> to be completed in two volumes. The first, which has already appeared, and which contains nearly seven hundred pages, comprises the history of the club to the time of the separa-

tion of the *Feuillans*, in 1791. A history of the Catholic literature of Germany,<sup>12</sup> that is to say, of the books written by German Catholics, has been begun by Dr. J. A. M. Brühl, in the number form; and, as might be expected, Frederick Count Stolberg, the favourite butt of the wits of the golden age, occupies a conspicuous place. The three celebrities of modern Hungarian history, Count Batthyany, Arthur Görgei, and Ludwig Kossuth, are biographically treated in three small unpretending volumes, by M. B. Szemere.<sup>13</sup> A long history of Schleswig-Holstein,<sup>14</sup> by M. G. Weitz, is in progress. The second book of the second volume, which is published separately, contains the history of the Duchies during the period of their independence in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Nor should we omit the fact, that the third series of Raumer's historical pocket book has reached its fourth annual volume.

Of "French History,"<sup>15</sup> by Professor Ranke, whose reputation as a critical historian is, we believe, nearly as well established with cultivated readers in England as in his own country, we have here the first volume, commencing with an inquiry into the constituent elements of the French nation in the earliest period of its history, and following it through the English wars—the wars and politics of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries—and the long course of civil discord arising out of religious differences, to the close of Henry the Fourth's struggle with the League, and his profession of the Catholic faith. On the latter portion of the period here embraced, to which the author has especially directed his attention, there is certainly no deficiency of information; but as the contemporary writings concerning it, though vividly coloured, are also strongly tinged with passion and party-feeling, and stamped with the prejudices of the time, it affords a field in which the labours of the scientific and impartial historian may prove eminently serviceable. He has been enabled, too, to avail himself of many hitherto inaccessible MS. documents, especially official reports found in Rome and Venice, of Spanish and English correspondence during the most important epochs, and of papers and letters of French kings and statesmen, containing evidence always important, and in some instances deci-

<sup>8</sup> "Geschichte der Katholischen Literatur." Von Dr. J. A. M. Brühl. Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>9</sup> "Graf L. Batthyány, &c." Von B. Szemere. Hamburg. 1853.

<sup>10</sup> "Schleswig-Holsteins Geschichte." Von G. Weitz. Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Französische Geschichte: vornehmlich im Sechzehnten und Siebenzehnten Jahrhundert." Von Leopold Ranke. Band 1. Cotta. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

<sup>8</sup> "Nibelungen und Gudrun-Lieder." Von Dr. W. B. Mönnich. Stuttgart. 1852.

<sup>9</sup> "Deutsche Sagen, Sitten, und Gebräuche aus Schwaben." Von Ernst Meier. Stuttgart. 1852.

<sup>10</sup> "Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande." Von A. Schöppner. Munich. 1852.

<sup>11</sup> "Der Jakobiner klub." Von J. W. Zinkeisen. Berlin. 1852.

sive. The author is far, he says, from sharing in the assertion often made (and echoed) on insufficient ground—that the History of France is the History of Europe,—but he considers that there are certain epochs in which, from the magnitude of events passing there, and the extent to which surrounding nations have become involved in them, it does ascend to the rank of general history—and such an epoch is that which forms the principal subject of the present work.

“The Recollections of an Austrian Veteran,”<sup>16</sup> though it has not its author's name on the title-page, is understood to be by Field-Marshal Schönhalt, and has been read in Germany, and especially Austria, with immense eagerness. The tone of the writer is perfectly temperate, and his testimony, from the point of view on which he stands, appears to be fairly given. In most instances, he confines himself closely to the detail of military operations, going through the whole course of the Italian war, from the insurrection of Milan, to the fall of Venice; and, as far as his peculiar position will permit, doing ready justice to the Italian character.

### Philosophy.

In the departments of metaphysics and psychology, there is still manifest a fair amount of activity. The Hegelian system of logic has been reduced into a compact form by Dr. Kuno Fischer,<sup>17</sup> who is also publishing a series of lectures on the “History of Modern Philosophy,”<sup>18</sup> the first volume of which extends from Descartes to Spinoza. An ill-printed “History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern,” by J. P. Uschold,<sup>19</sup> is only remarkable as an undigested mass, cut up into short sections. On the other hand, a “History of German Philosophy, from the Time of Kant,” by C. Fortlage,<sup>20</sup> is one of the best books of its kind, and contains fuller accounts of the most modern thinkers, such as Trendelenburg, Schopenhauer, and Beneke, than any work of the sort which, to our knowledge, has yet appeared.

Beneke, whom we have just named, may

<sup>16</sup> “Erinnerungen eines Oesterreichischen Veteranen aus dem Italienischen Kriege der Jahr 1848—1849. 2 vols. Stuttgart und Tubingen. 1852.

<sup>17</sup> “Logik und Metaphysik.” Von Dr. Kuno Fischer. Stuttgart. 1852.

<sup>18</sup> “Vorlesungen über Geschichte der neuen Philosophie.” Von Dr. K. Fischer. Stuttgart. 1853.

<sup>19</sup> “Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.” Von J. P. Uschold. Amberg. 1852.

<sup>20</sup> “Genetische Geschichte der Philosophie seit Kant.” Von C. Fortlage. Leipzig. 1852.

be so far compared with Schopenhauer, that he does not write in the language of the schools, but in a style which may be called popular, in contradistinction from that of the petty professorial despots who have figured in German philosophy since the time of Hegel. His system is completely psychological, and requires a more detailed account than could be given in this general summary. He has now a periodical organ,<sup>21</sup> which has completed its second year, and which treats of the most important subjects connected with psychology and its application to practical life.

### Political Philosophy.

Political philosophy, which has become of late a favourite theme with the Germans, whose politics leave off where those of other nations begin, is represented by a work which Dr. H. F. W. Hinrichs<sup>22</sup> has written on “Kings” in general—oriental kings, eastern kings, mediæval kings, modern kings, and even the ideal “prince” of Machiavelli. In short, the development and the history of the world are represented in the form of the kingdom, which, by constant modifications, approaches its highest ideal. Thus, those single kings who occupy distinguished positions in universal history, are made to represent each of them a certain stage of development, and on this is founded their title to live in the memory of mankind. Providence rules the destinies of nations, but its work is carried on by human agents, who, filled with the ideas of their period, act as if they had received a certain mission. Kings are especially called upon to fill this office; and, therefore, the kings of different times and countries are passed in review by Dr. Hinrichs, not, be it understood, as individuals, but as representatives of the idea of a state.

Dr. Hinrichs, who was a pupil of Hegel, was, no doubt, influenced by the historical views of that philosopher in the classification of his subject. Hegel was remarkable for his exaltation of “representative men.”

### Travels.

“A Journey through Sennaar to Mandera,”<sup>23</sup> may be regarded as an appendix to the

<sup>21</sup> “Archiv für die Pragmatische Psychologie.” Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Beneke. Berlin. 1852.

<sup>22</sup> “Die Könige.” Von Dr. H. F. W. Hinrichs. Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>23</sup> “Reise durch Sennaar nach Mandera-Nasub. Cheli im Lande zwischen dem blauen Nil und dem Albara.” Von Ferdinand Werne. Duncker. Berlin. 1852.

author's account of an Expedition from Senaar to Taha, which we had occasion to notice about a year ago. The present journey lay through the country between the Albara and the Blue Nile, and this has been seldom or never visited by European travellers. Its description cannot fail to have a certain value; but the harsh and ungoverned temper frequently manifested by Mr. Werne, his apparently rather low standard of moral feeling, and his extreme coarseness of expression, render his writings among the least agreeable that we have ever encountered in the department of general literature. Some of the details into which he enters, we cannot help thinking, are out of place in any but a medical work, though they may be useful in assisting to tear off the veil of mystic sentimentalism which—among certain writers more anxious for effect than for truth—it has sometimes of late been the fashion to throw over the hideous excesses of sensual barbarism in the East.

One of the pleasantest features of the much-beloved Great Exhibition of 1851, was that it put everybody on good behaviour. The reciprocal amenities, of the "courteous host and all-approving guest," which we are accustomed to see displayed only in private life, were interchanged between nation and nation. In the *annus mirabilis* above named, when Britannia sent out her cards, and was "at home" to the whole civilized world, she found herself bound to give it a courteous reception; and our guests, consequently, in most instances, departed in high good humour with us.

Among the best pleased and most agreeable of these visitors was M. Ludwig Rellstab, the author of the volumes on which it has pleased him to bestow the appellation of "Summer Fables,"<sup>24</sup> though they are neither more nor less than light travelling sketches of fair average quality. Of course, like other continental foreigners of the middle class who visit London, he finds his way, by some mysterious law of attraction, to Leicester Square; and, taking up his temporary abode in that attractive locality, labours indefatigably in his vocation of sight-seeing. His volumes form a very agreeable guide-book for strangers, and on many points may afford information concerning Leoni to older residents, who are seldom very familiar with them.

To those acquainted with the antecedents and the present position of the Countess Hahn-hahn, it would be no difficult matter to divine, before opening them, the contents

<sup>24</sup> "Sommer Märchen in Reisebildern aus Deutschland, Belgien, Frankreich, England, Schottland, im Jahr 1851." Von Ludwig Rellstab. Darmstadt. 1852.

of these two duodecimo volumes, resembling, in outward form, the profane romances of her unregenerate days. A talent for silence, they will be aware, is not among the many with which this lady has been gifted. From the time when, in her youthful days, she first confided her private sorrows to the breast of a sympathizing public, she has never failed to furnish the world, from time to time, with reports of her mental condition, and of the multifarious phases, impassioned philosophical devoutness, through which she has passed. The present performance<sup>25</sup> is not, indeed, professedly in the first person; but the "Lovers of the Cross"—*videlicet*, St. Antony, St. Benedict, and other founders of monastic orders—are only shown to us through a highly-coloured and distorting medium. This is to be regretted, as the lives of these remarkable personages do really exhibit, time and place considered, many admirable features, and some which are beautiful for all time; but the style in which they are here treated, without any attempt to form a rational estimate of the good and the evil, to sift the wheat from the chaff, can serve no useful purpose. But no one, we presume, will look for anything but a one-sided view of those whom the church has labelled as saints, from a convert like the Countess, in the very honeymoon of her zeal; and after all, they occupy but a small portion of her space, for they merely emerge, now and then, from the wide, washy, everlasting flood of rhapsodical talk, to which we suppose we must give the name of religious contemplation. The passage in which, in a torrent of rather vain-glorious eloquence, she celebrates the praises of the "catholic virtues" of humility and silence, have rather a comic effect, reminding one of the penitent leper of Chamisso's song—toasting, in repeated enthusiastic bumpers, the cause of temperance.

"Aurora,"<sup>26</sup> and "Forget-me-Not,"<sup>27</sup> are annuals, of which the printed contents are something better, and the engraving something worse, than is customary in the same confectionary branch of literature in England. The drawing of the illustrations is, however, in general more correct.

#### Poetry.

"Demiurgos, a Mystery,"<sup>28</sup> is the most

<sup>25</sup> "Die Liebhaber des Kreuzes." Von Ida Gräfin von Hahn Hahn. Mainz. Kirschbein und Schott. 1852.

<sup>26</sup> "Aurora Taschenbueh für das Jahr 1853." Herausgegeben von J. G. Seidl. Wien: Ignaz Lienhart.

<sup>27</sup> "Gedenke Mein, 1853." Wien: Pfalsch und Voss.

<sup>28</sup> "Demiurgos: ein Mysterium." Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1852.

remarkable appearance in the poetical field that we have met with for a long while. In depth and compass of thought, in richness of fancy, in command of versification, notwithstanding occasional ruggedness, it need fear comparison with no production of recent times that we are acquainted with. Of course, we can do no more here than briefly indicate its general character and purpose. The first conception has been possibly supplied by "Faust." From some distant region of space we are led to contemplate the new-born earth in the earliest stage of its existence, while Agathodamon and Lucifer, the Good and Evil principles—or what we may rather, according to the author's view, call Positive and Negative Moral Forces—dispute concerning its future destinies. The contest is decided by Lucifer undertaking to guide them to a prosperous issue, with no more assistance from the Good Principle than has been given in the first act of creation. At the appointed period, the spirits descend to the earth, and the exquisite beauty of the inanimate world almost induces Agathodamon to acknowledge his further interference superfluous. But looking closer into the system, at the spectacle of the various races preying on each other, the infinite varieties of pain apparently inseparable from it, he is induced to withdraw his acknowledgement. Lucifer, however, maintains that, as the highest enjoyment of life consists in action, the withdrawal of pain and apparent evil, the contest which forms the great business of the human race, would be the extinction of all that is best and noblest in the world, and nothing would be left behind but an insipid and joyless residuum. The decision of the dispute is therefore deferred till Agathodamon shall have become better acquainted with human life, by himself assuming the garment of mortality.

The spirit of Agathodamon then becomes incarnate, in the person of a German Count Heinrich, the heir of a noble house, who lies sick to death, not so much of bodily disease, as from the over-indulgence of a life in which he has been smothered with roses. Even the sweet tones of domestic affection have become hateful to him, and he cries aloud in the instinct of his delirium for all that is harsh and bitter, to restore the necessary balance. He will have a bed of iron, stones to eat, poison to drink—he will be greeted with the fierce abusive epithets which the swineherd hurls at his bristly charge. Count Heinrich, with Lucifer as his familiar attendant, is then carried through various scenes, in which the spirit of the time, and the moral diseases under which it is suffering, are bodied forth. But, of course, we can do no more, in this brief notice, than indicate the general charac-

ter and purposes of this remarkable poem. In the moral, promised by the author, we cannot think he has been altogether successful; but, as the problems he proposes to solve involve nothing less than the origin and meaning of moral and physical evil, more was not to be expected than the suggestion of a dim and distant possibility of a solution.

Another volume of poetry, of a very different character, is "The Fruit-Garden of Saadi," the renowned moral poet of Persia, whose "Garden of Roses," and other works, have been translated into Latin, as well as various European languages, and recently, we find, into English. Of the merits of this translation—not being acquainted with the original—we can form a very imperfect judgment; but, at least, the German version seems to have preserved the elegant simplicity of style for which, as we understand, the original is celebrated, no less than for the treasures of practical wisdom contained in his proverbs. Saadi was born in the latter end of the twelfth century, and for whatever wisdom may be gathered from the experience of life, he certainly must have had time enough, as he lived to the age of 116. He did not begin writing, it is said, till he had attained the sufficiently ripe age of ninety—having previously spent thirty years of his life in travelling.

#### Miscellanea.

The accumulation of "Goethe literature" seems as though it would never reach its conclusion. In the first place, we have before us a new and very excellent edition of "The Xenia,"<sup>20</sup>—those formidable epigrams, by means of which Goethe and Schiller, in the year 1797, struck terror into the small fry of German literature. The "Xenia" are reprinted with an historical introduction, a perpetual comment, and a biographical dictionary of the slaughtered. Then comes an elaborate work by Dr. I. A. O. L. Lehmann,<sup>21</sup> whose titles are as numerous as his Christian names, and who discourses learnedly on the *language* of Goethe. Those who wish to know how the great poet used the participial construction, and how the relative, and who will be delighted to see lists of the words ending in "*heit*," "*keit*," and "*ung*," which he introduced into his compositions, will here find

<sup>20</sup> "Der Fruchtgarten von Saadi: aus dem Persischen auszugsweise übertragen von Ottokar Maria Frecher." Von Schleicher-Wssehrd. Wien. 1852.

<sup>21</sup> "Die Schiller Göthischen Xenien, erläutert von E. I. Saube." Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>22</sup> "Goethe's Sprache und ihr Geist." Von Dr. Lehmann. Berlin. 1852.

an ample banquet before them. Thirdly, we have a stout volume of lectures on the "Torquato Tasso" of Goethe,<sup>22</sup> delivered at Berne, by Ludwig Eckardt, and enriched with a preface by the respectable Dr. Troxler. It seems that, although academic lectures on Goethe's creations, especially "Faust," have been of late quite the order of the day, this is the first course of lectures that has been on "Torquato Tasso" in particular, and probably many persons have, ere this, been inclined to hope that it will be the last; for certainly no work is more intelligible and appreciable without the aid of comment than "Torquato Tasso." Most valuable of all the new books, in this department, are the "Correspondence and Conversations between Goethe and Councillor Grüner,"<sup>23</sup> for here, at any rate, we have new facts relative to a great man. This book has more resemblance to that of Eckermann than any which has yet appeared; and as M. Grüner's acquaintance with Goethe began in 1820, it refers to much the same period of the poet's life.

As a pictorial supplement to the Goethe literature of the day, we should mention a new folio edition of "Faust,"<sup>24</sup> splendidly illustrated with steel and wood engravings, after designs by Engelbert Seibertz.

A compendious account of Indian literature<sup>25</sup> is contained in some academical lectures, delivered last winter at Berlin, by Dr. A. Weber, teacher (*docent*) of Sanscrit at Berlin, and recently published. As an industrious labourer in this department of literature, Dr. Weber is already well known. The present volume has all the closeness which distinguishes what, in university parlance, are termed "cram" books, and which arises from a desire to communicate a great deal of knowledge in a small space. We need scarcely add, that the work is suited to the special student only.

The lovers of the good old days of German criticism, will doubtless be glad to hear that the critical works of Ludwig Tieck are now collected.<sup>26</sup> The "dramatürgeische Blätter" may be had separately from the rest of the collection, and are provided with a separate preface by Edward Devrient, the historian of the German drama, and the brother of Emil Devrient, who played in London last summer.

<sup>22</sup> "Vorlesungen über Goethe's Torquato Tasso." Von L. Eckardt. Bern. 1852.

<sup>23</sup> "Briefwechsel und mündlicher Verkehr zwischen Göthe und dem Rathe Grüner." Berlin. 1853.

<sup>24</sup> "Faust: mit Zeichnungen von E. Seibertz." Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

<sup>25</sup> "Akademische Vorträge über Indische Literatur." Von A. Weber. 1852.

<sup>26</sup> "Kritische Schriften von Ludwig Tieck." Leipzig. 1852.

"The Rough House"<sup>27</sup> is about as inappropriate a designation as could have been selected for a benevolent institution in which Christian kindness is the sole motive force—and whose indulgence is carried to what many may think a dangerous excess, and which might really be so but for the admirable management in other respects. The fact is, however, that the name was not selected at all, but happened to be attached to the building, formerly a public-house, in which the undertaking was first commenced. We mention this apparently trivial circumstance, because we happen to know that many persons have experienced a kind of shock at first hearing it in connexion with the objects of the institution, and have figured to themselves some establishment of the nature of the renowned "Charitable Grinders." In its chief purpose the Rough House resembles in a great measure our own Philanthropic Institution—namely, the reception and reformation of juvenile criminals; but it also receives children who, from their neglected condition, are likely to become such, as well as those, from various classes of society, whose vicious characters are said to have resisted all ordinary methods of education—the most vicious being the most welcome, as most hopeless of help from any other quarter.

About sixteen years ago, a few persons in Hamburg, mostly of scanty means, and quite unknown to fame, associated themselves into what is called a Visiting Society, to bring relief and solace to the homes of the morally and physically destitute of that city. The mass of misery they discovered, however, far exceeded their means of help—far exceeded what they had imagined possible; and in most instances, the excessive poverty and physical suffering proved to be rather the effect than the cause of the moral degradation. Especially the ties of family—partly from the customary operation of vice and ignorance—partly, we believe, though the author of this Report does not say so, from that of certain antiquated institutions of Hamburg, with reference to marriage—were found to be so distorted and degraded, in many cases so rooted in profligacy, that nothing could be hoped for children born under such unhappy circumstances, but in their entire removal from the pestilential atmosphere.

The desideratum was a refuge which should place them under the benign and curative influences of a home; for it was, and is, a leading principle with the founders of the Rough House—that in a family circle only can the well-being of a child be truly promoted—that

<sup>27</sup> "Das Rauhe Haus—ein Bild aus der Zeit." Von M. von Wedderhop. Oldenburg. 1851.

in that soil only can the best and purest affections of human nature spring up. At length the means were furnished by private benevolence for commencing this interesting experiment; and Mr. Wichern, the present head of the institution, with his mother, and three depraved boys, took up their abode in the *Rough House*, which is now a wide-spreading establishment, having numerous ramifications in Germany, and branch institutions in France, Switzerland, Sweden, and even Russia, and which has been the means of saving thousands of children from a fate far worse than death, though without any other means of support than "bills drawn on the grace of God and the love of man." In all these establishments, the plan is not to form one great barrack-like building, and subject its inmates to one unvarying discipline like that of an army, but to place the objects of its care in relations as nearly as possible resembling those of a private family.

The groups living under one roof never exceed twelve in number; having separate gardens and play-grounds; and, though enjoying all the benefits of co-operation and association in the numerous workshops, where all ordinary trades are carried on, on an extensive scale, have yet every desirable opportunity of privacy.

The idea of the family life is carried out even to the observance of birthdays, and other little festivals, and these separate groups are knit together in firm and kindly bonds by an admirable system of organization, of which, did our limits permit, we should gladly enter more into detail. For this we must refer our readers to the Report itself; and those who may desire further information, either on this or any similar institution in any part of the world, may obtain it from the Director's Library, which is a vast repository, and office of correspondence, for books, pamphlets, and reports, in almost all languages of the civilized world, on every question of the day—ecclesiastical, social, or moral—on which the elevation and improvement of humanity can be supposed to depend. The institution has our warmest sympathies, though we have some doubts whether its rather straight-laced piety would admit the "Westminster Review" within the circle of its charities.

"Miscellaneous Sketches, Tales, &c.,"<sup>38</sup> by H. E. and M. Marcard, is a publication issuing from the press of the above-mentioned "Rough House,"<sup>39</sup> and bears the stamp of its origin in its sincerely religious, but rather narrow and intolerant tone. Some of the tales contain some pretty pictures of the old-fashioned

household life among the German peasantry, which, under the influence of revolutionary action and re-action, is fast fading away, and soon to be numbered with the things that have been. The paper on the United States gives a view of society in America, which, though not untrue, is completely one-sided. The writer has correctly catalogued the weeds, but overlooked the flowers that spring up in that teeming soil, and, even in their rankness, afford a proof of its fertility—though, at the same time, it must be owned also, the necessity of more careful gardening, if the garden is not to become a wilderness.

"Modern German Classics"<sup>40</sup> is a series of biographies and critical essays on German writers of the last thirty years, with selected specimens of their works. As most of the histories of German literature hitherto in existence extend only to the conclusion of the "Goethe and Schiller period," there is room for the present publication; and we may add, that it is issued in most conveniently diminutive numbers.

#### ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

ALTHOUGH Louis Napoleon may have very successfully saved society, he has not hitherto extended his imperial patronage to literature. Whatever else may flourish in France, at present literature languishes. The greatest activity is perhaps amongst the exiles. Victor Hugo never worked harder; and he is now on the eve of publishing a poem, as well as a history of the *coup-d'état*. As for Dumas—the workman incarnate—he quietly tells us, in a recent letter, that he has written thirty-seven volumes in the last eight months! To be sure, *he* is Alexander Dumas! Within the privileged circle, however, of imperial France, literature is in a languishing condition; and we have fewer books than ever this quarter to speak of to our readers.

#### Philosophy.

Auguste Comte, whose publications have been accelerated by the circumstances of his removal from the "Ecole Polytechnique," has brought out a little volume of very great interest, entitled "Catéchisme Positiviste ou

<sup>38</sup> "Moderne Klassiker: Deutsche Literaturgeschichte der neueren Zeit." Cassel. Valde. 1852.

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

<sup>39</sup> "Vermischte Schriften, Erzählungen, Schilderungen und Gedichte." Von H. E. und M. Marcard.

<sup>40</sup> "Agentur der Rauhen Hauec." 1852.

Sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universelle." In dialogues between a Woman and a Priest of Humanity, Comte endeavours to give a popular exposition of the leading points in his general doctrine. For it is known to most of our readers, that he has the pretension of following up the career of Aristotle with that of Saint Paul: to found a universal religion on the basis of universal science. Antagonistic as he may be to all orthodoxy, Comte is anything but a *destructive*: he profoundly sees how you "only destroy that which you can replace." Knocking down is not extirpation; and he believes that the Christian system now merits more and more the reprobation which in early times it met with from the wisest and noblest of heathens, who, only able to judge of the system by its doctrines, did not hesitate to reject, as an enemy to the human race, that provisional religion which placed perfection in celestial isolation; which made this world of no account, and construed piety to be little better than an ecstatic egotism. Our modern instincts still more energetically proclaim that morality false which makes the dignity of labour the curse of God; which makes woman the source of all evil, and which declares that our nature is essentially corrupt! The Christian system, he says, could only cultivate the soul. No religion can be universal which systematically neglects either body or soul. He defines the word Religion as expressing the state of complete *unity* which distinguishes our existence, at once personal and social, when all its parts, moral and physical, habitually converge towards a common destination. Thus the word Religion would be equivalent to the word Synthesis, were not the latter term limited in its use to questions of science; whereas Religion embraces all our human attributes. Religion, he says, consists in "*à régler chaque nature individuelle, et à rallier toutes les individualités,*" and this is the meaning of the word Religion (*religare*), for every man differs successively from himself as much as he differs simultaneously from others.

It is not our purpose to enter further into Auguste Comte's religious views; but we may express them in a sentence, if we say, his conception of religion approaches very nearly to what is ordinarily meant by morality. It sets aside all supernatural agency, to consider only our social relation; with this further extension, however, that it does not consider human life to be made up solely of the relations we bear towards each other; but also of the relations in which we stand to that abstract Humanity, that Collective Life, of which human beings are the individuals. Humanity has a collective existence, apart from human beings; as

we may say, man has a collective existence apart from the individual organs of which he is composed. Every cell in the human frame has its independent existence, as well as its collective relation, and thus may man be considered, in the ancient sense, a *microcosm*.

But it seems to us that in limiting religion to the relations in which we stand towards each other, and towards Humanity, Comte omits one very important consideration. Even upon his own showing, this Humanity can only be the Supreme Being of *our* planet; it cannot be the Supreme Being of the universe. Now, although in this, our terrestrial sojourn, all we can distinctly know must be limited to the sphere of our planet, yet, standing on this ball, and looking forth into infinitude, we know that *it* is but an atom in the infinitude, and that the Humanity we worship *here* cannot extend its dominion *there*. If our relations to Humanity may be systematized into a *cultus*, and made a Religion as they have formerly been made a Morality, and if the whole of our practical priesthood be limited to this Religion, there will nevertheless remain for us, outlying this terrestrial sphere, the sphere of the Infinite, in which our thoughts *must* wander, and our emotions will follow our thoughts; so that beside the Religion of Humanity there must ever be a Religion of the Universe. Or, to bring this conception within ordinary language, there must ever remain the old distinction between Religion and Morality, our relations towards God, and our relations towards man; the only difference being that, in the old theology, moral precepts were inculcated with a view to a celestial habitat: in the new, the moral precepts are inculcated with a view to the general progress of the race.

Comte, however, discards altogether this outlying region; he confines us to our planet. It is analogous to his discarding from the science of astronomy all researches into other systems than that of our own solar system. His ignoring the universe will not prevent other men from making it present in their meditations, and it is a serious deficiency in his system. Our province here is not criticism so much as brief indication, therefore we will not dwell on this point. We refer the reader to these eleven dialogues, containing as they do the general theory of religion: the explanation of the dogma—the explanation of the *cultus*—the explanation of the ritual—and the general history of religion. He has chosen a woman as the interlocutor with the priest—partly because woman is the type of the affections, (and in the positive philosophy the heart asks questions which the intellect must answer), but mainly also in memory of that woman who, taking him from his science,

taught him to feel that life had other aspects than those of intellect—taught him that to live *in* others, and *for* others, was the great object of our common existence. How far this volume may be intelligible to those unacquainted with Comte's previous works, we cannot accurately determine; but at any rate its brevity and popular mode of exposition should induce every philosophical reader to go through it.

Perhaps the most important book that has been published this year is the "Traité de Physiologie," par F. A. Longet. Curiously enough, this work, which is to be in two volumes, is published backwards; the second volume appeared first, and the last *fasciculus* of the first volume has also appeared, but the second and first are still to appear! Apart from this inconvenience, which is not very great, seeing that the work is not addressed to tyros, we can recommend it as containing the latest views, the most copious information, exhaustive erudition, admirable illustrations, and that clearness of exposition and co-ordination of materials in which the French are unrivalled. The final book, on reproduction, is by far the clearest, most systematic, the best informed treatise on that vast and intricate subject with which we are acquainted. The chapters on the senses and the nervous system are also extremely valuable—Longet having made a great reputation for himself by his own researches on the nervous system. Indeed, the work throughout manifests independent research to an extent rarely met with accompanying so much erudition; though even in the erudition there are some strange *lacunæ*. To mention one striking instance: in treating of the alternation of generations, he does not seem aware of T. V. Carus's work, "Zur nähern Kenntniss des Generationswechsels," nor of the still more decisive treatise of Owen, "Parthenogenesis."

### History.

In History we have nothing but Lamartine's seventh volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration," which opens with the death of Napoleon, and concludes with the death of Louis XVIII. The same qualities, but not all the same defects we have previously noticed, distinguish this volume. The expedition to Spain, the insurrection of Greece, and the Bonapartist conspiracies, give interest and animation to the narrative. He shows well how the death of Napoleon, although delivering the house of Bourbon from a rival, terrible because so popular with the army, did not extinguish Bonapartism, but revived it under another form. Fanaticism was fed by

recitals of the hero's martyrdom, and even the republican party, who dreaded and hated Napoleon when living, made his name a stalking-horse for their opposition, by contrasting its glory with the insignificance of the reigning princes. They made the name of Napoleon the synonyme of the youth, the greatness, and the glory of their nation. They made the reigning princes the symbols of the age, the decline, and the subjection of their country to the allied armies: an odious injustice, as Lamartine remarks; for the occupation of Paris, and the disasters of two invasions, were the results of Napoleon's reign, and not of the Bourbons; but fanaticism pardons everything in its idols, and thrusts all the blame upon its victims. The memory of Napoleon was a sort of religion, and his death, so far from diminishing the idolatry, had only the effect of rendering it more mythical and intense. When Lamartine talks of the death of Napoleon circulated everywhere, and commented on by reproaches and curses against England and the Bourbons, making the hero of Austerlitz the idol of the cottage, the epic poem of the barracks, he is writing history; but when he says that they made Napoleon *l'entrelien de l'univers*, he writes like a Frenchman who never can persuade himself that what is passing in his own small parish is not occupying the whole universe.

There is a terrible lesson the republicans may now learn from their having employed unworthy arms; having used Napoleon for purposes of opposition, when in their hearts they hated his domination, and rebelled against his ideas. It is the old lesson, that if you sow falsehood, you will reap falsehood; and if you bring the devil to fight in your ranks, you will be sure to be fighting the cause of the devil! The republicans deified Napoleon; they fostered the fanaticism for military glory; they made the name of Bonaparte a symbol, a national feeling, and what is the result? The nephew of his uncle holds up that symbol, and all France bows to it. The republicans are now reaping their reward! Had they fought their own battle gallantly, with the sincerity demanded by truthful activity, they would not in these days have had to groan under *Napoléon le petit*.

The most interesting part of this seventh volume is the narrative of the various conspiracies so rashly entered upon by turbulent, restless men, and so foolishly conducted. In the volume to come we shall have the reign of Charles Dix (X.), its persistence in the downward course, and the outburst of the Revolution of 1830.

Lamartine has also given us another



volume, for which we are not very grateful. It contains three reprints from his "Conseiller du Peuple," in which, for the instruction of the hut and the atelier, the edification of the blouses, he narrates the biographies of Jeanne D'Arc, Homer, and Bernard Pallissy. Of all men of genius, Lamartine strikes us as the most unfitted to write for the people; and the wordy pomp of this volume, its deficiency of substance, and the tardiness of its rhetoric, give us little cause to alter our opinion. So far as grand phrases and hyperbolic enthusiasm can be supposed to instruct the people, there is no deficiency in Lamartine. He tells us, for instance, that "God and art insist upon being vanquished; one by the patience of man, the other by his labour." He tells us also—to excuse his own ignorance—"traditions are the erudition of peoples," and he gives a biography of Homer made up of vague traditions, and narrated in a rose-pink style of his own, which must convey a very strange idea of Homer to the blouses!

#### Belles Lettres.

Dumas, who, as we said just now, has been writing thirty-seven volumes in eight months, gives us the thirteenth volume of his memoirs, which now become really amusing, though we see no prospect of their being terminated in thirteen more, for he has not yet come down to the revolution of 1830, and there are twenty-two of the most active years of his life still to narrate.

"*Consacrons quelques pages à l'auteur de Marion Delorme,*" is the opening sentence of this volume; and every one who knows Dumas, knows that *quelques pages* mean a volume. A very amusing volume it is, nevertheless, and will be particularly so to the English admirers of Victor Hugo, giving, as it does, a biography of the poet, who was born the 26th March, 1803, of a noble family. He has in his veins the blood of Lorraine, and the blood of Brittany, and Dumas tells us that there is a profound meaning in his name: for *Hugo*, in old German, means *spirituous*, breath, soul, spirit. Coupling the surname of Victor with it, you can only translate it as "victorious mind, triumphant soul, conquering spirit!" Dumas is very entertaining in his account of the *fracasseries* which Hugo had to submit to in his dramatic experiments. Every one who has had anything to do with the stage, will read with peculiar sympathy the insults to which even a man of Hugo's reputation had to submit. The poet fancies, when he has written his play, that the main part of his work is accomplished; strange error! he has taken but

half of the first step. Suppose the play accepted, and put in rehearsal; he is then to go through a series of annoyances which are, ludicrously enough, illustrated in the following extract, wherein Mademoiselle Mars, who played the heroine of *Hernani*, suggested some improvements to the poet:—

"Mademoiselle Mars played *Doña Sol*; Joanny, *Ruy Gomez*; Michelot, *Charles Quint*; and Firmin, *Hernani*.

"I have before said that our new poetic school was not sympathetic to Mademoiselle Mars; but I must add, or, rather, repeat one thing, namely, that Mademoiselle Mars, who, in the theatre, was the most honourable woman in the world, when once the first performance had commenced, when once the fire of applause, or hisses, had saluted the flag—even a strange one—under which she was fighting, she would have been killed sooner than retreat one step—she would have borne martyrdom rather than betray—we will not say her faith,—our school was not her faith—but her oath.

"But before this was attained, there were some fifty or sixty rehearsals to go through; and the amount of remarks, of grimaces, and pin-pricks, inflicted on the author, which these fifty or sixty rehearsals represented, was incalculable.

"It is needless to say that these pin-pricks were often daggers in the heart.

"I have related what I suffered with Mademoiselle Mars during the rehearsals of *Henri III*; the discussions and even quarrels which I had with her; the outbreaks which I had been unable to restrain, in spite of my insignificance, and the danger of their consequences.

"The same thing was likely to happen, and did happen, to Hugo."

"But Hugo and I are of diametrically opposite characters; he is cold, calm, polished, severe, full of memory for both good and evil; I am demonstrative, hasty, overflowing, full of fun, forgetful of evil, sometimes of good."

"The result was, very different dialogues between Mademoiselle Mars and Hugo, from those between her and me.

"It must be remembered, that usually, at the theatre, the dialogue between the actor and author takes place across the footlights—that is, between the proscenium and orchestra; so that not a word escapes the thirty or forty artists, musicians, supernumeraries, call-boys, candle snuffers and firemen who attend the rehearsal.

"This audience, always, as may be supposed, disposed to welcome any episode calculated to distract it from the tedium of the chief event, the rehearsal, does not a little contribute to the irritation of the interlocutor's nerves, and consequently infuses a certain amount of bitterness into the telephonic relations established between the orchestra and theatre.

"Things passed somewhat in this fashion.

"In the middle of the rehearsal, Mademoiselle Mars suddenly stopped.

"I beg your pardon," she said to Firmin, Michelot, or Joanny, 'I have a word to say to the author.

"The actor to whom she addressed herself bowed assent, and remained dumb and motionless in his place.

"Mademoiselle Mars advanced to the foot-lights, put her hand over her eyes, and although she knew very well in what part of the orchestra the author sat, she pretended to look for him.

"That was her little bit of *nise en scène*.

"M. Hugo!" she asked; "is M. Hugo there?"

"Here I am, madame," replied Hugo, rising.

"That's right! thank you—tell me, M. Hugo—"

"Madame?"

"I have to say this verse:—"

"Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux."

"Just so, madame! *Hernani* says to you:—"

"Hélas! j'aime pourtant d'une amour bien profonde!

Ne pleure pas—mourons plutôt! Que n'ai je un monde,

Je te le donnerais! Je suis bien malheureux!"

"And you reply:—"

"Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!"

"Do you like that, M. Hugo?"

"What?"

"*Vous êtes mon lion?*"

"I have written it so, madame; therefore I thought it good."

"Then you care about your *lion*?"

"I care and don't care, madame; find something better, and I will put that something in its place."

"It is not for me to find that; I am not the author."

"Well, then, madame, since it is written so, let us have what is written."

"Only it does seem so odd to call M. Firmin my *lion*!"

"That is because, whilst playing the part of Doña Sol, you want to remain Mademoiselle Mars; if you were really the ward of Ruy Gomez de Sylva, that is to say, a noble Castilian woman of the sixteenth century, you would not see M. Firmin in *Hernani*; you would see in him one of those terrible leaders who made Charles Quint tremble in his very capital; then, you would understand that such a woman may call such a man her *lion*, and it would seem less odd to you."

"Very well! since you care about your *lion*, we'll say no more about it. I am here to say what is written; "*Mon lion*" is in the manuscript; I will say "*mon lion*!" it is no affair of mine. Let us go on, Firmin!"

"And the rehearsal went on.

"Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!"

"But the next day, when she came to the same place, Mademoiselle Mars stopped, as she had done on the preceding day, walked down to the foot-lights, put her hand over her eyes and pretended to look for the author, just as she had done on the preceding day.

"M. Hugo!" she said, in her hard voice—her

own voice—the voice of Mademoiselle Mars, not of Célimène. "Is M. Hugo there?"

"Here I am, madame," replied Hugo, with his usual placidity.

"So much the better; I am glad you are there."

"Madame, I had the honour of paying my respects to you before the rehearsal."

"True; well, have you reflected?"

"On what, madame?"

"On what I said to you yesterday!"

"You did me the honour to say a great many things yesterday."

"Yes, you are right; but I mean that famous hemistich."

"Which one?"

"Oh, you know which!"

"I assure you I do not, madame; you make so many just and excellent remarks, that I confound one with another."

"I mean the hemistich of the *lion*."

"Oh, yes; "*vous êtes mon lion!*" I remember."

"Well! have you found another hemistich?"

"I must confess to you that I have not even thought of one."

"You do not, then, think that hemistich dangerous?"

"What do you mean by dangerous?"

"I call dangerous what may be hissed."

"I never had the pretension not to be hissed."

"That may be; but it is well to be hissed as little as possible."

"You think, then, that the hemistich of the *lion* will be hissed?"

"I am sure of it!"

"Then, madame, it will be because you will not have said it with your usual talent."

"I will do my best . . . but, I should prefer . . ."

"What?"

"To say something else!"

"What?"

"Oh! something else!"

"What?"

"Say,"—and Mademoiselle Mars pretended to meditate the word which had been on the tip of her tongue for the last three days,—"say, for example, hum—hum—hum—hum—"

"Vous êtes, *monseigneur*, superbe et généreux!"

"Does not *Monseigneur* make out the verse as well as my *lion*?"

"Quite, madame; only, *mon lion* is vigorous, and *monseigneur* common-place; I would rather be hissed for a good line than applauded for a bad one."

"Well, well, don't get angry; your *good line* shall be said without alteration. Come, Firmin, let us go on!"

"Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!"

"Needless to say, that on the first night of performance, Mademoiselle Mars, instead of saying "*Vous êtes mon lion*!" said, "*Vous êtes, Monseigneur!*"

"The line was neither applauded nor hissed; it was not worthy of either."

There is more of this agreeable gossip in the volume. We have little more to say. A line or two will be sufficient to recommend the "Romans" of Louis Reybaud, a volume containing reprints of two pleasant novels—"Le Coq du Clocher," and "Marie Bromtin,"—worth reading, but not worth re-reading. Louis Reybaud made an immense success with *Jérôme Paturôt*," but he has never since recovered that vein; and although his novel shows literary talent, keen observation, and a sarcastic wit, yet his powers as a novelist, properly speaking, are but mediocre.

The other volume to which we would refer, is the "Théâtre de H. de Balzac," containing the four unfortunate attempts of that profound observer and admirable novelist to achieve a dramatic success, namely, "Vautrim—Les ressources de Quinola—Pamela Giraud," and "La Marâtre;" and, by a curious forgetfulness or unexplained principle, "Mercadet," the only comedy of his which *did* succeed, and one which was worthy of even his extraordinary powers—the comedy, in short, of the last twenty years—is omitted; yet the volume is entitled, "Théâtre de H. Balzac!"

George Sand has done little but write plays, which have not been successful; and one novel, which has appeared in the *Feuilleton*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is beginning to absorb the *Feuilleton* there, as it does the railway stalls here; and though rather late in the field, (as is usual with Frenchmen, in spite of their pretension of France being the *cerveau du monde*), they seem determined to recover lost ground.

Altogether, as we said, literature is now in a most dilapidated condition. It never does flourish under despotism; and, until Louis Napoleon considers himself safe enough to permit liberty of thought, we can hardly look to France for the usual supply of literature.

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NOTE.

MR. RICHARD HILDRETH, of Boston, United States, who avows himself the author of the "White Slave," has addressed to us a letter, from which it appears that he was not only quite ignorant that his book had been offered here in the manner described in the note appended to our July Number, but that he prefixed to the American edition the following advertisement, which, however, did not accompany the early sheets to England:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The earlier chapters of this book were written on a southern plantation, during that same summer in which the concluding events of the story are supposed to happen, and in the midst of scenes and persons suggestive of those which the book attempts to portray. Some readers may perhaps recognise in them a story with which they have before met. The latter portion is new: a continuation originally intended, and often called for, but never before published."

With whomever the blame of the transaction may rest, we are glad to express our conviction that Mr. Hildreth is entirely exonerated from any share in it.

THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CXV.

FOR APRIL, 1853.

ART. I.—BRITISH PHILANTHROPY AND JAMAICA DISTRESS.

1. *The State and Prospects of Jamaica.* By the Rev. David King, LL.D. Glasgow. 1850.
2. *Jamaica in 1850.* By John Bigelow. New York and London.
3. *The British West Indies in 1850.* By John Candler and G. W. Alexander. (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, February, March, and April, 1851.)
4. *Sugar Return to Two Orders of the House of Commons*, dated 11th and 17th February, 1852, respectively.
5. *Parliamentary Return. Sugar-growing Colonies (Part II. Jamaica)*, 14th December, 1852.

It is now more than fourteen years since England began her great philanthropic experiment, and, by abolishing in her slave colonies that clumsy modification of slavery known as the Apprenticeship System, substituted in them free for slave labour. It may be well, then, now that it is so common to ask our American cousins to follow our example, to consider to what extent and in what manner this substitution has really been effected, and to compare the productive result of the one kind of labour with that of the other.

The chief product of these colonies is sugar, which is, we suppose, as much their principal product as cotton is that of the Slave States. We find, then, that the import of sugar from the British West Indies, Guiana, and Mauritius into this country (almost their sole market), averaged, for the three years ending with 1838, the year of emancipation, 4,023,841 cwts., while, for the three years ending with 1851, it was 8,804,058.\*

These figures do, we believe, prove the commercial result to be much more favourable than is generally supposed; still it is useless to deny that it is a disappointing result, especially when compared with the prophecies of those who provoked the experiment. The philanthropists were accustomed to declare that self-interest would get much more work out of the negro than did coercion—that wages would beat the whip; but if the like prophecies are to meet with no better fulfilment in the States, our cotton merchants and manufacturers, men as well as masters, who all cry out for more cotton every year instead of less, may well, if they would not be ruined by the sure progress of humanity, do their utmost to help India or Africa or any place where there is cotton, and where there is not the whip, to feed the hunger of their mills.

Before, however, we pronounce on the economical success or failure of the experiment, we must ascertain how far its requisite conditions have been fulfilled.

Suppose then we select for this inquiry that colony in which, of all others, the economical failure would seem to be most obvious. Jamaica is by far the most important of our sugar colonies: it contained about half our slaves at the time of emancipation, and if it now produced its share of sugar, or was proportionately as productive as the other colonies, the apparent failure would be replaced by an evident success.

The import of sugar from Jamaica in the three years ending with

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1851 is much larger than either of the two preceding years. The returns for 1853, similar to these here quoted, are not yet published, but from the "Trade Navigation Accounts," just out, we learn that the export of 1852 exceeded that of 1851 by more than 400,000 cwts., making the average of the last three years greater than that of the three years ending with 1838.

\* Parliamentary Returns, 1852. The export of  
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1838 } averaged { 1,003,840 } cwts.,  
 1851 }            { 612,109 } cwts.,  
 making a diminution of about 40 per cent.;  
 whereas in the other colonies there was, during  
 the same period, an increase of almost 6 per  
 cent., or from an average of 3,019,501 cwts.,  
 to one of 3,191,949 cwts.

No one, therefore, can charge us with partiality to the philanthropists, if among these islands—varying, as they do, in population, soil, and indeed in almost all their circumstances, save that they all grow sugar by help of white capitalists and black labourers—we pick out Jamaica as the *experimentum crucis* of philanthropic principles, and as the test of the superiority of freedom to slavery.

Since emancipation, not only has the export of sugar fallen off 40 per cent., but that of rum has diminished 20 per cent., and that of coffee little less than 70 per cent.: the export of ginger also has greatly diminished: cotton certainly shows an increase, but the whole growth is trifling: and Mr. Bigelow tells us that pimento has also increased, but then, he adds, that this is a crop for which little labour is needed, the birds being its planters. Nor are these ancient products replaced by new ones; there is talk of working copper-mines, but as yet, we fear, it is little else than talk; all manner of drugs, and dye-stuffs, and precious spices, and rare woods might, they say, come from Jamaica, but they do not; the whole exportable produce of the island is diminished, we dare say, one-third, if not one-half; and with it what Dr. Johnson would call its potentiality of riches to the exporters.

The Louisiana slaveowner lands at Havannah, and he finds fresh stores being built, ships crowding into the docks, every-where activity and wealth;—he sails on from Havannah to Kingston, and there he sees no signs of riches, few ships, vacant warehouses, streets silent and unpaved, houses crumbling to pieces, the ruins of the last fire or earthquake unrepaired,—what wonder if he returns to his plantation loving slavery more devotedly than ever, longing, perhaps, somewhat for the slave trade, but certainly more ready than ever to denounce an Abolitionist as a firebrand and an infidel.

To comprehend the causes of this contrast, we must take our readers further back in the history of Jamaica than the abolition of either apprenticeship or slavery, or even of the slave trade, to that golden age when Kingston was an Havannah, with even more wealth and less humanity.

If, as Mr. Carlyle would seem to suppose, the destiny of Jamaica be merely “to give forth sugars, and cinnamons, and all such nobler products,” and if the duty of the

white men consisted, first, in killing off the native Indians who did not aid in “bringing out these products,” and then in dragging to the island some 300,000 Africans, and flogging out of them the aid which they were too idle and weak to give themselves,\* then did the Anglo-Saxons in Jamaica indeed do their duty manfully in the last century. Night and day, they kept “Quashee” up to his work, and the boiling-house going, and with “beneficent whip” forced their black soldiers to battle with Nature for her tropical spoils. The soldiers fell—what matter? the work went on; fresh ones from Africa took their place: as many as 70,000 of them being, according to Brydges, brought in during the ten years ending 1760.† Such faithful fulfilment of duty was not forgotten by a grateful country; and in reward for the prowess of her sons, who worked thus valiantly through the sinews of their slaves, England gave to them a monopoly of the British market. These were the halcyon days of West India prosperity. In full possession of the home demand, with no restrictions on his mode of supply; empowered to pay his workmen with the minimum of sustenance, and to get from them the maximum of forced toil, with a cheap supply of fresh toilers, if he preferred buying human tools to rearing them, or keeping them in working order; allowed thus to rob the producer in his pay, and the consumer in his price, no wonder that the slaveowner grew rich. Fortunes were quickly made in those days—too quickly made, indeed, to be safely kept; and the truth of the old proverb, “Light come, light goes,” was soon proved by Jamaica experience.

The rich planters, the moneyed magnates of the last century, escaping from yellow fever and mosquitoes, came home to invest the spoils of the whip in West-end palaces and territorial domains. They bought seats in the Commons, some of them earned them in the Lords, and not a few heiresses bartered their slaves for a title. Thus grew up the great West India interest, so powerful in Parliament and the Press, and in public opinion, to protect its property from free labour and free trade; and thus, at the same time, arose that system of absenteeism, which entailed ruin on this property, by ensuring its mismanagement.

We doubt whether, since the time when the patricians of Rome worked, in like manner, by slave labour, their enormous estates in her distant provinces, there has ever been such an utter disregard of the duties or of the toils of property, as was the case with the West

\* “Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question,” Fraser’s Magazine, Dec. 1849.

† Brydges’ “History of Jamaica,” vol. i. p. 499.

India absentees. Not only did they take no heed of the welfare of their workmen, body, mind, or soul, but they did not even take care that they worked efficiently; all that they did was to send out orders to their agents to do their business for them, and send them the profits. Profits cannot be thus made by proxy, or if they are made, he who makes them keeps the lion's share. The absentee, thus disappointed of his income by his agent, and yet unwilling to reduce his expenses, mortgaged his plantation to the money-lender and pledged his crop to the merchant; and the final result of all this complication of interests was, that in this business of supplying England with sugar, from the first planting of the canes to the sale of the manufacture to the grocer, every man engaged in it did his work badly, because it was not to his interest to do it well. The slave, of course, shirked his share of work as much as he could—no one expected him to do otherwise; the agent, or manager in the colonies, always expensive, was either lazy or roguish, according as he preferred to imitate the owner in doing nothing, or tried, by making the plantation seem worthless, to get a cheap bargain of it for himself; the merchant or manager, in England, supplied the estate with goods which were not wanted, for the sake of the commission on the exports, and cared little about a loss on the imports, which only forced the owner to pledge him the coming crop, and pay him more commission on loans and sales. Sturdy begging from an obedient Parliament could get much power to rob English, and oppress African operatives, but it could not give that which alone could make this robbery and oppression profitable—namely, the master's eye over unwilling labourers, and expensive or inefficient agents.

Hence the severity and frequency of the interruptions to Jamaica prosperity; the sugar-grower lived from hand to mouth, and if the fluctuations of trade caused an unusual drain on his resources, he forthwith went to Government for help, and uttered loud complaints so similar to what we hear now-a-days, that it is hard to believe the Emancipation and Sugar Acts had not been already passed. In 1792, before the abolition of the slave trade, and when the colonists had not only a monopoly of the home market, but large bounties on their surplus produce, we find the Jamaica House of Assembly reporting, that "in the course of twenty years, 177 estates in Jamaica had been sold for the payment of debts, and 80,121 executions, amounting to 22,563,786*l.* sterling, had been lodged in the office of the Provost Marshal." Again, in 1805, another report of the Assembly ends a vivid picture of distress with the statement

that "a faithful detail would have the appearance of a frightful caricature;" and though for the five or six years preceding 1807 (the year in which the slave trade was abolished), the island exported more sugar than it ever did before or since, yet we find from the same authority that even within that period "sixty-five estates had been abandoned, thirty-two sold under decrees of Chancery, and that there were a hundred and fifteen more respecting which suits in Chancery were depending, with many more bills preparing."

These facts are some amongst many which show us that the prosperity of the exporters was not always in proportion to the amount of the exports; and that there was distress among them even before the Home Government inflicted upon them any one of their "wrongs"—the term by which the memorial of the Assembly to the Queen, in 1846, designated the abolition of the slave trade, Mr. Canning's resolutions, and the other philanthropic measures which resulted in that one great crowning "wrong"—the freedom of their slaves; "to which," says the memorial, "we believe the history of the world would be in vain searched for any parallel case of oppression, perpetrated by a civilized government upon any section of its own subjects."

These words, written eight years after emancipation, may serve to give some idea of the feelings with which the great body of employers met the revolution which it effected in their relation to their labourers; and, indeed, if we look back to their circumstances at that time, we shall see how little likely it was that they would fulfil their share of the conditions necessary for the good working of the new system. The produce of the plantations had for many years been becoming less; either because they had been mismanaged by agents, or exhausted by creditors, or forced by the artificial prices of monopoly to grow crops for which they were not fitted. Many of these estates were mortgaged beyond even the power of the compensation money to redeem; the large majority of their owners were absentees, impoverished, inexperienced, ill-furnished with cash or credit; the resident planters and managing agents were most of them men of luxury, if not licence, grudging to give the unwonted wage, and clinging convulsively to the power which was to them both a pleasure in itself, and the means of pleasure. Such were the circumstances of the master; nor did the condition of the man seem at first sight much more hopeful.

Waiving for the present the question whether the treatment of the negroes was good or bad, this much is certain, that, if good, they did not appreciate it. The history of

Jamaica during slavery is one series of servile disturbances. The Spaniards left the Maroon war a legacy to their conquerors, and for many years did a few desperate savages defy British arms and discipline; and even when they had subdued, or rather bribed to peace by their employment as hunters of runaways, the predial slaves were themselves constantly revolting, flying to the mountains, and committing fearful atrocities, still more fearfully revenged. Three rebel chiefs were executed in Bryan Edward's time; one of them was slowly burnt to death, and the two others were killed piecemeal by tortures which were prolonged in one case to the eighth, in the other, to the ninth day; and the historian who witnessed this almost incredible cruelty, though himself naturally a humane man, merely declares that "it was thought necessary to make a few terrible examples,"\* and evidently the only thing which surprised him was the courage of the sufferers.

The declaration of freedom itself was, in fact, almost immediately preceded by the notorious insurrection of 1832, when, in the words of the Jamaica memorial, "The slaves, taught to believe that the parliament and people of England had decreed their freedom, but that their masters withheld it, broke out in open rebellion, which was not put down till after many lives had been lost, many horrible atrocities committed, and the western portion of the island laid desolate by fire." Of the atrocities there can at least be no doubt; for, on reference to the evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons in 1832, we find that in Montego Bay alone, not only from ninety to a hundred slaves were punished capitally, either hung or shot, but that some were flogged to death, one Baptist, for example, a member of Mr. Burchell's church, "dying under his sentence of five hundred lashes;" and we cannot wonder at the suspicion of the slaves, that their masters stood between them and liberty, when we find that in 1831 open parochial meetings were constantly held, in which, in the very hearing of the negroes, the planters declared, in most violent language, that they would renounce their allegiance to the Home Government rather than allow them to be made free.†

Nor did the masters make any effort to implant more kindly feelings in the slaves, as the day approached on which their goodwill must become so important to them. On the contrary, they seemed bent on still further alienating them, as though they hoped to keep them slaves by making every other

relation impossible. They increased rather than lessened their sufferings; they reviled their friends in England, and persecuted them in the island; and this the negroes knew: for they heard their speeches, and some of them read their newspapers, and even saw magistrates\* helping to pull down the chapels of the missionaries. They knew also that the House of Assembly was striving its utmost to thwart the efforts of the Crown in their behalf: for some of them were present on the 3rd of March, 1832, when one member moved that the Order in Council of the 2nd of November, 1831, should be burnt by the hangman, and another said, that if the British Government tried to enforce it, they had 18,000 bayonets with which to meet it. This Order in Council was for the enforcement of ameliorating measures which, though defied and disregarded, the blacks well knew had been passed by the British Parliament in 1823, and one of which, for the prevention of the indecent flogging of their wives and sisters, they had only a year or two before seen disallowed by a large majority of this very Assembly.

Ever since the Emancipation, it has been the cry of the planters and their friends that the change was premature, that the blacks ought to have been prepared for their freedom:—our readers must judge from the way in which the whites *did* prepare them for it, how far any further such preparation would have been an improvement.

But there *was* a preparation—the apprenticeship; a system which was doubtless devised and defended by its projectors in hope that the employers would seize this last opportunity, and gain so much of the respect and regard of the labourers, as would incline them to treat fairly for their labour when they had it to dispose of. To what purpose this probationary period *was* turned, it is most important to observe, and we regret that our space does not permit us to give our readers a *résumé* of its history. As it is, we must content ourselves with referring them to the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Home Government, and to Messrs. Sturge and Harvey's detailed journal of their tour of inspection in 1837; † and omitting all cases of tread-mill tortures, punishments of women, sometimes of pregnant women, excessive night-work, shutting up of men and women in dungeons for deficiency of work, and prevention of the cultivation of provision grounds,—we will confine ourselves to the fact, that one governor, Lord Sligo, himself a

\* See Memorial of Missionaries to Governor. April 18, 1832.

† "The West Indies in 1837," by Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey.

\* Edwards, "History of West Indies," ii. p. 78.

† See Mr. Duncan's Evidence before Common's Committee.

planter, showed his appreciation of the advantages of the probation, by freeing from them his own apprentices, and by writing a pamphlet, advising his fellow-planters to follow his example; and that another governor, Sir Lionel Smith, declared in his message to the Jamaica Assembly, Oct. 29, 1837, "the island is subject to the reproach that the negroes, in some respects, are in a worse condition than when they were in slavery." In a word, the friends of the negro, finding that the transition from the whip to wages was through modes of extracting work as torturing as the former, and from their novelty even more irritating, renewed their agitation; and the Home Government being convinced, in spite of itself, that the continuance of such transition was not desirable, the long struggle between the rights of property and of man ceased at last, and on the 1st of August, 1838, two years before the appointed period, the black labourers found themselves masters of their own muscles—lords of their own labour. Many of us will remember the triumph and joy of that day, rejoicings however not unmingled with fear lest the prophecies of the pro-slavery advocates should prove true, and the first freaks of freedom be riot and revenge; no wonder that revenge was prophesied, for the prophets knew too well how much it had been provoked; but never were ill-bodings so belied.

On the 13th of August, the Governor, Sir Lionel Smith, thus wrote home to Lord Glenelg:—

"The vast population of negroes of this island came into the full enjoyment of freedom on the 1st of August. The day was observed by proclamation, as one of thanksgiving and prayer; and it is quite impossible for me to do justice to the good order, decorum, and gratitude, which the whole of the labouring population manifested on the happy occasion. Not even the irregularity of a drunken individual occurred."

A few days' holiday was taken—it was needed, to prove that it could be taken—but on the 10th of September, the Governor was able to write—

"The reports (of the stipendiary magistrates) will show your lordship that, although there has been considerable cessation from labour since the 1st of August, *it has nowhere been wanting when encouraged by fair offers of wages*; while their (the free labourers') orderly conduct and obedience to the laws has been most extraordinary, considering their treatment under the recent operation of the apprentice-law in this island, and the many provocations they have had to resentment."

And now at last the bargain-making had begun; the great question, so long debated

in theory, had to be solved in practice—viz., on what terms would the freed man sell his labour, and what kind of labour would it be? Of course, he would get as high a price as he could, and apportion the quality and quantity of the article to the price; but then, again, what price was the buyer disposed to offer? This bargain, so novel to all parties, was a very difficult one: under any circumstances, it must have taken time to make; and what it would have been if left to be settled by the natural laws of supply and demand, it is hard to say; for there is no fact more worthy of note, and yet more indubitably proved, than the fact, that to a settlement by those laws, this bargain was not left.

In the despatch of 10th September, above quoted, Sir Lionel Smith proceeds to say:—

"The planters are, of course, resorting to all the means in their power to procure cheap labour. The third clause of the apprentice abolition law gave the free labourers the use of their houses and grounds for three months; that is, they could only be ejected after a three months' notice to quit, prescribed by the act. Notices have accordingly been very generally served upon them to quit, and heavy rents demanded in the meantime, as means of inducing the labourer to accept low wages. These unfortunate attempts have a good deal retarded general cultivation by free labour; but their willingness to work on fair terms throughout all the parishes is most satisfactorily established; and where the apprentices may have made unreasonable demands, it has been a good deal owing to the exorbitant value of labour, judicially fixed on parties purchasing their discharge from apprenticeship . . . The planters are disappointed that I do not send troops about the country, and issue proclamations to coerce labour."

This letter, though written so soon after the initiation of the experiment, contains so much of an epitome of its after history, that the subjects it alludes to need some further elucidation.

By a clause of the Abolition Act, any apprentice, wishing to buy his immediate and complete emancipation, could compel a valuation of the remainder of his apprenticeship by three magistrates, one of them a stipendiary, but the two others local justices—probably planters. Many thus purchased possession of themselves; and a good price they had to pay. Knibb says, in 1836, "a thousand have already paid down in cash 32,000*l*.\* for their freedom, and as many more are in abeyance." The negro bought freedom, which to him was worth any sum; but the planter forgot that what he was selling was labour, and that, by making the negro pay high, he was fixing a high valuation on the article which he would soon have to buy. Accordingly we find that though 2*s*.

\* Knibb's Memoir, p. 248.



6*d.* per diem was an unreasonable wage, yet the workman thought he ought to have it, because it had been the apprenticeship valuation,\* and therefore was the only existing estimate of the worth of his work. Thus we see how the master put it into the head and heart of the man to ask too much; next, we learn how he tried to make him take too little.

During the old *régime*, the negroes were expected almost entirely to support themselves out of their provision grounds; and they still clung to these small allotments, and to their cottages, partly from that cat-like attachment which is a characteristic of their race, and also because they were ignorant how else to get food. It was of these local habits and feelings that the employers availed themselves; and both the despatches of the Governor and the reports of the stipendiary magistrates are full of attempts to get back wages by exorbitant rents, or to screw them down by threats of ejection. On September 24th, 1838, the Governor writes—"So far from the labourers resorting to the woods to squat in idleness, they are submitting to the most galling oppression rather than be driven to quit their homes." And again, May 13th, 1839, he says, "that they (the labourers) had not had fair play, was fully exemplified in many of the magistrates' reports sent to your lordship's office, where more rent was charged than wages paid; thus endeavouring to extort work for worse than nothing, since the excess of rent brought the labourer in debt;" and he adds, "the charging rent for house and grounds for every individual of a family is still continued."

This last-mentioned extraordinary mode of levying rent caused great complaint, as might be expected. "Rent," writes Mr. Fishbourne, one of the stipendiary magistrates, August 7, 1839, "continues to be the cause of most of the irritation and heart-burnings which prevail throughout this parish. The objection is not to the principle of paying a fair and reasonable sum as rent, but to the amount demanded, and the modes in which it is levied. Coupling the payment of rent with the application of the tenant's labour, is one cause of quarrel; charging it for every member of a family, husbands, wives, and children above ten years of age, and deducting it from the labourer's weekly, pay without his or her consent, prevails to a great extent, which provokes the discontent and opposition of the negroes. They feel, and justly, I think, that such exactions are unfair."†

Again, another magistrate writes—"A hue and cry is raised that the labourers will not come into terms, and work for fair wages. I unhesitatingly deny any such assertion; no charge of that nature can be fairly established against them; the blame rests with the planters, in almost nine cases out of ten. What with demanding double rent, mulcting them of their pay, non-payment of wages due, the daily threat of turning them off, and rooting up their grounds, and taunting them that punishment alone is the impetus by which they are to be made to labour."\*\*

We might fill our paper with similar extracts, but we think we have given enough. In fact, every effort which the masters made to evade the operation of the laws of supply and demand resulted in their own loss.

They issued, for example, threats of ejection: they were taken at their word. Knibb, the negroes' pastor and protector, bought estates and parcelled them out in free villages, and the negroes learnt that they could choose whether to work for themselves or for "busha," and they not seldom declared for the former.† Again, the masters induced the labourers to sign contracts, by which they were bound under a fine to give work whenever required, thinking that they could thereby ensure that "continuous labour"‡ of which we hear so much, but which, upon examination, we not seldom find to mean continuous waiting on the master for work at what time and wages he will: but as it turned out that the times when their work was wanted, were those when it was worth most, the labourers took work above the contract price, paid the fine, and left the masters with their contract, but without the continuous labour. Again, the proprietors advertised for sale the mountain lands heretofore cultivated as provision grounds, thinking that their cultivation "rendered the people independent of estates' labour for sustenance:" some of these lands the best labourers bought, thereby "making themselves more independent of daily hire than before;" and the remainder being thrown out of cultivation, the price of provisions rose—that of yams full one hundred per cent., and the result was, that all the labourers looked for sustenance to provision grounds rather than to plantation work, because provisions were worth more, and wages worth less.§ Lastly, the planters

133; Mr. Kent's, p. 133; Mr. Mariton's, p. 135, &c., &c.

\* *Ibid.*, Mr. Hamilton's Report, p. 133.

† See Report of Mr. Hill, Secretary of the Stipendiary Justice Department, for account of the origin of the independent villages. *Parliamentary Papers*, p. 15.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 15.

§ Mr. Lyon's Report, *Parliamentary Papers*, p. 169.

\* *Parliamentary Papers*, West Indies, 1839, p. 25.  
† Extract from *Parliamentary Papers*, West Indies, 1839, p. 128. See also Mr. Daly's Reports, p.

tried, by help of their legal power as jurymen and justices, to make the law a means of lowering wages; the consequence of which was, that the workmen either refused to work for them at all, or else, getting justice from the stipendiaries, they learnt to despise as well as to hate them,—to think them as powerless as unjust.

In short, the result of these unfair and unscientific attempts to get labour at too low a price, by means contrary alike to the laws of justice and political economy, was simply that not sufficient labour was given at any price at all; and it is in order to impress upon our readers this most important fact—that the diminution of labour, and consequently of produce, was the direct and immediate consequence of this mismanagement of labour, that we have dwelt so long upon this portion of our history.

It would seem to be the opinion of the proslavery writers, from Mr. Carlyle to Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, that the Jamaica negro is every year developing his unfitness for self-government; that the more he feels his freedom and forgets his slavery, the less industrious he becomes, the faster he is relapsing into barbarism, and the more surely is the island again becoming a waste. If the theory of his unfitness for self-government were true, this would be the case; but, unfortunately for the theory, the fact is precisely opposite. The export of sugar from Jamaica fell from more than 1,000,000 cwts. in 1838, to 765,000 cwts. in 1839, and to little more than 500,000 cwts. in 1840; and, spite of droughts, Sugar Bill, and cholera, the average export of the twelve years since 1840 has been more than 600,000 cwts. In those two years the harm was done; and less of the “nobler products” of the island was brought forth by free than by slave labour, not because “Quashee” would “sit up to his ears in pumpkin,” regardless of work, but because his “born lords”—those who were “born wiser than him”<sup>\*</sup>—were, in their mastership of him, regardless alike of wisdom and of justice. We repeat, that the history of these first two years clearly establishes these three facts: 1st. That the blacks, as a rule, were willing to give a fair day’s work for a fair day’s wages,—that they actually *did* give the one when they got the other; 2ndly. That, as a rule, the whites did not offer them this fair day’s wages; and lastly, that therefore they did not get the fair day’s work. And for proof of these facts we refer, not to Exeter Hall speeches or missionary reports—not to prejudiced philanthropists or partial friends of the negro, but to

the testimony of men whose position compelled them to know the truth, and whose business, duty, and interest it was to tell it—to the official statements of the Governor, and to the reports for *his* information of his officers.

Would that Mr. Carlyle, while penning that “discourse” to which we cannot help constantly referring, because we believe that through the power of his name it has done, and still does, the negro more harm than all the other writings against him—had cast his eyes over the record of this evidence, and checked with it the statements of planters pleading for protection, and striving to make out a case for more compensation, before he helped the strong to trample on the weak, and gave the American slave-driver the only aid which genius has given or ever will give him. For the first time in the sad story of his race, the good name of the negro, his character as a man, had become of value to him,—for the “chattel” has neither name nor character. Was it generous then of the greatest master of sarcasm of his age—of the first portrait painter of any age—to welcome into civilization this its long-excluded guest with nicknames and caricatures? to brand him with the opprobrium of idleness, to give him a bad character as a servant because his master was wanting in the faculty of mastership—was wanting in wisdom and justice—was himself wanting in industry, in the energy needed to work out the difficulties and supply the demands of his changed position?

The change in the position of the employer was simply this. In freedom he could no longer, as he did in slavery, deprive the labourer of his due share of the produce, by keeping back from him the fair reward of his labour: he tried to do so, and the result was a lessening of the whole produce, and therefore a still greater lessening of his own share. Again, he had forced the slave to work for him on his own terms: he tried to do so with the free man, and merely drove him to work for himself. In consequence, he found himself not only with a diminished gross produce, out of which to pay his workmen, but also with a diminished supply of workmen, and therefore with higher wages to pay. Hence, through his own folly, the employer increased his own loss, to the gain—for a time—of the labourer. We say, *for a time*, because in the intimate relations which the employer has to the labourer, it is almost impossible for the one to commit a folly without in the long run injuring the other as well as himself. The loss of the one class may at first appear to be the gain of the other, but ultimately the loss becomes mutual, though perhaps never equal.

In the case in point, we find this result

<sup>\*</sup> “Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question.”  
Fraser’s Magazine

happening in two ways. First, it is true that the emancipated slave was hardly fit to be at once freed from all guidance and direction. Efficient production requires wise mastership fully as much as industrious service, and no one will deny that the mastership needs the greater faculty of the two: no wonder, then, that slavery had left the uneducated black almost as deficient in this faculty as the educated white, and that when the slave suddenly found that he was working for himself on his own provision ground, he set himself to work in a somewhat slavish and slovenly manner. There is, however, no incentive to exertion equal to the full possession of its rewards, and peasant-proprietorship is proverbial for the lessons which it teaches of industry and economy: hence we find the black peasant-proprietor rather charged with accumulating too much, and buying out the white with his savings,\* than with letting his small estate become waste through his sloth. This evil then was every day remedying itself, and would soon have ceased altogether, had it not been aggravated by the other and more direct result of the loss of the employer,—we mean, the lowering of the standard of living of his labourers, through his inability from want of capital to guide them with energy and effect, or, in many cases, to employ them at all. Still this evil, though much more deeply seated than the other, contained also in itself its own remedy, for even the Jamaica employer was at length compelled to learn the lesson of adversity. The absentee found himself forced either to manage his estate for himself, or else to sell or lease it to those whose interest it was to manage it well. The resident planters found that their only hope of profit was by increasing their produce by mechanical improvements, by lessening their expenses, by skilful arrangement, and careful economy, and by conciliating their workmen, rather than by making vain attempts to overreach and coerce them. A more kindly relation sprang up between the two classes, to the increased prosperity of both, and we find the result in the increased produce of the island; the average export of sugar for the three years preceding 1848 (the year in which the effects on production of the Sugar Bill of 1846 begin to be visible) exceeding by fourteen per cent. the average export of the three years after the apprenticeship.

Before, however, we proceed to examine the effects of the Sugar Bill, we must remark

\* See, for example, Mr. Day's declaration that the negro ought not to be allowed to buy land, because "he cultivates it very carefully," "lives on less than half the produce," and "thus by degrees hems in the large plantations."—"Five Years in the West Indies," vol. i. p. 82.

briefly on two measures adopted by the ruling class in order to accelerate, but in reality tending to retard, both produce and profit. In the old times the planter of course paid the taxes, but when the negro, by becoming free, became taxable, the Jamaica legislature made him a tax-payer by levying heavy import duties on provisions and other articles of which his class consumed by far the largest proportion. To making the labourer pay his share, there could be no objection; but in the first place these duties made him pay more than his share, as much as—

46 per cent.	on foreign Beef and Pork,
40 "	" Herrings,
25 "	" Flour, &c. &c. ;*

so that in 1851, the last year for which we have been able to find the particulars of the balance-sheet, the import duties amounted to more than three-fifths of the whole revenue.† Secondly, the mode by which he was made to pay was unwise: for instead of "promoting labour by increasing the demands on the labourer's means,"—to use the words employed last year by the Jamaica delegates, when arguing with Sir John Pakington for the imposition of a poll or house-tax—these duties, by raising the price of food, and making it both bad to buy and good to sell, were, as Lord Grey states in one of his late despatches, "directly calculated to discourage the labourer from working for hire, and to lead him to prefer working on his own provision ground."

But, if the mode of raising the taxes was unwise, the way in which much of them was spent was still more so.

While the Jamaica planter was finding himself forced to obey the laws of labour, and was reluctantly giving the wages compelled by competition, he was tantalized with the tidings that his fellow-planter in Mauritius was importing labourers from India, whom he worked at a little more than slave-cost, and—more tempting still—over whom he held little less than slaveowning power. True, there also came tidings that these imported immigrants needed slave-laws and slave-driving severities to make them fulfil their contracts; that, spite of these laws, vast numbers succeeded in breaking their contracts and becoming vagrants, thieves, and beggars; that, for want of the wives whom they left in India to starve, they were committing the most frightful immoralities; that the effect of their competition and example on the negroes was not to attract them to plantation labour, but to drive them from it; lastly, that, after all, the gain was not so much real

\* Mr. W. Smith's third letter to *Economist*, May 28, 1846; see, also, Knibb's Memoir, p. 487, &c.

† Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 179.

as apparent, for that not only did many run away, but many also died from their own misconduct, or from ill-treatment, or while acclimating, before they had worked out the first cost of their import.\* Still, the temptation of getting labour under the market price, and of thereby lowering that price, was too strong, especially when, by skilful shuffling of the taxes, the negro could be made to pay the cost of bringing competitors from the other side of the world to underbid him.

And thus began the Jamaica coolie immigration, in which the only redeeming feature was that its failure was so glaring as quickly to stay it. About 4500 coolies were imported, chiefly in the years 1846 and 7,† and having carefully traced down the history of this importation through Blue Books and extracts from colonial newspapers, we have no hesitation in saying that nothing could be so absurd, were it not for its injustice and iniquity. These men, the offscourings of Indian towns, utterly unfitted for field labour, many of them running away from the estates to which they were assigned, or discharged because, from disease or inefficiency, they were not worth keeping, wandered about, half-naked and half-starved, living in wayside ditches or dens in the towns, infecting the negroes with their idleness, profligacy, and paganism, until, in 1851, we find that, out of the whole number imported, there was scarcely one-half alive;‡ and almost the last that we can learn of this surviving remnant is from Sir C. Grey's Despatch of August 23, 1852, in which he states that the Assembly refused to pay for their return to India, though it was solely on the solemn pledge that, at the expiration of their contract, they should be thus returned, that they had ever consented to immigrate.

Still, the idea of immigration had taken hold of the Jamaica mind; there was no hope in India, still less in Europe, for they had tried Irish and Portuguese from Madeira, and they died faster than coolies. Why, then, not go back to Africa? After all, there is nothing like your African for an apprentice or a slave, or anything as near a slave as philanthropists will allow. So the cry was for

\* See, among other evidence, Mr. Raymond's evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee; Despatch of the Governor of Mauritius in 1841, &c. The Report with Blue Books, 1852, gives the number of immigrants into Mauritius, from 1843 to May 1, 1852, as 89,813 males, and only 15,557 females.

† We find, from the ninth report of the Emigration Commissioners (p. 22), that the cost of importing immigrants into Jamaica, from India and elsewhere, for the eleven years ending 1848, was £180,252.

‡ See Report of Committee of Jamaica Assembly. *Falmouth Post*, Dec. 30, 1851.

Africans, "Give us ships to bring them, lend us money to hire them, give us laws to coerce them." At first, the supply was pretty much confined to the "liberated Africans," to the slaves caught by our cruisers, emancipated by the Mixed Commission Courts, and then assigned, under contracts, to planters. These contracts were, and still are, arranged so as to give far too much power to the planter, and too little protection to the African; yet as—thanks to the agitation of philanthropists, and the regulations of Downing-street—this transition from the hold of the slave-ship to freedom in Jamaica, though unjust and oppressive while it lasts, must end in little more than three years, the captured slave does certainly gain by the exchange, and, in this immigration, the advantages must be allowed to more than counterbalance the defects. But the number of these immigrants was but few,—only just enough to give the planter a taste for more African apprentices, and to remind him of the good old times when all his workmen were under a life contract. Why not, then, import free immigrants from Africa? Poor miserable heathens, what a good thing it would be to convert them to Christianity, always supposing that they did not first convert back the creoles to Fetichism: and then you might get any number of them, and fill the labour market as full as you pleased. There was only one objection to this plan, and that was, that though Africans might be bought to any amount, yet, when free, they would not come. The men settled at Sierra Leone and the other British possessions were too well off to leave, and knew too well what a contract meant; the savage chiefs along the coast were willing to sell their prisoners, or to go to war to catch them; but to buy them was, by British law, piracy, and the interfering philanthropists took care that the law should be kept. The only hope was in the Kroo tribes, a hardy set of fishermen, among whom, it was said, slavery did not exist; and great hope there was of them for a while, till it was discovered that there were not more than 30,000 of them, and that, "under the most favourable circumstances, not more than 1000 Kroo emigrants could be obtained annually for the whole West Indies."\*

It was not, then, owing to the competition of immigrants, but in spite of abortive and expensive efforts to obtain them, that the island had, as we observed, become more productive; and all classes were expecting, if not experiencing, better times, when they suddenly found themselves sacrificed at the shrine of Free Trade, or rather to what the Duke of

\* Mr. Fisher's Report of Voyage to Kroo Coast as immigration agent, in 1847.

Wellington called, the necessity of carrying on the Queen's Government. The Whigs declared for free trade in slave produce, because free trade was then the one idea with which the nation was possessed, and this was almost the only free trade measure which Peel had left them; and Peel, contrary to his acknowledged convictions, enabled them to pass it, professedly because, if the Whigs went out, there was no party fit to come in.

We are not going to discuss the merits of this measure: it is both useless and hopeless to do so now that the thousands of slaves whom it caused to be imported into Cuba and Brazil are already most of them worked to death (for it is said that seven years is their average working life), and now that promises to the West Indians, and professions of humanity, have alike been thrown overboard by the Protectionists, in their vain effort to save a sinking ministry. All that we can do is briefly to state the effects of this measure, and to protest against the attempts, not seldom made, to charge them upon emancipation, and to make the negro and the philanthropist responsible for the consequences of the destruction or desertion of Protection. These effects were not immediately evident either upon the produce or the prosperity of the island. The sugar crop takes a long time in growing—at least fifteen months, according to Mr. Borthwick—which fact, he tells us,\* explains why the exports of 1847, grown from canes planted before the passing of the Sugar Bill, was 750,000 cwts.—decidedly above the average. Nor was the whole fall in price experienced at once: ships had to be sent from Cuba to Africa, and slaves to be brought back in them, before the Cuban sugar-grower could prove to the British consumer the advantage of the slave-trade. The average price per cwt. of British West India Muscovado sugar, exclusive of duty, in 1846, was 34s. 5d.; in 1847, it fell to 28s. 3d.; but in 1848, the slave sugar competition was sufficient to bring it down to 23s. 8d.†—a price which, taking one year with another, has been about the average ever since. The consequences which must ensue from this diminution of 30 per cent. in the gross proceeds of men already struggling with difficulties, are too self evident to need description. Our readers will find them very clearly depicted in Lord Stanley's letters to Mr. Gladstone, out of which we will content ourselves with quoting one extract exemplifying the enormous depreciation of property, and its result in the abandonment of estates and the discharge of

labourers. In his second letter, page 52, we find the following statement:—

“A correspondent, the greater part of whose life has been passed in Jamaica, thus addresses me: ‘I may state that, within the last few months, I have seen in my own neighbourhood, Little Spring Garden, a sea-side estate, with a cane-field of about 200 acres, which was sold for 6000*l.* in 1827, resold for 500*l.* According to a report of a Committee of the House of Assembly, 140 sugar, and 165 coffee estates, named in that report, were abandoned since the passing of the Act of Emancipation; but, in point of fact, these properties have nearly all been broken up since the alteration of the Coffee duties in 1844, and the sugar duties in 1846.’”

Here we find the real meaning of that abandonment of estates so often quoted by Americans as an excuse for the continuance of their slavery, and not seldom alleged by West Indians as a reason why freedom should be restricted. It was the result not of freedom, but of free trade;—of a fall in price, which no vagrant laws or power of coercing contracted emigrants, could prevent; and Lord Stanley, after giving many similar instances, truly tells Mr. Gladstone that, by them, “he will see strikingly illustrated the change which has taken place in the value of property, not, as is sometimes contended, since the passing of the Emancipation Act, but since the anticipated admission of slave-grown sugar, to compete on equal terms.”—Page 55.

But it may be said that this change, though not caused by emancipation, does not the less prove that in sugar growing, at least, freedom cannot contend with slavery. If free labour needs protection at the cost of the consumer, in order to compete with slave labour, what becomes of the boasting prophecy, that, of the two, the free labour would cost the least? Our first reply to this is, that, between Brazil or Cuba, and Jamaica, the comparison is not fair: as much depends on the employer as on the labourer, and in both Brazil and Cuba the employers are resident—in the former, extraordinarily careful and economical,\* and in the latter, many of them shrewd, calculating Americans, with abundant capital at command; while in Jamaica, by far the largest proportion are impoverished absentees, at the mercy of mortgages, merchants, and managers. But moreover, we will also frankly confess that if the friends of freedom expected that freed labour could, without long probation, become a match for slave labour, backed by the slave trade, their expectations were unreasonable,

\* See Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Plantation Committee.

† Parliamentary Returns, February, 1852.

\* See Mr. Farrer's Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee.

and have not been fulfilled. Their hypothesis was, that the hope of gain is a more powerful incitement to labour than the fear of the lash; but there is no motive so powerful as the fear of death; and their mistake was that they did not calculate on that fear. They knew that forced labour takes more out of the life of a man than willing industry, and they said that no slave-owner could keep his human tools in working condition without whipping less work out of them than they would willingly give for wages; but they forgot that, with the slave trade, it would pay him to care less for condition than for work, and to give them tasks which would shorten their lives. What Anglo-Saxon, not to say what negro, would work eighteen hours in the twenty-four, for weeks together, under a tropical sun, if he were not forced to do so? It will, we fear, need many a mechanical invention, and much more skill in its application and management than Jamaica, as yet, can furnish, before such hand labour as this can be contended with.

Nor, it must be remembered, was the competition only with this slave-trade sugar; there was the large and increasing growth of beet-root sugar in France heavily protected, and driving all foreign sugars, whether free or slave, from the French into the English market; and there were the sugars of Java and the East Indies, raised indeed by free men, but by free men forced by the density of population to take the lowest possible rate of wages, so low, says Mr. Crooke, an English sugar-factor from Bengal, as a penny farthing a-day. True, Mr. Crooke also tells us, that planters in his neighbourhood, who had lived in the West Indies, said, that any free negro gave as much work as six of these poorly-paid coolies; and we doubt not that Jamaica, in the long run, will prove no exception to the industrial rule, that the worst-paid labour is not the most profitable; but at present she must find competition such as this by no means easy to meet.

If we add to the effects of the Sugar Bill the fearful outbreak of cholera in 1851, sweeping away, according to the Governor, "ten thousand able-bodied labourers,"† and the ravages of the smallpox, which followed in 1852, almost as destructive, and hardly yet stayed,—we shall have noticed all the main features of the history of Jamaica, from the declaration of freedom to the present time. A brief recapitulation of them will enable our readers to judge how far the poverty of the

proprietors, or the diminution of produce, can be fairly charged upon the innate idleness of the negro, or upon the follies of his friends.

The Emancipation Act, it is often said, though intrinsically just, was ill-timed, because prematurely passed, without the introductory changes which ought to have preceded such a social revolution; but if so, whose fault was that? Canning's resolutions of 1823 were passed at the instigation of the anti-slavery party, and against the most determined opposition of the West India interest, for the sole purpose of preparing the slaves for freedom; but this purpose was altogether frustrated by the resident planters and managers, who threatened rebellion rather than obedience to them. The first of the twenty measures which the ministers of the Crown declared they would introduce into the different slave colonies in order to carry out these resolutions, was one "to provide the means of instruction and religious education to the slaves;" in not one of the colonies was it found possible to give this measure effect, for each schoolmaster would have needed a soldier to protect him, so resolute were the whites that the blacks should not be taught to be free; but had the contrary been the case, yet another measure would have been still more necessary, viz., one to provide the means of instruction to the whites,—to teach them how to manage free men, and to show them that it was not well to prepare the negroes for liberty by inciting them to insurrection, by increasing their punishments, and by persecuting their pastors. Nor can the philanthropists plead guilty to the apprenticeship blunder; for it was a concession to the planters, which they to a man opposed; still less was it their fault that the negroes, as soon as they had their labour to dispose of, asked for it the same high valuation as that which their masters had forced them to pay; nor that they left the service of their employers, who turned them out of their cottages if they would not take just what wages they chose to offer. It was no cant of Exeter Hall which caused the defeat of the capitalist in his attempt to ignore or to break the laws of capital and labour, or which obliged him to suffer the consequences of his ignorance of the conditions of his new relation or of his unwillingness to fulfil them. The production and preparation of sugar is a difficult and intricate business, needing in both its agricultural and manufacturing operations much skill and attentive economy, and in the latter abundant capital,—but it was not the friends of the black labourer who forced the white employer to conduct his business at a distance of thousands of miles, and without the capital, which, had he not been extravagant, he

\* Mr. Higgin's Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee.

† Minutes of Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, 1848. First Report, p. 15.

‡ Sir C. Grey's Despatch, December 31, 1861.

might have saved. And as to the loss of protection, the anti-slavery party brought that upon the colonies as little as they did the pestilence, for their struggles, as a party, to preserve it, were at least as vigorous and as persevering as were those of the planting interest.

So much for philanthropic folly; but now for negro idleness; and granting that it exists, again we ask, whose fault is that? We are not such admirers of the negro race as to suppose, that because a man's father was an African savage, and he himself a half-civilized, untaught, degraded slave, he must therefore have energy to conquer circumstances which might well appal a civilized Anglo-Saxon, or innate industry sufficient to resist the influences and disregard the example of those above him. The proud idleness of a slave-owner is proverbial; and though stern necessity is daily teaching the whites of Jamaica how to work, yet, to judge by the reports of almost every traveller, they have, we fear, not yet entirely forgotten their slaveholding habits;\* what wonder, then, if the black sometimes imitates them in thinking work disgraceful, and if he does not forget how hateful it was when it was whipped out of him. Again, the negro does not, any more than the Irish or Dorsetshire labourer, give good work for bad pay; and there is no virtue in a tropical sun which should induce men to give continuous and efficient labour with wages at a shilling a day,† and with provisions more highly taxed than ours under the corn laws. While, therefore, we do not deny, but rather most deeply deplore, the deficient industry of many of the emancipated negroes, we yet do assert that this deficient industry is not so much the cause as the effect of colonial distress; and that even where it is its cause, it is itself in great measure caused not by emancipation but by slavery, or by the mistakes and misconduct of those who could not forget that they had been slaveowners.

In truth, if we come to analyse this oft repeated complaint of idleness, we shall find that it pretty generally reduces itself to the not unnatural reluctance of the workman to work on plantations for a master, when much better pay could be got by toiling on provision grounds for himself. A fair analysis of the evidence given by the planters themselves before Lord George Bentinck's Committee, would, we are convinced, confirm the following noteworthy remark in Sir C. Grey's Despatch of December 31st, 1851.

\* See Mr. Bigelow, cap. viii; and also Lord Elgin's Despatch, May 6, 1846.

† Sir J. Pakington's speech in Parliament, December 9, 1852; Mr. Bigelow, cap. xiii.

After alluding to the "demoralizing effect" which great pestilences have in Jamaica, as well as everywhere else, and saying that "when nearly the whole inhabitants of hamlets are destroyed," (as was the case in the cholera of that year,) "it must necessarily have a great effect for some time in making the surviving labourers of the district less settled and steady," he adds, "it is unjust to make a general imputation against them of laziness; for although, in common with the inhabitants of all warm climates, they feel more than those of cold ones a liking for repose, and a sense of enjoyment in it, there are few races of men who will work harder or more perseveringly when they are sure of getting for themselves the whole produce of their labour. It is quite true, however, that they regard it as fair, and almost meritorious, to get as much as possible from their employers, and to do as little as possible for them in return; nothing will keep them to the journey-work of the master, if the cultivation of their own ground, or indeed their private interest of any sort, draws them away."

These sentences seem to us very fairly to describe the industrial relations of the colony; and how far this preference by the negro of his own interest to that of his employer has been but following the example of that employer, we will leave to our readers to determine. We can only express our conviction that no fact as yet presented by Jamaica history, not even "the injudicious methods adopted by managers to secure continuous labour on estates,"\* lead us to doubt the previous opinion conveyed by Sir C. Grey in his Report for 1848, viz., "that under a system of perfectly fair dealing and of real justice, they (the negroes) will come to be an admirable peasantry and yeomanry, able-bodied, industrious and hard-working, frank and well-disposed."

But perhaps the best explanation both of the causes which have sometimes made the negro a poor workman, and of the manner in which he might be made a good one, is to be found in a letter to the *Economist* newspaper from Mr. W. Smith, himself a planter, and well known as one of the three delegates sent last year from Jamaica to represent its distress to the British government and country. On his first return from the island, in 1846, he writes as follows:—

"During our recent sojourn in Jamaica, Mr. Dickon and I, either together or separately, visited eighteen out of the twenty-two parishes into which the island is divided. Our avowed object was to make inquiries respecting the system of cultivation and manufacture of the staples, and

\* Lord Elgin's Despatch, May 6, 1846.

the all-important question of the supply of labour. Confining myself, for the moment, to the latter topic, we found that although everybody was ready to bear witness to the generally acknowledged want of labour in his district, the cases were exceedingly rare (so rare, indeed, that I could actually enumerate them), where our informants spoke from their own personal experience; and in these cases a little inquiry sufficed to show that the unwillingness of the labourers to work upon the estates might be traced to either inability to pay the wages, or some difference of opinion as to the rate. The best evidence which I can adduce of there being no general disinclination on the part of the negroes to work, is the fact, that we met with more than one instance where they had continued to labour on the estate without having received their wages for many months, but were depending on the honour of their employer to pay them out of the first money which came into his hands. We also found that, from some parishes where the circumstances of the planters were the most reduced, the negroes had migrated to others some thirty and forty miles distant, in search of employment,—not so much for increased wages, as for the sake of securing regularity in their payment.

"We are again told that no amount of wages will secure *continuous* labour. This assertion was not borne out by what we saw upon several estates, and certainly it is completely refuted by our experience in the construction of the railway between Kingston and Spanish Town. We employed for upwards of a year an average of 500 men, without experiencing at any time any difficulty from interrupted labour. I shall be told that we paid exorbitant wages, and that the work was such as suited the taste of the negroes, from its nature and novelty. True, we paid 2s. per diem, but we took care to accompany it with strict and constant supervision, and we found our account in substituting the pickaxe, shovel, and the wheel-barrow, for the worn out hoe and little wooden bowl, whereby we secured the removal of ten cubic yards of earth as the daily task, and for which we would have to pay something like 3s. 6d. in England. I cannot well imagine what there was in either the nature or novelty of the work to make it more inviting than the labour on an estate, or on their own provision grounds. The only coercion we used, was the certainty of dismissal for absence, and we found it work well."

True, this letter was written in 1846, but we know of nothing which has since happened to alter the capabilities of the negro, or to make it less likely that he would give good work for fair wages; though we *do* know, that the "inability" to pay the latter has been vastly increased by the calamitous results of the Sugar Act. Mr. Smith proved his faith in his own observations by himself investing capital in 1846 in Jamaica estates; and though, in 1852, he declares that this investment has been a loss, he distinctly ascribes this loss to the fall of price consequent on the Sugar Bill. In the statement of facts signed by himself and his two co-

delegates, we find it stated, it is true, that the "free population" of Jamaica "is impelled by none of the ordinary motives to industry;" but, why? because it has to compete with the Cuban planter, whose slave-labour costs what in wages would be equal to 4d. or 6d. a day; terms on which no free labourer in "Jamaica can be expected to maintain himself and his family decently and honestly, and at the same time labour fairly and righteously for his employer."\*

Hitherto, our readers will observe, we have viewed Emancipation almost solely in its commercial aspects, and in trying the philanthropic experiment have confined ourselves to Mr. Carlyle's test of success,—its capability to "aid in bringing forth the nobler products" of the soil. Yet the destiny of man, though he be a negro, may include other objects besides the supply of a grocer's shop; and as even the field-hand has heart, head, and soul, it may be worth while briefly to consider how far *their* products have been made more or less noble by the change.

A very few words will suffice for the social position of the slave. The time is now past when Englishmen required to be convinced that the condition of that man could not be changed for the worse, who by law had neither property, nor citizenship, nor family, nor religion, who could be punished as for a crime for the fulfilment of his religious duties, or the satisfaction of his domestic affections, from whom another man could by law take his wife, or his children, or the fruits of his toil. But if any one now-a-days does doubt that what might happen by law was common in fact, we can only refer him to the evidence before the Committees on Slavery of both Houses of Parliament, in 1833. We will here merely give one testimony and one fact. The Marquis of Sligo, himself a Jamaica proprietor, and for a time governor of the island, thus writes to Sir Fowell Buxton:—

"In reply to your inquiries, whether my opinions on slavery had undergone any change while I was in Jamaica, I beg to say that when I went out there, I thought that the stories of the cruelties of the slave owners, disseminated by your society, were merely the emanations of enthusiastic and humane persons—rather a caricature, than a faithful representation of what actually did take place. Before, however, I had been very long in Jamaica, I had reason to think that the real state of the case had been far understated, and that I am quite convinced was the fact."†

\* Parliamentary Return: Sugar Growing Colonies (Jamaica), p. 307.

† "Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton," p. 386.



Our readers will most of them remember what manner of stories of cruelties the Anti-Slavery Society did disseminate, and will, we think, hardly need further testimony as to the details of the system.

Then, as regards its general result, we have this one damning fact: the slave population of eleven of the West-Indian Colonies was in twelve years diminished full 10 per cent.—in Jamaica, the diminution by death, independent of manumission, was about 18 per cent., or from 846,150 in 1817, to 307,357 in 1832.\* This fact which is proved by the official registry of slaves in both years, is confirmed by the statistics of special estates;† and that it was not owing, as is sometimes said, to excess of males in consequence of the previous slave-trade, is clear, for the same statistics prove that while this mortality was going on, the females were generally, as they are now, in excess of the males.‡ And bad as was the condition of the slaves physically, morally it was worse; the most degrading licentiousness was the rule, and chastity and marriage the exception. Almost every white man in authority kept a black or a coloured mistress; and it is a fact clearly proved, that marriage, when desired by the negroes, was not seldom disallowed by the managers,§ and was almost invariably discouraged by their example. A mass of men and women, herding together like cattle, half savage, more than half heathen, wholly untaught, speaking an almost unintelligible gibberish, wasting away with toil and hardship, hating their masters and watching for a bloody revenge, yet dreading them, as a realization of their old Fetich fears, and striving only to imitate their vices,—such was the condition of a large portion of the Jamaica slaves, and would have been that of all, had it not been for the efforts and influence of that small band of devoted missionaries, whom the planters did their utmost, by violence and calumny, to drive from the Island.

This missionary influence was the only real preparation for freedom which the negroes had, but this was enough. Thanks to the power of religion over the consciences of the few, thanks still more to the power of the preachers over the hearts of the many, freedom had a fair chance with the negro, and a fair chance was all it needed. In 1842, four years after the abolition of the apprentice-

ship, Lord Derby, then as Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary, replied to a challenge from Spain to prove the advantages of freedom, very similar to that so often made by America now, by enumerating the following as among the “unquestionable facts, on which all men are agreed,” viz., “that, since the emancipation, the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have raised their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and unfrequent; that their morals have improved; that marriage has been more and more substituted for concubinage; and that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion.”

Mr. Philipppo, who was a missionary both before and after slavery, after telling us that, “previous to 1823, there were not more than one or two schools in the whole island expressly for the instruction of the black population,”\* says, when giving the statistics of negro education in 1841, that “by the published reports there were then belonging to different denominations of Christians throughout the island, as nearly as it could be ascertained from the imperfect data supplied, about 186 day-schools, 100 sabbath-schools, and 20 or 30 evening-schools, the latter chiefly for the instruction of adults.† Again Mr. Philipppo, writing in 1843, says, “During slavery the sanctities of marriage were almost unknown;” but adds, “out of a population of 420,000, not fewer than 14,840 marriages have taken place annually since 1840, being a proportion of 1 in 29; indeed, everywhere marriage is now the rule, and concubinage the exception.”‡

But there are persons with whom the word of a missionary is of no avail; and perhaps Lord Derby may be thought prejudiced in behalf of the measure which he had himself passed. Let us then take the testimony of a Jamaica proprietor. Lord Howard de Walden was examined before the Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, in Feb., 1848. He had himself gone to Jamaica to see after his estates, and good reason he had to go; for though notoriously three of the finest in the island, their average net income for eight years, he informed the committee, had been only 900*l.*, whereas, in former years, they used to net above 20,000*l.* per annum; here, at least, we have a witness not likely to be prejudiced in favour of emancipation. But when asked, “Can you speak to the moral improvement of the negroes in Jamaica, as

\* See Parliamentary Return in Appendix to Buxton's Memoirs.

† See, for example, Statistics of the Seaford estates, as laid before the Lords' Committee in 1832.

‡ Statistics above quoted. See also Sir T. F. Buxton's speech, “Memoirs,” p. 269.

§ Dr. King's “Jamaica,” p. 47.

\* “Jamaica: its Past and Present State,” p. 189.

† Ibid. p. 193. ‡ Ibid. p. 232.

regards their education, religion, habits, dress, and marriage?" his lordship replied, "I believe they have amazingly improved, in every respect, since emancipation; everybody agrees that the change since emancipation has been very remarkable."

These, however, are descriptions of the state of the negroes before 1848; and since then, it may be said, it has been retrograding. To some extent, this is true; freedom has not put the negro out of the reach of the moral effects of poverty or pestilence; and the energies of the labourer have been stunned by the same fiscal blow which has prostrated the fortunes of the merchant and proprietor. Still, when American slaveowners seize with greedy joy the gloomy reports from Jamaica of a want of progress in civilization, they must remember that no one is comparing the free negroes either with *their* slaves, or with what these negroes were as slaves, but with what they were as free men, at the time when the island was more prosperous. Another reason may perhaps, in a measure, explain this apparent retrogression. Much of the influence of the missionaries, though seemingly religious, was really social and political. The negroes went to chapel, and sent their children to school, and did generally as their pastors bade them, because they looked upon them with respect and love as their political protectors; but when they found that they no longer needed protectors, and when the pastoral relation became reduced to a simply religious one, there followed a not unnatural reaction, and the habits of heathenism and slavery in some measure regained their hold. Again, the different missionary societies, hearing of the prosperity of the negroes, and encouraged by the extraordinary sums raised by them for religious purposes immediately after the emancipation, withdrew pecuniary aid just at the very time when, owing to this reaction, and to the effects of the Sugar Bill, the blacks were both less willing and less able to replace it; and thus the supply of preachers and teachers was diminished with the demand, when, on the contrary, the supply ought to have been increased, in order to maintain the demand. We are glad, however, to learn that both church and school attendance is now again on the increase; and the recent intelligence we have been able to gain from missionaries, gives us ground to believe that the progress in civilization, though less showy than it has been, is more sound, and, in reality, not less hopeful.

A very fair idea of the position and prospects of the negroes may be gathered from the three works at the head of our paper, all of them the records of observations made

during the late years of fiscal depression; one being the careful and detailed journal\* of two members of the Anti-Slavery Society—Quaker Philanthropists, it is true, but gentlemen whose position and character make it impossible to doubt their statements of facts; another, an impartial *résumé* chiefly of the moral and religious condition of the island in 1849, by a Scotch clergyman;† and the third, a series of vivid and instructive sketches, by a shrewd newspaper editor from the States.‡ Want of space compels us to refrain from giving our readers the analysis of these observations which we had intended; we can only state the general impression left on our minds not only by them, but by a multitude of other evidence, much of it official.

Heathen customs and superstitions are not yet rooted out of Jamaica; the sensuality of slavery lurks among its black population: in that respect their moral standard is still low, much lower than that of the Irish peasant,—we wish we could be sure that it was much lower than that of the English labourer. Crime is said to be frequent, and yet, if we compare the criminal statistics of England with those of Jamaica, this charge, even if true, is one which it ill becomes Englishmen to make.§ True, when fortune turns suddenly in favour of these negroes, we hear stories of absurd and wasteful expenditure; by no means, however, so absurd as those freaks of Anglo-Saxons, of which every mail from the Australian diggings brings us tidings. We also hear that, with the depression of the sugar manufacture, poverty and idleness increase in much the same proportion as they do in Lancashire when the mills are running short time; but Dr. King tells us, that, spite of this increase, he met with no beggars.¶ Ministers of religion complain, as they do with us, that churches and chapels are not filled, and that the fervour of religious revivals is not lasting; and the official statements of the carelessness of parents about the education of their children, and of their unwillingness to pay for it, remind us very much of the reports of our own school inspectors. The same charge of penurious selfishness is made against some of the 60,000¶

\* "The British West Indies in 1850," by John Candler and G. W. Alexander. (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, February, March, and April, 1851.)

† "Jamaica: its State and Prospects." By the Rev. David King. Glasgow, 1850.

‡ "Jamaica in 1850." By John Bigelow.

§ See Statistical Tables of the General Penitentiary of Jamaica (Reports with Blue Books for 1848, p. 138), as compared with the Parliamentary Returns of Criminals in England and Wales for 1848.

¶ King's "Jamaica," p. 36.

¶ We take the estimate by Mr. Clark, the Bap-

peasant proprietors of Jamaica, which we often hear applied to the small landowners of France; but Dr. King, in describing the free mountain villages, contrasts them favourably with those of his own fellow-countrymen in the Scotch Highlands, both as regards the superiority of the cottages, and the greater industry of the inhabitants.\*

In a word, we do not say that the history of Free Jamaica has proved how far the negro race is capable of the highest exploits of civilization, or how high is to be its rank among the races of the world, for these yet remain open questions, so far as Jamaica is concerned; but this much it has proved, that there has been found no people more quick to learn the lessons of freedom, and to forget those of slavery. Crimes and follies they commit, without doubt; but the question is, not how far they are absolutely vicious, nor even whether, comparatively with others, they are more or less foolish or criminal, but whether they are more or less so as freemen than they were as slaves. And we defy the American slaveowners to find any man who, having known them in both conditions, does not think, or even would not say, that they are now incomparably better husbands, and parents, and neighbours, and citizens, than they were,—more comfortable, more educated, more moral, and more religious,—that the sins which still beset them are sins which, having been originated or aggravated by slavery, are now becoming diminished by freedom. And yet the measure which has thus increased the happiness and exalted the character of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the island, is denounced as a failure, and sneered at as “unscientific,” because there are fewer bales of sugar exported from its shores, or because there is a diminution in the incomes of some few hundred sugar growers, who either did not understand the business of employing labour, or would not attend to it.

Leaving now the present, one word more on the past, before we touch on the future. In detailing, as we have felt ourselves forced to do, the mistakes and misconduct of the planters, our purpose has not been a defence

of either the philanthropists or the negroes. The reputation of the men who made freedom the law of England, may be safely left to the keeping of Englishmen of future ages, who will take care that it lives long after the cant of imitators and the cavils of objectors are alike forgotten. And the Jamaica negroes, with the title-deeds of their hard-earned freeholds in one pocket, and the wages of their labour in the other, and with representatives of their own colour daily filling more and more the offices of the colony and the seats of its legislature, may well afford to laugh at even Mr. Carlyle's sarcasm, and to ask him to wait till they show him what the island will produce, when blacks and browns guide and direct its work as universally as they now perform it. Still less does the abstract cause of freedom demand for its justification that we should take up deeds of folly or injustice, the surviving actors of which are almost all of them repentant, and all of whom are punished. More kindly relations are now springing up between both employers and labourers, for which, due honour to both; and therefore, even to tell the truth about what has been, would be unfitting, were it not for two reasons.

First, the American slaveowner makes Jamaica distress almost the principal excuse for his slaveowning. Justice, then, to his slaves demands that it should be shown that, in so far as this distress has not been caused by circumstances which neither employers nor labourers could control, it has arisen, not because the labourers are no longer as *his* are—“chattels;” but because the employers have either imitated him too much as a slaveowner, or too little as a man of business. And secondly, the past needs to be kept in view, because there are even now men connected with the planting interest, or professing to be its advocates, who, regardless of the consequences of former mistakes, are seeking to remedy these consequences by their repetition.

Of these mistakes there has been none so fatal as that which supposes that work can be got from the free man by the same means as those by which it was got from the slave, that when the whip is once abolished, any other coercion can supply the place of wages. Remembering, therefore, how the existing labour-laws had been used by the planters and the planting justices, and what were the fresh laws which the Jamaica legislature had proposed, the friends of the negro might well be alarmed, when they heard the late Colonial Secretary palliate from his place in parliament his desertion of Protection, by declaring that he would “direct his attention to two important subjects—the supply of

tist missionary. Mr. Bigelow estimates the number at 100,000, p. 116.

\* King's “Jamaica,” p. 211. The report, however, of Dr. C. Milroy, the medical inspector during the cholera, proves that there is as much need of sanitary reform in Jamaica as in Skye or Connaught. Many of the “ordinary negro houses” appear to be grievously dirty, over crowded, and ill ventilated, and “still more wretched than them are the huts provided for the watchmen” on the estates, which Dr. Milroy describes as “kennels, which it is an outrage upon our common nature to require human beings to occupy.”—Returns (Jamaica), p. 85.

labour, and the present state of the labour laws in the West India colonies"\* and when they knew, by his written answer to the Jamaica deputation, that he had left to the planters themselves the initiation of these laws.†

The present Government, however, have no desertion of Protection to atone for, and therefore we trust that we need fear from them no connivance at coercion; but we suppose we must add, that neither can we hope from them any continuance or restoration of Protection. A small differential duty in favour of free-grown sugar would probably check the revival of the slave trade in Cuba, and prevent it in Brazil; would certainly diminish the sufferings of the slaves in both places,—sufferings beyond the power of man to describe or imagine,—and would give to the West Indian sugar producers the breathing time needed to enable them to start fair with all competitors. We believe also that the small sum needed for such protection would be gladly paid by nine out of every ten Englishmen, whether as consumers or tax-payers, provided it was clearly shown to them that it was raised—not in order to protect the planter at the cost of the public, which would be robbery,—but in order to protect the freed man and the slave against the slave-stealer and slave-buyer, which would be refusal to participate in robbery; and yet we suppose that no government will dare to ask the British public to pay this small sum; and why? Not because the principle of free trade is involved, for the highest free trade authorities allow that it does not apply to slave-produce, which is stolen goods, but because the *spirit* of that principle has already become frozen into a formula, from the letter of which hardly any politician dares to dissent.

But if the present Government neither maintain Protection, nor substitute for it coercion, what will they do with regard to that other and yet more attractive compensation for its loss, offered by their predecessors, viz., the supply of cheap immigrant labour? Perhaps they may suggest to Jamaica deputations, that inasmuch as there are many parts of the island where the labourers cannot get work even at the present Jamaica wages of a shilling a day, it might be as well to establish communication between the places where there are too many labourers and those where there are too few, before they ask for help to pay the cost of bringing them from the other side of the world.‡ At any

rate, there are one or two immigration facts, which we trust they will bear in mind.

First, that whenever coercive power has been possessed by planters over apprenticed immigrants, it has, to say the least, been liable to abuse—witness, among a multitude of other evidence, Lord Grey's statement in his Despatch to Lord Harris, April 28, 1848, that in Jamaica, "cases have been discovered in which their labour had been habitually stimulated by whip, in the hand both of employer and overseer:"\* secondly, that no number of African immigrants, either men or women, can be obtained without buying them of the chiefs,† *i. e.*, without the encouragement of the slave trade and its accompanying murders: and, lastly, that hitherto it has been, and apparently it ever will be, impossible to import either Coolies or Chinese,‡ without an excess of males so disproportionate as to corrupt the morals, not only of the immigrants but of the creoles.

These two last facts are the acknowledged difficulties of African and eastern immigration; and before entrusting to the planter, or their friends, the task of overcoming these difficulties, there are two other recorded facts, which it may be well for the present Colonial Secretary to consider. First, that in 1847, the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce proposed to meet these difficulties by "providing means of transport, from the African coast, for the thousands of slaves brought down for sale and shipment to the foreign trader," and by "ransoming the prisoners of war of the native chiefs," who would doubtless, in return for such ransom, take care to keep up a constant supply of what the chamber is pleased to call "*free emigration*:" and, secondly, that in 1848, Lord G. Bentinck, at that time the champion of the West Indian interest, suggested that the great defect in the eastern immigration, viz., the want of what he calls a "breeding population," should be supplied by the purchase of negroes from the south-western coast of Africa.§

Yet that there is a want of labour in this magnificent island, to force its rich soil to yield its treasures, there can be no doubt; a want not of cheap labour, (is not labour cheap enough at a shilling a-day?) but of educated, skilled labour,—not of mere manual operatives, but of artisans, and trades-

\* See also report of Mr. Ewart, the Agent General for Immigration, Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica) p. 37.

† See Captain Denman's Evidence before Sugar Planting Committee, p. 149.

‡ See Report of Mr. White, immigration agent, to Governor of British Guiana. June 21, 1851.

§ Lord George Bentinck's Draft Report of Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, Eighth Report, p. 12.

\* Sir J. Pakington's speech, June 8, 1852.

† Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 314.

‡ See King's "Jamaica," p. 26.

men, and yeomen—of immigrants who already have some little capital, and know how to use it, and have wants which will force them to accumulate yet more. In a word, the great desideratum of Jamaica is a hard-working middle class, a class such as could not exist under its old *régime*, and which, though now springing up with remarkable quickness, is still far too small. Captured slaves, or prisoners of war, or Coolies, or Kroomen, cannot furnish recruits to this class, but far nearer than either Africa or India there are men who can.

The free coloured people of the United States might supply this desideratum by sending men who would carry with them their wives and children, many of them possessing no inconsiderable amount of capital, all of them trained under the industrial influence of that energetic example, which their white oppressors, however much they hate or despise them, cannot withhold from them. We can hardly hope that these pages will be read by any of the leaders among this people, or we would earnestly ask them whether self-interest and duty—duty to their race, bond and free—does not suggest to them an exodus from the land of bondage to tropical Jamaica, at least more strongly than to cold Canada. In the States, their very faculties are a torment to them, for the prejudice against colour allows their faculties no exercise. In Jamaica, if in the minds of any men that prejudice still lingers, it is only to be laughed at; how can it be otherwise in a country where coloured men not only may be, but are, legislators, lawyers, physicians, ministers, planters, editors, and merchants, as well as labourers!\* We are aware that we are treading on tender ground, and that some of the best of the coloured men, and many of their sincerest friends, think that in hope of aiding their enslaved brethren, they ought, under whatever obloquy or persecution, to remain citizens of the Republic. It is not for us to mark out for them their course, and yet we cannot but think that by no possible means could they so effectually aid the American slave, as by teaching energy and industry to the free British negro, and by hastening forward, by their precept and example, that time when from Jamaica and her kindred isles, the voice of a negro community,

\* We are glad to find that both the Home and Colonial Governments are at last determined to remove the greatest obstacle which has existed to the immigration of free coloured men from the States, viz., their inability as aliens to own freeholds, by enabling them to become naturalized in a year. See Immigration Act passed by Jamaica Assembly, and Sir J. Pakington's Despatch thereon, Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), pp. 354 and 314.

prosperous, educated, civilized, Christian, shall speak to republican despots and their victims words which both will hear, and which the former will not be able to disregard.

And that this time will come, we hold to be no vain prophecy, foolish as to many it may seem. We have faith in it, because we see it written in the page of history, in the experience of the Anglo-Saxon, that he cannot toil in these islands or make a home of them, and of the African that he can; because we see already foreshadowings of its fulfilment, in the progress which, since his feet have been unshackled, this African has made—a progress which, spite of its occasional tarryings or backward steps, is greater than has ever in like period been made by Anglo-Saxon.

Not but that before this prophecy be fulfilled, there needs much work to be done. First, and most especially, there needs an entire abolition not only of slavery, but of the slaveowning spirit;—there must be a complete emancipation of the whites from slaveowning habits, feelings, and prejudices; all traces of the old *régime* must be swept from the statute book, and the magistrates must forget that it ever existed. There needs also a fairer arrangement of the taxes, and both a more economical and a more appropriate expenditure of them. We learn from Sir Charles Grey, that the "public debt of Jamaica amounts to about £750,000,"\* and Mr. Smith and his co-delegates inform us, that "its public and parochial institutions are maintained at an annual expense exceeding £350,000." If the largeness of this sum be inconsistent with the oft-repeated assertions of the poverty of the island, still more absurd are the extravagant official salaries,† compared with the complaints so justly made of the want of measures for sanitary improvement, and of deficiency of roads, of irrigation, and of education. The necessity of an Encumbered Estates Act requires no enforcement, for the arguments which induced its introduction into Ireland apply with far greater force to Jamaica, where so many more of the owners of property are too poor, too ignorant, or too far off to fulfil its duties; and, indeed, until such owners cease to cumber the estates, we hardly see how that division of labour in the production of the main staple of the island can be effected, which gives the best hope of its future economical prosperity, viz., the substitution of peasant sugar growers supplying with canes the "central mills" of manufacturers‡ for absen-

\* Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 189.

† See Bigelow's "Jamaica," cap. v.

‡ See Bigelow, cap. xiv. See also Sir C. Grey's

tee proprietors managing by bailiffs both an enormous farm and a difficult manufacture. And lastly, there needs a supply of foreign labour, not indeed from Africa or India, nor yet only from America, but from England,—there needs now, and will need for many years, a continuous immigration of English ministers and schoolmasters. The missionary societies have, we believe, felt it right to withdraw some of their labourers from the West Indies, and to send them to break up fresh soil, or to till fields yet more waste; if such has been their decision, no suggestion of ours would change it, but we believe that every post gives them more and more reason to reconsider it, proves to them more and more plainly that their aid to the negro *has* been effectual, and *is* wanted, and reminds them that the debt owing to him by British Christians, for ills inflicted or connived at, is even yet far from paid. The English Church especially may remember, that if she had done her duty to the slave, if she had even given work in proportion to her hire, the freed men would not need so much of her assistance now. Would that in future she may contend earnestly with the "sectaries," not as to who shall most possess the negro brain with special dogmas—for whatever he be, the negro is no controversialist—but as to who shall most quickly exorcise those fiends of sensuality, sloth, and falsehood, which slavery has left to haunt him.

At the beginning of this paper, we stated that we should confine our remarks to Jamaica, because it was the colony in which the success of emancipation was the least evident. We can only add, that if we have been able to prove that in Jamaica freedom does work better than did slavery, and philanthropy has not been a folly, our task would have been even yet easier in any other of our West India possessions, from Barbadoes, where the population is more dense than in China, to British Guiana, where it is almost as scanty as in Australia.

As, owing to this want of population, Guiana has had, next to Jamaica, the greatest difficulties to meet, and has therefore been almost as often quoted against the advocates of negro freedom, we will conclude our remarks by referring American slave-owners and their English allies to the closing paragraph of the last published despatch of its governor, Mr. Barkly, who says,\* that he

recommendation of an Encumbered Estates Act, Despatch to Sir J. Pakington, 10th June, 1852.

\* Despatch to Sir J. Pakington, April 21, 1852. The last intelligence from Guiana fully justifies these favourable anticipations. See *Times*, March 9th, 1853.

"forwards authentic records," proving that in this colony, where he himself is, and long has been, a large proprietor,—“the revenue has been flourishing, population augmenting, education spreading, crime diminishing, and trade increasing, during the year just passed,” and that there “appears no reason to anticipate a less favourable result in any one of these respects in the year now entered upon.”

#### ART. II.—THACKERAY'S WORKS.

1. *The Paris Sketch Book*. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh. 2 vols.
2. *Comic Tales and Sketches*. By M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. 1841.
3. *The Irish Sketch Book*. By M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. 1843.
4. *Vanity Fair*. 2 vols. 1848.
5. *Pendennis*. 2 vols. 1850.
6. *The Book of Snobs*. 1848.
7. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.* Written by Himself. 3 vols. 1852.

FIVE years ago, in dedicating the second edition of “Jane Eyre” to the author of “Vanity Fair,” Currer Bell spoke of him thus:—“Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because, I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius, that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb.” When this was written, Mr. Thackeray was not the popular favorite he has since become. He counts readers now by hundreds, where then he only counted tens. In those days, Currer Bell's panegyric was pronounced extravagant by many who now, if they do not echo, will at least scarcely venture to dispute it; but it may be doubted whether, up to the present time, full justice has been done by any of Mr. Thackeray's critics to the peculiar

genius of the man, or to the purpose with which his later books have been written. It is not, indeed, to the Press that he owes the appreciation which it is probable he values most. Its praise has generally been coupled with censure for what has occupied his most deliberate thought, and been conceived with the most earnest purpose. While it has extolled his wit, his keen eye, his graphic style, his trenchant sarcasm, his power of exposing cant and Pharisaism in all its phases, it has, at the same time, been loud in its outcry against the writer's cynicism and want of faith, the absence of heroism and elevation in his characters—the foibles of all his women, the vices of all his men. Enough, and more than enough, has been said and written upon these points; but among a large section of his readers it has long been felt, that it may not have been without a purpose that Mr. Thackeray has never endowed his characters with ostentatious heroic virtues, or dwelt much on the brighter aspects of humanity; that his most unsparing ridicule, and his most pungent delineations of human folly or vice, are not tinged by the sour humours of the cynic or misanthrope, but that, through his harshest tones, there may be heard the sweet under-notes of a nature kindly and loving, and a heart warm and unspoiled, full of sympathy for goodness and all simple worth, and of reverence for all unaffected greatness.

Not many years ago, when reputations which are now effete were at their zenith, a pen was busy in our periodical literature, in which the presence of a power was felt by those who watched that literature, which seemed only to want happier circumstances to develop into forms worthy of a permanent place among English classics. Under many patronymics, its graphic sketches and original views were ushered into the world. The immortal Yellowplush, the James de-la-Pluche of a later date, the vivacious George Fitzboodle, the versatile Michael Angelo Titmarsh, were names well known and prized within a limited circle. In Mr. Thackeray's lucubrations under all these pseudonyms, there was a freshness and force, a truthfulness of touch, a shrewdness of perception, and a freedom from conventionalism, whether in thought or expression, which argued in their originator something more akin to genius than to mere talent. Here was a man who looked below the surface of things, taking nothing for granted, and shrinking from no scrutiny of human motives, however painful; who saw clearly and felt deeply, and who spoke out his thought manfully and well. In an age of pretence, he had the courage to be simple. To strip sentimentalism of its frippery, pretension of its tinsel, vanity of its masks, and

humbug literary and social of its disguises, appeared to be the vocation of this graphic satirist. The time gave him work to do in abundance, and manifestly neither skill nor will were wanting in him for the task. Best of all, he did not look down upon his fellow-men from those heights of contempt and scorn, which make satirists commonly the most hateful as well as the most profitless of writers. The hand that was mailed to smite had an inward side soft to caress. He claimed no superiority, arrogated for himself no peculiar exemption from the vices and follies he satirized; he had his own mind to clear of cant as well as his neighbours', and professed to know their weak side only through a consciousness of his own. Just as he proclaimed himself as Mr. Snob, *par excellence*, when writing of the universal snobbishness of society at a later date, so in the "Confessions of Fitzboodle," or "The Yellowplush Papers," he made no parade of being one whit wiser, purer, or more disinterested than other people. Relentless to foppery, falsehood, and rascality, however ingeniously smoothed over or concealed, he was not prone to sneer at frailty, where it laid no claim to strength, or folly where it made no pretence of wisdom. The vices of our modern social life were the standing marks for the shafts of his ridicule, but here and there, across his pages, there shot gleams of a more pleasing light, which showed how eagerly the lynx-eyed observer hailed the presence of goodness, and candour, and generosity, whenever they crossed his path.

That he may, in those days, have thought them rarer than his subsequent experience has proved, is more than probable; and, indeed, this circumstance gave to many of his earlier sketches a depth of shade, which leaves an impression on the mind all the more painful, from the terrible force with which the tints are dashed in. No man ever sketched the varieties of scoundrelism or folly with more force than Yellowplush or Fitzboodle, but we cannot move long among fools and scoundrels without disgust. In these sketches, the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. We use them as studies of character, but, this purpose served, are fain to put them aside for ever after. Hence, no doubt, it was that these vigorous sketches, at the time they appeared, missed the popularity which was being won by far inferior works; and hence, too, they will never become popular even among those whom Mr. Thackeray's subsequent writings have made his warmest admirers. Bring them to the touchstone whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting

repute,—the approval of a woman's mind and taste,—and they are at once found to fail. Men will read them, and smile or ponder as they read, and, it may be, reap lessons useful for after needs; but a woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with characters and situations, real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty—for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained;—but just as there are many things in life which it is best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith, and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage. With what admirable force, for example, are all the characters etched in Yellowplush's "Amours of Mr. Deuceace"! The Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace himself,—his amiable father, the Earl of Crabs,—Mr. Blewitt,—where in literature shall we find such a trio of scoundrels, so distinct in their outlines, so unmistakably true in all their tints? How perfect, too, as portraits, are Dawkins, the pigeon, of whom Deuceace and Blewitt, well-trained hawks, make so summary a meal, and Lady Griffin, the young widow of Sir George Griffin, K. C. B., and her ugly step-daughter, Matilda! No one can question the probability of all the incidents of the story. Such things are happening every day. Young fools like Dawkins fall among thieves like Deuceace and Blewitt, and the same game of matrimonial speculation is being played daily, which is played with such notable results by Deuceace and Miss Matilda Griffin. The accomplished swindler is ever and anon caught like him, the fond silly woman as constantly awakened, like her, out of an insane dream, to find herself the slave of cowardice and brutality. Villany so cold, so polished, so armed at all points, as that of the Earl of Crabs, is more rare, but men learn by bitter experience, that there are in society rascals equally agreeable and equally unredeemed. There is no vulgar daubing in the portraiture of all these worthies;—the lines are all true as life itself, and bitten into the page as it were with vitriol. Every touch bears the traces of a master's hand, and yet what man ever cared to return to the book, what woman ever got through it without a sensation of humiliation and disgust? Both would wish to believe the writer untrue to nature, if they could; both would willingly forego the exhibition of what, under the aspect in which it is here shown, is truly "that hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Of all Mr. Thackeray's books this is, per-

haps, the most open to the charge of sneering cynicism, and yet even here glimpses of that stern but deep pathos are to be found, of which Mr. Thackeray has since proved himself so great a master. We can even now remember the mingled sensation of shuddering pity and horror, with which the conclusion of this story years ago impressed us. Deuceace, expecting an immense fortune with Miss Matilda Griffin, who, on her part, believes him to be in possession of a fine income, marries her;—the marriage having been managed by his father, the Earl of Crabs, in order that he may secure Lady Griffin for himself, with all Miss Griffin's fortune, which falls to her ladyship, in the event of Matilda marrying without her consent. Lady Griffin has previously revenged herself for the Honourable Algernon's slight of her own attachment to him, by involving him in a duel with a Frenchman, in which he loses his right hand. The marriage once concluded, Deuceace and his wife find their mutual mistake, and the penniless pair, on appealing for aid to the Earl of Crabs and his new-made wife, are spurned with remorseless contempt. What ensues, let Mr. Yellowplush tell in his own peculiar style:—

"About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll on the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as possibl, admiring the pleasn woods, and the golden sunset.

"My lord was expayshtating to my lady upon the exquiset beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butifile and virtuous sentiment sootable to the hour. It was daliteste to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!'

"Lady Crabs did not speak, but preest his arm, and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infiwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

"Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd scan befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggard his countints. He was not shaved and as pale as stone.

"My lord and lady didn take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer lickwise took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

"No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than



they both, with igstrame dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

"Deucece turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvie of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!"

There is a frightful truthfulness in this picture that makes the heart sick. We turn from it, as we do from the hideous realities of an old Flemish painter, or from some dismal revelation in a police report. Still, the author's power burns into the memory the image of that miserable woman, and his simple exclamation at the close tells of a heart that has bled at the monstrous brutalities to the sex, of which the secret records are awfully prolific, but which the romance writer rarely ventures to approach. If we have smiled at the miserable vanity and weakness of poor Matilda Griffin before, we remember them no more after that woful scene.

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which followed soon after the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers," was a little relieved by brighter aspects of humanity, but so little, that it can never be referred to with pleasure, despite the sparkling brilliancy of the narrative, and abundant traces of the most delightful humour. How completely, in a sentence, does Barry convey to us a picture of his mother!

"Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbours regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way, that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her."

The same vein of delicate sarcasm runs throughout the tale, where every page is marked by that matchless expressiveness and ease of style for which Mr. Thackeray is the envy of his contemporaries. The hero is as worthless a scoundrel as ever swindled at *ecarté*, or earthed his man in a duel. He narrates his own adventures and rascalities with the artless *naïveté* of a man troubled by no scruples of conscience or misgivings of the moral sense,—a conception as daring as the execution is admirable. For a time the reader is carried along, with a smiling admiration of the author's humour, and quiet way of bringing into view the seamy side of a number of respectable shams; but when he finds that he is passed along from rake to swindler, from gambler to ruffian,—that the men lie, cheat, and cog the dice, and that the women intrigue, or drink brandy in their tea, or are fatuous fools, the atmosphere be-

comes oppressive, and even the brilliancy of the wit begins to pall. Yet there are passages in this story, and sketches of character, which Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. Had these been only mingled with some pictures of people not either hateful for wickedness or despicable for weakness, and in whom we could have felt a cordial interest, the tale might have won for its author much of the popularity which he must have seen, with no small chagrin, carried off by men altogether unfit to cope with him in originality or power.

There is always apparent in Mr. Thackeray's works, so much natural kindliness, so true a sympathy with goodness, that only some bitter and unfortunate experiences can explain, as it seems to us, the tendency of his mind at this period to present human nature in its least ennobling aspects. Whenever the man himself speaks out in the first person, as in his pleasant books of travel,—his "Irish Sketch Book," and his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,"—he shows so little of the cynic, or the melancholy Jaques—finds so hearty a delight in the contemplation of all simple pleasures, and so cordially recognises all social worth and all elevation of character, as to create surprise that he should have taken so little pains in his fictions to delineate good or lofty natures. That this arose from no want of love for his fellow-men, or of admiration for the power which, by depicting goodness, self-sacrifice, and greatness, inspires men with something of these qualities, is obvious,—for even at the time when he was writing those sketches to which we have adverted, Mr. Thackeray's pen was recording, with delightful cordiality, the praises of his great rival, Dickens, for these very excellences, the absence of which in his own writings is their greatest drawback. It is thus he wrote in February, 1844, of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." We quote from "Frazer's Magazine."

"And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humourists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half dozen years, the story of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that

have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now,—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? . . . .

“Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knows the other or the author, and both said by way of criticism, ‘God bless him!’ . . . . As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, ‘God bless him!’ What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!”

In a writer who felt and wrote thus, it was most strange to find no effort made to link himself to the affections of his readers by some protraiture, calculated to take hold of their hearts, and to be remembered with a feeling of gratitude and love! Whatever Mr. Thackeray's previous experiences may have been, however his faith in human goodness may have been shaken, the very influences which he here recognises of such a writer as Dickens must have taught him how much there is in his fellow-men that is neither weak nor wicked, and how many sunny and hopeful aspects our common life presents to lighten even the saddest heart.

The salutary influences of Dickens's spirit may, indeed, be traced in the writings of Mr. Thackeray about this period, tempering the bitterness of his sarcasm, and suggesting more pleasing views of human nature. The genius of the men is, however, as diverse as can well be conceived. The mind of the one is as hopeful as it is loving. That of the other, not less loving, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhopeful. We smile at folly with the one; the other makes us smile, indeed, but he makes us think too. The one sketches humours and eccentricities which are the casualties of character; the other paints characters in their essence, and with a living truth which will be recognised a hundred years hence as much as now. Dickens's serious characters, for the most part, relish of melodramatic extravagance; there is no mistake about Thackeray's being

from the life. Dickens's sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched and pitched in an unnatural key—his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer. Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos is unforced, and goes to the roots of the heart. The style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure: that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his idea in the very fittest garb. Dickens's excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers: there is no want of heart in Thackeray, but its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection. Thackeray keeps the realities of life always before his eyes: Dickens wanders frequently into the realms of imagination, and, if at times he only brings back, especially of late, fantastic and unnatural beings, we must not forget, that he has added to literature some of its most beautiful ideals. When he moves us to laughter, the laughter is broad and joyous; when he bathes the cheek in tears, he leaves in the heart the sunshine of a bright after-hope. The mirth which Thackeray moves rarely passes beyond a smile, and his pathos, while it leaves the eye unmoistened, too often makes the heart sad to the core, and leaves it so. Both are satirists of the vices of the social system; but the one would rally us into amendment, the other takes us straight up to the flaw, and compels us to admit it. Our fancy merely is amused by Dickens, and this often when he means to satirize some grave vice of character or the defects of a tyrannous system. It is never so with Thackeray: he forces the mind to acknowledge the truth of his picture, and to take the lesson home. Dickens seeks to amend the heart by depicting virtue; Thackeray seeks to achieve the same end by exposing vice. Both are great moralists; but it is absurd to class them as belonging to one school. In matter and in manner they are so thoroughly unlike, that when we find this done, as by Sir Archibald Alison, in the review of the literature of the present century in his “History of Europe,” we can only attribute the mistake to a limited acquaintance with their works. Of Dickens, Sir Archibald apparently knows something, but he can know little of Mr. Thackeray's writings, to limit his merits, as he does, to “talent and graphic powers,” and the ridicule of ephemeral vices. On the contrary the very qualities

are to be found in them which in the same paragraph he defines as essential to the writer for lasting fame—"profound insight into the human heart, condensed power of expression,"—the power of "diving deep into the inmost recesses of the soul, and reaching failings universal in mankind," like Juvenal, Cervantes, Le Sage, or Molière.

Sir Archibald comes nearer to the truth when he ascribes to Mr. Thackeray the want of imaginative power and elevation of thought. But what right have we to expect to find the qualities of a Raphael in a Hogarth, or of a Milton in a Fielding? If genius exercises its peculiar gifts to pure ends, we are surely not entitled to ask for more, or to measure it by an inapplicable standard. It cannot be denied that Mr. Thackeray's ideas of excellence, as they appear in his books, are low, and that there is little in them to elevate the imagination, or to fire the heart with noble impulses. His vocation does not lie peculiarly in this direction; and he would have been false to himself had he simulated an exaltation of sentiment which was foreign to his nature. It has always seemed to us, however, that he has scarcely done himself justice in this particular. Traces may be seen in his writings of a latent enthusiasm, and a fervent admiration for beauty and worth, overlaid by a crust of cold distrustfulness, which we hope to see give way before happier experiences, and a more extended range of observation. To find the good and true in life, one must believe heartily in both. Men who shut up their own hearts in scepticism are apt to freeze the fountains of human love and generosity in others. Mr. Thackeray must, ere now, have learned, by the most pleasing of all proofs, that there is a world of nobleness, loving kindness, purity, and self-denial in daily exercise under the surface of that society whose distempers he has so skilfully probed. The best movements of his own nature, in his works, have brought back to him, we doubt not, many a cordial response, calculated to inspire him with a more cheerful hope, and a warmer faith in our common humanity. Indeed, his writings already bear the marks of this salutary influence; and it is not always in depicting wickedness or weakness that he has latterly shown his greatest power.

The unpretending character of Mr. Thackeray's fictions has no doubt arisen in a great degree from a desire to avoid the vices into which the great throng of recent novelists had fallen. While professing to depict the manners and events of every-day life, their works were, for the most part, essentially untrue to nature. The men and women were

shadows, the motives wide of the springs of action by which life is actually governed, the sentiments false and exaggerated, the manners deficient in local colouring. Imaginative power was not wanting, but it revelled so wildly, that it merely stimulated the nerves, and left no permanent impression on the heart or understanding. Elevation of sentiment abounded in excess, but the conduct of the heroes and heroines was frequently hard to square with the rules of morality, or the precepts of religion. Bulwer's genius had run wild in pseudo-philosophy and spurious sentimentalism. James was reeling off interminable yarns of florid verbiage. Mrs. Gore's facile pen was reiterating the sickening conventionalisms of so called fashionable life; and Ainsworth had exalted the scum of Newgate and Hounslow into heroic beings of generous impulses and passionate souls. Things had ceased to be called by their right names; the principles of right and wrong were becoming more and more confounded; sham sentiment, sham morality, sham heroism, were everywhere rampant; and romance-writers every day wandering farther and farther from nature and truth. Their characters were either paragons of excellence, or monsters of iniquity—grotesque caricatures, or impossible contradictions; and the laws of nature, and the courses of heaven, were turned aside to enable the authors to round off their tales according to their own low standard of morality or ambition, and narrow conceptions of the working of God's providence. In criticism and in parody, Mr. Thackeray did his utmost to demolish this vicious state of things. The main object of his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and his "Catharine Hayes," was to show in their true colours the class of rogues, ruffians, and demireps, towards whom the sympathies of the public had been directed by Bulwer, Ainsworth, and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray felt deeply the injury to public morals, and the disgrace to literature, inflicted by the perverted exercise of these writers' powers upon subjects which had hitherto been wisely confined to such recondite chronicles as "The Terrific Register," and the "Newgate Calendar." Never was antidote more required; and the instinct of truth, which uniformly guides Mr. Thackeray's pen, stamped his pictures with the hues of a ghastly reality. Public taste, however, rejected the genuine article, and rejoiced in the counterfeit. The philosophical cut-throat, or the sentimental Magdalene, were more piquant than the low-browed ruffian of the condemned cell, or the vulgar Circe of Shire-lane; and until the mad fit had spent itself in the exhaustion of

a false excitement, the public ear was deaf to the remonstrances of its caustic monitor.

Nor was it only in the literature of Newgate, as it was well named, that he found matter for reproof and reformation. He had looked too earnestly and closely at life, and its issues, not to see that the old and easy manner of the novelist in distributing what is called poetical justice, and lodging his favourites in a haven of common-place comfort at the close of some improbable game of cross-purposes, had little in common with the actual course of things in the world, and could convey little either to instruct the understanding, to school the affections, or to strengthen the will. At the close of his "Barry Lyndon," we find his views on this matter expressed in the following words:—

"There is something *naïve* and simple in that time-honoured style of novel writing, by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every wordly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than to make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that of the *summum bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, *perhaps not even to be happy*. Poverty, illness, a hump-back, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship."

With these views, it was natural that in his first book of magnitude, "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray should strike out a course which might well startle those who had been accustomed to the old routine of caterers for the circulating libraries. The press had already teemed with so many heroes of unexceptionable attractions, personal and mental,—so many heroines, in whom the existence of human frailty had been altogether ignored; we had been so drenched with fine writing and poetical sensibility, that he probably thought a little wholesome abstinence in all these respects might not be unprofitable. He plainly had no ambition to go on feeding the public complacency with pictures of life, from which nothing was to be learned,—which merely amused the fancy, or inflated the mind with windy aspirations, and false conceptions of human destiny and duty. To place before us the men and women who compose the sum of that life in the midst of which we are moving,—to show them to us in such situations as we might see them in any day of our lives,—to probe the principles upon which the framework of society in the nineteenth century is based,—to bring his characters to the test of trial and temptation, such as all may experience,—to force us to

recognise goodness and worth, however unattractive the guise in which they may appear,—in a word, to paint life as it is, coloured as little as may be with the hues of the imagination, and to teach wholesome truths for every-day necessities, was the higher task to which Mr. Thackeray now addressed himself. He could not carry out this purpose without disappointing those who think a novel flat which does not centre its interest on a handsome and faultless hero, with a comfortable balance at his banker's, or a heroine of good family and high imaginative qualities. Life does not abound in such. Its greatest virtues are most frequently hid in the humblest and least attractive shapes; its greatest vices most commonly veiled under a fascinating exterior, and a carriage of unquestionable respectability. It would have cost a writer of Mr. Thackeray's practised skill little effort to have thrown into his picture figures which would have satisfied the demands of those who insist upon delineations of ideal excellence in works of fiction; but, we apprehend, these would not have been consistent with his design of holding up, as in a mirror, the strange chaos of that "Vanity Fair," on which his own meditative eye had so earnestly rested.

That Mr. Thackeray may have pushed his views to excess, we do not deny. He might, we think, have accomplished his object quite as effectually by letting in a little more sunshine on his picture, and by lightening the shadows in some of his characters. Without any compromise of truth, he might have given us somebody to admire and esteem, without qualifications or humiliating reserves. That no human being is exempt from frailties, we need not be reminded. The "divine Imogen" herself, we daresay, had her faults, if the whole truth were told; and we will not undertake to say, that Juliet may not have cost old Capulet a good deal of excusable anxiety. But why dash our admiration by needlessly reminding us of such facts? There is a wantonness in fixing the eye upon some merely casual flaw, after you have filled the heart and imagination with a beautiful image. It is a sorry morality which evermore places the death's-head among the flowers and garlands of the banquet. In "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray has frequently fallen into this error; and he has further marred it by wilfully injuring our interest in the only characters which he puts forward for our regard. Anxious to avoid the propensity of novelists to make Apollos of their heroes, and paragons of their heroines, he has run into the opposite extreme and made Dobbin,—the only thoroughly excellent and loveable character in the book,—so ungainly as to be all but objec-

tionable, and his pet heroine, Amelia, so foolishly weak as to wear out our patience.

This is all the more vexatious, seeing that the love of Dobbin for Amelia is the finest delineation of pure and unselfish devotion within the whole range of fiction. Such love in woman has often been depicted, but Mr. Thackeray is the first who has had the courage to essay, and the delicacy of touch to perfect, a protraiture of this lifelong devotion to the opposite sex. It is a favourite theory of his, that men who love best are prone to be most mistaken in their choice. We doubt the truth of the position; and we question the accuracy of the illustration in Dobbin. He would have got off his knees, we think, and gone away long before he did; at all events, having once gone, the very strength of character which attached him to Amelia so long would have kept him away. Why come back to mate with one whom he had proved unable to reach to the height of the attachment which he bore her? Admirable as are the concluding scenes between Amelia and the Major, we wish Mr. Thackeray could have wound up his story in some other way, for nothing is, to our minds, sadder among the grave impressions left by this saddening book than the thought that even Dobbin has found his ennobling dream of devotion to be a weariness and a vanity. It is as though one had ruthlessly trodden down some single solitary flower in a desert place.

Mr. Thackeray has inflicted a similar shock upon his readers' feelings in handing over Laura Bell, with her fresh, frank heart, and fine understanding, to Arthur Pendennis, that aged youth, who is just as unworthy of her as Amelia is of Dobbin. If such things do occur in life—and who has been so fortunate in his experiences as to say they do not!—is the novelist, whose vocation it is to cheer as well as to instruct, only to give us the unhappy issues of feelings the highest and purest, and never to gladden us with the hope that all is not disappointment, and our utmost bliss not merely a putting up with something which might have been worse? With all the latitude of life to choose from, why be evermore reminding us of the limitations of our happiness,—the compromise of our fairest hopes? It was a poor and false conception of human happiness which placed it always in worldly prosperity; but is it not also wide of truth, to make the good and noble always suffer, and to teach that all high desires are vain—that they must either be baffled, or, if achieved, dissolve in disappointment? This is a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless; and it is by bringing it too prominently forward, that Mr. Thackeray has exposed himself to a charge of cynicism and want of heart.

Of these defects, however, no thoughtful reader will accuse him. His writings abound in passages of tenderness, which bespeak a heart gentle as a woman's, a sensitiveness only less fine;—a depth of pity and charity, which writers of more pretence to these qualities never approach. "The still, sad music of humanity" reverberates through all his writings. He has painted so much of the bad qualities of mankind, and painted them so well, that his power has been very generally mistaken for that delight in the contemplation of wickedness or frailty, and that distrust of human goodness, which constitute the cynic. But this is to judge him unfairly. If his pen be most graphic in such characters as Becky Sharp, the Marquis of Steyne, Miss Crawley, or Major Pendennis, it is so because such characters present stronger lines than the quiet charities or homely chivalry in which alone it is possible for excellence to express itself in the kind of life with which his writings deal. Such men and women strike the eye more than the Dobbins, the Helen Pendennises, and Warringtons of society. These must be followed with a loving heart and open understanding, before their worth will blossom into view; and it is, to our mind, one of Mr. Thackeray's finest characteristics, that he makes personages of this class so subordinate as he does to the wickedly amusing and amusingly wicked characters which crowd his pages. This, indeed, is one of those features which help to give to his pictures the air of reality in which lies their peculiar charm, and make us feel while we read them as though we were moving among the experiences of our own very life. Here and there amid the struggle and swagger, and hypocrisy, and time-serving, and vanity, and falsehood of the world, we come upon some true soul, some trait of shrinking goodness, of brave endurance, of noble sacrifice. So is it in Mr. Thackeray's books. In the midst of his most brilliant satire, or his most crowded scenes, some simple suggestion of love and goodness occurs, some sweet touch of pathos, that reveals to us how kind is the nature, how loving and simple the soul, from which they spring.

It is not cynicism, we believe, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, which gives that unpleasing colour to many of Mr. Thackeray's books which most readers resent. He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us "that beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labours of to-morrow. Because all humanity is frail, and all joys are fleeting, he will not hope the best of the one,

nor permit us to taste heartily of the other. He insists on dashing his brightest fancies with needless shadows, and will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so. There is a perversity in this, which Mr. Thackeray, in justice to himself and kindness to his readers, should subdue. Let him not diminish his efforts to make them honester, and simpler, and wiser; but let him feed them more with cheerful images, and the contemplation of beauty without its flaws and worth without its drawbacks. No writer of the day has the same power of doing this, if he pleases. We could cite many passages in proof of this, but can it be doubted by any one who reads the following essay, from the series which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, as from the pen of Dr. Solomon Pacifico?

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

"Some time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

"Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

"Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a *little* factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

"After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the Saccharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which,

were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

"When Erminia got the verses and read them she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. 'They all tell me that,' she said; 'nobody cares for anything but that,' cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

"I once heard of another lady, '*de par le monde*,' as honest Des Bourdailles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, 'I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!' and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. 'We are full of love and kindness, ye men!' each says; 'of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy.' I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah's daughter, condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. 'Ah!' says she, 'it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me.'

"How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved

his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

"When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is, (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general,) we look for Beauty: women for Love.

"So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne: the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia: were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a proser: and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you."

Why should not Mr. Thackeray give us another Erminia in his next novel, and confute his detractors? Addison never wrote anything finer in substance or in manner than this sketch. Indeed, a selection of Mr. Thackeray's best essays would, in our opinion, eclipse the united splendour of the whole British Essayists, both for absolute value in thought, and for purity and force of style. Had he never written anything of this kind but "The Book of Snobs," he would have taken first honours. What a book is this, so teeming with humour, character, and wisdom! How, like Jaques, does he "pierce through the body of the country, city, court!" Not, however, like him "invectively," but with a genial raillery which soothes while it strikes. The kindly playfulness of Horace is

his model. It is only in dealing with utter worthlessness, as in his portrait of Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c., that he wields the merciless lash of Juvenal. How every word tells!

"His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough snob. A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old; and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses; he never read a book in his life; and with his purple old gouty fingers still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto, of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells fifty garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us with a stupid and artless candour which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately, for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo-place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it."

If this book were read in every household, especially in every household where the British Peerage is studied, what a world of weariness and vexation of spirit, of hypocrisy and meanness, of triviality and foolish extravagance, would be saved! We would prescribe it as a manual for the British youth of both sexes; containing more suggestions for useful thought, more considerations for practical exercise, in reference to the common duties of life, than any lay volume we know. Never was satire more wholesomely applied, more

genially administered. We have read it again and again with increasing admiration of the sagacity, the knowledge of the human heart, the humour, and the graphic brilliancy which it displays. Every page furnishes illustrations of some or all of these qualities. Take as an example of its lighter merits this exquisite sketch of suffering humanity at that most inane of all fashionable inanities—a London conversazione:—

"Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful); after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four-hundredth time that night; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

"Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

"Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ('The Death-Shriek;' 'Damien;' 'The Faggot of Joan of Arc;' and 'Translations from the German'—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, 'My dear Lady Ann,' and 'My dear good Eliza,' and hating each other as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

"All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the



flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call ‘the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. ‘The Great Cacafogo,’ Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by—‘A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Plattoff’s pianist, you know.’

“To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-routés*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season—Higgs, the traveller; Biggs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais-je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths?—Ask little Tom Prig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodging, in Jermyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

“You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner.

“‘Oh, Mr. Snob! I’m afraid you’re sadly satirical.’

“That’s all she says. If you say it’s fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it’s very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quivering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lantern of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour’s lordship’s cab.

“And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!”

What wonder Mr. Thackeray should be so often condemned, when the foibles and vices which he paints are just those which, more or less, infect the whole body of society. Some way or other, he hits the weakness or sore point of us all. Nothing escapes his eye; and with an instinct almost Shakspearian he probes the secrets of a character at one venture. Like all honest teachers, he inevitably inflicts pain; and hence the soreness

of wounded vanity is often at the root of the unfavourable criticism of which he is the subject. It requires both generosity and candour to accept such severe lessons thankfully, and to love the master who schools us with his bitter, if salutary, wisdom. But Mr. Thackeray has wisely trusted to the ultimate justice of public opinion; and he now stands better in it for never having stooped to flatter its prejudices, nor modified the rigorous conclusions of his observant spirit for the sake of a speedier popularity. Despite the carping of critics, his teaching has found its way to men’s hearts and minds, and helped to make them more simple, more humble, more sincere, and altogether more genuine than they would have been but for “Vanity Fair,” “Pendennis,” and “The Book of Snobs.”

The strength of Mr. Thackeray’s genius seemed to lie so peculiarly in describing contemporary life and manners, that we looked with some anxiety for the appearance of his “Esmond,” which was to revive for us the period of Queen Anne. We did not expect in it any great improvement upon his former works, in point of art, for we confess we have never felt the deficiencies in this respect, which are commonly urged against them. Minor incongruities and anachronisms are unquestionably to be found; but the characters are never inconsistent, and the events follow in easy succession to a natural close. The canvas is unusually crowded, still there is no confusion in the grouping, nor want of proportion in the figures. As they are in substance unlike the novels of any other writer, so do they seem, in point of construction, to be entirely in harmony with their purpose. We therefore feared that in a novel removed both in subject and in style from our times, we should miss something of the living reality of Mr. Thackeray’s former works, and of their delightful frankness of expression, without gaining anything more artistic in form. The result has, we think, confirmed these fears.

“Esmond” is admirable as a literary feat. In point of style, it is equal to anything in English literature; and it will be read for this quality when the interest of its story is disregarded. The imitation of the manner of the writers of the period is as nearly as possible perfect, except that while not less racy, the language is perhaps more grammatically correct. Never did any man write with more ease under self-imposed fetters than Mr. Thackeray has done; but while we admire his skill, the question constantly recurs, why impose them upon himself at all? He has not the power—who has?—of reviving the tone as well as the manner of the time; and, disguise his characters as he will, in wigs,

ruffles, hair powder, and sacs, we cannot help feeling it is but a disguise, and that the forms of passion and of thought are essentially modern—the judgments those of the historian, not the contemporary.

It is, moreover, a great mistake for a novelist to introduce into his story, as Mr. Thackeray has done, personages of either literary or political eminence, for he thereby needlessly hampers his own imagination, and places his readers in an attitude of criticism unfavourable to the success of his story. Every educated reader has formed, for example, certain ideas, more or less vivid, according to the extent of his reading or the vigour of his imagination, of Marlborough, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, or Steele; and what chance has the novelist of hitting in any one feature the ideal which his reader has so worked out for himself? The novelist cannot, moreover, keep within the limits of the biographer, but must heighten or tone down features of character for the purposes of his story. This he cannot do without violating that rigorous truth which ought uniformly to be preserved, wherever the character or conduct of eminent men is concerned. It would be easy to convict Mr. Thackeray not only of serious offences against this wholesome law, but also of anachronisms far more serious than any in his former works, and of inaccuracies in regard to well-known facts, which are fatal to the verisimilitude of the book as an autobiography. One of these latter is so gross as to be altogether inexcusable,—the betrothal of the Duke of Hamilton, just before his duel with Lord Mohun, to Beatrix Castlewood, whereas it is notorious that the Duchess of Hamilton was alive at the time. We can scarcely suppose Mr. Thackeray ignorant of a circumstance which is elaborately recorded in Swift's *Journal*, but in any case his perversion of the facts transcends all lawful licence in matters of this kind. A still graver transgression has been committed in his portraiture of Marlborough, which is so masterly as a piece of writing that its deviation from historical truth is the more to be deprecated. When he has branded him for posterity in words that imbed themselves in the memory, it is idle to attempt to neutralize the impression by making Esmond admit that, but for certain personal slights from the hero of *Blenheim*, he might have formed a very different estimate of his character. This admission is a trait true to life, but it is one which is not allowable in a novelist where the reputation of a historical personage is at stake. History is full enough of perversions without our romancers being allowed to add to them. Such defects as we have adverted to are probably inseparable from any attempt to place a fic-

titious character among historical incidents, but if this be the case, it only proves that the attempt should never be made.

These defects are the more to be regretted in a work distinguished by so much fine thought and subtle delineation of character. It has been alleged against it that Mr. Thackeray repeats himself,—that "Esmond" has his prototype in *Dobbin*, *Lord Castlewood* in *Rawdon Crawley*, and *Beatrix Castlewood* in *Blanche Amory*. We cannot think so. It is surely but a superficial eye which is unable to see how widely removed a little hypocritical affected coquette like *Blanche Amory* is from the woman of high breeding and fiery impulse—"the weed of glorious feature,"—who is presented for our admiration and surprise in *Beatrix Castlewood*. It were easy to point out in detail the differences between the prominent characters in this and Mr. Thackeray's other books, but such criticism is of little avail to those who cannot perceive such differences for themselves. The only feature which it owns in common with "*Vanity Fair*" is the insane attachment of *Esmond* to *Beatrix*. This pertinacity of devotion bears some analogy to *Dobbin's* for *Amelia*. But there was nothing humiliating in *Dobbin's* love: in *Esmond's* there is much. He is content to go on besieging with his addresses a woman, who not only rejects them, but has passed from the hands of one accepted suitor to another, till the whole bloom is worn off her nature. It is taxing our credulity too far to ask us to reconcile this with the other characteristics of *Esmond*. We never lose our respect for *Dobbin*: *Esmond* has wearied it out long before he shakes off his fetters, and weds the lady's mother, who has been wasting her heart upon him for years. *Lady Castlewood* is a portrait so exquisitely made out in all the details, so thoroughly loveable, and adorned by so many gracious characteristics, that we cannot but regret Mr. Thackeray should have placed her in a situation so repugnant to common feeling, as that of being the enamoured consoler of her own daughter's lover. Could we but forget this blemish, how much is there to admire in the delicacy with which the progress of her love for *Esmond* is traced,—the long martyrdom of feeling which she suffers so gently and unobtrusively,—the yearning fondness which hovered about him like a holy influence! Mr. Thackeray's worship for the sex is loyal, devout, and pure; and when he paints their love, a feeling of reverence and holiness infinitely sweet and noble pervades his pictures. Many instances may be cited from this book; but as an illustration we would merely point to the chapter where *Esmond* returns to Eng-

land, after his first campaign, and meets Lady Castlewood at the cathedral.

"They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, and with the grey twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home,' she continued. 'I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid, horrid misfortune.'

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner,' Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it,' she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been: and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you; and it was better, even, that having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And today, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream;" I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book, and saw you. I knew you would come, my dear; I saw the gold sunshine round your head.'

"She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.'" She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke: she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

"As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depth overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain, has he lived,—hard and thankless should he be to think so,—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous! What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you,—follows your memory with secret blessing,—or precedes you and intercedes

for you. *Non omnis moriar*,—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me."

How cruel must be the necessities of novel writing, which drove Mr. Thackeray to spoil our interest in the actors of this exquisite scene by placing them afterwards in circumstances so incongruous! Mr. Thackeray is, we believe, no favourite with women generally. Yet he ought to be so; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the selfishness and sensualism of men. There are passages in this book for which they may well say of him, as that woman said of Dickens for his "Christmas Carol," "God bless him!" They do not forgive him, however, for the unnatural relation in which he has placed his hero and Lady Castlewood, and he is too wise an observer not to regard this as conclusive against his own judgment in the matter.

Mr. Thackeray will write better books than this, for his powers are ripening with every fresh emanation from his pen; his wisdom is more searching, his pathos sweeter, his humour of a more delicate flavour. He fills a large space now in the world's eye, and his reputation has become a matter of pride to his country. He is not a man to be insensible to the high regard in which he is so widely held, or to trifle with a fame which has been slowly but surely won. Kind wishes followed him to America from many an unknown friend, and kinder greetings await the return of the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke.

#### ART. III.—ICONOCLASM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

—[by John Ardenoid.]

1. *Parerga und Paralipomena*. By A. Schopenhauer. Berlin, 1851.
2. *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. By the same. Leipzig. 1819. *Zweite Auflage*. 1844.
3. *Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichendem Grunde*. By the same. Rudolstadt. 1813.
4. *Von Willen in der Natur*. By the same. Frankfurt. 1833.
5. *Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik*. By the same. Frankfurt. 1841.
6. *Zeitschrift für Philosophie*. By J. H. Fichte, Ulrici and Wirth. Halle. 1852.

Few, indeed, we venture to assert, will be those of our English readers who are familiar with the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. Fewer still will there be who are aware that the mysterious being owning that name has been working for something like forty years to subvert that whole system of German philosophy which has been raised by the university professors since the decease of Immanuel Kant, and that, after his long labour, he has just succeeded in making himself heard—wonderfully illustrating that doctrine in acoustics which shows how long an interval may elapse between the discharge of the cannon and the hearing of the report. And even still fewer will there be who are aware that Arthur Schopenhauer is one of the most ingenious and readable authors in the world, skilful in the art of theory building, universal in attainments, inexhaustible in the power of illustration, terribly logical and unflinching in the pursuit of consequences, and—a most amusing qualification to every one but the persons “hit”—a formidable hitter of adversaries.

The list of works at the head of this article will show how long this most eccentric of philosophers has laboured, and how continuous his labours have been. In 1813 he propounded a new theory of cause and effect; and the philosophical world of Germany said—nothing. Six years afterwards came out the grand work, “*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*,” in which a whole metaphysical theory was developed with a force and clearness which Germany had not seen since the days of Kant, but still the same world (with a solitary exception) said—nothing. We marvel not that the Schopenhauer temper, which, we opine, from certain polemical treatises, is not of the mildest, was a little ruffled. All over Germany were professorlings dotted about, receiving their snug salaries, and, without a spark of genius in their composition, retailing the words of some great master of philosophic art, and complimenting each other, as each brought out his trifling modification of a system which had been slightly modified from some previous modification, and yet could not Schopenhauer get a word of notice—not so much as a little abuse. There were histories of philosophy, and compendia of philosophy, and philosophical journals, but none could be found diffusing the knowledge of Schopenhauer’s emanations. At last a chance presents itself—who shall say from what quarter the good wind will blow?—the Royal Norwegian Scientific Society offers a prize for the best treatise on the Freedom of the Will, and in the year 1829 this is gained by Schopenhauer. Surely Germany, with its known predilection for rank, will recognise

the adjudication of a crown of honour by a royal society—a scientific society, too, even though Drontheim be not universally regarded as the modern Athens. But no, even this would not do. The prophet was only great out of his own country. In vain did he demonstrate that, in the ordinary sense of the word, freedom of will was a mere chimerica, exploded years ago, and in vain did Scandinavia applaud, professional Germany ignored the existence of Schopenhauer, his pamphlet, the Royal Scientific Society, and Norway itself, and went on teaching “absolute freedom,” and preaching “categorical imperatives,” just as if the energetic Schopenhauer had never brought pen and paper into visible contact. Still did Schopenhauer work on, not through good and evil report, but through what was much more disheartening—no report at all. His last publication, “*Parerga und Paralipomena*,” a collection of philosophical papers illustrative of his own system, but perfectly readable without previous knowledge of it, is even more vigorous, and gives more signs of independent thought than the work of his youth, which saw the light forty years ago. And at last we find that the neglected philosopher is known, and, to some extent, appreciated. The history of German philosophy published by Professor Fortlage in 1852—a book highly respectable of its kind—devotes a not over short chapter to the examination of Schopenhauer, as one of the remarkable phenomena of the present day, and though the professor differs from the non-professor, the difference is courteous. Two articles in the last number of *J. H. Fichte’s* philosophical “*Zeitschrift*” still more clearly show that Schopenhauer, if he is not liked, is, at any rate, deemed formidable.

But if there is really something remarkable about Schopenhauer, why this forty years’ obscurity? That is the question, above all others, which Schopenhauer himself is prepared to answer. Because, he will tell you, he is not a professor of philosophy, is not a philosopher by trade, has no academical chair, and there has been an understanding among all the university philosophers to put down any man who is not of their craft. The Hegelians may differ from the Herbartians, and the Herbartians from the Hegelians, and both from the Schellingites, and all from the Schleiermacherians, and the small branches that spring from the huge trees may jostle against each; but all this is done civilly, and the adversaries compliment each other on learning, or profundity, or acuteness, or comprehensiveness, however they may dissent from theories propounded. On the other hand, woe to the luckless student of philosophy who, having devoted himself to the wis-

dom of the Oriental world, to the dialectic of the Greeks, to the acuteness of the French, to the hard, common sense of the English, and, above all, to his own reflections, shall dare to come forward with the result of his labours, unless he shall have secured a licence to speculate. As far as the promulgation of his views is concerned, he shall be doomed to solitary confinement, and every operation by which his opinion could find its way to the public shall be effectually stopped up.

Of course the cry of Schopenhauer, that German philosophy, as taught by the successors of Kant, is not founded on any honest investigation of the truth, but is a mere trade, by which the professor hopes to secure a living for his wife and family, may be interpreted as no more than another form of the ancient fox's declaration, that the "grapes are sour." Schopenhauer, not receiving any encouragement from the acknowledged *magnates* of philosophy, bespatters the whole system to which they owe their authority. That vexation and disappointment had some share in producing the virulence with which he attacks the philosophers in high places is likely enough, but, at the same time, it is by no means certain that a word spoken in anger is altogether inappropriate; and, unfortunately, too many philosophical works of modern Germany encourage the suspicion that the animadversions of Schopenhauer are not altogether unfounded.

Let any impartial Englishman, who has gone through an ordinary course of logic, who has studied mathematics to a degree sufficient to make him understand the methods of demonstration—who has read the metaphysicians of his own country, and we will even add, the leading works of Immanuel Kant—let this Englishman, we say, take any one of Hegel's so-called scientific works, and honestly ask himself, whether this is the style in which a work intended to convey instruction ought to be written. The general drift of the system, with its optimism, its liberalism, its apparently comprehensive grasp, may please him; the universal attainments of the author may command his admiration; but, apart from these considerations, let him still ask himself, whether the system is really a system at all—whether the reasonings are reasonings at all—whether the links that seem to connect proposition with proposition really do anything of the kind. If he be not of presumptuous temper, he will for awhile be modest, and fancy that the measure of the author's profundity exceeds that of his own power of penetration: but if he reflects that he has been tolerably able to follow the chain of reasoning in every existing science, but just this one science of Ger-

man metaphysics, as propounded by the schools of Schelling and Hegel, and that the process employed in the highest mathematics does not, after all, differ so very much from that which is used in ordinary conversation, modesty will at last grow a little weary; and the student will begin to suspect that he has looked up to his preceptor with something beyond a due measure of veneration. Let him next proceed to take up one of those compendia of Hegelian philosophy, by means of which some disciple of the great master offers to render the fountain-head of wisdom more approachable to the uninitiated; he will now find matters grow worse. Hegel himself, independently of his system, had a certain quantity of illustrative information and remark, which was much more valuable than the thing illustrated—just as in picture-books, the pictures are generally far superior to the letter-press—and these were appended as a sort of perpetual comment to the dry skeleton of the system. But when the Hegelian usher becomes the preceptor, he can only give the master's doctrine in a shorter, and consequently drier form, while he proves the unfructifying nature of the philosophy itself by showing that he can scarcely utter a word in a different order from that in which it is set down in the original book. The theories of Plato, of Locke, of Kant, need not be described according to a certain fixed outline, utterly destructive of all individual peculiarity, but the interpreter may infinitely vary his mode of exposition, and give full play to any descriptive power with which he may be blessed. It is not so with the philosophy of Hegel; his system, if it is really to be taught, like any other science, requires a thorough re-writing: but his disciples, far from doing anything of the kind, merely repeat his words, without a syllable of elucidation. Anything more profuse than the second-rate works belonging to the various schools of German philosophy cannot be found in the whole compass of literature. Having taken a sufficient dose of this filtered wisdom, let our supposed impartial Englishman, who has now gone through the most dreamy series of unconvincing arguments that imagination can reach, now seek to know the obstacle which renders impossible all union between his own reasoning and the reasoning in the books before him. He is bluntly told by the school that he is not endowed with a "speculative spirit;" or if he has preferred the region of Schelling to that of Hegel, that he is without a certain preternatural form of intuition, which must be assumed as indispensable to philosophical study.

At this point, unless his own self-depreciation be of the most abnormal kind, he will

indeed be a little staggered. The faculties that have carried him hitherto through the most various branches of learning and science, fail him now; and he finds a sort of ratiocination proposed to him which he could not use for any one purpose of his life—nay, which he could not even describe without talking, parrot-like, out of one of his books. At this juncture, when faith is wavering, let him take up some strong page of Arthur Schopenhauer, and lo! an uneasy suspicion, which has been for some time floating in his mind, will begin to assume a tangible shape. It will not be as though Schopenhauer, in his invectives against Hegel and Schelling, taught him anything new, but as though a sudden conviction was awakened in his own bosom. We are not prepared to go the length of Schopenhauer in saying that all the teaching of the modern professors is a mere matter of salary; but of this we are certain that the parties he attacks have laboured to the utmost of their power to support him in his notion.\*

Polemic philosophers are often more skilful in destruction than in construction, displaying a world of acuteness in picking out the weak places of an adversary's edifice, but a singular want of care and precision in raising their own. Schopenhauer is the very reverse of all this. Far from dissecting the theories of Schelling and Hegel, he gives them a volley of abuse, as though he did not consider them worth the pains of an argument at all; and then he patiently builds up his own system, supporting it as he goes on by perfectly intelligible arguments; his real refutation of all other systems consisting in the confidence with which he points to his own. Appealing to the common sense of his readers, to induce them to leave off listening to a number of strange words of most vague signification, he reduces several terms to the meaning which they bore before the time of Kant; and he propounds a theory with which they may agree or not, but which they can hardly fail to understand. The general fault of German metaphysicians is, that they do not even afford you a fair ground of attack. The systems are so strangely reasoned out, and the words are so uncertain in their import, that you do not know when you are fighting with shadows and when with substance. Struck with admiration at a strange sort of ingenuity, or disgusted by an increasing obscurity, in either mood you venture on no contest at all, but simply remain unconvinced. Now Schopenhauer gives you a comprehensible system clearly worded; and you may

know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, what you are accepting, and what you are rejecting. Never did author less attempt to impose upon his reader.

Let us, however, hasten to remove a false impression we have probably made. It may be imagined that we are wholly condemning the so-called successors of Kant, and wholly extolling Schopenhauer, and therefore we would have it speedily understood, that all we have said applies not to the doctrine taught, but to the manner of teaching. The tendencies of the modern German philosophers, however they may differ among themselves, are liberal and ennobling in the highest degree; and whether they be—as their enthusiastic disciples believe them—exalted geniuses, inspired with the love of truth, or mere members of a profitable craft, they are still important organs for the diffusion of lofty ideas, which sometimes take the form of an elevated system of morality, sometimes have for their aim the foundation of an all-comprehensive scheme of science. Their rallying cry, however strange the language in which it may be couched, is still "progress!" and therefore they are still the pedantic sympathizers with the spirit of modern civilization. It is not in their doctrines, in their ultimate tendency, that the impartial English thinker finds so much to object to, as in the constant mistake (in his eyes) of abstractions for actual existences, of no-reasonings for reasonings, of words for things. That many of the newest German philosophers, although brought up in the schools of twenty years back, have themselves come to a conviction that all is not right in this particular, is sufficiently shown by the productions of those authors, who now group themselves around the younger Fichte, and display a befitting reverence for what we may call a sane mode of thinking. Let any one compare the last numbers of the "Zeitschrift für Philosophie," edited by J. H. Fichte, with the old "Jahrbücher der wissenschaftlichen Kritik,"—that organ of the Hegelian school, in which an ordinary novel could not be reviewed without the employment of a whole arsenal of technical weapons,—and he will be struck with the improvement which has taken place.

On the other hand, while Schopenhauer's teaching is the most genial, the most ingenious, and—we would add, the most amusing that can be imagined, the doctrine taught is the most disheartening, the most repulsive, the most opposed to the aspirations of the present world, that the most ardent of Job's comforters could concoct. All that the liberal mind looks forward to with hope, if not with confidence—the extension of political rights, the spread of education, the brotherhood of

\* Vide article on "Contemporary Literature of Germany," in *Westminster Review* for April, 1852.

nations, the discovery of new means of subduing stubborn nature—must be given up as a vain dream, if ever Schopenhauer's doctrine be accepted. In a word, he is a professed "Pessimist;" it is his grand result, that this is the worst of all possible worlds; nay, so utterly unsusceptible of improvement, that the best thing we can do is to get rid of it altogether, by a process which he very clearly sets forth.

At the commencement of his theory, Schopenhauer appears as a compounder of Kant with Berkeley; and here we may observe, that though he ultimately proves to be a mystic, in the St. Antony sense of the word, he first comes forward as a special admirer of the common sense of the English. Hobbes, Berkeley, and Priestley, whose existence has been almost ignored by the modern German teachers, are at his fingers' ends, and he cites them not only as kindred souls, but as authorities. All that he says, while first setting forth the delusions of the visible world, and denying the freedom of the will (in which latter process he is much indebted to Priestley) seems so fair and above-board, that the unsuspecting reader has no suspicion of the dire result which is at hand. Berkeley has gone further than Kant (who lamely endeavoured to refute him) in denying the reality of the world around him, while Kant constituted an *à priori* system, situated in the mind itself, of which Berkeley had no notion. Nothing could be easier than to reconcile the two systems, and Fichte had already set the example of denying the reality of that mysterious *Ding-an-sich* (thing in itself), which Kant stationed behind his phenomena. Indeed, there are many points of affinity between Schopenhauer and Fichte, notwithstanding the former's strong abuse of the latter; and in an early critique of Herbart upon Schopenhauer (the solitary exception already referred to), which stands out as a single star amid the general darkness, the notion seemed to be that a clearer Fichte was in the philosophical field.

As this article is chiefly intended for those who are in some degree acquainted with German philosophy, we may assume that our readers are so far familiar with Kant's theory, as to be aware that he considered time and space as mere forms of the mind, through which it received the impressions of outward things, but which had no existence in the things themselves; and that he moreover supposed certain general laws, as for instance, that of cause and effect, likewise to have their seat in the mind alone, so that it was under these laws that all judgments must be formed. Space, time, and the "categories"—the *media* through which sensible objects

are revealed, and the laws under which they become objects of thought as well as sense, are therefore *à priori*, in the same way—to use a common simile—as if we said that a green tint spread over the face of nature, would come, *à priori*, to a man destined to wear green spectacles for life. Here arises the fundamental difficulty, which prevents the thinkers of the English school from accepting the teaching of the German. The Englishman, when declaring that experience is the sole source of knowledge, will not make any exception in favour of laws, however general, or axioms, however evident; while the Germans, however they may differ on other points, are agreed on this; that the mind itself independently of experience, is a source of knowledge. With Kant, however, the difference from the English is less important than with his successors. They indeed endeavour to establish theories which would carry men far beyond the limits of nature, but his theory of *à priori* forms has a confining, not an extending tendency. The "categories" seated in the mind are merely of value, on the supposition that objects are presented upon which they can be employed, and we have no right to employ them when the world of sense leaves off. To return to the simile, the man with the green spectacles must not imagine that because lighted nature wears a green tint, darkness will appear green likewise. According to the consistent Kantism, physical theology, with its high priests Durham and Paley, and its paraphernalia of Bridgewater Treatises, is but an amiable absurdity, based on an illegitimate extension of the law of cause and effect to an object which lies beyond its jurisdiction. Theoretically speaking, man, according to Kant, has no right either to affirm or deny the existence of a God, of an immaterial soul, or, indeed, of any entity, that lies beyond the observation of the senses. Theoretically, Kantism is negative atheism, though by his "*practical reason*" Kant re-admits at the back door the ideas which have been ignominiously thrust forth from the portico.

The theoretical part of Kant's system is, with certain modifications, adopted by Schopenhauer; that is to say, he accepts the ideality of time and space, but he reduces the twelve categories, which Kant deduced from the forms of propositions set down in the common logic of the schools, to the simple law of cause and effect, which, however, appears in various shapes. Now, it is that endless chain by which all the phenomena of the visible world are connected, (the law of cause and effect, properly so called,) now it is the connexion which exists between the premises and the conclusion of an argument.

But, whatever shape it takes, it is the law by which the mind is compelled to think, when it contemplates the objects of the external world.

The faculty which acts under this law of cause and effect, is called by Schopenhauer the *understanding*, and he ascribes to its operation much that has been hitherto referred (by Kant among others) to the senses alone. And we may here observe of Schopenhauer generally, that, differing from a great many of his countrymen, who delight to flounder in abstraction, and shrink, as it were, by instinct, from familiar illustration, he always displays a most laudable industry in collecting facts, which may serve to set forth his views in a new light. Zoological records, transactions of learned societies, classical poets of various languages, even newspaper anecdotes, are all ransacked with zeal, and the treasures they afford are used with discrimination. It is to the acuteness with which he pounces on a happy illustration, that Schopenhauer is justly indebted for the peculiar charm of his writings.

The understanding (*Verstand*), according to Schopenhauer, who is the reverse of a Cartesian in this respect, is possessed by man, in common with other animals, though it varies in degrees of acuteness. It has no power of generalization; but its functions are confined to single immediate objects, and the man who knows that a mutton-chop will cause a cessation of hunger, is just in the same predicament as a horse, who practically affirms the same thing of a bunch of hay. Practical cleverness, ingenuity, in short, most of the facilities for "getting on in the world" depend, in a great measure, on the acuteness of the understanding, in assigning each single effect to its proper cause, and an habitual tendency to make mistakes in this particular, constitutes ordinary stupidity.

In the definition of the reason (*Vernunft*), Schopenhauer greatly differs from all his contemporaries. With them, reason is a comprehensive faculty, which, scorning the finite, displays itself by grasping, or contemplating, or suspecting the infinite, or the absolute, or the unconditioned (according to the particular vocabulary which the philosopher adopts), but which is subjected to the special inconvenience, that many an unprejudiced thinker will be inclined to suspect that it does not exist at all. What is meant by the understanding is always intelligible enough, but when an ordinary German philosopher begins to talk about the reason, his discourse generally rises into the misty sublime. The warning of Kant, who saw the ambitious flights of the reason in the regions of science, that it was not to be received as a theoretical in-

structor, has been but little heeded, and reason has been made to hatch forth any monstrosity that the philosophical head may fancy. With Schopenhauer the reason takes even an humbler position than with Kant, who, placing it at the head of his moral system, and thus giving it a high practical exaltation, led the way to that strange apotheosis of abstract forms, which we find in his late successors, though he himself would have protested against it. What Schopenhauer says on this subject may serve as a specimen of his dispassionate style:

"Besides that class of perceptions, which we have already considered, that is to say, those which might be reduced to space, time, and matter, if we regard the object, or to pure sensuousness and understanding, if we regard the subject, there is in man alone, among all the inhabitants of the earth, another faculty of knowledge, another mode of consciousness, which, with anticipatory correctness, has been called *reflection*. For it is, indeed, a reflex, something deduced from that intuitive knowledge, but it nevertheless has a nature totally different from that of the rest, and knows nothing of their forms, while, with respect to it, the law of cause and effect, that prevails over all objects, here wears a perfectly different aspect. This new consciousness—this consciousness raised to a higher power—this distinct reflection of everything intuitive in the non-intuitive conceptions of reason, it is this alone which endows man with that circumspection, which so completely distinguishes his own consciousness from that of animals, and which causes his whole earthly career to be so different from that of his irrational brethren. He is equally their superior in pain and in suffering. They live in the present alone; he, at the same time, in the future and the past. They satisfy their immediate wants; he makes artificial preparations for the future, nay, for times which he will not live to see. They are exposed to the impressions of the moment, to the operation of immediate motives; he is determined, by abstract conceptions, independent of the present day. He, therefore, executes well-digested plans, or acts according to fixed maxims, without regard to secondary circumstances and the casual impressions of the moment. He can thus, for instance, calmly devise artificial means for his own death, can make himself impenetrable by dissimulation, can carry a secret with him to the grave, and, lastly, has a real choice between several motives. . . . The brute animal, on the other hand, is determined by present impressions; fear of immediate punishment can alone curb its desires, till at last fear becomes a custom, and in that shape determines the animal, under the name of 'training,' or 'breaking in.' The animal has feeling and intuition; man, besides this, *thinks* and *knows*; the *will* is common to both. The animal communicates its feelings by sounds and gestures, while man communicates (or conceals) his thought by speech. Speech is the first product and the necessary implement of his reason. Hence, in the Greek and Italian languages, speech and



reason are designated by the same word, ὁ λόγος, *id discorso*. The German word for reason, 'Vernunft,' comes from the verb 'vernehmen,' which is not synonymous with 'hören,' to hear, but signifies a perception of the thought conveyed by words. It is by the help of speech alone that reason attains its most important results, such as the harmonious action of a number of individuals, —the organized co-operation of thousands—civilization—states; then again science—the preservation of early experiences—the combination of objects into one general conception—the communication of truth—the diffusion of error—thought and poetical creation—religious dogmas and superstitions. The animal knows nothing of death till it actually comes to him; man consciously approaches his death every hour, and this gives life itself a doubtful aspect in the eyes of one who has not perceived that constant annihilation is the character of life throughout. It is chiefly on this account that man has systems of philosophy and religion, though whether that which we commend above all in his actions, namely, rectitude of conduct and nobleness of disposition is the result of either of them is uncertain. On the other hand, among the productions which most certainly belong to them, and therefore to reason alone, may be mentioned the whimsical absurdities of the philosophers of different schools, and the strange and sometimes cruel customs of the priests of different religions." —*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*.

Reason, though creating the broad distinction between man and beast, and though originating so much that is ennobling and debasing to human nature, is nothing more, according to Schopenhauer, than the power of forming, what Locke calls, "abstract ideas;" and so far the old English and the modern German philosopher agree as much as possible. With all its marvels, reason can still do nothing but arrange the impressions already given by intuition, and far from being a source of new knowledge, it merely takes up at second-hand the knowledge already acquired in another shape. As a means of power, reason certainly raises man above the rest of the animal creation; but as a means of knowledge intuition is the safer of the two. At this point of Schopenhauer's doctrine, a theory of mathematics, which will remind some readers of Gassendi, is introduced. The geometers, who have followed in the wake of Euclid, are all, he thinks, so far mistaken, that they have neglected the more certain method of intuition, which lay open to them, in the construction of their figures, and have based the demonstrations of their propositions on logical reasoning, which is, at best, but a surrogate. Kant having established the truth, that space is an *a priori* form of intuition, and Schopenhauer having adopted it, the latter proceeds to give hints how a system of geometry may be contrived, in which not only the truth but the cause—not only,

as Aristotle would say, the *ἔτι* but the *διότι*—of the propositions may be proved. We have not room enough to expatiate on this mere episode of the theory, but would just remark that the demonstration he most relies on for a specimen is taken from the *Meno* of Plato.

The whole visible world then is nothing but a mass of consistent unreality. Space, time, and the law of causality, are all of them mere forms of the mind, which have nothing to do with the real nature of things, but merely concern them so far as they become objects of a perceiving subject. The law of causality being that under which the mind is compelled to think it is a contradiction in terms to talk about a First cause. Every cause is in its turn the effect of another cause, and as for a real *bond-fide* beginning, why seek for anything of the kind when the whole world is a delusion—the "veil of Maya," as the Indian sages call it, and as Schopenhauer, whose religious faith wavers between Brahminism and Buddhism, loves to call it after them. As for the way in which those who think otherwise are treated by our choleric sage, that may serve as a specimen of his *passionate* manner:—

"Now, what has been done by our good, honest, German professors of philosophy, who prize mind and truth above everything,—what has been done by them, I say, for that dearly-beloved cosmological proof, after Kant, in his 'Critique of Reason,' had dealt it a mortal blow? Then good counsel was a costly commodity, for (and this the worthies know, though they won't say so) *causa prima*, like *causa sui*, is a mere contradiction in terms, although the former expression is much oftener used than the latter, and is generally uttered with a very serious and even solemn air. Nay, many persons, English reverends in particular, turn about their eyes in a most edifying manner, when with emphasis and emotion they talk of that contradiction in terms—a First cause. They know well enough that a First cause is just as inconceivable as a spot, where space comes to an end, or the moment when time had a beginning. For every cause is a change, with respect to which we must of necessity ask after the preceding change, which brought it about, and so on—in *infinitum*,—in *infinitum*! Nay, not even a first state of matter, from which all the others would proceed, is conceivable. For if this state had in itself been the cause, they must have existed from all eternity, so that the present state would not only have begun just now. If, on the other hand, it began to be causal at a certain time, something must have changed it at that time, so as to terminate its repose. In this case some foreign agent must have approached, a change must have taken place, after the cause of which (that is to say, after a preceding change) we must immediately inquire, and thus we are again on the ladder of causes, and are whipped on higher

and higher by the inexorable laws of causality—in *infinitum, in infinitum*. The law of causality is not so accommodating as to allow itself to be treated like a hackney-coach, which we may send home as soon as we have completed our journey. It is rather like the living broom in Göthe's *Zauberlehrling*, which when once set in activity will never stop moving about and drawing more water, so that only the old conjuror himself can make it quiet again. But alas! our gentlemen are no conjurors. What have they done then, these noble upright friends of truth, who are only waiting for real merit to proclaim it to the world, as soon as it shows itself, and who, when an individual appears, who really is what they only pretend to be, far from wishing to stifle his works by a crafty silence or timid concealment, become on the contrary, the heralds of his fame, as certainly—ay, as certainly as folly loves understanding. What now have these gentlemen done with their old friend the cosmological demonstration now so hardly pressed, and laid upon its back. Oh, they imagined a right cunning device. 'Friend,' they said to the cosmological demonstration, 'you are in a sad plight, a sad plight indeed, since your unlucky encounter with that old hard-headed fellow of Königsberg—aye, in as sad a plight as your two brothers, the ontological and physico-theological demonstrations. Never mind, we will not desert you—in fact, you know we are paid to assist you,—but—it cannot be helped—you must change your name and dress, for if we call you by your own name, everybody will run away. In your *incognito*, we will take you under the arm, and introduce you into society, only mind—*incognito* it must be. Your object shall henceforth bear the name of the 'Absolute,'—that sounds foreign, imposing and genteel. We are good judges, as to how far gentility goes with the Germans. Every one knows what is meant, and thinks himself wise into the bargain."—*Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichendem Grunde.*

The above extract is characteristic in more respects than one. It shows that odd mixture of sarcasm, invective, and common sense argument, which constitutes the polemic style of Schopenhauer, and, at the same time, allows that private pique, which is never wholly forgotten, to appear in the form of bitter irony.

The whole world being thus disposed of in a theory not materially different from that of Kant, Schopenhauer arrives at his own proper soil. Hitherto he has ostensibly worked on the teaching of others, his own additions being rather episodic than otherwise; but now comes the flash of true originality.

It will be remembered that after Kant has explained away the phenomenal world, by making space and time mere forms of the perception, and the categories mere forms of the understanding, he leaves an indefinable something, to which he gives the name of the "thing in itself," (*Ding an sich*), that is to say,

the thing considered by itself apart, irrespective of its contemplation by the perceiving mind. This is susceptible of a negative definition only; it lies beyond the boundaries of our knowledge, and all that we can say of it is, that we neither know, nor can know, anything about it. Thus, in the case of a rose, its extension belongs to the form of intuition (space); its arrangement, under any conceivable category, even that of unity—in fact, its existence as a distinct object at all, belongs to the understanding; but there is still something separate from these, which is represented by the mere sensations, the peculiar smell and colour of the rose, and this is the manifestation of the "great unknown." The admission that there is still a residue after the world of sense has been explained away, constitutes a marked difference between Kant and Berkeley: but this difference was removed by Fichte, who having little respect for the unapproachable mystery left by his predecessor, declared the "thing in itself" to be no more than a mere creation of the mind.

This doctrine of Fichte is especially impugned by Schopenhauer. Having already established the position, that causality is a mere law for connecting phenomena with each other, he at once shows the fallacy of using emanation or any other form of this law as a means of explaining independent existences. The mind cannot be the cause of the "thing in itself," because neither of these being phenomena, they both lie beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of causality.

What, then, is the "thing in itself?" "The Will," answers Schopenhauer, with an air of evident triumph; "and this answer is the great discovery of my life." The world, as a collection of invisible objects, is but a series of phenomena, of dreams—nay, of such mere dreams, that it is hard to define the difference between sleeping and waking; but the world in itself is one enormous will, constantly rushing into life. When we are conscious of external objects, only one side of them is revealed to us—namely, the outward side; whereas, when we become our own object, we are conscious of ourselves not only as a phenomena, but as will, which is no phenomenon; and here we have the key to the whole mystery, for arguing by analogy, we may extend this will, which in us is accompanied by consciousness to the whole world, including even its unconscious parts and inhabitants.

"We shall now make use of the knowledge that we have of the essence and operation of our own bodies, as a key to the essence of every phenomenon in nature, and with respect to those objects which are not our own body—and therefore are not revealed to us in a double manner,

but as outward representations only—form a judgment according to the analogy of that body and essence, that as, on the one hand, they are phenomena, like itself, so, on the other hand, when we set aside their existence as phenomena of the subject, that which remains must, in its own essence, be the same as that which in ourselves we call the will. For what other sort of existence in reality should we ascribe to the rest of the corporeal world? Whence procure the elements out of which such a world could be composed? Besides the will and the phenomena nothing is known to us, or even conceivable. When we would ascribe to the corporeal world, which only exists in our own perceptive faculty, the greatest reality of which we are aware, we ascribe to it that reality which every one finds in his body, for that to us is more real than anything else. But when we analyze the reality of this body and its actions, we find, beyond its existence as one of our phenomena, nothing but the will; herein is the whole of its reality, and we can never find any other sort of reality, which we can ascribe to the corporeal world. If, therefore, the corporeal world is to be something more than a mere phenomenon of our minds, we must say, that besides this visible existence,\* it is in itself, and in its own essence, that which we immediately find in ourselves as the Will. . . . We must, however, distinguish from the veritable essence of the Will that which does not belong to it, but only to its appearance in the world of phenomena, of which there are many degrees; as, for instance, its accompaniment by knowledge, and its consequent determination by motives. This belongs not to its essence, but merely to its clearest manifestations, in the form of animal and man. When I say, therefore, that the power which impels the stone towards the earth is, in its own essence, apart from all manifestation, the Will, I do not mean to express the absurdity, that the stone is conscious of a motive of action, because the will appears accompanied by consciousness in man.”—*Die Welt als Vorstellung und Wille.*

Nevertheless gravitation, electricity, and, in fact, every form of action, from the fall of an apple to the foundation of a republic, is an expression of the will and nothing more. The world is essentially will and nothing more, developing itself in a series of manifestations, which rise in a graduated scale, from the so-called laws of matter, to that consciousness, which in the inferior animals reaches the state of sensibility and understanding (in Schopenhauer's sense), and in man reaches that higher state called reason. In the earlier stages its manifestations have a more general aspect; one stone is but numerically distinct from another of the same species, but distinctiveness increases as they ascend in the scale, and when they attain the form of man, each individual is perfectly distinct from all

\* We have been obliged to make use, here and there, of paraphrastic expressions to avoid an attempt to translate the untranslatable word, "Vorstellung."

the rest, and that phenomenon, which we call "character," is produced.

However, Schopenhauer does not stop in laying down a huge abstraction, to which he gives the name of the will,—and which in this undefined condition would be little else than a pompous cipher, but he proceeds to mark out the line of its operations, and this perhaps is the most ingenious part of his theory. The old Platonic Ideas occur to his mind, and these not only answer his purpose, but the way in which he uses them gives him a greater affinity to the ancient philosopher of Greece, than is exhibited by any of his cotemporaries, though the name of Plato is often enough in their mouths. The Ideas of Plato, which some of our metaphysicians of the last century termed "Universals,"—those supernatural forms of which sensible objects participate, though they themselves are never revealed to mortal eyes in all their purity—those eternal essences, which never pass away, though the individuals through which they are imperfectly revealed, rise and perish in rapid succession,—those "ideas," which have puzzled so many philosophers, and caused so much paper to be covered with fruitless controversy, are interpreted by Schopenhauer to be the various stages at which the manifestation of the will occurs. In every science there is something assumed, which is used to explain or classify various phenomena, but which is not explained in its turn, being deemed, as far as that particular science is concerned, inexplicable. Thus in mechanics gravitation is assumed, but not deduced, and in history, a human will capable of being acted upon by motives is a necessary postulate. The various phenomena of the world are expressive of certain essential laws and attributes, which being forced to appear under the form of space, assume an individuality, which does not intrinsically belong to their own nature. The individual stone may pass away, or may be absorbed into another state of existence, but impenetrability and gravity, which constituted its essential nature,—its "real realities," as Coleridge would say, remain immovable, untouched by the wreck of countless individualities. The "Ideas" thus hold a middle place between the will, as "Thing in itself," and the phenomena, being the points at which the will enters into the phenomenal region. Many of our readers, who have considered all we have hitherto described as tolerable common sense, will probably be inclined to smile at this part of the doctrine, as the vision of a German dreamer. But they will smile much less, if they are familiar with the sort of philosophical atmosphere in which Schopenhauer has been forced to move, during the dynas-

ties of Schelling and Hegel. At any rate, we perfectly know what Schopenhauer means by his ideas,—but who can say as much for the Absolute Idea of Hegel?

There is no causal connexion between the will and its manifestations, for as Schopenhauer has already explained, causality has no jurisdiction beyond the world of phenomena; but the body is the will itself in its manifested form, and to explain this view in a detail, which we have not space to follow, all sorts of aid are borrowed from physiological science, and different organs of the body being explained according to this hypothesis, and the human brain being the visible representative of human reason. A very ingenious theory of art is likewise connected with this interpretation of "Ideas."

At this stage of the theory, Schopenhauer's moral doctrine may be conveniently introduced. Virtue, which, in his view, is better taught by the sages of Hindostan than by the Jewish or Christian theologians, is based on a practical acknowledgment, that the whole world is but a manifestation of the same will as ourselves—that the various men and animals around us, are so closely connected with us, on account of their common substance, that to say they are "akin" is but a feeble expression. "Thou thyself art this," is the moral maxim of the Hindoo teacher, who points to the surrounding world, as he declares this identity—and the one virtue is sympathy. This is likewise the moral doctrine of Christianity, when it commands its professor to love his neighbour as himself, but Christianity is so far less perfect than Hindooism, that it does not, in its command of universal love, include the brute creation. Hence cruelty to animals—a vice which Schopenhauer holds in the greatest abhorrence, frequently praising the exertions of the English "Prevention" society—is far more common in Christian countries than in the East.

In a moral disquisition, which he wrote some years ago, in answer to a prize question, proposed by the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and which did *not* gain the premium—(our philosopher was not so fortunate in Denmark as in Norway), Schopenhauer displays a great deal of humour, while he ridicules the moral ideal and the "categorical imperative" set up by Kant. There is no doubt that the stern moralist of the Kantian school,—if he was ever anything more than an *ens rationis*, like the wise man of the Stoics,—who would never trust a single generous impulse, but would be diving into abstract principles of action, while the supplicant for charity died of starvation before his eyes,—must have been a singularly disagreeable personage, and

that Kant in endeavouring to elevate the dominion of reason, underrated a very essential element in human nature.

The bad man, according to Schopenhauer, is he in whom the "will to live," gains such predominance in its individual form, that he ignores the right of his fellow-manifestations altogether, and robs and murders them, as seems meet for his own advantage. The just man, who is just, and nothing more, stands higher in the moral scale than the bad man, but he has not reached Schopenhauer's idea of virtue. He so far shows a sympathy with his fellow-creatures that he does not encroach upon their rights, but he is equally unwilling to go out of his way to do them any substantial good. He is a sort of man who pays his taxes and his church-rates, keeps clear of the Court of Requests, and is only charitable when he has an equivalent in the shape of an honourable place in a subscription list.

The good man, as we have already seen, is he whose heart beats with sympathy for all creatures around him, practically if not theoretically acknowledging them as manifestations of the same great Will as himself. He loves every living being, from his neighbour down to a turtle-dove; and as the laws of inanimate nature are still manifestations of the one Will, he may consistently imitate the example of the man in the old story, who looked upon the overloading of a wheelbarrow with one leg as an instance of cruelty to animals. But do not imagine that the Schopenhauer ideal is reached yet. Above the bad man, the just man, the good man, and the whole rabble of vice and virtue, there comes a more august personage yet, who however needs a few preliminary remarks to introduce him.

Just as ignorant persons, who have a smattering knowledge of Berkeley, think that the good bishop regarded the whole world as a creation of the fancy, and that they can refute his disciples by giving them an actual (not a metaphorical) rap on the knuckles, so doubtless there may be wiseacres, who will fancy that as Schopenhauer has declared the will to be the real essence of the world, and every human being a manifestation of that will, every human being is in a state of the most perfect freedom. Quite the reverse! With respect to the individual will, Schopenhauer is an absolute necessitarian, holding that the action of a certain motive on a certain character is as sure of producing a certain result, as an operation of agent upon patient in the sphere of mechanics. What may be a motive to one person may not be a motive to another, for the characters may be different; but given the character and

the motive, the result is infallible. The absolute will, which lay beyond the jurisdiction of causality, has forced itself into the world of phenomena in an individual shape, and it must take the consequences, that is to say, a subjugation to that law of cause and effect by which the whole world of phenomena is governed, and which is equally potent in the discharge of a pistol and the performance of a virtuous action. The "character," which is the Idea of the human individual, just as gravitation is one of the Ideas of matter, is born with him, and cannot be altered. The knowledge of the individual may be enlarged, and consequently he may be put in a better track, by learning that his natural desires will be more gratified if he obeys the laws of society, than if he rises against them; but the character remains the same, although the cupidity which would have made a gamester or a highwayman, may become a constituent element in an honest tradesman. Thus every man brings his own depravity into the world with him, and this is the great doctrine of original sin, as set forth by Augustine, expounded by Luther and Calvin, and applauded by Schopenhauer, who, though a freethinker in the most complete sense of the word, is absolutely delighted with the fathers and the reformers, when they bear witness to human degradation. The world of phenomena is a delusion—a mockery; and the fact of being born into such a world is in itself an evil. So thought the immediate apostles of Christianity—so thought the anchorites of the desert—so thought Calderon when he wrote his play of "Life is a Dream," which Schopenhauer quotes with especial unction,—and, above all, so say the teachers of Hindostan. If a contrary doctrine is held in Europe, it is the mere result of Judaism, which with its doctrine of a First Cause and its system of temporal rewards—that is to say, its optimism—Schopenhauer regards with the contempt of a consistent Kantist, and the hatred of a profound misanthrope. Christianity, he thinks, is a result of Hindooism, which became corrupted in its passage through Palestine, and he is excessively wroth with those missionary societies who send back to India the adulterated form of a doctrine which the natives already possess in greater purity.

And now we may introduce Schopenhauer's ideal. The artist comes in for a large share of his respect, for he, without regard to selfish motives, contemplates the ideas which form the substrata of the world of phenomena, and reproduces them as the beautiful and the sublime. The good man, with his huge sympathy, is another estimable being; but higher still is he, who, convinced

of the illusion of the world, is resolved to destroy it, as far as he is concerned, by extinguishing the will to live. Suicide will not answer this purpose. Suicide is a dislike of a particular chain of circumstances, which it endeavours to break through, but it is no alienation of the individual desires from life in general. Asceticism, that gradual extinction of all feelings that connect us with the visible world—the life of the anchorite in the Egyptian desert—of the Quietist of the time of Louis XIV.—of the Indian Fakeer, who goes through years of self-torture,—this is the perfection of Schopenhauer. The particular theological creed under which these saints performed their austerities is a matter of trivial importance,—they are all alike in the one grand qualification of holiness; they receded from the visible world and gradually extinguished the "will to live," till death, commonly so called, came as the completion of their wishes.

In this asceticism consists the only possible freedom of the will. While acting in the world of phenomena the will becomes entangled in the law of causality, but now it recedes back to a region when that law can operate no more, and where it is consequently free. The freedom of the will is, in a word, annihilation, and this is the greatest boon that can be desired.

When Lord Byron had brought his hero, Childe Harold, to the borders of the sea, he closed his poem; and now that we, *auspice* Schopenhauer, have brought our readers to the shores of absolute nothing, we close our article. Except so far as a commendation of the author's *style* is concerned, we intend it as an article of description—nothing more; and those who construe any of our remarks into an acceptance of such a system of ultra-pessimism, have totally misapprehended our meaning. At the same time we shall be greatly surprised if our brief outline of this genial, eccentric, audacious, and, let us add, terrible writer, does not tempt some of our readers to procure for themselves a set of works, every page of which abounds with novel and startling suggestions. We only wish we could see among the philosophers of modern Germany a writer of equal power, comprehensiveness, ingenuity and erudition, ranged on a side more in harmony with our own feelings and convictions, than that adopted by this misanthropic sage of Frankfort.

## ART. IV.—MARTIAL AND HIS TIMES.

1. *Martialis als Mensch und Dichter*. Third edition. Berlin. 1846.
2. *Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Martial*. Bughot-du-Lot. 8vo. Paris. 1845.
3. *Essai sur Martial*. Par Antoine Péricaud. 8vo. Lyons. 1844.

PERHAPS in nothing is the keen sagacity of Lord Bacon so fully displayed as in mapping out the domain of literary history,\* and recording the advantages that must spring from its cultivation, as a means of recalling the vision of the past, and holding up its experience as a torch to guide civilization through her tortuous career. To become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the human mind for any considerable period, tracing the revolutions it has undergone in the successive advancement and retrogression of science, and in the extinction and resuscitation of the arts, is at the same time to discern the springs of our intellectual nature, to obtain an insight into the internal organism of states, and to detect the operation of those elements which accelerate their decline and prosperity. Society is as complex as the component unities into which it is divisible, and though, unlike them, not subject to expire by the condition of its birth, yet it carries in its bosom the seeds of its decline as well as of its preservation. Important, then, must that knowledge be, which, by revealing the vital constitution of society, directs us to the means of perpetuating the sources upon which its civilization depends, and of removing every obstruction to their free play. The science thence arising is the only channel by which the experience of one generation can become the heritage of another, and the world preserved from those dreadful convulsions which prevent man from reaching that golden era of justice and beneficence his reason seems fashioned to attain, and which drive back the human race to start afresh from the goal of primitive barbarism after the progressive civilization of a thousand years.

This knowledge, however, is not to be attained without a searching method and a keen analysis. The course of states is to be watched, and those stages selected for the inquiry in which nations are rapidly developing their resources, or collapsing into decrepitude, as affording in that period of their history what Bacon would call the greatest number and variety of prerogative instances. Such a period is that presented by the Roman writers of the first and second centuries of the

empire. It shall be our present task to pursue the investigation of this period after the direction of our great countryman, and, consulting the works which were written during its most striking epoch (A.D. 50—120), to place its elements side by side, and recall the literary genius which can animate them from the dead.

We have selected Martial as the leading figure in the group of writers who flourished during that period, for the chronicles of Tacitus close with Vespasian, and the Epigrammatist is the only writer whose pages are a moving panorama of Rome in Domitian's days. Moreover, it is not in the archives of the Palatine or in the diurnals of the empire that we must look for that painful struggle which heralded the dying hours of Rome. These present but the formalized types of her vigour—the external embodiments of her greatness, which continued to exist when the sap that created them had perished through inanition. Nor must we, with Gibbon, put on the buskins of history, and limit our theme to battlefields, senates, and kings' antechambers, if we desire to discern the features of that race of degenerate spirits who exerted a fatal influence on the last throes of an expiring civilization. We must rather descend into the streets of the city, and catch the laugh of its wits as they lounge in the porticos, or turn aside into its baths and libraries, to hear some long-winded Orestes or stentorian Telephus shake the columns with the deafening sound of his verses; and even not disdain to take our seat in the Flavian amphitheatre, or at the exhibition of the Mimes, and read the effects of alternate licentiousness and ferocity in the features of the multitude, who are, after all, the only true thermometer of a nation's condition. In this perambulation, no guide can be of such service to us as Martial. He will introduce us to all the great characters, scenes, and events of the epoch. Guided by him, we shall meet with Juvenal in the Suburra, Pliny in the Forum, and Statius at the Albanian festivals of Minerva. By his side, we shall press alike into the golden saloon and the market-place; hear the critics discuss the merits of the newest volume in the shops of the Argiletum, and the politicians canvass the consequences of the Dacian and Sarmatian wars under the arch of Titus: we shall join in the laugh of the centurions over the suicide of the last Cato, and echo the jest of the advocates upon the most recent curiosities imported from savage Britain.

Martial may be rather too lax a companion; but we must remember that the age which he depicts was openly licentious. Generations, like individuals, have their moods and caprices, alternating between a wild free-

\* De Aug. Book ii. chap. 4.

dom and a puritanical austerity. Those who portray them must enter into their spirit, and partake in some degree of their follies. We might select a graver observer, but what we gained in affected decency we should lose in artistic effect. To expect to find a faithful picture of declining Rome in the younger Pliny, appears about as hopeless as to seek for a delineation of the times of the Restoration in the pages of Jeremy Taylor. Wisdom and folly often derive their character from circumstances; and, like many things in the material world, actually interchange their nature in occupying each other's position. In an age like that of Nero or Domitian, to write epics or enchiridions is often but a grave kind of folly; to hold up vice to ridicule in an epigram, or to lash ridiculous conventionalisms with the rod of satire, is the course of true wisdom. Such, at least, is the dictum of posterity. While Pliny's solemn vanities are unread, the pungent sarcasms of Juvenal find an echo in every breast; while the Thebaid and the Archilleid scarcely preserve from oblivion the name of Statius, the epigrams of Martial are in the mouth of every generation.

It was the common sense, rather than the genius, of Martial and Juvenal that dictated to them the true mode of adapting their talents to the wants of the epoch. They knew that the religion of Jupiter had died out, and therefore abstained from expatiating with Statius upon the doings of Olympus. They knew that every kind of political interest had become extinct, and therefore refused to rant with Lucan on the old laws of the Republic, or to become rhyming Livys with Valerius Flaccus. Epics were out of season, but the vices and follies which had grown out of the ruins of their liberties and belief furnished the richest material for satire and epigram. Martial and Juvenal reproduced the age in the only manner in which its degenerate features could be reflected. In the hands of the one, the Latin dialect assumed something of the simplicity and elegance which had marked its Augustan triumphs. In the hands of the other, it seemed to remount to its origin, and adding to its primitive vigour the brilliancy of its grandest development, to surpass the splendour of the Augustan epoch itself.

Flaccus had attempted to persuade Martial, with an air of freezing gravity, that in employing his pen upon so low a subject as human manners, he was degrading his talents, and recommended battle-fields, senates, and Olympian councils, as the only themes in which a great poet should engage. Our trifler, however, attempted to undeceive him, and asserting the superior usefulness of his own com-

positions, turned the tables on his epic-struck hero.

<sup>1</sup> "Nescis, crede mihi, quid sint epigrammata,  
Flacce,

Qui tantum lusus illa, jocosque putas.  
Ille magis ludit, qui scribit prandia sævi  
Tereos, aut cœnam, crude Thyesta, tuam,  
Aut puero liquidas aptantem Dædalon alas,  
Pascentem Siculas aut Polyphemon oves.  
A nostris procul est omnis vesica libellis:  
Musa nec insano syrmate nostra tumet.  
Illa tamen laudant omnes, mirantur, adorant.  
Confiteor: laudant illa, sed ista legunt."

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

And, again, with reference to these mythological fables, he asks,

<sup>2</sup> "Quid te vana juvant miseræ ludibria charte ?

Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyi-  
asque;  
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit."

Lib. x. Ep. 4.

Juvenal adduces the Argonautics of the same Flaccus, in proof of the folly of the epic mania of the time, and the mythological episodes with which it was interlarded:—

<sup>3</sup> "Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi  
lucus

Martis et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum  
Vulcani: quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras  
Æacus, unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum  
Pelliculæ; quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos

<sup>1</sup> We have in some instances selected or supplied translations which present Martial in a modern dress, as the best means of conveying his piquancy to the English reader.

You little know what epigram contains,  
Who deem it but a jest in jocund strains.  
He rather jokes, who writes what horrid meat  
The plagued Thyestes, and vexed Tereus eat;  
Or tells who robed the boy with melting wings;  
Or of the shepherd Polyphemus singe.  
Our muse disdains by fustian to excel,  
By rant to rattle, or in buskins swell.  
Though turgid themes all men admire, adore,  
Be well assured they read my poems more.

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Ah! quit these dabblers in romantic sphere,  
And take a dose of genuine nature here,  
Nor wretch, nor ghost, nor fairy here you scan,  
No monster we present—but that called man.

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

<sup>3</sup> No man can take a more familiar note  
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,  
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow  
From Etna's top, or tortured ghosts below;  
I know by rote the famed exploits of Greece,  
The Centaur's fury, and the golden fleece;  
Through the thick shades the eternal scribbler  
bawls,

And shakes the statues on their pedestals.

Juvenal, Sat. i. c. 7.

Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora claman-  
 mant  
 Semper et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.”  
 Sat. i. 7.

And a little further on he restricts his muse to the same topics as Martial :—

“Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,  
 voluptas,  
 Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.”  
 Sat. i. 85.

In an age suckled on an outworn creed, and exhausted of its religious beliefs before it reached the stage of puberty, the attempt at versifying theogonies must have been ludicrously inappropriate. We know of no modern standard by which the burlesque could be estimated, unless by that of expounding Wesley in a theatre, or reciting Tillotson in a betting-club.

It was this chaos and fermentation of opinion, in which opposite elements were seemingly passing into each other's province, that suggested to Martial those striking paradoxes and analogies which have constituted him the greatest epigrammatist of all time. Society was undergoing rapid transformation,—many of its features were in a state of confusion, in which the boundary lines of good and evil were effaced, and extremes might be said to meet. It only needed a poet of sufficient capacity to track the startling vicissitudes of things, and produce, by their combinations, effects in the spiritual world as striking as those of the chemist in physical combinations of an analogous character. Virtue and vice may be so far overstrained as to defeat their objects, and it is to the keen perception of the absurdities which such exaggerations are ever producing in society, that Martial owes the foundation of his fame. Rome, in his day, was overrun with heirless misers. He endeavours to argue these gentry out of their miserable parsimony, by showing them that the only wealth we can always possess is that which we give away.

“Callidus effracta nummos fur auferet arca.

What humankind desire, and what they shun,  
 Rage, passion, pleasure, impotence of will,  
 Shall this satirical collection fill.

Ibid. 85.

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire,  
 Your ancient seat may be consumed with fire,  
 Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,  
 A barren field destroy the seed you sow ;  
 You may be plundered by the girl you prize ;  
 Your ships may sink with all their merchandise ;  
 But he who gives so much from fate secures—  
 That is the only wealth for ever yours.  
 Lib. v. Ep. 43.

Prosternet patrios impia flamma Lares.  
 Debitor usuram puriter, sortemque negabit.  
 Non reddet sterilis semina jacta seges.  
 Dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica :  
 Mercibus extractus obruet unda rates.  
 Extra fortunam est quicquid donatur amicis.  
 Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opeas.”  
 Lib. v. Ep. 43.

Again, how much counsel is administered to the same fraternity in one line :—

“Rape, cognere, aufer, posside : *relinquendum est.*”  
 Lib. viii. Ep. 44.

To one Tucca, who was undermining his constitution by the extravagances in which a great fortune provoked him to indulge, he very ingeniously wrote—

“Vis dicam, male sit cur tibi Tucca ? bene est.”  
 Lib. x. Ep. 13.

In one line he frequently asserts a fact, and deduces from it in the next a startling paradox—

“Habet Africanus millies, et tamen captat ;  
 Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli.”  
 Lib. xii. Ep. 10.

This reflux of opposite principles into each other, and the analogies which they suggest in the physical world, struck Lord Bacon, and helped him to ascend to the platform of his first philosophy. It is singular, that the only book in the first century which seems written in defiance of all reflection, should be capable of affording us the most reflection ; that the jest of one age should become the aphorism of another, and the banter of licentious Rome not find an unseemly place in the pulpits of Great Britain.

The spirit of startling paradox, which the disorganised elements of the age awakened in Martial, accompanied all his jests, and gave to them that peculiar pungency which has preserved their original freshness, notwithstanding the perpetually shifting phases of society, and the revolutions of eighteen centuries. If he applies his powers to unmask the motives of men, he proves himself as great a master of contrast as when he shows that the very means by which they sought to

Heap, scrape, oppress, use every fraudulent art ;  
 Oh ! dismal thought ! your wealth and you must part !

Lib. viii. Ep. 44.

Your easy fortune makes you thus uneasy.

Lib. x. Ep. 13.

He fawns for more, though he his thousands own ;  
 Fortune gives some too much, enough to none.

Lib. xii. Ep. 10.



attain their ends landed them in opposite results. How laconically he lays open the object of Gemellus, who is seeking the hand of a rich heiress, evidently the victim of consumption.

- \* "Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,  
Et cupit, et instat, et precatur, et donat.  
Adeone pulchra est? immo fœdus nil est:  
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? tussit."  
Lib. i. Ep. 11.

Those who had fortunes in Martial's days, so far indulged in the unbounded licentiousness which Rome afforded them as to be deprived of the consolations of a family, and find their later years accompanied by troops of parasites, in lieu of affectionate heirs, who strove, by gifts and flattering attentions, to glide into the old millionaires' wills, while they watched over the decaying body with the ravenous impatience of a vulture. To one of these sympathetic gentry, the following epigram is addressed:—

- \* "Munera quod senibus, viduisque ingentia mittis,  
Vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem?  
Sordidus nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,  
Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.  
Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus:  
Callida sic stultas descipit esca feras.  
Quid sit largiri, quid sit donare, docebo.  
Si nescis: dona, Gargiliane, mihi."  
Lib. iv. Ep. 56.

Further on, he endeavours to open the eyes of one of the victims,

- \* "Munera qui tibi dat locupleti, Guare, senique,  
Si sapias, et sentis, hic tibi ait, morere."  
Lib. viii. Ep. 27.

A certain Phileros had buried his seventh wife—who, we suppose, was with the rest an heiress—upon his estate. He is compliment-

- \* Strephon most fierce besieges Chloe,  
A nymph not over young or showy.  
What then can Strephon's love provoke?  
A charming paralytic stroke.

Lib. i. Ep. 11.

- \* When to the old and widowed, boons you send,  
Dare you, my friend, munificence pretend?  
More sordid never was a wretch than you,  
Who can your snares with names of gifts endue.  
Thus the insidious hook displays the wiles,  
And the betraying bait the beast beguiles.  
If you desire a generous mind to show,  
Your gifts on me, a starving wretch, bestow.

Lib. iv. Ep. 56.

- \* You are rich and old: to you they presents send:  
Don't you perceive, they bid you die, my friend.

Lib. viii. Ep. 27.

ed by Martial on his fields being more fruitful than other people's:—

- \* "Septima jam, Phileros, tibi conditur uxor in agro.  
Plus nulli, Phileros, quam tibi reddit ager."  
Lib. x. Ep. 43.

We think, however, that the joke has been improved by its modern dress. Horace Walpole relates a saying of a Lord Lennox, of his day, who, being felicitated on an advantageous marriage with the usual good wishes about the honey-moon, replied, "You mistake, my friend, about the honey-moon: it is harvest-moon for me." To defeat these fortune-hunters, who, instead of offering incense to Venus, were only concerting a scheme to make their pot boil, Plato proposed, in his Republic, to couple the sexes by lottery, and Lady Mary Montague petitioned the House of Commons to incapacitate ladies from inheriting dowries or pin-money. Martial, though for another reason, declares himself of the same mind:—

- \* "Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim  
Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ.  
Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisco, marito?  
Non aliter fuerint femina virque pares."  
Lib. viii. Ep. 12.

But no one was more ready than our epigrammatist, when a rich widow presented herself, in getting rid of his scruples, as his subsequent marriage with Marcella proved. In accordance with the theory, that conjugal felicity is the result of equality of condition and similarity of manners, he affects surprise at the want of harmony where such conditions are fulfilled:—

- \* "Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,  
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,  
Miror, non bene convenire vobis."  
Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

In another place, Martial chronicles the achievements of a lady who was no less remarkable than Phileros:—

- \* Seven wives! and in one grave! There is not found,  
On the whole globe, a richer spot of ground.  
Lib. x. Ep. 43.  
\* A dowried dame I ne'er shall take to wife,  
Lest she take me to husband and to strife.  
Inferior, Priscus, must the female be.  
Else wedded parity we should not see.  
Lib. viii. Ep. 12.  
\* When you so well agree in life,  
The vilest husband, and the vilest wife,  
'Tis strange that ever you should live in strife.  
Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

<sup>14</sup> "Inscripsit tumulo septem celebrata virorum,  
Se fecisse Chloë: quid pote simplicius?"  
Lib. ix. Ep. 16.

And in the previous book he implores Venus to join the Chloes and the Phileroses together, that one funeral might suffice both:—

<sup>15</sup> "Effert uxores Fabius, Christilla maritos,  
Funeremque toris quassat uterque facem.  
Victores committe Venus, quos iste manebit  
Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat."  
Lib. viii. Ep. 43.

Martial was too poor not to have occasion to turn his wit to account with his creditors, and accordingly we find him endeavouring to laugh them out of their bills, with a humour quite as racy as that of Fox and Sheridan, and a brilliancy of paradox calculated to fascinate the heart of an attorney. Martial's theory was, that no one could owe money but him who was able to pay; that Providence, in depriving man of the means, had released him from the obligation of discharging his debts, and that sending bills to a coinless debtor was only making him a present of so much money,—at least such is the theory he gravely propounds to Phœbus:—

<sup>16</sup> "Quadringentorum reddis mihi, Phœba tabellas:  
Centum da potius mutua, Phœbe, mihi.  
Quære alium, cui te tam vano munere jactes:  
Quod tibi non possum solvere, Phœbe,  
meum est."  
Lib. ix. Ep. 105.

The same ingenious doctrine he applies to Sextus, who was as little encumbered with money as himself:

<sup>17</sup> "Sexte, nihil debes; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur.  
Debet enim, si quis solvere, Sexte, potest."  
Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

Martial lectures one Thelesinus—who refused to lend him money without a mortgage—upon the absurdity of placing that trust in

<sup>18</sup> In Stepney churchyard, seven tombs in a row  
For the reader's soft sympathy call;  
On each—"My dear husband lies buried below,  
And Chloe's the widow to all."  
Lib. ix. Ep. 16.

<sup>19</sup> Ann buries all her husbands, George his wives:  
By both alike the undertaker thrives.  
Here let them stop, and plight a mutual troth,  
One common funeral, then, would serve them  
both.  
Lib. viii. Ep. 43.

<sup>20</sup> My bond of four hundred you proudly present,  
One hundred, kind Phœbus, I'd rather you lent.  
In the eyes of another such bounty may shine;  
Whate'er I can't pay you, dear Phœbus, is mine.  
Lib. ix. Ep. 105.

<sup>21</sup> You say you nothing owe; and so I say:  
He only owes who something has to pay.  
Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

senseless objects which he refused to an old companion; and asks him whether, if pounced upon by the informer, and driven into banishment, trees and fields would administer consolation, and follow him into exile:

<sup>22</sup> "Cum rogo te nummos sine pignore, Non habeo, inquis:  
Idem, si pro me spondet agellus, habes.  
Quod mihi non credis veteri, Thelesine, sodali,  
Credis colliculis, arboribusque meis.  
Ecce reum Carus te detulit: adsit agellus.  
Exilii comitem quæris? agellus eat."  
Lib. xii. Ep. 25.

Bassus was like our poet. In his purchases he affected the greatest unconcern about the price; because it was not his intention to pay:

<sup>23</sup> "Emit lacernas millibus decem Bassus  
Tyrias coloris optimi; lucrificet.  
Adeo bene emit? inquis: immo non solvit."  
Lib. viii. Ep. 10.

If Zoilus is honest, he is a great cheat; for his countenance proves him to be a rogue:

<sup>24</sup> "Crine ruber, niger ore, crevis pede, lumine læsus,  
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es."  
Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

Who has not acknowledged the force of the distich, in which Martial banters an acquaintance, on being so cheerful and yet so crabbed—so familiar, and withal so forbidding, that he finds it no less difficult to part with him than to keep his company?

<sup>25</sup> "Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem;  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."  
Lib. xii. Ep. 47.

<sup>26</sup> If I want money, you my claims deny;  
But grant it, if my field's security.  
That to my acres and my trees you lend,  
Which you refuse, to help an ancient friend.  
Are you indicted for a breach of laws:  
Go to my fields, and let them plead your cause.  
Want you a friend my banishment to ease:  
Let my fields travel with you, if they please.  
Lib. xii. Ep. 25.

<sup>27</sup> Gay Bassus, for ten thousand bought  
A Tyrian robe of rich array,  
And was a gainer. How! Be taught.  
The prudent Bassus did not pay.  
Lib. viii. Ep. 10.

<sup>28</sup> Thy beard and head are of a different dye;  
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye;  
With all these tokens of a knave complete,  
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a precious cheat.  
Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

<sup>29</sup> In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about  
thee,  
There is no living with thee, or without thee.  
Lib. xii. Ep. 47.

Equally pungent is the hyperbole on a barber who was so slow in his operation, that while he scraped away one beard another grew up in its place :

"Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora Luperci,  
Expingitque genas : altera barba subit."  
Lib. vii. Ep. 81.

Rome was not only full of miseries, debauchees, legacy-hunters, fortune-seekers, and impoverished poets, but of professed atheists, who inculcated their negations with all the zeal of French propagandists. Though Martial had more sympathy for this class than for any of the others, he could not resist a joke at the expense of one of its adherents :

"Nullos esse deos, inane cœlum  
Affirmat Selius, probatque ; quod se  
Factum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum."  
Lib. iv. Ep. 21.

Upon religious subjects, as well as upon every other serious topic, Martial, like the wise man of the Stoics, was infinitely above having an opinion. If he leant to any belief, it was to that of a Providence quite regardless of the petty actions of men ; so that, in this respect, there was no difference, save a speculative one, between him and Selius. At all events, disbelief and even ridicule of the established Olympus, which had been imported from Greece in the baggage of the imperial armies, was universal ; and Martial makes as free with its deities as if they had been the gnomes and goblins of some recognised fiction. Though a starving poet, he affects to scorn the banquets of Jupiter, and loses no opportunity of placing Domitian above him. The tyrant, in his building mania, had lavished so much ornament on the temples of the gods, that his laureat takes occasion to tell him that, if he called in his debts, Olympus would have to be put under the auctioneer's hammer, and knocked down to the highest bidder ; and that, even then, Jupiter himself must be bankrupt :

"Quantum jam superis, Cæsar, cœloque dedisti,

"That there's no god, John gravely swears,  
And quotes, in proof, his own affairs ;  
For how should such an atheist thrive,  
If there was any god alive ?

Lib. iv. Ep. 21.

"If, Cæsar, thou should'st from great Jove reclaim  
All thou hast lent to dignify his name ;  
Should a fair auction rend Olympus' hall,  
And the just gods be forced to sell their all,  
The bankrupt Atlas not a twelfth could pay,  
To meet thy claims upon the reckoning day,

Do not oblige great Jove, then, to compound,  
Who could not pay three sixpence in the pound.  
Lib. ix. Ep. 4.

Si repetas, et si creditor esse velis ;  
Grandis in ætherio licet auctio fiat Olympo,  
Coganturque dei vendere quicquid habent :  
Conturbabit Atlas, et non erit uncia tota,  
Decidat tecum qua pater ipse deum.

Expectes, et sustineas, Auguste, necesse est :  
Nam tibi quod solvat, non habet arca Jovis."  
Lib. ix. Ep. 4.

Juvenal, also, never misses an occasion of deriding the monstrous polytheism of the Romans ; and even in the thirteenth satire, which is especially devoted to prove that all the evils which afflict his time are to be traced to the abandonment of their shrines, he heaps on them the most unflinching ridicule. What can exceed the refined railery of the social manners of the deities before the world was corrupted (Sat. xiii. v. 39) ! He cannot even state the requests which a virtuous mind should proffer to the gods, without laughing at them. After teaching us to pray for a sound mind in a sound body—a brave soul, fearless of death—

"Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano :  
Fortem posce animum ; mortis terrore caren-  
tem,"

he tells us that our own wisdom is sufficient for us, and that Providence alone supplies the place of all the divinities :

"Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia ; nos te  
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus."

This deep scepticism was not confined to the poets and wits of the epoch, but actually invaded the opinions of its philosophical writers and historians. The elder Pliny took as much pains as his Verulamian prototype to collect a natural history ; but he interpreted his facts as disproving, instead of indicating the presence of a Providence in the universe. The letters of his nephew, who inherited both his fortune and opinions, are one laboured panegyric of virtue and wisdom ; yet he never tries to rescue the moral government of the world from the capricious destiny to which the general unbelief had consigned it. Even Tacitus was as perplexed upon this grave topic as any of his contemporaries, and relieves himself from the burden of an opinion by a crowd of such conditional expressions as—*Si quis piorum manibus locus : si non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ*—to which the most zealous Spinozist might affix his name. The national religion was regarded with secret derision by every one capable of reflection, and its gods found no worshippers beyond the elderly female class of the community. It is astonishing to reflect by what a strange concatenation

tion of cause and effect such infinite pains should be taken to instruct the youth of Christian Europe in the fables of Greek and Latin mythology, which had fallen into contempt even before Rome ceased to be heathen.

While religious scepticism was thus in the ascendant, morality, public and private, had reached its lowest landmark. Those incitements to vice, of which our laws prohibit even the sale, were, as Juvenal assures us in a satire (Sat. ii., near the commencement), specially levelled against the sensualism of the period, publicly paraded in every street, and filled the infant mind with impressions that stifled the development of its moral nature. The only part of their mythology for which the people seemed to have any relish was that which administered to the passions, so easily excited; and the only temples that could command a crowd were those of Flora and the Bona Dea. At the festivals of these deities, before the Roman day had sunk to its short-lived twilight crowds not only of courtesans, but of orderly matrons, might be seen wending their way to the shrines of these goddesses in the *Via Sacra*, not simply with unveiled breasts or with bodies negligently exposed, but in an absolute state of nudity. In the spacious and magnificent baths, which the prodigality of successive emperors had reared in the imperial city, both sexes were indulged, at the vile price of a farthing, in promiscuous bathing. In the crowded theatres; when the first scenes of the play had been acted, and the minds of the auditors were inflamed with obscene verses, a sea of voices usually called out *Nudentur mimæ*, and the order was no sooner issued than obeyed. (Valerius Maximus, lib. ii. c. 5.) Obscenities far more polluting than any to be seen in the worst penny theatre that attracts the dregs of our London population, were enacted in the Flavian amphitheatre for the amusement of the emperor and the highest ranks of Rome; and crimes at which we now shudder as unnatural cleave to the greatest names of that epoch. Vice had attacked the *foyers* of society, and families were expiring so fast that a premium was offered to the man who should transmit a legitimate offspring to posterity. Human kind was gradually dying out, and if the process of dissolution had continued unchecked by the infusion of a purer blood and a chaster creed, the race must have become extinct.

In those whose mission it is to paint such an epoch, and who in order to do so must largely imbibe its spirit, we cannot expect either delicate images or refined sentiments. The characteristics of an impure age cannot be vividly depicted in modest language and a mysteri-

ous phraseology. Vices cannot be derided unless their peculiarities are described, and satire requires its objects to be stripped before its lash can be applied. Martial was a frolicsome poet, with no particular business on his hands, unless to become acquainted with all the scandals of Rome, and to give them a place in his pages; we need not, therefore, lift up our hands in astonishment that he should show himself quite amenable to the course of human nature, in now and then appearing to relish the follies he derides. A banterer in an impure age is inevitably immodest; but we do not know that Martial, with far greater inducements, has surpassed in prurient imagery either Rabelais or Cervantes. With the contemporaries of Martial every notion of spiritual dignity was deadened, nor had they arrived at that ceremonious delicacy which enabled them to abuse each other with the greatest politeness. On the contrary, they called things by their right names; a spade with them was a spade. The expressions which excite the most dangerous fancies in our minds were accepted by them as simple designations of so many natural phenomena. No writer, even of the most puritanical age, was more fastidious than the younger Pliny, and yet there are many of his *Hendecasyllables*, of which even Congreve or Mrs. Behn might be ashamed.

Though Juvenal nowhere exhibits the same predilection for vice as Martial, his descriptions in the sixth and ninth satires betray a lurking inclination to dwell upon its most alluring features. They are written in a similar spirit to

. . . . . "those confessions,  
Which make the reader envy the transgressions."

The truth is, Juvenal's indignation was rather of the head than the heart. He was led to attack vice rather in default of a better subject for the display of his declamatory powers, than from any deep-rooted antipathy to the thing itself. When wearied with writing against libertinism, he used to fling his pen aside and go in quest of such sweets as the object of his satire might afford. At least, we have the authority of Martial, who was his bosom friend, for his recreations with the courtesans of the Suburra, and the pleasure he took in elbowing the gay throng in the Celian, whom he so much affected to despise. Of the three epigrams which our poet addressed to his companion (Lib. vii. Ep. 23; v. 91; xii. Ep. 18), each contains indecencies of a glaring character. Is it probable that loose jests would have been found side by side with the warmest assurances of friendship, had not the Roman satirist freely indulged in the impres-

stions which such topics are calculated to excite?

There were, however, minds which stood out in bold contrast with the general corruption of the time, and were ready to brave the extremest tortures in defence of an opinion. The Stoics and cynical philosophers had established a species of monasticism in the centre of the prevalent corruption, in which the precepts of evangelical councils were as vigorously maintained and as rigorously practised as in the community of St. Dominic. These men allowed their beards to grow, went shoeless, and issued from their garrets clad in coarse linen to make war upon the corruptions of an effeminate city. The Christians, though not so conspicuous, were more numerous, and followed them in their contempt of death and indifference to the goods of fortune. When orinated by the emperor, the former opened their veins with all the coolness of a man sitting down to dinner; the latter demanded death with all the eagerness with which their modern successors solicit a bishopric. So tranquilly did both parties quit the scene, such ravishing accounts did they transmit of the pleasures of dying, that suicide rapidly grew into fashion. The Dacians were said to meet death as readily as they set out on a party of pleasure, in the expectation that Xamolcis was in attendance on the other side of Orcus to conduct them to seats of felicity. It was reserved for the sterner sections of the Romans to seek in self-destruction an escape from mere life-weariness, without any settled convictions as to the sequel of the act. Carrilius Rufus starved himself to death in the midst of an endeared circle of friends, in order to escape gouty feet. Silius Italicus had a slight tumour in his eye: he immediately retired to his bath, and opened his veins. A certain Metellus, in spite of the clamorous exhortations of his relatives, stopped his breath from mere *ennui* of existence. Martial is at some pains to prove to a millionaire—one Chremio, who was meditating a similar voyage to Hades—that life, however burdened with pleasures and encumbered with joys, might be borne. Friends were invited to witness the graceful exit, and learned, from the tranquility of the actor, to invite death with equal calmness and indifference. When dying thus became an amusement, the law was cheated of its highest penalty, and the imperial tyrant deprived of one of his greatest terrors, men preferring, even on the slightest suspicion of their fate, to open their veins, or rush upon their own swords, rather than to await the doubtful chance of being dismissed by that of the emperor. The weaker sex appeared to have imbibed some portion of the constancy of their heroic lords; and Martial

has transmitted their cheerful sufferings, bland deaths, and cruel joys, (*hilarum pœnam, blandasque mortes, gaudiumque crudele*.) to the wonder of posterity. Some of these heroines, when every other escape from life was removed by their suspicious relatives, swallowed red-hot ashes; (Lib. i. Ep. 43;) others, in the absence of poison or the lancet, stopped their breath, or dashed their heads against the wall; and in the well-known story of Pœtus and Arria, we have an instance of a wife who encouraged her hesitating husband to inflict the final stroke by plunging the dagger first into her own bosom. (Lib. i. Ep. 14.)

The rage for dying, however, was confined to that class who maintained an active war on the vices and scepticism of the epoch, and sought, by their actions and writings, to wrest the age from the fatal bent it had taken. While the crowd were twining their hair with roses, and singing gay songs as they passed round the goblet of Falernian, entirely dead to any other pursuit than pleasure, these worthies were administering to their jibes by living on herbs and roots, by forswearing the slightest approach to social comfort, by uttering startling paradoxes on the pleasures of mortification, and turning an emaciated face on the orgies of the Bacchanal. The Christians, whom Juvenal describes as an *ingens multitudo* under Nero, concealed under a more smiling exterior austerities as uninviting as those of the Stoics, and by adding charity and humility to their harsher virtues, exhibited a higher type of human excellence. Extremes may be said to have met. The most corrupt days of the empire saw the purest followers of Christ, and the most faithful disciples of Zeno.

The various shades of contrast which sprang out of this light and darkness of civilization can hardly be said to have traversed the boundary of practical life. The antagonism of manners passed into the antagonism of sect, unaccompanied by a war of words. The Christians and philosophers certainly were active, and, by means of epistles, sermons, and enchiridions, kept up a hot fire on the corrupt practices of the age; but, beyond an occasional jest, the only answer of the Epicureans was a loose canzonet, or a sly allusion to the eccentric habits of the writers as a *prima facie* evidence of their insanity. The neglect of metaphysical research, and the low state of natural science, deprived the pleasure-mongers of that epoch of any shelter from ingenious theories baptized with the name of philosophy. Their sole representative in the intellectual world was the poet, and his plea was, from the shortness of human life, to deduce the necessity of flinging aside all serious cares, and spending every moment

in enjoyment. Such is the burden of many of Martial's epigrams, and, to a certain extent, we may admit their truth. The following is addressed to a friend who was always postponing his pleasures:—

"Gaudia non remeant, sed fugitiva volant.  
Hæc utraque manu, complexuque assere toto:

Sæpe fluent imo sic quoque lapsa sinu.  
Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, Vivam.  
Sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie."

Lib. i. Ep. 16.

After asking Posthumus where the to-morrow is to be found to which he is constantly putting off his enjoyments, he concludes:—

"Cras vives: hodie jam vivere, Postume  
serum est,

Ille sapit quisquis, Postume, vixit heri."

Lib. v. Ep. 59.

Doubtless, behind all this there was a code of latent opinions; such as, that death was probably an eternal sleep; that the highest destiny of human nature was sensual enjoyment; that the virtues which the philosophers enforced were in direct antagonism to the organization of man, and his relation to the sensible world; but to draw out these opinions in logical sequence, and marshal them with sufficient strategy to ensure their triumph over the paradoxes of their opponents, was a task of too grave a character for the loose wits of the Suburra. According to their system, he was the wisest mortal who could make the smallest amount of time subservient to the greatest degree of pleasure: to have embarked in the turmoil of a philosophical discussion would have been a contradiction to their principal tenets.

Though the ethics of the age were necessarily of a one-sided character, they exhibited a novelty of view, and a depth of research and penetration, that make the treatises to which they gave birth standards for all time. What the ninety-fifth of the Olympiads was to mental analysis—what the sixteenth century was to physical science,—the middle of the first century was to ethics. As, at the regeneration of positive science, so now, a sun-burst of illumination shone in from the East, which opened a new era in the moral progress of

"Joy tarries not; it nimbly fleets away.  
E'en so detained, it scarcely deigns to stay.  
Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;  
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.  
I'll live to-morrow, will a wise man say?  
To-morrow is too late: then live to-day.

Lib. i. Ep. 16.

To-morrow live! It is too late to-day.  
The wise man, Posthumus, lived yesterday.

Lib. v. Ep. 59.

our species. Then, for the first time, went abroad those mysterious whisperings about grace, as the only salient fountain of goodness, and a new class of feelings and ideas was introduced by the development of a principle assumed to be miraculous in its agency, and which professed to place the cynics in antagonism to the very virtue for which they were flinging away their lives. The age saw a band of illiterate men eclipse, not only by their preaching but by their pens, the influence of the wisest philosophers of Rome and Greece, and lay the foundations of a creed that was destined to overturn the old religion, and, lodging itself securely in the heart of great nations, to defy for ages the progress of society, or the changes of civilization, to affect the continuity of its empire. A strange spirit was striving in men's minds, which threatened to tear up reason by the roots, and infuse into them the belief that all knowledge was to be reached by intuition. The stoics and academics, however, were not without a wish to domesticate this stranger, and many were the voyages undertaken to the tribes of Upper Egypt, to the Magi of the Persians, and the Brahmins of India, to discover its origin, and learn its relations to the old systems, that, in accordance with the flexibility of the ancient mythology, it might assume a place among their dogmas. The ethereal visitant, however, aspired to be the nucleus of a system, the spring of a new revelation, and shook to pieces the fancies of the erudite pagans, who attempted, inconsistently, to reconcile it with the doctrines of causation taught in their schools; while taking irresistible possession of the minds of the unlearned multitude, it assimilated all to itself, and achieved, to some extent, the moral regeneration of society. Never was issue taken so calculated to confound human reason. The very men who, by their talents and extensive erudition, seem destined to direct an age, beheld the intellectual empire suddenly wrenched from their grasp by publicans and labourers, and their schools forsaken for the harangues of men fresh from the fishing-net and the plough!

No one, however, can look into the Gentile writings of the period, without perceiving, in spite of their many inconsistencies, a wonderful advance upon the old systems, of which they were the expositors. The partitions of sects were broken down, a bold tone of independence assumed, and truth declared to be the object of research, irrespective of the garb under which it lay concealed, or the company in which it was to be found. A spirit of compromise among the philosophical belligerents was the result, and the boundaries which had divided the hostile camps began to disappear in the rage for universal eclecticism, to

which even the stubborn nature of Judaism afforded no exception. The theurgies of Apollonius of Tyana present a combination of Brahminical rites with the cult of Grecian mythology and the political part of the Roman religion. The theogony of Philo Judæus blends all the elements of oriental mysticism with Rabbinical traditions and Grecian philosophy. The Memorabilia of Musonius and the Enchiridion of Epictetus partake as much of the doctrines of the new Academy as the morals of Plutarch are akin to the opinions of Zeno. Even Josephus manifests a strong bias for much of the heathen philosophy, and it would not be difficult to show that, as all more or less approximated to the Christian dogmas, so the gospels contain fragmentary portions of the systems they condemn.

To the customary obliviousness of one section of an age for the doings of the other, this period forms no exception. Even with all the means of intercommunication the nineteenth century affords, it is impossible for the pleasure-seeking portion of the community to understand the movements or appreciate the feelings of their austere cotemporaries; but at a period when neither party organs nor public reviews of any shape existed, the wits and the reformers dreamt as little of each other's existence as if they had been separated by wide gaps of centuries and continents. Though a revolution was abroad which was rapidly transforming the moral as well as the political aspect of the world, Martial and Juvenal appear to be quite insensible to the earthquake moving under their feet. They saw the Christians dragged before the Pretor, and hurried to the butchery of the Flavian amphitheatre, without bestowing on them any further notice than if they had been a flock of sheep. St. John, as the tradition goes, had been banished to Patmos, and was writing the Apocalypse, while Martial was polishing his Epigrams; but we might as well expect two persons situated at the antipodes, or living in different eras of civilization, to chronicle each other's movements, as to find a notice of the Evangelist in the pages of the poet.

The bearded sages of the schools, however, were more noticeable than the Christians, and as they made Rome the centre of their operations, and daily assembled in the marketplace, they necessarily kept the eyes of the public continually upon their movements. If their books were unread, and their moral influence neutralized by the frivolities of the epoch, at least their political importance was not without its weight, and daily made itself felt in cabals against the State. What the French ideologists were to the absolute governments of their day, the philosophers were

to the emperors. The independence which had been banished from the Forum, assumed, in their hands, the guise of moral liberty, and stimulated by the regrets that the recollections of the Republic were calculated to inspire, was constantly breaking out into invectives against the military, and conspiracies against the State. The centurions knew that their greatest enemies were in the camp of Stoicism, and directed the thunders of Domitian upon a society which sheathed a standing organization against his government under discussions about the freedom of the will. The tyrant issued an edict for their banishment, and at a stroke dispersed a band of celebrities over every part of the habitable world. Plutarch, though anything but a disciple of the Porch, was obliged to give up his professorship, and retire into his native city. Telesinus, who had adopted philosophy through the teaching of the Tyanean Apollonius, chose rather to leave Rome as a philosopher than to remain in it as consul. Dion, surnamed the golden-mouthed, was among the crowd; he retired to Dacia, where he lived as a day-labourer, having with him for his only consolation one of Plato's dialogues and one of Demosthenes' orations. Epictetus was obliged to take up his crutch and walk, and Apollonius sped on invisible wings to meet his friend Damis in Cappadocia.

The centurions, who were great *persifleurs* even in the times of Horace, doubtless laughed over their cheap victory quite as much as the French *gens-d'armes* when they recently packed off a bundle of similar commodities to Algeria; but the cotemporary writers are silent as to the banishment, except Pliny and Tacitus, and they only cite the circumstance in proof of the savage character of Domitian. In his endeavour to sketch a monster, the historian ascribes the ostracism of the philosophers to Domitian's absolute horror of truth and virtue. It is clear, however, that he felt their hand upon his throat. They had already removed Nero, and were preparing to dispatch him. Like the new French autocrat, Domitian was only beforehand with them in the stroke.

The Roman Emperors acted as the authorities in France are now doing, and as, in fact, absolutism must always act to preserve its own existence. They built their power upon the army, the priests, and the great mass of the people, and reposing with security upon this triune basis, rode rough-shod over the interests of the aristocracy and intelligent classes. The results of this policy had been consummated under Domitian, and was producing its worst fruits. The puerile forms of liberty, behind which Augustus had consolidated an immense despotism, totally disap-

peared under Tiberius, and in the reign of his predecessors a generation had grown up habituated to the worst impressions of slavery, and divested even of the memory of civil liberty. Instead of those glorious contests for political franchises, which drove their progenitors to the Aventine Mount, the only agitation in which the people now took interest was the animal cry for bread and spectacles; and as long as these were conceded, they beheld with an unconcerned eye the prætorian bands barter the imperial crown for donatives, the highest families of the state driven into exile, and their estates confiscated to supply the demands of a licentious soldiery. The knights were dumb; the senators were walking shadows; and all were slaves. Tacitus asserts that it was penal in his time to praise great men, as Domitian was ever ready to send those who manifested any regrets for bygone glories to join the shades of the heroes whom they lamented. Modern autocrats have been content with burning the book they condemned; Domitian threw the writer also into the flames. The pious wish which Caligula had merely ejaculated, that all the splendid productions of the intellect might be destroyed, and the names of their creators erased out of the public memory, this prince proceeded in his more desperate humours to accomplish. All the great minds of the age were gagged: the images of defunct heroes burnt in the market-place; and an attempt made to abolish, along with the voice of the Roman people and the liberty of the senate, the memory and the conscience of mankind.

At least, such is the picture of Tacitus; and though it partakes too much of the declamation of the period, it is hardly incorrect in its general features. Domitian was not wanting in that inconsistency of character of which all tyrants necessarily partake when they domineer over a fluctuating epoch, and only in so far is the pencil of Tacitus unfaithful. While he persecuted authors, he despatched amanuenses to transcribe the most famous works in the Alexandrian museum. While he burnt books, he established libraries. In every suit in which his favourites were interested, he did not scruple to adapt the law to their caprices, and yet executed judges for following his example. While his favourite pastimes were the most abhorrent forms of sensualism, he carried his horror for unchastity so far as to bury vestal virgins alive on whom the breath of slander had breathed the slightest aspersion.

Some clue may be found to this opposition of manners, in the struggle of a weak mind to reconcile the degenerate lusts of his nature with an honest fame, and to render every ac-

tion subservient to the most inordinate vanity. He patronized literature to acquire the reputation of Mæcenas; he persecuted authors to perpetuate his dictatorship, and prevent their splendour from eclipsing his own. The weakest head in the empire had, by the boasted wisdom and world-embracing policy of Rome, found itself at the head of affairs, and was naturally seized with a wish, in accordance with the usual course of nature, to carry its accidental pre-eminence in civil matters into every other department where excellence could be shown, and appear in all the lord of the ascendant. To this attempt may be traced all the convulsions of his reign. That no one might be great but Domitian, victorious generals were either poisoned or proscribed, successful authors hunted into obscurity, wealthy citizens pillaged, the forum silenced, the senate degraded, and the whole attention of the imperial city turned upon spectacles, in which he was either the sole performer or arbitrator. The only healthy form which this passion took was that of architectural splendour, and it ornamented Rome with costly edifices almost as quickly as it divested its inhabitants of every manly art and noble feeling. The contentions for political franchises had given place to the factions of the circus. The spot where demigods had struggled for the civil freedom of the world was occupied by the miserable scuffles of charioteers. In the last age, Cato and Brutus were the names which kept the world awake; now it was Scorpion and Incitatus. Well might Martial exclaim, "Tempora, quid faciunt!"\*

The void which had been created in the public mind, by the transfer of political power from the hands of the tribunes and patricians to the palace of the Cæsars, the Flavian amphitheatre was specially designed to fill. In its immense circle, every spectacle calculated to pander to the taste of a vicious people, to arouse their brutality, or excite their imagination, was produced on the highest scale of grandeur. By the aid of machinery, which the Romans called *pegmata*, erected at a vast expense, arrangements were made to represent all the fables of Roman mythology. ("De Spect." ii. v. 5.) By the agency of these structures, men found their way up into the clouds with apparent wings, and flying bulls were made to carry fictitious Hercules. Dacian savages impersonated Orpheus, and were duly torn in pieces by boars. The fable of Dædalus was a favourite performance, and water was not wanting in the pit of the amphitheatre to render the representation complete. When the mythological legends began

\* Lib. vi. Ep. 40.



to tire, recourse was had to the old traditions of the empire. These scenes were diversified by bestial and gladiatorial combats. Lions were pitted against tigers, the elephant against the rhinoceros, the bull against the boar, and the savage Dacian against each of these animals. To the pastime thus afforded, not only the vulgar crowd congregated, but the court and nearly all the high families it had left in possession of their estates and fortunes. The time spent by our middle classes in commerce, and by our aristocracy in directing the affairs of the State, was thrown away upon an amusement which amalgamated the minds of both with the common herd in one stream of savage brutality. Of course, everything like refinement of intellect died away under such a process. The upper classes, who are the pioneers of intellectual progression, were dragged down to the level of the dregs of the populace; and society, destitute of rational guides, rushed headlong to ruin.

The age was not sterile in great minds, but a torpor sat upon their souls, and they felt themselves without the power to interfere. If Domitian were removed, the imperial crown would again be tossed in the baggage of the imperial armies, and another tyrant equally ferocious raised on the shields of the prætorians. Were arguments resorted to instead of blows, the people, engrossed in the sweets of licentious indulgence, could not stop to be reasoned out of their pleasures; and Domitian had already felt the force of such conclusions as an insult to his power, and destroyed every stoic who had attempted to regenerate his subjects. The only alternative was silence. The younger Pliny confined himself to his Hendecasyllables; Quintilian dropped down from the orator into the grammarian; Juvenal threw aside his declamations, and toyed with the gay throng in the Suburra. Tacitus, with a round, unthinking face, looked on the sad spectacle from the Quindecimviral College, as if he was the last person whom it ought to concern; Martial and Statius, born poor, and obliged to write in order to live, made the best of their situation, and flattered Domitian. The one centred in the tyrant all the cares of Olympus, and is never weary of tracing his lineage from Jupiter and Minerva, of whom Domitian, in defiance of the proprieties of Grecian mythology, delighted to be called the son. The other actually placed him above Jupiter, and described his mock fights and bought victories as triumphs which Mars might envy. Silius Italicus, who had not the excuse of poverty, and was generally considered rigidly honest, frequently goes out of his way in the "Punica" (Pun. iii. 618) to offer Domitian

the most preposterous compliments. Quintilian addressed the tyrant as the sublimest, most learned and accomplished of the poets, accepted his childish vaunt that he was the son of a virgin goddess, and represented his literary reputation as eclipsed only by his resplendent virtues. Martial wrote a book in praise of the very spectacles that had so great a share in the deterioration of humanity. Thus genius followed in the wake of the age, and was actually fomenting the evils that threatened to involve the destruction of man.

Martial's praises of the warlike character of Domitian, if applied to Trajan, would be sublime; but when we remember they were wasted upon a man who never saw a battle, or heard the sound of a trumpet except at a show, the splendid images to which they give rise are lost in a sense of absurdity. It is a strange characteristic in Martial, and brings to mind Waller's famous reply to Charles II., about poetry never being so much at home as in fiction, that the only lines in which he approached to anything like startling sublimity should be wasted upon the buffoonery of Domitian. We may search in vain the works of any laureat, ancient or modern, for verses which can even approximate to the dazzling allusions with which Martial crowds the sonnet in which he invites Cæsar from the north:—

"Phosphore, redde diem: quid gaudia nostra moraris?

Cæsare venturo, Phosphore, redde diem.

Roma rogat: placide numquid te pigra Botæ

Plaustra vehunt, lento quod nimis igne venis?

Ledæo poteris abducere Cyllaron astro:

Ipse suo sedet nunc tibi Castor equo.

Quid cupidum Titana tenes? jam Xanthus, et Eithon

Fræna volunt: vigilat Memnonis alma parens.

Tarda tamen nitidæ non cedunt sidera luci,

Et cupit Ausonium Luna videre ducem.

Jam, Cæsar, vel nocte veni: stent astra licébit,

Non deerit populo, te veniente, dies."

Lib. viii. Ep. 21.

Even in the joyous moments of the poet,

"Phosphor, bring light: why in the east delay!

To Cæsar come, announce the gleaming day!

Rome begs thee speed, impatient of her joys,

And bids thee lash thy chariot up the skies.

Unyoke Cyllaron from the Ledean star,

Castor himself will lend his horse for war.

Apollo's coursers both desire the rein:

Why in the east the eager sun detain!

Aurora waits. But yet the spangled night

Will not give room to the more glorious light:

The moon desires to see the Ausonian king.

Come, Cæsar, then, thy spoils and trophies bring:

For though the stars their revolutions stay,

When thou art here we shall not want the day.

Lib. viii. Ep. 21.

when all thoughts of patronage are supposed to be drowned in cups of Falernian, he catches at every occasion to shower compliments on one who loaded him with nothing but empty titles. (Lib. ix., Ep. 14.) How gracefully he passes from passionate kisses to the praises of Cæsar:—

“*Basia da nobis, Diadumene, pressa; quot in-  
quis?  
Oceani fluctus me numerare jubes;  
Et maris Ægæi sparsas per litora conchas,  
Et quæ Cecropio monte vagantur apes;  
Quæque sonant pleno vocesque, manusque  
theatro,  
Cum populus subiti Cæsaris ora videt.*”  
Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

Again, he elevates Cæsar's palace above the most gigantic structures of antiquity, and equals it to heaven; but only to tell us that it is not large enough to contain its lord. (Lib. viii. Ep. 36.)

However graceful and easy these compliments may appear, there can be little doubt they were wrung from Martial by the exigencies of his position. He lived in times when no reading public can be said to have existed, and when adulation and servility were the sole avenue to the patronage of the great. Flattery had long been the only means by which the greatest writers could eke out a decent competence. Habit had rendered its application natural and graceful, and to it were the Romans indebted for the sweetest verses of Tibullus, some of the most graceful passages in Horace, and the most splendid lines of Virgil. In following the examples of these illustrious authors, Martial selected such traits in Domitian's character as were least deserving of censure, and succumbed to the necessities of his position with the greatest splendour of talent and at the least possible expense to honesty. He certainly attempted to palm upon the miserable Romans Domitian's bought triumphs for real victories, and even insinuated that chastity was not the least of that profligate prince's virtues; yet we do not find a line in which he either approves of the cruelties of his patron or insults the victims on whose heads they were showered. Though he encouraged many of the vanities and follies of the emperor, his voice never echoed the applause of a degraded band of courtiers who drowned the cries of the oppressed in laudations of the

oppressors. If we found no excuse for the poet laureat of Domitian in the exigencies of hunger, or in the discriminating character of his panegyric, we still might find a parallel for his adulation in Bacon's fulsome compliments to the first of the Stuarts, or in Southey's birth-day odes on the most licentious of modern princes.

While Martial was flattering Domitian for his pretended triumphs in Dacia, whence the tyrant had returned without seeing an enemy, Agricola was extending the Roman conquests from the Forth to the Tay, and transmitting, for the hilarity of the loose wits of Rome and for the historical disquisitions of his son-in-law, accounts of the savage Britons. The policy which inoculated this island with the arts and customs of the empire, and made the Roman standards the advanced poets of civilization in the transfluvian provinces of the Danube, was simply the extension of a plan to assimilate the barbarous organization of foreign communities to the structure of Roman society, and was introduced by Julius Cæsar; who, in this instance, employed for consolidating the empire, the very means that were most calculated to loosen its members, and precipitate their disruption. From the days of the Republic, the quæstors and proconsuls of the provinces were instructed to respect the institutions of their barbarous subjects, in the same despatches which ordered them to levy the most exorbitant tributes; and Cicero is at some pains to prove to his brother Quintus, who was governor of an Asiatic province, the justice of protecting the customs, while pillaging the property of his subjects. The proconsul might dip his hand as deep into the treasury as he pleased, provided he respected the savage ignorance of the people whom he plundered. The barbarism of the country must be revered, its wealth only abstracted; the nation was to be pillaged with courtesy, and reduced to the verge of ruin with all the forms of politeness. Cæsar, whose cosmopolite policy Agricola and the other Roman governors followed, reversed the process. The provinces like Britain insensibly lost even the memory of their savage independence in the rage for Roman luxury and refinement; and a stream of provincials was poured upon the capitol, attracted either by the honours of the senate, the patronage of the great, or the pleasures of a licentious city. Spain supplied Rome with poets and orators; Britain with handsome women; Achaia with philosophers; Gaul with legists; Germany with soldiers, and, a few generations later, with invaders and conquerors. That fusion of nations which was consummated by the migration of the German races was gradually stealing on, and

“*Kiss sweetly, fairest boy. How oft! sayst thou.  
The ocean waves you bid me number now;  
Or shells upon the Ægean shore to count;  
Or bees that swarm about the Athenian mount;  
Or in the theatre the people's cheers,  
When Cæsar first in royal pomp appears.*”  
Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

paving the way for the easier advance of Catholic humanity.

Such appears to be the real purpose of this social phenomenon, of which the great Cæsar was only the blind instrument. It was impossible to reconcile Christianity with the traditions of the empire, or with the provinces which it had subjugated. The ancient mythes, the memory of ancestral deeds, which had thrown such glory and authority upon their inheritors, drew the minds of men in one direction; while Christianity, with its precepts and injunctions, inclined them to another. It seemed, therefore, necessary that these national characteristics should be effaced, but in such a manner as was consistent with the orderly progress of humanity. Since the maintenance of primitive records, the intellectual bequests of olden time, seems a special condition of this advancement, it was requisite that the nucleus of the new nations should assimilate the sound parts of the organism of the old, in order that whatever was reconcilable in the patrimony of antiquity with the spirit of the new creed might be preserved, and whatever was hostile to it rejected. This, as it appears to us, was the grand social problem which the change of government initiated, and the consolidation of the empire worked out. The irruption of the northern races, to which the policy of Cæsar finally led, only imparted a more decided character to the process, and gave a forecast of the new combination into which society was to be resolved. It removed all doubt that the Teutonic race was to form the predominating element and the source of vigour, but at the same time made it equally undeniable that the civilization of the already half-changed Roman, combined with Christianity, should exercise a decided influence in forming the genius of the new nations.

Though the marks of this great transformation were written in prominent characters on the surface of the age, we search in vain for any legible enunciation of them in the great writers of the epoch. The blind old man in the isle of Patmos had certainly recorded visions which modern divines have construed into a correct interpretation of the social phenomena of the time; but their glosses must be read by another light than that of reason, and many of them involve conflicting views. The profoundest historian the human race ever produced to record its own achievements hardly seems aware of the material facts of the change, which he doubtless flung aside as too vulgar for one sitting in the ante-chamber of kings; and he leaves us to infer, by logical sequence, from his own narrative, the leading springs that were evolving the scenes of the mighty panorama he describes.

The philosophers were too much engaged in disquisitions of abstract morality to meddle with political phenomena. Pliny was the only literary statesman of the time; but he regarded events from the same point of view as Tacitus, whom he looked up to as his model. Reason never seems to have grappled with the social questions of the epoch. The learned, no less than the unthinking multitude, looked on the course affairs were taking as a matter of capricious destiny.

Martial was a fortuitous instance of the cosmopolite tendency of Cæsar's policy; of which the two Senecas, Lucan, and Quintilian, fellow countrymen of the epigrammatist, had been the most recent Spanish fruits. What the different European provinces are to their respective capitals, all the civilized parts of the political world were to imperial Rome. As soon as the natives, with the benign assistance of the proconsuls, had thrown off their barbarism, every one possessing the least accomplishment, or the most trifling charm of grace or feature, believed that, to make a fortune, his presence in the imperial city was alone requisite. The picturesque groups which assembled round the monuments of the capitol from every quarter of the globe, in pursuit of the same interests and pleasures, struck the eye of Martial; and he has, after his usual manner, made it the occasion of an elegant compliment to the emperor:

\* "Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara,  
Cæsar,

Ex qua spectator non sit in urbe tua?  
Venit ab Orpheo cultor Rhodopeius Hæmo,  
Venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo,  
Et qui prima bibit deprensæ flumina Nili.  
Et quem supremæ Tethys unda ferit.

Festinavit Arabs, festinaverit Sabæi,  
Et Cilicos nimbis hic maduere suis.

Crinibus in nodum tortis venerit Sicambri,  
Atque aliter tortis crinibus Æthiopes.

Vox diversa sonat: populorum est vox tamen  
una,

Cum verus patriæ diceris esse pater."

Spect. Lib. Ep. 3.

The handsome women that Rome imported

\* What scene sequestered, or what rude renown,  
Send no spectators to the imperial town?  
The Rhodopeian hind here scours the plains,  
And tunes from Hæmus his Orphean strains;  
Sarmatians, Cæsar, hie thy works to see,  
And their proud horses share their masters' glee;  
They come who first the rising Nile explore,  
And they who hear remotest Tethys' roar;  
The Arab hastes, the Sabæan hither flies,  
And the Cilician spurns his native skies;  
With tortured tresses, here Sicambrians gay,  
There Ethiops stroll along the crowded way.  
'Mid various tongues, but one glad voice we find,  
Which hails thee father of converged mankind.  
Spect. Lib. Ep. 3.

from Great Britain struck Martial's eye in like manner, and he has left us an account of one who might fairly contest the apple of Paris with the beauties of Athens and Rome.

20 "Claudia cæruleis cum sit Rufina Britannis  
Edita, quam Latæ pectora plebis habet!  
Quale decus formæ! Romanam credere matres  
Italides possunt, Attides esse suam.  
Di bene, quod sancto peperit fecunda marito,  
Quot sperat generos, quotque puella nurus!  
Sic placeat superis, ut conjugo gaudeat uno,  
Et semper natis gaudeat illa tribus."  
Lib. xi. Ep. 54.

The rapid emigration of provincial fortune-hunters to the capitol could not take place without unsettling many of the old elements of Roman society, and accordingly we find traces in Martial of the gradual emancipation of commerce and the manual arts from the slavish condition to which they were subjected under the Republic. A cobbler, by attention to business, had managed to purchase an estate, and retire upon a competency sufficient to place at his command all the luxuries of society; at which our poet gets enraged, threatens to throw his ink out of the window, and curses his parents for teaching him letters, while the art of Crispin could conduct to fortune. (Lib. ix., Ep. 7.)

To the varied characters which such transformations of fortune drew to the capitol, is to be ascribed the fidelity of Martial's portraits to the general lineaments of human nature. Rome presented him with types of humanity, diversified by every variety of custom, climate, and religion; and, like a gifted artist, he caught its prominent and essential features, and defied time to change the fidelity of the likeness while the race exists; at all events, though eighteen-hundred years have passed away, the pictures which he drew are so true to the organism of our nature, that they remain pictures still. What rich man has not a *Menogene* among his acquaintances!

21 "Effugere in thermis, et circa balnea non est

22 Though British skies first beamed on Claudia's  
face,  
Her beauty far outvies the Latin race:  
E'en Grecian nymphs her form cannot excel,  
Or Roman matrons play the queen so well.  
Ye powers! how blest must her possessor be!  
What progeny will climb the mother's knee.  
Kind Heaven, grant her constant love to share,  
And may three boys reward her tender care.

23 To breakfast, if to Ranelagh you stray,  
And Supple meet, he's not shook off that day.  
The boiling kettle with both hands he'll seize,  
And hand the cakes that you may sit at ease;  
If in the stream the wind your beaver blows,  
To pick it up he drenches all his clothes.  
If you take snuff, your box he magnifies,  
Although of iron, and the lowest price;

Menogonen, omni tu licet arte velis.  
Captabit tepidum dextra, lævaque trigonem,  
Imputet exceptas ut tibi sæpe pilas.  
Colliget, et referet lapsum de pulvere follem,  
Et si jam lotus, jam soleatus erit.  
Lintea si sumas, nive candidiora loquetur,  
Sint licet infantis sordidiora sinu.  
Exiguos secto comentem dente capillos,  
Dicit Achilleas disposuisse comas.

Omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec  
Perpessus dicas tædia mille, veni."  
Lib. xii. Ep. 84.

Or what speculator does not meet with his  
Sextus when he goes to borrow?

24 "Emi seu puerum, togamve pexam  
Seu tres, ut puto, quatuorve libras:  
Sextus protinus ille fenerator,  
Quem nostis veterem meum sodalem,  
Ne quid forte petam, timet cavetque,  
Et secum, sed ut audiam, susurrat,  
Septem millia debeo Secundo,  
Phæbo quatuor, undecim Philetto,  
Et quadrans mihi nullus est in arca.  
O grande ingenium mei sodalis!  
Durum est, Sexte, negare, cum rogaris.  
Quanto durius, antequam rogeris!"  
Lib. ii. Ep. 44.

The reader will distinguish in the fop of  
the Suburra quite the same lineaments as we  
encounter in New Bond Street.

25 "Cotile, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile,  
multi,

Then with his comb will set young master's hair.  
And swear no wig can with those locks compare;  
Attends him to the necessary place,  
And wipes a drop of sweat from off his face.  
All he admires and praises, till, in fine,  
Fatigued you cry, "To-day pray with us dine."  
Lib. xii. Ep. 84.

26 The scrivener, who of late so rich is grown,  
Whom we have long so intimately known,  
Saw my coat laced, my boy in livery wait,  
And on my sideboard sparkle heaps of plate.  
He thence concludes I'm now extravagant,  
And fearing I may his assistance want,  
He mumbles to himself, that I may hear,  
"My God! what will become of me this year!  
Seven thousand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four,  
I owe; and to my broker as much more,  
And I have not one farthing in my chest."  
O, my conceited friend's ingenious jest:  
To ask and be denied is hard, all know;  
Before you ask, is most extremely so.  
Lib. ii. Ep. 44.

27 You are a beau, as all the world proclaim:  
But pray explain what constitutes the name:  
A beau is one who curls and powders well,  
And scatters round him a perfumed smell,  
Can hum an opera air, or briak or grave,  
And his white hand in every gesture wave,  
Sitting the live-long day among the fair,  
And ever tattling something in their ear,  
Still writing nonsense, sending billet-doux,  
And fears you'd touch his stockings with your  
shoes,

Audio : sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo !  
 Bellus homo est flexo qui digerit ordine erines :  
 Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet :  
 Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat :  
 Qui movet in varios brachia volæa modos :  
 Inter fœminas tota qui luce cathedras  
 Desidet, atque aliqua semper in aure sonat :  
 Qui legit hinc, illinc missas, scribitque tabellas :  
 Pallia, vicini qui refugit cubiti :  
 Qui scit, quam quis amet, qui per convivia  
 currit :  
 Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos."   
 Lib. iii. Ep. 63.

The would-be-rich man who pledged his ring to buy his supper, and then, with an affected air of superb negligence, strutted down the middle of the thoroughfare, as if possessed of thousands (Lib. ii. Ep. 47), may yet be met with in our leading streets, and the character of Mammura equally belongs to our own time.

"In septis Mamurra diu, multumque vagatus,  
 Hic ubi Roma suas aurea vexat opes,  
 Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit.

Inde satur mensas, et opertos exiit orbes,  
 Expositumque alte pingue poposcit ebur,  
 Est testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon,  
 Ingemuit citro non satis esse suo.  
 Consuluit nares, an olerent æra Corinthon :  
 Culpavit statuas et Polyclete tuas.  
 Et turbata brevi questus crystallina vitro,  
 Myrrhina signavit, seposuitque decem.  
 Expedit veteres calathos, et si qua fuerunt  
 Poecula Mentorea nobilitata manu.  
 Et virides picto gemmas numeravit in auro,  
 Quicquid et in nivea grandius aure sonat.  
 Sardonychas veros mensa quæsiuit in omni,

Knows who loves whom ; to every visit runs ;  
 Talks of a lord, a horse, their sires and sons.  
 Of a fine man, is this the account you bring !  
 This is a bean, a very trifling thing.

Lib. iii. Ep. 63.

"Vain-love the live-long day strolls up and down,  
 To view the choicest rarities in town.  
 Ravished, admires a Ganymede's soft mein,  
 Not such as is at common auctions seen,  
 But an old painting, capital and rare,  
 Shown to the curious, and preserved with care ;  
 Then takes an inlaid table from its case ;  
 Searches a china jar or marble vase ;  
 A Turkey carpet measures ten times o'er,  
 And grieves it is too little for its floor ;  
 Of right Japan then judges by the nose,  
 And his contempt for D'Orsay's judgment shows ;  
 Finds the French wares too much to glass allied,  
 The Dresden, therefore, marks and sets aside ;  
 Baskets of filigree he then takes up,  
 By Kent ennobled weighs a golden cup ;  
 Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear,  
 And wants a pendant for a lady's ear ;  
 Looks till he diamonds of true water find,  
 Then sighs they are too small to suit his mind.  
 At length fatigued, the hour of dinner come,  
 He buys—two earthen plates, and bears them  
 home.

Lib. ix. Ep. 60.

Et pretium magnis fecit iaspideibus.  
 Undecima lassus cum jam discederet hora,  
 Asse duos calices emit, et ipse talit."   
 Lib. ix. Ep. 60.

Numerous was the brood of young men who flocked to Rome in order to study law, at a time when no such thing could be truly said to exist, and the small fry of the writers and versifiers of the epoch, as of our day, sprung from the ranks of those who had relinquished that pursuit, seduced by the pleasures of the city, or the superior attractions of literature. Martial, though an example of this kind himself, felt too poignantly its bitter fruits to allow any of his friends to enter on the same course without a protest. He thus addresses Flaccus :

"O mihi curarum pretium non vile mearum,  
 Flacce, Antenorei spes, et alumne Laris.  
 Pierios differ cantusque chorosque sororum :  
 Æs dabit ex istis nulla puella tibi.  
 Quid petis a Phœbo? nummos habet æra  
 Minervæ :  
 Hæc sapit, hæc omnes fœnerat una deos.  
 Quid possent hederæ Bacchi dare? Palladis  
 arbor  
 Inclinat varias pondere nigra comas.  
 Præter aquas Helicon, et sarta, lyrasque  
 deorum  
 Nil habet, et magnum semper inane  
 sophos.  
 Quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permessi-  
 dos unda?  
 Romanum propius, divitiusque forum est.  
 Illic æra sonant : at circum pulpita nostra,  
 Et steriles cathedras, basia sola crepant."   
 Lib. i. Ep. 77.

There are few poets to whom the same advice has not been administered in modern times. The Muses, however, are no less seductive than the Syrens ; and after one has revelled in their company, homilies and jeremiads are equally useless. Flaccus refused to quit Helicon even to become rich. Martial could hardly be in earnest, to recommend a friend to a course which he scorned himself.

Rome, if we may judge from the frequent

"Though midst the noblest poets thou hast place,  
 Flaccus, the offspring of Antenor's race ;  
 Renounce the Muses' songs and charming quire,  
 For none of them enrich, though they inspire.  
 Court not Appollo, Pallas has the gold,  
 She's wise, and does the gods in mortgage hold.  
 What profit is there in an ivy wreath ?  
 Its fruits the loaden olive sinks beneath.  
 In Helicon there's nought but springs and bays,  
 The Muses' harps loud sounding empty praise.  
 What with Parassus streams hast thou to do?  
 The Roman forum's rich, and nearer too.  
 There chinks the cash : but round the poet's chair,  
 The smacks of kisses only fill the air.

Lib. i. Ep. 77.

citations of Pliny and Martial, swarmed with versifiers, home and foreign, who, as they met with no encouragement of a substantial kind, agreed to sustain each other by mutual panegyric and quotation. Canius Rufus of Cadiz was, according to Martial (Lib. iii. Ep. 20), a very versatile poet, who found himself equally at home in epics, elegiacs, comedy, or tragedy. On the same authority, his wife Theophila was in no respect inferior to Sappho. Decianus and Licianus were both natives of the Peninsula, and, of course, equal to Virgil. A certain Lucias is designated (Lib. iv. Ep. 55) as the glory of his time, and is without scruple compared with Horace. Martial, in an attempt to vary his adulation, tells one Unicus, that he yielded only to his brother in the poetic art (Lib. xii. Ep. 43), a compliment sufficiently ambiguous to be true, for it is pretty certain that both have long since yielded to obscurity. If we ventured to draw upon Pliny, the catalogue might easily be quadrupled; but we fear we have tired the patience of the reader, and willingly resign the task of constellating these luminaries to Fabricius and his editors.

From this crowd of authors, it might be imagined that Mæcenases were to be found in every street, and that an eager public were ready to mob the book-stalls on the appearance of the next canto. Both poets never fell on more unseasonable times: through the expense entailed by the difficulties of transcribing, the circulation of their works was necessarily confined to the wealthier classes; and to find patrons among these, in the middle of the first century, was a task which the best of them failed to accomplish. Martial and Statius were the great celebrities of the epoch; both dined with the emperor; both were admitted to the highest privileges which the court had to bestow, and lived on terms of easy familiarity with the great; and yet Savage and Otway were not more neglected, or allowed more poignantly to feel the cruel hardships of poverty. Statius was obliged to sell his celebrated tragedy of "Agave" for bread; and during the time that all Rome ran to hear him recite his "Thebaid" at the quinquennial games, was hardly able to provide for the common decencies of life (Juvenal. Sat. 7). Martial, when his fame had spread through the empire, and his books were thumbed by the lieutenants of Dacia and the centurions of Britain, was absolutely whining for food and clothes in the capitol, while mimes and charioteers lived on the daintiest fare, and were clad in purple and fine linen. His description of Mævius is only a flattering representation of himself:—

"Jucundus, probus, innocens, amicus,  
Lingua doctus utraque, cuius unum est.  
Sed magnum vitium, quod est poeta,  
Pullo Mævius alget in cucullo:  
Cocco mulio fulget Incatibus."

Lib. x. Ep. 76.

This was a necessary consequence of the degeneracy of the period. The claim of literature to pre-eminence, which is grounded on its being a direct agent in the advance of civilization, can only be recognised in a progressive society. In an age of retrogression, that claim is reversed. The sensual taste of the people drags everything after it in an inverted order. Pleasure, growing daily less refined in the selection of its objects, becomes the principal pursuit. Literature can then only be considered in the light of an agreeable amusement, and its cultivators must give place to those who are prepared to furnish quicker stimulants to the faded appetites of the senses.

There were, however, many alleviations of the misery to which impoverished writers were subjected in this epoch, in the public life of Rome, and the liberal spirit which had thrown open the costly buildings of the capitol to the enjoyment of the meanest citizen. Owing to the severity of our climate, and our *penchant* for domestic seclusion, the leisure hours of Englishmen are passed within doors. We have no porticos to saunter in, no baths to frequent. Neither can we lounge in temples, over the most beautiful productions of Grecian painting and sculpture, or sit in gardens while our wearied senses find repose in the lull of fountains and the incense of flowers; but as soon as we put our heads out of doors everything wears the most stern and uninviting prospect. A long line of quadrangular houses, flanking a broad pavement, whose possession is stoutly contested by a throng of prosaic pedestrians, is the only sight on which the intellectual man can feed. To a poet, like Savage, who has no other resource than his garret, and who is obliged to retreat into tobacco shops to write down the precious promptings of inspiration, such a state of things must be a source of infinite despair.

The misery of the needy *literati* of Rome, even in the worst days of the decadence, is not to be judged by so crushing a standard. They certainly lived in times when private parsimony was carried to its greatest extent,

"Pleasant, sincere, good-natured, meek,  
Well skilled in Latin and in Greek,  
Who hath no individual crime,  
But that he is possess'd with rhyme;  
Should he, half starv'd, wear seedy black,  
While grooms have gold upon their back!

Lib. x. Ep. 76.

and when the taste of the wealthy had become brutalized by sensual excitement; but the social spirit which had been banished from the private hearth took refuge in the public edifices, and a system of communism was established, which placed everything truly valuable in Rome at the service of every class of its inhabitants. The houses of the wealthiest patricians were huts in comparison with the lofty edifices that administered to the enjoyments of the people. The gardens of Nero, the baths of Titus, the Coliseum, the Claudian portico, the temples adorned with the choicest creations of Grecian art, and the spacious halls, libraries, and theatres scattered over every quarter of the city, afforded the people some consolation for the meanness of their condition, and supplied them with every gratification short of the absolute cravings of animal life. If Martial found his garret miserable, he need only dwell in it during the night: in the morning, the Palatine library, with its double colonnade of two rows of pillars, the interstices of which were adorned with statues and pictures from the hands of the first masters, was ready to receive him. There were placed at his command, retiring rooms for private reading, public halls for recitation, and every allurement and aid to study. If he chose to read in the open air, winter and summer walks invited his devious steps, and the colossal statue of Apollo, rising out of the adjacent grounds, told him that no spot could be dearer to the god.

"Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,  
Et patriâ Phœbo carius Ortygia."  
Propertius Eleg., Lib. ii. 23.

To such splendour Martial's private domicile must have formed a sad contrast. He tells us it lay in the Tiburtine, which was the St. Giles of Rome (Book v. Ep. 23); and in some verses written to persuade Lupercus to purchase his books in the Argiletum, which was the Roman Paternoster-row, instead of asking the author to lend, we learn that his room lay up three pair of stairs, and that the route to it was long and tedious (Lib. i. Ep. 118).

He then proceeds to describe the shop where he was sold, and the different covers in which his books were exposed, from which it appears that even in those days there were spruce bindings and *éditions de luxe*.

"Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,

"Still you enquire, "When shall I send  
My lad! to whom you'll kindly lend  
A copy of your little book,  
Which I shall swiftly overlook,  
And send it you again with joy."

Scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,  
Omnes ut cito perlegas poetas.  
Illinc me pete: ne roges Atrectum,  
Hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernæ.  
De primo dabit, alterove nido  
Rasum pumice, purpuraque cultum  
Denariis tibi quinque Martialem."

Lib. i. Ep. 181.

Though no locomotives, when Martial wrote, called for railway editions, the poet had an eye to compact binding, and told his purchasers, who sought *comites longæ habere viæ*, to buy those which *arctat brevibus membrana tabellis*; and lest his readers might not know where he was sold, he again instructs them where to find his Murray (Lib. i. Ep. 3).

While resting in the imperial city, we followed his directions, and stood upon the spot where his books were cheapened. The lapse of ages, in the interim, has piled upon the site as many additional strata as would suffice to entomb any house that a Roman citizen might inhabit; yet imagination was ready to picture the columns of the stall, with its book announcements, quite as interesting to the young Johnsons of that epoch as columns of a different texture in a morning cotemporary; and the portly figure of Secundus was not wanting to give animation to the scene.

Immortality is a great gift, and has been vainly struggled for by many a noble mind. The bookseller is the only personage who achieves it without an aspiration. While Time blots out in its course whole generations of cotemporary celebrities, and the names even of cities and nations, the bookseller, from his simple connexion with genius, defies its scythe, and sometimes obtains for his miserable stall a renown which is not conceded to imperial palaces. Jacob Tonson and Dodsley, Longman and Murray, are as much known in modern times as Secundus, Tryphon, Pollius, and Atrectus were in Rome, and their names will, no doubt, survive as long in the minds of posterity. Though the invention of printing makes them appear almost two distinct races, there are not wanting many analogies between them. The Roman Tonsons, it appears, were not behind their modern representatives in their appreciation of good profits; and Martial roguishly attempts to get up a similar agitation to that which has

"What need you so fatigue the boy!  
Long is the way to my abode,  
A rough and scrambling dreary road;  
Then you must mount three flight of stairs,  
So steep that each new comer swears.  
Why seek so far, when you may meet  
The book you want in Argus street,  
Right opposite to Cæsar's square!"

Lib. i. Ep. 118.

lately expired, by indirectly charging the fraternity, through one Tryphon, with hindering the circulation of books by the high percentage they placed upon the sale.

"Omnia in hoc gracili xeviorum turba libello  
Constatibit nummis quatuor emta tibi,  
Quatuor est nimium, poterit constare duobus,  
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon."  
Lib. xiii. Ep. 3.

Authors, as well as publishers, however, were contributing, in their own quiet way, to each other's annihilation, and in another generation actually died out from mere inanition. The corruption and false mannerisms of society had dragged down literature to their own standard. Nothing would sell, and, consequently, nothing was written, that did not excite prurient fancies, and pander to the bombastic exaggerations and material tastes of the epoch. The language, whose stages of perfection had marked the advance of the empire, was now as decisively entangled in its fall. In the lapse of another age, everything like literature ceased to exist. Civilization was on the point of expiring, and its voice had become mute just before it gave up the ghost.

We know not if any attempt has been made to expound the laws or trace the shades and gradations of the process by which the literature of a country so far binds up and concentrates in itself all the elements of a nation's life, as to become the pulse of their condition; but that such is the fact is indisputable. The age of Grecian as well as Roman dotage was the age in which the worst writers flourished. The grandest era of Athenian politics was the age of Sophocles and Euripides, Socrates and Plato; and when Rome had assimilated all the world to her own political and jurisprudential system, and poured into her streets all the riches of Syracuse, and all the refinements of Athens, she saw Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, and subsequently Ovid, start into being to commemorate her fame. The unity of the French empire was consolidated under Louis XIV.: his age was that of the greatest writers of France. British liberty found its highest development and security in the Act of Settlement: this was followed by the greatest epoch in English literature. We need not multiply instances, which will suggest themselves to the youngest tyro in history. A mere glance at the features of the Roman decline will sug-

gest to us an abundance of *a priori* reasons for the verdict of experience.

The laws of mind are, in many respects, perfectly analogous to those of the body. Confine a man in jail, deny him open air and exercise, and his body falls into decrepitude. Lock up in this manner a whole generation, turn the key likewise on their descendants, and the race of man, shut out from their natural relationship with sun, air, and space, would soon become extinct. This is a feat which happily no despotism can accomplish. It can do, however, what is nearly as bad, and tends indirectly to the same result: it can steep the minds of successive generations in Cimmerian darkness: it can imprison the thought of nations: it can lock up the mouth of a people, until everything like independent expression of opinion dies out, and the mind, in the absence of that freedom which is as necessary to its preservation as locomotion to the body, becomes paralyzed through sheer inaction. This, as it appears to us, was the treatment which, in the course of a century, brought the masculine literature of Rome to the lowest stage of degeneracy. Doubtless, there were other causes, which it will be our business to state; but this was the principal, which accelerated the minor agents, if it did not necessitate their existence. When the profession of virtue became a crime in the eyes of the State, when the expression of everything like independent opinion was banned under the charge of treason, authors were driven into a corner for subjects, and obliged to guard every expression from affording the least pretext to the lax interpretation of the informer. Shut out from those departments of literature to which the bent of their genius carried them, they either spent their force on grammars, or explored the archives of the empire, and the mythological legends of antiquity, to eke out such materials for rhyming histories and theogonies as were devoid of any real interest to the masses, and incapable of casting the slightest gleam of light upon their social condition. Minds which were thus excluded from the free range of the intellectual sphere, and forbidden to exercise their inventive faculties, soon became too palsied to deal even with mere objects of erudition. In the next age even rhyming histories and geographies, astronomical and mythological versification, ceased to be possible. The intellectual powers, vitiated by too long a confinement within the limits of these low themes, fell into decrepitude, and failed to sustain even the shadow of a literature.

Upon national morality, there cannot be a doubt of the evil effects of such a system as Augustus began and Tiberius consolidated. With the departure of freedom, the ingress of

"The Hospitalians here that tempt thy lore,  
Of sesterces will stand thee in just four:  
Four is too much; for two you ought to buy  
them,  
If Tryphon did not pocket so much by them."  
Lib. xiii. Ep. 3.



a spirit of crouching servility is concomitant; and the mind which has learned to barter principle for wealth, will not be backward to sacrifice conscience at the shrine of pleasure. The sensual passions experience no little interruption with an ignorant multitude, from the distractions which the common business of life, and the exciting topics of the day, introduce. With the upper classes, they are more or less kept in abeyance by the eager curiosity which learning excites, and the active labour to which political and literary pursuits stimulate the mind. But if all incitements to scientific and political speculations are removed by prohibitive edicts, the mind becomes so much the more a prey to its lower feelings; the passions rush in, and, filling up the void left by the secession of liberal studies, experience no arrest but that which languor and fatigue interpose. Under such a course of action, the human species must inevitably degenerate, and at every stage of the decline evince a greater appetency for brutal enjoyment.

This debasement appears to us to affect literature in a two-fold manner: a general licence in manners leads to a corresponding freedom with the recognised forms of speech; men who are not fastidious with regard to the nature and quality of their actions are not very apt to obey the nice refinements of language. In the century which stretched from the closing days of the Republic to the death of Augustus, during which the relations of society were distinguished by the highest tone of sensible breeding, only two or three new words managed to slip into the language of Rome. In the succeeding century, when those relations were replaced by grosser conventionalities, three or four hundred new words, and as many old phrases attached to new significations, incorporated themselves with the language in defiance of its highest philosophical laws, and quite in antagonism to its idiom. We mean not to say, that the origin of so complicated an effect as the degeneracy of a language is to be traced to any one cause. Doubtless, those writers who are reduced, by penury of ideas, to pilfer the conceptions of others, must vary the language to give the stolen pictures the tint of freshness. But what led to that sterility of thought, if it was not the successive cramping of the intellectual powers, and their denudation of every honest and vigorous sentiment? and what could open the road to so direct an attack upon the genius of a language, if laxity of manners had not enfeebled the impression of the Augustan models, and flung the people upon hazardous forms of expression?

But the general licentiousness to which the transfer of political power from the Comitia

to the palace of the Cæsars indirectly led, made a more trenchant assault upon the national literature from another quarter. It coarsened the taste, and destroyed those delicate notions of moral beauty and exquisite finish by which the works of successful artists are called into being, and duly appreciated. The finer susceptibilities of our nature had become deadened; no picture of life and manners could make the slightest impression, unless presented with the grimace of the mask and the daub of the theatre. There was no help for it. To catch the public ear, or preserve its attention, fustian and bombast was the price; and authors did not wriggle about the payment. A stream of epics was poured upon the town, in which it is difficult to distinguish one line of natural feeling, or an approximation to moral truth. If battles were exhibited, they are far more terrible than anything we meet in Homer: the shock of the combatants is heard at the extremities of the world: the wounds of the soldiers gape like the gulf of Pythia; and they die, belching out torrents of blood. If tempests are introduced, the winds sweep away whole forests, and almost tear the earth off its axle, and whisk the stars out of the sky.\* The public applauded these tirades to the very echo; and a kind of emulation was introduced to discover who could clothe the most extravagant ideas in the most pompous language.

The lessons we are to gather from these phenomena lie too near the surface to need much illustration from our pen. It is evident that when the same causes are at work, uninfluenced by any counterbalancing agency, the same results must ensue, and that any two or three of them in combination must powerfully check the advance of civilization, if they fail to arrest its progress. The maintenance of free institutions and the preservation of a healthy state of public morality become therefore an object of the greatest concern to those who are interested in the welfare of their species; and though the varied and fructifying elements of modern civilization should render the absence of these less severely felt than in the days of Roman decrepitude, such a disaster must be viewed with the most gloomy anticipations. In the permutations of our chequered history, whenever licentiousness and despotism have been found in combination, the tone of the national literature has immediately declined in pro-

\* We are sure we have not exaggerated the tone of the writings under remark. If any learned reader, who has not consulted these works, will have the courage casually to open the "Pharsalia," or the "Thebaid," the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, or the "Punius" of Silius Italicus, he will give us credit for the moderation of our censure.

portion to their influence. The era of the second Charles was the era of illegal confiscations, of unparliamentary edicts, and systematic concubinage; it was also the epoch of rhyming tragedies, knight-errant romances, and tawdry lampoons. The age of Louis XVI. was one of aristocratic extortions and patrician despotism, in which the vast body of the people was in precisely an analogous position to the Roman serfs: it was an age of vaudevilles, serio-comic farces, mythological odes and licentious canzonets. Voltaire had yielded the sceptre of the drama to Racine *filis*, and the lyric muse sank beneath the united blows of Chamfort and Pompignan.

An empire cannot fall, and a language and a religion expire, without conveying still deeper instruction. Every step in the progress of the decay is an important warning to posterity, and hangs out a beacon to scare succeeding generations from that course where so many reputations have gone down. The true statesman cannot look into the causes which have gangrened a state, without seeking to eliminate such influences from the community whose government is confided to his hand; nor can the scholar open the pages of inferior writers, and compare them with their divine originals, without exalting his notions of moral excellence and natural beauty, and fortifying himself in the path which those standards point out. If a ruler tolerates slavery to any large extent in a state, with the example of Rome before his eyes; if a writer falls into rant and fustian with the Thebaid and Pharsalia in his hand; he commits the folly of the pilot who steers in a course which his chart tells him will lead his vessel on to rocks, and splinter her hull in pieces. Thanks to the progressive reason of our species, if this insanity has been committed, it has been of short continuance! If we have had tyrannical monarchs, servile statesmen, and indifferent poets, the nation has soon righted itself, and taken reprisals on the Jameses, the Granvilles, and the Pasquins, by pushing them off the scene. The literature of England and France, unlike their ancient prototypes, have experienced three epochs of Augustan splendour, and have thrice risen, phoenix-like, from their ashes; but the cause of this marvellous phenomenon must be traced to the fact, that when their political independence was compromised and their morality undermined, they resolutely applied the fire and the iron to their own wounds.

If a cloud now rests upon the face of one of these nations, it can hardly be of long continuance. A country which has twice put herself at the head of European civilization—which has continued to furnish models of excellence to some of our foremost writers—

will never allow, with all the elements of her strength in vigorous action, a despotism which shelters its repressive edicts under the pretext of an irregular state of society, to become the arbiter of its normal condition. If Napoleon wishes to perpetuate his influence, and transmit the nation he has so dexterously succeeded in capturing, to his successors, he must, like Louis XIV. and Richelieu, liberalize his despotism, and surround it with the pomp of the arts; and as surely as he takes this step, will the spirit of literature react upon his government, and wring out of his hands liberal institutions for an enlightened people. The multiform elements of modern civilization are too strong to decay: they cannot exist long in any country, and remain silent; and their free expression is incompatible either with subversive laws or corrupt institutions.

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ART. V.—FRENCH WRITERS ON FRENCH POLICY.

1. *Les Limites de la France.* Par Al. Le Masson. broch. pp. 167. Paris. Ledoyen. 1853.
2. *Portraits Politiques Contemporains.* Par M. A. De la Guéronnière. I. Napoleon III. broch. pp. 299. Paris. Amyot, 1853.
3. *Lettres Franques.* Par F. Billot, Avocat. Paris. 1853.

THESE publications have attracted notice in the existing state of Europe, from the circumstance of their being published in a country where nothing can appear without the permission of the government. It is therefore desirable to look at them

‘con volto nè torbido, nè chiaro,’

neither giving them extravagant importance, nor setting down as the vagaries of madmen, what have circulated, with permission of the government, through cottage and barrack-room in the country of their origin.

The first has attracted additional attention, in consequence of an intimation that it has been “disavowed;” which at all events leaves it open to criticism, without breach of the courtesies due from one country to another. The author (if he does not appear in masquerade, of which there is no substantial evidence) is a royalist of the school which neither bends nor bows except before a *fait accompli*. With his will, he would stick to “the true prince” through all the accidents of life, as closely as to the ointment stirred with a pin

once dipped in the matter brought by an angel for the coronation of Pepin. He would be for the Comte de Chambord *sans phrase*, and hold all degenerations in the contempt with which The True Hygeist looks upon those who afflict the public with imitations of his specific. Yet, in a case of necessity, he would make allowance for a dynasty that would mount on horseback and do something for the object for which he says all dynasties have had their being, which is to extend the frontiers to what they think they ought to be. On this subject he is eloquent till almost the last page; when he varies the tone, by intimating that there are virtues as well as talents by which the founder of a new dynasty might proceed to strengthen his position, and goes the length of referring in express words to the English alteration of dynasty in 1688, as what might be worth the attention of experimentalists under corresponding circumstances.

With the tardy variation noticed, the work may be considered as the deliberate manifesto of the party traceable in all countries under the title of the aggressive. It commences with a somewhat tedious enumeration of the hills and valleys, plains and mountains, and other geographical features of the author's country, which to a foreigner sounds like "*Nous avons une poste aux lettres*," in the provincial cicerone's account of the peculiarities of his native town. But his geographical inquiries soon take a more interesting turn. He discovers that the Rhine is by necessity the natural boundary of France, "unless we were to step over it below Dusseldorf, to take the Ems for the boundary instead, and include [*englober*] in the French territory Holland, that boggy country which is hardly anything but an alluvial deposit of the Rhine and neighbouring rivers."—"*Les Limites*," &c., p. 11.

Think of Holland, the foster-mother of civil and religious liberty, being *englobée* in the French territory, because it is an alluvial deposit of the Rhine and neighbouring rivers! The theory appears to be, that the soil of Holland has unfairly run away; that in justice it belonged to somebody else, and may therefore be pursued and captured by the original owners. If the Ems is discovered to be the proper boundary, "*Pourquoi pas l'Elbe?*" to parody what Napoleon once said of Metz. The dragon of Wantley was not more disposed to be free and easy in the gratification of his tastes; and the proposal to take Holland because it is a boggy country which has run away from the Rhine, is to be matched by nothing but the coolness with which a tropical slave-owner would propose to take territory from Mexicans or Haytiens, because they were not of Anglo-Saxon race.

Other speculations, geographical and political, lead to the conclusion, that—

"France is at this day, in respect of territory and of nationality, the logical but as yet incomplete result of the concord of politics and geography, a concord which is the mark to which all nationalities tend."—p. 13.

What is to be the consequence, if all the nationalities push to their logical result at one and the same time? If Baden, for instance, and such as may back her, set up a claim to go to the Vosges, at the same time as the other party to the Black Forest? Why may not a proposal be made to take as far as the Seine because it is *not boggy*, as soon as to take Holland because it is? Why should not the German States moot in pamphlets the propriety of taking Alsace and Lorraine, for reasons cherished from the days, it may be, of Arminius; or Austria set forth her tendencies to the occupation of Provence and Dauphiny, with so much of Burgundy as may be on the east side of the Rhone? It is not the dislike of the inhabitants which is to weigh; for no dislike of theirs can surpass the horror of the indwellers of that alluvial region, which is to be absorbed on the ground of the absence of primæval granite.

The author rejoices in the "*belle et longue résistance*" made by the Gauls to Rome; in which it is difficult to say he is to blame, though the Romans would say the Gauls began first. But he feels a certain joy, that the defeat of the Gauls set up the conqueror in supreme power at Rome. This is the very chivalry of love for a supreme. But the like is stated to have been attained elsewhere:—

"It was in the same way that, half a century ago, Bonaparte cut out for himself, across Italy and Egypt, a way to the throne; and that in our days, the conquerors of Algeria have, one part of them, saved civilization, and appointed a dictator, and the others given a master to France, which was in great want of it, but hardly knew where to take one."—p. 14.

*Non noster hic sermo.* It is what the author says for himself and friends, in their enjoyment of the liberty of the press. This "*besoin d'un mattre*," under the trying circumstances of not knowing where to look for him, is what in many other countries would not be confessed. At the same time it may be doubted whether the opinion is universal. It is like the declaration, that in the Transatlantic world the first necessary of life to the coloured races is a steady driver.

Much rugged research is expended to prove, that kings have existed in the author's country for no purpose but to carry their power to

what they fixed on for their natural frontiers. Hereditary succession and the "law Salique" are praised, as "leaving no pretext for pretenders, keeping foreign families away from the throne, maintaining the State in quiet, preserving the institutions of the country, ameliorated by time, and without convulsions."—p. 25.

A review of the wars of France from 1792 to 1815, leads to the following conclusion:—

"Every work is judged by its result; that of the wars of the Republic and the Empire is entirely null as regards territory; but that is not the greatest evil. These wars have considerably deteriorated the situation and relative power of France, by the changes they have induced in the territorial state of the Europe of 1792. Russia is aggrandized with Finland," &c.—p. 120.

Does this make out an inviting case for unnecessarily beginning again? Or does it not point to the policy of all countries drinking their good wine at home, when it is as easily done, as after running the risk of all that may come out of the dice-box of war?

The "Restoration" behaves as well as could be expected; it intervenes in Spain against revolution, "*et dans un intérêt tout français.*" Charles X. shows his non-intelligence by supporting the Greeks against the Turks. By taking Algiers, he "destroys piracy in the Mediterranean, and opens to France the conquest of the north of Africa. A "perfidious opposition" saps the throne, and does not know what mischief it is doing. He tries a *coup d'état*, and Louis Philippe reigns in his stead.

"But the new king, too much set upon peace, thinks nothing about aggrandizing France, shows himself timid in his external policy, and by his complaisance to foreign powers, repeatedly wounds the feeling of the nation.

"Louis Philippe set out with a fault which nothing can redeem, in refusing Belgium, which was in the act of separating from Holland, and gave itself to France. The general situation of Europe, the agitation in Italy, the insurrection in Poland, rendered impossible any opposition or coalition over which France and Belgium together would not have been in a condition to triumph. The opportunity was lost, and Belgium not being able to become French, constituted itself an independent and neutral State, under the guarantee of the principal powers and of France herself, and thus made a nationality which every day grows more of an obstacle to the extension of the French territory on the side where it is most cramped and most weak."—p. 122.

There must be some enormous mistake, in supposing that Belgium ever gave itself in the manner stated; as M. Van de Weyer could testify. A comic scene might be con-

ceived, in which a lover should fancy it was only through despair of being honoured with his hand, that his mistress was found to have decided on some other establishment in life.

Belgium being thus lost, the merits of Algeria are discussed. Algeria is not to be a colony, but "a simple prolongation of the French territory."—p. 125. But there is more connected with Algeria, though not given in immediate sequence. "France has often missed the opportunity of acquiring these *belles et fortes contrées* (Belgium and the Rhine), *continuation de son territoire, objet éternel de ses désirs et de ses besoins.* The opportunity has already presented itself once since 1815, and may speedily return. There is, at all events, a general and permanent policy which France must not let slip again, as she has done too often, and which it is good unceasingly to keep before her eyes."—p. 147.

Here follows "the general and permanent policy." The Adriatic, Alps, Rhine, and Channel, inclose (as everybody knows) "France and the two peninsulas, Spain and Italy, *et en font une région particulière.* The French, Spaniards, and Italians, approach so nearly in language, religion, manners, and even the nature of their territory, that if it were not for the Alps and Pyrenees, they would probably form one nation. The alliance of these three countries is 'in the nature of things,' and ought to have been in all time the mark for their external policy." The old Bourbons partly realized this; Napoleon could have done it to the extent of forming them all into one colossal State, if he had not gone to Russia. A more modest course must be taken now, and every day it becomes more necessary, if the Latin race is not to be squeezed out of existence by the Slavonic and the Anglo-Saxon. Nothing can save it, but an able and vigorous policy, which should give to France the line of the Rhine, to Italy the provinces in the hands of Austria, to Spain Gibraltar and even Portugal,—which is only an English manor,—and be able to expel England from the Mediterranean. This would be a Confederation with a superb territory of 150 millions of *hectares* [a *hectare* is two acres and a half], and peopled at this day with ninety millions of souls. Spain and Italy might annex, the one Morocco and the other Tunis. The *Confédération Latine*, with the help of South America and Turkey, "would give laws to Europe, and snatch from England the empire of the seas."—p. 145.

But lest the plan should fail by the breaking down of the Latin race, the weakness of Spain, and the nullity of Italy, "France must look in other directions for support." She must find it in Russia, Sweden, and Den-

mark, which have not, like England, Austria, Prussia, and Germany, interests opposed to hers. But in dealing with Russia, France must take care not to be dragged in the train of such a formidable ally. As for the alliance of the United States, though it would be useful against England, it would be almost null against the continent."—p. 151.

A statement is given in a tabular form, to show that since 1815, the alterations in territory and population have been "to the detriment of France."—p. 144. A nation sinks not only when it degenerates, or remains stationary while its rivals advance, but also when it moves less quickly than they. Such has been the fate of Venice, Holland, Spain, Turkey; and such is the fate which threatens France. "The only real way to avoid it, is to extend the French territory to at least its *limites naturelles*." This would be an augmentation of some ten millions of *hectares* with a present population of from nine to ten millions; which, added to the greater solidity of frontier, would maintain France in a respectable situation—"en attendant de plus grands changemens dans l'état de l'Europe." It is a vital interest, and no vain ambition, which demands that she should not delay too long "in advancing herself on one side to the Alps, and on the other, at the least, to the Rhine."—p. 144.

"Objections, sophisms, Utopias, the arguments of all sorts with which people are so ready in our days to combat truth, fall of themselves before the simple considerations just presented."—p. 144.

Here is a man can answer Pilate's question, What is truth? But there is a point of comfort. Though "in the actual state of Europe, the advances of civilization and industry tend almost all of them to the silent and continuous ruin of the power of France (a marvellous admission, and fitter for a piratical tribe than a civilized nation), there is one—the application of steam to navigation,—which, on the contrary, might be of great use to her. With a numerous steam fleet, the passage of the Channel, either with open front or by surprise, is no greater difficulty for a French army than the passage of the Rhine; and England is no longer, as formerly, in shelter from invasion. Unfortunately France, up to the present time, has not paid sufficient attention to an invention so fortunate for her, and which might change the face of affairs in the whole world to her advantage."—p. 145.

Next follows a most doubtful fabric of theory. It is that "the countries which France has a necessity for incorporating in her territory must desire it themselves."—

p. 146. "Belonging to the great region of which Paris is the centre, and the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the two seas the boundaries,—French by origin, language, manners, religion, interest,—they can do nothing but gain by becoming French in the political sense. Savoy and the Rhenish provinces would not regret the loss of a foreign rule (something like a *petitio principii*), Belgium would not grieve over the loss of an artificial nationality (*nationalité factice*) and altogether novel, which owes its existence to nothing but the jealousy of Europe against France. A few accidental occurrences, and a few recent and temporary interests, cannot change *la nature des choses*, and ought not to cause sight to be lost of interests that are durable and true. Whenever France has the power and will to take possession of these countries, she will find them ready to assist."—p. 146.

If with respect to Savoy and the Rhenish provinces there is something to be said on both sides, the fault is with the mismanagement of those who made the occasion. If in the Rhenish provinces there is regret for the abolition of the Code Napoleon, who were the political Marplots that abolished it? It is not too late to learn from an opponent.

Approaching to his conclusion, the author feels the necessity of disburthening himself of the remainder of his truly monarchical principles, and taking aim at everything he considers the opposite. "After so many struggles, &c., which have settled nothing; after the revolution of 1848, the most pitiable of all, and so strange a victory of anarchical ideas and passions, France must comprehend that, in refusing to let herself be governed, or in continually changing governments, she is going to her destruction. She has had the opportunity of seeing what in practice is the worth of those ingenious and seductive theories of the rights of man, equality, the sovereignty of the people, the wisdom of majorities, elective and revocable power, the independence of one generation of another, unlimited liberty of the Press. The equality of *conditions*, if it was possible, would only be to the great damage of mankind; and it would be the very utmost possible if that of *rights* could be absolutely maintained (has anybody, within the memory of man, dreamed of anything else?). Sovereignty is a principle above the scope of the human (*un principe au-dessus de l'homme*), it is the condition on which society exists, a law which the masses cannot make, and which it is their duty to receive as an acknowledged fact (*reconnaître*). The maxim that the opinion of the majority ought to be law, is of fearful application when everybody is taken into council; because the crooked and the ignorant will always be much

superior in number to the enlightened and the right-minded. It is not the will of the masses that ought to be consulted, but their interest, of which they hardly ever are the judges. Liberty of the Press is a hinderance rather than assistance to the spread of opinion. It is a weapon dangerous and difficult to manage, open in appearance to everybody, but which, in reality, only a few bullies (*spadassins*) can, or know how to use, and which is consequently nothing but an instrument of tyranny, of tyranny that presses at every moment, and extends itself to everything. It is the right of pen, more unjust and more dangerous than the right of sword, because almost everybody can use a sword for his defence; besides which, the man of war is always a less ill-disposed creature than the man of controversy. The Press is nothing but speech with an indefinite power of propagation; it should not, therefore, on any account, be more free than speech, and ought to be much less. Its unlimited freedom is of no use to anybody but a set of men by themselves, who have neither the same views nor the same interests as the masses, and of whom, to the misery of everybody, it makes something like a power in the State."—p. 153.

Will not this passage be likely to make its appearance in a proper place, in proof of the attention to foreign literature, which is so excellent in statesmen?

"The surest and most straight-forward way of setting France to rights, would have been to call back the old royal family." But still it must be admitted, that "the royal family had forgotten that its duty to France and to itself was to leave no effort untried, as in the times of Charles VII. and Henri IV., *pour amener le triomphe du principe qu'elle personnifie*;" what that principle was, being to be collected from the extracts from p. 144. No opportunities could tempt it into activity, or make the descendant of her kings "*se jeter au milieu des événemens*, and call on her to follow."

Under these circumstances, "France turned to the heir of the Empire." He, wiser than the other heads of parties, "had the ability to see that the Frances of 1848 could find no safety but in her monarchical precedents, and therefore must throw herself into the arms of either the Bourbons or the Bonapartes."—p. 156.

"He presented himself resolutely, strong in the great military recollections attached to his name, and in his confidence in himself; was put at the head of the republic, and then marched steadily on his point. After preparing everything during three years with ability and patience, he had the courage to seize the favourable moment, and by a military revolution, the third that has

been owing to the Bonapartes, effected a rapid and immense transformation. Never, perhaps, was the influence of a single man upon the destinies of a country so great as in this instance. France, enervated and stupefied by revolution, incapable of ridding herself of the detestable form of government under which she groaned, was waiting resignedly, without daring to look it in the face, for the anarchy which was advancing with rapid strides; when Louis Napoleon, boldly taking the offensive, ran beforehand with the danger, and happily dispersed it, and if not saved, at all events consolidated, society which was shaken to its foundations. He directly saw the whole nation at his feet, laying itself at his mercy, ready to give up all its liberties, the best and most essential as well as the worst, with a disposition to believe that it could not live under anything but a very strong power and with nothing to counterbalance, not considering to what an extent these frequent, sudden, and unreflecting passages from one form of government to another quite opposite, were wounding to its character and dignity."—p. 156.

Such is the account given of the revolution of December 1851. It would be absurd to charge it with absolute discordance with facts. One observation may usefully be made. There can be no doubt that the principal accessory cause of the success of that revolution, was the feeling, extending from the château to the cottage, that it was the *réhabilitation* of the humiliation inflicted on the country by the restoration of the Bourbons by foreign arms. The attempt had been made in 1815, and failed; and now was the time to try it again. Bad Political Economy, in the shape of Socialism, had laid the train; and this was the explosion which ensued. It was a reaction of the same kind as would have taken place in England, if William III. had been removed by the arms of Louis XIV., and a nephew, thirty-seven years afterwards, had taken an opportunity to claim the throne. It shows how radically impolitic attempts to humiliate a great nation are. Objectors will say, that there had been little moderation in humiliating other countries. But who began? Was not the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto, for instance, a starting in the race of wrong? Foolish wonder at the reaction would be much misplaced. It is impossible for anybody professing to reverence the opinions of Fox and of Lord Holland to say less.

It is at this point the author shows something like a disposition to conciliate the other side; but always adhering to his dogma, that the true prince would have been the best. "Louis Napoleon has the grand qualities of a statesman and a sovereign; a will unshakable, sureness of tact, vigour of decision, valiant heart, elevated mind, bold, not much troubled with scruples.

He has known how to reach the throne, and he will know how to keep there.\* But however favourable for him the actual face of the board may be, the young dynasty of the Bonapartes will meet with greater obstacles, at home and abroad, than would have been found by the old family of the descendants of Capet, and will have more to do to remake the monarchy. To establish hereditary succession and seat a dynasty, there must be time, for which nothing can be a substitute, neither genius, nor good management; and a throne is never solid, till the family which occupies it has lasted long enough to strike deep roots into the soil. The principal reason why Napoleon and Louis Philippe fell, was that they were the first,—one of a race, the other of a domestic usurpation. Hereditary succession appears difficult in the case of the Bonapartes; a disposition is felt to say, that like the Cæsars, they can only have it after an indirect and uncertain fashion, and that the throne will be found to pass incessantly from one branch to another, which cannot go on long without creating a state of things and a style of administration, which are not monarchy, but the government of the Roman emperors.”—p. 158.

It is interesting to find the author alluding to the Roman emperors; because it is at all events a demonstration of freedom of thought. “The flatterers of the day,” he says, “do actually compare Napoleon to Julius Cæsar, Louis Napoleon to Octavius, and even state the age to have got so far as that of Augustus; without seeming to suspect, that if this be true, it is a most unfortunate resemblance. If we are at the time of Augustus, we have got out of our civil wars and our revolutionary crises, not to recover our place on the field of history and get back into our natural track, but to arrive at decline and degradation, to fall into the æra of the Cæsars, in

other words, the reign of simple force. Is that to be set down as the conclusive tendency of France at the actual period? There may be reason to fear so. Previously to 1789, all that went to fortify authority went at the same time to keep it within bounds; and even at the time when it had the *right* to do everything it liked, it had not the power, and still less the will. There were no elements at all for despotism; everything was incompatible with tyranny, and when liberty was not in the law, it was in the mind and in the manners. In the present day exactly the contrary is the case. The Revolution,—and these were its great offences,—overturned all barriers, levelled everything, pulverized everything; it was the Revolution that created the omnipotence of the general government, and the absolute centralization of power in it which have crushed the life out of everything provincial and local. Above all things, it has changed the relations between governors and governed, thrown between them a mutual and mischievous distrust, made them avowed enemies. Authority has been without moral support, but at the same time without limit; or to speak more correctly, there *has* been no authority, but only power with no boundary but force. Between the inhabitants of the country and the heads of the government, everything has been only a question of force; and despotism, which was impossible before 1789, has become not only practicable but a necessity. Such a state of things is a great moral calamity, not to be compensated by the corporeal improvement it may temporarily produce; and it may be seen in 1793, to what a depth of abasement it can make society descend.”—p. 159.

It is curious to find a royalist of this calibre descanting on “the centralization of power” and the necessity of “moral support,” like a speaker at an English debating society. But truths, in all mouths, are true.

\* The writer of this was introduced to Prince Louis Napoleon in London, at the time of the dissolution of Parliament in 1838. He was anxious to determine whether he could distinguish him by a likeness to any of the portraits of the Emperor. He was shown into a large central room, with the light coming from above, and various doors around. Three individuals entered together through a distant door, walking hastily and apparently conversing with one another. No trial could possibly be fairer. He fixed on the Prince instantly, by his likeness to one of the prints of Napoleon published about the time of the establishment of the Empire, considerably different from the representations familiar at later periods.

As a visitor is expected to say something, he said he had been educated among high Conservatives, and the study of the campaigns of the Emperor was the first thing that led him to more Liberal views. The successor to the Empire turned round to his French associates and said, “*Voilà comme ils disent tous.*”

He proceeds to be more particular in giving his reasons for tolerating the new government. “Be things as they may, the present government is the only possible, and the interest of the country commands it to be supported. It is monarchy, not so liberal undoubtedly as it ought to be, but such as the times will permit it. A fresh crisis, one way or the other, might end in ruin. What is wanted is, by straight-forward suggestions, reasonable demands, pressure within the limits of the law, to push the government into the good way. The actual institutions may, with a wise and moderate administration, be made liberal enough, set France again upon her feet, and make of her, not imperial Rome, but the England of 1688. It is then that

Louis Napoleon, who is as yet nothing but a happy accident, will be really the saviour of France, and be able to found a new dynasty, destined to continue the work of French greatness, which nothing but monarchy can accomplish."—p. 161.

Upon this hint, there can be nothing improper in speculating on what the possibilities of such a conclusion are. The difficulties are no doubt great, and the commencement unpropitious. Deceptive appearances, too, will be got up in all directions; though if the whole country were to combine to express confidence they did not feel, their secret soul would be betrayed by the funds. But there was a large portion of the English population in 1688, who were anything but approvers of the *coup d'état* which then took place, yet afterwards became thoroughly reconciled to the consequences. But then, there *were* consequences. Upon this point the whole question seems to turn.

The difficulty of avoiding war, the author thinks, will be great. If people do not make war for the pleasure of making it, so they do not always wait for necessity; the too common case is, that one thing brings on another. "To a certainty, Louis Napoleon is not going to break without warning the treaties of 1815, overrun Belgium, and try an invasion of England, on one side; nor is Europe going to attack France and oppose the establishment of the Empire, on the other. To a certainty everything is much changed since 1815, men, things, and circumstances; enmities and irritating recollections have grown weaker, the spirit of industry has the upper-hand of the spirit of war, and no country at this moment appears to be dreaming of conquests. But for all that, everybody feels how slight a thing might throw Europe into war, and it may shrewdly be suspected, that the new Empire will have no lack of strong temptations to repair the disasters of the old, and be the instrument of redeeming the losses of 1814 and 1815. This must, in fact, be one of the causes of that movement unexampled in the history of France, that irresistible attraction towards Louis Napoleon."—p. 163. The attraction has been referred to a more honourable cause, in the comment upon p. 156.

But the author returns after all *à ses premiers amours*, though with what he evidently intends for a moderated tone. After recounting the difficulties the Empire will have to encounter, he is found once more at the "*limites naturelles*." "Under Napoleon," he says, "they were gone beyond on many points." (history certainly records something of that nature), "but by going too far, in the end all that had been got was lost. At the

present day, there is no more idea of re-making that empire than the empire of Charlemagne; but France must in some way get all that belongs to her *par droit de nature et par condition d'existence*, and finish the work which was begun by Hugues Capet, and has been carried on for eight centuries and a half. All the country between the Ocean, and the Mediterranean, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, must end by being France, as it formerly was Gaul. If this is what the new Empire is to realize, it will deserve much better of the country than the old. But why should not the title of Emperor be changed for King? *N'est-ce pas là un des points du bonapartisme qu'il était bon de mettre de côté?*"—p. 165.

After whatever signs of promise may have been, there is a world of mischief in his peroration:—

"The natural limits, and above all the line of the Rhine,—there is the question vital for France. She may do what she likes towards clearing the large extents of country which still lie waste, making Algeria a likeness of herself, colonizing Guiana, covering her soil with railroads; all these great undertakings, which moreover she is not very likely to realize, will at most only increase her forces in the long run, and never give her what the possession of the left bank of the Rhine alone can give,—security for her capital, and the means of resisting if attacked by Europe. Let her give no credence to the Utopian notion of peace, with which certain people who make politics an affair of sentiment and not of interest, would gull the world. War is one of those ills of human societies, which contribute to their greatness and will never disappear. If France gives up all ideas of conquest and of aggrandizement,—if she goes to sleep in her tranquillity and grows hardened to the progress of her decline,—it will be a certain presage of her downfall. Every nation which has given over being ambitious, is a nation in decay. Let us hope that France has not come to that yet; that she may in these latter times have experienced degrees of lassitude, languor, and even prostration of strength; but that she has not forgotten her past, and will not be inattentive to her future."—p. 166.

This winding-up is not *Voltairean*, but *Johnsonian*; and in other places there are tokens of the author's acquaintance with English literature not being limited to the knowledge of the Revolution of 1688. But what would be the result if every nation were to demand an extension of territory competent to enable it to resist if attacked by Europe? And why should every nation expect to be attacked by Europe? And if not every nation, why any? What is the imperious necessity that is to make a nation unable to sleep at nights, for fear of being attacked by



Europe? Has human knowledge never pointed to any arrangement by which this necessity could be prevented? How has it been prevented in the case of individuals? Every man does not keep watchful nights, lest every other man in the world should join to attack him. If there are individuals in such unhappy case, nobody will doubt that there is something peculiar about them, which for the future at least might be amended. Great, apparently, is the progress which human knowledge might make on this kind of question, if pursued with the pertinacity employed in correcting the moon's place, or adjusting the number of the planets.

To be called Utopian, is a stage through which everything good must pass. That men's notions of war and peace are not what they once were, or are now in the portion of European society of which the author of "*Les Limites*" is the representative, is what may safely be averred, without proposing the chairman of the Peace Society for First Lord of the Admiralty, or even for her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs. But that great numbers of men in all countries have their eyes open to the evil and general unprofitableness of war, is what must at all events produce a fractional effect on the conduct of nations, which it would be as unreasonable to call Utopian when it exists practically, as to refer to a Utopian rise of stocks, or a Utopian good harvest.

It is clear that with the party of which the author is the representative, the necessary of life is Belgium, and the first innocent luxury the Rhenish provinces. It hence becomes a duty to examine what, with the exception of mere force, is their prospect of obtaining these objects.

And here the first difficulty is, that there is nothing inviting to the Belgians in foreign nationality, and a great deal that is inviting in their own. The Belgians are, by all their antecedents and all their actualities, as much a distinct nation as the Spaniards are. The priesthood may form an exception to the general feeling; but the exception is for interested purposes, and in no portion of Europe will the interests of the priesthood permanently bear exclusive rule. The use of the same language is an accident, like wearing the same fashions in dress; neither the language nor the dress descends to the multitude, who are resolutely Flemish, and much nearer akin in these respects to their neighbours of Yorkshire and Norfolk. The party of which "*Les Limites*" may be taken as the manifesto, have greatly miscalculated if they think there is anything in their theory that touches the hearts of the people of the rest of Europe. It may be ignorance or it may be folly, but

the European mind is not occupied with the "*besoin d'un maître*," and it is powerfully engaged instead with speculations on "*la liberté passive*" and "*la liberté active*," and "*l'association de l'homme libre à la souveraineté*," and "*la participation de tous au pouvoir exercé sur tous*." These are the ideas stirring in the hearts of men of all countries, from the electors in England who have just removed an obstructive ministry, to those farthest from the enjoyment of like powers. The people of Europe hunger and thirst after constitutional governments, regal and hereditary if they are wise, departing from that form only under well-proved circumstances of inapplicability. The friends of freedom all over the world have often used the word republic, merely as being the opposite of despotism. But experience demonstrates, that in the condition of most parts of modern Europe, constitutional monarchies are more favourable to the substantial and permanent "participation of all in the power exercised over all," than any other form. For the United States of America, a king might be as little applicable as for the Anti-Corn Law League to appoint a hereditary ruler, with or without a law Salique, and with provision for the contingency of the chairman's being in swaddling-clothes. But the lesson of history is, that in the actual state of Europe, which cannot be altered by bidding, human interests collect in three great channels,—monarchic, aristocratic, democratic. When *one* sets up by itself, the others combine against it; and when *two*, the third lives in a state of smouldering enmity. This is true as regards both within and without. The republican form, therefore, rejects powerful elements both of assistance and neutralization of hostility; it starts with *two* to one against it. The consequence has been, that in Europe, since the death of Elizabeth, the worst constitutional monarchy has, in point of permanence and ultimate results, been of more successful operation than the best republic. When the three elements have each their portion of legitimate enjoyment, they tolerate each other. The theory of the impossibility of balance, is a fallacy founded on an inaccurate metaphor. A metaphor may illustrate, but cannot prove; and if wrong, it may mislead. The question is not of a balance like that by which a needle is asked to stand upon its point. It is much more like the Newtonian problem of the three bodies, where, instead of one necessarily swallowing up the other, there is a perpetually shifting composition of forces, producing results which never exactly tally in one year with what they were in another, but sufficiently uniform for human purposes.

The truth is, the world does not want

energetic rulers; it wants understanding ones. Men are born in a crisis, and will die in a crisis; but the idea is utterly intolerable, of living in a crisis as a normal state. Your elective sovereign, which the chief of a republic is, is a man for a crisis; and the man for a crisis will make a crisis for the man. Illustration may be taken from what happens in India. Every Governor-General who is raised to that elective sovereignty by the will of the virtual electors for the time being, beguiles the tedium of the outward passage, by straining to discover what extension of territory or augmentation of power shall give him the best chance of a step in the peerage on his return. There never was but one that did not do it. Compare this with the history of a European country under an ordinary succession of constitutional sovereigns, though all of them may not have been the ablest individuals, any more than they were the strongest or the most learned. An invaluable talent in a sovereign, is that of being able to let well alone. A *bon petit roi d'Yvetot* is a greater blessing in a civilised country, than all the conquerors that ever made the lieges uneasy, in pursuit of the *limites naturelles*.

And here, while on the subject of constitutional monarchies, may be noticed that other unreasonableness, irreconcilable with a claim to civilization, and a courting of an outward and visible sign of the perpetuation of feudal bondage,—the barbarism of a Salique law. A people which hampers itself with such a law, declares that it cannot tolerate the exhibition of right as distinguished from might, in the person of a woman. It can tolerate an old gentleman of any degree of disagreeable fatness, with gout superadded; but it must be an old gentleman. To kiss the hand of a youthful queen instead, would be revolting to the national feeling of the fitness of things. It must have somebody to capriole, surmounted with a *chapeau à trois cornes*, at the head of a procession or a review. Could it not take a drum-major? It professes to want a rule of right, and nothing will satisfy it that does not typify the rule of wrong. It is by the same kind of perversity, that while a country is periodically thrown into excitement by some natural consequence of the celibacy of the clergy, the thing of all others against which the public animosity is directed, is a married priest.

Sufficient evidences are given of the author's willingness to speculate on the contingencies of an invasion of England, to warrant canvassing that subject with the author and his party. And first for the circumstances on which they probably rely. These may be

collected to be, the shortness of the passage, the alterations in naval warfare consequent on steam, the mass of land power at command if it can be made available, the apparent absence of allies, the division of religions as in the time of the Armada, the indecision of the Protestant Dissenters as *not* in 1688, the possible effect of a legate *à latere* from the Pontiff who is in the keeping of an army at Rome, the inclination of a portion of the Anglican Church to be reconciled to the Papacy, the extension of principles opposed to resistance of any kind. That there is weight in these, or some of them, there can be no doubt; but there are also weights on the other side.

The great counterpoise is, that all these are no secrets on one side of the Channel more than on the other. The length of the passage is a thing perfectly understood, and the alterations consequent on the introduction of steam in naval warfare, are as well calculated as anything which has happily not been tried. On the possible accumulation of naval power by other nations, there is not the smallest delusion in England, whatever may once have been. Everybody is wide awake to the extent to which enthusiasm may be directed to naval objects, in countries which happen to have a smaller relative quantity of sea-board than our own. In the opinion of naval men, the Northern sailors are, and possibly always will be, superior in the management of ships in heavy weather. But it is no sealed book in England, that naval battles are not all fought in heavy weather. If the question was of working up Swin, or playing a match of anchors and cables in the Downs, a harmful security might be built on such a basis. But where there is no illusion, there is no mistake. England will be prepared, as well as her means can make her; and her admirals will not be taken in bed, like the generals of the 2nd of December.

The Protestant Dissenters act under a feeling of dislike to the Church Establishment. The pressure of danger, joined to a disposition on the other side to abandon claims attended with more detriment than profit, would make the mass of the Dissenters imitate the sturdy Bunyan rather than the compromising Penn. The portion of the Anglican Church who sigh after union with Rome, is greater in show than in substance. Men may intone the service, preach in a surplice, light candles by daylight, bow at the creed, turn to the communion-table, deck it with daffodils, march to it in Indian file, passage before it in a minuet step, and file back again, date from the eve of St. Perpetua, eat fish on Friday, breakfast on a pea on Satur-

day, go about with Christmas carols, confess charity-girls, teach Sunday-school children to sing "Rich banquet of thy flesh and blood," quarrel with dead Dissenters, refuse to dine with living ones, study the fathers, set at defiance the apostles, Judaize in the Post-office, be Inquisitors in the House of Commons, fly in the face of their bishop, vote their archbishop a heretic, wear coats of the M. B. cut,\* maintain the divine procession through Rome, doubt whether continental Protestants have it, inculcate cruciform prostrations for grown girls, encourage making over their property to "y<sup>e</sup> ladye superioure," set up crosses, honour Madonnas or "painted brods" to that effect,—men may do these and more, and yet not be much to be depended on by an Armada in the Channel.

The division of religions, and the power of playing an important piece in the shape of the Roman Pontiff, are circumstances of gravity. But they have been tried before, in positions more favourable for success, and failed. A Pope's legate, landed in Ireland from an invading fleet, and calling upon all Romanists on peril of their souls to join, would be a serious move; and he would probably be accompanied in due time, by the *enfant de miracle*, the descendant of the Stuarts,† who is passing the heavy hours of exile in America, but cannot help printing his manifestos as "William III. *de jure*" and corresponding with members of parliament,‡ holding out the temptations of abolition of the

\* M. B., "Mark of the Beast." An abbreviation of London tailors, for a coat of a particular form.

† For particulars, see the "Quarterly Review," No. LXXXI., p. 57. From some cause or other, there appears to be no reference to the subject in the Index.

In August 1830, a stranger presented himself at the office of a quarterly publication in Wellington street, and requested to challenge a principal, or if more convenient, a subscriber, for having placed in the window an advertisement (to be found in the *Morning Chronicle*) inviting subscriptions for the wounded of the "Three Days," and headed by Mr. Hume with fifty guineas, which contained the words "the obsolete tyranny of the Stuarts." A principal made his appearance, and presented his card; but symptoms of a mob appearing about the door, the stranger departed without taking it with him. The card left, described the owner as a lieutenant in the navy. He declared himself "a descendant of the Stuarts," and announced his determination to "punish the calumniators." There can be little doubt that this was the man of the "Quarterly Review," in some stage of his immortality. He was described as between thirty and forty; therefore the present man may be his son.

It is interesting to think how, for at least six years, cockpit and galley must have rung with the fact that there was a claimant to the throne on board. For he evidently was not a man to hide his claims under a bushel.

‡ "Hansard's Debates," 12th February, 1851, p. 487.

national debt, and equality of religions after the manner of James II. Four years ago, such phenomena were little thought of; experience has taught that nothing is impossible.

The operation of principles opposed to all resistance, would not be great after a score of houses had been fired, either by an enemy, or to prevent his occupying them. The use of Anti-War Associations is to prevent war from being foolishly entered into; but there it would stop. The dislike of such Associations, whether they know it or not, is to war whose *object* they do not approve. There is all the difference in the world between discussing the beauties of peace while sitting at home at ease, and witnessing the discomforts attendant on invaders in a man's back parlour. If affairs were not very pressing, the men of peace would go to the rear, and do what wanted doing there, as in 1793 they sent flannel waistcoats to the army in Flanders. But they would not bear being irritated. There is not a stalwart Quaker among them, who if he seriously thought the wife of his bosom in danger, would not mount on horseback and do his best to die a Major-General.

The most serious part of the question is to come. England wants allies. But *would* England want allies, three days after danger was declared? The situation would have some resemblance to that of her opponent in 1792. If absolutism made war on her, she must make war on absolutism, and through the means which absolutism most dreads, the friends of civil and religious liberty wherever they could be found. An attack on England would be to light the match which at present sleeps. The people of the continent are sick of military government; men—women—are tired of rearing children for transportation, like slaves in the regions of the south. There is no appetite for playing the part of types in the forms of those standing armies which the author considers to be as great a blessing as the printing-press. A family in England is sometimes thrown into despair by the determination of Ralph or Diggory to see the world in a marching regiment. But this is a modified public evil, compared with the forcible taking of three or four hundred thousand young souls per annum, to waste their lives in that *métier d'enfer* a continental private soldier's. As long as no hope is seen of remedy or escape, it will be submitted to like any other pestilence. But let the cry be once raised of constitutional governments, to be followed by peace to the cottage and mutual guarantees, and there will be no lack of following the lead. Even now, if there be such a thing as statesmanship, and the concerns of

nations are not to be left to chance like a ship abandoned at sea, the thoughts of those who are responsible must have been directed to these points. There is a wonderful difference between the responsibility of a minister, and of a speaker at a public meeting; and nothing sharpens a man's wits like being in charge. Three considerable powers—to say nothing of minor ones—might, by possibility, club their naval forces. A wise statesman will be thinking of what he would do in such a case, as Philo-Philidor calculates what he would do with a certain board. He will take a further lesson from the same teacher, and try what he could do to hinder it. He will not come to parliament for means to fight all three; but he will be looking around him for the means by which he may render improbable the having to fight at all. Protestantism, too, will come into play; for Protestantism has been overtly threatened, and Protestantism has a history. It is not afraid to invite comparisons. Let Italy, for example, think what would have been the difference now, if she had taken up Luther instead of Loyola. There are many moves upon the chess-board of the world, and many temptations to try a fall with arbitrary power, if arbitrary power will not keep at home.

The times are not inviting for playing at the game which children call shutting the eyes and opening the mouth, and seeing what heaven will send you. There is a reasonable care and an unreasonable. The best laid human projects end in disappointment, and heirs succeed to fortunes which they never made. There are men who reap what they did not sow, and men who may sow but never reap. But all these are in the debatable land where fortune revels, and the law of the great settled territory is, that what man gains or loses comes by forethought. Factories and South-Sea whalers do not spring up spontaneously, but are the result of connected effort, sometimes perhaps erroneously directed, but much oftener right. If England intends to hold her own in the perplexed currents of this world, she must use the means, as she has done before. On some points she is on more than even terms. If England, for instance, has honest interests in countries where Northern man dries up and perishes, why should not she raise a race of tropical Englishmen, with no more reference to their colour than in the horses of her cavalry? Those born under the British crown are English, and their posterity, though dark as soot, for ever. Greenwich, and probably Chelsea, can testify that colour is not essential to good service. Knaves cannot amalgamate; it is a provision of nature like

what in other cases checks the multiplication of hybrids. It will be discovered by and by that here is the counter-weapon,—the others cannot do it. It would be matter of curiosity to know how long Tubal-cain burned his fingers in attempts to handle his torrid materials, before he discovered that he could do it by the intervention of another substance. What tongs were to the primæval blacksmith, might the *solidarity* of races be to England. One or two splendid experiments have been lately made; and it is only to go on.

Other countries have their reasons, too, for wishing the war party put down. War may make regimental and staff officers; but on winding up its books it makes a miserable show. Troops would pay badly as railway passengers, and *l'Algérie* would be grievously disturbed. The arguments are insufficient, the prospects of advantage all too scant, to tempt wise men to throw dice for which shall take up all, when each might keep his present good in peace.

The second publication is a defence of the new Empire, at all points of its history. As it has been extensively circulated in an English translation, it will be sufficient to notice the salient points.

It is stated by the author, that in 1833, the young Louis Napoleon (he was then twenty-five) had serious communications with La Fayette and with Carrel, whose disappointed republicanism led them to incline to entertain such an association. Of the latter it is said, that "his patriotism swallowed up his liberalism," and "he was a hero of anti-quity, who had lost his way in the forum of modern liberty." Carrel, it is stated, admitted, that "if the young man was able to understand the new interests of France, he might one day be called to play a grand rôle."\*

\* It may be doubted whether the celebrated Carrel was perfect in the new interests himself. In November 1834, the writer of this was allowed to visit him in the prison of Ste. Pelagie. In person and manner he was another edition of Mr. Roebuck. The Englishman congratulated him on Belgium having ceased to be a back-door kept open for the Holy Alliance to enter, and said there were Liberals in England who before the change would have been glad to see Belgium revert to its old connexion. Carrel asked if it was meant to tell him, there ever was a man in England who wished to see Belgium revert to its old connexion. He was assured, that there were publications in England which had distinctly advocated it. A liberal leader ought to have been better informed of what was going on in connexion with the new interests.

Carrel said another thing. He said there could be no good understanding between his country and England, till *revenge had been had for the bombardment of Havre in 1759*. This did not look like understanding the new interests. But if a leader

Passing over what intervenes between this and the Presidentship, the thesis at once presents itself, which may be said to be the object of the book.

"Louis Napoleon being raised to the President's chair by the immense majority of the nation, the Constituent Assembly immediately sank into minority."—*Portraits, &c.*, p. 107.

This is the great idea of the book, presented in various forms. Parliamentary government is an evil and a nuisance. All men are to be free and equal, but their first operation is to be to choose a Grand Regulator, and his heirs for ever.

The right of initiating measures is represented as what may do very well for England, but is a contradiction in terms (*contre-sens*) under a government where the chief holds his powers from the people, and where consequently mistrust of the legislature is impossible. It is the people that governs by the hands of the elect whom it has chosen, and who consequently cannot be suspected by the people. It is evident that a simple deputy, who holds his mission from a minute fraction of the electors, is not in a high sphere enough to appreciate the wants of legislation and the country. Besides, the disorderly and almost always fruitless exercise of the parliamentary initiative, causes disturbance in men's ideas, and among the various interests into which the public is divided. It is time for this machine for quarrelling to be broken up. Violence and mischief will be the only losers; true liberty will lose nothing." (p. 205.) And such is the virtue of this determination of the elect, that it extends to his remote posterity.

Laws are nothing but the means of setting in operation the justice of the country. Therefore, having the sole right of initiating them is the first instrument of government. (p. 206.)

A story (p. 149) is told of Philip II. of Spain, who was insisting on an unpopular measure, and the court fool said to him, "Sire, what will your Majesty do, if when you say *yes*, the people says *no*?" The application of this being, that the Constituent Assembly said *yes*, when the people said *no*. Query thereupon, Why a Constituent Assembly is more likely to say *yes* when the people says *no*, than the hereditary rulers who were elected in the person of their ancestor in December 1851?

Like Carrel thought so, there may be others who do the same.

As a man in prison knows he is a lion, and means all his roars to be reported, there can be no objection to the introduction of these particulars.

The history of the English Parliament in the Civil Wars is appealed to, as proof of the mischief of parliaments. Did the Parliament of England say *yes*, when the people said *no*? And if both Parliament and people had not interfered with a magnanimous "*No*," where would either of them have been at the present time?

The description of the process of putting down a parliament is the most picturesque thing in the book. "'Gentlemen,' cries the President or Speaker, 'remember that Europe has its eyes upon you, and posterity will be your judge!'" A corporal makes his appearance; and they go and show him the Constitution. An officer comes next; and they read to him Article sixty-eight of the Constitution. But discipline, which is the Constitution of the soldier, tells him to obey orders, and move on. The gentlemen representatives are arrested, put between a double line of bayonets, and carried so to the barracks on the Quay d'Orsay, while the people in the streets are more inclined to stare than take any other interest in the matter."—*Portraits, &c.*, p. 172.

"See what kind of end has been made by the sovereignty of parliaments in France! That system which has caused so many revolutions, shaken so many governments, overturned two dynasties,—vanished before the instructions of a corporal and the word of command of a regimental officer. Sixty years before, it made its victorious entry into the court of the Jeu de Paume [the tennis-court to which the deputies at Versailles adjourned on the 20th of June, 1789, when they found the doors of their place of meeting guarded by soldiers.] On the 2nd of December it made its entry as prisoner into a barrack. Louis Napoleon avenged Louis XVI., and reinstated in its honours the authority on whose ruins the Revolution had built its spouting-box, to work upon and mislead the masses.

"No doubt, it was a painful scene to see these two hundred honourable members made prisoners by a company of voltigeurs, shut up in a barrack, and carried to Mount Valerian in cellular vans [a cellular van, is one where each prisoner is shut up in a separate box]. Men of mark, generals, orators, men learned in the law, who had never served their country but honourably, some of them with distinction, were treated like a street mob. The blame is on nothing but the fatality of events which brought about this conclusion. The representatives of parliamentary government did what their honour required, in protesting. Louis Napoleon followed his destiny and fulfilled his mission, in destroying all obstacles to social safety."—*Portraits, &c.* p. 172.

It may be doubted whether language like this is politic. Nothing has more strongly struck foreigners, than that in spite of any quantity of unfavourable recollections, there was a strong affection for the Revolution in

the masses, and a lively belief that it had made a huge improvement in their general condition. To be "counter-revolutionary" was always the last reproach which disputants threw out; and government after government, including beyond doubt the present, have felt the prudence of disavowing the intention of subverting the Revolution. The concluding speculations on "following a destiny," and "social safety," have a tendency to the burlesque. And the perpetual recurrence to the "*salut social*," and "*qui a sauvé la France*," will have a wonderful aptitude for caricature, if in the mutability of human things that mode of tempering the powers of government should ever come into vogue.

Yet, after all this, "France is a democracy" (p. 187). She is a democracy by the division of her soil; a democracy by her capital, which is common to those who can get it; a democracy by her manners; a democracy by her code; a democracy by her army. She is a democracy in everything, which the Revolution gave her, and succeeding governments have not taken away.

Among other vices of the parliamentary system, *l'interpellation*, [calling for an explanation of the measures of government] holds a high place. It is nothing but a weapon of opposition. If an honourable member has a grudge against a minister for a favour refused, he *asks for an explanation*. Does a speaker of some note want to produce a change of ministry for his own advantage or his friends, —he *asks for an explanation*. Does some orator who is surprised to find himself upon his legs, wish to make the best of his good fortune, with empty phrases and unmeaning action, —he *asks for an explanation*. The thing a respectable government cannot tolerate, is *to be asked for an explanation*.

The "Programme of the Empire" is pacific. The Empire is to employ itself "in the moral and material improvement of the suffering classes, without illusions and without deceptions." It is difficult to say whether there is or is not any intended allusion to the freedom of commerce or the contrary. It might be imagined, that in a country where men work with the negative sign in algebra, and understand the theory of projectiles, it was practicable to comprehend, that when any commodity is obtained by the exertions of citizens whose trade is in foreign commerce, cheaper than it could be made by the exertions of other citizens at home, the quantity of employment on the whole is the same, only the consumer, who is everybody, gets something instead of nothing, for the difference of price. That it is, in short, of the same nature as when a citizen is allowed to ride in an omnibus for five sous, instead of expending twenty on a cabrio-

let; the result of which is, that the sum total expended on industry of one kind or other, including, of course, the expenditure of the fifteen sous wherever that may light, is the same in both cases;—only in one case the citizen gets something for his fifteen sous, and in the other nothing. As Napoleon said, "experience must decide,"—not whether the dealer in enforced cabriolets says he is the better for it, but whether taking everything together, the public is the better for it. If every citizen who rides was doomed to lose the value of fifteen sous a time, all other gains and losses remaining in the aggregate as before, the amount would be worth demanding a reason for. All this might be supposed within the reach of intellects which can compass the things before mentioned. But everything must have time.

The production of the "*Avocat*" is an appeal to the lowest class of feelings engendered by national hostility. It is the kind of thing which might be expected, in England, from a boatswain with a literary turn.

In these pamphlets are stirred questions which the present generation of men will have enough to do to solve. In the statement of their contents, there has been no wilful representation; and in the comments appended, no gratuitous hostility. Where lively interests are handled, a certain latitude must be allowed; and he does his duty well, who makes no attempt to irritate an opponent, or conceal a truth.

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#### ART. VI.—RUTH AND VILLETTE.

1. *Ruth: a Novel*. By the Author of "Mary Barton." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.
2. *Villette*. By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre." Smith, Elder, and Co.

SHOULD a work of Art have a moral? In other words, must the Artist, during creation, keep the wandering caprices of his fancy within the limits of some didactic formula? The question has been often, but somewhat confusedly, debated. It has been seen, on the one hand, that the merely didactic tale frustrates, in a great measure, its own objects: the reader resents having his pill gilded—resents having the leaves of a religious tract slipped in between the pages of a novel; and in the spirit of reaction, it has been said that the Artist has nothing to do with morality. On the other hand, there are people whose first question is, What is the moral? What does this prove? Hegel has said very truly, that "there is a moral in every work of art,

but it depends on him that draws it." George Sand, in the preface to her last novel, makes a decided stand against this moral requisition, and both in her own person, and vicariously for all other novelists, declares that "art can prove nothing, nor should it be expected to prove anything." She says that readers have always wished to see vice punished and virtue rewarded; and that, in this respect, she is one of the public. But poetical justice proves nothing either in a story or in a drama. When vice is not punished on the stage or in a book—as it very often is not in life—this does not prove that vice is unhateful and unworthy of punishment; for a narrative can prove nothing. If the vessel which carried "Paul and Virginia" had not been wrecked, would it have proved that chaste love is always crowned with happiness? And because this vessel goes to the bottom with the interesting heroine, what does "Paul and Virginia" prove? It proves that youth, friendship, love and the tropics are beautiful things, when Bernardin de Saint Pierre describes them. If "Faust" were not led away and vanquished by the devil, would it prove that the passions were weaker than reason? And because the devil is stronger than the philosopher, does it prove that philosophy can never vanquish the passions? What does "Faust" prove? It proves that science, human life, fantastic images, profound, graceful, or terrible ideas, are wonderful things, when Goethe makes out of them a sublime and moving picture. So far George Sand; but this does not meet the question. Although a *narrative* is not a *demonstration*, and cannot be made one; although, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, Art *proves* nothing; yet it is quite clear that the details of a narrative may be so grouped as to satisfy the mind like a sermon. It is an exhortation, if you like, not a demonstration, but it does not the less appeal to our moral sense. What does a sermon prove? And can a sermon prove anything? Yet, by appealing to the moral sense, it works its purposes. The debaters of this question seem to leave out of view the fact that in fiction as in real life, while our emotions are excited by the narrative, and, so to speak, by the physical accidents of the story, our moral sense requires to be gratified; and the meaning of poetical justice is, that the satisfaction required by this moral sense should be furnished in the conclusion of the story. If we hear of an actual injustice done upon earth, remaining unpunished, we are indignant and dissatisfied, and exclaim, "Oh! I wish I could punish that fellow." Precisely the same feeling is left in our minds when poetical justice is violated. In a fiction, we are angry with the author for not doing what our moral sense demands

should be done. When the incidents of the story, besides exciting our interest, run along moral lines, and call up *tableaux vivans* of just retribution, and the happy terminations of worthy lives, then not only is that faculty gratified to which fiction more immediately appeals, but the moral sense is also gratified. The illustration of a sermon will help to make this clear. When we hear a beautiful discourse, we do not expect the preacher to prove anything before unproven, we only expect him to call up further illustrations of truth long since ratified by our consciences.

Now, in the question of the moral as respects fiction, it is quite clear, from French practice more than any other, that without formally inculcating any immoral *dogma*, the writer may very successfully produce an immoral effect. Who can mistake the immoral moral which breathes through the pages of Eugène Sue? Who can mistake the foregone conclusion employed in his selection of main incidents and characters? in his flattery of the people, which consists in making the virtuous poor, and the vicious rich; linking together, as in necessary connexion, virtue and dirty hands, maculate consciences and immaculate linen? On the other hand, there is no mistaking the moral influence of good novels; even when no specific formula can be appended to the closing chapter. The novel may carry its moral openly on its very title-page, through all its conclusions; or, it may carry within it, not one but many moral illustrations, naturally arising out of the way the incidents are grouped, and the way the characters express themselves.

These two forms of moral are illustrated in "Ruth," and "Villette," two works by our most popular authoresses. "Ruth" has a moral carried in the story; not preached, but manifested. It is a story of seduction—a subject of the most delicate nature that can well be taken up; being one which has rarely if ever been looked fairly in the face; and one on which, of all others, it is the rarest to hear a rational word spoken. The circulating libraries have furnished, and will continue to furnish, abundance of sickly sentimentality on this subject, wherein heroines strive to atone, by consumption and broken hearts, for their lapse from virtue; or, if they do not take this "rose-pink" turn, present a frigid and barren morality, under which the luckless maiden, if her mind be very much set upon re-entering the Eden of Respectability, lingers through the remainder of her life under a deadly weight of patronage and encouragement, "her sincere repentance and subsequent good conduct" being like a badge of infamy perpetuating the memory of her shame: a scarlet letter flaming upon her breast, at-

tracting every eye; until one wonders how any being can be found able to live under such a restoration to social amnesty! In a very different spirit does the authoress of "Ruth" approach this delicate subject. She approaches it like a woman, and a truly delicate-minded woman; with a delicacy that is strong in truth, not influenced by conventions. In "Ruth" there is no confusing of right from wrong; no tampering with perilous sympathies, no attempt to make a new line of action such as the world's morality would refuse to warrant, but a clear insight into the nature of temptation, and wise words of exhortation to those who have fallen—showing them, that no matter what clouds of shame may have gathered around them, they may still redeem themselves if they will only rise and do honestly the work that still lies before them to be done, and that, in every position, however dark or degraded, there is always a certain right course which, if followed will lead them once more into light. It is only women who can help women, and it is only women who can really raise those that have "fallen;" not indeed by "countenancing" them, but by appealing to their self-respect. As the world goes, a woman's fault is always painted irretrievable; and she is, in consequence, nailed up as a scare-crow on the barn-door of society, to protect the interests of female virtue! That ancient punishment of burying alive was surely less terrible than the pitiless finality which thus pronounces judgment.

Ruth is introduced to us as a beautiful girl, left an orphan in a singularly friendless condition. She is apprenticed to a milliner, and in this position is seduced; but under such "extenuating circumstances," that the question of "guilt" is reduced to a point of casuistry. We may observe in passing, that in using the words "guilt," or "crime," or "sin," we are for the moment accepting what in reality we do not accept, the current language on this subject. We wish to show how Mrs. Gaskell treats the subject, and in her exposition we follow, as she has followed, ordinary notions. The guilt, then, of Ruth is accompanied by such entire ignorance of evil, and by such a combination of fatalities, that even the sternest of provincial moralists could hardly be harsh with her; and this we think a mistake on the part of the authoress. Her position would have been stronger had Ruth been older, and had she more clearly perceived the whole consequences of her transgression. We think, for the object Mrs. Gaskell had in view, the guilt should not have had so many extenuating circumstances, because as it is, Ruth, although she has much to regret, cannot in her conscience have much to repent.

But this by the way: Ruth is seduced, and therefore has practically incurred all the penalties of social reprobation. Her lover has fallen ill, and his mother is come to nurse him. Poor Ruth, who, till then, had been his nurse, must now slink out of the mother's virtuous presence; and very touching is the picture of her anxiety, crouching like a dog at his door, knowing what must be going on within the room, and yet not allowed to enter it. The scene of watching we must quote for its exquisite beauty.

"It was summer; there was no black darkness in the twenty-four hours, only the light grew dusky, and colour disappeared from objects, of which the shape and form remained distinct. A soft grey oblong of barred light fell on the flat wall opposite to the windows, and deeper grey shadows marked out the tracery of the plants, more graceful thus than in reality. Ruth crouched where no light fell. She sat on the ground close by the door; her whole existence was absorbed in listening; all was still—it was only her heart beating with the strong, heavy, regular sound of a hammer. She wished she could stop its rushing, incessant clang. She heard a rustle of a silken gown, and knew it ought not to have been worn in a sick room; for her senses seemed to have passed into the keeping of the invalid, and to feel only as he felt. The noise was probably occasioned by some change of posture in the watcher inside, for it was once more dead-still. The soft wind outside sank with a low, long, distant moan among the windings of the hills, and lost itself there, and came no more again. But Ruth's heart beat loud; she rose with as little noise as if she were a vision, and crept to the open window to try and lose the nervous listening for the ever-recurring sound. Out beyond, under the calm sky, veiled with a mist rather than with a cloud, rose the high, dark outlines of the mountains, shutting in that village as if it lay in a nest. They stood, like giants, solemnly watching for the end of Earth and Time. Here and there a black round shadow reminded Ruth of some 'Cwm,' or hollow, where she and her lover had rambled in sun and in gladness. She then thought the land enchanted into everlasting brightness and happiness; she fancied, then, that into a region so lovely no bale or woe could enter, but would be charmed away, and disappear before the sight of the glorious guardian mountains. Now she knew the truth, that earth has no barrier which avails against agony. It comes, lightning-like, down from heaven, into the mountain house and the town garret; into the palace and into the cottage. The garden lay close under the house; a bright spot enough by day, for in that soil, whatever was planted grew and blossomed in spite of neglect. The white roses glimmered out in the dusk all the night through; the red were lost in shadow. Between the low boundary of the garden and the hills swept one or two green meadows; Ruth looked into the grey darkness till she traced each separate wave of outline. Then she heard a little restless bird chirp out its wakefulness from a nest in the ivy



round the walls of the house. But the mother-bird spread her soft feathers, and hushed it into silence. Presently, however, many little birds began to scent the coming dawn, and rustled among the leaves, and chirruped loud and clear. Just above the horizon, too, the mist became a silvery grey cloud, hanging on the edge of the world; presently it turned shimmering white; and then, in an instant, it flushed into rose, and the mountain tops sprang into heaven, and bathed in the presence of the shadow of God. With a bound, the sun, of a molten fiery red, came above the horizon, and immediately thousands of little birds sang out for joy, and a soft chorus of mysterious, glad murmurs, came forth from the earth; the low whispering wind left its hiding-place among the cliffs and hollows of the hills, and wandered among the rustling herbs and trees, waking the flower-buds to the life of another day. Ruth gave a sigh of relief that the night was over and gone; for she knew that soon suspense would be ended, and the verdict known, whether for life or for death. She grew faint and sick, with anxiety; it almost seemed as if she must go into the room, and learn the truth. Then she heard movements, but they were not sharp or rapid, as if prompted by any emergency; then, again, it was still. She sat curled up upon the floor, with her head thrown back against the wall, and her hands clasped round her knees. She had yet to wait. Meanwhile the invalid was slowly rousing himself from a long, deep, sound, health-giving sleep. His mother had sat by him the night through, and was now daring to change her position for the first time; she was even venturing to give directions, in a low voice, to the old nurse, who had dozed away in an arm-chair, ready to obey any summons of her mistress. Mrs. Bellingham went on tiptoe towards the door, and chiding herself because her stiff, weary limbs, made some slight noise. She had an irrepressible longing for a few minutes' change of scene after her night's watching. She felt that the crisis was over; and the relief to her mind made her conscious of every bodily feeling and irritation, which had passed unheeded as long as she had been in suspense.

"She slowly opened the door. Ruth sprang upright at the first sound of the creaking handle. Her very lips were stiff and unpliant with the force of the blood which rushed to her head. It seemed as if she could not form words. She stood right before Mrs. Bellingham. 'How is he, madam?'"

"Mrs. Bellingham was for a moment surprised at the white apparition which seemed to rise out of the ground. But her quick, proud mind, understood it all in an instant. This was the girl, then, whose profligacy had led her son astray, had raised up barriers in the way of her favourite scheme of his marriage with Miss Duncombe; nay, this was the real cause of his illness, his mortal danger at this present time, and of her bitter, keen anxiety. If, under any circumstances, Mrs. Bellingham could have been guilty of the ill-breeding of not answering a question, it was now; and for a moment she was tempted to pass on in silence. Ruth could not wait; she spoke again:

"For the love of God, madam, speak! How is he? Will he live?"

"If she did not answer her, she thought the creature was desperate enough to force her way into his room. So she spoke.

"He has slept well; he is better."

"Oh! my God, I thank thee," murmured Ruth, sinking back against the wall.

"It was too much to hear this wretched girl thanking God for her son's life; as if, in fact, she had any lot or part in him, and to dare to speak to the Almighty on her son's behalf! Mrs. Bellingham looked at her with cold contemptuous eyes, whose glances were like ice-bolts, and made Ruth shiver up away from them.

"Young woman, if you have any propriety or decency left, I trust that you will not dare to force yourself into his room."

Poor Ruth is abandoned, her lover is carried off; she has no resource but suicide. Succour comes, however, in the shape of the Bensons—a dissenting clergyman and his sister—who, pitying her forlorn condition, and believing in her real goodness, agree to adopt her into their own family till she be able to earn a living for herself.

In the midst of their unostentatious self-denying charity a touch of human weakness shows itself: partly from the desire to spare Ruth's feelings and save her from the terrible tongues of a provincial town, and partly to save themselves and make their task smoother and easier, they agree to pass her off as a distant relative—a widow. Admirable is the stroke of nature by which Ruth cannot be made to feel "sorry" that she is to have a baby! This revelation, which so disturbs Miss Benson, and does so materially complicate Ruth's position, is to the young girl nothing but a source of joy. It is new life, new strength, new hope! Admirable also is Miss Benson's confession to her brother, that she cannot help enjoying the novelty of "filling up the outline they had agreed upon, and inventing a few details of Ruth's widowhood."

Yielding to the temptation of this piece of specious worldly wisdom is the one flaw in an otherwise perfect act of Christian charity, and its consequences are ably worked out. There is no strain to save the moral, all follows naturally upon one false step taken at the onset, which, at the time, seemed scarcely to be a dereliction from the straight path; but as all who have read John Bunyan know, "By-path Meadow" leads to "Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair." It was Tom Paine who said that "*A lie is strength in the beginning, and weakness in the end,*" and all find it to be so in this instance.

Ruth's baby is born under the Bensons' roof, and the mother's love is made the main

influence which strengthens her to rise up under her load of shame, and begin her life afresh, endeavouring, with all her might, to be worthy of the blessing and the responsibility of a child.

The author has treated this phase of the history of a fallen woman with immense truth and delicacy. She has separated the consequences of an action from the action itself. The natural and pure relationship between a mother and her child ought not to be considered as poisoned and vitiated, because the antecedents of that relationship are to be regretted; it is an opportunity afforded to her of rehabilitating her life, by nobly and courageously accepting the responsibility she has incurred, and qualifying herself to discharge the trust committed to her. If women who have placed themselves in Ruth's position only could find the moral courage to accept the duties entailed upon them by their own conduct, it would much lessen the misery and social evil that now follows in the train of illicit connexions.

Under the influence of her new duties, and the instructions of Mr. Benson, Ruth's character and talents develop themselves, and she becomes, in all respects, an educated gentlewoman. Nature had already made her a "born lady." We confess that, for the sake of the teaching, we should have preferred having Ruth more homely, and less richly endowed in good qualities and good looks. We should have preferred a more simple trust in the principle involved, and less attempt to interest and propitiate the reader by all manner of graceful accessories. Ruth, as the governess to the children of the ostentatious, hard-judging merchant, has won golden opinions, and been, in all respects, a most exemplary and valuable servant; in fact, her superiority to all around her has shone out bright and clear, when the fatal secret of her previous life is rumoured about, and comes to the ears of Mr. Bradshaw, who, never having had any mercy on anybody in his life, but always piquing himself on being a Roman stoic, and trampling on his feelings, is, of course, prodigiously indignant at having been imposed upon by Mr. Benson and his governess. His wrath flames out like the indignation of a fishwoman, and, after speaking his coarse mind, he turns Ruth out of doors, breaks off his friendship with Mr. Benson, withdrawing from attendance at his chapel, and conducts himself, in all respects, like an angry and much-injured man. The gossip and scandal of the whole affair is very great, and the indignation against Mr. Benson for his "want of truth" is only equalled by horror at Ruth for her want of virtue, and the rage

at having been so long defrauded of the facts is greater than all!

The bitterest portion of Ruth's punishment has now overtaken her, she has to tell the secret of her shame to her son, then eleven years old. However, this painful and sudden uprooting of all worldly prospects is the final perfecting of Ruth's character.

The following scene takes place immediately after she has spoken with her son:—

"Ruth's hand was on the latch when Mr. Benson came out. Her face was very white, except two red spots on each cheek—her eyes were deep sunk and hollow, but glittered with feverish lustre. 'Ruth,' exclaimed he. She moved her lips, but her throat and mouth were too dry for her to speak.

"Where are you going?" asked he, for she had all her walking things on; yet trembled so, even as she stood, that it was evident she could not walk far without falling. She hesitated; she looked up at him still with the same dry, glittering eyes. At last she whispered (for she could only speak in a whisper) 'To Helmsby—I am going to Helmsby!'

"Helmsby! my poor girl!—where is Helmsby?"

"I don't know—in Lincolnshire, I think."

"Come here," said he, authoritatively, drawing her into the study; 'sit down in that chair—I will come back directly.' . . .

"He went for the cup of tea. 'Drink this,' he spoke as you would to a child, if desiring it to take medicine. . . .

"Mr. Benson sat down by her. 'Now, Ruth, we must talk a little together. I want to understand what your plan was. Where is Helmsby? Why did you fix to go there?'

"It is where my mother lived," she answered. 'Before she was married, she lived there, and wherever she lived the people loved her dearly; and I thought—I think that, for her sake, some one would give me work. I want to tell them the truth,' said she, dropping her eyes; 'but still they would, perhaps, give me some employment—I don't care what—for her sake.' . .

"Mr. Benson's heart was very sore. 'Ruth, you must be still and quiet. I cannot have this. I want you to listen to me. Your thought of Helmsby would be a good one if it were right for you to leave Eccleston; but I do not think it is. I am certain of this, that it would be a great sin in you to separate yourself from Leonard. You have no right to sever the tie by which God has bound you together.'

"But if I am here, they will all know and remember the shame of his birth, and if I go away they may forget—"

"And they may not. . . . No dread of shame, either for yourself or even for him, can ever make it right for you to shake off your responsibility. . . . Besides, Ruth," he continued, 'we have gone on falsely, hitherto. It has been my doing, my mistake, my sin. I ought to have known better. Now, let us stand firm on the truth. You have no new fault to repent of. Be brave and faithful.' It is to God you answer not to

men. The shame of making your sin known to the world should be as nothing to the shame you felt at having sinned. We have dreaded men too much, and God too little, in the course we have taken. But now be of good cheer. Perhaps you will find your work in the world very low, . . . nay, perhaps, Ruth, you may have to stand and wait for some time; no one may be willing to use the services you would gladly render; all may turn aside from you, and speak very harshly of you. Can you accept all this treatment meekly, as but the reasonable and just penance God has laid upon you—feeling no anger against those who slight you—no impatience for the time to come?—(I speak as having the word of God for what I say.) When He, having purified you even as by fire, will make a straight path for your feet? My child, it is Christ the Lord who has told us of the infinite mercy of God. Have you faith enough in it to be brave, and bear on, and do rightly in patience and in tribulation?

“Ruth had been hushed and very still until now, when the pleading earnestness of his question urged her to answer.

“‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I hope, I believe, I can be faithful for myself, for I have sinned and done wrong. But Leonard——’ she looked up at him.

“‘But Leonard,’ he echoed. ‘Ah! there it is hard, Ruth. I own the world is hard and persecuting to such as he.’

“He paused to think of the true comfort for this sting. He went on.

“‘The world is not everything, Ruth, nor is the want of men’s good opinion and esteem the highest need which man has. Teach Leonard this. You would not wish his life to be one summer’s day. You dared not make it so, if you had the power. Teach him to bid a noble Christian welcome to the trials which God sends, and this is one of them. Teach him not to look on a life of struggle, and perhaps of disappointment and incompleteness, as a sad and mournful end, but as the means permitted to heroes and warriors in the army of Christ, by which to show their faithful following. . . . Oh, Ruth,’ he exclaimed, ‘when I look and see what you may be—what you *must* be to that boy, I cannot think how you could be coward enough for a moment to shrink from your work! But we have all been cowards hitherto,’ he added, in bitter self-accusation; ‘God help us to be so no longer!’”

To those who “are wearied with the greatness of their way,” meeting with this passage will be like the “shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

Ruth *does* bear her trial. For two years the offended virtue of the people of Eccleston keeps her excommunicated. At the end of that time a work seems opened to her; she goes out as sick nurse, for which office she has a decided vocation. Had she been a Catholic, she would have been a Sister of Charity. A terrible fever comes, sweeping away alike the nurses, the doctors, and the patients. The hospital of the town is left

almost without attendants, so great is the fear; and yet not greater than the danger. Ruth comes forward, and offers herself at the fever ward, and stays there until the pestilence is abated. From an outcast she is now become an heroine; addresses, and votes of thanks, and testimonials pour in upon her. Her simple, childlike unconscionness of any merit in what she has done, is beautifully indicated. But, just when all the difficulties and contradictions of her life are reconciled, the *end* comes. Her lover and betrayer, who has come down to Eccleston to see after his election, lies at the hotel in the town ill of the fever, with no one to nurse him; Ruth hears it, and insists upon going, (no one being aware of his identity except herself). Her old passion had been sternly burnt out of her; she had learned to see him in his true nature, which was simply worthless. Still, lying there, helpless and abandoned, something which—if not love, is yet more than compassion—impels her to go to him. He is delirious; there is no recognition; but he takes a favourable turn; and in the same hour Ruth is stricken down by the disease, and dies! followed by the love and reverence of those who had once been the most bitter against her. The working up of the concluding scenes is beautiful, and yet they are so simple and unexaggerated, that they haunt the reader like a reality. The author has gone into no vituperation of Ruth’s seducer, but he is so drawn as to suggest all that could be said; the interview between him and Mr. Benson, by the side of Ruth’s dead body, satisfies the requirements of poetical justice. He is none the less miserable and contemptible that he does not know himself to be so.

The moral, or morals of “Ruth” (for there are two), without being formally inculcated, are legible enough. The first is, that if women are to have their lives rehabilitated, it must be through the means of women, who, noble and pure in their own lives, can speak with authority, and tell them that in this world no action is final; and that, to set the seal of despair and reprobation upon any individual during any one point of his career, is to blot out the inner life by which we live. The second moral is suggested in the untruth by which the Bensons endeavoured to shield their protégée. They were willing in their own persons to disregard conventionalisms, to believe in the purity of one who had sinned, to take her to their hearts and to their homes, like a child of their own; but, what they could believe in for *themselves*, they could not believe in for *others*. They faced the truth, and yet were afraid lest others should face it! Had they confronted con-

ventionalism, they would have awed and conquered it; their own high characters would have been a coat of mail against the sarcasms of virtuous indignation; and the comments of a gossiping town would have been powerless. The real goodness and purity of Ruth, which endeared her to their hearts, would have endeared her to all the hearts of Eccleston, slowly, indeed, but surely. The Bensons have but suffered for their want of reliance on truth, and the moral of the whole is plainly this,—however dark and difficult our course may seem, the straight path of truth is the only one to lead us through it into the light.

“Ruth,” then, besides being a beautiful novel, satisfies the highest moral sense by the pictures it suggests. It is a sermon, and of the wisest, but its teaching is unostentatious. We need only allude, in passing, to the wonderful beauty of some of the descriptions; to the clear truthful portraiture of the characters, especially Sally, Bradshaw, his meek wife, and the sensible Farquhar, and to the somewhat common-place incidents by which the novel is carried on. We have not space for lengthened criticism, but we must protest against one portion of the work, which strikes us as being conventional and unnatural: we allude to the intensity of grief with which Ruth’s child is afflicted on hearing that his mother has not been married.

“Leonard threw his arms tight round her, and hid his face against her bosom. She felt him pant there like some hunted creature. She had no soothing comfort to give him. ‘Oh, that she and he lay dead!’

“At last, exhausted, he lay so still and motionless, that she feared to look. She wanted him to speak, yet dreaded his first words. She kissed his hair, his head, his very clothes; murmuring low inarticulate moaning sounds.

“‘Leonard,’ said she, ‘Leonard look up at me! Leonard look up!’ But he only clung the closer, and hid his face the more.”—p. 79.

“His health seemed shaken, he spoke half sentences in his sleep, which showed that in his dreams he was battling on his mother’s behalf against an unkind and angry world. And then he would wail to himself, and utter sad words of shame, which they never thought had reached his ears. By day, he was in general grave and quiet; but his appetite varied, and he was evidently afraid of going into the streets, dreading to be pointed at as an object of remark. Each separately in their hearts longed to give him change of scene, but they were all silent, for where was the requisite money to come from?

“His temper became fitful and variable. At times he would be most sullen against his mother; and then give way to a passionate remorse.”—pp. 120, 121.

child would at once realize any such shame, even were it a fact, that illegitimacy in actual life *did* bring with it disgrace, so that the illegitimate child must “go forth branded into the world, with his hand against every man’s, and every man’s hand against him;” the least reflection will tell Mrs. Gaskell that in our day no such brand affects the illegitimate child. And as to Leonard’s anticipating this social degradation, to render *that* intelligible to the reader there should have been scenes of insult and opprobrium from his companions and the world at large, to make him bitterly aware that the misfortune of his birth was regarded as a brand. We are, however, in no mood to point out the defects of so charming a work, and close this notice with the following little bit—we had almost said little poem—describing Ruth’s feelings on the eve of her departure from that place where she has been so happy with her love, and where she has been so wretched under abandonment.

“When the black gown, at which she had stitched away incessantly, was finished—when nothing remained but to rest for the next day’s journey—Ruth could not sit still. She wandered from window to window, learning off each rock and tree by heart. *Each had its tale, which it was agony to remember; but which it would have been worse agony to forget.* The sound of running waters she heard that quiet evening, was in her ears as she lay on her death-bed; so well had she learnt their tune.”

Turning from “Ruth” to “Villette,” the contrasts meet us on all sides. Never were two women’s books more unlike each other. There is a moral too in “Villette,” or rather many morals, but not so distinctly a *morale en action*. It is a work of astonishing power and passion. From its pages there issues an influence of truth as healthful as a mountain breeze. Contempt of conventions in all things, in style, in thought, even in the art of story-telling, here visibly springs from the independent originality of a strong mind nurtured in solitude. As a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word, “Villette” has few claims; as a *book*, it is one which, having read, you will not easily forget. It is quite true that the episode of Miss Marchmont, early in the first volume, is unnecessary, having no obvious connexion with the plot or the characters; but with what wonderful imagination is it painted! Where shall we find such writing as in that description of her last night, wherein the memories of bygone years come trooping in upon her with a vividness partaking of the last energy of life? It is true also that the visit to London is unnecessary, and has many unreal details. Much of the book seems to be

brought in merely that the writer may express something which is in her mind; but at any rate she *has* something in her mind, and expresses it as no other can. We have objected to Mrs. Gaskell's portraiture of a child's feelings as unnatural, and we have heard Currer Bell's portrait of little Polly also objected to, but we cannot agree in this latter objection. Polly's quaintness and primness are not more than the experience of many people will guarantee. Where the defect lies is in an occasional "over-ageing" of her feelings and emotions, such as at page 13, where her nurse says, "Be a good child, missy," and she replies, "I am good, but I ache here," putting her hand on her heart, and moaning, while she reiterated "papa! papa!" Now that is not the language of a child of six years old; children have no such anatomical knowledge; and to make it credible, it would be necessary to surround it, and the other "old-fashioned things" she says, with the prattle of childhood and nonsense which is best sense to it and to parents, in order that the reader might feel he had a child before him, and not a little idealism. The want of attention to reality is certainly not the complaint we can make against Currer Bell, and therefore were we the more surprised to find her saying, for instance, that John Bretton was accustomed to take up the Greek dramatists, and read off a translation of them for the benefit of the family circle. To any one who has ever read a Greek dramatist, the supposition of this feat will be extremely amusing. It would be a large demand upon our credulity, to imagine a man reading off in that way a French or German dramatist, without terribly fatiguing his audience, but considering the difficulty of reading the Greek with all appurtenances, the idea of "improvising" a translation is preposterous. In the same way Currer Bell makes M. Paul read aloud novels and plays to the young ladies, and whenever he comes upon any passage not very well adapted to young ladies' reading, (which must be very often, one would think) we are told, that he improvised passages to supply their places, and that these were often better than the original. She gives us sufficient evidence of M. Paul's vigour of intellect without having recourse to such a weak expedient. While we are thus hinting at defects in a book for which we can scarcely find measured language to express our admiration, let us further note the melodramatic character of Madame Beck, who passes into unreality simply from the want of a little light and shade, and the occasional indistinctness in the drawing of John Bretton. Currer Bell has also the fault of running metaphors to death sometimes, and is oppressively fond of the allegorical expression of emotions; thus

making passages look mechanical and forced, which if more directly put before us would be very powerful. The power with which she writes at times is marvellous: read this, for example, and read it slowly, not as you read it in the hurry of running through the volumes for the story.

"At last a day and night of peculiarly agonizing depression were succeeded by physical illness. I took recourse to my bed. About this time the Indian summer closed, and the equinoctial storms began; and for nine dark and wet days, of which the Hours rushed on all turbulent, deaf, dishevelled, bewildered with sounding hurricane, I lay in a strange fever of the nerves and blood. Sleep went quite away. I used to rise in the night, look round for her, beseech her earnestly to return. A rattle of the window, a cry of the blast only replied—Sleep never came!

"I err; she came once, but in anger. Impatient of my importunity she brought with her an avenging dream. By the clock of St. Jean Baptiste, that dream remained scarce fifteen minutes—a brief space, but sufficing to wring my whole frame with unknown anguish; to confer a nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity. Between twelve and one that night a cup was forced to my lips, black, strong, strange, drawn from no well, but filled up seething from the bottomless and boundless sea. Suffering, brewed in temporal or calculable measure, and mixed for mortal lips, tastes not as this suffering tasted. Having drank and woke, I thought all was over: the end come and past by. Trembling fearfully—as consciousness returned—ready to cry out on some fellow-creature to help me, only that I knew no fellow-creature was near enough to catch the wild summons—Goton, in her far distant attic, could not hear—I rose on my knees in bed. Some fearful hours went over me; indescribably was I torn, racked, and oppressed in mind. Amidst the horrors of that dream I think the worse lay here. Methought the well-loved dead, who had loved me well in life, met me elsewhere, alienated; galled was my inmost spirit with an unutterable sense of despair about the future. Motive there was none why I should try to recover or wish to live; and yet quite unendurable was the pitiless and haughty voice in which Death challenged me to engage his unknown terrors. When I tried to pray, I could only utter these words:—

"From my youth up Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind."

"Most true was it.

"On bringing me my tea next morning, Goton urged me to call in a doctor. I would not; I thought no doctor could cure me.

"One evening—and I was not delirious—I was in my sane mind, I got up—I dressed myself, weak and shaking. The solitude and the stillness of the long dormitory could not be borne any longer: the ghastly white beds were turning into spectres—the coronal of each became a death's head, huge and sun-bleached—dead dreams of an elder world and mightier race lay frozen in their wide gaping eye-holes. That evening more firmly than ever fastened into my

soul the conviction that Fate was of stone, and Hope a false idol—blind, bloodless, and of granite core. I felt, too, that the trial God had appointed me was gaining its climax, and must now be turned by my own hands, hot, feeble, trembling as they were. It rained still, and blew; but with more clemency, I thought, than it had poured and raged all day. Twilight was falling, and I deemed its influence pitiful; from the lattice I saw coming night-clouds trailing low like banners dropping. It seemed to me that at this hour there was affection and sorrow in Heaven above for all the pain suffered on earth beneath; the weight of my dreadful dream became alleviated—that insufferable thought of being no more loved, no more owned, half-yielded to hope of the contrary—I was sure this hope would shine clearer if I got out from under this house-roof, which was crushing as the slab of a tomb, and went outside the city to a certain quiet hill, a long way distant in the fields. Covered with a cloak (I could not be delirious, for I had sense and recollection to put on warm clothing,) forth I set. The bells of a church arrested me in passing; they seemed to call me in to the *salut*, and I went in. Any solemn rite, any spectacle of sincere worship, any opening for appeal to God was as welcome to me then as bread to one in extremity of want. I knelt down with others on the stone pavement. It was an old solemn church, its pervading gloom not gilded but purpled by light shed through stained glass."

Or this—

"The drug wrought. I know not whether Madame had over-charged or under-charged the dose; its result was not that she intended. Instead of stupor, came excitement. I became alive to new thought—to reverie peculiar in colouring. A gathering call ran among the faculties, their bugles sang, their trumpets rang an untimely summons. Imagination was roused from her rest, and she came forth impetuous and venturous. With scorn she looked on Matter, her mate—

"'Rise!' she said. 'Sluggard! this night I will have my will; nor shalt thou prevail.'

"'Look forth and view the night!' was her cry; and when I lifted the heavy blind from the casement close at hand—with her own royal gesture, she showed me a moon supreme, in an element deep and splendid.

"To my gasping senses she made the glimmering gloom, the narrow limits, the oppressive heat of the dormitory, intolerable. She lured me to leave this den and follow her forth into dew, coolness, and glory.

"She brought upon me a strange vision of Villette at midnight. Especially she showed the park, the summer-park, with its long alleys all silent, lone, and safe; among these lay a huge stone-basin—that basin I knew, and besides which I had often stood—deep-set in the tree-shadows, brimming with cool water, clear, with a green, leafy, rushy bed. What of all this? The park gates were shut up, locked, sentinelled; the place could not be entered.

"Could it not? A point worth considering;

and while revolving it, I mechanically dressed Utterly incapable of sleeping or lying still—excited from head to foot—what could I do better than dress?"—pp. 258, 259.

"Quiet Rue Fossette! I find on this pavement that wanderer-woeing summer night of which I mused; I see its moon over me; I feel its dew in the air. But here I cannot stay; I am still too near old haunts; so close under the dungeon, I can hear the prisoners moan. This solemn peace is not what I seek, it is not what I can bear; to me the face of that sky bears the aspect of a world's death. The park also will be calm—I know, a mortal serenity prevails everywhere—yet let me seek the park.

"I took a route well-known, and went up towards the palatial and royal Haute-Ville; thence the music I had heard certainly floated; it was hushed now, but it might awaken. I went on; neither band nor bell-music came to meet me; another sound replaced it, a sound like a strong tide, a great flow, deepening as I proceeded. Light broke, movement gathered, chimes pealed—to what was I coming? Entering on the level of a Grande Place, I found myself, with the suddenness of magic, plunged amidst a gay, living, joyous crowd.

"Villette is one blaze, one broad illumination; the whole world seems abroad; moonlight and heaven are banished: the town, by her own flambeaux, beholds her own splendour—gay dresses, grand equipages, fine horses, and gallant riders, throng the bright streets. I see even scores of masks. It is a strange scene, stranger than dreams. But where is the park?—I ought to be near it. In the midst of this glare the park must be shadowy and calm—*there*, at least, are neither torches, lamps, nor crowd!"—pp. 262, 263.

We were speaking just now of standing by the truth—see what Currer Bell says of facing it:—

"I always, through my whole life, like to penetrate to the real truth; I like seeking the goddess in her temple, and handling the veil, and daring the dread glance. O Titaness amongst deities! The covered outline of thine aspect sickens often through its uncertainty, but define to us one trait, show us one lineament, clear in awful sincerity; we may gasp in untold terror, but with that gasp we drink in a breath of thy divinity: our heart shakes, and its currents sway like rivers lifted by earthquake, but we have swallowed strength. To see and know the worst is to take from Fear her main advantage."—pp. 290, 291.

This is not the writing of fiction; it is prose poetry of the very highest order. Here, again, is a passage which has a rhythm and a cadence of its own, not surpassed by the march of verse:—

"Dim I should not say, for the beauty of moonlight—forgotten in the park—here once more flowed in upon perception. High she rode, and calm and stainlessly she shone. The music and the mirth of the fête, the fire and bright hues

of those lamps had out-done and out-shone her for an hour, but now, again, her glory and her silence triumphed. The rival lamps were dying: *she held her course like a white fate.* Drum, trumpet, bugle, had uttered their clangour and were forgotten: with pencil-ray she wrote on heaven and on earth records for archives everlasting. She and those stars seemed to me at once the types and witnesses of truth all regnant. The night-sky lit her reign: like its slow-wheeling progress, advanced her victory—that onward movement which has been, and is, and will be, from eternity to eternity.”—p. 297.

We could go on quoting and commenting through several pages, for indeed it is as a book that “Villette” most affects us, and every chapter contains or suggests matter for discourse. We say emphatically, a book; meaning by a book, the utterance of an original mind. In this world, as Goethe tells us, “there are so few voices, and so many echoes;” there are so few books, and so many volumes—so few persons thinking and speaking for themselves, so many reverberating the vague noises of others. Among the few stands “Villette.” In it we read the actual thoughts and feelings of a strong, struggling soul; we hear the cry of pain from one who has loved passionately, and who has sorrowed sorely. Indeed, no more distinct characteristic of Currer Bell’s genius can be named, than the depth of her capacity for all passionate emotions. Comparing “Villette” with “Ruth,” in this respect, we are comparing sunlight with moonlight, passion with affection; and there is no writer of our day, except George Sand, who possesses the glory and the power which light up the writings of Currer Bell. She has not the humour, so strong and so genial, of Mrs. Gaskell. There are, occasionally, touches approaching to the comic in “Villette,” but they spring mostly from fierce sarcasm, not from genial laughter. Ginevra Fanshaw is “shown up” in all her affectations and careless coquetry, but there is something contemptuous in the laugh, nothing sympathetic. Nor has Currer Bell any tendency towards the graceful, playful, or fanciful. There is more of Michael Angelo than of Raffaele in her drawing; more of Backhuysen than of Cuyt; more of Salvator Rosa than of Claude. Very characteristic of her style is this little bit of scenery—

“A new influence began to act upon my life, and sadness, for a certain space, was held at bay. Conceive a dell, deep-hollowed in forest secrecy; it lies in dimness and mist: its turf is dank, its herbage pale and humid. A storm or an axe makes a wide gap amongst the oak-trees; the breeze sweeps in; the sun looks down; the sad, cold dell, becomes a deep cup of lustre; high

summer pours her blue glory and her golden light out of that beauteous sky, which till now the starved hollow never saw.

“A new creed became mine—a belief in happiness.”

Or still more so, is this exquisite description of Paulina—

“Her eyes were the eyes of one who can remember; one whose childhood does not fade like a dream, nor whose youth vanish like a sun-beam. She would not take life, loosely and incoherently, in parts, and let one season slip as she entered on another; she would retain and add; often review from the commencement, and so grow in harmony and consistency as she grew in years.”

Indeed, one may say of Currer Bell, what a contemporary has already said, that her genius finds its fittest illustration in her “Rochesters” and “Jane Eyres;” “they are men and women of deep feeling, clear intellects, vehement tempers, bad manners, ungraceful, yet loveable persons. Their address is brusque, perhaps unpleasant, but, at any rate, individual, direct, free from “shams” and conventions of all kinds. They outrage good taste, yet they fascinate. You dislike them at first, yet you learn to love them. The power that is in them makes its vehement way right to your heart. “Propriety,” ideal outline, good features, good manners, ordinary thought, ordinary speech, are not to be demanded of them. They are the “Mirabeaus of Romance.”

If, as critics, we have one thing to say with regard to the future, it is, that Currer Bell, in her next effort, should bestow more pains on her story. With so much passion, with so much power of transmitting experience into forms of enduring fiction, she only needs the vehicle of an interesting story to surpass the popularity of “Jane Eyre.”

#### ART. VII.—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. *Educational Institutions in the United States; their Character and Organization.* By Dr. P. A. Siljström. Translated from the Swedish, by Frederica Rowan. Post 8vo. London: John Chapman.\*
2. *Annual Reports of Controllers of Public Schools of the City and County of Phila-*

\* The translation of this work has not yet been issued, but we have been enabled to read it during its passage through the press.

- delphia, composing the First School District of Pennsylvania.* 1844—1852. Philadelphia.
3. *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York.* Transmitted to the Legislature, January 1st, 1852.
  4. *Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture.* By Henry Barnard, Superintendent of Common Schools in Connecticut. Hartford.
  5. *Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and Canada.* Post 8vo. London: John Murray.

WHOEVER will look out upon the nations of the world shall perceive two Englands. The one grey with antiquity, yet having the vigorous muscle, and elastic step of youth; the compeer of mighty nations as old or older, larger in extent, greater in population, more endowed with natural advantages than herself, yet moving steadily and stately in their van, by means of a mechanism of internal structure peculiarly her own. Allied to them by commerce, by interchange of literature, by religion, to some of them even by race; yet presenting a mental conformation, habits, customs, institutions, laws, and a process of development utterly distinct from them. Exposed like them to the eternal conflict of the old and new, but a conflict, as respects herself, sometimes fretful, for the most part amicable, seldom violent; ever in progress, never in all directions progressive; here bounding with generous confidence towards the future, there hesitating with servile adherence to the past; now wisely using prescription as a rudder, now slavishly bound by it as by a chain. In material development, audacious; in moral or religious development craven. Viewed politically, a monarchy in form, almost a republic in action. Viewed socially, a Mezentian coupling of life with death, great wealth with great poverty, fastidious comfort with hideous squalor, brilliant knowledge with revolting ignorance, delicate refinement with repulsive manners. This is the European England we call Britain; a country great, powerful, and free; proud even to arrogance; commanding much respect and little sympathy; but beginning to be better understood and less disliked.

Now, if we follow the Atlantic to where its western waves break on the shores of the American continent, we shall find another England similar, yet unlike. There Time has left no noble and no obstructive relics. The past is present, not by its monuments, nor its prescription, but by whatever of power through knowledge it has bequeathed for the use and prosperity of man. There nothing save

the forest has to be destroyed, all to be created. Pre-existence has no prerogative and no monopoly; that which is, does not exist by virtue of any grudging licence from that which has been; that which is to be, comes on its own merits, irrespective of any fiat from that which is. The wants of the present, the possibilities of the future, these are the only elements in its calculation. If there be a superstition, it is the fear of being stationary; if a fanaticism, it is the desire of moving on. Movement, indeed, everywhere, in laws, in religion, in manners; great energy, great ability, with much vanity and some swagger. A stern love of political equality, with an effeminate pleasure in social gradations. Aristocracy despised when presented as an institution; welcomed in the shape of a feeling; carefully mimicked by wealth in its display and pretensions. The practical English mind everywhere in action, for the most part predominant, but through large spaces rendered unsteady by the excitement of adventure, the loose discipline of pioneer life, the rude habits of societies suddenly extemporized, and unable to attain at once to more than a secondary civilization. This is the American England, which we call the United States; a country likewise great, powerful, and free, whose career seems a marvel, and has been a necessity; in which, if there be something to ridicule and deplore, there is much to admire and envy—whose performance has been great, and whose promise is still greater.

It is obvious, however distinct we may consider these two countries, geographically, or politically, that genealogically and psychologically they are one. As no arbitrary division into kingdoms or territories causes us to regard the peoples of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Baden otherwise than as Germans, so neither can it justify us in regarding the people of the United States and of Great Britain as otherwise than English. But if this be so, we shall be obliged to regard every act performed by the Americans as that which would be done, under the same circumstances, by ourselves; and whenever we have reason to suspect that Time will create similar circumstances for us, we shall have the advantage of knowing beforehand the kind of action that will be required.

Such a crisis is arriving. The rapid development of the democratic principle in this country is a thing unquestionable and unquestioned. The transfer of power to the masses is a visible fact to everybody that has sight. Some twenty years ago, the Reform Bill was regarded as a revolution, opposed as such, and mourned over as such. Men who had been all their lives working for reform were astonished at it—some of them found



it more than was wanted—others rejoiced in it as a final adjustment. The framer of the bill of 1832, who believed he had done the thing so handsomely, that there would be no more grumbling in his time, and so talked of its finality, now declares that the great object of his public life is the further extension of the representation of the people. The great party who, under great alarm, gave that bill their most strenuous opposition, now listen to his intention of extending it, if not with pleasure, at least with indifference,—may not be indisposed, perhaps, to win their way to power by outbidding him. Truly, then, the Reform Bill was a revolution, and a successful and accepted one, of which all are prepared to carry out the principle. The stopping places may be various, but the end of the journey is universal suffrage, or what we call so. But whenever this shall happen, we shall then have one of the most important institutions of our country placed upon the same basis as that of the United States, and thus be situated in this respect as are our trans-Atlantic countrymen—the Anglo-Americans.

How, then, do they deal with this mighty power? Have they any check upon it? Do they believe the natural intelligence, the wise self-interest of their citizens a sufficient guarantee for its proper exercise? By no means. They are, on the contrary, convinced that the intelligence of every class, cultivated to its highest attainable point—the information of every class, extended to its utmost practical reach—the mental discipline of every class, through skilful processes of intellectual instruction, secured in the highest possible degree, are indispensable to the safe and beneficent working of the universal power. Hence that universal and immense exertion for the establishment of public schools visible in every part of the Union—that anxious and unremitting attention to the great task of providing instruction for the masses. The road to the ballot-box must, they think, lie through the school. No doubt. The sovereignty of the people implies that each man is a governor; the safety of the people, therefore, requires that to the greatest possible extent each man should be an enlightened governor. Consequently, to discipline and fortify the minds of every rising generation is a supreme necessity, which this sagacious republic fully recognises, and cheerfully obeys. To us, of all the nations of Europe, the example is most precious, as a practical lesson from one set of Englishmen dealing with universal suffrage, to another set, who, sooner or later, must also have to deal with it. But there is a principle in the working of the school system of the United States which,

familiar to us, has a great importance for the nations that surround us.

It was to a desire to study and appreciate the working of this principle that we are indebted for the elaborate work at the head of this article, on the Educational Systems of the United States.

In an interesting preface, M. Siljström explains the motives that urged him to undertake this task. Hitherto it has been the office of France to lead the civilization of Europe. Impulsive, sympathetic, eminently social; touching the nations of Europe at various points, her extensive border population exhibiting close affinities of language and manners with theirs; her broad territory a connecting link between the countries of northern and southern Europe, thus compelling her to close and constant communion with them, whether in war or peace, as confederate or foe; bold, ardent, intelligent, and penetrative, it has been the province of France to exercise a powerful sway over her neighbours, through the diffusion of her literature, language, and manners. But the destiny of England has been different. Shut up within her cliffs, living, as it were, apart, isolated, and uncommunicative, she, in fact, wanted in some sort the element of neighbourhood; though even in her the traces of French influence are still visible, not only as the result of the Norman Conquest, but even of much later date, in her language and manners. Nor is it unlikely she may be more indebted to that country for her *political* philosophy, than many of us are aware of, or willing to admit: witness the wonderful reception which was given to Bodin's book, "De Republica," its admission into our universities as a text book, and the curious assertion of Dugald Stewart, that many more of our eminent writers are indebted to that work than have chosen to acknowledge it. Whatever she borrowed or developed, however, she worked up in a fashion and by means of institutions essentially her own. So that when the fabric of her greatness and her liberty arose, it was admired, but not understood. The processes of her elevation were considered too "peculiar and eccentric" for general use, and foreigners had but small motive to investigate a system which they believed to be an anomaly it was impossible to copy.

But, as M. Siljström observes, "a great change has taken place." Our English language and literature, once admired and studied by a few of his countrymen, are now "considered an indispensable part of education and even of the education of young women, whose mental training was formerly regarded as pretty nearly complete when they had

learned to repeat, parrot-like, a few commonplace French phrases." The number of his compatriots visiting England increases, and the impression carried back with them is in favour of English civilization, and the manifest result is, "that sympathy with England is in this country daily increasing at the expense of French sympathies which have hitherto prevailed." Even in France, he observes, a more friendly disposition is evinced and a greater desire to study and adopt English manners and literature, while it becomes rarer to hold up Englishmen to ridicule on the stage. It is gratifying to find that he imputes a considerable influence in this respect to the Great Exhibition of 1851—a consequence confidently predicted by its best supporters, and the expectation of which we have reason to know was the chief inducement with some of them to give it their strenuous aid. But the main cause of this growing interest and attention he ascribes to a gathering conviction on the part of foreigners that it is from the *English race* they are to learn the solution of those social problems which have so long puzzled the continental states, and which they have endeavoured to solve in vain. Strange as it may seem, the republican tendencies of the continent are seeking examples for imitation in monarchical England, and they who are conducting the struggle for the obligations of society to the individual, and to each individual alike, have recourse to a country especially characterised by an aristocracy of birth and money; practice having demonstrated that England though constituted in this way, offers "surer guarantees for national prosperity and individual liberty than any of the republics that have of late been tried on the continent."

A visit to England in 1848 had given M. Siljström a pretty good insight "into the nature of the forces which had in that country led to such great political results." But he found, he says, "a difficulty" which would be strongly felt by a foreigner, and can be easily appreciated by an Englishman—namely, that "these forces were so hemmed in by antiquated and sometimes conflicting institutions, that it was often difficult to form a clear judgment of their activity." He therefore turned his attention to the United States, where, though the form of government be different, "the fundamental powers at work are the same," but freer in their development, and therefore more appreciable in their results. To enable him to prosecute this inquiry extensively, the Swedish government gave him a grant of money.

The cause of the stability and healthy development of English order and liberty he had easily found in that remarkable local

or self-government, which is the distinguishing feature of our political organization. Too familiar ourselves with this phenomenon to reflect much upon it, we can yet easily understand the surprise of the foreigner, when for the first time he notes the two kinds of life that are in presence amongst us, the national life and the local life. A monarchy dotted over with little self-acting republics, administering their own local affairs, choosing their own magistrates, their own parliaments, having their own sources and measures of finance, their own means of enforcing order, even their own political conflicts, must seem to him a great anomaly with a plentiful promise of confusion. Accustomed to a rigid centralization where an active centre communicates an unresisted action to passive parts, and permits no movement not originated by itself, he must necessarily be perplexed at a system which recognises a special and distinct vitality in its parts, and confers on them an exclusive privilege of action within a certain sphere. It is natural he should fancy himself in the presence of two incompatible forces, since it is not unusual among ourselves to hear of self-government as opposed to centralization. This is erroneous. Had there been antagonism, there would have been friction and disturbance. Our self-government, our municipal machinery, on the contrary, is of central creation. Derived from the crown, it represents the operation of the central power discharging itself of certain powers and functions, and devolving them on certain bodies, which being the most interested in their wise application, could be best entrusted with them. But in thus transferring these functions, the central power reserved to itself a certain control over the bodies endowed with them, being able, whenever they refused or neglected their execution, to step in by means of its executive, or, as now, its judiciary, and compel them to do their duty. More recently, too, we have seen these newly recast and remodelled by parliament—that is, the nation acting in unity; thus clearly showing that their rights are purely derivative, and that they are simply delegations from the central power. But the very source of this delegation was the necessity under which the Crown found itself of making the industrial class a counterpoise to the territorial class—of fostering local associations, skilled in the art of self-government, trained to deliberation, possessing an independent action and public opinion of their own. In raising ramparts for its own protection, however, the central power was also providing ramparts against its own excess. In filling the country with nurseries of local liberty, it provided an organization which the people of England may

suffer to be retouched and improved, but which they will never suffer to be mutilated or effaced. In other countries, centralization has invaded local liberties, and finally destroyed them. It is true, the principle of the rights of the individual has in some instances successfully reacted, but with what results? Unsupported by organization, without places of refuge, without strongholds, without the experience of associated action, it has only conquered to be subdued :—

“Thus,” says M. Siljström, in his excellent preface, “the final effect of the principle of individualism has merely been to place the individual in face of despotism, powerless, isolated, and shorn of all support from class, corporation, or commune. What would be the results where such a state of things existed, it was easy to foresee, and the experience of our own day proves it but too clearly; for it is through these means alone that despotism has been enabled to celebrate its supreme triumph, by letting centralization assume its ideal form in that military dictatorship whose iron sceptre presses heavily upon Europe, and from which, as circumstances now stand, there seems to be no means of rescue save through violent revolutions. Will this revolution again result in an increase of despotism? and will Europe constantly be kept balancing between the two?”

“My conviction is, that there is but one means by which to escape from this unfortunate position—viz., *national self-government*, such as it is understood by England and America. Nothing but a gradual extension of well-established local liberties, and a gradual development of a sound system of association, can restore the lost equilibrium of the European communities.”

This impression is gradually gaining ground, he tells us, among the continental nations, and to this feeling he refers the tact, which it is cheering to know, of their tendency “to draw closer to the Anglo-Saxon race—the only one which has as yet developed in any prominent degree the idea of self-government.” Such language in the mouth of an intelligent foreigner will be interesting, and must be important as indicating that the mind of other countries is anxiously intent on the puzzling, because unexamined problem involved in our science of government, and inquisitively observant of the great working models which have furnished as yet the safest solutions.

Proceeding to America with the sanction and support of his government, it would have been a delicate matter for M. Siljström to trace the working of self-government, as acting under purely democratic forms, and bringing out the value of republican institutions. He chose, therefore, rather to study it as developed in the department of public instruction where the observer can trace its action undisturbed by political partisanship or other causes, and where the “exertions of individu-

als and of individual association for the promotion of public objects are most clearly manifest.” Hence the volume before us, containing a valuable exposition of the educational resources of the States, which are considered under three aspects. First, as regards the organization of popular schools, and the general education of the people; secondly, as respects charity-schools (in a very summary manner); thirdly, as concerns the higher branches of education, and the especial means provided for obtaining a learned and practical education.

When those grand iron men, the pilgrim fathers, full of liberty and despotism, intrepid assertors of religious freedom in the country they abandoned, its austere opponents in the land to which they fled, had taken firm possession of their new asylum, their attention was forthwith directed to the subject of public education.

In 1620, they set foot on Plymouth Rock, and in 1635, Boston being then five years old, it was unanimously resolved, that “our brother Philemon Purmont should be appointed schoolmaster, for the instruction and education of our children,” thirty acres of land being at the same time appropriated to Philemon’s support. Five years after, our pilgrim fathers, never doing things by halves, enjoin that wherever there shall be found a family “in which so barbarous a state of things exists, as that the head thereof did neither by his own efforts, or those of others, endeavour to give his children and servants sufficient instruction to enable them to read fluently the English language, and acquire a *knowledge of the penal laws*, a penalty of twenty shillings (a heavy fine at the time) should be imposed for such neglect.” But as punishing the parent did not instruct the child, they further enjoined that of such parents and masters as after warning persisted in their neglect, the children or servants might be placed by the authorities under the guardianship of other heads of families worthy of being substituted for such unworthy parents—the boys until the age of twenty-one, the girls until eighteen. Compulsory education being thus established, it was further ordained, in 1647, that every town of fifty families should be bound to support a schoolmaster competent to teach reading and writing; while every town of one hundred and fifty families should be bound to support a grammar school, with teachers competent to qualify pupils for the university.

Nor was the sister State of Connecticut much behindhand in the race of education.

In 1650, a law similar to that of Massachusetts was passed respecting public schools; and in the penal code of the second puritan

State was found this singular clause: "If any child above the age of sixteen, and naturally of sound mind, swears at or strikes his or her father or mother, he or she shall be punished with death, except in cases where it can be fully proved that the parents have utterly neglected the education of the child." A very singular case of benefit of no clergy, evincing a higher sense of the value of education than the benefit of clergy itself. The provisions for further education being thus extensively made, it soon became "an unheard-of thing in New England to meet an adult possessed of sound mind who could not read or write." We here see plainly enough the foundation of that extraordinary influence the eastern people have exercised over the destiny of the States.

The war of independence necessarily interfered with the progress of education, and in the ferment of their new existence the people very naturally forgot to use the quaint expression of our author—"while trying on for the first time the Republican costume, that the schoolmaster is the only tailor who is able to make a garment of that kind strong enough to bear wear and tear."

Though education was far from being unprovided for through the Union in the first part of this century, yet its progress, whether in extension or improvement, was far from marked. It was not until after the year 1835, that a new era of educational exertion commenced. The public mind, then becoming aware of a large and unexpected amount of ignorance in the States, was justly alarmed. It is the opinion of M. Siljiström that General Jackson's presidency greatly increased this apprehension. This rough and energetic man had not only developed the democratic action in its coarsest form, but by giving away all the official appointments at the disposal of the federal government—from the highest to the lowest—as the rewards of political services, had converted the elections "into an arena for the struggles of contemptible demagogues who lived by the 'spoils,' thus rendering the promotion of education among the electors more than ever necessary as a means of counteracting these evil influences."

But surely the main cause of anxiety and the principal inducement to action must have arisen from the visible results of the great emigration, which for years had been going on. First, there was the great tide of pauper life incessantly flowing in from Ireland, bringing its hundreds of thousands of ignorant men, who, speedily manufactured into electors, were producing constituencies on which Washington and Hamilton would have looked with disgust, and which, not even Jefferson could have regarded with a relish.

Secondly, there was that more potent and remarkable emigration from the settled parts to the unsettled; from the disciplined habits and mental cultivation of the old sea-board, to the irresponsible life of the prairie and the forest; scattering rapidly through the fertile wilderness of the west the seeds of an intense existence, full to excess of physical energy, and unballasted intelligence; developing with magical swiftness into a vast population, with an enormous capacity of material progress, but rude in manners, reckless in conduct, and greatly deficient in intellectual and moral restraint. It is true, indeed, that the Yankee or stout-hearted Eastern man, the intrepid colonizer of the west, faithful to the revered custom of his State, introduced wherever he went the *church* and the *school*, as soon as circumstances would permit; but his school was both too defective in itself, and too badly supported by the motley population flowing into the new settlements to which his courage and enterprise had marshalled the way, to present an efficient barrier against the tendencies to rudeness and ignorance which such societies could not fail to develop. This was the aspect of affairs in 1835. But such a condition of things obviously indicated the necessity of a corrective to a nation watchful over its own prosperity, and will alone sufficiently account—whatever coincident inducements may have existed—for the ardour with which it went to work in setting up new educational breastworks, or restoring old ones, against a low Irish civilization that required elevation, and a degenerated American civilization that needed repair.

As may be easily conceived, it was in that part of the Union where popular education had been most carefully cherished, that the new impulse was most powerfully felt. Among the other old States, New York signalized herself by her efforts, which soon placed her second in rank to New England in the amount and quality of her school-provision. Pennsylvania, on the contrary, exhibits but little progress, and New Jersey is also in arrears. In the former, the presence of a large German population—much of it of old standing, its elder generations not brought up under the actual educational system of Germany, and therefore not anxious for instruction—presents a serious obstacle. In many parts of the State not only does German continue to be spoken, but English is not at all understood. M. Siljiström ascribes the deficiency to the influence of the quakers, who preponderate in these States. Though by no means indifferent to education, and highly philanthropic, their attention has been chiefly directed to the establishment of gratuitous *poor schools*, while the children of the rich have confined

themselves to private schools, from which cause the public schools want that high character they possess in Massachusetts, where children of all classes are found in them. The concentration of property in fewer hands would also favour this inauspicious tendency to private schools for the rich, and charity schools for the poor. Improvement is however going on, and the schools of Philadelphia can now bear comparison with those of Boston and New York; while a general improvement is taking place throughout the State. Of one remarkable feature in the school system of Philadelphia—its high school—we shall have occasion presently to speak.

The minute account given by M. Siljström, in his third chapter, of the system of national schools in Massachusetts, is extremely interesting and will repay attention. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the educational fibre has been made to extend itself through every portion of the social body, so that the care of education is involved in the act of citizenship. The township, either undivided or distributed into districts, is the simple element of the process. The manner in which it is brought into action is as follows:—

“Each town, however small it may be, is bound to maintain at least *one* school, in which instruction is imparted during six months of the year; or two or more schools, the period of instruction in which shall together form a term of six months. Every town comprising one hundred families, or households, is bound to maintain one school throughout the year, or two schools each during six months in the year, &c. Every township comprising one hundred and fifty families, must maintain two schools during nine months of the year, or three schools each during six months, &c. Every township, comprising five hundred families, must maintain two schools throughout the year, or three schools each during eight months, &c. In these schools are taught reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and geography, and good behaviour.

“Each township, comprising five hundred families, must, in addition to the schools already mentioned, maintain a school in which (together with the branches named above) instruction shall be given in the history of the United States, in geometry, algebra, land surveying, and book keeping; and this school must be in activity at least nine months in the year. These schools are denominated *English high-schools*. Townships comprising a population of 4000 souls, must, in addition to the schools already enumerated, maintain one in which instruction shall be given in the Greek and Latin languages, in general history, logic and rhetoric, besides all branches taught in other schools. Such schools are called *Latin high-schools*.

“All these schools are open without distinction to every child in the community who has attained

the age required; the two last mentioned class of schools being in common for the whole township, whereas, the district schools are open only to the children of the respective districts where they are situated.”

The result of this arrangement is, that while common schools everywhere abound, there is, or rather will be—for the law in this respect has not, it appears, been strictly carried out—an effective provision for the highest course of gratuitous instruction open to the whole community. According to official reports of 1850, there were twenty-five townships liable to the maintenance of a Latin High School, or one for every fifty square miles, and every 32,000 inhabitants; sixty-five liable to the maintenance of an English High School, or one for every third square mile and every 12,300 inhabitants. Townships, not by their size liable, may unite with other townships for the maintenance of High Schools, or make agreements with such towns as are legally compellable to have them. For the purposes of education, every township becomes a corporation, with its privileges and responsibilities. The amount of school-rate leviable upon the township is determined at a public meeting of rate-payers, who also annually appoint a school committee of three, five, or seven members, for towns under 4,000 inhabitants; beyond that amount there may be an addition of members not exceeding seven. The school committee administers, generally, all matters connected with the schools, assisted by a prudential committee of two or three members in each district, which superintends the building, repairs, &c., of school-houses, in all cases where the townships do not undertake their erection and maintenance. The school committee generally appoints teachers; or sometimes the prudential committee, whose choice, however, is restricted to persons bringing certificates from the former. These certificates are only valid for a year, and for the township, and may be withdrawn at any time. Rigid duties of inspection are enjoined upon the committee, and to insure their performance, the law allows a dollar, besides expenses, to each of the members so engaged, the township being at liberty to fix a higher fee whenever it deems fit.

Such is the very remarkable school system which has flourished in Massachusetts from her foundation, and given her a popular education, which is certainly without a rival. But in order to impart a higher efficiency to each of this singular congeries of self-acting educational unities, and give them a harmonious and uniform action, some centralizing processes have taken place, which, at first re-

garded with a certain suspicion, have now become popular. These are the establishment of a common fund for the support of schools in 1834; of a central board of education, and of normal schools in 1838.

As respects the fund, it was resolved that a sum not exceeding a million of dollars should be set apart for the purpose of education, and its interest distributed to the respective townships, in proportion to the number of children in them between five and fifteen, and on condition, first, that they voted an annual school-rate of one-and-a-half dollar for every such child;\* and secondly, that they answered faithfully, through their school committee, the questions proposed to them by the Board of Education, and supplied the yearly reports as required by law. This fund had, in 1849, accumulated to above 860,000 dollars, and had acted beneficially on the various townships, stimulating without gorging them. The functions of the Board, which consists of ten members, including the governor and lieutenant-governor, *ex-officio*, the other eight being chosen by the governor and council for eight years, one member retiring every year, explain its utility. These functions are, to collect all useful information that can bear upon popular education; to obtain by a series of questions addressed to school committees—to which, as a condition of their receiving their share of the State fund, they must reply—and persons connected with them, an accurate knowledge of the condition and working of each school; to communicate to these committees such improvements or additions as had come to its cognizance; to lay before the legislature every year an abstract of the school reports sent in to the Secretary of State, and also to make an annual report of its own operations, together with such experience and information as it may have acquired. The members of this Board are unpaid, save as regards any travelling expenses officially incurred. The Secretary has a salary of 1600 dollars a year; his business is to make extensive tours of inspection, and, by lectures and addresses, to keep the public mind always on the alert with reference to the school system. Both the "School Abstracts" and the "Annual Reports" are regularly published; of the former 1750 copies, of the latter as many as 8000 are published,

\* In Massachusetts, as we learn from the official reports of last year, the rate raised by taxation amounted to 4 dollars 71 cents, or 19s. 7d. for each child between five and fifteen. The number of children in the United Kingdom will be about 7,500,000. If, then, we were doing for our children what Massachusetts is doing for hers, we should be annually taxing ourselves solely for common school education to the amount of about £7,000,000 a-year.

and one or more copies of each given to each member of the legislature, and to the members of the school, and prudential committees. The annual reports of the Hon. Horace Mann, the first Secretary, have become text-books for the educationist. Though the power of the Board is strictly recommendatory, and without any executive control, the vast benefit that results from the publicity given to its operations can easily be conceived. How great an advantage in this country would it be, even if beside the separate reports of the Government inspectors, a digest, by a responsible officer, of their contents, and any other matter that had come within their experience, should be annually presented to Parliament, and widely distributed among members of school committees and all concerned in the management of schools.

As respects the variations introduced in the other eastern states it suffices to say, that while they have much in common with Massachusetts, they borrow more or less some additions or changes from the practice of the State of New York. In this State M. Siljström notices:—

"One of the most interesting circumstances connected with the latest development of the national life of America; the introduction of increased centralization, but in such a form that without encroaching in any way on the people's right and practice of self-government, it serves to introduce greater uniformity in the administration, while on the one side it stimulates, and on the other controls the action of the local bodies."—pp. 12.

There is, indeed, hardly a problem more important to be solved than that which is to determine in what amount the action of the whole may be brought to bear upon its parts, so as to bring them into harmonious action with it; and while imparting to them the benefit of its larger experience, and the stimulus of its powerful wants, to regulate without checking, and impel without constraining, the independent activity on which their prosperity depends. In the United States, the solution has been attempted in various forms, and with great success; but nowhere, if we are to judge from the frequency with which it is copied, more successfully than in the working of the school system in the great and flourishing State of New York. In this State, as in Massachusetts, the primary division is into townships, averaging between 2 and 3000 souls. Each township elects a town superintendent of schools for two years, whose business, among other things, is to divide the township into districts, and make such changes in existing districts as are desirable; to undertake a minute inspection, and deliver an annual report to the Secretary of State; to

examine candidates for teaching, and recommend them for appointment. His duties are analogous to those of the school committee of Massachusetts. Three trustees are also elected for three years, one going out of office each year: their business, like that of the prudential committee, is to attend to the building and repairs of school-houses, to make agreements with teachers, to determine what children are to be exempt from "rates of tuition"—that is, school-fees, where they are exacted, to attend to the discipline of the schools, and to make annual reports to the town superintendents. But the township in this State, though not, as we see, by any means shorn of its self-government, is, however, more or less regulated by the general administration of the county, averaging about 50,000 inhabitants. Instead of the "select men," who manage the affairs of a New England township, the management is vested in a *supervisor*, and the supervisors of the various townships of the county form a *board of supervisors*, exercising the administrative power over all the townships. For school purposes, the townships are divided into districts; of which there are 11,000 in the State, with an average population of from 200 to 300 souls. Thus the county being only a larger form of local administration, the next step is to establish, through a centre, a constant interaction of the various members on each other acting as unity. The way in which it is done is this: the Secretary of State is *ex officio* the "superintendent of common schools;" below him is a "deputy superintendent," on whom the actual working is devolved. The duty of this officer, elected by the people for two years, is to apportion the State grant among the respective counties to the districts, which have also the privilege of levying a trifling tax for school libraries, and school materials. The teachers' salaries are sometimes helped out by school fees. The average amount paid in fees is less than two-thirds of a dollar a head per year—a trifling sum where wages are so high. In some districts, however, the schools are free, while in those that have fees, certain children are exempted, so that the actual sum per head of those that do pay is something larger. Small as these fees are, they are found to obstruct the progress of education, to shorten the school period during the year, and to have a bad influence on the teachers. The system of free schools is decidedly gaining ground. In 1845, as we learn from the report of the superintendent of common schools of the State of New York for 1849, eleven cities and towns had legally established free schools, representing a fifth of the whole State population; if to these we add others which have voluntarily adopted

them, we may state the free school system as having obtained the sanction of the fourth of the population. It is the opinion of Mr. Morgan, that the majority of the rate-payers would prefer having the schools supported entirely by taxation. No doubt this is the prevailing feeling throughout the Union. In the Eastern States, the schools are everywhere nearly free, often absolutely so. In Indiana, the people, called upon for their opinion on the same subject, declared, by a great majority, in favour of free schools. Wisconsin at once established them. "Even in South Carolina," says the New York superintendent, the "schools are free to the free." He adds, "I believe it is true that, in every state, county, town, or village, where the question has been submitted to the decision of the people, they have found in favour of the free system." That this system will be adopted in the State of New York, there can be but little doubt. In 1851, the governor of the State was empowered to appoint a commissioner to embody, in a single act, a common school code for the State. In the beginning of last year Mr. Randall, who had been selected for his eminent services in the cause of common school education, presented to the legislature a draught of a code, prefaced by a report. In it he recommends and justifies a clause in the code, substituting a mill-tax, or one dollar for every thousand dollars of taxable property, real or personal, which a man may possess—in lieu of the actual state-tax of 800,000 dollars. By this tax, increasing with the value of property, he expects that the schools in the 12,000 districts can be made *free* schools, and kept open for twelve months in the year.

He also strongly urges the re-appointment of county superintendents, and brings forward a mass of evidence to prove their admirable influence on the prosperity and efficiency of the schools. These superintendents were salaried officers chosen by the Board of Supervisors for two years, whose business it was to inspect schools, suggest all such improvements as their experience dictated, and decide any disputes that might arise in the township, subject to an appeal to the State superintendent. These officers existed from 1841 to 1847, when, having become unpopular, the office was abolished. It was to this body of superintendents that the distinguished educationists of the other States pointed as the brilliant and crowning excellence of the New York system. The loss of their services has been so severely felt, that the necessity of their re-appointment is fully recognised. It is more than probable that Mr. Randall's recommendation with respect to them, as well as with respect to the mill-tax, will be adopted, and that then a variety of imperfections

and drawbacks which now disfigure the school system being eradicated, it will be the glory of the empire State to exhibit the most perfect apparatus for popular education.

While this remarkable activity is conspicuous in the eastern States and New York, the new States of the west are not neglecting their duty. Congress has voted one thirty-sixth of all public lands for the support of education in them. In all the townships occupying areas of thirty-six square miles, laid out in exact squares—the sides facing the four cardinal points, and again subdivided into regular sections of one square mile—section No. 16, a central one, is termed the "School Section," and is allotted to the support of schools. Rude enough indeed are often the school-houses; improvised of logs, or provisionally occupying any house that can be procured, for the use of the emigrants, frequently very poor and very ignorant, but anxious to be taught. "I began school on the 23rd November with four scholars," writes a female teacher from Wisconsin; "the number soon increased to forty, between the age of six and twenty-two. The scholars are very backward." They had scarcely any books; four or five must use the same book. Then, too, "my school-house is eighteen feet long, fourteen feet broad, and is built of logs, and is cold, very cold." But our brave friend does not despond. "Next winter," she says, hopefully, "we shall have a well constructed building for school and church." Meanwhile all is going on well. There is a zeal for learning among the poor ill-clad children that come to her. "Two girls of the age of twelve and fourteen have come a distance of a mile and a half through the snow, with no other covering than a little shawl not larger than a pocket-handkerchief, the rest of their clothing being proportionably scant." No doubt this earnest, devoted school-mistress will allure all the little ragged community to school. Nothing indeed is more curious than this missionary spirit of the American women in the cause of education. Besides volunteers, as many as forty or fifty young women under the auspices of the Ohio Board of Education, "collected from various parts of New England, assemble at Hartford in Connecticut, and after passing muster as duly qualified, and going through some little further training for five or six weeks, proceed, accompanied by one of the society's superintendents, to take charge of their western schools. The wags, of course, say they go to get married; but though some, neglectful of their high calling, may now and then fall at once into matrimony, the great majority do good service as professional teachers, before in another form they continue their instruction

as wives and mothers. We had ourselves, recently, direct evidence of the zeal for teaching which is widely diffused in the States. Paying a visit last summer to Rock City,\* in Catteraugus County, in the State of New York, we stopped at a lone farm-house, as directed, to take a guide. A young man presented himself, who took us through the "city," and much surprised us by his intelligence and information, especially by his accurate knowledge of various statistical facts respecting England. We found on inquiry that he had been and was a teacher. On returning to the farm-house he invited us to go in and rest; we there found a vigorous-looking man of fifty, who some years ago had come into the forest, cleared a few hundred acres, and reared a family of ten children. All but two were there, verging from six to twenty years of age, and among them two pretty well-mannered girls, busily engaged in household work. We soon discovered that they also had been out as teachers, the youngest as far as Wisconsin. They and our friend the guide had now returned to the homestead for the purpose of completing their own education in the highest branches of instruction, by attendance at the high or normal schools. On asking them to insert their names in a pocket-book, that we might forward them a book they wished to see, we could not help smiling when we found that one had written down her name Belinda, the other Cleopatra. For these fine names, however, they were not responsible. Modest, sensible, and sincerely devoted to their calling, and as far as their opportunities of acquirement admitted, well qualified for it, these young girls, like many hundreds of their countrywomen, will go forth to help to diffuse the blessings of sound education throughout the yet much neglected portions of their vast country. When will our farm-houses send forth such sisters of mercy as these.

It is of course in the large towns that educational efforts are the greatest, and educational machinery the most complete. Here, in regular gradation, are found the "primary,"—for children from four to seven,—teaching spelling, reading, and a little arithmetic. The grammar school, to which children of seven are admitted, on certificate of competency from primary schools, teaching in one division reading, grammar, composition, declamation, geography, history, natural history,

\* A remarkable denudation caused by some vast rush of waters, whereby an extensive formation of millstone grit has been laid bare, to a depth of several feet, and broken into huge masses, the passages between which have been thought to bear a fantastic resemblance to streets, courts, and galleries. Hence it is named Rock City.



and physiology; in another, writing, drawing, arithmetic, book-keeping, algebra, and sometimes geometry and natural philosophy. The English High School, where pupils are admitted at twelve, and may remain three years, developing these studies to a greater extent, and adding to them natural theology, the evidences of christianity, moral and mental philosophy, rhetoric, the constitution of the United States, trigonometry, and land-surveying. Finally, the Latin School, devoted principally to classical acquirements, with the addition of mathematics, history, and a repetition of English grammar, &c. Pupils are admissible at ten, and may remain five years. This division and graduation of schools and studies, with some variations, is pretty much the same in the principal towns, and all gratuitous. As evidence of the facilities for good education which are offered to the American children, M. Siljström's chapter on Education in the Cities will be read with interest. We had ourselves recently an opportunity of some examination of the schools of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, especially of the former, and regret that our space will only permit a general testimony to the excellent order and arrangement of the schools; to the remarkable proficiency and intelligence of the pupils; to the ability, tact, gentleness, and adaptability of the male and female teachers. The care which is bestowed on correct enunciation and emphasis is very remarkable, and must have the best results. Nor is the care confined to the city schools. In the pretty town of Middletown, in Connecticut, at a very well-conducted school there, we heard young children read with an expression and regard for punctuation, which would be difficult to find in our English schools. In Boston we were permitted to address questions to the scholars, on branches of study which had been discontinued for several months; and were surprised at the fulness and accuracy of their information. The schools of this city are indeed admirable, from the lowest to the highest; the buildings spacious, airy, and commodious, and the school furniture ornamental, as well as convenient. The condition of school buildings has been hitherto very defective throughout the States, but, as will be collected from the title of Mr. Barnard's useful book, prefixed to this article, much attention is now paid to the subject, and M. Siljström remarks, that if there be the same ratio of improvements in the next ten years as the last, every district school building, before another generation passes away, will be transformed into a neat and pretty cottage, with a play-ground and small plantation attached to it, and every external and internal convenience. The Free Acade-

my of New York is a noble institution, copied from the High School of Philadelphia. As these institutions are of a remarkable nature, a notice of the latter, taken from official documents, may be interesting.

The object of the school is twofold. First, to supply a higher education than can be acquired in the Primary and Grammar Schools to those of the pupils in them who, by their industry and talent, merit and desire a more extensive range of instruction. Secondly, by offering such an advantage, to react beneficially on these schools, by keeping them up to the highest pitch of exertion and efficiency. These objects have been completely answered. Between 1838—1850, as appears from the thirty-second Annual Report of the controllers of public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia, composing the school district of Pennsylvania for 1850 (p. 108), as many as 2130, or a yearly average of about 177 pupils, have been admitted. The effect upon the popular schools is thus described in the report:

"After considerable discussion of the question suggested, the propriety of admitting candidates from private schools, the controllers at length unanimously resolved to restrict the admissions to pupils of the public schools. The result has been a greater and more beneficial change in the character of the lower schools, than was ever effected probably in any similar institutions in the same space of time. No one can read the records of the controllers without concurring in the opinion expressed by them in their twenty-sixth annual report, in which they say, 'the influence of the institution upon other schools is believed to be worth more than all its costs, independent of the advantages to actual pupils.' This influence is exerted solely through the examinations for admissions. The privileges of the High School are held forth to the pupil as the reward for successful exertion in the lower schools. They are kept constantly in his view, and operate as a powerful and abiding stimulus to exertion through all successive stages of promotion, from the lowest division of the Primary to the highest division in the Grammar School. *The influence is felt by those who do not reach the High School quite as much as by those who do.* It is an influence pervading the whole public school system." —p. 85.

Such, after several years' experience, has been the effect of this admirable institution. Every precaution has been taken to make the admission-examination effective as a test, and impartial beyond suspicion. The acquirements of candidates are carefully ascertained in spelling, in the use and definition of words, in geography, in the history and constitution of the United States, in grammar, arithmetic, algebra, and mensuration. Especial care is devoted to the examination in grammar and

arithmetic, as the foundations of further attainments. Ten questions are put on these subjects, with the exception of grammar and arithmetic, which have twenty allotted to them. The answers to the questions, being all written, furnish also a test for penmanship, the quantity of which affects each individual's average. They are moreover bound up and arranged with facilities of reference. They thus contain the evidence on which the different examiners have founded their decision. Persons dissatisfied with the results have every facility for examining them; this, it is stated, is often done, and with a uniform result. Another very important benefit derived from this practice is, that visiting directors of other schools, and parents of different boys, often discover in these papers the proof of a deficiency not before suspected, and which is usually corrected before the next examination.

That the influence of this school on all other schools must be such as is described, can easily be conceived, but another point of interest to ascertain is, what is the influence on the future career of the pupils themselves. It is but too much the custom when we are endeavouring to rouse the poorer class to a sense of the value of education, to appeal to the ambition of the most intelligent among them, by showing how many men of their social condition have reached the highest prizes and honours of the State—in other words, have been able to escape from their own class. But how much better would it be for them, and for all, could we point to men pursuing the same humble—as they are foolishly called—occupations as themselves, but nevertheless exhibiting and enjoying a mental cultivation worthy of the highest sphere, in close and immediate connexion with their own rank. By the agency of such men it is manifest that the intellectual elevation of the whole class would be secured; its just dignity be conferred on toil through all its branches; the absurd distinction of occupation, as honourable or humble, gentlemanly or ungentlemanly, be effaced; and an equality of mental culture be diffused that eventually brings about the other equalities, which, as they must come, had better come with imperceptible approach, without difficulty, and without jar. It was, therefore, with much anxiety we inquired into the subsequent career of the pupils who had passed through the high schools. Fortunately, nothing is easier to discover, it being an admirable rule of the schools to register both the occupations of the parents, and, as far as can be ascertained, the future occupations of the scholars. The following illustration of the subsequent career of the pupils, taken from the Thirty-

second Annual Report of the Controllers of Public Schools, is certainly remarkable:—

“Occupations of the 1467 pupils who graduated or left during the eight years, ending July 26, 1850. Architects, 2; bakers, 2; blacksmiths, 32; blindmakers, 8; cadets, 3; carpenters, 120; chair-makers, 3; chemists, 6; clergymen, 6; clerks, 137; conveyancers, 44; coopers, 8; cordwainers, 50; curriers, 12; cutlers, 2; dentists, 5; druggists, 44; dyers, 2; engineers, 24; engravers, 37; farmers, 70; gasfitters, 2; gilders, 4; glasscutters, 2; goldbeater, 1; grocers, 11; hatters, 11; iron-founders, 2; jewellers, 12; lawyers, 17; locksmiths, 2; machinists 65; manufacturers, 13; mariners, 31; masons, 4; merchants, 3; miller, 1; millwrights, 3; ironmongers, 2; painters, 13; paperhanger, 1; physicians, 19; plasterers, 2; ploughmaker, 1; plumber, 1; potter, 1; riveters, 54; saddlers, 14; sailmakers, 2; ship-carpenters, 6; ship-joiners, 2; ship-wrights, 22; stereotypists, 2; stonecutters, 4; storekeepers, 332; tailors, 12; tanner, 1; teachers, 55; tinsmiths, 4; tobacconists, 3; turners, 4; typefounders, 4; watchmakers, 4; weavers, 4; wheelwrights, 7; not ascertained, 29; diseased, 6. Total, 1467.”

Well may the Report assert that the *alumni* of the High School are already scattered through every branch of useful industry, nor will it be matter of surprise, “that many of our leading mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and others, are in the habit of sending to the school whenever they are in want of desirable young men to be trained to business.” The whole importance of such results it is hardly possible to measure; but that they will produce an unparalleled elevation in the working-classes of Philadelphia it is easy to conceive. One hundred and eighty well-educated youth annually sent forth, almost all of them to gain their livelihood by the various industrial occupations, and set to those around them the example of the tastes and habits which may be expected from high mental culture, is a phenomenon of rare importance, which is well worthy of our serious reflection. To us it is of the highest concern, as showing the possibility of achieving the high educational training of working men, without separating them from their class; and as demonstrating to those who may be doubtful about it, the practicability of usefully combining tastes which distinguish intellectual culture with the *supposed* drudgery of mechanical toil.

In chapter xv., M. Siljström touches upon the state of religious instruction in the United States, and his evidence is important, as coming from a foreigner accustomed to schools in which catechetical instruction is a part of the scholastic routine, and who appears to set a high value on religious education. It is his decided opinion that a beneficial influence “on the Christian religious culture” is pro-

duced by separating the religious instruction of the country from the secular. The following remarks are so judicious, and so borne out by a mass of evidence which has been collected in illustration of our own popular schools, that we cannot overlook them:—

“I stated above that a truly religious spirit may reign in a school, notwithstanding that religion is excluded as a subject of positive instruction; but, may we not go further, and assert, that in reality religion suffers from being made a subject of instruction in the daily schools? As religious instruction in the common schools must alternate with the temporal studies, is it not probable that in the minds of the pupils it will be placed on a level with the other subjects? Is it not probable that even the teachers will treat the one subject in exactly the same manner as the other, that is to say, they will treat it as an intellectual exercise, and nothing more? And can we suppose that all this will not contribute to degrade and profane religion in the thoughts of the young? At least, as far as my experience goes, it tells me that thus it is. Observe the tone which generally rules in schools where, nevertheless, religion is daily taught! If there be an hour of schooltime from which it is thought absence will be of no consequence, it is the hour of prayer. And who, that has ever frequented a school, has not as many bitter or disagreeable recollections connected with the religious teaching as with any other lessons? Who has not witnessed daily ebullitions of temper in teacher as well as pupils, and found these as often called forth by the religious exercises as by any other? And is it not most desirable that everything of this kind should be avoided in connexion with such a subject as religion?”

So well does the system work that it is highly approved by all Protestants, whether clergy or laymen, “although, of course, a dissentient voice is now and then raised.” The only opposition of importance is from the Roman Catholic clergy, who wish, of course, to have the education of their own sect exclusively in their own hands, and who frequently, through their influence over the new Irish emigrants, succeed in establishing schools of their own by forcing children into them, whose parents, if they dared, would send them by preference to public schools. But we are inclined to think, from what we heard in the United States, that when the tide of emigration slackens, the policy will have no success. It is in this huge network of Sunday-schools which, in America, as in England, encompasses the rising generation with its dogmatic teaching, that a sufficient supplement is found, as far as scholastic means are concerned, for the dogmatic education of the people. But there is a peculiarity connected with these which deserves to be noted. Profuse as are the Americans of their money for educational purposes and for church provi-

sion, there is an indisposition to give money for the support of exclusively *denominational* Sunday-schools, though numbers of them are to be found. The result is, that the various Protestant “evangelical” denominations,—Episcopal, Methodist, Independent, Baptist, &c., have been obliged to associate for the purpose of establishing Sunday-schools, in which the points of faith common to them all are taught—those in which they differ being excluded. This association bears the name of “The American Sunday School Union;” the central agency of which is at Philadelphia. A tendency like this is highly characteristic, and much in contrast with the sharp distinctions that prevail in this country, proving a disposition among the “orthodox” sects “to conceive that true Christianity exists beyond and independently of these sectarian differences.” Hence the general character of instruction in the Sunday-schools is in accordance with this view, although there may be isolated attempts at sectarian influence. This Association is very active, and sends out annually about fifty missionaries to carry out its objects in the Western States. It may be readily supposed that the Roman Catholics are opposed to such a system, and not only they, but those also who come nearest to them—the Ultras of the high church party. Amongst these there is much grumbling, both against these Sunday Schools and the National day-school system. It was, indeed, under their influence, and his own bias, that Mr. Tremembeere, one of her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools, was misled into an extravagant estimate of the amount of disapproval exhibited towards the secular school system, and induced, in his “Notes,” to caricature its results. Now, as our clergy readily clutch at any supposed facts by which they can excite religious fears, it may be worth while to give a sample or two of the amount of reliance which is to be put upon this gentleman’s evidence. Among several statements, hastily collected during a flying pleasure tour of a couple of months, and of no value, he ushers in, with great parade, the testimony of a Dr. Edson, the episcopal clergyman of Lowell, *avowedly* written to influence public opinion in England. The doctor is very considerably alarmed, and with good reason, for he foresees an approaching infidelity and corruption of morals, worse than that of the heathen world, as the inevitable consequence of the school system. It may be easily conceived that no one would have troubled himself about such rhodomontade as this; but unluckily for the doctor, he must needs give a specific description of the religious ignorance exhibited in the population of Lowell, reminding us of the accounts given

by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, of the "spiritual ignorance" to be found in their districts, and something like what may be met with in some of our "national schools." Lowell, it will be remembered, is a large manufacturing place, to which persons from different parts of the country resort; and it is necessary, also, to note that, as the charge of spiritual ignorance does not include the Irish, who have the happiness of being looked after by their priests, it must be received as an illustration of the religious instruction of Americans. This charge, coming from such a quarter, and published for such a purpose, caused so much surprise, that a statistical inquiry was undertaken in reference to it, not only in Lowell, but in five or six other towns, as nearly as possible circumstanced as it was. Well, the result, as we are able to declare on the distinguished authority of Professor Ticknor, was completely to disprove, both in Lowell and the other towns, Dr. Edson's statements, and to show that but a very trifling per centage of the children in them had not attended Sunday schools, and that the alleged cases of ignorance were no more samples of the religious education of American children, than a score of Chelsea pensioners, without arms or legs, would be samples of the rank and file of the British army. Nobody seems to have anticipated this result more clearly than Dr. Edson, who did all he could to evade and balk the inquiry as respected Lowell. Now, it is very hard that such evidence as this should be exhibited as trustworthy, and placed in the hands of our Denisons for the purpose of obstruction. But Mr. Tremenheere has been very careless, to say the least of it, in adducing authorities. Thus, in enumerating his adverse testimonies, he represents the Bishop of Massachusetts as saying, that he would prefer in the interests of religion a mixture of religious with secular teaching, but that this is not attainable. But we were assured by the bishop that he was misreported. Being asked whether he would not prefer having the schools more under his control, he said, "Yes;" but added, that this was impossible, and that he was "quite satisfied with the working of the present system;" of which satisfaction we are not favoured with a hint. Again, Mr. Tremenheere speaks of Dr. Potter, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, as another dissentient. Now we hold this to be impossible; and as our reasons for doing so will show what the best informed citizens think of their school system, and thus confirm M. Siljström's impartial evidence, it may be worth while to give them. We have before us an "Appeal" to the inhabitants of Boston, from an "executive committee" appointed in 1849, at a public meet-

ing, to carry out its wishes with respect to the establishment of public evening schools. It speaks with great pride of Philadelphia having within twenty years added her common schools to her churches, in which nearly 50,000 of her children were then receiving the rudiments of mental and moral culture. It points to the diminution of crime, and though not ascribing this to education alone, it believes that "education will be found to be one of the most powerful of the causes." While acknowledging that intellectual culture is not all-sufficient, it calls attention to the fact, that "though apparently employed in imparting only secular knowledge, every well-regulated school must even, in performing that work, be instrumental in forming good habits, and in cultivating the better affections of our nature." It enumerates various beneficial influences, and adds—"It is on these grounds that the undersigned, in common with all enlightened friends of popular education, anticipate great service from the multiplication of good schools;" and it concludes by saying, "that religion, pure and undefiled, will flourish among the young the more their hearts are predisposed, through the instruction and discipline of good schools, to serious reflection, and an active employment of their higher faculties. . . . In the name, then, of our common faith, of a common humanity, and our common abiding-place, we ask your co-operation." It would be difficult, we conceive, to express higher commendation than is found in the language of this document. Yet appended to it are the names of some of the most distinguished citizens of Philadelphia, including that of the gentleman who so ably represents his country at this Court; and the first name, that of the chairman, is Alonzo Potter, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. That this right reverend gentleman is any more than his brother of Massachusetts opposed to the actual school system, we must, in the presence of such conclusive evidence, take leave to doubt.

It is evident that, like the distinguished fellow-townsmen he was acting with, and like all persons we ever heard express an opinion on the subject, he looks upon the school system of his country with regard and gratitude. No doubt there is here and there a little *coterie* that carps. The wonder is it is not larger. For in Upper Canada, where the school system is such that even Mr. Tremenheere can recommend the clergy to support it, some in the Church are disinclined towards it, and have subscribed largely towards sectarian schools. Mr. Tremenheere seems to have fallen in with some of the same sort of people in the States, and their agreeable buzz has so filled his ear as to make him fancy he

has heard the voice of a party in the prattle of a *coterie*. They who have been misled by him would do well to learn, from the work before us, the reasons which induce its author "to conceive how it is possible that *true Christian* culture may exist in America in a much higher degree than perhaps in any other country, although regular religious instruction is not imparted in the popular schools."

What we have said will furnish a tolerably accurate idea of the efforts which Transatlantic Englishmen are making to reduce ignorance to a minimum. In city, in town, in village, in the forest and prairie, in the Indian preserves, in the "coloured" school, in the well-appointed free academy and the miserable log-house school, everywhere you have evidence of their extensive anxiety for the omnipresence of a large and liberal provision for popular instruction. To be taxed for education is not a grievance, where to make public opinion enlightened is a personal security. Whatever faults we may please to ascribe to democracy, there is one peculiar and crowning merit we cannot deny it—the obligation it imposes upon every man to be interested in the well-being, mental and physical, of every other. Where all are equal in power, it is necessary that all, as nearly as possible, should be equal in condition. Where the majority is the governing power, knowledge, honesty, contentedness, must be the rule; ignorance, fraud, discontent, the exception; or the wise will be at the mercy of the foolish, the honest of the dishonest, the prosperous of the unfortunate. Hence the cheerfulness with which the English republicans of the United States tax themselves for education as a security for good government through a well-informed majority. But is this lesson of no interest to us? Are we not verging every day towards—no matter under what form—the same state of government by majority without any adequate preparation for meeting it? Yet, whenever we shall meet it, it must be with great social inequalities, with many social antipathies, with a minority glittering with great wealth, and a majority oppressed by great poverty, having neither the well being of the American population, nor the proprietary rights of the French peasantry—with classes arrogant from long rule, and other classes that may be equally arrogant in extinguishing it. No very agreeable prospect, this. Still, by some inexplicable fatality, while Englishmen on the other side of the Atlantic see, in the development of national intelligence through universal instruction, the essential preservative of a democracy under the most favourable condition, we, on this side, take hardly any thought of this preservative,

though hurrying into a democracy of much more difficult solution. Education with us, indeed, is not a citizen's question, but a priest's question. It is not how the country shall be filled with intelligent, self-reliant men, but how church or tabernacle shall be filled with submissive, uninquiring congregations. We ought to be getting ready for a virtual democracy, and we proceed as if we had no higher purpose than a theocracy. The school, which should be a seminary of citizens, is to be made a net for proselytes. The schoolmaster, who ought to be as independent and as sacred as the priest, must be his shadow or his tool. As Protestants, indeed, we are bound to assert, in the face of "Papists," that religion is a matter of private judgment, and that each man, on his own responsibility, must choose his own. But, as educators, we are bound to render such a dangerous practice impossible. We must catch the child as soon as he can learn—we must get him into a day-school, where he shall be swathed in formulas, catechisms, and prayers—we must carefully see that he never gets his secular knowledge pure—we must mix up dogmatic religion with his spelling, his reading, his arithmetic, and his geography; we must make him accept our views of religious truth as true, and look upon every one else's as false. When we have done this during the most plastic period of his life, when we have given him a bias from which we think it will be difficult for him to recover, drilled him into impressions we have taught him to venerate, carefully excluded from him all reasoning or testimony adverse to our own, cramped him in his secular acquirements, and completely indisposed him to freedom of inquiry,—we can then safely, and without a blush, send him out into the world as a valuable illustration of the blessings of Protestant liberty, and an eloquent witness of the glorious privilege of private judgment. Whether, on the Protestant principle, honestly interpreted, such second-hand birch-rod religion can secure him a place in heaven, may be a doubt, but that is *his* affair. It is calculated that it will induce him to take a seat in church, and that is the educator's affair.

Now, that this is the use to which education in this country has been put, is now put, and is wished to be put by every sect, no one not absolutely ignorant will deny. Yet the precious attempt to raise up a catechism-taught, or God-fearing community, by means of day schools, has been a ridiculous failure. Not only has the secular instruction been at zero, but also the religious instruction, or even below it. Reverend and lay inspectors of schools, inquiring into the matter, can scarcely describe without a smile the irrational jumble

that constitutes the religious knowledge of our "national" schools. Even Mr. Tremembeere, so prudish about the American secular system, will remember his getting into a serious scrape with the Committee of the British and Foreign School Society, by his *exposé* of the religious acquirements in their schools. How completely this system has turned out a blunder, may be collected from the unwelcome admission everywhere made, that to secure anything like an intelligent reception of the religious knowledge which is so much desired, there must be a large communication of that secular knowledge which is so much feared. Yet the patrons and perpetrators of this blunder, the clergy and ministry, still claim to be received as oracles on the subject. Though popular instruction, under their administration, has been a most costly failure, they still claim to be its administrators; what is worse, their boldness, instead of offending, imposes. One of the most eminent of our statesmen quails before them. He means to dedicate, he says, the rest of his political career to two great questions—the extension of the suffrage and national education. He proposes even to do something respecting the latter—a great improvement, he says, it will be, but not a great and comprehensive measure. From that he shrinks, and why? He is afraid of the professional religionists, the clergy and ministry. Look, too, at the public Press, generally so free spoken, and all you can get from it on this subject is discreditable silence or irresolute whispers. It seems to regard national education as a religious question, and as such removed beyond its domain. If a foreigner were to ransack the files of *The Times*, he might conclude there were still many very serious imperfections or wants in the country, but he would hardly discover that national education was among them. There is, indeed, not an important question affecting the interests of the nation that does not supply matter for discussion, save this one. But on this subject (confessedly a difficult one, even when all are agreed)—on this, on which public opinion requires to be formed, to be disabused of prejudice and gross ignorance, to be made acquainted with the causes of past failure and the essential conditions of future success, above all, to be lifted from petty views to great views,—the Press declines to take upon itself the responsibility of advice, and ignores a subject on which it fears to touch.

The result of this timidity would be ludicrous, were it not lamentable. We are, in educational efforts, not only distanced by the greatest nations of the world, but by the most insignificant. In this respect, we blush *magna componere parvis*. Tahiti can cry

shame to England. King Kamehameha is richer in educational apparatus than Queen Victoria. While the latter can only point to a veiled Committee of Council on Education, with a paltry annual sum of 150,000*l.*, or less than the *three hundredth part* of the national revenue at her disposal, the former has his responsible minister of public instruction, with 5000*l.* a year, or one-third of the national revenue for his school requirements. The Lilliputian apparatus may be ridiculous, but the spirit that works it is greater than we can boast.

There, the religious question, the torment of this great country, presents no difficulty. If there be in any place fifteen Catholics without a school, the State endows in part a Catholic school: if fifteen Protestants, then, in like manner, a Protestant school. In this country, if the State gives money towards the support of a Catholic school, it is charged with the endowment of error. There is no such imbecile prattle in Tahiti. Yet the missionaries, who virtually govern it, have been unexceptionable zealots, driving away the Catholic missionaries, until France enforced their readmission—and to this day ordering their puppet, Kamehameha III., to maintain the laws of their former puppet, Kaahumanu II., which punish with hard labour, fine, and imprisonment, any native wicked enough to obey the obligations of religious conscience, and use the privilege of private judgment, by adhering to the Pagan rites of his forefathers. What else can it be but impertinence or Pharisaism in our professional religionists, to affect to be more scrupulous than such men?—yet to them the religious aspect of education presents no embarrassments. Assuredly, in matters of education, Tahiti, as far as the largeness of its views are concerned, may look with compassion upon England.

We regret we cannot find space for doing more than merely allude to the important matter which M. Siljström has collected respecting the pay and training of teachers, the amount and duration of school attendance, the collegiate and academical institutions of the United States, and the deficiency of high scientific instruction compared with what is found in Europe, on which subject he has some very interesting remarks, distinguished by his usual good sense and remarkable liberality. We may mention, that in his opinion there is a vast promise in American literature which he thinks in a few years will take Europe by surprise.

We cannot conclude without calling the attention of our statesmen to the suggestion of an American citizen, who has distinguished himself nobly in the cause of public education. "How much better," says Mr. Bar-

nard, in his first report, as secretary to the Connecticut Board of Education, "would it be in every respect, if the *right of suffrage were based upon the evidence of school attendance and proficiency, than upon any property qualification whatever.* Whoever shall discover a mode of securing a certain degree of instruction on the part of every individual of society, without violating the spirit of the age and of our institutions, will do more to advance the cause of civilization, and our American liberty, than we can conceive it possible to do in any other way." What is true in this respect of America, is true of England. But is there then not any of the anonymes who compose the "Committee of Council on Education," who will render his country the service of endeavouring to promote education by connecting it with the franchise, or to increase the efficiency of the franchise by basing it as far as possible on an educational qualification? Surely it would require no transcendent wit to construct a scheme by which, on the one hand, so much attendance at an efficient school, and so much tested acquirement duly certified should qualify a youth on his attaining his majority to exercise the franchise; and by which, on the other, every parent who would make the sacrifice of allowing his two or three children to stay the requisite time at school himself acquire the franchise. Eagerness for the franchise and indifference for education are but too often found united in the same person. How possible, then, to make the franchise he seeks a means of awakening in him a desire for the education he needs—which not only *he* needs, but which it is perhaps even more important to us than to him he should possess. For the present, however, we have but little hope. While America is teeming with eminent and earnest men, pressing forward in the cause of popular education, our English notabilities are but too happy if, without seeming to ignore, they can evade it. It is either beneath their ambition or beyond their courage. Lord Lansdowne, who has the subject nearest at heart, is too aged to champion it; and, unfortunately for the country, the son who auspiciously began his public career by devoting himself to the cause of popular education was too early lost to him. The youth of Brougham was brilliantly devoted to it: his age forsakes it. It is manifest the statesman is not yet in the midst of us, wise and bold enough to build his fame upon its triumph.

## ART. VIII.—POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

*Poems.* By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue.

GOETHE has told us how much easier it is to wear a laurel crown than to find the head worthy to be crowned:—

"Ein Kranz ist gar viel leichter binden  
Als ihm ein würdig Haupt zu finden"—

but, little accustomed as critics are to weave crowns for poets now-a-days, Glasgow has this year shown us the head of a young poet who will, we believe, ere long make good his claim to the honour. Considering the mass of matured mediocrity and polished incapacity which is every year thrust upon a supremely inattentive public, in the guise of poetry, one cannot conceive a more unattractive title than that of the volume we have undertaken to introduce to the reader's notice. *Poems*, and by Alexander Smith! who could be expected to look at them, unless previously assured that these poems were veritable poems—the blossoming of a young plant growing high up on the sides of the double-peaked Parnassus? Yet we venture to assure the reader that no competent person can glance at these pages, without at once discovering that they belong to a category in every way removed from that of the "poetry" which each quarter produces in abundance. Alexander Smith is a born singer; a man of genius; not a musical echo of other singers. He has faults enough to occupy an academy of critics, and these we shall presently indicate, but the faults are mainly those of youth—he is, we hear, only twenty-one. No such first publication can we remember; what he will hereafter produce, if his intellectual progress be proportionate, will, we cannot doubt, place him among the foremost of English poets. But, to achieve this, to grow into the stature prophesied by his youth, he must deepen and extend his experience, enlarge the compass of his diapason, and prune the over-luxuriant imagery which clusters about his thoughts thick as the blossoms in spring.

Leaving the future to the future, let us glance at what he has already achieved. This volume contains a long dialogue, misnamed a drama, setting forth the struggles of a young poet. Besides this *Life-Drama*, as it is ambitiously entitled, there are three short poems, and eight sonnets. Most of these have appeared in the *Critic* and the *Leader*, from which they are reprinted with slight alterations. The most striking characteristic of these poems is, their abundant *imagery*. And,

by imagery, we do not mean what young gentlemen having "the accomplishment of verse" fatigue us with; but fresh, vivid, concrete images, actually present to the poet's mind, and thrown out with a distinctiveness and a delicacy only poets can achieve. Nature is written over with varied symbols, and the poet reads them into intelligible meanings. Our extracts will make this sufficiently apparent. But while we note that—to use his own simile—

"his chief joy  
Is to draw images from every thing;  
And images lay thick upon our talk  
As shells on ocean sands"—

We must also note the youthful prodigality which, as in Keats, renders the verse cloying from its sweetness. He would seem richer were he not so rich. Something of this over-luxuriance is due to youth, and something to the extremely sensuous nature of his style.

And this leads us to the second characteristic—sensuousness. Because he is young, and has not yet learned wisdom, chastened by suffering—*μαθηματα παθηματα*—his eager senses have embraced the world, and only sensuous offspring issue from his muse. The heights and depths of our nature have been seen by him as yet only in swift anticipative glimpses, not in full and steady contemplation. That grave burden of imperious thought, and sad delicious suffering, quickening the spirit to higher impulses and to profounder utterances—that region of speculation and of sorrow which great poets have always traversed, and which impregnates their music as the bed of violets impregnates the south wind passing over it—has hitherto been no more than suspected by him. So that, on rising from his poems, we do not feel bettered; we do not feel that a great spirit has spoken from its depths to ours; we feel that a young and eager spirit has been singing in exultant life of all the glories and intoxications of beauty, joy, ambition, and wild hopes. Love, love, love! is the eternal hymn; and that, too, love of a brief and passionate kind, transient as the glowing colours of a sunset, eager as youth, impetuous and careless of the morrow: the love, in short, of youthful dreams, and not the grave devotion of a life.

With the sensuousness of imagery, and directness of fervid expression, there is necessarily connected a certain voluptuousness, which has excited the too hasty condemnation of some readers more refined than healthy. We cannot accept the objection. It is quite true that his muse is passionate, and sincere in the language of passion. If it seem too

voluptuous, the reason is, that, from the causes before alluded to, it is too *exclusively* sensuous. But the language of passion, when sincere and reverent, is the language a poet is bound to use; one of the poet's functions is that of beautifying and ennobling such feelings; and he only merits reprobation, when, by cynicism, irreverence, insinuation, or conscious lubricity, he disgraces his office. No one can for an instant say that Alexander Smith incurs any such charge. He is pure, and reverent, earnest and sincere. With a strong sense of enjoyment, he mingles the most refined perceptions of what is beautiful and tender. There are, indeed, many who object to any expression whatever of these imperishable and holy instincts; but the objection springs from a perverted and unhealthy conception of literature. It belongs to that mistaken view of Art which has idealized disease: which has created the type of sickly heroines and impossible refinements. We have deserted Nature for the Hospital, and our most poetic flowers are *immortelles*.

We do not, therefore, bid Alexander Smith to tame the impassioned fervour of his language, we only want him to deepen and extend the nature of his passion, making it the flaming utterance of his *whole* being, sensuous, moral, and intellectual, and then no one will have a fault to find. This, we have no doubt, will come to him in time, for he is essentially a *young* poet, one whose experience is of the varied aspects of earth and sky, and of his own fitful desires, not of the complexities and perplexities of life. What he has experienced he sings; and as Jean Paul notes of young poets, in his curious "Vorschule der Aesthetik," the novelty of their feelings seems to them a novelty of subjects, and that is the reason why they always either throw themselves into the Unknown and Unnamed, in foreign lands and epochs, without any individuality, or else throw themselves into the Lyrical—for in this last, there is no other nature to imitate than that which is within them—*oder vorzüglich auf das Lyrische; denn in diesen ist keiner Natur nachzuzahlen als die mitgebracht*. Lyrical, indeed, Alexander Smith is above all things, and his poems are but the outpouring of this Lyrical feeling, excited by Nature, by Ambition, and by Love.

In the extracts we are about to quote, every one will recognise the magnificence of imagery, the rare felicity of expression, the intensely musical feeling, and the originality with which old materials are used. Much of the imagery reminds us of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, but the poet most constantly recalled is Keats. The *Life-Drama*



is but of slender substance—a canvas whereon is woven tapestry of varied and exquisite pictures. Walter, a young poet is followed,

“By strong ambition to outroll a lay,  
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,  
Charming it onward on its golden way.”

But this hope is frustrated; he cannot be what he desires, the laurel-crowned victor:—

“Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave  
Asleep in moonlight!  
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold  
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul  
A passion burns from basement to the cope.  
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,  
As passionately, my rich-laden years,  
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,  
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find  
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.  
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,  
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst  
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile  
on me?

Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!  
As well may some wild maiden waste her love  
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.  
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.  
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,  
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.  
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads  
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,  
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
A heart to hew his name out upon time  
As on a rock, then in immortality  
To stand on time as on a pedestal:  
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are  
weak,

We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,  
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart  
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;  
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul  
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,  
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;  
Waked by a fiend in hell!—

'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me  
To fling a poem like a comet out,  
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.  
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,  
As when, upon a racking night, the wine  
Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,  
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,  
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for  
me

But to creep quietly into my grave.”—pp. 2—4.

And he has the right sense of the poet's office:—

“My Friend! a Poet must ere long arise,  
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,  
As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd;—  
One, who shall bellow Poetry to God  
And to its own high use, for Poetry is  
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts  
ride;—

One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song  
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,  
To find the quickest passage to the heart.  
A mighty Poet whom this age shall choose  
To be its spokesman to all coming times.  
In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,  
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,  
And grapple with the questions of all time,  
And wring from them their meanings. As King  
Saul

Called up the buried prophet from his grave  
To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-king  
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave  
To tell him of our future.”—pp. 25, 26.

Let Alexander Smith meditate on this his own conception, for hitherto he has shown little tendency to “grapple with the questions of his time.” To resume: after having loved, and struggled, been unhappy, and disappointed, Walter rises to a clearer appreciation of his destiny, learns to care less for fame, and more for actual deed: indeed the “moral” of the poem may be found in this passage:—

“My life was a long dream; when I awoke,  
Duty stood like an angel in my path,  
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned  
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back  
To distant childhood, and gone out to God  
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up  
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide  
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.  
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armour of a pure intent.  
Great duties are before me and great songs,  
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall  
It matters not, so as God's work is done.  
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed,  
Not the applauding thunder at its heels  
Which men call fame. Our night is past;  
We stand in precious sunrise, and beyond  
A long day stretches to the very end.  
Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!  
Even puts on her jewels. Look! she sets  
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze  
Upon the evening but a tide of awe,  
And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,  
Swells up within me, as the running brine  
From the smooth-glistening, wide-heaving sea  
Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream  
Until it threatens its banks. It is not joy,  
'Tis sadness more divine.”—pp. 200, 201.

It will be seen that this *Life-Drama* is a poem of episodes through which a passion runs—

“Like honeysuckle through a hedge of June.”

Here is one in a different style from anything we have quoted:—

“Within a city One was born to toil,  
Whose heart could not mate with the common  
doom,  
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.  
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up  
Into a shy and solitary youth,

With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft to  
tears

He was moved, he knew not why, when he has  
stood

Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,  
Such feeling overflowed him from the sky.  
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star  
Unsphere'd and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.  
Once did he say, 'For me, I'd rather live  
With this weak human heart and yearning  
blood,

Lonely as God, than mate with barren souls;  
More brave, more beautiful than myself must be  
The man whom truly I can call my Friend;  
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw  
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand  
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the moon;  
Soon as he fail in this, the crest and crown  
Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.  
What so unguess'd as Death? Yet to the  
dead

It lies as plain as yesterday to us.  
Let me go forward to my grave alone,  
What need have I to linger by dry wells?  
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he  
read

Of those great spirits who went down like suns,  
And left upon the mountain-tops of Death  
A light that made them lovely. His own heart  
Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him  
Was richer far than fifty years to come.  
Alchemist Memory turned his past to gold.  
When morn awakes against the dark wet earth,  
Back to the morn she laughs with dewy sides,  
Up goes her voice of larks! With like effect  
Imagination opened on his life,  
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with Nature on the sabbath-days,  
Far from the dressed thrones and the city  
bells,

He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,  
While restless thoughts were stirring in his  
heart.

'These worldly men will kill me with their  
scorns,

But Nature never mocks nor jeers at me;  
Her dewy soothing of the earth and air  
Do wean me from the thoughts that mad my  
brain.

Our interviews are stolen. I can look,  
Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes  
But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,  
Thy silence and the fairness of thy face  
Are present with me in the booming streets.  
Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,  
And disembowelled by the biting pick,  
Kind Nature! thou hast taken to thyself;  
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,  
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed its  
scars,

And hid its wounds and trenches deep in  
flowers.

So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,  
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,  
Efface the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,  
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain  
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm my  
heart,

And the quick courses of my human blood.'

Thus would he muse and wander, till the sun  
Reached the red west, where all the waiting  
clouds,

Attired before in homely dun and grey,  
Like Parasites that dress themselves in smiles  
To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on  
Their purple mantles rimmed with ragged gold,  
And congregating in a shining crowd,  
Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.

As slow he journeyed home, the wanderer saw  
The labouring fires come out against the dark,  
For with the night the country seemed on  
flame:

Innumerable furnaces and pits,  
And gloomy holds, in which that bright slave,  
Fire,

Doth pant and toil all day and night for man,  
Threw large and angry lustres on the sky,  
And shifting lights across the long black roads.

Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar  
The shining peaks of fame that wore the sun,  
Most heavenly bright, they mocked him through  
his bars.

A lost man wildered on the dreary sea,  
When loneliness hath somewhat touched his  
brain,

Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watching  
sky,

Which hour by hour more plainly doth express  
The features of a deadly enemy,  
Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.

Ev'n so, by constant staring on his ills,  
They grew worse-featured; till, in his great  
rage,

His spirit, like a roused sea, white with wrath,  
Struck at the stars. 'Hold fast! Hold fast!  
my brain!

Had I a curse to kill with, by yon Heaven!  
I'd feast the worms to-night.' Dreadfuller  
words,

Whose very terror blanched his conscious lips,  
He uttered in his hour of agony.

With quick and subtle poison in his veins,  
With madness burning in his heart and brain,  
Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid  
lips,

He rushed to die in the very eyes of God.  
'Twas late, for as he reached the open roads,  
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,  
The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.

The city now was left long miles behind,  
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars.  
He reached its summit. Far above his head,

Up there upon the still and mighty night,  
God's name was writ in words. Awhile he stood,  
Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.

He raised his hands. Alas! 'twas not in  
prayer—

He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,  
'I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,  
To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,  
And then to die in autumn with the flowers,  
And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.  
Thou mightst have smoothed my way to some  
great end—

But wherefore speak! Thou art the mighty  
God.

This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds  
Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,

Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!  
Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to  
Thee!

My pangs! My tears of blood! They could  
not move

Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.  
Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, there-  
fore here,

To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,  
*Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,*  
And as my pale corse fronts the glittering night,  
It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.  
His death did not disturb that ancient Night.  
Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung  
Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with  
stars—

No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths.

## EDWARD.

Now, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,  
At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could he  
not

*Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,*  
*And be clear-skied thereafter?* He, poor wretch,  
Must needs be famous. Lord! how Poets geck  
At Fame, their idol. Call 't a worthless thing,  
Colder than lunar rainbows, changefuller  
*Than sleeked purples on a pigeon's neck,*  
More transitory than a woman's loves,  
The bubbles of her heart—and yet each mocker  
Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet crumb  
To roll beneath his tongue.

## WALTER.

Alas! the youth,  
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart  
As to live quiet days? When the heart-sick  
Earth

*Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,*  
*And stoops her weary forehead to the night,*  
*To struggle with her sorrow all alone,*  
*The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,*  
*Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,*  
*Till she is calm.* But in his sorrow's night  
He found no comforter. A man can bear  
A world's contempt when he has that within  
Which says he's worthy—when he contemns  
himself,

There burns the hell. So this wild youth was  
foiled

In a great purpose—in an agony,  
In which he learned to hate and scorn himself,  
He foamed at God, and died."—p. 131—9.

There is not a page of this volume on  
which we cannot find some novel image, some  
Shaksperian felicity of expression, or some  
striking simile. Our long extracts have  
shown the crowded wealth of imagery carried  
by his verse: we will now select some shorter  
passages—every one a gem:—

## UNREST.

"Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea  
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars  
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds  
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,

And float like mighty icebergs through the blue  
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of  
earth;

Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the  
frantic rain;

We hear the wail of the remorseful winds  
In their strange penance. And this wretched  
orb

Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,  
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she  
goes."—p. 85.

## A CHILD.

"Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
Thou later Revelation! *Silver Stream,*  
*Breaking with laughter from the lake divine*  
*Whence all things flow!"*—pp. 85, 86.

## LISTLESSNESS.

"*My drooping sails*  
*Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.*  
*I rot upon the waters when my prow*  
*Should grate the golden isles."*—p. 104.

## SOLITUDE.

"'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed  
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of  
man,  
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas."  
p. 178.

## RESOLUTION.

"I will throw off this dead and useless past,  
As a strong runner, straining for his life,  
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.  
A mighty purpose rises large and slow  
From out the fluctuations of my soul.  
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea,  
Starts the completed moon."—*Ib.*

## HOPELESSNESS.

"I see the future stretch  
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."—p. 83.

Here is a string of pearls:—

"The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
*Hedges are white with May.* The bridegroom  
sea

*Is toying with the shore,* his wedded bride,  
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
*He decorates her tawny brow with shells,*  
*Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,*  
*Then proud, runs up to kiss her.* All is fair—  
All glad from grass to sun! Yet more I love  
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes  
comes

In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,  
It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,  
Finding its old companions gone away,  
It joined November's troop, then marching past;  
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the  
world

With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,  
And all the while it holds within its hand  
A few half-withered flowers."—pp. 111, 112.

Bettina says, that Goethe is always great upon the stars, as Homer is upon the sea. Alexander Smith seems to love both with an insatiable passion, and perfectly marvellous it is to see how incessantly they furnish him with images always new, always varied. Compare the passage just quoted, about the bridegroom sea, with this :—

"Better for man,  
Were he and Nature more familiar friends?  
His part is worst that touches this base world.  
Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,  
*Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore*  
Is gross with sand."—p. 8.

Or this :—

"If ye are fair,  
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when  
The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,  
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,  
Each shouldering for her smile."—p. 7.

Equally fresh and manifold are the images with which he invests those primeval themes—sunset and moonlight. By the way, we commend this exhaustless novelty on old subjects to the consideration of all who have little faith in the latent resources of the human mind, and who suspect that it has done its best and greatest in literature and art. Here are some passages in which the symbolic descriptions are of startling aptness and beauty :—

"One dreary morn  
Your Book came to me, and I fondled it,  
As though it were a pigeon sent from thee  
With love beneath its wing. I read and read  
Until the sun *lifted his cloudy lids*  
*And shot wild light along the leaping deep,*  
Then closed his eyes in death. I shed no tear,  
I laid it down in silence, and went forth  
Burdened with its sad thoughts : slowly I went;  
And, as I wandered through the deepening  
gloom,  
I saw the pale and penitential moon  
Rise from dark waves that plucked at her, and  
go  
Sorrowful up the sky."—p. 196.

"I walked with him upon a windy night;  
We saw the streaming moon flee through  
the sky  
Pursued by all the dark and hungry clouds."  
—p. 105.

"Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day  
That leaves the west all crimson with the  
promise  
Of the diviner morrow, which even then  
*Is hurrying up the world's great side with*  
*light.*"—p. 105.

"The moon hides with a cloak of tender light  
A scarr'd heart fed upon by hungry fires."—p.  
89.

The imagery is sometimes brief and pregnant in expression, as when he says :—

"And laughter fluttered thro' their after talk  
As darts a bright bird in and out the leaves."

Or in the Shakspearian wealth of imprisoned thought here :—

"I am drunk with joy.  
This is a royal hour—the top of life.  
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the  
grave."

In Currell Bell's novel, "Shirley," there is a beautiful passage describing an April day, when "a sunbeam kissed the hill tops, making them smile in clear green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging dishevelled tresses of a cloud;" it is probable that Alexander Smith may have seen this passage, and that it was murmuring indistinctly in his ear when he wrote the following, for plagiarism is the last charge to be preferred against one so opulent.

WALTER.

"Poor child, poor child!  
We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,  
Looking each other wildly in the eyes :  
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,  
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,  
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me  
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud  
*With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill*  
*On which its heart is breaking.* She clung to me  
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs,  
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,  
And now had nought but me and her great  
wrong.

She did not kill me with a single word,  
But once she lifted her *tear-dabbled face*—  
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt  
Into his burning throat, from that pale look.  
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend :  
It drives me out to the black moors at night,  
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,  
And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,  
Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn  
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!  
It comes—*that face again, that white, white face,*  
*Set in a night of hair ; reproachful eyes*  
That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes!  
They will torment me even in the grave,  
And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going ?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire, by hell, and on *I drive*  
*To outer blackness like a blazing ship.*  
[*He rushes away.*]

To youth must be put down a certain carelessness of style, and occasionally of grammar, surprising in one so keenly alive to the felicities of expression; there are Scotisms and commonplaces no good reader of the proofs should have passed; and we were amazed to find him on the first page using this threadbare image:—

“As Moses’ serpent the Egyptians’ swallowed  
One passion eats the rest.”

Nevertheless, the extracts we have given must have made manifest the fact, that here is a man possessing in an unusual degree the “vision and the faculty divine,” which, when moved by the momentum of richer experience, will create great poems. As Johnson was wont to say, “Sir, a man can only coin guineas in proportion to his gold,”—the finest faculty will be little more than sterile, unless it be employed on the right material. If a Phidias carve an image out of clay, it will perish like clay; the finest marble must be under the sculptor’s hands, or all his genius will be wasted. That Alexander Smith has the creative faculty, we cannot doubt: it remains for the future to show whether that faculty will be exercised on common-place clay, or on rare and priceless marble.

#### ART. IX.—EARLY CHRISTIANITY, ITS CREED AND HERESIES.

1. Οριγένους Φιλοσοφούμενα ἢ κατὰ πασῶν αἱρέσεων ἔλεγχος. *Origenis Philosophoumena sive omnium hæresium refutatio. E codice Parisino nunc primum edidit Emmanuel Miller.* Oxonii: e Typographeo Academico. 1851.
2. *Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, D.C.L. In Four Volumes. London. 1852.

WHEN a stranger knocks at the gate of the Clarendon Printing-house, and presents his petition for aid, the University of Oxford maintains its national character for good-natured opulence,—gives its money and signs its name, without very close inquiry into the case. The documents are really so respectable that there cannot be much amiss: and a venerable institution, well known to be fond

of the house, cannot be expected to go trudging through the back-lanes of history and exposing its nostrils in the purlieus of heresy, in order to identify a literary petitioner, evidently above all common imposture. So it supplies all his wants upon the spot, dresses him handsomely, and sends him out into the world as its worthy (though eccentric) friend, the catechist of Alexandria. The introduction, being left at the Prussian Legation, falls into the hands of no stay-at-home benefactor, but of one who knows the bye-ways of human life, and has an ear for the dialects of many a place. M. Bunsen—as Oxford might have remembered—is not unacquainted with Egypt; and no sooner does he raise his eyes from the credentials to the person of the stranger, than he discovers him to be no disciple of the Alexandrine Clement; recognises the accent of the West; is reminded of the voice of Irenæus; and, finally, being even more familiar with the Tiber than the Nile, detects a Roman beneath the mask of Origen. We do not in the least grudge the friend of Niebuhr the honour of a discovery which no one could turn to more effectual account: but every English scholar must feel mortified that the *Imprimatur* of our great Ecclesiastical University should appear on a title-page manifestly false; that the first reader should see at a glance what the learned proprietors had missed; and that their *Editio Princeps* of a recovered monument of Church antiquity should be superseded within a year or two of its publication. They are not principals, it is true, but only secondaries to the Editor, in the commission of this error: still, a lay bibliographer might reasonably expect, in resorting for aid to so renowned and reverend a body, that his own judgment would be kept in check: and their very consent to issue the work implies some critical opinion of its value, as derived from age and authorship. Whether they are called upon to adopt at once M. Bunsen’s proposed title-page, and substitute the name of Hippolytus for that of Origen, we will not say; but that the present title gives the book to the wrong author, seems placed beyond the reach of doubt.

M. Emmanuel Miller, one of the curators of the National Library in Paris, was the first to make himself acquainted with the contents of this work, and to appreciate their importance. Among the manuscripts under his care was one on cotton paper of the fourteenth century, which had been brought from Mount Athos in 1842, by M. Mynoides Mynas, a Greek agent employed by the French Government to search the neglected treasures of that celebrated spot. The superscription, “On all Heresies,” was not inviting: but on

turning over the leaves, some lines, unknown before, of Pindar and of another lyric poet, were found and copied: and the value of these excerpts being ascertained, M. Miller's attention was directed to the body of the treatise containing them. The treatise had already been described, in the *Moniteur* of the 5th of January, 1844, as a Refutation of all Heresies, in ten books, but with the first three missing, as well as the conclusion of the whole; and he soon became aware, that of the three missing books, the first already existed, and had been printed under the name of "Philosophoumena," in the editions of Origen's works. Its very title is found in the manuscript at the end of the fourth book, and denotes that the portion of the work there concluded completes the sketch of philosophical systems, which the author prefixes to his account of ecclesiastical aberrations; and there are mutual references, backwards and forwards, between the printed book and the manuscript, which leave no doubt that the latter is a sequel to the former. The Editor, therefore, has very properly reprinted the "Philosophoumena" as the commencement of the newly recovered work; which thus exhibits a regular plan, and consists of two parts:—viz., first, four books,—of which the second and third are lost,—expounding the Pagan philosophies, especially the Greek, from which, the author contends, the various heresies of Christendom are mere plagiarisms; then six books, containing an account, in an order prevalingly historical, of thirty or thirty-two heresies, supported by extracts from their standard writings, and wound up in the recapitulatory book at the end by the writer's own profession of faith. Now who is the author?

Not Origen; for, as Huet had already remarked respecting the "Philosophoumena," the writer speaks of himself in terms implying an episcopal position: and, in the ninth book, he gives an account of transactions in Rome, extending over many years, in which he was evidently an eye-witness and an actor. While the scene is thus laid at a distance from Origen's sphere, and the date also of the personal matter runs back into his boyhood, the cast of the theological doctrine is wholly different from his: for instance, in a certain "Treatise on the Universe," to which the author refers as his own, and of which a fragment is preserved, the penal condition of the wicked after death is said to be immutable;\*

\* τοῖς μὲν εὖ πράξει δικαίως τὴν αἰδίον ἀπολαύσειν παρ᾽ ἑαυτοῦ, τοῖς δὲ τῶν φασίων ἑρασταῖς τὴν αἰδίον κόλασιν ἀπονεῖ μαντος. Καὶ τοῦτοις μὲν τὸ πῦρ ἀσβεστον διαμένει καὶ ἀτελείωτον, σκώλεξ δὲ τις ἔμπυρος, μὴ τελειωτῶν, μηδὲ σῶμα διαφθεῖρων, ἀπάστω δὲ ὀδόντι ἐκ σώματος ἐκβρόσσων παραμένει. Τούτους οὐχ ἕκτος ἀναπάσει, οὐδὲ νῦν παρηγορήσει, οὐδὲ θάνατος τῆς κόλασεως ἀπολέσει, οὐδὲ παράκλησις συγγενοῦ

but Origen, it is well known, taught a doctrine of final restoration. Add to this, that no such work as the present is attributed to Origen by any ancient witness, and the case against his name may be regarded as complete.

The evidence which disappoints this claim narrows also our choice of others. The personal transactions to which we have referred took place at Rome, while Zephyrinus and his successor, Callistus, presided over the Christian community there, that is, during the first twenty years of the third century. We must, therefore, look for our author among the metropolitan clergymen of that period. Still closer is the circle drawn by the fact, that the writer largely borrows from the treatise of Irenæus on the same subject; and though vastly improving on that foolish production, and copiously contributing fresh materials, betrays the general affinity of thought which unites the stronger disciple with the feebler master.

The problem then being to find a pupil of the Bishop of Lyons among the ecclesiastics of Rome, at the beginning of the third century, two names are given in as answering the conditions—those of Hippolytus, a suburban clergyman, and of Caius, whose charge lay within the city itself. In order to vindicate the claim of the first, it has been necessary for M. Bunsen to prove that his locality is right; and that the "Portus Romæ," of which he was bishop, was not, as Le Moyne and Cave had groundlessly supposed, the Arabian "Portus Romanus" of the district of Aden, but the new harbour made, or at least enlarged, by Trajan, on the northern bank of the Tiber, immediately opposite to Ostia. That he suffered martyrdom there, and was buried in a cemetery on the Tiburine road, is generally admitted, on the evidence of Prudentius, who has left a poem describing his memorial chapel on that spot, and of a statue of him, seated in a cathedra, which was dug up there three hundred years ago, and now stands in the library of the Vatican. It is certainly perplexing to find Jerome avowing ignorance of the see over which he presided, if, for a quarter of a century, he was active at the centre of the Christian world; and not less so to discover in Rome itself, nay, in a Pope, or his transcriber, at the end of the fifth century, the impression that his scene of labour had been in Arabia; and under the influence of these facts it has been supposed that though, coming to Italy, he had fallen among the martyrs of the West, he ought to be reckoned among

μεσιτεσάντων ὀνόσει. S. Hippol. adv. Græcos. Fabricii Hipp. Op. p. 222.

the bishops of the East. On the whole, however, the reasons preponderate in favour of his residence as "Episcopus Portuensis," within the presbytery of Rome. The title itself is an old one, still always assigned to some dignitary of the curia, and, no doubt, deriving its origin from the time when the Northern Harbour of the Tiber—of which, in the ninth century, scarce a trace was left—was a flourishing emporium. The name of Hippolytus is associated by tradition with the spot; it is given, our author assures us, to a certain tower, near Fiumicino; and in the eighth and ninth centuries, a basilica of St. Hippolytus was restored at Portus by Leo. III. and IV. An episcopal palace still remains. By acute and skilful combinations, effected with evidence scanty as a whole, and suspicious in every part, M. Bunsen has endeavoured to reproduce the historical image of Hippolytus. His office of "bishop" implied simply the charge of the single congregation at Portus: the members of that congregation were the "plebs" committed to his supervision: the city or village in which they lived was his diocese. His vicinity to the great capital drew him, however, into a wider circle of duties. For while Rome itself was divided into several ecclesiastical districts, each of which had its own clergyman and lay deacons, the suburban bishops were associated with these officers to form a committee of management, or presbytery, presided over by the metropolitan. By his seat at this board, he was kept in living contact with all the most stirring interests of Christendom, which, wherever their origin might be, found their way to the imperial city, and more and more sought their equilibrium there. At a commercial sea-port, his own congregation would largely consist of temporary settlers and mercantile agents, Greek brokers, Jewish bankers, African importers, to whom Italy was a lodging-house rather than a home; and by the continual influx of foreigners he would hear tidings of the remotest churches, and carry to the clerical meetings in the city the newest gossip of all the heresies. Possibly this position, with its opportunities of various intercourse, may have contributed to form in him the agreeable address, and faculty of eloquent speech, which tradition ascribes to him; and induced him to commence the practice of writing with studious care the homilies which were to be delivered in the congregation. At all events he is the first of whom we distinctly hear as a great preacher. His period extends, it is supposed, from the reign of Commodus (180—193) to the first year of Maximin (235-6); and so brought him into the same presbytery-room with five popes—Victor (187—198);

Zephyrinus (201—218); Callistus (219—222); and Urbanus (223—230); and Pontianus (230—235); with the last of whom he shared, in the last year of his life, a cruel exile to Sardinia, and returned only to fall a victim to fresh informations, and suffer martyrdom by drowning in a canal. It cannot be denied that, in order to recover this picture of Hippolytus, and still more in order to fix his literary position, the materials of evidence have to be dealt with in somewhat arbitrary fashion, and their *lacunæ* to be filled by conjecture. Prudentius, for instance, is called as an historical witness, yet convicted of fable in much of what he says. His poem declares that at one time Hippolytus had supported Novatus in his attempt to close the gates of repentance against the *Lapsi*, but had been reconciled to the catholic doctrine before he died. He must in this case have joined in the opposition raised by Novatianus (in 251) to the election of Cornelius to the papacy, and have died in the Decian persecution, which continued till the year 257. Moreover, the painting seen by the Spanish versifier on the walls of the memorial chapel introduces us to so ridiculous a story, as only to show how completely the martyrological legends had already escaped all the restraints of history. In this fresco the mythical fate of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, is transferred to the Roman presbyter: he is represented as torn to pieces by horses; while the faithful follow to pick up his limbs and hair, and sponge away the blood upon the ground. If the sanctuary exhibiting this scene received the martyr's remains from their original resting-place as early as the time of Constantine—and such is our author's opinion—into what a state of degradation had the history of Hippolytus sunk in three quarters of a century! And if already memorial painting could thus impudently lie, how can we better trust the statue, admitted to be later still? Yet this statue, on whose side is a list of the writings of Hippolytus, is appealed to in determining the martyr's written productions, as the painted chapel in evidence of facts in his personal career. We fully admit the success of M. Bunsen in eliciting a possible result from a mass of intricate and tangled conditions, and presenting us with a highly interesting personage. But, perhaps, as the venerable image of the good bishop has grown in clearness before his eye, and attracted his affection more and more, the very vividness of the conception may have rendered him insensible to the precariousness of the proof. Ecclesiastical fancy, in its unrestrained career, has torn his personality to pieces, and left the *disjecta membra* so rudely scattered on the strand of

history, that we almost doubt the power of any critical Esculapius to restore him to the world again.

At the same board of church councillors with Hippolytus sat another *λογιώτατος ἀνὴρ*,\* the presbyter Caius; and as an urban clergyman, he would be more constantly there than his suburban brother, separated by a distance of eighteen miles. To form any living image of him from the scanty notices of him which begin with Eusebius and end with Photius, is quite impossible. In one respect only do the personal characteristics attributed to him distinguish him from the bishop of Portus. He was a strenuous opponent of the peculiarities favoured by the Christians of Lesser Asia, and especially of the claims to prophetic gifts, and the appeal to clairvoyant skill by Montanus and his followers. With one of these, by name Proclus, he held a disputation; from which Eusebius has preserved a passage or two, showing, in conjunction with the title, not very intelligibly assigned to him, of "bishop of the Gentiles," that he belonged to the most advanced anti-Jewish party in the Church, lamented the grossness of the popular millenarian dreams, vindicated the apostolic dignity of the Roman against the pretensions of the Eastern Christianity, and disowned the Epistle to the Hebrews. This feature in the figure of Caius, though constituting his distinction, does not, however, necessarily oppose him to Hippolytus, whose attitude towards the Montanists may not have been very different, but only less positively marked. Still the suspicions directed against the two men are of an opposite kind: with Hippolytus, the difficulty is to set him clear of sympathy with Montanism; † with Caius, to prevent his being classed with its unmeasured opponents, the Alogi. ‡ And a report even reaches us, that among the Chaldean Christians there exists, or did exist in the fourteenth century, a controversial treatise of Hippolytus against Caius. §

Between these two men, so similar in position, and not, perhaps, unused to sharp argument face to face, springs up, at the end of all these ages, a rival claim to property in the "Refutation of all the Heresies." The chief counsel for Hippolytus, besides our author, are the eminent Professors Jacobi, Duncker and Schneidewin,—all, we believe,

\* Euseb. H. E. vi. 20.

† Attributed to him by Neander, Kirch. Geschichte, I., iii. 1150; and Schwegler, Montanismus, p. 224.

‡ Storr places him at their head, Zweck der Evang. Geschichte, p. 63; and Eichhorn associates him with them, Einleitung in das N. T., ii. 414.

§ See the notice of the Nestorian Ebed Jesu, in Asseman's Bibl. Orient. III., i. ap. Giessler, k. 9, § 63.

belonging to the Neander school of theology: and as the last two are about to edit the work anew, and probably to give it its final form, their opinion of its authorship may be expected to prevail. The other side, however, advocated by Dr. Fessler, is sustained by perhaps the greatest of living historical critics, F. C. Baur, representative of the much-abused Tübingen school. Into so intricate a question we might be excused for inviting our readers, had we anything fresh to offer towards its solution: but the chief impression we have brought from its study is one of astonishment at the extreme positiveness with which the learned men on either side affirm their own conclusion. A more equal balance of evidence we never remember to have met with in any similar research; and the faint and slender preponderance which alone the scale can ever exhibit, amusingly contrasts with the triumphant assertion, of both sets of disputants, that not a reasonable doubt remains. The leading points of M. Bunsen's case are these. A work "on all Heresies" is attributed to Hippolytus, and in no instance to Caius, by Eusebius, Jerome, Epiphanius, and Peter of Alexandria at the beginning of the fourth century. Such a book was still extant in the ninth century: for Photius, the celebrated patriarch of Constantinople, has given us an account of its contents in the journal and epitome of his studies which he has left us. On comparing his report with the newly-discovered book, the identity of the two works is established in some important respects: the number and concluding term of the series of heresies are the same; they both of them include materials taken from Irenæus, while reversing his order of treatment. Further, in the newly-found treatise reference is made by the author to other works of his, in which he had discussed certain points of early Hebrew chronology in proving the antiquity of the Abrahamic race. Now, Eusebius was acquainted with a certain "Chronicle" of Hippolytus, brought down to the first year of Alexander Severus: and such a chronicle, in a Latin translation, is found in Fabricius' edition of Hippolytus, only that its list of Roman emperors terminates, not with the beginning, but with the end, of Severus's reign. It has, however, in common with our work, a peculiar number of tribes,—viz., seventy-two, derived from Noah. Thus, the author of the "Heresies" and of the "Chronicle" would appear to be the same, and, according to Eusebius, to be Hippolytus. Lastly, both in our new work, and also in a book called the "Labyrinth," written against some Unitarians of the second century, reference is made to a treatise "On the Universe," which the author mentions as his own production.



By printing a fragment of this last in his edition of "Hippolytus," Fabricius has shown to what name all three should, in his judgment, be set down; and that they cannot be given to Caius is rendered evident by the occurrence, in the fragment, of certain Apocalyptic fictions inconsistent with his rejection of the Book of Revelations. Moreover, the list of works on the statue of Hippolytus includes a disquisition "Against the Greeks and against Plato, or *Respecting the Universe*."

What can be said to weaken so strong a case! Two doubts at once arise upon it, which we find it by no means easy to set aside. Granted, Hippolytus wrote a book "On all Heresies;" is it the same which is now delivered into our hands? One medium of comparison we possess, enabling us to place the original and the present book, for a short space, side by side. The very Peter of Alexandria who is one of the early witnesses called on Hippolytus' behalf, has handed down to us a passage or two (preserved in the Paschal Chronicle) from the book which he attests, with a distinct reference to the place where they are to be found. We turn to the right chapter, and the passages are *not there*. Nor is it a mere want of verbal agreement which we have to regret; the same topic,—the controversy about the time of Easter—is treated; the same side,—that of the Western Church—is taken, in both instances; but the arguments are different, and so far irreconcilable that no one who had command of that which Peter gives would ever resort to the feebler one which our work contains. With the dauntless ingenuity of German criticism M. Bunsen makes a virtue of necessity, and endeavours to convert this unfortunate discrepancy into a fresh proof of identity. He thinks that in this and some other parts, our work is but a clumsy abstract of Hippolytus' original, which the citations of Peter enable us to recover and complete. This, however, is a plea which, it strikes us, damages his case as much by success as it could by failure. For if the book presented to us by the Clarendon Press reflects the original no better than would appear from this only sample which it is in our power to test, it may indeed be a degenerate descendant from the pen of Hippolytus; but all reliable identity is lost, and the traces of his hand are no longer recoverable. The second doubt is this:—Is the work which Photius read the same that has now been rescued? Of the few descriptive marks supplied by the patriarch, there are as many absent from our work as present in it. The treatise which he read was a "little book" or "tract," as Lardner calls it (*βιβλαδίον*), a word which can scarcely apply to a volume extending (as ours

would, if complete) to 420 octavo pages. M. Bunsen cuts down this number to 250, by supposing Photius to have only the last six books, containing the historical survey, without the groundwork of the philosophical deduction, of the heresies. The curtailment, if conceded, seems scarcely adequate to its purpose, and appears to us a very questionable conjecture. The manuscript, stripped of the first four books, would want the very basis of the whole argument; and, if such a mutilation were conceivable, it is impossible that Photius should fail to observe and mention it; for the fifth book opens, not like an independent treatise, but with a summary statement of what has been accomplished "*in the four books preceding this*." Again, Photius mentions the *Dositheans* as the first set of heretics discussed; whereas their name does not occur at all, if we remember right, in our work, and their place is occupied by the "Ophites." M. Bunsen treats this as a mere inaccuracy of expression on the part of Photius, who meant, by the name "Dositheans," to indicate the same "earliest Judaizing schools" that are better described as "Ophites." The name, however, is so unsuitable to this purpose, that it would be a strange wilfulness in the learned patriarch to substitute it for the language of the author he describes. He could not be ignorant that Dositheus, Simon, Menander, were the three founders of the Samaritan sect, exponents of the same doctrine, if not even reputed *avatars* of the same divine essence;\* and if he had applied the name "*Dositheans*" to any of the heretics enumerated in our work, it would assuredly have been to the *followers of Simon*, who stand *fourth* in the series of 32, and not to Phrygian serpent-worshippers, who commence the list. Further, the author whom Photius read stated that his book was a synopsis of the Lectures of Irenæus. In our work, no such statement occurs; and the use made of Irenæus does not agree, either in quantity or character, with the substance of the assertion. And lastly, the patriarch's Hippolytus said "some things which are not quite correct; for instance, that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not by the apostle Paul." In our work there is no such assertion; and when M. Bunsen suggests that perhaps its place might be in the lost books, he forgets that, according to his own conjecture, these books were no more in Photius' hands than in ours, and that he cannot first cut them off in order to make a *βιβλαδίον*, and then restore them, to provide a locus for a missing criticism on

\* On their relation, and the doctrine connected with their names, see Baur's "Christl. Gnosis," p. 310.

the Epistle to the Hebrews. The identity of our "Philosophoumena" with the treatise which Photius read and Hippolytus wrote, appears, therefore, to be extremely problematical.

One fixed point, however, is gained in the course of the argument, and gives an acknowledged position from which the opposite opinions are willing to set out. Whoever wrote the disquisition "on the Universe," wrote also our work. This fact rests on the assertion of the author himself; yet, if the author be Hippolytus, and our "Philosophoumena" be his "Refutation of all Heresies," it is strange that no list of his writings mentions *both* books: the catalogues of Eusebius and Jerome naming the "Heresies" without the essay "on the Universe;" and the engraving on the statue giving the essay "on the Universe" without the "Heresies." How can we explain it, that these ecclesiastical writers, in knowing our work, did not know what is contained in it about the authorship of the other book; and that this book should have wandered *anonymously* about down to the ninth century, side by side with an acknowledged writing of Hippolytus, which all the while was proclaiming the solution of the question? We should certainly expect that the book of avowed authorship would convey the name of Hippolytus to the companion production for which it claims the same paternity; but, instead of this, it not only leaves its associate anonymous for six hundred years, but afterward assumes the modest fit, and becomes anonymous itself. Even if no previous reader had sense enough to put the two things together, and pick out the testimony of the one book to the origin of the other, are we to charge the same stupidity on the erudite Photius, who had both books in his hand, and has given his report of both? In his account of Hippolytus' treatise, he nowhere tells us that it contains a reference to the essay "On the Universe," as being from the same pen; and that he found no such reference is certain; for he actually discusses the question, "Who wrote the essay on the universe?" without ever mentioning Hippolytus at all. Just such a reference, however, as he did *not* find in Hippolytus, he *did* find in *another* work, of which he speaks under the title of "The Labyrinth;" and, strange to say, it was at the *end* of the work,\* precisely where it stands in our "Philosophoumena." Who can resist the suspicion that the anonymous "Labyrinth" of Photius is no other than our anonymous "Philosophoumena"? This conviction forced itself upon us on first

weighing the evidence collected by M. Bunsen, in support of his different conclusion; and we observe that it is the opinion sustained by the great authority at Baur,\* who even finds a trace in our work of the very *title* given by Photius; the writer observing, at the beginning of the tenth book, "The *Labyrinth of Heresies* we have not broken through by violence, but have resolved by refutation alone with the force of truth; and now we come to the positive exposition of the truth." At all events, the difference of title in the case of a work having probably more names than one, is of no weight in disproof of identity. With this new designation in our possession we may return to search for our book in the records of ecclesiastical antiquity; and we have not far to go, before we alight on traces affording hopes of a result. No "Labyrinth," indeed, turns up in the literary history of earlier centuries than Photius; but a "Little Labyrinth" is mentioned by Theodoret,† as sometimes ascribed to Origen, but as evidently not his; and from his account of it, confirmed by the matter which he borrows from it, we learn that it was a controversial book, against a set of Unitarians in Rome, followers of Theodotus. It so happens that the very passage from this tract which Theodoret has used appears also, with others from the same source, in Eusebius, only quoted under another title,—the book being called a "Work against the Heresy of Artemon" (who was another teacher of the same school in the same age). The extracts thus preserved to us are not found in our work; which, therefore, if it be the "Labyrinth," is a distinct production from the "Little Labyrinth;" but they are so manifestly from the same pen, occupied in the same task, as to render it perfectly conceivable that the two books might receive the same name, with only a diminutive epithet to distinguish the lesser from the greater. Nor are we left, as Baur has shown, without a distinct assertion by our "great unknown," that he had already composed a smaller treatise on the same subject; for, in the introduction to the "Philosophoumena," he says of the heretics, "We have before given a brief exposition of their opinions, refuting them in the gross, without presenting them in detail." This shorter work would naturally treat of the particular forms of error most immediately present and mischievous before the author's eyes; and if he dwelt especially on the doctrines of Theodotus and Artemon, it is just what we should

\* "Theologische Jahrbücher," 12er Band. 1. 1853. p. 154.

† Hæret. Fab. ii. c. 5 Κατὰ τῆς τοῦτῶν ὁ σμικρὸς συναγρῆς λαθῆριδος, ἐν τισὶ Λειγίνους ἀπολαβήσωνσι τοῖσμα' ἀλλ' ὁ χαρακτήρ' ἀδύχχει τοῖς λόγους.

\* Phot. Biblioth., cod. 48. ὡς καὶ αὐτὸς (i. e. Γάτος) ἐν τῷ τόμῳ τοῦ λαθῆριδου διαμαρτύρηται, ἕκαστος εἶναι τὸν περὶ τῆς τοῦ αὐτοῦ οὐσίας λόγους.

expect from an orthodox Roman. This essay, on a limited range of heresy, would naturally be issued at first with the special title by which Eusebius refers to it. But if it led the author to execute afterwards a much enlarged design, to which from its intricate extent, he gave on its completion, the fanciful designation of "The Labyrinth," he might naturally carry the name back to the earlier production, and, to mark the relation between the two, issue this in future as "The Little Labyrinth." Photius speaks of the tract against the heresy of Artemon as a separate work from "The Labyrinth,"\* and says the same thing of the latter,† that Theodoret had remarked of the former, that by some it was ascribed to Origen. The result to which we are thus led is the following: our newly-found work is not Hippolytus' βιβλιόδιον "on all Heresies," but the book known to Photius as "The Labyrinth:" the author of which had previously produced two other works, viz., "The Little Labyrinth" mentioned by Theodoret, and quoted under another name by Eusebius, and the "Treatise on the Universe," whose contents Photius reports. Whatever therefore fixes the authorship of any of these fixes the authorship of all.

Notwithstanding however our threefold chance, we have only a solitary evidence on this point. Attached to Photius' copy of the "Treatise on the Universe" was a note to the effect, that the book was not (as had been imagined) by Josephus, but by Caius, the Roman presbyter, who also composed the "Labyrinth."‡ In the absence of other external testimony, this judgment appears entitled to stand, unless the books themselves disclose some features at variance with the known character of Caius.

But, it is said, such variance we do actually find. For while our work expressly appeals to the Apocalypse as the production of John, we know from Eusebius that Caius ascribed it to Cerinthus, and, in opposing himself to Montanism, rejected the Millenarian doctrine which is taught in the Revelations. This argument, we admit, would be decisive if its allegations were indisputable. It is curious however that the one *locus classicus*,§

from which is inferred the presbyter's repudiation of the Apocalypse, is confessedly ambiguous; and the charge it prefers against Cerinthus may amount to either of these two propositions; that he had composed the book of Revelations and palmed it on the world as the production of the apostle John; or, that he had given himself the air of a great apostle, and published accordingly some revelations affecting to be imparted, like those of John, by angels. According to this last interpretation, the work of Cerinthus would be a book distinct from our Apocalypse, written in imitation of it, and seeking to share its authority. The contents of the production are briefly described by Caius; but they present such a mixture of agreement and disagreement with our canonical book, as to leave the ambiguity unresolved. They affirm, that after the resurrection will follow an earthly kingdom of Christ, in which the lower nature of man will, in Jerusalem, be again in servitude to passion and pleasure; and that the number of a thousand years are to be spent in the indulgence of sense. So far as the *place* and the *duration* of the kingdom are concerned, our Apocalypse might here be referred to; but it has nothing answering to the description of a gross and luxurious millennium. Taking the passage in conjunction with the similar statement of Theodoret, that

λεῖον τοῦ Χριστοῦ, καὶ πάλιν ἐπιδημία καὶ ἰσοναίς ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ τὴν σάρκα πολιτευομένη δουλεύειν. καὶ ἐχθρὸς ὑπάρχων ταῖς γραφαῖς τοῦ Θεοῦ ἀνίστημι χελιωνταρίας ἐν γάμῳ ἱερῆς θείων πλανῶν λέγει γίνεσθαι. The passage preserving its obscurities, seems to run thus: "Cerinthus too, through the medium of revelations written as-if by a great apostle, has palmed off upon us marvellous accounts, pretending to have been shown him by angels; to the effect that, after the resurrection, the kingdom of Christ will be an earthly one, and that the flesh will again be at the head of affairs, and serve in Jerusalem the lusts and pleasures of sense. And with wilful misguidance he says, setting himself in opposition to the Scriptures of God, that a period of a thousand years will be spent in nuptial festivities. On this much controverted passage, Lardner (Cred., P. II, ch. xxxii.) suspends his judgment, rather inclining to doubt whether our Apocalypse is referred to: Hug (Einl., § 176), Paulus (Hist. Cerinth., P. I, § 80), with Twells and Hartwig (whose criticisms we have not seen), deny that the Apocalypse is meant: while Eichhorn (Einl. in das N. T. VI. v. § 194. 2), De Wette (Lehrbuch der Einl. in d. N. T., § 192 a.), Lücke (Commentar üb. d. Schriften des Ev. Johannea, Offenb. § 83), and Pchwegler (Das nachapost. Zeitalter, 2er B., p. 218), take the other side. It must be confessed also that, till the rise of the present discussion about the "Philosophoumena," Baur agreed with these last writers. (See his Christl. Lehre v. d. Dreieinigkeit, 1er B., p. 283.) He now urges however that, in a case already so doubtful, the discovery of a lost book, which we have good reason to ascribe to Caius, necessarily brings in new evidence, and may turn the scale between two balanced interpretations. (Theol. Jahrb., p. 187.)

\* He also describes its exact relation to the other, when he calls it a *special* work (*ιδίως*) in comparison with "the Labyrinth" as a general one: *συντάξει δὲ καὶ ἑτερον λόγον ἰδίως κατὰ τῆς Ἀρτεμόνου αἰρέσεως.* Cod. 48.

† Ibid. ὡς περὶ καὶ τῶν Λαβυρινθίων τινες ἐπιγραψάν Ὀριγένης.

‡ Biblioth. cod. 48; Lardner's "Credibility," Part II, ch. xxxii.; Bunsen's Hippolytus, I., p. 150.

§ Euseb. H. E., III. 28. ἀλλὰ καὶ Κήρυκος ὁ δὲ ἀποκαλύπτων ὅς ὑπὸ ἀποστόλου μεγάλου γεγραμμένην τερατολογίαὶ ἡμῖν ὡς δι' ἀγγέλων αὐτῶν δεδειγμένης ψευδομένου τεύχεος λέγον, μετὰ τὴν ἀνάστασιν ἐπιγίγνεσθαι εἶναι τὸ βασί-

“Cerinthus invented certain revelations, pretending that they were given in vision to himself,” we think it unlikely that our Apocalypse can be meant; and conceive the indictment to be, that Cerinthus had put forth a set of apocryphal visions, in which he abused the style and corrupted the teachings of a great apostle to the purposes of a sensual fanaticism. This is a charge which Caius might bring, in consistency with the fullest acceptance of the Apocalypse, as authentic and true. It was not the doctrine of a reign of Christ on earth, not the millenarian period assigned to it, to which he objected in Cerinthus; but the coarse and demoralizing picture given of its employments and delights. In proportion to his respect for the real Apocalypse and its teachings, would he be likely to resent such a miserable parody on its lofty theocratic visions. His opposition to the Montanists in no way pledged him to renounce the eschatological expectations which they were distinguished from other Christians not by entertaining, but by exaggerating. If our work, in its notice of their heresy, passes by in silence this particular element of the system, and treats their claim to special gifts of prophecy with less contemptuous emphasis than might be looked for in the antagonist of Proclus, there is nothing that ought really to surprise us in this. It does not follow that, because in our scanty knowledge we have only one idea about an historical personage, the man himself never had another. Caius did not live in a perpetual platform disputation with Proclus; and either before that controversy had waked him up, or after it was well got over, he might naturally enough dismiss the Montanists with very cursory notice; in the one case, because they had not yet adequately provoked his antipathy; in the other, because they had already had enough of it.\*

Nothing therefore presents itself in our work which should deter us from attributing it to Caius: and the more we ponder the evidence, the more do we incline to believe it his. This result is to us an unwelcome one; both because we know how strong the presumption

\* Baur explains the slight treatment of the Montanist heresy in the “Philosophumena” by the intention which Caius already had of writing a special book against them: and contends that this intention is announced expressly in the words (p. 276), *κατὰ τούτων αὐδὲς λεπτομερέστερον ἐκδήσομαι*: πολλοὶς γὰρ ἀφορμὴ κακῶν γέγινται ἢ τούτων αἰρέσεσσι. These words, however, do not refer, as the connexion evidently shows, to the Montanists generally; but only to a certain class of them who fall in with the patristic doctrine of Noetus. The Noetian scheme Caius was going to discuss further on in this very book: and it is evidently to this later chapter, not to any separate work against Montanism, that he alludes.

must be against a critical judgment condemned by the masterly genius of M. Bunsen; and because he has really made us in love with his ecclesiastical hero; has put such an innocent and venerable life into that old effigy, that after wandering with him about the quays of Portus, and entering with listening fancy into the Basilica\* where he preached, it is hard to return him into stone, and think of him only as a dead bishop who made a bad almanac. Should our readers have contracted no such ideal attachment, we fear that this discussion of authorship may appear as trivial as it is tedious. Somebody wrote the “Philosophumena,” and whether we call him Hippolytus or Caius, whether we lodge him on the Tiber within sight of the *Pharos*, or of the *Milliarium aureum*, may seem a thing indifferent, so long as the elements of the personal image do not materially change. This utilitarian impression is by no means just, and indeed is at variance with all true historical feeling. But it is time that we should give it its fair rights, and turn from the name upon our new book to its substances and significance.

Many sensible persons are at a loss, we believe, to understand why this refutation of thirty-two extinct heresies should be regarded with so much interest. Is it so well done, then? they ask. Far from it: better books are brought out every year; and such a controversial argument offered in manuscript to Mr. Longman or Mr. Parker to-morrow, would hardly be deemed worth the cost of printing. Does it add materially to our knowledge of the early heresies? Something of this kind it certainly contributes; but the gain is not large, and will make no essential change in the conclusions of any competent historical inquirer. Is any light thrown by it on the authenticity of our canonical books? This can hardly be expected from a production of the third century: and M. Bunsen's application of it to this purpose appears to us, for reasons which we shall assign, extremely precarious. Perhaps it supplies the want which every student of that period must have felt, and organically joins ecclesiastical to civil history, so that they no longer remain apart—the one as the stage for saints and martyrs, bishops and books,—the other for soldiers and senators, emperors and paramours,—but mingle them in the common life of humanity! When we think how the author was placed, it is impossible not to go to him with an eager hope of this nature. He lived at the centre

\* The word is perhaps not allowable, in speaking of the earliest time (the reign of Alexander Severus) assignable for the erection of separate buildings appropriate to Christian worship.

of the vast Roman world, and felt all the pulsations and paroxysms of that mighty heart. He witnessed the ominous decline of every traditional maxim and national reverence in favour of imported superstitions and degenerate barbarities. Under Commodus he saw the ancient Mars superseded by the Grecian Hercules, and Hercules represented by an emperor who sunk into a prize-fighter, and the administration of the empire in the wanton hands of a Phrygian slave, who was only less brutal than his master. In the midst of pestilence, which had become chronic in Italy, from the time of M. Antoninus, and of which a Christian bishop could not but know more than others, the city was still adding to its semblance of splendour and salubrity; and the magnificent baths and grounds that were opened to the public service at the Porta Capena, with the multiplied festivities and donatives, attested how little mere physical attention to the people can arrest the miseries of a moral degradation. Nor could the Christians of that age be wholly without insight into the habits of the highest class in Rome; for, in that great *colluvies* of heterogeneous faiths, the caprice of taste, if not some better impulse, determined now and then an inmate of the palace to favour the religion of Christ; and the favourite mistress of Commodus, who ruled him while she could, and then had him drugged and strangled in his sleep, is the very Marcia whom our presbyter describes as *φιλοσοφία*, and at whose intervention the Christian exiles were released from their banishment in Sardinia. If he was at home when the excellent Pertinax was murdered, and cared to know what tyrant was to have the world instead, he was perhaps in the throng that ran to the Quirinal, and heard the Prætorians shout from their ramparts that the empire was for sale, and saw the bargain with the foolish senator below, who bought it with his money, and paid for it with his head. Caius and his people had reason to tremble when they saw in Septimius Severus not only the implacable conqueror who suffered no political opponent to live but the worshipper of dæmons, the gloomy and fitful devotee of astrology and magic, pliant only to sacerdotal hate; and when the young Origen came to be their guest awhile, and told of the terrors in Alexandria which had joined his father to the band of martyrs, the post that just then brought the news of the emperor's death in Britain, would seem to take off a weight of fear; especially as one son at least of the two inheritors of the empire had, in childhood, been committed to a Christian nurse, and been said to shrink and turn away from the savage spectacles of the amphitheatra. They were doomed to be disappointed, if they had

placed any hope in Caracalla, and to find that what they had taken in the boy for the nobleness of grace, was but the timidity of nature: the murder, before his mother's face, of his only brother, and then of his best counsellor, for refusing to justify the fratricide, would soon make them ashamed of remembering that he had ever heard the name of Christ. It would be curious to know how the Christians comported themselves when the Priest of the Sun became monarch of the world, and seemed intent on dethroning every divinity to enrich the homage to his own. The grand temple on the Palatine, which he built for the god of Emesa, every passer-by must have seen as it rose from its foundations. And when the black stone was paraded on its chariot through the streets, and the elder deities were compelled to leave their shrines and attend in escort to the eastern idol; or when the nuptials were celebrated between the Syrian divinity and the goddess of Carthage, and Baal-peor and Astarte succeeded to the honours of Jove, no Christian presbyter could fail to witness the gorgeous and humiliating procession,—renewed as it was year by year,—or to ask himself into what deeper abomination the city of the Scipios must sink, ere the catastrophe of judgment made a sudden end. The orgies of Helagabalus were more insulting to the elder Paganism of Rome than injurious to the new faith, which equally detested both; and the offended moral feeling of the city reacted perhaps in favour of the Christian cause, and prepared the way for that more public teaching of the religion, in buildings avowedly dedicated to the purpose, which was first permitted in the succeeding reign. The natural recoil in the imperial family itself from the degradation of the court tended, perhaps, in the same direction, and drove the astute Mamæa to seek, amid the universal corruption, for some school of discipline which might save the young Alexander Severus from the ignominy of her sister's son. Whether from this motive, or from suspicion of the growing force of Christianity as a social power, she had sent for Origen, and had an interview with him at Antioch: and the Roman disciples had reason to rejoice that her intellectual impressions of their system should have been derived from such a man, and her political estimate of it formed in the East, where the crisis of conflict between the dying and the living faiths was more advanced than in the West, and afforded a less disguised augury of the result. From their fellow-believers trading with the Levant, or arriving thence, the pastors of the metropolis would learn the propitious temper of the young Cæsar and his mother; and would feel no surprise, when

he succeeded to the palace of his cousin, that he not only swept out the ministers of lust and luxury, but in his private oratory enshrined, among the busts of Pagan benefactors, the images also of Abraham and of Christ. They could not, however, but observe how little the morals of the court, and the wisdom of the government, could now avail to arrest the progress of decay, and reach in detail the vices and miseries of a degenerate State. When they passed the door of the palace, they heard the public crier's voice proclaim, "Let only purity and innocence enter here:" they visited a Christian tradesman in a neighbouring street, and found him just seized by a nobleman whom he had dunned for an outstanding debt, charged with magic or poisoning, doomed to pine in prison till he gave release, and no redress or justice to be had. The emperor who, gazing in his chapel on the features of Christ, recognised a religion human and universal, was the first under whom a visible badge was put upon the slave, and a distinctive servile dress adopted: the slave markets were still in consecrated spots, the temple of Castor and the Via Sacra; and if ever some captive Onesimus, recommended by letters from the East to the brethren in Rome, was brought to the metropolis for sale, thither must the deacon or the pastor go to find how the auction disposes of their charge, and learn *which* among the chalked feet it is, that are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The commonwealth had never boasted of so many great jurists as in the age of Papinian and Paulus: but as the science of Law was perfected, the power of Law declined; and Alexander Severus, the justest of emperors, was unable to protect Ulpian, the greatest of civilians, from military assassination in the palace itself, or to punish the perpetrators of this outrage on popular feeling as well as public right. The three days' tumult, in which this master of jurisprudence fell the victim of Prætorian licentiousness, our presbyter Caius must have witnessed; and countless other momentous scenes, during a generation painfully affluent in vicissitude, must have passed before his eyes; and had he but known of what value his reports would be to this age of ours, he would have said more of the life he saw, and less of the speculations he denounced. To us it would have been worth anything to know just what was too close to him to catch his eye; how the Christians lived in such a world; what thoughts stirred in them as they walked the streets and heard the news; what happened and was said when they met together, and how this could adjust itself with the real facts of an inconsistent and tyrannical present; and

how, as the corrupted State became ever more incapable of vindicating moral ends, the rising Church undertook the secret governance of life, and penetrated with its authority into recesses beyond the reach, not of the arm of administration only, but of the definitions of the widest code. But, in this respect also our author fails to realize our hopes. He gives us a book of fancies rather than of facts, and instead of painting existence, which is transient, and must be caught as it flies, occupies himself in describing nonsense, which is always to be had. The enormities of Helagabalus, though staring him in the face, are nothing to him in comparison with heresy in Lesser Asia, which keeps Easter on a wrong day. He is shut up within the interior circle of the community of believers, and gives but a single glimpse beyond: and builds for us no bridge to abolish the mysterious separation of ecclesiastical and ideal from civil and real existence in the early ages of our faith. He is not peculiar in this defect. We all of us live in the midst of history without knowing it, and ourselves *make* history without feeling it; and that which will most clearly paint us in the thought of other times, which will seem our *power* to them, our romance and nobleness, with which therefore they will most crave to satiate their eye, is precisely what is least consciously present to us,—the natural spirit and daily spring of our common being, through which not the will of man, but the Providence of God, works its appointed ends. At all events, the insight which we should be best pleased to gain into the life of the third century is not given even incidentally, except in the scantiest measure, by the "Philosophumena," which we must rank, in this respect, below the Apologies, and with the writings of Irenæus and Epiphanius. The book is dogmatic and controversial, and the interest attached to it arises entirely from its being a *register of opinion*, a new witness to the thoughts about divine things, which the Christianity of its period owned and disowned. For those who care at all to know the state of belief a century before the Council of Nice, the work possesses a high value. But the worth of this sort of information is itself a thing disputed, at least its *religious* worth; and will be very differently estimated, according to the preconception which occupies us as to the nature of Divine Revelation, and the sources open to us for the attainment of sacred truth. Here it is that we find M. Bunsen's great and peculiar strength. His religious philosophy, taken by itself, brings us occasionally to a pause of doubt. His historical criticism is not always convincing. But his doctrine of the *relation between religion and history*, of

the mingling of divine and human elements in the theatre of time, and of the special agency of Christianity in the spiritual education of mankind, appears to us profoundly true and beautiful. This it is that makes him attach so much importance to the creed of the second and third centuries, and to the new light now thrown upon it; an importance which, from every ordinary point of view, can scarcely fail to appear fanciful and exaggerated.

The Roman Catholic, for instance, entertains a conception about what sacred truth is, and how it is to be had, which, leaving nothing to depend on new discoveries, discharges all the richest interest from any fresh knowledge we may gain of religion in the past. With him divine truth, so far as it is special to Christendom, is something wholly foreign to the human mind, intrinsically unrelated to any faculty we have. In being supernatural, it belongs to another sphere than that to which our thought is restricted, and is totally withdrawn from all the movements of our nature. It consists, indeed, in a set of objective facts from which we are absent, and which no ratiocination of ours can seize, any more than our ear can tell whether there be music on Saturn's ring. There is no human consciousness answering to it; and to resort thither for it is like asking the dreamer or the blindfold to describe the scene in which he stands, or consulting your own feelings to learn what is going on in Pekin or Japan. On this theory, the objects of faith are conceived of as objects of *perception*, only by senses otherwise constituted than ours; we can have no surmise about them, till they are announced to us by qualified percipients; and no comprehension of them even then, but only reception of them as facts imported for us from abroad. The bearing of this doctrine of invisible realism on the treatment of ecclesiastical history is manifest. The inaccessible facts are deposited with the sacerdotal corporation; with whom alone is vested the duty and the power of stating and defining them. They are not indeed all stated and defined in their last amplitude at once: for definition is always an enclosure of the true by exclusion of the false: and it is only in proportion as the dreaming perversity of men throws forth one delusive fancy after another, that the Church draws line after line to shut the intrusion out. If the creeds seem to enlarge as the centuries pass, it is not that they have more truth to give, but only more error to remove. The divine facts were conceived aright and conceived complete in the minds of apostles and evangelists; but they were not contemplated then as *against* the follies and contradictions opposed to them

in later times: but as soon as the hour came for this antagonism to be felt, the infallible perception secured in perpetuity to the living hierarchy supplied the due verdict of rejection. To the Catholic, therefore, Christianity was made up and finished, its treasury was full, in the first generation; its power of development is only the refusal of deviation: and its intellectual life is tame as the story of some perfect hero, who does nothing but stand still and repel temptations. The history of doctrines thus becomes a history of heresies; the primitive stock of tradition and scripture must, on the one hand, be maintained entire in the face of all possible exposures by critical research; and, on the other, remain in eternal barrenness and produce no more. Natural knowledge, whether of the world or of humanity, may grow continually: but the new thoughts it may lead us to entertain of God are either *not* new, or *not* true; and every pretended enrichment of truth is nothing but evolution of falsehood. This removal of all variety from religion, this expulsion of life and change into the negative region of aberration and denial, eviscerates the past of its devout interest, rests the study of it on contempt instead of reverence for man; with all its pious air, it simply betrays history with a kiss, and delivers it over for scribes to buffet and chief priests to crucify. Short work is made in this way of any fresh witness, like the author of our book, who turns up unexpectedly from an early age. Does he speak in agreement with the hierarchical standards? He only flings another voice into the *consensus* of obedient believers. Does he say anything at variance with the *regula fidei*? Then have we only to see in what class of heretics he stands. His testimony is either superfluous or misleading.

The Protestant, of the approved English type, arrives, under guidance of a different thought, at the same flat and indifferent result. Though he gives a more subjective character to divine truth than the Roman Catholic, and brings both the want and the supply of it more within the attestation of consciousness, he puts its discovery equally beyond the reach of our ruined faculties, and equally cuts it off from all relation to philosophy and the natural living exercise of reason and conscience. He further agrees that his foreign gift of revelation was imported all at once, and all complete into our world, within the apostolic age; that the conceptions of that time are an authoritative rule for all succeeding centuries; and that every newer doctrine is to be regarded as a false accretion, to be flung off into the incompetent and barren spaces of human speculation. He denies, however, the two-fold vehicle of this

precious gift; and cancelling altogether the oral tradition and indeterminate Christian consciousness of the early Church, shuts up the whole contents of religion within the canonical Scriptures. The guardianship of unwritten tradition being abolished, and the canon requiring no guardianship at all, the trust deposited with the hierarchy disappears; and no permanent inspiration, no authoritative judicial function, in matters of faith, remains. Whatever Holy Spirit continues in the Church is not a progressively teaching spirit, which can ever impart thoughts or experiences unknown to the first believers; but a personally comforting and animating spirit, whose highest climax of enlightenment is the exact reproduction of the primitive state of mind. The apprehension of Divine truth is thus reduced to an affair of verbal interpretation of documents; and though in this process there is room for the largest play of subjective feeling, so that different minds, different nations, different ages, will unconsciously evolve very various results; these are not to be regarded as possible divine enrichments of the faith, but to be brought rigidly to the standard of the earliest Church, and disowned wherever they include what was absent there. This view is less mischievous than the Roman Catholic, only because it is more inconsequent and confused. The canon which you take as sacred was selected and set in authority by the unwritten consciousness and tradition which you reject as profane. The Church existed before its records; expressed its life in ways spreading indefinitely beyond them; and neither was exempt from human elements till they were finished, nor lost the divine spirit when they were done. So arbitrary a doctrine corrupts the beauty of Scripture, and deadens the noblest interest of history. If the New Testament is to serve as an infallible standard, it is thus committed to perfect unity and self-consistency; and you are obliged to contend that the various types of doctrine found within its compass—the Messianic conceptions of Matthew and John, the "Faith" of Paul and James, the eucharistic conceptions of the first evangelists and the last, the eschatology of the Apocalypse and the Epistles—are only different sides of one and the same belief, coloured with the tints and shadings of several minds. How utterly inadequate such an hypothesis is to the explanation of the Scriptural phenomena, what a distorted and absurd representation it gives of the sacred writers, and their mode of thought, is best known to those who have honestly tried to deal with the fourth gospel, for instance, as historically the supplement of the others, and dogmatically of the Book of Revelations; to suppose the Logos-doctrine

tacitly present in the speeches of Peter; to detect the pre-existence in Mark, or remove it from John; or to identify the Paraclete with the gifts of Pentecost. All feeling of living reality is lost from our picture of the apostolic time, when its outlines are thus blurred, its contrasts destroyed, its grouped figures effaced, and the whole melted away by the persevering drizzle of a watery criticism into a muddy glory round the place where Christ should be. If, moreover, we are to find everything in the first age, then the second, and the third, and all others, must be worse, just in so far as they differ from it; and the whole course of succeeding thought, the widening and deepening of the Christian faith and feeling, the swelling of its stream by the lapse into it of Oriental Gnosis and Hellenic Platonism and the Western Conscience, must be a ceaseless degeneracy. Thus to the Bibliolater as to the Romanist, divine truth *has no history among men*, unless it be the history of decline, or of recovery purchased by decline. He also will accordingly care nothing about what the people of Caius or Hippolytus thought. Is it in the Bible? If so, he knew it before. Is it not in the Bible? Then he has nothing to do with it but throw it away. By a fitting retribution, this moping worship of the letter of a book and the creed of a generation, brings it to pass, that both are lost to the mind in a dismal haze of ignorance and misconception: and if the "evangelical" believer could be transported suddenly from Exeter Hall into the company of the twelve in Jerusalem, or the Proseucha which Paul enters on the banks of the Strymon, or the room where the Agape is prepared at Rome, we are persuaded that he would find a scene newer to his expectations than by any other migration into a known time and place.

But now let us abolish this isolation from the rest of human existence of the *incunabula* of our faith, and throw open that time to free relation with the whole Providence of humanity. Suppose Christianity to be the influence upon the world of a Divine Person,—in quality Divine, in quantity Human,—whose Epiphany was determined at a crisis of ripe conditions for the rescue, the evolution, the spread of holy and sanctifying truth. What are those conditions? They consist mainly in the co-presence, within the embrace of one vast State, of two opposite races or types of men, both having a partial gift of divine apprehension, and holding in charge an indispensable element of truth; both with their spiritual life verging to exhaustion and capable of no separate effort more; and each unconsciously pining away for want of the complement of thought, which the other only



could supply. The *Hebrew* brought his intense feeling of the Personality of God; conceiving this in so concentrated a form as to exclude the proper notion of infinitude, and render Him only the most powerful Being in the Universe, its Monarch,—wielding the creatures as his puppets,—acting historically upon its scenes as objective to Him, and by the annals of his past agency supplying to the Abrahamic family a religion of archives and documents. The sovereignty of Jehovah raised him to an immeasurable height above his creation; dwarfed all other existence; placed Him by nature at a distance from men, and only by *condescension* allowing of approximation. And hence his worshippers, in proportion as they adored his greatness, felt the littleness of all else; acquired a temper towards their fellowmen, if not severe and scornful, at least not reverent and tender; and regarded them as separate in kind from Him, mere dust on the balance or locusts in the field. The religion of the *Hellenic* race began at the other end,—from the midst of human life, its mysteries, its struggles, its nobleness, its mixture of heroic Freewill and awful Destiny; and their deepest reverence, their quickest recognition of the Divine, was directed towards the soul of a man vindicating its grandeur, though it should be against superhuman powers. In proportion as men were great, beautiful, and good, did they appear to be as lesser gods, and earth and heaven to be filled with the same race. Thought, conscience, admiration in the human mind were not personal accidents separately originating in each individual; but the sympathetic response of our common intellect, standing in front of Nature, to the kindred life of the Divine intellect behind Nature, and ever passing into expression through it. When this feeling of the Hellenic race became reflective, and organized itself into philosophy, it represented the universe as the eternal assumption of form by the Divine thought, which we were enabled to read off by our essential identity of nature. Hence a whole series of conceptions quite different from the Hebrew representations; instead of Creation, Evolution of being; instead of Interposition from without, Incarnation operating from within; instead of Omnipotent Will, Universal Thought; assigning as the ideal of man's perfection, not so much obedience to Law, as similitude of Mind to God; and tending predominantly not to strength in Morals, but to beauty in Art. These two opposite tendencies had run their separate course, and expended their proper history; and were talking wildly, as in the approaching delirium of death. But they are the two factors of all religious truth: and to fuse them together, to

make it impossible that either should perish or should remain alone, the Christ was given to the world, so singularly balanced between them, that neither could resist his power, but both were drawn into it for the regeneration of mankind. In the accidents of his lot given to the one race, and only baffling the visions of prophets to transcend them; in the essence of his nature so august and attractive to the other, that the faith in Incarnation was irresistible; presented to the Hebrews by his mortal birth, and snatched from them by his immortal; stopping by his holiness the mouth of Law, and carrying it up into the higher region of Faith and Love; in the Temple wishing the Temple gone, that there might be open communion, Spirit with Spirit; translating sacrifice into self-sacrifice; he had every requisite for conciliating and blending the separated elements of truth which, for so many ages, had been converging towards him. But if this was the function providentially assigned to him, and for which the divine and human were so blended in him, it is a function which could not be accomplished in a moment, in a generation, in a century. It is an *historical* function, freely demanding time for its theatre: and as the separate factors had occupied ages in attaining their ripeness for combination, so must their fusion consume many a life-time of effervescing thought, ere the homogeneous truth appeared. The words of Christ are not in this view the end in which Revelation terminates; but the means given to us of knowing himself, contributions to the picture we form of his personality. Nor are the sentiments of his immediate followers about his office and position in the scheme of Providence anything more authoritative to us than the incipient attempts made, when his influence was fresh, to grasp the whole of his relations while only a part was to be seen. The records of the great crisis are no doubt of superlative value, as the vehicles by which alone we understand and feel its power: but their value is lost if they are to dictate truth to our passive acceptance, instead of quickening our reason and conscience to find it: they stop in this way the very development which they were to lead, and disappoint Christ of the very work he came to achieve. Human elements were inevitably and fully present in the first age and its scriptures, as in every other; and the transitory ingredients they have left it is a duty to detach from the eternal truth. And as conditions of finite imperfection cannot be banished from the central era, neither can the guidance of the Infinite Spirit be denied, whether among the Hebrew, the Hellenic, or the Christian people, in the ages before and after. In that new development of human consciousness and knowledge

in regard to God, which we call Christianity, all the requisite conditions,—viz., the factors taken up, the Person who blends them, and the continuous product they evolve,—include Divine Inspiration as well as Human Reflection,—the living presence and communion of the Eternal with the Transitory Mind, of the perfectly Good with the good in the Imperfect. To disengage the one from the other, to treasure up the true and holy that is born of God, and let fall the false and wrong that is infused by man, is possible only to Reason and Conscience, is indeed the perpetual work in which they live; the denial of which is not merely Atheism, but Devil-worship,—not the bare negation but the positive reversal of religion,—the virtual affirmation that God indeed exists, but exists as *Un-reason* and *Un-good*. No mechanical, no chronological separation can be effected of the Divine from the Human, the Revealed from the Unrevealed, in faith: there is no person, no book, no age, no Church, in which both do not meet, and require to be disentangled the one from the other: but the perseverance of God's living and self-harmonious Spirit throughout the discordant errors of dying generations enables the men most apt and faithful to his voice, to know more and more what his reality is, and drop the semblances by which it is disguised. The effect of this view on our estimate of ecclesiastical literature is evident. As, according to it, the apostolic period is not exempted from critical judgment, so neither are succeeding times to be without their claim on religious reverence. The canonical books of the New Testament fall back into the general mass of Literature recording the earliest knowledge and consciousness of the disciples, neither detached, as a mysterious whole, from other productions of their time, nor excluding the greatest diversities of value among themselves. They exhibit the first struggling efforts,—not always concurrent in their direction,—of an awakening spiritual life, to interpret a recent Divine manifestation, and to solve by it the problem of the world's Providence. Their very freshness and proximity to the great figure of Christ was by no means an unmixed advantage to these efforts; and they were not so complete and successful as to supersede their continuance in the next and following generations, which lay under no incompetency for their prosecution, and are as likely, so far as antecedent probability goes, to have enriched and improved, as to have impoverished and spoiled, the earlier doctrine of Christ's relation to God and to mankind. The chasm thus disappears between the apostolic age and its successor: the products of the first are not to be accepted simply because they are there, nor those

of the second rejected because they are absent from the first; nor is everything to be admitted on showing that it stands in both and even had a tenure long enough to become the prescriptive occupant of the Church. The Catholic is right in clinging to the continuous thread of Divine Inspiration binding the centuries of Christendom together; and in maintaining that the expression of true doctrine grows fuller with time. He is wrong in making the Spirit over to an hierarchical corporation; and in treating the ostensible growth of doctrine as the mere negation of heresies. The Protestant is right in rescuing from the haze of uncertain tradition the real historical ground of his religion, and setting it in the focus of an intense reverence; and in rejecting whatever cannot be adjusted with the clear facts and essential Spirit of that primitive gospel. He is wrong in his insulation of that time as a sole authoritative age of golden days, in which the faith had neither error nor defect, and from which it must be copied, with daguerreotype exactitude, into every disciple's mind. Keep the positive elements, destroy the negative limitations of both these systems, and the true conception of Christianity emerges. As a system of self-conscious doctrine, it is a religious Philosophy, starting from the historical appearance of Christ as an expression of God in human life, and always detained around this one object as its centre; and, in its development, consulting not the idiosyncrasies and conceits of private and personal reflection, but the devout consciousness and spiritual *consensus* of all Christian ages and all holy men. All religion is the product of an action of the infinite mind upon the finite: in the *Christian* religion that action takes place upon souls engaged in the contemplation of Christ as the manifestation of God's moral nature. This given object remaining the same, there is room for indefinite expansion and variety; and every developed form is to be tried, not by its date, but by the tests of truth relevant to religious philosophy.

How far M. Bunsen would recognise his own doctrine in this exposition we cannot say; but without intending in the least to make him responsible for it, we think it does not essentially deviate from his scheme of thought. The philosophical aphorisms in which he has embodied his speculative faith, follow an order which we should have spoiled, had we, for our present purpose, so brought them together as to make them speak for themselves. And though they display the same astonishing command of our language, in which the author never fails, the cast of the thoughts is so Teutonic, that few English readers, it is to be feared,

will appreciate their depth and richness. The complaint, which we have heard and seen, that they are wholly unintelligible, is indeed purely ridiculous, except that it sadly illustrates the extent to which reflection and even feeling on such subjects has ceased in England. M. Bunsen, we can assure our readers, knows what he means, and lucidly states what he means; and those who miss his meaning have for the most part no slight loss. The following sentences, which the greatest sufferer from philosophobia may drink in without convulsions, will explain his idea of Revelation, in its bearing upon the use of written records. The mere "Natural Religion" of the Deist, he observes was—

"The negative reaction against the equally untenable, unphilosophical and irrational notion, that revelation was nothing but an external historical act. Such a notion entirely loses sight of the infinite or eternal factor of revelation, founded both in the nature of the infinite and that of the finite mind, of God and Man.

"This heterodox notion became still more obnoxious, by its imagining something higher in the manifestation of God's Will and Being than the human mind, which is the divinely-appointed organ of divine manifestation, and in a double manner; ideally in mankind, as object, historically in the individual man, as instrument.

"The notion of a merely historical revelation by written records is as unhistorical as it is intellectual and materialistic. It necessarily leads to untruth in philosophy, to unreality in religious thought, and to Fetichism in worship. It misunderstands the process necessarily implied in every historical representation. The form of expressing the manifestation of God in the mind, as if God was Himself using human speech to man, and was thus himself finite and a man, is a form inherent in the nature of human thought as embodied in language, its own rational expression. It was originally never meant to be understood materialistically, because the religious consciousness which produced it was essentially spiritual; and, indeed, it can only be thus misunderstood by those who make it a rule and criterion of faith, never to connect any thought whatever with what they are expected to believe as divinely true.

"Every religion is positive. It is, therefore, justly called a religion '*made manifest*' (offenbart), or, as the English term has it, *revealed*; that is to say, it supposes an action of the infinite mind, or God, upon the finite mind, or man, by which God, in his relation to Man, becomes manifest or visible. This can be mediate, through the manifestation of God in the Universe of Nature; or a direct, immediate action, through the religious consciousness.

"This second action is called *revealed*, in the strictest sense. The more a religion manifests of the real substance and nature of God, and of His relation to the universe and to man, the more it deserves the name of a divine manifestation or of Revelation. But no religion which exists could exist without something of truth, revealed to man, through the creation, and through his mind.

"Such a direct communication of the divine mind as is called Revelation, has necessarily two factors, which are unitedly working in producing it. The one is the infinite factor, or the direct manifestation of eternal truth to the mind, by the power which that mind has of perceiving it; for human perception is the correlate of divine manifestation. There could be no revelation of God if there was not the corresponding faculty in the human mind to receive it, as there is no manifestation of light where there is no eye to see it.

"This infinite factor is, of course, not historical: it is inherent in every individual soul, only with an immense difference in the degree.

"The action of the Infinite upon the mind, is the Miracle of history and of religion, equal to the Miracle of Creation.

"Miracle, in its highest sense, is therefore essentially and undoubtedly an operation of the divine mind upon the human mind. By that action the human mind becomes inspired with a new life, which cannot be explained by any precedent of the selfish (natural) life, but is its absolute contrary. This miracle requires no proof: the existence and action of religious life is its proof, as the world is the proof of creation.

"The second factor of revelation is the finite or external. This means of divine manifestation is, in the first place, a universal one, the Universe or Nature. But, in a more special sense, it is a historical manifestation of divine truth through the life and teaching of higher minds among men. These men of God are eminent individuals, who communicate something of eternal truth to their brethren; and, as far as they themselves are true, they have in them the conviction, that what they say and teach of things divine is an objective truth. They therefore firmly believe that it is independent of their individual personal opinion and impression, and will last, and not perish as their personal existence upon earth must.

"The difference between Christ and other men of God is analogous to that between the manifestation of a part, and of the totality and substance, of the divine mind."—Vol. ii., p. 60, *seq.*

The newly-found work, like other productions of the same period, can have only a disturbing interest for the Roman Catholic and orthodox Protestant. For, in conjunction with previous evidence, it shows that the unbroken unity of teaching is altogether a fiction; that what afterwards became heresy was, in the latter part of the second century, held in the church of the primacy itself, and by successors of St. Peter; that the clergy of Rome, so far from owning the apostolic authority of their chief, could resist him as heterodox; and that the contents of the Catholic system, far from appearing as an invariable whole from the first, were a gradual synthesis of elements flowing in from new channels of influence brought into connexion with the faith; and as against the approved type of Protestant, it shows that his favourite scheme of dogma was still in a very unripe

state, and that further back it had been still more so; so that if he binds himself to the earliest creed, he may probably have to accept a profession which he hardly regards as Christian at all. But from the third point of view, which assumes that development is an inherent necessity in a Revelation, and may add to its truth, instead of subtracting from it, the monuments of Christian literature from the secondary period have a positive interest, free from all uneasiness and alarm. They arrest for us, in the midst, the advance of theological belief towards the form ultimately recognised in the Church, and expressed in the established creeds; they render visible the beautiful features and expanded look of the faith, when its Judaic blood had been cooled by the waters of an Hellenic baptism; and though they leave many undetermined problems as to the successive steps by which the original Hebrew type of the gospel in Jerusalem was metamorphosed into the Nicene and hierarchical Christianity, they fix some intermediate points, and make us profoundly conscious of the greatness of the change.

The author of the "Philosophoumena," for instance, would be stopped at the threshold of every sect in our own country, and excluded as heterodox. He crosses the lines of our theological definitions, and trespasses on forbidden ground, in every possible doctrinal direction. Cardinal Wiseman would have nothing to say to him; for he is insubordinate to the "Vicar of Christ," and profanely insists that a pope may be deposed by his own council of presbyters. The bishop of Exeter would refuse him institution; for his Trinity is imperfect, and he allows no Personality to the Holy Ghost. The Archbishop of Dublin might probably think him a little hard upon Sabellius; but if he would quietly sign the articles, (which, however, he could by no means do,) might abstain from retaliation, and let him pass. At Manchester, Canon Stowell would keep him in hot water for his respectable opinion of human nature, and his lofty doctrine of free-will. In Edinburgh, Dr. Candlish would not listen to a man who had nothing to say of reliance on the imputed merits of Christ. The sapient board at New College, St. John's Wood, would expel him for his loose notions of Inspiration. And the Unitarians would find him too transcendental, make no common sense out of his notions of Incarnation, and recommend him to try Germany. This fact, that a bishop of the second and third centuries would be ecclesiastically not a stranger only, but an outcast among us, is most startling; and ought surely to open the eyes of modern Christians to the false and dangerous

position into which their churches have been brought by narrow-heartedness and insincerity. It will not be M. Bunsen's fault if our Churchmen remain insensible to the national peril and disgrace of maintaining unreformed a system long known to have no heart of modern reality, and now seen to have as little ground of ancient authority. Again and again he raises his voice of earnest and affectionate warning. As a foreigner domesticated among us, as a scholar of wide historical view, as a philosophical statesman who, amid the diplomacy of the hour, descends to the springs of perennial life in nations, as a Christian who profoundly trusts the reality of religion, and cannot be dazzled by the pretence, he sees, with a rare clearness and breadth, both the capabilities and the dangers of our social and spiritual condition. He sees that God has given to the English people a moral massiveness and veracity of character which presents the grandest basis of noble faith; while learned selfishness and aristocratic apathy uphold in the Church creeds which only stupidity can sign without mental reservations,—a Liturgy that catches the scruple of the intellectual without touching the enthusiasm of the popular heart,—a laity without function,—a clergy without unity,—and a hierarchy without power. He sees that our insular position has imparted to us a distinctive nationality of feeling, supplying copious elements for coalescence in a common religion; while obstinate conservatism has permitted our Christianity to become our great divisive power, and to disintegrate us through and through. He respects our free institutions, which sustain the health of our political life; but beside them he finds an ecclesiastical system either imposed by a dead and inflexible necessity, or left unguided to a whimsical voluntarism, which separates the combinations of faith from the relations of neighbourhood, of municipality, of country. With noble and richly-endowed universities at the exclusive disposal of the Church, he finds the theological and philosophical sciences so shamefully neglected, that christian faith notoriously does not hold its intellectual ground, and in its retreat does nothing to reach a firmer position; but only protests its resolution to stand still, and raise a din against the critic or metaphysic host that drives it back. Is there no one in this great and honest country that has trust enough in God and truth, foresight enough of ruin from falsehood and pretence, to lay the first hand to the work of renovation? Is statesmanship so infected with negligent contempt of mankind, that no high-minded politician can be found to care for the highest discipline of the

people, and reorganize the institutions in which their conscience, their reason, their upward aspirations should find life! Has the Church no prophet with faith enough to fling aside creed and college, and fire within him to burn away medieval pedantries, and demand an altar of veracity, that may bring us together for common work and "common prayer?" Or is it to be left to the *strong men*, exulting in their strength, and storming with the furor of honest discontent, to settle these matters with the sledge-hammer of their indignation? Miserable hypocrisy! to open the lips, and lift the eyes to heaven, while beckoning with the finger of apathy to these pioneers of Necessity! Would that some might be found to lay to heart our author's warning and counsel in the following sentences:—

"While we exclude all suggestions of despair, as being equally unworthy of a man and of a Christian, we establish two safe principles. The first is, that in all congregational and ecclesiastical institutions, Christian freedom, within limits conformable to Scripture, constitutes the first requisite for a vital restoration. The second fundamental principle is, that every church must hold fast what she already possesses, in so far as it presents itself to her consciousness as true and efficacious. In virtue of the first condition, she will combine Reason and Scripture in due proportions: by virtue of the second, she will distinguish between Spirit and Letter, between Idea and Form. No external clerical forms and medieval reflexes of bygone social and intellectual conditions can save us, nor can sectarian schisms and isolation from national life. Neither can learned speculations, and still less the incomparably more arrogant dreams of the unlearned. Scientific consciousness must dive into real life, and refresh itself in the feelings of the people, and that no one will be able to do without having made himself thoroughly conversant with the sufferings and the sorrows of the lowest classes of society. For out of the feeling of these sufferings and sorrows, as being to a great degree the most extensive and most deep-seated product of evil,—that is, of selfishness,—arose eighteen hundred years ago, the divine birth of Christianity. The new birth, however, requires new pangs of labour, and not only on the part of individuals, but of the whole nation, in so far as she bears within her the germs of future life, and possesses the strength to bring forth. Every nation must set about the work herself, not, indeed, as her own especial exclusive concern, but as the interest of all mankind. Every people has the vocation to coin for itself the divine form of Humanity, in the Church as well as in the State; its life depends on this being done, not its reputation merely; it is the condition of existence, not merely of prosperity.

"Is it not time, in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? to point to the clouds which rise from all quarters, to the noxious vapours which have already well nigh suffocated us?

to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground beneath our feet? to point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us? Is the state of things satisfactory in a Christian sense, where so much that is unchristian predominates, and where christianity has scarcely begun here and there to penetrate the surface of the common life? Shall we be satisfied with the increased outward respect paid to Christianity and the Church? Shall we take it as a sign of renewed life, that the names of God and Christ have become the fashion, and are used as a party badge? Can a society be said to be in a healthy condition, in which material and selfish interests in individuals, as well as in the masses, gain every day more and more the upper hand? in which so many thinking and educated men are attached to Christianity only by outward forms, maintained either by despotic power, or by a not less despotic, half superstitious, half hypocritical custom? When so many churches are empty, and satisfy but few, or display more and more outward ceremonials and vicarious rites? When a godless schism has sprung up between spirit and form, or has even been preached up as a means of rescue? When gross ignorance or confused knowledge, cold indifference or the fanaticism of superstition, prevails as to the understanding of Holy Scripture, as to the history, nay, the fundamental ideas of Christianity? When force invokes religion in order to command, and demagogues appeal to the religious element in order to destroy? When, after all their severe chastisements and bloody lessons, most statesmen base their wisdom only on the contempt of mankind; and when the prophets of the people preach a liberty, the basis of which is selfishness, the object libertinism, and the wages are vice? And this in an age the events of which show more and more fatal symptoms, and in which a cry of ardent longing pervades the people, re-echoed by a thousand voices!"—  
iii. xv.

Sorry, however, as we should be to see our Roman presbyter disconsolately wandering from fold to fold in modern England, and dismissed as a black sheep from all, we should not like to find him metamorphosed into chief shepherd either, and invested with the guidance of our ecclesiastical affairs. Though he is above imitating the feeble railing of Irenæus at the heresies, he deals with them in the true clerical style: often missing their real meaning, he does not spare them his bad word; and fancies he has killed them before he has even caught them. He has an evident relish also for a tale of scandal, as a make-weight against a theological opponent. In the "Little Labyrinth," he had told us a story about a Unitarian minister, who, for accepting his schismatical office, had been horse-whipped by angels all night; so that he crawled in the morning to the metropolitan, and gave in his penitential recantation. And now, in the larger work,

the author flies at higher game, and makes out that Pope Callistus was an incorrigible scamp; originally a slave in the household of a wealthy Christian master, Carpophorus, whose confidence he abused in every possible way. First, having been entrusted with the management of a bank in the *Piscina publica*, he swindled and ruined the depositors, and decamped, with the intention of sailing from Portus, but was found on board ship; and though he jumped into the sea, to avoid capture, was picked up, and condemned by his master to the hand-mill. Next, being allowed to go out, on the plea of collecting some debts, which would enable him to pay a dividend to the depositors, he created a riot in a Jews' synagogue, and, being brought before the prefect, was sentenced to be flogged, and transported to Sardinia. Thence he escaped by passing himself off among a number of Christians, released from their exile through the influence of the emperor's concubine, Marcia, and on the recommendation of Victor, the Pope. As he was not included in the list of pardons, he no sooner made his appearance in Rome than his master sent him off to live on a monthly allowance at Antium. On the death of Carpophorus, he seems to have attained his freedom by bequest; and his fertility of resource having made him useful to the new Pope Zephyrinus, he acquired influence enough to succeed him in the Primacy. We must confess that the evident *gusto* with which our presbyter tells this scandal, the *animus* with which he accuses Zephyrinus also of stupidity and venality, and the predominance in his narrative of theological antipathy over moral disgust, leave a painful impression on the reader respecting the spirit then at work in the apostolic see. And though his scheme of belief, especially in relation to the person of Christ, was more rational than the definitions of more modern creeds, yet we fear that he would be not less nice about its shape, and intolerant of those who move about in freer folds of thought, than a divine of the Canterbury cloisters or the Edinburgh platform. His quarrel with the two popes whom he abuses shows pretty clearly the stage of development which the Christian theology had then reached. On this matter we must say a few words.

Whatever may have been the precise order of combination which brought the Hebrew and Hellenic ideas of God into union, there can be no doubt about the two *termini* of the process. It started from the monarchical conception of Jehovah, as a Unity without plurality; and it issued in the Athanasian Trinity, with its three hypostases in one

essence. Of these, the Father expressed the Absolute existence, the Son the Objective manifestation, the Holy Spirit the Subjective revelation of God. In the Presbyter's creed, the third term was not yet incorporated, but still floated freely, diffused and impersonal. Leaving this out of view, we may observe, in the remaining part of the doctrine, two principal difficulties to be surmounted, arising from the double medium of divine objective manifestation,—Nature, always proceeding,—and Christ, historically transient. The first problem is, How to pass at all out of the Infinite existence into Finite phenomena, and conceive the relation between the Father and the Son; the second, How to pass from Eternal manifestation through all phenomena into temporary appearance in an Individual, so as to conceive the relation between the Son and the Galilean Christ. Thus, excluding all reference to the Holy Spirit, there were, in fact, *four* objects of thought, whose relations to one another were to be adjusted, viz., the Father, the Son evolving all things, the Christ or divine individualization in the Gospel, and Jesus of Nazareth, the human being with whose life this individualization concurred. Among all these there were, so to speak, two clearly distinct Wills to dispose of; that of the man Jesus at the lowest extremity, and that of the Supreme God, which the Jew, at least, would fix at the upper. These two Wills act, in the whole development of doctrine on this subject, as the secret centres of Personality: and the remaining elements obtain or miss a hypostatic character according as they are drawn or not into coalescence with the one or the other. The volitional point of the Divine Agency being once determined, it may be regarded as enclosed between the *Thought*, or Intellectual essence out of which it comes, and the *Execution* by which it is realized: or it may be left undistinguished from these, and may be made to coincide with either. According to these variable conditions arise the several modes of doctrine in reference to the Divine element in God's Objective manifestation. The differences, for instance, between our presbyter's doctrine and Origen's will be found to depend on the different points which they seize as the seat of divine volition, and the germ of their logical development. Our author, exemplifying the Hebrew tendency, seeks his initiative up at the fountain head, and puts himself back before the first act of creation; he starts from the One God, with whom nothing was co-present, and fixes in Him the seat of the primeval Will. There, however, it would remain, a mere potentiality, did not the Eternal Mind, by reflection in itself, pass into Self-consciousness, and give objectivity

to its own thought. This primary expression of his essence, in which it enters into relation, but relation only to itself, is the *Logos*, or *Son* of God, the agent in the production of all things. The potentiality is thus reserved to the Father; the effectuation is given to the Son: who, coming in at a point lower down than the seat of Will, and simply bridging over the interval that leads to accomplishment, is felt without the essential condition of a numerically distinct subsistence; and has either the instrumental and subordinate personality of a dependent being, or is imperfectly hypostatized.\* In this impersonal character does the *Logos* manifest the Divine thought in the visible universe; in the minds of godly men, which are the source of law; in the glance of prophets, which catches and interprets the divine significance of all times; and first assumes a full personality in the Incarnation. Having left the primary Will behind in the Father's essence, the *Logos* remains but an inchoate hypostasis, till alighting, in the human nature, on another centre of volition. As if our author were half conscious, in reaching this point, of relief from an antecedent uneasiness, he now holds fast to the personality which has been realized, represents it as not dissolved by the death on the cross, but taken up into heaven, and abiding for ever. It is, in this view, the two extreme terms that supply the hypostatizing power; of the others, the *Logos* has no personality but by looking back to the Father; nor the Christ, but by going forward to the Son of Mary. This shows the yet powerful influence of the Judaic Monarchianism, and the embarrassment of a mind, setting out from that type of faith, to provide any plurality within the essence of God. Origen, on the other hand, yielded to the Hellenic feeling, and instead of going back to any absolute commencement, looked for his Divine centre and starting-point further down; and took thence whatever upward glance was needful to complete his view. As the Greek reverence was not touched but by the Divine embodied in concrete life and form, so the Alexandrine catechist instinctively fixed upon the SON, the objective Thought of God, proceeding, not once upon a time or ever *first*, but *eternally*, from Him, as the initiative position for his doctrine. Here was placed the clearest and intensest focus of Will; and only in this ever-evolving efficient were the full conditions of personality realized. The Father was con-

ceived more Pantheistically, as the universal *voûs*, the intellectual background, whence issued the acting nature of the Son. In meditating on them in their conjunction, Origen would think of the relation between *thought and volition*; our author, of that between *volition and execution*. Both doctrines show the imperfect fusion of Hebrew and Hellenic elements, and illustrate the characteristic effect of an excessive proportion of each. Where the Hebrew element prevails, the personality of the Son is endangered; where the Hellenic, the personality of the Father. Even our presbyter's doctrine of the Son, however, gave too strong an impersonation to Him for the party in Rome who sided with Zephyrinus and Callistus. These popes accused him, it seems, of being a *Ditheist*; and themselves maintained that the terms Father and Son denoted only different sides and relations of one and the same Being; nay, not only of the same Being, but of the same *πρόσωπον*; and that the spirit that dwelt in Christ was the Father, of whom all things are full. For this opinion the two popes are angrily dealt with by our author, and charged with being half Sabellian, half Humanitarian. His rancour justifies the suspicion, that though he represents the party which triumphed at Rome, his opponents had been numerous and powerful, as, indeed, their election to the primacy would of itself show, and that even his own imperfect dogma was superinduced, not without a protracted struggle, upon an earlier faith yet remote from the Nicene standard.

And this brings us at once to a question of historical research, which, though far too intricate and extensive to be discussed here, we feel bound to notice, as far as it is affected by the newly-discovered work. How long did it take for the Christian faith to assume the leading features of its orthodox and catholic form, and especially to work itself clear of Judaism? It is an acknowledged fact, that the earliest disciples, including at the lowest estimate all the converts of the first seven years from the ascension, not only were born Hebrews, but did not regard their baptism as in any way withdrawing them from the pale of their national religion; that, on the contrary, they claimed to be the only true Jews, differing from others simply by their belief in a personally appointed, instead of a vaguely promised Messiah; that they aimed at no more than to bring over their own race to this conviction, and persuade them that the national destinies were about to be consummated; and, so far from relaxing the obligations of their Law, adhered with peculiar rigour to its ritual and its exclusiveness. So long as none but the twelve apostles had

\* To Hippolytus and the writers of his period, Dorner ascribes the latter, preponderantly over the former, side of this alternative; while Hänel charges their view with Sabellianism. See Dorner's "Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi," i. p. 611, *seq.*

charge of its diffusion, Christianity was only a particular mode of Judaism, and its whole discussion a *ἱερατικὴ τῶν Ἰουδαίων*. It is further admitted, that the first inroad upon this narrowness was made by St. Paul, who insisted on the universality of Christ's function, and the abrogation of the Mosaic Law in favour of inward faith, as the condition of union with God. Nor, again, is it denied that this freer view met with great resistance, and that its conflict with the other, apparent throughout the Pauline epistles, formed the most animating feature of the apostolic age. During that period, two distinct parties, and two separate lines of development and growth may be traced: one following out in morals the *legal* idea into asceticism, voluntary poverty, and physical purity, and in faith the *monarchian* idea into theocratic and millenarian expectations; the other, proceeding from the notion of *faith* to substitute an ideal Christ for the historical, a new religion for an old law, the free embrace of divine reconciliation for the anxious strain of self-mortifying obedience. But how long did this struggle and separation continue? According to the prevalent belief, it was all over in a few years; and, by the happy harmony and concurrence of the Apostles, was determined in favour of the generous Pauline doctrine; so that St. John lived to see the Hebrew Christians sink into a mere Ebionitish sect outside the pale, and their stiff Unitarian theology disowned in favour of the higher teachings of his gospel. Against this assumption, of so easy a victory over the Jewish tendency, several striking testimonies have often been urged. Tertullian, in a well known passage of his treatise against Praxeas, describes the dislike with which the unlearned majority of believers regard the Trinitarian distinctions in the Godhead, and the zeal with which they cry out for holding to "the Monarchy."\* In the time of Pope Zephyrinus, as we learn from Eusebius, a body of Unitarians in Rome, followers of Artemon, defended their doctrine by the conservative plea of antiquity and general consent; affirming that it was no other than the uninterrupted creed of the Roman Church down to the time of Victor, the preceding pope; and that the higher doctrine of the Person of Christ was quite a recent innovation. † Nor are we without ecclesiastical literature, of even a later date, that by its theological tone gives witness to the same effect. The "Clementine Recognitions," written somewhere between 212 and 230, occupy a dogmatic position, higher indeed, than the disciples of Artemon, but only in the direction of Arius, and, to save

the Unity of God, deny the Deity of Christ.\* Relying on such evidence as this, Priestley, in his "History of Early Opinions," and his controversy with Bishop Horsley, maintained that the creed of the Church for the first two centuries was Unitarian. But this position was attended with many difficulties, so long as the present canonical scriptures were allowed to have been in the hands of the Christians of that period, and recognized as authorities; for the narratives of the miraculous conception, the writings of Paul, and the gospel of John, are irreconcilable with the schemes of belief attributed to the early Unitarians. Moreover, if for two centuries the Church had interpreted its authoritative documents in one way, and formed on this its services and expositions, it is not easy to conceive the rapid revolution into another. During a period of free and floating tradition there is manifest room for the growth of essentially different modes of faith; but after the reception of a definite set of sacred books, the scope for change is much contracted. To treat the doctrine of the Logos as an innovation, yet ascribe the fourth gospel to the beloved disciple; to suppose that justification by works was the generally received notion among people who guided themselves by the authority of Paul, involves us in irremediable contradictions. Avoiding these at least, possibly not without the risk of others, the celebrated theologians of Tübingen have maintained a bolder thesis than that of Priestley, including it, indeed, but with it also a vast deal more. Their theory runs as follows. The opposition which St. Paul's teaching excited, and of which his letters preserve so many traces, was neither so insignificant nor so short-lived as is commonly supposed; but was encouraged and led by the other apostles, especially James and John and Peter, who never heartily recognised the volunteer apostle; and was so completely successful, that he died without having made any considerable impression on the Judaic Christianity sanctioned from Jerusalem. Accordingly, the earliest Christian literature was Ebionitish; and no production was in higher esteem than the "Gospel of the Hebrews," which, after being long current, with several variations of form, at last settled down into our Gospel of Matthew. In almost all the writings known to us, even in Roman circles of the second century,—the "Shepherd of Hermas," the "Memorials of Hegesippus," the works of Justin,—some character or other of Ebionitism is present—millenarian doctrine, admiration of celibacy, and of abstinence

\* "Tert. adv. Prax.," c. 3.

† Euseb. H. E. V. 28.

\* See Adolph Schliemann's "Clementinen, nebst den verwandten Schriften und der Ebionitismus," cap. iii. ii. § 8, 9.



from meat and wine, denunciation of riches, emphatic assertion of the *Messiahship* of Jesus, and treatment of the miraculous conception as at least an open question. The labours of Paul, however, had left a seed which had been buried, but not killed; and from the first, a small party had cherished his freer principles, and sought to win acceptance for them; and as the progress of time increased the proportion of provincial and gentile converts, and the Jewish wars of Titus and Hadrian destroyed the possibility of Mosaic obedience and the reasonableness of Hebrew hopes, the Pauline element rose in magnitude and importance. Thus, the two courses of opposite development ran parallel with each other, and gradually found their interest in mutual recognition and concession. Hence, a series of writings proceeding from either side, first of conciliatory approximation only, next of complete neutrality and equipoise, in which sometimes the figures of Peter and Paul themselves are presented with studiously balanced honour; at others, their characteristic ideas are adjusted by compromise. The Clementine Homilies, the Apostolic Constitutions, the Epistle of James, the Second Epistle of Clement, the Gospel of Mark, the Recognitions, the Second Epistle of Peter, constitute the series proceeding from the Ebionitic side; while from the Pauline came the First Epistle of Peter, the preaching of Peter, the writings of Luke, the First Epistle of Clement, the Epistle to the Philippians, the pastoral epistles, Polycarp's, and the Ignatians. These productions, however, springing from the practical instinct of the West, deal with the ecclesiastical more than with the doctrinal phase of antagonism between the two directions; and end with establishing in Rome a Catholic Church, founded on the united sepulchres of Peter and Paul, and combining the sacerdotalism of the Old Testament with the universality of the New Gentile gospel. Meanwhile, a similar course, with local modifications, was run by the Church of Asia Minor. Rome, with its political aptitude, having taken in hand the questions of discipline and organization, the speculative genius of the Asiatic Greek addressed itself simultaneously to the development and determination of doctrine. Here the Epistle to the Galatians marks, as a starting point, the same original struggle between the contrasted elements which the Epistle to the Romans betrays in Italy; while the Gospel of John closes the dogmatic strife of development with an accepted Trinity for faith, just as the Ignatian epistles wind up the contests of the West with a recognised hierarchy for government. And between these extremes the East presents to us, first, the intensely Judaical

Apocalypse; next, with increasing reaction in the Pauline direction, the rudiments of the Logos idea in the Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, and Ephesians; and as Montanism, in the midst of which these arose, had already made familiar the conception of the Paraclete, all the conditions were present for combination into the Johannine doctrine of the Trinity; and then it was, in the second quarter of the second century, that the fourth gospel appeared. The speculative theology thus native to Lesser Asia, was adopted for shelter and growth by the kindred Hellenism of Egypt, and gave rise to the school of Alexandria. In the whole of this theory great use is made of Montanism: it spans, as it were, the interval between the parallel movements of Italy and Asia; and is the common medium of thought, in which they both take place. Singularly uniting in itself the rigour, the narrowness, the ascetic superstitions of its Hebrew basis, with a Phrygian prophetic enthusiasm and an Hellenic theosophy, it imported the latter into the doctrine, the former into the discipline, of the Church. The Roman-catholic system betrays its Jewish or Montanist origin in its legalism, its penances, its celibacy, its monachism, its ecstatic phenomena, its physical supernaturalism, its exaggerated appreciation of martyrdom.

Such, in barest outline, is the theory which M. Bunsen characterizes as the "Tübingen romance." Its leading principle is, that the antagonism between the Petrine and Pauline, the Hebrew and the Hellenic, Gospel, which has its origin and authentic expression in the Epistles to the Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, continued into the second century; determined the evolution of doctrine and usage; stamped itself upon the ecclesiastical literature; and ended in the compromise and reconciliation of the Catholic Church. It is evident that, in the working out of this principle, the New-Testament canon is made to give way. With the exception of the greater Pauline epistles and the Apocalypse, both of which are held fast as genuine productions of the apostles whose names they bear, and the first gospel, which is allowed to have at least the groundwork in the primitive tradition, the received books are all set loose from the dates and names usually assigned to them, and arranged, in common with other products of the time, according to the relation they bear to the Ebionitic or to the Pauline school, and the particular stage they seem to mark in the history of either. This proceeding, however, is not an original violence resorted to for the exigencies of the theory; but, for the most part, a mere appropriation to its use of conclusions reached by antecedent theologians on independent grounds. The Epistle

to the Philippians is the only work, if we mistake not, on the authenticity of which doubt has been thrown for the first time,—in our opinion, on very inadequate grounds. In this, as in many other details of the hypothetical history, there is not a little of that straining of real evidence and subtle fabrication of unreal, which German criticism seems unable to avoid. But the acerbity displayed by the North German Theologians towards the Tübingen critics appears to us unwarranted and humiliating; and we certainly wish that M. Bunsen, whose prompt admiration of excellence so nobly distinguishes him from Ewald, could have expressed his dissent from Baur and Schwegler in a tone still further removed from the Göttingen pitch. At least, we do not find the positive assertion that the Tübingen theory is finally demolished by the "Philosophumena," at all borne out by the evidence; and are inclined to think that the case is very little altered by the new elements now contributed to its discussion. The critical offence which he thinks is now detected and exposed, is the ascription of a late origin to the fourth Gospel,\* and the treatment of it as the perfected product, instead of the misused source, of the Montanist conceptions of the Logos and the Paraclete. It cannot, however, be denied, that, in the previous absence of any external testimony to the existence of this gospel earlier than the year 170,† the internal difficulties are sufficiently serious to redeem the doubt of its authenticity from the character of rashness or perversity. The irreconcilable opposition between its whole mode of thought and that of the Apocalypse is confessed by M. Bunsen himself, when he suggests that the poem on the Logos was directed against Cerinthus,—the very person whose sentiments the Apocalypse was supposed to express, and to whom, accordingly, it was ascribed by those who rejected it. One of the two books must resign, then, the name of the beloved disciple; and,

of the two, we need hardly say that the Apocalypse is incomparably the better authenticated. Moreover, the traditions which unite the names of James and John, as the authorities followed by the Church of Lesser Asia, render it hard to conceive that their doctrines can have taken precisely opposite directions; and that, while James represented the Judaic Christianity of the deepest dye, John can have produced the standard and conclusive work on the other side. In particular, the well-known fact, that the Asiatic Christians justified their Jewish mode of keeping Easter by the double plea (1) that James and John always did so, (2) that Christ himself had done so before he suffered, seems incompatible with any knowledge of the fourth gospel, which denies that Jesus ate the passover before he suffered, and makes his own death to be the passover. How could this Quarto-deciman controversy live a day among a people possessing and acknowledging John's Gospel, which so bears upon it as to give a distinct contradiction to the view of the other gospels, and to pronounce in Asia Minor itself, an unambiguous verdict in favour of the West? These are grave difficulties, which, after all the ingenuity, even of Bleek, remain, we fear, unrelieved; and in their presence we cannot feel the justice of M. Bunsen's sentence, that Baur's opinion is "the most unhappy of philological conjectures." Everything conjectural, however, must give way before real historical testimony; and if new evidence is actually contained in the "Philosophumena," every true critic, of Tübingen or elsewhere, will be thankful for light to dissipate the doubt. Now, it is said, that our Roman bishop, in treating of the heresy of Basilides, supplies passages from the writings of this heresiarch which include quotations from the fourth gospel; and thus prove its existence as early as the year 130. This argument, as stated by M. Bunsen, appeared to us quite conclusive, and we hoped that a decided step had been gained towards the settlement of the question. Great was our disappointment, on reading the account in the original, to find no evidence that any extract from Basilides was before us at all. A general description of the system bearing his name is given; but with no mention of any work of his, no profession that the words are his; and even so little individual reference to him, that the exposition is introduced as being a report of what "Basilides and Isidorus, and the whole troop of these people falsely say" (*κατα-ψεύδονται*, sing). Then follows the account of the dogmas of the sect, with the word *φησίν* inserted from time to time, to indicate that the writer is still reporting the sentiments of others. The *singular* form of

\* M. Bunsen must have some authority which has escaped our memory for attributing to "the whole school of Tübingen" the opinion "that the fourth Gospel was written about the year 165 or 170." (i. v.) We cannot call to mind any criticism which assigns so late a date. Schwegler uses various expressions to mark the time to which he refers, e. g. "about the middle of the second century," (*Nachapost, Zeitalter*, ii. 354, and *Montanismus*, p. 214;) "intermediate between the Apologists and Irenæus" (ii. 369); "previous to the last third of the second century" (ii. 348); "in the second quarter of the second century" (ii. 345); Zeller also fixes on the year 150 as the time when the Gospel may probably have first appeared. (*Zeller's Jahrb.*, 1845, p. 646.)

† The earliest testimony is that of Apollinarius, of Hierapolis in Phrygia, preserved in the "Paschal Chronicle," probably about A.D. 170—175.

this word implies nothing at all: it occurs immediately after the word *καταψέδεσθαι*, and has the same avowedly plural subject. The statement, therefore, within which are contained the Scripture citations, is a merely general one of the opinions of a sect which continued to subsist till a much later time than the lowest date ever assigned for the composition of the fourth gospel. If the actual words of any writings current among these heretics are given, they are the words of an author or authors wholly unknown, and to refer them to Basilides in particular is a mere arbitrary act of will. The change from the singular to the plural forms of citation in the midst of one and the same sentence, and the disregard of concord between verb and subject, show that no inference can be drawn from so loose a system of grammatical usage. All that can be affirmed is, that our author had in his hand some production of the Basilidian *χορός*, in which the fourth gospel was quoted; but this affords no chronological datum that can be of the smallest use.\* The same remark applies to the use of John's Gospel by the Ophites. That they did use it is evident: that they existed as far back as the time of Peter and Paul is certainly probable; yet it does not follow that the fourth gospel was then extant. For they continued in existence through two or three centuries, dating, as Baur has shown, from a time anterior not only to the Christian heresies, but to christianity itself, and extending down to Origen's time: and to what part of this long period the writings belonged which the author of the "Philosophumena" employed, we are absolutely unable to determine. We

do not know why M. Bunsen has not appealed also to a quotation from the gospel which occurs (p. 194) in an account of the Valentinian system. If, as he affirms (i. 63), this account were really in "Valentinus' own words," the citation would be of particular value in the controversy. For it has always been urged by the Tübingen critics as a highly significant fact, that while the followers of Valentinus showed an especial eagerness to appeal to the gospel of John, and one of the earliest, Heraclion, wrote a commentary upon it, no trace could be found of its use by the heresiarch himself. From this circumstance, they have inferred that the gospel was not available for him, and first appeared after his time. A single clause cited by him from the gospel would demolish this argument at once. But the assertion that we have here "full eight pages of Valentinus' own words," appears to us quite groundless. No such thing is affirmed by the writer of the eight pages. He promises to tell us how the strict adherents to the original principle of the sect expounded their doctrine (*ὡς ἐκείνοι διδάσκουσι*): and then passes over, as usual, to the singular *φησί*, returning, however, from time to time, to the plural forms—*θέλουσι*, *λεγουσι*, &c.,—and thus leaving no pretext for the assumption that Valentinus is before us in person. The later gnostics indisputably resorted to the Gospel of John with especial zeal and preference: and if their predecessors, Basilides and Valentinus, were acquainted with the book, it is surprising that no trace of their familiarity with it has been found; and that the former should have sought to authenticate the secret doctrine he professed to have received by the name of Matthew or Matthias instead of John. It deserves remark, that the citations preserved by our author are made, like those of Justin Martyr, as from an anonymous writing, without mentioning the name of the Evangelist: a circumstance less surprising in reference to the synoptics alone, which present only varieties of the same fundamental tradition, than when the fourth gospel, so evidently the independent production of a single mind, is thrown into the group. The epistles of Paul and the books of the Old Testament are frequently quoted by name: and why this practice should invariably cease whenever the historical work of an apostle was in the hand, it is not easy to explain. The Apocalypse is mentioned not without his name.\*

For these reasons we are of opinion that the question about the date and authenticity of the fourth gospel is wholly unaffected by the newly-discovered work. On this side, no

\* We will give, from this very section on Basilides, and its subsequent recapitulation, three examples of the irregular mode of citation to which we refer: (a) of the singular verb with plural subject expressed; (b) of plural verb with singular subject expressed; (c) of the mixture of singular and plural subjects in the same sentence, so that the affirmation belongs indeterminate to either.

(a) Ἰδόμεν οὖν πῶς καταφανῶς Βασιλείδης ἑαυτὸν καὶ Ἰσίδωρον καὶ πᾶς ἐτούτων χορὸς, οὐχ ἀπλῶς καταψέδεσθαι μόνον Ματθαίου, ἀλλὰ γὰρ καὶ τοῦ Σωτήριος αὐτοῦ. Ἦν, φησὶν, ὅτε ἦν οὐδὲν, κ. τ. λ.—p. 230.

(b) Βασιλείδης δὲ καὶ σῆτες λέγει εἶναι θεῶν οὐκ ὄντα, πεποιημένων κόσμον ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων, . . . ἢ ὡς ὧν ταῦτ' ἔχον ἐν ἑαυτῷ τῆν τῶν χρωμάτων ποικίλην πληθύν, καὶ τοῦτο εἶναι φᾶσι τὸ τοῦ κόσμου σπέρμα, κ. τ. λ.—p. 320.

(c) καὶ δίδοικε τὰς κατὰ προβολὴν τῶν γεγονότων οὐσίας ὁ Βασιλείδης . . . ἀλλὰ εἶπε, φησὶ, καὶ ἐγένετο, καὶ τοῦτό ἐστιν ὃ λέγουσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι οὗτοι, τὸ λεχθῆν ὑπὸ Μωσίου, "Γενεθῆτω φῶς, καὶ ἐγένετο φῶς." Πῶθεν, φησὶ, γέγονε τὸ φῶς; . . . Ἔγινε, φησὶν, ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων τὸ σπέρμα τοῦ κόσμου, ὃ λόγος ὁ λεχθεὶς γενεθῆτο φῶς, καὶ τοῦτο, φησὶν, ἐστὶ τὸ λεγόμενον ἐν τοῖς Ἐβραγγελοῖς: "Ἦν τὸ φῶς τὸ ἀληθινόν, ὃ φαιρίζει πάντα ἄνθρωπον ἔρχόμενον εἰς τὸν κόσμον."—p. 232. Now can any one decide whether this comment on the "Let there be light, and there was light," with its application to John i. 9, proceeds from "Basilides" or from "these men?"

new facilities are gained for confuting the Tübingen theory. The most positive and startling fact against it is presented from another direction. We know that the system of Theodotus, which was Unitarian, was condemned by Victor in the last decade of the second century.\* Now Victor was the very pope to the end of whose period, according to the followers of Artemon, their monarchian faith was upheld in the Roman Church, and in the time of whose successor was the first importation of the higher doctrine of the Logos. On this complaint of the Artemonites, Baur and Schweigler lay great stress; but is it not refuted by Victor's orthodox act of expelling a Unitarian? Undoubtedly it would be so, if Theodotus were excommunicated precisely for his belief in the uni-personality of God. But his scheme included many articles; and we know nothing of the ground taken in the proceedings against him. There was one question, however, which, however indifferent to us, was evidently very near to the feelings of the early Church, and on which Theodotus separated himself from the prevailing conceptions of his time—viz., at what date did the Christ, the Divine principle, become united with Jesus, the Human being? "At his baptism," replied Theodotus.† "Before his birth," said the general voice of the Christians. We are disposed to think *this* was the obnoxious tenet which Victor construed into heresy; and if so, the strife had no bearing upon the doctrine of the personality of the Logos, which the pope and the heretic might both have rejected. Of the Unitarianism of that time, it was no essential feature to postpone till the baptism the heavenly element in Christ. We remember no reason for supposing that the Artemonites did so, though Theodotus did; and if they knew that the objection which had been fatal to him did not apply to them, their claim of ancient and orthodox sanction for what they held in common with him was not answered by pointing to his condemnation for what was special to himself. But is there, it will be asked, any evidence that the Roman Church attached importance to this particular ingredient of the Theodotian scheme, so that their bishop might feel impelled to visit it with ecclesiastical censure? We believe there is, and *that* too in the "Philosophumena." In the author's confession of faith occurs a passage which produces at first a strange impression upon a modern reader, and appears like a violence done to the gospel history. It affirms that Christ *passed through every stage of human life*, that he might serve as the

model to all. Nor is this idea a personal whim of the writer; but is borrowed from his master, Irenæus, who gives it in more detail, and winds it up with the assertion, that Christ *lived to be fifty years old*.\* Irenæus thus falsifies the history to make good the moral; our presbyter, by respecting the history, apparently invalidates the moral; for it can scarcely be said of a life closed after thirty-one or thirty-two years, that it supplies a rule *πᾶσα ἡλικία*: at least it would seem more natural to apologize for its premature termination, than to lay stress on its absolute completeness. The truth is, there was a certain obnoxious tenet behind, which these writers were anxious to contradict, and which their assertion exactly meets—viz., the very tenet of Theodotus, that the Divine nature did not unite itself with the Saviour till his baptism. Irenæus and his pupil could not endure this limitation of what was highest in Christ to the interval between his first public preaching and his crucifixion. They thought that in this way it was reduced to a mere official investiture, not integral to his being, but externally superinduced; and that such a conception deprived it of all its moral significance. The union of the Logos with our nature was not a provision for temporary inspiration or a forensic redemption; but was intended to mould a life and shape a personal existence, according to the immaculate ideal of humanity. To accomplish this intention it was necessary that the Logos should never be absent from any part of his earthly being; but should have claimed his person from the first, and by preoccupation have neutralized the action of the natural (or psychic) element, throughout all the years of his continuance among men. The anxiety of Irenæus' school to put this interpretation on the manifestation of the Logos, their determination to distinguish it, on the one hand, from the *mediate* communication of prophets as an *immediate* presentation (*αὐτοῦ ἐν φανερωθῆναι*), and, on the other, from the *transient* occupancy of a ready-made man, as a *permanent* and thorough-going incarnation (*σάρκαωθῆναι* in opposition to *φαντασία* or *εἰσότης*), is apparent in their whole language on this subject. In the Son, we are carried to the fresh fountain-head of every kind of perfection, and find the unspoiled ideal of heavenly and terrestrial natures. In one of the fragments of Hippolytus, published by Mai, and noticed in M. Bunsen's Appendix, this notion is conveyed by the remark, that He is first-born of God's own essence, that he may have precedence of angels; first-born of a virgin, that he may be a fresh-created Adam; first-born of death,

\* Euseb. H. E. V. 28.

† "Philosophumena," p. 258.

\* Iren., l. ii. c. 39.

that he might become the first fruits of our resurrection.\* This doctrine it is, we apprehend, which amplifies itself into the Irenæan statement, that the divine and ideal function of Christ coalesced with the historical throughout, so that to infants he was a consecrating infant; to little children, a consecrating child; to youth, a consecrating model of youth; and to elders, a still consecrating rule, not only by disclosure of truth, but by exhibiting the true type of their perfection.† The teaching of Theodotus, that the heavenly *εἰκὼν* remained at a distance till the baptism, was directly contradictory of this favourite notion: and might well produce hostile excitement, and provoke condemnation, in a church where the Irenæan influence is known to have been powerful. The attitude that Victor assumed towards the Theodotians is thus perfectly compatible with Monarchian opinions, and with an attitude equally hostile, in the opposite direction, towards the advancing Trinitarian claims of a distinct personality for the Logos. Though only the one hostility is recorded of Victor, the other is ascribed, as we have seen, to his immediate successors, Zephyrinus and Callistus, who maintained that it was no other person than the Father that dwelt as the Logos in the Son. The facts taken together, and spreading as they do over the periods of three popes, afford undeniable traces of a struggle, at the turn of the second century, between a prevalent but threatened Monarchianism, and a new doctrine of the Divine Personality of the Son.

After all, why is M. Bunsen so anxious to disprove the late appearance of the fourth Gospel? Did he value it chiefly as a biographical sketch, and depend upon it for concrete facts, a first-hand authentication of its contents would be of primary moment. But his interest in it is evidently speculative rather than historical, and centres upon its doctrinal thought, not on its narrative attestation; and especially singles out the poem as a condensed and perfect expression of Christian ontology. The book speaks to him, and finds him, out of its mystic spiritual depths; sanctifies his own philosophy; glorifies with an ideal haze the greatest reality of history; blends with melting tints the tenderness of the human, and the sublimity of the divine life; and presents the Holy Spirit as immanent in the souls of the faithful and the destinies of humanity. But its enunciation of

great truths, its penetration to the still sanctuary of devout consciousness, will not cease to be facts, or become doubtful as merits, or be changed in their endearing power, by an alteration in the superscription or the date. These religious and philosophical features converse directly with Reason and Conscience, and have the same significance, whatever their critical history may be; and are not the less rich as inspirations from having passed for interpretation through more minds than one. There is neither common sense nor piety, as M. Bunsen himself, we feel certain, will allow, in the assumption that Revelation is necessarily most perfect at its source, and can only grow earthy and turbid as it flows. Were it something entirely foreign to the mind, capable of holding no thought in solution, but inevitably spoiled by every abrasion its effects of philosophy and feeling, this mechanical view would be correct. But if it be the intenser presence, the quickened perception of a Being absent from none; if it be the infinite original of which philosophy is the finite reflection; if thus it speaks, not in the unknown tongue of isolated ecstasy, but in the expressive music of our common consciousness and secret prayer; then is it so little unnatural, so related to the constitution of our faculties, that the mind's continuous reaction on it may bring it more clearly out; and, after being detained at first amid sluggish levels and unwholesome growths which mar its divine transparency, it may percolate through finer media, drop its accidental admixtures, and take up in each stratum of thought some elements given it by native affinity, and become more purely the spring of life in its descent than in its source. If, before the fourth Gospel was written, the figure of Christ, less close to the eye, was seen more in its relations to humanity and to God; if his deep hints, working in the experience of more than one generation, had expanded their marvellous contents; if, in a prolonged contact of his religion with Hellenism, elements had disclosed themselves of irresistible sympathy, and the first sharp boundary drawn by Jewish hands had melted away; if his concrete history itself was now subordinate to its ideal interpretation; the book will present us still with a Christianity, not impoverished, but enriched. In proportion as its thoughts speak for themselves by their depth and beauty, may all anxiety cease about their external legitimation; their credentials become eternal instead of individual; and where the Father himself thus beareth witness, Christ needeth not the testimony of man. It cannot be, therefore, any religious issue that depends on the date of this Christian record; it cannot *make* truth, it can only

\* l. p. 341.

† The words of the author of the "Philosophumena" are these: Τοῦτον ἔγνωμεν ἐκ παρδίνου σώματος ἀποκλιθῆναι καὶ τὸν παλαιὸν ἄνθρωπον διὰ καινῆς πλάσεως μεταμορφῆσαι, ἐν βίῳ διὰ πάσης ἡλικίας ἀληθεύοντα, ἵνα παση ἡλικίᾳ ἀεὶ τὸν νόμον γενηθῆῖ καὶ σκοπὸν τὸν ἴδιον ἄνθρωπον πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἐπιδείξῃ παρῶν, καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ ἀληθῆς ὄντος μηδὲν ἐπισημαίνῃ ὁ θεὸς πανταχοῦ.—p. 337

awaken the mind to discern it: and whether it has this power or not, the mind can only report according to its consciousness of quickening light or stagnant darkness. The interest of this question cannot surely be more than a *critical* interest to one who can feel and speak in this noble strain:

"No divine authority is given to any set of men to make truth for mankind. The supreme judge is the Spirit in the Church, that is to say, in the universal body of men professing Christ. The universal conscience is God's highest interpreter. If Christ speaks truth, his words must speak to the human reason and conscience, whenever and wherever they are preached: let them, therefore, be preached. If the Gospels contain inspired wisdom, they must themselves inspire with heavenly thoughts the conscientious inquirer and the serious thinker: let them, therefore, freely be made the object of inquiry and of thought. Scripture, to be believed true with full conviction, must be at one with reason: let it, therefore, be treated rationally. By taking this course, we shall not lose strength; but we shall gain a strength which no church ever had. There is strength in Christian discipline, if freely accepted by those who are to submit to it; there is strength in spiritual authority, if freely acknowledged by those who care for Christ; there is strength unto death in the enthusiasm of an unenlightened people, if sincere, and connected with lofty moral ideas. But there is no strength to be compared with that of a faith which identifies moral and intellectual conviction with religious belief, with that of an authority instituted by such a faith, and of a Christian life based upon it, and striving to Christianize this world of ours, for which Christianity was proclaimed. Let those who are sincere, but timid, look into their conscience, and ask themselves whether their timidity proceeds from faith, or whether it does not rather betray a want of faith. Europe is in a critical state, politically, ecclesiastically, socially. Where is the power able to reclaim a world, which, if it be faithless, is become so under untenable and ineffective ordinances? which, if it is in a state of confusion, has become confused by those who have spiritually guided it? Armies may subdue liberty; but armies cannot conquer ideas: much less can Jesuits and Jesuitical principles restore religion, or superstition revive faith. I deny the prevalence of a destructive and irreligious spirit in the hearts of the immense majority of the people. I believe that the world wants not less but mere religion. But, however this be, I am firmly convinced that God governs the world, and that He governs it by the eternal ideas of truth and justice engraved on our conscience and reason; and I am sure that nations, who have conquered, or are conquering, civil liberty for themselves, will sooner or later as certainly demand liberty of religious thought, and that those whose fathers have victoriously acquired religious liberty, will not fail to demand civil and political liberty also. With these ideas, and with the present irresistible power of communicating ideas, what can save us except religion, and therefore Christianity? But then it must be a Christianity based upon that which is eternally

God's own, and is as indestructible and as invincible as He is himself: it must be based upon Reason and Conscience, I mean reason spontaneously embracing the faith in Christ, and Christian faith feeling itself at one with reason and with the history of the world. Civilized Europe, as it is at present, will fall; or it will be pacified by this liberty, this reason, this faith. To prove that the cause of Protestantism in the nineteenth century is identical with the cause of Christianity, it is only necessary to attend to this fact; that they both must sink and fall, until they stand upon their indestructible ground, which, in my inmost conviction, is the real, genuine, original ground upon which Christ placed it. Let us, then, give up all notions of finding any other basis, all attempts to prop up faith by effete forms and outward things: let us cease to combat reason, whenever it contradicts conventional forms and formularies. We must take the ground pointed out by the Gospel, as well as by the history of Christianity. We may then hope to realize what Christ died for, to see the Church fulfil the high destinies of Christianity, and God's will manifested by Christ to mankind, so as to make the kingdoms of this earth the kingdoms of the Most High."—p. 172.

We have given our readers no conception of the variety and richness of M. Bunsen's work; having scarcely passed beyond the limits of the first volume. It was impossible to pass by, without examination, the recovered monument of early Christianity, whence his materials and suggestions are primarily drawn: and it is equally impossible to pass beyond it, without entering on a field too wide to be surveyed. We can only record that in the remaining volumes, which are, in fact, a series of separate productions, the early doctrine of the Eucharist is investigated, and the progress of its corruptions strikingly traced: the primitive system of ecclesiastical rules or canons, and the "Church-and-House Book," or manual of instruction and piety in use among the Ante-Nicene Christians, are carefully and laboriously restored: and genuine Liturgies of the first centuries are reproduced. In this arduous work of recovery, there is necessarily much need of critical tact, not to say much room for critical conjecture. But the one our author exercises with great felicity; and the other he takes all possible pains to reduce to its lowest amount by careful comparison of Syrian, Coptic, and Abyssinian texts. The general result is a truly interesting set of sketches for a picture of the early Church; which rises before us with no priestly pretensions, no scholastic creeds, no bibliolatry, dry and dead; but certainly with an aspect of genuine piety and affection, and with an air of mild authority over the whole of life, which are the more winning from the frightful corruption and dissolving civilization of

the old world around. That our author should be fascinated with the image he has recreated, and long to see it brought to life, in place of that body of death on which we hang the pomps and titles of our nominal Christianity, is not astonishing. But a greater change is needed—though a far less will be denied—than a return to the type of faith and worship in the second century. To destroy the fatal chasm between profession and conviction, and bring men to live fresh out of a real reverence instead of against a pretended or a fancied one, a greater latitude and flexibility must be given to the forms of spiritual culture than was needed in the ancient world. The unity of system which was once possible is unseasonable amid our growing varieties of condition and culture; and the methods which were natural among a people closely thrown together and constructing their life around the Church as a centre, would be highly artificial in a state of society, in which the family is the real unit, and the congregation a precarious aggregate, of existence. Nothing, however, can be finer or more generous than the spirit of our author's suggestions of reform: and we earnestly thank him for a profusion of pregnant thoughts and faithful warnings, the application of one half of which would change the fate of our churches,—the destiny of our nation,—the courses of the world.

ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

Theology.

In point of pretension, the first work which claims notice among the theological publica-

tions of the quarter, is Miall's "Bases of Belief." This is not, as the title would lead one to suppose, a philosophical inquiry into the grounds of certitude, but merely a treatise on the credibility of Christianity. Avowedly, its highest aim is to restore the credit of Lardner and Paley as Christian apologists, and to re-affirm their line of argument. It does not profess to be "a book of evidences," but "a book on evidences." Its object is to "make out that the proof tendered on behalf of the gospel is of a kind which true philosophy is bound to accept." It does not seek to prove that Christianity is absolutely true, but merely that it is *as* true as many other things which people never doubt. The gospels are *as* credible as other ancient writings. It is difficult to believe them, but it is more difficult to disbelieve them. It simply comes to this, that "a great deal may be said on both sides." This balance-of-probability argument is only a subtle species of scepticism. The fundamental principles of such a discussion lie deeper: it is not, however, to those principles, but merely to the popular logic in matters of faith and practice, that the author appeals, as to "universally recognised principles." His argument might have been abbreviated thus:—Christianity has gained extensive popular acceptance: it follows, therefore, that it is entitled to all that it has gained. Philosophy will hardly feel itself "bound to accept" this.

The author is very guarded in his references to dogmatic theology. To make "the gospel its own witness" was apparently his original intention, but it is not carried out. So far as we can gather, his idea of the gospel is, that to lead a good life is the safest way of being saved. Anything in the shape of a vicarious atonement we have not observed a hint of. Christianity is minimized to a moral force, operating in modes admitted to be natural and human. In short, the author is in course of translating the mechanical language of the popular creeds into a phraseology consistent with dynamical theories of human development; and when he has completed the process, he will have arrived at natural religion. His position as leader of the most cultivated and enlightened section of the Evangelical Dissenters, invests his opinions with importance. If his co-religionists have so far forgotten "the form of sound words" as to accept this volume as their oracle, they are ripe for something more definite in the same direction.

Mr. Maurice presents us with a new volume

"Bases of Belief." By Edward Miall, M. P. Arthur Hall and Co. 1853.

of "Sermons." Like Dr. Cumming, he prints all that he teaches; for it requires "line upon line" to explain the theocratic mysticism which he is endeavouring to infuse into the current theology. For a Churchman this is a good employment, though we fear that it is no easy task to fulfil prophetic functions under priestly fetters. George Fox's doctrines seem more consonant with the illiterate shoemaker in leathern raiment outside the "steeple-house," than with the creed-encumbered ecclesiastic within. Mr. Maurice, however, has "ceased to wish for refined explanations of the Catholic creeds." They are themselves "the clearest explanations" he can find of man's relations to God. He has "ceased, also, to desire refined explanations of the Four Gospels and the Epistles." He is convinced, he adds, that "the Old Testament, too, ought to be read much more simply and according to the letter than we are used to read it." Accordingly, he does not hesitate to preach a sermon on Hosea's marriage to an adulteress, taking it as a literal fact! He defends the prophet in advisedly taking such a step; but who would defend Mr. Maurice in a similar predicament? His defence is only a fresh illustration of the demoralizing influence of an antiquated theology. "Hosea was busy with facts and not with fictions. He had to understand the principles in his country's history by fearful passages in his own. Because the land had committed great adulteries, departing from the Lord, *he must marry an adulteress.*" He does it "expressly to illustrate the course of the *divine procedure.*" This was the prophet's *appointed duty.*" What would he make of Canticles on similar hermeneutical and ethical principles?

The leading idea, however, of the work, as of all Mr. Maurice's writings, is a good one, and the converse of what might be inferred from the illustration just given. The Jewish nation and the "man Christ Jesus" are regarded, not as exceptional cases in the world's history, but as types of the normal relation of nations and individuals to God. This is the basis of his theocracy. Hence, speaking of the Scottish Covenanters, he says, "Their proclamation that God Himself is the King, the Lawgiver, the Judge of a Nation, that His government over the Jews was not a more actual government than that which He exercised over Scotland, that His will is the only source and ground of right will and right acts in His creatures;—this is a proclamation which, whatever form it may have

taken, against whatever persons or institutions it may have been directed, whatever may have been the immediate or apparent results of putting it forward, I cannot but accept as true, beneficent, divine." Allied to this idea of God's relation to man, is the twin-idea of God's character in his dealings with man. While showing that the story of the Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament "is as directly applicable to the modern world as any Covenantant ever dreamed," it is on the ground that it is "a continual witness for a God of Righteousness, not only against idolatry, but against that notion of a mere sovereign Baal or Bal which underlies all idolatry, all tyranny, all immorality." This was the burden of Edward Irving's "orations," during the brief revival of Pentecostal phenomena in Newman-street. Both Irving and Maurice were disciples of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, whose writings exercised considerable influence on intuitional theologians about twenty years ago. The effect of his teaching is distinctly traceable in the ideas, and in much of the phraseology, of the school of which Archdeacon Hare may be regarded as the head. Erskine himself only revived the doctrines of William Law and George Fox. Engrafted on Anglicanism, they assume a more Catholic aspect, and are employed to build up what formerly they sought to destroy.

But better than this fruitless effort to promote the theological amalgamation of elements essentially incongruous, is the free development of the living spirit of religion, fashioning for itself its appropriate forms of expressions, such as we find in Theodore Parker, who also, like Mr. Maurice, presents us with a new volume of "Sermons," characterized by all their author's well-known boldness of thought, purity of spirit, and eloquence of style. They are not Occasional Sermons, like most of those he has recently published, but pious, practical congregational appeals which are intended to come home to men's "business and bosoms, in the joys and sorrows of their daily life." How beautifully they are adapted for this end, every one must feel who peruses them. In our judgment, they are models of pulpit instruction, and, as such, are well worthy the study of preachers. Peradventure, they may even blush for their own lukewarmness, while they ask, "Whence hath this man this power?" For amid his terrific denunciations of error and evil, there is a fervency of devotion and a depth of holy feeling which reveal rare progress in that spiritual harmony proclaimed by him as the perfection of our being. Parker loves religion himself,

<sup>2</sup> "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament. A Series of Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn." By Frederick Denison Maurice. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1858.

<sup>3</sup> "Ten Sermons on Religion." By Theodore Parker. John Chapman. 1858.



and he wins others to love it, by stripping it of superstitious disguises, and presenting it in its natural loveliness :

F "Piety (he says) is beautiful in all: to a great man it comes as age comes to the Parthenon or the Pyramids, making what was vast and high, majestic, venerable, sublime, and to their beauty giving a solemn awe they never knew before. To men not great, to the commonest men, it also comes, bringing refinement and a loveliness of substance and of shape; so that in a vulgar ecclesiastic crowd they seem like sculptured gems of beryl and of emerald among the common pebbles of the sea."

Justly does the author express his conviction that "there are great truths in this book—both those of a purely intellectual character, and those, much more important, which belong to other faculties nobler than the mere intellect; truths, also, which men need, and, as I think, at this time greatly need." With a similar conviction we commend it to all thoughtful and earnest men.

An interesting field of inquiry for conscientious religionists is suggested by "a Manual of Buddhism,"—a Budhistic Body of Divinity, not, as might be supposed, the work of a Buddhist priest, but of a Methodist missionary. It is, however, so far authoritative, that it consists almost exclusively of translations from Budhistic authors, illustrative of their cosmical speculations; their legendary tales of the creation of man; the history of Gotama; and the ontology and ethics of Budhism. It is a book for missionaries and students of oriental history.

### Philosophy.

In the metaphysical field, we encounter a new name which the world will hereafter recognise. When a man of learning and ability devotes the leisure of the best part of his life to a favourite subject of study, he may be expected, when he undertakes to write upon it, to produce a work of some value; and such a work is Dr. Macvicar's "Inquiry into Human Nature." Its object is to rescue psychology "from its threatened absorption into physiology." Though composed in the East, it displays an intimate acquaintance with European philosophy (even in its latest development), and also a capacity for independent inquiry, which places it far above a mere

compilation. It takes a very sound view of the nature of psychological science, and of the method to be pursued in its construction. What it proposes is, "to follow the practice of the astronomers, who divide the discussion of their science into two parts, viz., descriptive astronomy, and physical or theoretical astronomy: the former consisting in a description of all the phenomena simply as they present themselves in Nature to an intelligent observer, free from the slightest trace of a disposition to account for any one of them, or anything that would admit a sophistication of them by hypotheses, which very possibly may be no part of the economy of Nature at all; the latter consisting in a presentation, arrangement, and discussion of them in relation to the dynamical principles which account for them, and of which they are the illustrations or verifications." Everyone acquainted with the literature of metaphysics has felt that such a method was desirable; and it is precisely in this direction that mental physiologists have been tending of late years. Phrenology led the way in the application of a scientific method to mental phenomena, and, even by those who totally reject its organology, has been recognised as presenting the most complete view of the facts which belong to descriptive psychology. The theoretical psychologist can avail himself of the accumulated observations of Locke and Reid, Gall and Combe, and, without any horror of physiology, may proceed to investigate those "principles and laws of which these phenomena are the developments, and thus give them in the order of their genesis and mutual relations and functions." The present work does not furnish what is wanted in either department of the subject, but presents a digest of metaphysical speculation as a sort of "pilot balloon" to a larger work, we hope the author will receive encouragement to publish.

A work of a semi-metaphysical character has appeared on the "Philosophy of the Senses," which, without endorsing all its speculations, we commend as a popular compilation on a very interesting subject, and one hitherto unappropriated by any author, for Sir David Brewster's valuable Academical Lectures under the same title cannot be regarded as occupying the position of a book. Mr. Wyld dedicates his work to Sir David; but he does not appear in the capacity of a disciple: he is an independent labourer in the same field.

To the enterprise of Mr. Bohn we are indebted for a new and well-edited reprint of

\* "A Manual of Buddhism, in its Modern Development." Translated from Singhalese MSS. By R. Spence Hardy. Partridge and Oakey. 1858.

\* "Inquiry into Human Nature." By John G. Macvicar, D.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1858.

\* "The Philosophy of the Senses; or, Man in Connection with a Material Word." By Robert S. Wyld. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

the popular and philosophical writings of Lord Bacon. Two volumes have appeared, the first<sup>1</sup> containing all his historical, and the principal of his ethical works; and the second<sup>2</sup> containing a complete translation of the nine books of "De Augmentis Scientiarum," and the "Novum Organum." Both volumes are illustrated with very valuable notes, as well as with a biographical and critical introduction by the editor, Mr. Devey, who has executed his task with great ability. It is proposed to collect the remaining portions of Bacon's philosophical and miscellaneous writings into a third volume, "that the series may embrace all the writings of that philosopher which have outlived modern discovery, and are likely continuously to interest the attention of mankind."

#### *Political and Social Economy.*

The economical bearings and social results of the great influx of gold are now the subject of earnest discussion among commercial and scientific men, both in Europe and America. Some are of opinion that—compared with the vast amount of monetary accumulations in civilized countries, and viewed in connexion with the extensive supplies still requisite, and the consequent demand which will exist, in most countries, to place them on the same financial footing as England—the new gold will quietly and gradually be absorbed, without materially disturbing existing relations. Others take an opposite view. This—the depreciatory theory—is advocated in Mr. Stirling's "Letters,"<sup>3</sup> which enter into the whole question, treating it in a popular and comprehensive manner. The introductory letters are, therefore, devoted to a statement of elementary principles, and an exposition of the nature and functions of money. Then, taking the startling fact that, whereas, six years ago, the annual produce of gold and silver did not exceed twelve millions sterling, last year it was twenty-seven, and now forty, he shows that such unprecedented accessions of metallic wealth will inevitably produce, if continued, a revolution in commercial and

social relations. But here he is met by the fact, that the American mines, in the sixteenth century, produced no sensible effect upon prices until eighty years after their discovery. This leads to an historical investigation, carried through several letters, which establishes this conclusion,—that the cost of production was the only hindrance to the depreciation of the metal, and that as soon as the cost of production was reduced by the introduction of the process of amalgamation, and the discovery about the same time of a great quicksilver mine in Peru, prices rose, or (which is the same thing, but more intelligible) the value or purchasing power of the precious metal was diminished. It is then shown that the circumstances connected with gold production in California and Australia are not analogous to silver-mining in America, and that the cases are not parallel. In the concluding letters, there is an attempt to point out the nature (though, of course, not the extent) of the effects which the gold discoveries are likely to produce on agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and on the material prosperity of the different classes of the community. The work is in every respect a valuable one.

M. Michel Chevalier<sup>4</sup> takes the same view, viz., "that the supplies of gold now pouring into Europe, must, at an early period, occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities." That the depreciation of gold may be checked, in consequence of the enhanced demand counteracting the augmented supply, is admitted; "but the final result, supposing the production to prove permanent, is nevertheless certain. The value of the precious metals, as compared with that of other commodities, must ultimately depend on the relative cost of production." As to the extent of the supply, he believes it to be unlimited. After glancing at the auriferous fields on the earth's surface, and examining the statements relative to the failure of quartz-crushing in California, he limits his averment to this, viz.: "1st, That from quartz-crushing on a large scale, there is strong probability of a permanent supplemental production of gold. 2nd, That the vast production, which the world has witnessed since 1848, instead of being an ephemeral accident, will prove a permanent fact." The pamphlet is part of an unpublished work on the subject, and was placed at the disposal of the translator, as a reply to M. Léon Faucher's paper, which was recently translated by the Governor of the Bank of England.

<sup>1</sup> "The Moral and Historical Works of Lord Bacon, including his Essays, Apophthegms, Wisdom of the Ancients, New Atlantis, and Life of Henry VII. With an Introductory Dissertation, and Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Historical." By Joseph Devey, M. A. H. G. Bohn. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "The Physical and Metaphysical Works of Lord Bacon," &c. By Joseph Devey, M. A. H. G. Bohn. 1853.

<sup>3</sup> "The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries, and their Probable Consequences. In a Series of Letters." By Patrick James Stirling, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

<sup>4</sup> "Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold." By M. Michel Chevalier. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1853.

As popular interpretations of the elementary principles of political and social science, and as able applications of those principles to contemporary controversies, Mr. Greg's "Essays,"<sup>11</sup> are calculated to be as useful in their present, as they were in their former, shape. Some crude speculations of a socialistic character are here grasped and strangled with a firm, masterly hand. The republication of periodical contributions is becoming rather common; but we see no ground, beyond that of mere prejudice, on which it can be objected to. Reviews have absorbed a great portion of the best writing of the present century; and it is not surprising that those who have parted with their richest mental treasures in this way, should desire to reap the full satisfaction of independent authorship.

As minor publications on Political Economy, we would direct attention to Bastiat's "Essays,"<sup>12</sup> and Rickards' "Lectures."<sup>13</sup> Bastiat is an uncompromising advocate of the *laissez-faire* doctrine, and his essays are chiefly directed against the socialistic theories prevalent in France. They are written in a popular, sprightly style, as if they had been intended for tracts to be circulated amongst the working-classes, within whose reach they are now placed by a cheap form of publication. Bastiat has a clear head, and writes in an admirable spirit.

Rickards discourses on the same general subjects as Bastiat (to whom he cheerfully admits his obligations), and with the same object in view. His lectures are on "The Harmonies of the Social Economy," "The Operation of Self-interest in Social Economy," and "The Operation of Competition." Their chief characteristic is a popular and pleasing style of exposition—a rare merit in Academic Lectures.

Among minor publications of a highly useful character, we should also specify Dr. M'Cormac's—"Moral-Sanatory Economy,"<sup>14</sup> which contains the notes and observations of an ingenious and benevolent man on "Education," "Food," "Clothing," &c., &c.

In the department of Criminal Reform, there are two works of an important character—Hill on "Crime,"<sup>15</sup> and Carpenter on

"Juvenile Delinquents."<sup>16</sup> Mr. Hill's qualifications for doing justice to his subject are well known, and are here turned to good account. The theories of a sound judgment, and the experience derived from long practical service, are combined with such effect, as to give almost axiomatic force to the principles and suggestions laid down. He states that from an early age the great question of the causes and prevention of crime, with the cognate subjects of education, poor law, criminal law, and police, has been one of deep and almost fascinating interest to him. His official position enabled him to put his views to a practical test; and the results gradually changed or modified some of his opinions, and strengthened and confirmed others; the latter constituting the large majority. His views, thus carefully matured, are entitled to no ordinary respect; and they are presented with that confidence which bespeaks thorough conviction, but with no approach to that tone of dictation which virtually prohibits the direct adoption of so many valuable recommendations. Mr. Hill's work is a manual of Criminal Reform, and, as such, it ought to be in the hands of every member of the Legislature, as well as of all connected with the suppression of crime. There is still much to be done in improving our criminal code, so as to harmonize it with the spirit of modern civilization, and scientific ideas of human nature. Numerous, and, in some instances, radical, as are the changes recommended in this work, they are involved in its fundamental principle, that crime is a moral malady, and the prison an hospital, in which the criminal is placed for the public safety and his own recovery, and from whence, until cured, he ought not to be discharged. Let this be recognised as the object of imprisonment, and it will determine the means to be used. Human nature will be taken by the right side instead of the wrong, and so made better instead of worse. Mr. Hill would perhaps object to our explanation of his central principle as tending to sink the idea of *guilt* in that of *disease*; but, without absolutely sinking the idea of either term in that of the other, we believe that the difference between them substantially expresses the difference between the systems of retributive and reformatory treatment advocated by the old and new schools of criminal jurisprudence.

But, as Miss Carpenter remarks, "whatever views may be entertained respecting adult criminals, all agree that *reformation* is

By Frederick Hill, Barrister-at-Law, late Inspector of Prisons. John Murray. 1853.

<sup>16</sup> "Juvenile Delinquents: their Condition and Treatment." By Mary Carpenter. W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

<sup>11</sup> "Essays, chiefly on Political and Social Science." By W. R. Greg. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

<sup>12</sup> "Essays on Political Economy." By Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France. F. and W. G. Cash. 1853.

<sup>13</sup> "Three Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford." By George K. Rickards, M. A., Professor of Political Economy. J. H. Parker. 1852.

<sup>14</sup> "Moral-Sanatory Economy." By H. M'Cormac, M. D. Belfast. 1853.

<sup>15</sup> "Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies."

the object to be aimed at with young offenders; nor is it doubted that the *GAOL* is not a true Reformatory School, though at present the only one provided by our country." We are glad to find this lady persevering in her philanthropic labours, especially in a field where remedial measures are so urgently needed. The object of her work cannot be better described than in her own words:

"It is the object of the present work to offer a full and clear picture of the actual condition of Juvenile Delinquents, to consider their various characteristics, to trace out their mode of life, to see their homes, and hence to learn their early influences. Our attention will next be directed to the course at present adopted by society towards them, and having in a former work shown the utter inefficacy as well as costliness of the present system, we shall endeavour to point out other evils which arise from it. The mode of treatment will then be considered which has been of late extensively adopted, with excellent results, in the United States, in France, Belgium, and Germany, with the principles on which it is founded."

#### *Biography and History.*

Literature has been graced of late with several productions from "noble authors"—or, we should rather say, several noblemen have sought to grace themselves by appearing in the character of authors. The Duke of Buckingham has been seeking in his family archives original materials for his "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of George III." <sup>17</sup>—a laudable employment, which might usefully be made a precedent by other members of aristocratic families possessing important historical documents.

Of Earl Grey's Review of the "Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration," <sup>18</sup> we have read enough to speak with confidence of its high ability and excellent temper; but in regard to detail we must lay it aside for the present, though *not* in order to make room for an attack on Lord John's own unfortunate work, <sup>19</sup> which has been sufficiently disparaged already. Without entertaining any very high opinion of his lordship's literary ability, still less of his special fitness for writing a systematic biography of Moore, we must confess that he appears to us to have done all that the poet intended him to do, and all that any man well could

do, with the materials put into his hands. Moore had no Boswell, who held it the final cause of his existence to write the poet's biography; and he had provided against any necessity for such a service being rendered to him, by determining to Boswellize himself. The "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence," are the poet's autobiography, prepared for the press by himself, and at his death waiting only for a publisher. If they are not worth publishing, it is not Lord John's fault. He has executed his commission somewhat carelessly, perhaps; but we should prefer to have the work as it is, and as it promises to be, than mutilated and hashed up, even by one competent to do it. There are few great men, and especially few great poets, in the past, of whom we do not now wish to possess every fragment that can be recovered, and whose entire remains we cannot afford to publish. In this respect, Lord John evidently regards himself as the mere editor of Moore's remains, which are, consequently, to be accepted as so much raw material out of which an artistic biography may afterwards be elaborated.

One of the finest pieces of historical biography which recent times have produced is the "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V," <sup>20</sup> which has reached a second edition before we have been able to overtake it. It is written in a graphic style, which is less the result of artistic effort than of a fulness of information upon the subject, and a consequent vivid conception of the picture to be delineated. Whoever wishes to know of what vulgar elements an emperor may be composed, and with what base-born satisfaction he can wallow in the mire of gluttony and superstition, let him read this book. Crowned heads fare better in the hands of the general historian than of the biographer, who conducts us behind the scenes of state display, to view royalty in private life. Every new "book of kings" facilitates that familiarity whose results are of copy-book notoriety.

Another historical memoir, of great interest, is Mariotti's "Life and Times of Frà Dolcino," <sup>21</sup> who was the leader of a sect of Italian Reformers in the fourteenth century. Persecuted by the church, they took refuge among the Alpine valleys, where they defended themselves by the sword, and gained repeated victories, but were finally subdued. This memoir adds an entirely new chapter to the record of ecclesiastical history, little having previously been known about the sect, or

<sup>17</sup> "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of George III. From original Family Documents." By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K. G. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

<sup>18</sup> "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration." By Earl Grey. Bentley. 1853.

<sup>19</sup> "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." By the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. Vols. I. and II. Longman and Co. 1853.

<sup>20</sup> "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V." By William Stirling, M. P. J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

<sup>21</sup> "A Historical Memoir of Frà Dolcino and his Times." By L. Mariotti. Longman and Co. 1853.

its leader. It is a work of great research, and written with that eloquence and command of the English language which characterized the author's former works, "Italy, Past and Present," and "Italy in 1848."

Dr. Lang's "Historical and Statistical Description of New South Wales,"<sup>22</sup> now in its third edition, is so much improved and enlarged as to merit the consideration due to a new work. No man has written so fully and intelligently about Australia as Dr. Lang. His "Cookslaud," his "Philippsland," and the present work combined, contain a vast amount of information, which only a thirty years' residence in the country, and a warm interest in its welfare, could have collected; for it is chiefly the result of personal observation made during extensive tours in every direction. His life has been a very stirring one, according to his own account of it; and he *does* give an account of it—so minute, indeed, that he might have entitled his work, "*The History of Dr. Lang, to which is added, the History of New South Wales.*" The Doctor is an amphibious sort of animal, having fourteen times crossed the ocean in furtherance of colonial enterprise. At home—if that phrase can be used of one so ubiquitous—he is the Joseph Hume of the Legislative Council, and "Tribune of the People" in public meetings, in addition to his labours in the Pulpit and on the Press. To his labours must be added his sufferings: for he not long ago spent a month within the walls of a prison. Having now declared for a Republic, he probably means to finish off by being its first President! We gather these particulars from his own narrative. So ingenuous a man excites our sympathy. It is right to add, that his imprisonment was for libel; and, in this respect, it is marvellous how his Ishmaelitic nature escaped the fangs of the law so long. As it is, he seems to be never "out of hot water;" and not the least amusing part of these volumes is the account of his endless litigations. Of course, he is always in the right; and we are not disposed to question this, though his talents, we think, might have been better employed. He manifests great practical genius—at least, he can lay down a practical scheme; and he only fails in successfully executing it for want of that co-operation which his temper renders impossible. We say this in justice to Dr. Lang's really honest character and honourable purposes; and we believe this to be a more reasonable way of accounting

<sup>22</sup> "A Historical and Statistical Description of New South Wales." By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. Third edition. 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1853.

for failures for which he has been loudly blamed, than to suppose him guilty of deliberately imposing on an unsuspecting public. Our respect is due to any man who has toiled for years in the public service, and spent his own uttermost farthing in single-handed endeavours to promote great public ends. He complains much of misrepresentation. But what can he expect, considering the numerous public men who are dragged into almost every page of his work, and loaded with the most scurrilous abuse? Perhaps, however, this is in accordance with colonial custom, and to be accepted, therefore, as an appropriate picture of colonial life.

Of the two volumes, the first is "historical," and the second "statistical." They are both characterized by the faults referred to, but they are, nevertheless, of great value, the latter especially. Its topographical and industrial information is very minute and practical. It should be read by every intelligent emigrant, and by all who would form a correct conception of the resources of a country at one time thought to be only a continent of sheepruns. Its adaptation for vine and cotton cultivation is specially exhibited. The fact admits of no doubt; and, in future years, these productions will be a source of wealth to their cultivators; but, in urging the immediate practicability of competing with the American cotton planters, Dr. Lang has either forgotten the Diggings, or neglected to revise a statement written at a previous date, when he contends that free labour in Australia is as cheap as slave labour in America. In addition to the original purchase-money, the yearly maintenance of a slave is estimated at 25*l.*; whereas, says Dr. Lang, in ordinary seasons, a good English labourer can be hired in New South Wales at 20*l.* a-year and his rations, the latter amounting to not more than from 7*l.* to 9*l.* This is no longer the real state of the case, and cotton cultivation must be postponed, unless, as we think probable, the great advantages which the Australian cotton-field possesses in other respects compensate for the high price of labour.

With the preceding work Dr. Lang issued another, bearing the startling title of "Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia,"<sup>23</sup> in which he partitions Eastern Australia into seven provinces (three of them being created and baptized by himself), which are to constitute a federal republic; and, as if this were already settled, a map is prefixed, altered to suit the new state of

<sup>23</sup> "Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia." By J. D. Lang, D. D. Longman and Co. 1853.

things, and with its coloured divisions, presenting so much the respectable appearance of a *fait accompli*, as somewhat to prepossess the reader in favour of the work. Nor will he be disappointed with it; for, contrary to what might be expected, it contains much calm, elaborate reasoning, supported by abundance of historical and legal references; but, after all, the question is not, Are the Australian colonies entitled to independence? but, Are they prepared for it? That "the gold discovery has thrown the colony of New South Wales fifty years in advance of its previous position," or, in the words of Mr. Wentworth, that "it will precipitate the colony into a nation," is perhaps true as regards its consciousness of its own importance, but not as regards its fitness for assuming the responsibilities of national existence. When the apple is ripe, it will drop from the tree; and it would be as foolish to shake it off prematurely, as it would be to retain it by force or artificial means after the fulness of the time had come. As Australia rises in imperial value, proportionate deference will be paid to it:—that is the fashion of this world. Meanwhile, what it requires, is a government strong and wise—the gradual habituation of the people to the management of their own affairs; and in the course of time, we must consent, either to admit it on equal terms into an imperial confederation (as pointed out in our article on "Our Colonial Empire"), or part with it for ever. That such are the alternatives between which England will one day have to choose, no competently informed man for a moment doubts.

The claims of India will, by and by, require to be settled by a similar concession. England governs India on the same principle as Austria governs Italy, the only difference being in the disposition of the people governed. But now that education is spreading among the natives of India, they are beginning to examine into the causes of their present industrial depression; and, through the agency of the Press, they are making known their grievances, and forming a public opinion, which will yet make itself heard in the councils of the Government. The nature of their grievances is well stated by Mr. Dickinson, in his "India, under a Bureaucracy,"<sup>24</sup> which reveals such a state of desolation throughout India, as the result of systematic misgovernment and wholesale spoliation on the part of England, as cannot be contemplated without indignation and horror.

<sup>24</sup> "India: its Government under a Bureaucracy." By John Dickinson, jun., M. R. A. S., &c. Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

Governments make bad merchants, but merchants make worse governments. So long as the interests of India and the interests of the East India Company are directly opposed to each other, they cannot both prosper. It is a subject in which the people of England have as yet taken but little interest; but we trust that this reproach will be soon removed. In vain do we point to the mote in our brother's eye, while there is a beam in our own.

For general information about India, the reader cannot be directed to a better work than one just published, under the title of "Observations on India,"<sup>25</sup> by a gentleman who writes from personal knowledge of the country, and who has condensed within a brief space a large mass of notes relative to the social and political condition of the people.

#### *Travels and Topography.*

Mr. Layard's new work<sup>26</sup> is now before the public, and will be read with the same avidity as his former one on "Nineveh and its Remains." Besides being profusely illustrated, it is accompanied with a folio volume containing the larger and more elaborate drawings of the bas-reliefs, and forming a second series of the "Monuments of Nineveh." Mr. Layard's second journey was undertaken for the trustees of the British Museum, and included a visit to the ruins of Babylon, where he also made important discoveries. Considerable progress has been made in deciphering inscriptions; but the real amount of historical information yet obtained from them is very trifling. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that the efforts of the distinguished scholars who have devoted themselves to the task will be crowned with success. The present results of these efforts are embodied in Mr. Layard's work.

As the most recent report on the present aspect of Italy, Von Rochau's "Wanderings"<sup>27</sup> will be acceptable to all who take an interest in that unfortunate country. Though the work of a learned German, it is written in a popular style. It is characterized by independence of judgment and originality of sentiment, both in art and politics. In politics, indeed, he is somewhat reserved—a

<sup>25</sup> "Observations on India." By a Resident there many Years. London: John Chapman. 1853.

<sup>26</sup> "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, and Kurdistan, and the Desert." By Austen H. Layard, M.P. Murray. 1853.

<sup>27</sup> "Wanderings through the Cities of Italy, in 1850 and 1851." By A. L. von Rochau. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.

rently indifferent; though, from the fact of his mingling with all classes, his impressions are perhaps more accurate, and more indicative of the general sentiment of the people, than if he had been an eager partizan, with access to all the political clubs in the country. He was led to form a very low estimate of the Italians; but, at Genoa, where his wanderings terminated, his hopes revived. There he found indications of "a youthful, fresh, healthy reality, that has not only outlived the destruction of those [old] forms, but is pregnant with boundless hopes for the future." "Yes! (he adds) let us rest assured that this age of ours—this Europe of the present day—this Italy—*progressive Italy*, with Genoa at its head—has before it a great future destiny. In political and patriotic spirit, as well as in commerce, Genoa is the most active and enterprising city of the whole peninsula—the most energetic representative of the Young Italy which is working itself, gradually and laboriously, out of its mediæval chrysalis." This genial spirit pervades the work, which, in the hands of its accomplished translator, is one of the most attractive and readable books recently published.

What Von Rochau has done for Italy, Miss Martineau has done for Ireland. The Letters which she communicated to the *Daily News*, during her journey in Ireland last autumn, have been reprinted;<sup>28</sup> and much as has been written upon the condition-of-Ireland question, no one will deem it superfluous to have the views of such an observer as Miss Martineau, who is not only intimately conversant with industrial problems, but has pre-eminently the faculty of investing a hackneyed subject with fresh attractions. Her conviction is, that, notwithstanding the immense exodus that is going on, Ireland "has entered upon a new period—upon a new life which is full of hope." The worst economical evils under which it has laboured are in course of being remedied. Education is advancing; the priesthood is declining in influence; and the Established Church is "the most formidable mischief now in the catalogue of Irish woes."

In connexion with Miss Martineau's Letters, we give the titles below of two other little works,<sup>29</sup> which merit attention from all

<sup>28</sup> "Letters from Ireland." By Harriet Martineau. Reprinted from the *Daily News*. London: John Chapman. 1853.

<sup>29</sup> "Ireland: an Inquiry into the Social Condition of the Country, with Suggestions for its Improvement." By Daniel Keshan, Author of "Stray Thoughts on Political Economy." London: John Chapman. 1853.

"Ireland, considered as a Field for Investment or Residence." By William Bullock Webster. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

who wish to gain a thorough acquaintance with the present aspect of the country.

The gold discoveries on both sides of the Pacific have given an effectual impulse to the long contemplated scheme of inter-oceanic communication by a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Talked of ever since the discovery of central America, it is now to become a fact. It is in good hands. Fox and Henderson, the builders of the Crystal Palace, have sent out an engineer to explore the country; and his report, announcing a practicable route, is now published.<sup>30</sup> It contains a personal narrative and an official report; the former written in a lively style, but not particularly interesting; and the latter very brief. Two plans are submitted: 1st, to make a cut of sufficient capacity to form an uninterrupted navigation (without locks) from sea to sea. 2nd, a navigation with locks, on a scale suitable to the object in view. The execution of the first plan offers no engineering difficulties, and no chance of future failure. It is proposed to make a cut 30 feet deep at low tide, 140 feet broad at bottom, and 160 feet at low water's surface, which will afford a passage for larger vessels than any now afloat. The material to be cut through is chiefly rock, not expensive to quarry, and rendering the work very durable when completed. The estimated expense will be 12,000,000*l.* The other design is estimated to cost only 4,500,000*l.*; but the disadvantages of locks are so great that it is not recommended. As it must accommodate the commerce of all nations, and ought to last as long as the ocean, expense should be a secondary consideration. It will no doubt repay any conceivable outlay. The engineer's report speaks favourably of the salubrity of the district, though his experience of it has been too limited to be made the basis of a positive conclusion. It is a singular fact, that, after all our explorations, and when it was natural to suppose that, except in the interiors of Africa and Australia, there was no longer a *terra incognita* to tempt the adventurer, Mr. Gisborne could get no information about the Isthmus of Darien even from members of the Geographical and Geological Societies, whom he consulted before setting out. They invariably replied, "We know nothing definite—nothing that we can give you as a fact: we must look to you to supply us with the information you come to obtain."

While such is still the state of geographical science, it were to be wished that travellers,

<sup>30</sup> "The Isthmus of Darien in 1852: Journal of the Expedition of Inquiry for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans." By Lionel Gisborne. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1852.

instead of retraversing the old ground, and repeating the old tale, would bend their steps in such directions as would enable them to extend the horizon of human knowledge, and the limits of commercial enterprise. South America is as seldom visited by intelligent travellers as the central part of the Continent; and any work on these southern republics comes, therefore, the more valuable for its rarity. With such feelings we have perused Mac Cann's "Ride through the Argentine Provinces,"<sup>21</sup> and have wondered if enterprising emigrants who despaired of getting a sheep-run in Australia, were aware that in one of those provinces he might have land at about eighteen thousand dollars for a league square, which is no more than eighteenpence per English acre for the most fertile grass lands ready for the plough. Horned cattle, as they run, good and bad, sell at fifteen dollars each, and sheep at from *one shilling and sixpence to three shillings per dozen*. "A very industrious Irishman was lately in this neighbourhood, who bought eight thousand sheep at one shilling and sixpence per dozen, which is no more than three-halfpence each; this is somewhat cheaper than eggs; for just now I cannot obtain an egg for less than threepence." There is a considerable number of British and Irish settlers, who enjoy perfect security under the Government, and are prospering in their circumstances. The climate of Buenos Ayres is favourable for breeding sheep; the cold in winter never being so intense as to require the sheep to be housed. The land is very fertile, generally presenting a vast sea of verdure.

Mr. Mac Cann's mission was of a mercantile character, but commerce and politics were so inseparably connected in a country so situated, that he was led to inquire very minutely into the state of both; and having thus accumulated a variety of information, and formed what appeared to him to be correct views regarding the true policy of the country, both internally and externally, his political observations constitute a large portion of the work, and throw some light on the events which lately occurred on the River Plate.

Now that transportation to Tasmania has ceased, emigrants would do well to consider the advantages to be found in that lovely island, so charmingly described in Mrs. Meredith's new work.<sup>22</sup> With a climate pro-

nounced to be the finest in the world, with hills and valleys, fields and hedgerows, roads and stage coaches, so similar to Old England that it is difficult to conceive of it as an antipodal settlement, it would have been the gem of Australasia, but for the presence of Convictism. Mrs. Meredith, however, has no evil to say of this; the convicts were her slaves; and her description of the system is precisely similar to the accounts given of slavery by the American planters. There is, notwithstanding, an air of dismal isolation in the narrative too truly indicative of the author's lonely position, and contrasting unfavourably with the manifestations of social life in the free colonies.

There is not now much interest felt in Port Natal; and, if we may judge from the account given of it in Mr. Barter's "Dorp and Veld,"<sup>23</sup> none but Kaffirs or Dutch boors would ever have formed a settlement in such an uninviting territory; and yet, as Mr. Barter has returned to settle in the colony himself, it would appear that no hostile pen has written the description. The author is a travelling Oxonian, who has visited different foreign countries, carrying his prejudices with him so far as to speak of the dissenting missionaries in Africa as unordained lecturers, and of the state-paid clergy as the only channels of salvation to the wretched Hottentots; but, in other respects, he exhibits himself as an intelligent, secularized man of the world, who could dispense for his own part with both bishop and Bible, if he could only get a good day's sport and a comfortable settlement. It is strange that, after so long and extensive a search in both hemispheres, he should pitch his tent in Natal! His book is well written, and worth reading.

#### Fiction.

Three remarkable fictions have appeared during the quarter. Two of these, "Ruth" and "Villette," receive due consideration elsewhere. The third is, "My Novel,"<sup>24</sup> which, after a prolonged career in the pages of "Blackwood," is now incorporated in four goodly volumes. Want of space prevents us from giving this work the notice we intended.

#### Miscellaneous.

Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus,"<sup>25</sup> is a work which

<sup>21</sup> "Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces: being an account of the Natural Products of the Country, and Habits of the People; with a Historical Retrospect of the Rio de la Plata, Monte Video, and Corrientes." By William Mac Cann. 2 vols. Smith, Elder and Co. 1852.

<sup>22</sup> "My Home in Tasmania." By Mrs. Charles Meredith. Murray. 1853.

<sup>23</sup> "The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months at Natal." By Charles Barter. Orr and Co. 1853.

<sup>24</sup> "My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life." By Piaistrax Caxton. 4 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

<sup>25</sup> "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,



many a literary man has felt to be a desideratum, as his memoranda of words and phrases in his note-book testify. It is a dictionary; but not a dictionary of definitions, nor even of synonyms, but of verbal and phraseological equivalents or correlates. A person accustomed to use a biblical concordance, knows the value of the book at once. You have an idea for which you cannot hit upon the right expression, but you can think of *some* expression near the mark. Turn to this in the index, and you will be directed to a whole family of corresponding expressions, out of which, at a glance, you will be sure to pick the word you would have otherwise studied the ceiling for half-an-hour in pursuit of. And, as the words are arranged in groups, the whole Thesaurus may be read *through*, and not prove dry reading either. We have known students who had the courage to read through Latin and Greek dictionaries, but the *ideal* classification in this work renders such an exploit much more easy and pleasing than the ordinary alphabetical arrangement. No literary man should be without such a help, as none can pretend to be above using it. Byron used "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," and Macaulay himself will not despise Roget. It is nearly fifty years, the author tells us, since he conceived the idea of the work. Gradually accumulating his verbal treasures, he has devoted the last three or four years incessantly to its completion. The labour must have been immense, but the author's reward is sure. Roget will rank with Samuel Johnson as a literary instrument-maker of the first-class.

The artist, or Amateur who may wish to possess himself of the best professional "helps," will find in Mr. Twining's "Elements of Picturesque Scenery"\* a work of great value, characterized by careful research and extensive observation. It is proper to mention that this is not a second edition of a treatise, having the same title, privately circulated some years ago, but an entirely new work. "With regard to the question so frequently put, and as often answered more or less satisfactorily, concerning the utility of books which are written for the purpose of conveying instruction in art, I shall observe," says the author, "with reference to the especial object of the present work, that in the very advanced stage to which the art of painting has now arrived,

classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition." By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

\* "The Elements of Picturesque Scenery; or, Studies of Nature made in Travel, with a view to improvement in Landscape Painting." By Henry Twining. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

the means which exist for producing effective representations of nature, are so completely in the possession not only of the most skilful painters, but even of inferior artists, that it has become necessary, in order to produce works which claim any degree of novelty, without falsifying the taste by exaggerated representations, to extend further and further, as art progresses, the information which landscape paintings impart to the beholder, respecting the characteristic features and particulars of nature's scenery. But in order that this more complete and more accurate rendering of the details of the landscape may become wholly successful, it is not less important that the amateur who observes pictures, should be conversant with the characteristic forms and effects of nature, than that the artist himself should be thoroughly master of all these particulars."

Our musical readers will be glad to have access, through an English translation, to Dr. Marx's celebrated work on "Musical Composition." Dr. Marx, who has been for many years Professor of Music in the University of Berlin, originally dedicated himself to the law, but being suddenly reduced to poverty, he renounced his legal studies and zealously devoted himself to music, for which he had from his youth cherished an ardent passion. His labours have had important results in relation to the theory of music, which he has succeeded in placing on a clear scientific basis. His lectures on the "History of Music," which drew large audiences, and which are to be printed, will probably form the crowning work of his life. They are the result of deep and long thought, and exhibit his views on art in general. Marx insists that the first condition towards great achievements in art is, that the artist be of a thoroughly true, pure nature—no flatterer, no parasite. His latest pupil, Hermann Zopf, from Gross Glogan, in Silesia, is beginning to excite great attention in Berlin, and promises to be a star of the first magnitude in the thickly-studded musical hemisphere of Germany.

The translation, of which only the first volume is yet published, of Marx's work on Composition, is from the fourth German edition, which has been entirely remodelled by the author, and is therefore the best exponent of his system, as it has developed itself since the establishment of the Berlin Academy of Music. To this translation, Dr. Marx furnishes a preface, in which, after referring to the

"The School of Musical Composition, Practical and Theoretical." By Dr. Adolph Bernhard Marx, Professor of Music at the University of Berlin. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the original German, by Augustus Wehrhan. Vol. I. London: Cocks and Co. 1852.

pitable reception which Handel met with in England, he feelingly remarks :—

“Whether a time has arrived, or is coming, for the whole continent, shaken as it is to its very foundations, when all genuine art must either be stifled under bloody decennial struggles, or will be driven to seek a refuge on happier shores, who can tell? But this is certain, that Art, the lovely messenger of Peace, cannot raise her voice among the contentions and hatred of a lacerating intestine struggle, or dwell and diffuse her blessings amongst a people who, despoiled of their rights, and demoralized by treachery or brute force, drag along a degraded existence under the most narrow and anxious restriction. In such times—may they be spared to all, and to my fatherland in particular!—it is a last, but an abiding consolation to know that nothing capable and worthy of preservation is ever annihilated; that the living and life-creating thought saves itself from the guilt and horror of the universal ruin, and on better-secured and newly-erected altars kindles a new flame of the spirit rising up to Heaven, more glorious than ever.”

#### ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

##### *Theology.*

THERE is always something fresh of a theological kind from America, and we have now the satisfaction of laying hold of a book which unfolds to us an entirely new series of revelations! Our readers will at once surmise that we refer to the “Spirit-rappings,”<sup>1</sup> which, for a considerable period, have been in operation in the United States, and are now imported into England. Mr. Ballou is a believer in the supernatural, or, at least, spiritual character of these rappings, and furnishes both a statement of “authentic” facts, and an exposition of his own views respecting them, “together with interesting communications purporting to have come from departed spirits.” He is a clergyman, and, in that capacity, has received from the spirits several flattering marks of attention. “I have been requested, (he says) by the invisibles to speak on a particular subject, at a given time and place, with the assurance that responses should be made on the occasion by knockings, approving the truths uttered, all which was strikingly verified.” At another time, a spirit “who had evinced much interest in my pub-

lic labours,” inquired of the reverend gentleman if he had selected his texts for the following Sunday? He had selected only one, and his “spirit friend” was politely requested to select the other, which he forthwith began to do, but, after the first word, abruptly ceased. “Wondering at his silence, the signal of another spirit was given. The new-comer communicated by *movings* of the table, not by *raps*, like the other. He said that our friend, the rapper, had been suddenly summoned away for a few moments, but would certainly return soon. He did return within fifteen minutes, and resumed his communication just where he left it.” The text was accepted. “My spirit friend expressed great pleasure by sounds rapidly made on the table, and announced that he and several other sympathizing spirits should be present to hear the discourse, and, if the medium should also be there, would manifest their approbation of the good things uttered. All this was verified in a remarkable manner.”

Mr. Ballou, in codifying the theology and morality inculcated by the spirits, admits that there are “discrepancies and contradictions on some points, if we take the whole range of communications, good, bad, and indifferent;” but is confident that the main current of the revelations made combines “all that is essential to Christianity, and all that is valuable in religious and moral philosophy, separated from popular assumptions, adulterations, perversions, and groundless notions.” On the Trinity, the spirits are Sabellians, for they agree that there is one God, “variously manifested as Father, Son, or Holy Ghost.” On the relations of spirit and matter, and on the existence of spirit-forms, they are, of course, Swedenborgians. It is found, also, that “these reliable spirits are everywhere Reformers,” and advocate human brotherhood, the principles of peace, and civil and religious liberty. The spirits are all of one school, and their principles are familiar to us. He does not state whether they are teetotallers and vegetarians, but, for very substantial reasons, we may suppose that they are. Mr. Ballou did right to add, respecting his digest of their revelations, “Perhaps I receive them with greater readiness and partiality, because they modify so slightly the general system of faith, views, and opinions, which, by long and thorough research, my own mind had already elaborated.” Having before us other books on the subject besides Mr. Ballou’s, we find that some of the spirits are very heterodox, some very stupid, others very wicked, and all of them very vulgar. They must mend their manners if they would domesticate themselves in England. We have no prejudices against

<sup>1</sup> “An Exposition of Views respecting the Principal Facts, Causes, and Peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations.” By Adin Ballou. 1852.

them, but we should subject them to a spiritual and intellectual test, not to a mechanical one. By the rappings, as by the electric telegraph, it may be possible to communicate a text of Scripture, or the latest intelligence from Hades, but they are an imperfect medium for thoughtful minds. Genius has closer communion with the divine, and is the only inspiration which can be beneficial to man.

In the old order of things there is a bulky treatise on "The Credibility of the Scriptures," by a layman, which displays a fair amount of ability and research, but nothing new in the way of evidence. His principal argument is, that as the character of the Bible is antipriestian, it cannot be the invention of a priesthood, and must, therefore, be a divine revelation. It is thus summarily stated by himself:—"Hence, as there was no justification for the supposition that the Scriptures were from priestly invention, so in that eminent fact, as well as in the absolute excellence of the system advocated in them, whether as an ethical or religious scheme, it was impossible to come to any other conclusion than that they had proceeded from a divine source." He is much more successful in showing *what* the Scriptures teach—a work for which he is well qualified, so far as a minute acquaintance with their contents, freedom from sectarian bias, and a sincere desire to find truth, can render him a competent interpreter.

### History.

Among the new works whose appearance has been looked for with interest, is a "History of the State of New York," by a gentleman who is known to some extent in this country from his official connexion with the American Embassy, while Mr. Bancroft was Minister. He has enjoyed admirable opportunities for collecting the early annals of New Netherlands under the sway of Holland, and its subsequent history under the rule of England. When the Legislature of the State of New York passed an act for the appointment of an agent to select and procure the documents relating to its colonial history, in the archives of England, Holland, and France, he was designated to the office. After some years' absence in Europe he returned with eighty volumes of transcript, the results of

his investigations in the public offices at the Hague, Amsterdam, London, and Paris, where every facility for his researches was afforded by the respective Governments. The first part of his work, now published, attests the diligence and trustworthiness of the author. His style is clear and vigorous, breathing a true American tone of independence. He will not be received with much favour by the Bostonians, or any of that class who swear by the "Pilgrim Fathers," and who seem to think that all the virtue in the country may be traced to the English Puritans and "Plymouth Rock," which the wits of America call the "Blarney Stone of New England."

The work gives a full and graphic picture of Holland at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century; enlarging upon her tolerant Government, her reformed Church, the indomitable energy and enterprise of her people, and their large principles of civil and religious liberty, at a time when James I. of England, Louis XIII. of France, and Philip III. of Spain, were the ruling monarchies of Europe; and after passing in the review the residence of the Puritans in Holland, he shows the groundlessness of the claim frequently made in their behalf of having originated "popular constitutional liberty" in America, inasmuch as they merely reproduced what they had become accustomed to in the Dutch republic.

The early history of "New Netherlands" does not relate alone to those confines that now limit the territory of "New York," to which the name was changed on its surrender by the Dutch in 1664, and which now, from its geographical position and commercial importance, claims rank in the American Union as the "Empire State." New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, either wholly or in part, were comprehended within her original boundaries, and partake in the interest of her career. That interest is undoubtedly more for American than for English readers, though it merits attention from both as a contribution to general history. The various causes that contributed to form the character and shape the destiny of the "Great Republic," (as it was designated lately in a Royal Speech,) would afford matter for interesting reflection, even if we had no need, in our own colonial policy, of every lesson of wisdom and experience to be gathered from the annals of the American States.

Under a somewhat fantastic title,<sup>4</sup> we have,

<sup>1</sup> "Analytical Investigations concerning the Credibility of the Scriptures, and of the Religious System inculcated in them; together with a Historical Exhibition of Human Conduct during the several dispensations," &c. By J. H. McCulloh, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "History of the State of New York." By John Romeyn Brodhead. Vol. I. 1858.

<sup>4</sup> "The War of Ormuz and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry Winter Davis. 1852.

from an able pen, a review of the political history of Europe during the present century. The "Ormuzd" and "Ahriman" of the political world are Liberty and Despotism; and their purest incarnations are declared to be—the Republic of America and the Empire of Russia. Within four score years these two powers "have grown from insignificance to be the arbiters of the world." An inevitable contest is at hand; the Apocalyptic battle of Armageddon is soon to be fought; and the question which the Americans have "to decide is—not whether we will live in peace and repose, or gratuitously go on a crusade for liberty throughout the world, but—the absolute certainty of a contest with the combined powers of despotism being apparent, shall we wait till those powers, having utterly rooted out free governments from Europe, shall turn their might for our destruction, alone and without allies; or shall we now seize the first opportunity of a decisive outbreak in Europe to aid the cause of freedom with arms and money, fight our battle by the armies of European revolutionists on the field of Europe, and by the aid of our allies, for ever settle the question between freedom and despotism?"

The rise and progress of Russia are minutely traced; its principles and policy are determined by the treaty of the Holy Alliance; and with this treaty as a text, the subsequent history of Europe is detailed as a commentary. The three concluding chapters are on the "Dictatorship of Russia in Europe," the "Relations of American and English Liberty to the Russian Dictatorship," and the "Last War of Freedom and Despotism." These are subjects of intense interest, and they are in general discussed with considerable ability and intelligence, though some statements are made relative to England which betray the most ridiculous ignorance of our condition. He speaks of Radicals who "might be induced to urge their claims *in arms*." They have little need, so long as they can urge their claims in the Cabinet! "The Red Republic has its representatives, and the socialist theory will flourish with rank luxuriance in her manufacturing districts." The only thing representing the Red Republic which ever existed in England was an obscure periodical with that title, which speedily died a natural death—a fate which socialism also reached long ago. But it is more alarming to be told, that "a civil war for republican institutions in England is by no means a distant contingency." Since the memorable Chartist *felo de se*, in 1848, all hope of such a contingency has vanished from the minds of the "party of revolution," and all fear of it from the "party

of order." The mass of the people never was more contented, and the government never was more popular. Our author is more sagacious in conjecture, and England can feel the force of the warning, when he tells her, that "she must expect to be assailed by arts and intrigues, as well as arms—traitors will worm their way into high places—fee'd orators may stir up sedition—paid patriots may prefer Russian aid for the introduction of the republic to English independence under aristocratic forms." America herself has more to fear from enemies of this sort than from a Russian invasion. Intrigue will be more successful than war, and there is a tempting field for its exercise in a country where the elements of disunion are so rife. Nor is our author blind to this. "The discontented (he observes) do not scrutinize the source of the suggestions which chime in with their feelings, nor see in the burning patriot, the traitor and the spy of an ambitious power. There have been periods in the history of this government when foreign assistance would not have been repelled as an insidious insult. Had the sword been drawn by South Carolina and Mississippi, *Russian gold, or cannon, or ships, would not have been rejected.*"

A collision between Russia and America is not an imaginary danger. Russia in an *American power*; she shares with England and the United States the North American continent; and is as insolent, aggressive, and tenacious as she has always proved herself in Europe and Asia. With truth, therefore, does the author remind his countrymen that they cannot escape the conflict by turning their attention westward, and abandoning Europe to her dictation, indemnifying themselves by engrossing the commerce of Eastern Asia. "We do not escape, but directly encounter her universal and engrossing ambition."

It would appear, that when the Holy Alliance proposed to recover the South American Republics to the Spanish Crown, "it formed a part of the scheme, that *the United States should be subjugated.*" On that occasion, President Monroe made his famous declaration, that the United States would offer the most determined resistance to any European Power that attempted either to conquer or to colonize any part of their continent; and Mr. Davis endeavours to show that the true Washingtonian policy was based not on "the *theatre of contest*, but on its *objects, its principles, its relation, near or remote*, to our safety and independence. Whether the threatening cloud arose in Europe or America was not the question; but, was it likely to burst on us?" If this

be not the traditional policy of the United States, it ought to be their future policy, unless they would recognise in Washington a perpetual Dictator.

An anonymous author, in his "Politics for American Christians," recommends his fellow-citizens to take their policy from the Bible, but as to whether they are to follow the theocratic policy of the Old Testament, or the communistic policy of the New, he is not explicit. With the Bible in hand, or rather with a few isolated texts in his memory, he reviews "Our position in reference to foreign politics; the rewards of labour; the relations of industry with trade; public education, elections, and, more especially, the moral position of our national legislature." He contends that Christianity favours "the protection of native industry," because protection favours high wages, forgetting that it also favours dear goods. The author is a sort of Yankee Sir Robert Inglis, to judge from his lamentations over the national degeneracy. "In the beginning (he says) we set out as a Christian nation; we punished the profanation of the Lord's-day; we punished blasphemy; we were sworn upon the holy evangelists of Almighty God; we appointed chaplains for our army and navy, &c." But, unless dictated by calumny, the following picture would indicate that there is degeneracy somewhere.

"There is yet a remnant of good men in Congress, but they are hopelessly overpowered; their virtue may remain, but their courage is withered. They have no effective influence, not even the slightest pretence of it. The greater number laugh in derision at the idea that honesty and patriotism should have any sway in Congress. Every measure of a general nature, designed for the public benefit, is scouted; and the member who ventures to speak on such subjects, or to urge such legislation, unless he is known to have some special private end in view, is regarded as super-serviceable, over-righteous, and eminently verdant. They pity, if they do not despise, all such as attempt to acquit themselves of the duties of their station, and their oath of office. There runs not in Congress, then, the slightest perceivable current of legislative morality, or wisdom, or public virtue. The members have substantially repealed their oath of office, and acquitted themselves of all public obligation. They have resolved Congress into a grand agency of the various political parties, which manage the elections, and aim at the control of the offices, the power of the country, its treasury, and the national domain."

He goes on to detail circumstances which entirely harmonize with such a character for

\* "Politics for American Christians: a Word upon our example as a Nation, our Labour, our Trade, Elections, Education, and Congressional Legislation." 1852.

corruption as he thus attributes to Congress. Scarcely a member but will take a bribe for his vote. These "congressional brokers" may be numbered by "scores or hundreds." They fill a great variety of grades, "from those who offer to procure special legislation for one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars, to the humbler police of this hungry pack, whose office it may be to keep members in their seats at the hour of voting, or to keep them away, or to lead them to the gaming-table to win their money." The favours of Congress are "struggled for on the floor of the capitol." Congress is as bad as our own Chancery. "Claims of undisputed justice, some of them as old as the Revolution, are besieging the justice of Congress, for nearly half a century." A debt due to certain citizens of the United States by France was acknowledged by Louis Philippe, "who paid the money into the treasury of the United States, where it remains, through the refusal of Congress to order it to be paid to its rightful owners." Some of these owners have "passed their lives in fruitless applications," "their widows and orphans have grown old in poverty and suffering," urging their claims. There is more work, it would appear, for Mrs. Julia Tyler and the American ladies than the emancipation of Uncle Tom. We suspect that the author is a disappointed printer, with some rejected estimates in his hand, so strongly does he condemn the way in which the public printing is executed. Moreover, "thrice too much is paid for it, and the whole is a job reeking with corruption." The President's message remains unprinted for months, because Whigs and Democrats contend for the job. It is the same with the Census, Congress giving out that the difficulty is the expense! The author sums up by saying that "there is no assignable limit to the perfidy, to the frauds, to the injustice, to the corrupt practices, to the breaches of trust, and breaches of oaths, and other official and private immoralities, which are committed in and about the Congress of the United States." If the anonymous writer who makes these accusations has any sincerity, he should impeach Congress at once. It would be impossible to bring stronger accusations against the most corrupt governments of Europe, and therefore it is impossible to believe them. The author writes as if what he states were notorious in America, and not likely to be denied by any one, still less likely to be amended. If so, his jeremiad might have been more pungent than it is. All that we have to say is, that, if true, these facts should be known; and if not true, they should be contradicted.

We have heard and read a great deal about African Colonization, but we have never till now met with a work of an authoritative character, that presented the whole facts of the case in a compact form. That is now done by the publication of a series of Lectures\* on the subject by Mr. Christy, an agent of the Colonization Society. They are full of valuable information, and present the scheme in an important and interesting light. As a philanthropic project designed to remedy, or even alleviate the evils of slavery, it is as Utopian as projects of that character generally are; but as a legislative measure, carried out on an adequate scale, as is here recommended, it would present economical aspects worthy of consideration. Slavery flourishes, because Christian ladies and gentlemen are large consumers of tropical productions, and wish to have their cotton, coffee, and sugar, as cheap as possible. Free labour in tropical countries is not able to supply the demand. While the English Government endeavours to suppress the Slave trade, the English market is, with others, stimulating the traffic beyond all previous limits; and we cannot hope to escape from the necessity of consuming the products of slave labour, except by calling into active service, on an extensive scale, the free labour of countries not at present producing the commodities upon which slave labour is employed. This being the case, it is contended that Africa is the principal field where free labour can be made to compete, successfully with slave labour, in the production of *exportable* tropical commodities. The author is further of opinion, "that there are moral forces and commercial considerations now in operation which will necessarily impel Christian governments to exert their influence for the civilization of Africa, and the promotion of the prosperity of the Republic of Liberia, as the principal agency in this great work; and that all these agencies and influences being brought to bear upon the civilization of Africa, from the nature of its soil, climate, products, and population, we are forced to believe that a mighty people will ultimately arise upon that continent, taking rank with the most powerful nations of the earth, and vindicate the character of the African race before the world." This glowing prospect is, in these Lectures, eloquently set forth and elaborately supported by an immense mass of facts and statistics. The maximum capacity of the American cotton-field is carefully investigated, and the result confirms the prevalent opinion that new supplies must be procured elsewhere. A very

favourable account is given of Liberia, and of its adaptation to the grand purpose in view. May it go on and prosper!

### Biography.

The next great American biography will be that of Daniel Webster. Abundant materials for the work are in the hands of his literary executors, who are gentlemen of the highest literary reputation, and who may therefore be relied upon for doing justice to their undertaking. Meanwhile, Mr. Webster's private secretary has collected his reminiscences of the great man's private life,<sup>7</sup> which will be read with much interest, and whet the public appetite for the larger work. Mr. Lanman writes with the partiality of a devoted friend, and accordingly presents a very pleasing picture of intellectual power and moral virtue. Daniel Webster is represented as having a great head, and a still greater heart. The lawyer and statesman are thrown into the shade, and you see the dutiful son, the tender husband and parent, the steadfast friend, the good-hearted neighbour, the enterprising farmer, the patriotic citizen, the pious Christian! You see Daniel Webster *at home*—among his flocks and herds—improving his waste lands—enjoying his favourite recreation of angling—going to the market of a morning with his basket under his arm—and doing all sorts of things, which great men are supposed never to do at all. We could not help drawing a parallel in our mind between Daniel Webster at Marshfield, and Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. Both were lawyers, but both loved the country, and spent their vacations on their own soil—in either case classic ground. Both loved to go about among their rural neighbours, post themselves up in the local gossip, and cultivate good friendship. On his estate, Sir Walter's hobby was to plant trees, Webster's to breed fine cattle. Of cattle kind, the one was fond of horses and dogs, the other of sheep and swine! Both returned to die, and only to die, with ruined constitutions and broken hearts in their own houses. How glad Scott was when, after his return from Italy, he found himself once more at Abbotsford! And here is the description of Webster's last return to Marshfield:—"He entered his mansion fatigued beyond all measure, and covered with dust, and threw himself into a chair. For a moment his head fell upon his breast, as if completely overcome, and he then looked up like

\* "Lectures on African Colonization and kindred Subjects." By David Christy. 1858.

<sup>7</sup> "The Private Life of Daniel Webster." By Charles Lanman. 1853.

one seeking something which he could not find. It was the portrait of his darling but departed daughter, Julia, and it happened to be in full view. He gazed upon it for some time, in a kind of trance, and then wept like one whose heart was broken, and these words escaped his lips: "Oh, I am so thankful to be here! If I could only have my will, never, never would I again leave this home!"

There was a heavy gush of disappointment flowing out in those heart-breaking tears. In vain does the author contend to the contrary. It may be that he "never for a single moment manifested any regret" at the result of the last Presidential nomination; still, he must have felt that his party were willing to use his services, but not to give him the reward he coveted. "With a tremulous voice, and tears in his eyes," he said to his secretary, "Thank God, one thing is certain, they could not take away from me what I have done for my country." He spoke well of both General Scott and General Pierce. The latter he had known from boyhood, thought him "a good fellow, a smarter man than people thought him, and wished him all prosperity." After all, it is to Webster's honour that he was never President. Had he ever organized and used his party for that special purpose, he would have succeeded. So would Henry Clay. And so long as smaller men are more successful in intrigue, smaller men are more likely to be elected. No one can read this little memorial without feeling that the subject of it was a great man, and in some respects a good man. He has been considered hard-headed and iron-hearted; but this appears to be only one side of his character. As he is represented here, he wins our sympathy rather than our veneration: a complete and impartial biography will probably secure both.

Whatever, in the shape of history, forms an absolute addition to our stock of knowledge, and contributes to a wider and more varied acquaintance with human character and social life, will always be a welcome and useful book; and, in this respect, we consider Mrs. Ellet's "*Pioneer Women of the West*," a work of great interest. The "*Women of the American Revolution*" was from the same pen, and is appropriately supplemented by the story of the wives and mothers "who ventured into the western wilds, and bore their part in the struggles and labours of the early pioneers." For such a work very little published material existed, but there was much to be gathered from "the records of

private families, and the still vivid recollections of individuals who have passed through the experiences of frontier and forest life, and it was not yet too late to save from oblivion much that would be the more interesting and valuable, as the memory of those primitive times receded into the past." These records and experiences were collected, and the result is a gallery of pioneer women, whose hardships and heroic deeds reveal a Roman fortitude, and would have earned for each and all a Roman renown, had they been placed in a more conspicuous position. Such a record of female adventures is spirit-stirring in its effect, but sorrowful in its character. It shows what a woman can endure. It will open up a new world of life to "the women of England."

America continues to be famous for remarkable women. Biography has recently brought to light another female celebrity, whose career as an educational experimentalist enhances the interest of her personal character. Mary Lyon\* was a sort of evangelical Margaret Fuller, ranking in the eyes of her friends as "one of the noblest of all New England's daughters," and her character as "one of the brightest and most remarkable that adorn our age." She was a woman of such strongly marked individuality, that it gave her the reputation of being somewhat eccentric. Her peculiar "notions" as a teacher, which she struggled for years to develop, were finally realized, with a success attained only by those gifted with what is essentially genius, in the foundation of a female seminary, or what we should call a "Ladies' College," which was a noble monument of her perseverance and moral power. She was one of those beings who first build their castles in the air, and never halt till their conception becomes a tangible reality. Possessing no resources of her own, she had the art of getting thousands of dollars where other people could not get as many cents. She succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, in stultifying all predictions of failure, and in turning aside all the shafts of ridicule. What she proposed to herself she accomplished, and the once despised fanatic is now famous, at least in the religious world. While admiring the moral sublimity of her course, as in the case of many sectarian enthusiasts, we cannot join in the admiration awarded to her educational plans. The principles said to be first established, or more fully applied, by her efforts in the cause of female education, are stated to be:—

1. "Permanence in a female seminary."

When she founded the Mount Holyoke In-

\* "*The Pioneer Women of the West*." By Mrs. Ellet. 1852.

\* "*Memoir of Mary Lyon*." By Edward Hitchcock, D.D. 1852.

stitution, she was not aware that any seminary existed, in America or Europe, but what was purely temporary, depending for its existence on the individual teacher who commenced it. 2. "The successful Appeal to the Benevolent Principle for obtaining Funds," which was, in reality, simply the success of Mary Lyon herself in that line of effort. 3. "Successful combination of domestic labours with a high literary standard." This was a good feature. The young ladies were trained to be good housewives, as well as good dancers and musicians. We beg pardon—there was no dancing permitted in Miss Lyon's seminary. In lieu of it they had revival meetings. 4. "Union of a high standard of study with a high standard of piety." In this respect it resembled Oberlin College. The Mount Holyoke ladies were warranted "pious and accomplished." Piety was scarcely an optional virtue with them. "At the commencement of each session it was ascertained who were professors of religion and who not." There was "an anxious fear lest the term would pass without a revival of religion." It is lamentable to find this recognised as "a branch of education," and introduced into the systematic routine of a school! But as the public were duly notified of it in her circulars, no one could be deceived.

Mary Lyon was of humble origin, and spent her early years in hard work, and in still harder study, but she had a strong constitution, both physically and mentally, and seldom felt fatigue. Her life is recorded in her "labours," which cannot be contemplated without exciting respect for her character.

"The life of an unpretending Christian woman is never lost. Written or unwritten, it is, and ever will be, an active power among the elements that form and advance society. Yet the written life will speak to the larger number, will be wholly new to many, and to all may carry a healthy impulse." With this apology, "The Life of Mrs. Ware,"<sup>10</sup> the wife of Henry Ware, junr., is introduced to public notice. Her character was retiring and peculiarly domestic, but she was a diligent correspondent, and had a faculty for writing long, quiet, sensible letters, a selection from which makes up the present volume. "We have few facts," says the author, "except those found in the letters, with the advantage of an intimate intercourse for more than twenty years." Her life shows how useful a woman may be in her own sphere, and how much good may be done in a quiet way.

<sup>10</sup> "Memoir of Mary L. Ware, wife of Henry Ware, Junr." By Edward B. Hall. 1853.

## ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.\*

### History.

THE rewards of literature in Germany are, at present, of rather a peculiar character. The "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century"<sup>1</sup> has obtained for its author four months' imprisonment, and the honour of having his book publicly burnt. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, this, though perhaps an inconvenient, is not an unsatisfactory testimony to its merits. "I hope, sir," said Dr. Johnson to the fop, "I have done nothing to deserve your good opinion," and nothing would, perhaps, afford more damning evidence against an historian, than the approbation of such men as the persecutors of Professor Gervinus.

Much surprise has been excited that these proceedings should have found a pretext in a work of so calm and scientific a character, so entirely addressed to thoughtful readers; but if it be meant that nothing is to be feared from principles so proclaimed, by the party opposed to them, we must entirely dissent from such an opinion, and we hold the authors of these proceedings as wise in their generation. The course of all history, and especially of that of Europe, for the last three hundred years, may serve to correct the mistaken notion that speculative opinions have little real influence on the outward destinies of the world. In the long run, nothing so powerfully influences them as those principles of abstract philosophy which underlie all intellectual and moral movements.

The democratic tendency of modern society is so far, indeed, from being a discovery of Professor Gervinus, that it has become almost a mere common-place; but his offence in the eyes of the reactionary party of Germany, and his great merit, in the estimation of liberal and earnest men, is, that he has attempted (with eminent success) to place it on a foundation of scientific certainty—to deduce the law from the facts which a comprehensive view of historical events will supply.

The science of history is one of recent birth—it can hardly be dated further back than the seventeenth century; and even the writers of that period, perhaps, did not take their stand on a sufficiently elevated point of view. The Italian Vico, in his "*Scienza Nuova*,"

\* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

<sup>1</sup> "Einleitung in die Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." Von G. J. Gervinus. Leipzig. Engelmann. 1853.



was, so far as we know, the first who rose to the conception of a philosophy of history, or the interpretation of historical facts according to universal principles, corresponding with the Christian doctrines of the common origin of the human race, its common nature and common end; and the most valuable part of what has, of late years, been written on the subject, is to be found scattered through periodicals, rather than in any separate form. It is, nevertheless, we imagine, now tolerably agreed that, though the narration of mere facts in an agreeable and ornamental style may be a pretty amusement, it is only by labouring in the investigation of causes that any writer can claim the character of a historian; and it is from this point of view, and with the purpose of discovering the inward character and significance of every historical phenomenon, that Professor Gervinus has undertaken his task. The leading ideas developed in the present "Introduction" appear to be, that if we take into consideration a sufficiently extensive period, we shall perceive, in the history of civilized nations, a certain oscillatory movement between opposite impulses, which tends to check the preponderating influence of any one circumstance; and along with this oscillating movement, this flux and reflux, as it were, of the tide of human destiny, we shall trace, also, one regular current, setting constantly in one determinate direction. History, taken in detail, must have regard to all these movements; but in this introductory survey it is the author's intention to dwell chiefly on the latter. As its title imports, it is intended to serve as the commencement of a greater work, which is to comprise the history of the period from the fall of the Empire of Napoleon, and the re-adjustment of European political relations at the Treaties of Vienna, to the present time.

Regarding the modern states of Europe as forming one whole—as, on a smaller scale, did in antiquity those of Greece and its colonies,—the author goes on to show that the law of development has been the same through all history. From the despotisms of the East to the aristocratic states of antiquity and the Middle Ages, based on slavery and serfdom, and thence to those of modern times, there has been one grand regular movement, from the social and spiritual freedom of the individual to that of a limited number, and thence to that of the many. The law for the period during which we are living is the latter—that is, from aristocracy to democracy: a movement sometimes checked, sometimes promoted, by the disturbing force of absolutism. Such a transition, even in the little states of Greece, occupied

two hundred years: it is, therefore, not surprising, that in modern Europe, where the theatre of action is so much more extensive, and the relations so much more complicated, it is now still going on, in the fourth century from its commencement. The contest of the two principles at the close of the last century, was, indeed, so fierce and desperate, that it might have been supposed it would be decisive, yet it is still the task of the present generation, and may probably be transmitted unfinished to the next.

In a brief and masterly sketch, Professor Gervinus traces the course of European affairs, from the Middle Ages to the present time; when again, as it has happened once or twice before, a crisis appears approaching, in which the highest and dearest interests of mankind may be thought to be threatened by the advance of absolute power.

The penetration of Napoleon foresaw such a crisis after the return of the Bourbons, and the consequent antagonistic position of rulers and nations, and he pointed out the object and meaning of the coming struggle in a few words that have been often repeated.

It is by no means the first time that such a crisis has appeared inevitable, yet the threatened danger has been turned aside. We have now to dread the overwhelming force of rude masses, opposed to all European races in religion and civilization, wielded by one hand, and that hand grasping the terrific union of spiritual and temporal power, which the conquering sovereigns of the West have vainly striven for. The peril is increased, too, by the fact that there exists among these Slavonian nations the feeling of being in hostile opposition to European society, and having a mission to regenerate it, and this feeling is kept alive by a "Pan-Slavonian" literature and policy, which threatens to make the collision of two opposing state principles a great struggle of two races.

What, on the other hand, however, may serve to tranquillize us concerning this danger, is the experience of all ancient and modern history. What a man like Napoleon, with French statesmen and French armies, and in alliance with half Europe, could not succeed in, will scarcely be effected by Russia. Universal monarchies can arise only on the ruins of fallen states, and after the entire exhaustion of popular strength; and there is no reasonable foundation for the commonly asserted decrepitude of European civilization. This quarter of the world, as a whole, has by no means even reached the apex of its political development: it exhibits from time to time fresh healthy forces hitherto unemployed. Hitherto, the fruit of European culture on the whole—its

political and intellectual enlightenment, its industrial activity, and the wealth it has created—has been a source of power and just national pride, much more than of enervating luxury and corruption.

It belongs to the essential characteristics of our time, that its great movements proceed from the interests of the masses, and not from the influence of individuals, either rulers or others.

In literature and science, great spirits have appeared; but their birth and their culture must be ascribed to the preceding epoch. In science, the mastery and the application of steam-power has been a peculiar merit of this age; but the first and greatest impulse to it was given in the preceding one; the creative forces are few; but enormous in number and result are those secondary ones by which these creative few have been kept in action.

The political opinions and actions of individuals and governments, even of those who resist public opinion, are moulded by it. The fluctuations of property, the division of estates, the increased facility of all means of communication, the most various qualities and passions of men, have all co-operated, are all co-operating, to draw closer together the various classes of society. The mediocrity of literary production even is a consequence of a greater extension of the demand for it. Luxury and the desire of enjoyment are urging the poor to strive to place themselves on a level with the rich: their over-ruling destiny, too, has suggested to the Conservative to extend a helping hand to the proletariat against the middle classes; and again philanthropy has laboured by a thousand methods for the elevation of the lower, and the improvement of their condition, by savings' banks and schools, and poor laws, and other similar institutions.

Emancipation to the oppressed and the suffering is the cry of the age; and the power of these ideas is shown in the abolition of forced service in Europe, of negro slavery in the West Indies, in opposition to the most powerful interests and deeply-rooted circumstances. This is the grand feature of the time: the strength of conviction, the power of thought, the force of resolution, the clear insight of the objects to be pursued, the patience and the perseverance are all in the popular camp; and it is all this that gives to an historical movement the providential—the *irresistible* character.

Of the three great powers that now stand opposed to each other, the absolutism of Russia has against it the hatred of the whole civilized world: the constitutionalism of England is to the majority of nations unattainable; but

it is, in the opinion of Professor Gervinus, the Democratic constitution of America which is the model and the goal towards which the hope of the nations is now turned. Rising gradually and unnoticed in the west, as Russia arose in the east, advancing too simultaneously with Russia into even greater importance, it has opposed to the dynastic despotic influence of the latter, one wholly popular. The sight of this rapidly improving, free, happy state, without king, nobility, or hierarchy, has been wonderfully attractive; and its effect on the bulk of European nations almost incalculable. A constantly increasing intercourse, and the reports of prosperous emigrants, are penetrating the lower strata of society with the ideas of the new country, and to the operation of this never-sufficiently-estimated, silent, but active propaganda, is to be added that of the popular literature, and of the numerous homeless exiles—Poles, Hungarians, and Italians—whose principles, however aristocratic may be the dispositions of their leaders, are necessarily democratic, and who may be considered as forming a cosmopolitan band for the service of the popular cause, as once the Jesuits did for that of despotism. Against the united action of these forces, monarchical policy has nothing to oppose but a dependent and uninfluential portion of the Press. Legislative assemblies, in which it might have found assistance, have been suppressed or undermined; and where they exist in appearance, since it is known to be only in appearance, they are without influence on the national mind, and the field is, therefore, free for the swift, though silent march of democratic principles. The precise course which this march will take in the period now approaching, depends chiefly on two nations—France and Germany. With respect to the former it is a disputed point among the best informed men, whether it is still, as Lamartine believes, young and vigorous; or whether, as Mirabeau and Napoleon declared, it is old and sinking to inevitable decay, under the curse of being alike incapable of obedience and of freedom.

“Its political position verges now on absolutism, now on anarchy: it submits to despotic rule, and exercises against it the ‘right of insurrection.’ It grasps at an immoderate amount of freedom, and lies under the yoke of a dictatorship. It aims at a progress never yet seen, and seeks to attain it by means that would fling it back into the barbarism of Russia and Egypt. It would found a new and eternal order of things on the basis of rude street insurrections.” With respect to Germany, its historical development, though much slower, has been essentially the same

as that of England and France. Through the phase of religious freedom (at the Reformation,) and spiritual, in the literary period of the last century, it has now advanced to the threshold of political freedom. To the German empire has succeeded the aristocratic period, under the present German princes—to this must follow the democratic; and, should it be without too violent convulsions, the lot of Germany may yet be an enviable one, and she may attain to liberty in a measure corresponding with her slow and thorough preparation for it. "In such a case, the object of her policy could scarcely be other than to dissolve the unity of the dangerous great states into federations; a form which offers at the same time the advantages of great and of small states, and affords the greatest security for the general freedom and the peaceful diffusion of all true culture."

The author has been induced to publish this Introduction before the remainder of the work, chiefly because it had been thought by competent persons, that it might contribute to restore, in Germany especially, the confidence in human progress which the late reaction has so greatly shaken, and point at least to a harbour of refuge to many whose hopes have suffered shipwreck in the recent storms.

The habit of viewing the events of history from an elevated and philosophical point of view will often tend to check impatient expectations of immediate political success, will afford consolation under reverses, and teach us to look with equanimity on the momentary triumph of wrong. We shall lay aside the fear, that the course of the world's history may be determined by the caprices of an individual, and learn to trace even in the little space of our own lives, the giant footsteps of Providence passing through all ages to the fulfilment of its mighty purposes.

The "History of the Courts of the House of Brunswick,"<sup>2</sup> by Dr. Vehse, belongs rather to the department of contributions to history than to history itself. It forms the nineteenth volume of the "History of the German Courts," formerly noticed, and has, like its predecessors, much space taken up with long lists of the persons composing the courts and households of the different princes, housekeeping accounts, bills of fare of the royal tables, &c., which, though they might be useful as materials for the historian of manners, are, in their present state, too crude and indigestible for ordinary powers of

assimilation. Along with all this, however, is much characteristic anecdote and amusing gossip. The present volume contains the family annals of her gracious majesty Queen Victoria, from their comparatively humble beginnings to the meridian glories of the English throne, and including, as it does, the reigns of the three first Georges, necessarily repeats much that is already familiar to most English readers. In general, we may say of the royal families treated of in this and the preceding volumes, that it would not, we suppose, be easy to find any other class of society whose members have so seldom risen above the level of mere decency of behaviour and so often sunk below it. Dr. Vehse is no scandal-monger: he does not go a step out of his way to pick up the garbage that lies scattered so abundantly around in the profuse memoirs of courts; but there is much that he must unavoidably wade through, and his straightforward plainness is not less impressive than the more equivocal *animus* of the dabblers in the "mysteries" of back stairs.

"Secret Histories of Enigmatical Persons"<sup>3</sup> can at most only claim a place in that debateable land which is the haunt of the romancer rather than the historian. They may be recommended to the notice of readers who like to combine the indulgences of fiction with the demure respectability of so-called historical study, although we doubt whether sufficient skill of literary cookery has been displayed in the preparation of the viands to render them altogether palatable.

It is rather comic to find among the subjects of these Secret Histories, not only the late Marquis of Londonderry, but the *Duke of Wellington*, the minutest particulars of whose life have for years been exposed to an absolute glare of publicity. Lord Castlereagh, however, takes his place in right of introduction by a ghost.

As to "Enigmatical Persons," properly so called, the facts of their histories usually claim the investigation of the police magistrate rather than the historian.

### Philology.

Dr. Stemthat<sup>4</sup> presents us in his last work with his researches and opinions upon the development of the art of writing. The author is already favourably known to us through his earlier productions, "William

<sup>1</sup> "Geheime Geschichten von Räthselhafte Menschen." Herausgegeben von Friedrich Bulau Leipzig. 1852.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Entwicklung der Schrift." Von Dr. H. Stemthat. Berlin. 1852.

<sup>3</sup> "Geschichte der Höfe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England." Von Dr. E. Vehse. Hamburg. 1853.

Von Humboldt's Philology, and the Hegelian Philosophy," Berlin, 1848; "The Classification of Languages, exhibited as showing the Development of the Idea of Speech," Berlin, 1850; "The Origin of Speech viewed in connexion with the ultimate Problems of all Knowledge," Berlin, 1851.

### Natural Science.

That untiring investigator, Carl. Gustav. Carus, has published a work on the "Symbolism of the Human Form," which is an ingenious attempt to break ground in a new science. He proposes to himself the problem of evolving from the formation and nature of the *whole human body*, that of the indwelling mind. In a short historical sketch, he shows us the development of opinion on this subject downwards, from Aristotle and Theophrastus to Joh. Baptist Porta (*De humana physiognomia*) in the 16th century. Then he passes on to notice the later attempts of Lavater, Joh. Jos. Gall, D'Apentigny (who published a book on the significance of the different forms of the hand), and Burmeister, showing that there is still wanting a complete work on the symbolism of the human form. Carus takes into consideration both the *quantity* and *quality* of what goes to make up the human frame, and endeavours to ascertain the significance of each individual part,—the skull, the skin of the forehead, the hair of the head, the eyes, nose, eyebrows, lips, mouth, corners of the mouth, teeth, chin, beard, ears, &c., down to the leg and foot. The walk of people of different ages, the different sexes, the human voice, do not escape his consideration; and he shows how the symbolism of the human form may be applied for the purposes of instruction, with reference to health and matters of social regulation. Such a work, from the pen of a writer like Carus, cannot fail to be suggestive, and to stimulate that observation and comparison of psychological and physiological facts, from which we may expect the most important results.

"Contributions towards a Science of the *Æsthetics of Plants*," by F. Th. Bratauek. The author endeavours to show the influence of plants, which form the garment of the earth, upon the mind of man. He illustrates, by quotations from the poets, the various emotions awakened by the various forms of

the vegetable world, which he regards as a symbolic presentation of life.

### Travels.

The publication of the "Voyage Round the World," by Count von Goertz, has been delayed for eight years—we cannot but think on insufficient grounds. In his preface, to which he has particularly requested attention, we find it stated that he had the advantage of making at a very early age "some journeys of unusual extent, and under very favourable circumstances," and that he has occasionally furnished correspondence to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. But fearing that his observations might be too crude and hasty for separate publication, he had laid them aside with the intention of undertaking a thorough study of the countries he had visited, and presenting them to the world in this more mature form. The task, however, proved a more formidable one than he had anticipated, and he has, therefore, confined his labours to a careful revision of the materials laid up during his travels.

We give this explanation rather as a matter of courtesy to the author, than because we regard it as perfectly satisfactory, though the delay speaks favourably of his modesty. It is the especial province of a book of travels to describe the state of the world as it actually exists, and we live in times when eight years may be equivalent to half a century of a more stationary age.

America (that is to say, the United States), to which the present volume is devoted, is, *par excellence*, the country of rapid movement, and yet we differ from the opinion of the author that it is the one for which the delay is most to be regretted; for, however fast America has been "going ahead," the movement has been, on the whole, in the same direction. In some other countries the vessel of the State has altogether changed its course—it is navigated upon quite opposite principles, and is bound for a different port.

In its outward characteristics, too, the features of American society most striking to foreigners—its restlessness, its generally youthful aspect, the early age at which young people are released from parental superintendence, and other peculiarities—have undergone little if any change. The Count landed at New York amidst all the sound and fury of a Presidential election, and was fished up from the crowd on the quay by one of a band of enter-

\* "Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt: Ein Handbuch zur Menschen Erkenntnis." Von Carl. Gustav. Carus. Leipzig. 1853.

\*\* "Beiträge zur Ästhetik der Pflanzen-welt." Von F. Th. Bratauek, Leipzig, 1853.

\*\* "Reise um die Welt, in den Jahren 1844—1847." Von Carl-Grafen von Goertz. Stuttgart und Tubingen. 1852.

prising coachmen, who were casting out their whips like angling-rods for the purpose of catching customers. The streets were filled by a multitudinous procession, in which, beside the banners, music, &c., customary on such occasions, were borne along live bears, as emblems of Whiggism; and so powerful was the infection of the prevalent enthusiasm, that the Count, to his own astonishment, soon found himself vehemently shouting, "Hurrah for Clay!" and afterwards felt grievously discomfited at the defeat of "*his party*."

One of the points to which his attention was naturally much directed was the condition of the German immigrants, who on their first arrival are, from their ignorance of the language, exposed in a tenfold degree to be the victims of cruel frauds, as well as of their own mistakes and misapprehensions; and he makes what appears to be a judicious suggestion, that German governments whose subjects are most disposed to emigrate should purchase some large tracts of land in the western states, and dispose of it in small portions to newly-arrived Germans, allowing them a certain credit for the purchase-money, and especially undertaking their safe-conduct from the port of disembarkation. He adds, that it would be necessary carefully to refrain from any guardianship or interference in the affairs of the emigrants beyond what might be imperatively called for, in order to avoid rousing the jealousy of the Americans, as well as to avoid giving offence to the emigrants themselves, who would, from past experience, probably be inclined to feel somewhat suspicious of the "*paternal*" protection thus proffered. In various spots, and especially at the thriving settlement of a Baron Louis von Buseck, not far from Lake Erie, the Count had an opportunity of estimating the advantages that, in this land of plenty, await emigration conducted on favourable conditions. The Baron nevertheless complained of bad times. He was wealthy as Abraham in flocks and herds, but not also in "much silver and gold;" and, moreover, his swinish multitude (which runs in the woods, and gives no manner of trouble,) had increased to so inconvenient an extent that he had been obliged, after the example of his neighbours, to destroy some hundreds of them, since no sale was possible. The newly-arrived European, however, found it hard to reconcile his notions of bad times with an oppressive superfluity of roast pork.

To those who look forward to a "United Germany" as among the possibilities of the future, it is rather lamentable to find that, besides the divisions produced by the great divellent force of religious difference, the German colonists of America nourish among

themselves a thousand petty grudges, grounded on territorial distinctions. The Westphalian dislikes the Hessian, the Hessian objects to the Prussian, the Bavarian eschews the Suabian, the Suabian scorns the coarse Bavarian—in short, "one German always expects the other to be an angel."

The "*Book of Italian Wanderings*"\* is in many respects very unlike the ordinary productions of German travellers. The author has a light touch-and-go manner, which is the reverse of the solid and often heavy style of his countrymen; and he is much more apt to say too little than too much on the subjects that fall under his observation. He is brief, lively, petulant: he makes his journey apparently to amuse himself, and with no overt intention of writing an important book: he makes no display of classical erudition, to which the cities of Italy offer so many temptations; indeed, he seems to regard school learning with a certain vindictive feeling (probably from having been overdone in his youth) which reminds us sometimes of the young lady who "hated Africa."

In matters of art he is often daringly heterodox, and in general expresses his own opinion on whatever meets his observation with very little reference to what has been thought or said by anyone else. In politics also, he manifests the same impartial frankness; and it is this circumstance that gives his testimony its chief value. Commencing his tour from the St. Gothards, Mr. Von Rochau proceeded by Ticino to Milan, Venice, Trieste, Florence, Rome, and Naples, returning by Leghorn, Genoa, and Turin. In Milan, short as was his stay, he had time to note the symptoms of a hatred to the Austrian government which in its silent sternness seemed scarcely to belong to the Italian character, and which tends to account for the late ill-judged and untimely outbreak.

In Venice, very little of this hostile feeling appears to exist, and—whether as cause or consequence of this milder temper—the government exercises its authority with much more forbearance. During the whole period of the author's stay in Venice, he never but once saw a soldier in the streets; and though he does not infer from this that there were none, he is warranted in the conclusion, that their unwelcome *surveillance* is not so obtrusively exercised as elsewhere. At Civita Vecchia, an unexpected difficulty occurred. The papal officials declared that the *visa* of his Consul was indispensably necessary to his further progress; and the minute German State to which M. Von Rochau owes allegi-

\* "*Italienisches Wanderbuch.*" Von A. L. von Rocha. Leipzig. 1852.

ance, has no Consul there, or anywhere else. On inquiry, however, it appeared that Prussia has judiciously appointed, as the agent for the affairs of her subjects, a man who does not understand one word of their language; so by making a long speech in German, the distressed traveller contrived to mystify him, and obtain his signature, before he discovered, by the difference of the seal affixed to the important instrument, that it was a case in which he had no authority. At the gates of Rome, there was another delay, while a formal bargaining was carried on between the travellers drawn up on one side of the table, and the Pope's officers of customs on the other, as to the amount of bribe for which they would undertake not to fulfil their duty.

Not having any space for extracts, we are obliged to refrain from quoting some passages, which we should otherwise have been glad to have given, illustrative of the present position and temper of the Roman people, and of the priestly government now re-established in its fullest rigour. Under existing circumstances, we are not sorry to find that the Carnival was clouded by a shade of unaccustomed sadness, and that the festivities, such as they were, were chiefly sustained by foreigners, who are in general conscientious observers of what may be called the regulation gaiety of the season, such as the distribution of showers of comfits. Only for a moment, under the magic influence of the *Moccoli*, was there among the Roman people themselves a brief "flare up" of the usual spirit of Carnival merriment.

Of all the cities of Italy visited by the author, Genoa appears to be the one that exhibits most hope for the future; indeed, M. Von Rochau describes its aspect as altogether bright and cheering: its streets and quays full of commercial bustle—its palaces not empty and desolate, but still the abodes of wealth and taste—its Press free-toned and busy—book-selling a thriving business—and the manners of the people animated and self-reliant.

The date of "England in 1851,"<sup>9</sup> ominous of another laudatory description of the Crystal Palace, would be almost sufficient to warn us off, were not Miss Bremer so established a favourite. Fortunately, however, she is no mere holiday visitor. Not merely to palaces of crystal, or of any other material, nor to ordinary lions at Windsor, or in the Zoological Gardens, is her attention directed, but to work-houses, ragged schools, temperance societies, public wash-houses—to any and every institution which promises the solace or the prevention of human suffering. We must

protest against the poetical exaggeration of her terrific sketch of the state of England during the prevalence of cholera in 1849; but it appears to be introduced partly to give effect to the brilliant picture of the happiness and prosperity of the following years under the auspicious influence of Free Trade. Amongst the features of English life mentioned by the authoress with enthusiastic approbation, the conduct and manners of our police *gentlemen*—for she cannot speak of them by any less respectful appellation—are especially noted. As an exception to her general satisfaction with all she saw, we find our Government Female School of Design contrasted with a similar institution in America, which she had visited shortly before. That establishment has since been moved from the quarters it then occupied, up certain pairs of stairs, over a perfumer's shop, in little crowded black holes of rooms whence young girls were constantly carried out sick and fainting; so that it is possible there is no longer cause of complaint; but we remember that, at that same time, the masculine branch of the same school was provided with spacious and airy apartments in Somerset House. Again, the department of model lodging-houses, intended for the accommodation of single women; is mentioned with similar reprobation, and described as so wretched and so every way inferior to the rooms provided for men of the same class, that the writer rejoiced to see them mostly unoccupied.

We have ourselves, more than once, had occasion to note similar facts, and they create an impression not very creditable to the gallantry, or rather the humanity, of the parties concerned. Certainly, they "manage these things better" in America.

M. Max Schlesinger, in his "Wanderings about London,"<sup>10</sup> presents such entirely different phases of English, or rather London life, from those exhibited by Miss Bremer, that the two books might be read in succession without the reader being conscious of any repetitions. Besides a very detailed, and, for a foreigner, a wonderfully accurate account of all that meets his observation in streets, omnibuses, on steamers, and railroads, &c., he devotes a considerable part of his book to an elaborate report of the English daily and weekly periodical Press—the mysteries of reporters' rooms and parliamentary galleries—the technicalities of "*summary men*," and of the system of turns (which, by the bye, he calls *turnus*)—and penetrates even into the awful sanctuaries of editors' rooms in Printing-

<sup>9</sup> "England im Jahre 1851." Von Frederike Bremer. 1852.

<sup>10</sup> "Wanderungen durch London." Von Max Schlesinger. Duncker. Berlin. 1852.

house Square, and elsewhere. One or two rather droll errors excepted, such as the confounding Dr. Johnson with Ben Jonson, the dramatist, his account is most creditably authentic and clever; but it is a pity he should have attempted to add to its attractions, in many chapters, by a borrowed artificial working up, and the introduction of obviously fictitious dialogues. His pictures of English domestic "interiors," too, are less happy. His figures seem rather modelled upon conventional foreign notions than sketched from the life.

It is rather curious that Germany, where as many books are produced as in all the rest of Europe together, should be the country where the true art of bookmaking is least understood. A tolerably practised French or English writer would, with the mass of materials that are brought together in the "Memorial Leaves from Jerusalem,"<sup>11</sup> have composed a most amusing and not less useful book; but here we have all the ingredients of the composition formally arranged and ticketed, as Climate, Water, Plants, Houses, Household Utensils, Squares and Public Places, Clothing, Cleanliness, Weddings, Funerals, Manners and Customs, Religious and Political Institutions, Language, &c. &c., and the result is a book convenient for reference, indeed, as a dictionary or a catalogue, but almost unreadable.

This is the more to be regretted, as the subject is one likely to interest a wide class.

"The Spring of Siloah and the Mount of Olives"<sup>12</sup> is not liable to the same objection, and the information afforded receives animation by our being led to accompany the author in his search after it. He is never disposed to be hindered in his pursuit of accurate knowledge by considerations of mere personal convenience, as we see in his exploration of a picturesque spring in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem denominated the "Fons Beatæ Virginis," or Virgin's Well, to which, of course, many traditions are attached. The descent to it is by a flight of steps cut in the rock, and there is a communication between it and the Pool of Siloah, which, after a little examination, the author was convinced it would be practicable to traverse. He would take with him no Arab guide, but stationing two trusty Franks with his coat and waistcoat at one end, in case of his being compelled to return, sending another forward with shoes, and still more indispensable articles of attire, to the Pool of Siloah, and binding his sole remain-

ing garment round his head with a handkerchief, he plunged into the water, and entered a dark aperture that appeared just above the basin. The taper he carried went out, and Dr. Tobler had to work his way through the subterranean canal, of whose depth he was ignorant, in total darkness, and the height of the rocky roof was, in many places, only sufficient to allow him to crawl through. Fortunately the water proved to be extremely shallow, and the adventurous traveller attained his object with little other damage than that of a wet shirt, though, should any subsequent traveller be disposed to undertake the feat, Dr. Tobler advises that he should choose a warmer season, provide himself with a lantern instead of a taper, and if possible, contrive some defence for elbows and knees, that the skin may not be entirely rubbed off.

The author agrees in the opinion commonly entertained, that a very high antiquity is to be ascribed to this aqueduct, which, from the style of the construction, he is inclined to date before the time of Solomon; its purpose has evidently been to assist the irrigation of the lower valley. The minute topographical details he enters into will enable readers who have the perseverance to follow him to become almost as well acquainted with Jerusalem as if they had visited it in person. But though, doubtless, the verification of the various localities has often been found useful in strengthening the historical evidence of the Christian records—those whose hearts are stirred with religious emotion at the names of Calvary, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, would do well, perhaps, to refrain from visiting those spots, and degrading the associations connected with them by the spectacle of the noisy, stupid, sensual, brutal caricature of a Christian devotion which most of them now present.

Perhaps it may be considered *à-propos* of stupidity, that, in a chapel lately erected on the Mount of Olives, where the decorous service of the English Church now takes its turn with the more obstreperous worship of the Greeks and Arminians, the birth-day of Queen Victoria was celebrated with the appropriate selection for the service of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah."

"Pictures of Goethe's Friends"<sup>13</sup>—more studies of Goethe's life: another and another still succeeds. We would recommend this "Goethe literature," as it is called, to the attention of those who find any difficulty in the old problem of the infinite divisibility of

<sup>11</sup> "Denkblätter aus Jerusalem." "Die Siloah Quelle und der Oelberg." Von Dr. Titus Tobler. St. Gallen und Constanx: Beck. 1853.

<sup>12</sup> "Freundes Bilder aus Goethe's Leben-Studien zuna Leben des Dichters." Von H. Dunzer. Leipzig. 1853.

finite matter. Mr. H. Dunzer is a member of the orthodox church of the Goethe religion; and the articles of his faith are, that Goethe possessed, in addition to all the intellectual endowments (which few will be inclined to dispute), all the qualities of heart that fitted him for the highest degrees of love and friendship. In support of this opinion, he refers to the ideal creations in Iphigenia, Tasso, Werther, Faust, Wilhelm Meister, and the Walverwandschaften; but a reference to the manner in which he acquitted himself towards those who stood in near relation to him in his own life would have been more to the purpose.

The author acknowledges also not only that Goethe's love was wanting in a certain quality called constancy, but that it was "opposed by the irresistible impulse to the development of his own individuality, artistical and poetic," by a certain "to himself not altogether clear, but powerful feeling of the duty of cultivating to the utmost all the faculties and powers of his own mind, which constantly snatched him away from the high happiness that love might have afforded him."

This may serve to show the key in which these "Studies" are set; and we may add, that the "Goethe's Friends" here introduced—Wieland, Jacobi, Lavater, &c., are mostly men of sufficient mark to be presented in their own names, and not merely shown by reflected light. In the preface we are informed, that should "these investigations concerning the remarkable men and women beloved and venerated by Goethe, be one day complete and concluded, for which *much is still wanting*, it will be time to undertake some lighter sketches for the benefit of the wider circle of readers, whose interest in Goethe is of a more superficial character." With this consolatory prospect, we leave Mr. Dunzer, and go on our way rejoicing.

Two very pretty little volumes, entitled "Coloured Stones,"—"Granite, Limestone, Mica, Rock Crystal," &c., contain nothing connected with geology, or any other ology whatsoever, but some very charming tales in Stifter's best Idyllic manner; and we have the more pleasure in welcoming them, since we were compelled by critical duty to speak of the last of his productions that came before us as entirely unworthy of him. We do not quarrel with his title, having long ago "accepted the fact," that titles are to be constructed like riddles, to afford the reader the pleasure of guessing what they mean.

The processes and appearances of external nature occupy so prominent a place in these

tales, that they might almost be described as "landscapes with figures;" the characters and manners represented are such as belong to a simple form of society and a quiet mode of life, in which children, as our best examples of the simplicity of nature, necessarily take a leading part, and the effect is mostly wrought out by a number of minute touches. There is seldom anything to excite curiosity, or rouse strong emotion; no startling incidents, or unexpected discoveries; but all is pure, fresh, and sweet, like the breath of the fields. One of the tales likely to be a favourite, as having a distinct story, is "Rock Crystal," with the simple, and perhaps not very novel incident, of two village children who lose their way in a snow-storm among mountains, and go higher up to the icy wilderness of the glaciers. The contrast of the sublime desolation of the scenery with the warm human affections, the innocent unconsciousness of their peril in the children, the emotions of the parents on their restoration, the effect of the calling forth of the better feelings of the neighbours who have to lend their assistance, consuming in the beneficent flame of neighbourly charity some small grudge previously existing against the mother as a "foreigner," that is to say, the native of a valley a few miles off; all this forms one of the prettiest pictures imaginable. "Kalkstein," too, (Limestone) with the vivid description of the wild and dreary region of the Kar Stones, of the thunder-storm, the overflowing of the river, and the figure of the lonely priest in the quiet heroism of his voluntary poverty, is deeply though quietly impressive.

In the preface the author takes occasion to put forth a kind of confession of his poetical faith, which appears to bear a strong resemblance to that of Wordsworth.

Berthold Auerbach, in his "Village Stories,"<sup>14</sup> has shown us a different aspect of rural life, in which the sterner passions of humanity can sometimes rage as fiercely as in a higher sphere. The scene is Switzerland, the local colouring forcible and accurate; but the picture, like most other representations of Swiss peasant life, somewhat harsh and unpleasing. There is much skill in the portrait of Diethelm of Buchenberg, who, while receiving the deferential homage of his neighbours to his wealth, is inwardly tortured by the consciousness that, in consequence of imprudent speculations, his real position is very different to that attributed to him. The downward progress of his mind, from the weakness first causing him to shrink from the disclosure of his change of fortune, then

<sup>13</sup> "Bunte Steine. Ein Festgeschenk." Von Adalbert Stifter. Pesth und Leipzig. 1853.

<sup>14</sup> "Dorf Geschichten." Von Berthold Auerbach. Mannheim. 1853.



urging him to desperate expedients, and finally, to avoid the agony of detection, plunging him into the darkest crimes—from the first glancing thought to the fearful confirmation, and the ruin that follows it—all is described with great truth and vigour. The companion tale, "Mori and Brosi," is a sketch of Swiss peasant life, in lighter and gayer colours.

"Musical Character-heads,"<sup>16</sup> is a series of critical and biographical sketches of German musicians, in which it is the author's purpose to show the connexion which the history of music has with that of literature and general culture, and to urge on musical societies, and especially on musicians by profession, the study of the works of various masters hitherto little known. Some few of these sketches have already appeared in periodical publications.

"A History of German Art,"<sup>16</sup> from the beginning of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, contains some correctly drawn, and very delicately executed engravings, from works of Holbein, Van Eyck, and Albert Durer, of which the letter-press is descriptive. Many of them have also much feeling and expression, notwithstanding the oddities of costume—such as, for instance, in ancient scriptural subjects, the attire of mediæval Germany.

Of several volumes of lyrics, those most deserving of notice are "The Goddess"<sup>17</sup> of Rudolph Gottschalk, characterized by much grace and tenderness; and a collection called "From Home,"<sup>18</sup> by Karl Beck, in which the high hopes, heroic struggle, and final fall of Hungary, form the theme. In the "Feldherr und Gemeiner," "Zweitschöne Leichen," and several others, the chords are struck, to which deep and true feelings respond. The picturesque incidents of war—the frequent struggle between patriotism and private friendship—in the one in question, the enthusiasm of the opening strife—the emotions of the last sad hour, when only life and honour are left—these are things that find their most natural expression in poetry; and sorrow is perhaps its proper element. To the successful and the prosperous belong the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them; but in the diviner realms of poetry a different law prevails.

<sup>16</sup> "Musicalische Charakter-köpfe." Von W. H. Riehl. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1868.

<sup>17</sup> "Geschichte der Deutschen Kunst." Von Ernst Foeter. Weigel: Leipzig. 1858.

<sup>18</sup> "Die Göttin. Ein hohes Lied vom Weibe." Von Rudolph Gottschalk.

<sup>19</sup> "Aus der Heimath." Von Karl Beck.

#### ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

FORTUNATELY, although we have but few books to speak of this quarter, they are interesting. In Philosophy nothing has appeared, unless we class under this head M. Eugène Rendu's work, "De l'Instruction Primaire à Londres, dans ses Rapports avec L'état Social," a work which has created some sensation in France, and which will not be without its interest and instruction for Englishmen. Its statistics are as loose as the statistics of writers on these subjects, especially French writers, usually are; and by means of them he makes out that "in every forty inhabitants one is arrested for crime;" and he also says, "that in London alone there are about 17,000 criminals annually arrested under the age of twenty; giving a proportion of one in a hundred of the inhabitants, whereas, in Paris, the arrests are only one in four hundred."

We select this example to show the futility of statistics, as writers usually employ them. In the first place, Mr. Hill, in his recent work on Crime, distinctly proves that the number of criminals bears an extremely *small* proportion to the number of offences; each individual criminal being convicted for a *vast* number of offences; and he estimates that "as many as twenty thousand offences were committed in one town by fifteen persons." In the second place, leaving out of consideration this small proportion of criminals to the number of registered offences, M. Rendu forgets that London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the great capitals, are not to be compared with the capitals of other countries, in respect to the poverty and criminality of their populations; for the simple reason, that, as every one knows, all the *canaille* of the world may go to London or Liverpool in security, without fear of passports, barriers, or books at police offices, wherein is inscribed the name of every one who takes a bed in every house; so that the criminal population naturally becomes amassed in the great centres, instead of being distributed over the country. In France, passports have been refused all over the provinces, even to workmen, for the last four years, unless they could furnish recommendations. No one can circulate without a permission. All vagabonds are immediately sent back to their *dépôts de mendicité* in their departments, where they are under the *surveillance* of the police. In Vienna, this system of exclusion is still more striking. A cordon is drawn some leagues round the town, and

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs of the Burlington Arcade.

unless a passport permits it, no one can break through this cordon; even travellers of the most unquestionable appearance are forced to give an account of their means of existence, or to be guaranteed by some respectable resident, before they can pass this frontier into the capital. In England nothing of this kind exists; the vagabonds accumulate wherever they please, and they naturally please to accumulate in the great centres of social activity.

We indicate this point, we do not dwell on it. Let us rather dwell on the excellences of M. Rendu's work. By primary instruction, he does not mean the simple notions of reading and writing, but the whole of those moral, religious, and educational influences, which serve to develop the social being, and while constituting the life of the individual, perpetuate the traditional life of the people. In this point of view, the labour question, questions of criminality, questions of political right, and most, if not all, social problems, are connected with *L'Instruction Primaire*.

On the whole, M. Rendu speaks with great admiration both of the English nation, and of its system of education. He recognises, for instance, the point so generally lost sight of, that our system combines the *individual* element with the *traditional* element, neither sacrificing society to the individual, nor absorbing the individual in society. It has been remarked by a German writer, Herr Wiese, in his "Deutsche Briefe über Englische Erziehung," that in the biographies of our celebrated persons, there is seldom much stress laid upon the scientific ardour or studiousness of their youth; far more stress being laid upon the energy of will, of patience, courage, perseverance, and self-control, displayed by the young heroes. The remark is just, and tends to important conclusions: it points, indeed, to one of the fundamental characteristics of our superiority: that we think more of character than of intellect! Our education tends rather to the development of the whole man than to the extreme development of one portion of the man. It is as great a mistake to pay so much attention to mere literary and scientific culture, neglecting the physical and moral, as in the animal organism it would be, to overdevelop the nervous system at the expense of the nutritive system. The course we pursue with children should be the course pursued with young men; that course is the course of Nature. In the earlier years we attend solely to their physical development; as their nature becomes developed, we begin the education of their moral faculties, especially those of self-control, and not until very late do we think of beginning any purely in-

tellectual instruction. This instruction once commenced, the mistaken pride of parents or their love of ostentation, makes them frequently violate the plain dictates of Nature, and thus we get rickety youths, with immense knowledge-boxes instead of brains, capable of "astonishing the family circle," but not capable of living a human life! How many men go to an untimely grave, because they have overtaken their intellects to gain a futile prize, while their young companions, more celebrated at college for boating, fencing, driving the coach up to town, and making love to the shopkeepers' daughters, quit college with very little distinction indeed, forget the little Greek they ever knew, and earn solid distinction in the great arena of political and social life! Although we have in every school and college samples of this unnatural system of education, a comparison with France and Germany will make it evident to all, that what may be called our national system is very different from this, and that it does on the whole turn out the men, who, to use Rendu's language, "reveal to the world these two virtues of a lordly race: *La persévérance dans des desseins, un esprit de conduite qui ne se dément pas.*"

It is commonly said that a great school is but the world on a smaller scale, and that a youth begins there his education as a citizen; this is true in other senses than the one usually attributed to it. Our political life is indeed under many aspects but a reflex of our school life; and that which particularly distinguishes the English people in the eyes of foreigners, is the healthy activity of their *individual freedom* and *collective obedience*—their steady upholding of their rights as citizens, and their active recognition of established law. We see this twofold tendency remarkably illustrated in every large school, and it has not escaped M. Rendu's observation. He was particularly struck with the advantages even of the "fagging system," though he confesses that system would not suit the French temperament. "In England," he says, "where custom has consecrated it, this fagging substitutes for the despotism of a master, the jurisdiction of a patron—for the authority of force, it substitutes the force of authority: thus gratifying at one and the same time the passion for equality, and the respect for a hierarchy; between the fag who serves the senior, and the senior who protects the fag, there is a reciprocity. The fagging system is feudalism in a school; for we must not forget that the idea which is most prominent in the public life of the English, is not the idea of equality, but the idea of liberty, consequently nothing in these establishments of which I speak reminds one of a prison or a

barracks: you see no trace of the police, none of those military tendencies which in our schools under the pretext of discipline make the children young soldiers. Pass a day at Westminster or at Eton, and you will at once understand that there the young men are not educated under a military régime, but prepared for the manners and customs of civil life. In England they educate the citizen, not the soldier."

Having discussed this and other generalities, M. Rendu inquires into the social condition of the poor in London, and gives a sketch of the various primary schools. He seems to have taken great pains with this portion of his work, which, although it is addressed to France, will not be read without profit by the English.

A new work by Victor Cousin is sure to attract attention, and the handsome volume he has just published on "Madame De Longueville," will be found to contain not only an interesting piece of biography, but a piquant study of the state of society in France during the seventeenth century. Before noticing this work, we must enter a protest against a note in the preface, wherein, with a singular ingratitude, considering what a wholesale plagiarism from the Germans his philosophical system undoubtedly is, he tells us that one of the tasks before him is, to select from his various writings the scattered elements of a new *Théodicée* founded on an exact psychology *fécondée par une induction légitime*, with "the double purpose of defending the great faith of humanity against the detestable philosophy of Germany, and of defending philosophy against the pusillanimous devotion which refuses to human reason the force and the right to elevate itself to God." The idea of Cousin writing a *Théodicée* will make most of our readers smile, and the smile will break out into a laugh when they hear that the *Théodicée* is to be founded on an "exact psychology," that psychology to come from him! But the point which astonishes us most in this preface is his declaration, that before doing anything else he must "*mettre la dernière main à cette traduction de Platon dont nous voudrions faire le monument la moins fragile de notre enterprise philosophique.*" There is a certain audacity peculiarly French in Cousin's claiming for his monument the work upon which his sole labour has been tracing a few figures on the pedestal. Cousin did not translate Plato; and, as many believe, could not have translated him. Be that as it may, the fact is he did not; the translation which passes under his name was the work of various hands. Those dialogues that Grou had already published were touched up by him; the rest

were translated by several young men who have since emerged from their obscurity. George Farcy, Armand Marrast, Ravaisson, and others, if our memory do not deceive us, were the real workers, Cousin's part being merely to touch up the style (he is a master of style), and to write the introductions, which display astonishing ignorance of Plato—an ignorance only intelligible when the fact of his not having translated the dialogues is known.

But let us quit Cousin and his *Théodicée* and his Plato, to glance at Madame de Longueville, celebrated by her beauty, her grace, her love for De La Rochefoucault, her activity in *La Fronde*, and the austere dignity of her latter years. It is the youth of Madame De Longueville the present publication narrates; but connected with that youth there are several points of interest, and these Cousin avails himself of. Let us call particular attention to the chapter on the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There are two notions current respecting this celebrated hotel; one, that it was the centre of a coterie of ridiculous affectations; the other, that it originated those *Salons* which subsequently exerted so much political and social influence on Parisian life. This latter opinion is somewhat near the truth. The Hôtel de Rambouillet did, as it were, gather to itself, and fix in an appreciable form, the various elements of what was then called *politesse*. The first opinion has also its truth, for the Hôtel de Rambouillet did, so to speak, organize *le genre précieux*, the excesses of which every one has laughed at in the immortal ridicule of Molière. Cousin inquires into the nature of this *genre précieux*. "It was at first," he says, "simply what is now-a-days called *Le genre distingué*." We cannot indeed," he says, "give an absolute definition of distinction, every age forming an ideal of distinction for itself. Two things, however, are always present; two things apparently contradictory, and which only form an alliance in the highest natures; namely, a certain elevation of ideas and sentiments, with an extreme simplicity in manners and language. "I suppose," he adds, "that at Athens (in the house of Aspasia), Pericles, Anaxagoras, Phidias, talked of art, of philosophy, and of politics, with no more effort or declamation than the shopkeepers and workmen employed in their conversations upon ordinary matters. Socrates was an accomplished model of this style, and Plato's banquet, wherein we see the loftiest subjects treated after supper in the most charming and most natural style, gives us a perfect idea of what was the tone of good society. The Atticism peculiar to Athens was a sign of distinction." This is eminently the sentence of

a man who did *not* translate Plato. Indeed, one is surprised that any man who had ever corrected the proofs of a translation of that magnificent dialogue, should have preserved so vague and false an idea of it as is implied in the foregoing criticism.

But let us return to the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Its origin dates from a time when grandeur and force were abundant: it endeavoured to give an air of grace to that grandeur. Descartes, Corneille, the great Condé, had every element of manly earnestness and vigour; they wanted only the last refinement of elegance. This element was now to be introduced into literature and society, and the Hôtel de Rambouillet constituted itself as a sort of school of elegance. On the other hand, there was abundance of originality in France, but originality which, continuing the sentiment of *La renaissance*, fancied the imitation of foreign models was imperative; even Molière, Lafontaine, Boileau, and Racine, eminently French as their genius was, sought to rival antiquity by imitating its classics. Their predecessors had imitated Italian and Spanish literature. The Medici had introduced the taste for Italian literature, and Anne of Austria introduced, or rather confirmed, the taste for Spanish literature. The Hôtel de Rambouillet undertook to unite the two. Every one knows the character of Spanish literature at the commencement of the seventeenth century, a character of gallantry somewhat languorous and Platonic, of Romantic heroism, chivalrous courage, and a lively sensibility to the aspects of Nature, expressed for the most part in fantastical hyperboles. The misplaced ingenuity known in our literature as Euphuism, in Spanish literature as Gongorism, had its day, like many other fashions. One sample will be sufficient to indicate the tone: we borrow it at random from Calderon, who compares the virtuous reserve of Doña Mencia to a mountain of snow conquered by flowers, squadrons armed by time.

Fué una montaña de hielo  
Conquistada de las flores  
Escuadrones que arma el tiempo.

The Italian style of the same period was precisely the contrary: it was *bel esprit* pushed to an extreme of refinement, mingled with a certain *persiflage* peculiarly adapted to the French nature. From the alliance of these two styles, the grand and the familiar, the grave and the piquant, we have the style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There it was not enough to be a hero, the hero must also be what was then called *l'honnête homme*, an expression not easily defined. *L'honnête homme* was brave, gallant, generous, witty,

with elegant manners; and he was all this without the slightest shadow of pedantry or stiffness. In one word, *l'honnête homme* was the hero of the *Salons*. We recommend the curious reader to contemplate in Cousin's volume this little picture of one phase of the seventeenth century.

A line will suffice to record the publication of "La Politique de la Restauration," by M. Marcellus—a work of agreeable gossip, but more interesting to the French than to us. And our readers will be glad to learn that Lamartine's eighth volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration" concludes the work. We have already, on former occasions, expressed in sufficient detail our opinion of Lamartine as an historian, and of this work in particular, to be absolved from further criticism here. What will strike the reader of this volume most forcibly is the blindness with which the reactionary party hurried the Monarchy into a revolution, and the patience with which France now submits to a tyranny a hundred-fold more oppressive than that which then caused it to rise.

Lamartine has painted the portrait of Charles X. in friendly colours; but although his personal predilections for the king who honoured him, may have softened his judgment of the man, it has not interfered with his condemnation of the king's acts; and he presents in vivid pictures, the whole series of influences which hastened the fall of the Bourbon dynasty. The *parti prêtre* was then as arrogant and aggressive as it is now; with this difference, that in Charles X. it had a conscientious instrument, one who *believed* in the church—in Louis Napoleon it has an instrument who will only serve its purposes in as far as those purposes are his own. It is curious, in turning over those dark pages of the past, to see the growing insolence of this *parti prêtre* newly restored to power; to see it not only proposing the *lois de sacrilège*, which made the profanation of the "sacred vases" a crime punishable by death, but putting their orator, De Bonald, forward to deify the executioner! "You revolt," said De Bonald, "against the punishment of death! Let us dare to promulgate rigorous truths—namely, that if society may claim the lives of the good as a service, it may claim the lives of the wicked as examples! Religion, you tell me, commands men to forgive; true, but it also commands government to punish; for as the apostle said, 'it carries a sword.' Our Saviour, you tell me, asked for pardon for his executioners; true, but his Father did not grant that pardon—on the contrary, he extended the punishment over a whole people, which now, without chief, without territory, and without altars, drags over the

world the anathema with which it has been smitten?" Lamartine well asks, how men, who could utter and applaud such language, dared to stigmatize the Reign of Terror? "We demand punishment in the name of a faith," they reply; "whereas the terrorists demanded it in the name of an opinion." "But," asked Lamartine, "what is a faith but an opinion of the conscience, as an opinion is the faith of the mind? An opinion or a faith, which demands blood in the name of God, or in the name of man, is no longer faith or opinion; it is a crime, and history must brand it as such."

Having made sacrifice a crime, it is not wonderful that this *parti prêtre* discover the danger, not to say criminality of free thought and free speech; hence the famous Press Laws, which excited the nation to revolt. The *parti prêtre* began by attempting to restrain liberty of thought altogether. Of course, they spoke as they always do speak, in the name of religion; and Royer Collard produced an immense sensation in France by his admirable retort. "In the opinion of these men," said he, "it was a great imprudence, on the great day of creation, to send man into this world free and intelligent. A higher wisdom is now prepared to repair the fault of Providence, and to render to humanity, wisely mutilated, the service of raising it to the happy innocence of brutes! The Author of all things formerly thought otherwise; but he was evidently mistaken! 'Truth is a good,' say these persons, more far-sighted than Nature, 'but error is an evil; let both perish then, and as a prison is the natural remedy for liberty, ignorance will be the natural remedy for intelligence. Ignorance is the true science of man and of society.' Gentlemen, a law which thus denies morality is an atheistic law, and no obedience is due to it." Royer Collard might declaim, Reason might prove, daily experience might confirm, the truth of all this, but the *parti prêtre* ignored everything except a blind persistence in its own objects; and not long afterwards the famous Press Laws were promulgated. In the preamble M. De Chanteluz declared that "experience spoke louder than theories. Enlightened men doubtless had believed that the advantages of a free Press balanced the disadvantages. It is not so. It has been put to the proof, and the public conscience has now declared against it; in fact, at every epoch, the Press has been, and is, in its nature, only an instrument of disorder and sedition. The Press has thrown disorder into the most upright minds, shaken the firmest convictions, and produced a confusion of principles in the midst of society, which favours the most scandalous attempts. It

preludes, by anarchy of doctrines, anarchy of the State." This preamble, from which we quote but a sentence or two, will always remain a striking example of that vulgar tendency to cut the Gordian knot our wisdom or our interests will not enable us to untie; to endeavour, by force, to decide questions beyond the influence of force; and the fatal results of the law which this preamble introduces must ever ensue, although in France, at the present moment, the same policy is pursued, and with temporary success. The political thinker may well inquire how it is that the people of France was so intolerant of any restrictions upon that Press in 1830, which in 1850 it allowed to be gagged with supine indifference. The language held in 1830 by the repressive party is precisely the same as that held in 1850; yet in 1850, the people did not murmur, or, if they murmured, did not rise. In the lives of nations, however, as of individuals, acts and events have what may be called *historical* importance, changing their significance with the changing tempers of the hour; so that that which was intolerable yesterday may be welcomed with eagerness to-day, and to-morrow torn to pieces again with rage and scorn.

But these, and all other questions in the history of peoples, receive their most splendid illustration in the old French Revolution; and the fourth volume of Louis Blanc's "Histoire de la Révolution Française" will furnish abundant food for the philosophical speculator. It is written with the same eloquence and passion which distinguish his other volumes; the same splendour and exaggeration of diction, and the same unshaken republican faith. This volume opens with a chapter on the aspect of Europe at the breaking out of the Revolution, and rightly; for it is a mistake to suppose that the French Revolution was a solitary and unprepared event; as Louis Blanc says, "Elle ne grandit pas au milieu du silence universel, dans le vide de l'histoire. Ce fut, au contraire, parce qu'elle dérivait d'un concours inouï de circonstances produites par tous les siècles et tous les peuples, que son action fut si puissante sur les destinées de la terre." Because in fact, as he says elsewhere, every profound revolution is an evolution, and if, in our days, a sentiment of terror is associated with the remembrance of these heroic times, the fault is owing to those who, having to write the internal history of the Revolution, have only written its *external* history. *La où il y eût derrière un incendie une illumination l'on n'a vu que l'incendie.* That reproach is certainly not to be addressed to Louis Blanc. He has endeavoured conscientiously to get at the spirit of the Revolution,—the *mind*

which animated the acts of that terrible period: he has done it without, perhaps, sufficient sympathy with the adversaries of the Revolution, certainly without sufficient recognition of their sincerity; for example he says, "Pitt was moved coldly by a simply ambitious calculation, and with terrible calmness, to set Europe in a blaze." Can he not understand that Pitt was as sincere as Fox; that L'Abbé Maury was as sincere as Lafayette? It is this partisanship over-ruling the calm judgment of the historian, which makes him so unjust to Burke. All those pages relating to Burke should be torn out of this volume, and we miss in them Louis Blanc's usual sagacity. His admiration for Fox and his enmity to Burke proceed alike from the fact, that the one shares his opinions and the other thunders against them. Having sketched the character of Fox, pressing but lightly upon his errors, he concludes with this phrase, "*Anglais il aime l'humanité, il aime la France!*" which is of course enough to make him for ever dear to posterity!

Among the curious revelations of this volume let us note the insight into the character of Marat, especially the adroit way in which the cause of his popularity is indicated,—how, from his always writing of himself, as the persecuted friend of the people, as the confidant of all the weak and helpless, the public began at last to look upon him as a sort of knight-errant, self-constituted champion of the weak and oppressed, and because the faubourgs believed this, they worshipped the man. Great attention is also paid to the important question of finance in this volume; and striking pictures are given of the state of justice, and the shameless expenditure of public money in the form of pensions. Among the revelations of *Le Livre Rouge*, we find a German prince in receipt of four pensions; the first, for his services as a colonel: the second, for his services as a colonel: the third, for his services as a colonel: the fourth, for his services as NOT a colonel! Another pensioner, M. De Latour, had "22,720 francs in three pensions; one, as *First President and Intendant*: two, as *Intendant and First President*: three, for the same reasons as those above-mentioned!" Four pensions were awarded to the Marquis d'Eutichamp: the first, for the services of his late father: the second, for the same object: the third, for the same reasons: and the fourth, for the same causes." It is needless to say what the effect must have been of publishing a book containing entries like these!

One of the most interesting books of travel that we have seen for a long while, is Dr. Yvan's "*Voyages et Récits*." The first

volume comprises his journey from Brest to the Isle of Bourbon; the second comprises the results of his six months' residence in the Eastern Archipelago. Dr. Yvan was the physician to the Scientific Mission sent by France to China; accordingly, his travels are varied by many interesting details of Natural History. Here is a novelty in the anatomy of cats:—

"I have a word to say respecting the Chinese cats. From Macao to the extremity of the Straits of Malacca, a remarkable peculiarity is observed in the feline race. All the individuals found within those limits have uniformly fur of a light fawn colour, shaded with blackish brown and white; their limbs are thin and slender, and one of the caudal vertebræ forms a right angle with the other two vertebræ to which it is articulated. This unusual conformation may perhaps constitute a specific variety. I can affirm that it exists, without exception, throughout the Indian Archipelago, and the southern provinces of China. But in the north of the empire, the hypocritical animal resumes his normal shape, and has a tail like his European brethren; his skin undergoes great alterations, and he puts on the black and white livery of our well-dressed cats."

The following brief passage on that old marvel, the phosphorescence of the ocean, will also be read with interest:—

"The cause of the phosphorescence of the sea has long occupied the sagacity of our savans; in our opinion it is caused solely by the mollusks swimming in the water, and more especially by microscopic mollusks; so that there is not a single drop of water in this vast ocean, the waves of which twice encircle our globe, which does not contain thousands of animated beings endowed with phosphorescent qualities!

"Every time I threw a net into the water, I withdrew it full of biphores, beroes, and medusæ. In one single drop, I discovered myriads of small beings moving rapidly about, and at every contraction of these animalcula the emission of light became more intense; so that it may be supposed that their muscular movements develop certain electric properties, of which the action is extremely visible. Besides, it is so with the larger ones. I had placed in a glass vase some gigantic biphores; I saw them alternately rise and fall in the water, and all their movements were accompanied by a jet of fire, which increased the luminous intensity of the liquid fourfold."

But by far the most curious is the account Dr. Yvan gives of an ourang-outang named Tuan, who was his pet for a long while; the human intelligence he indicated will surprise the reader:—

"When Tuan was entrusted to me, he was about three years old. His height was that of a child of three. Had it not been for his prominent abdomen, he would have resembled a young

Malay, dressed in some brown material, like our little sweeps. When I freed him from the bamboo basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which M. Dutroncoy had a sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Tuan understood that it was in future to be his lodging. He let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a napkin, and having draped himself in this rag as majestically as an Arab in his *burnous*, lay down on the bed he had prepared.

"Tuan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient. Yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen: at first he tried to get it back; but, being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not the success he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his first, screamed, cried, howled for more than half an hour; at last I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired. For, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of our civilization the independent nature which He had sent into the world amidst virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts, and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head!

"There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Tuan amongst our own species, he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better: he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

"The first day that I let Tuan dine at table with me, he adopted a somewhat incorrect mode of pointing out the objects which were pleasing to him. He stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate all that he could lay hold of. I gave him a box on the ear to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem; he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

"He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon, in this way; a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his breast. I then took a spoon, and showed him how to use it. He immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that culinary implement.

"When I brought Tuan on board the *Cleopatra*, he was domiciled at the foot of the mainmast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut carefully up in his house, and at meal times he went to the distribution of provisions with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

"Tuan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation with the persons of the embassy whom he knew very well, or to tease a young Manillase negrito who had been given to M. de Lagrené: this negrito was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Tuan had a profound contempt for monkeys: he never condescended to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or a sheep to that of one of these quadrumana.

"Tuan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board; he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquid. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized hold of, and having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into the glass of which he had undisturbed possession. He then held out the empty glass to the person who had tried to deprive him of it!

"This act, so well conceived, and so difficult to execute, was followed by one no less remarkable. Tuan was among the ropes, and would not come down in spite of my reiterated orders. I showed him a glass of beer to persuade him to come to me. He looked a long while at what I offered him, then, not trusting perfectly to what he saw, he took a rope, and with admirable precision directed its end into the glass; he then drew up the rope, put the end he had dipped into the liquid into his mouth, and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

"It is false that ourang-outangs have ever been taught to smoke; Tuan, and all those I have seen, were unable to execute that act. The pictures representing these quadrumana smoking hookas with their masters are stereotyped lies.

"When I arrived at Manilla, Tuan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it, consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Tuan was charmed with our residence. He spent his days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the mango women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach." . . . .

"The custom of wearing clothing is generally considered the result of climate; some moralists pretend that it is connected with the innate sentiment of modesty. Whilst observing in the orang-outang a manifest fondness for wearing clothes, I was able to convince myself that he obeyed neither of these impressions. Tuan took possession of all the pieces of stuff he found, and either threw them over his shoulders, or covered his head with them. Handkerchiefs, napkins, shirts, or carpets, which came in his way, were indiscriminately used for this purpose. In those burning countries, with thirty-two degrees of heat, it was most certainly not the temperature which led him to wrap himself up; it was not a feeling of decency either, for he only protected the upper portions of his body with these varied draperies." . . . .

"Tuan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion: he was selfish, and would not have found communistic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect, and only liked communism with respect to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon who had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

"Wherever we put into harbour, I bought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Tuan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure; provided he had been once shown which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others until such time as he had exhausted his own provision. After that, he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent; the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down."

Dr. Yvan writes in a gay, pleasant style, as indeed is the case with most Frenchmen. He is thoroughly French in his prejudices, but not the less amusing on that account. His descriptions are often highly wrought, but always picturesque, bringing the place distinctly before the mind's eye; and translators would do well to look after these "Voyages et Récits." Before quitting the volumes, we must take a peep at the old town of Santa Cruz:—

"The town of Santa-Cruz has the look of all modern commercial cities. The streets are wide and straight, the houses handsome; it is like one of our Mediterranean seaports. There is the same noisy activity, the same movement; but only at certain hours of the day. As soon as the sun's rays fall perpendicularly on the dusty pavement and inflame the atmosphere, the entire population goes home, as if it were night; blinds and doors are closed; every one is reposing, taking their siesta. The stranger who, in spite of the heat and dazzling glare, wanders intrepidly through the streets of Santa-Cruz, sees nothing, save perhaps here and there some inquisitive lady who, through the bars of her Venetian

blinds, glances at him with amazement, and then saunters into the furthest recess of her cool and darkened apartment.

"Whilst *los señores* and *las señoras* take their siesta, the clerks attend to commercial matters in the counting-houses and warehouses; but as soon as night comes on life and motion recommence; a noisy crowd fills the streets; groups of men and women walk about, preceded by mandoline players and singers; lads flirt with girls; every place is joyfully and delightfully noisy. Whilst the lower classes are thus amusing themselves in the open streets, beautiful señoras lean out of their narrow windows; blinds creak slightly under the white hands which raise them, and cavaliers in dark cloaks resume, through the discreet grating, love-making, which having already lasted several months, would be interminable if marriage did not usually conclude this open-air romance. These things still go on here as in the old Castilian cities, and every evening those balcony scenes occur, which every one remembers in all Spanish plays. I confess, that I never put entire faith in serenades, wall-coloured cloaks, blinds mysteriously half-opened, nocturnal conversations of shivering gallants at the foot of inexorable gratings; it seemed to me, that these were charming inventions of M. Alfred de Musset, realized only in his imagination and his books. But after my arrival at Santa-Cruz, I was forced to acknowledge that the poet had told a true story. I one day expressed my opinion to an old Frenchman, who had been settled more than thirty years at Santa-Cruz, and had married a Spanish woman.

"'Truly,' I said, 'with such customs, you must have every morning an ample collection of scandalous stories. What anecdotes of wives who have eloped, of young girls who have been seduced, what sword and dagger thrusts!'

"'Nothing of the sort!' warmly interrupted my interlocutor: 'like all your countrymen, you judge the women of all countries from the point of view of your own jealous coxcombry. Know then, doctor, that here all the women are virtuous, the lovers unexact, the balconies lofty, and the doors carefully closed. Do you think, doctor,' said he, growing excited, 'do you think that a window, five feet from the ground, set in a good brick-wall, and defended by solid bars, is not sufficient to reassure the most suspicious father or husband? Would you have our young girls escaping at night to go and contemplate the moon with their lovers, at the end of a park, instead of receiving them at their window for the interchange of a few tender words? These mysterious conversations suffice to the heart, and call forth no further desires. I have known several of my friends, who came for twenty years, nightly, under the same window, who, the day after their wedding, returned there and grieved more at finding it closed than they rejoiced in possessing the object of their love. See with what decorum it all passes! The cavalier standing, wrapped up to the throat in his cloak, his arms crossed over his breast, leaning his shoulder against the wall, and stretching out his neck to catch, if he can, the breath of air which has passed through perfumed tresses, whilst the young girl plays coquettishly with her



fan, as she listens to some madrigal, repeated for the hundredth time. Such are the traditions of old Spanish gallantry: they are better preserved here than in the metropolis. Pray heaven they may long continue!"

"Ever since this conversation, I have believed in M. de Musset's books, minus the daggers and the midnight meetings in well-secured chambers."

Alexandre Dumas, the wondrous manufacturer, not only contrives to write the most amusing narratives of travels in countries he has visited, but is almost equally ready to write about countries he has *not* visited. Hence, when the reader takes up the volume, entitled "Californie, un An sur les bords de San Joaquin et du Sacramento. Impressions de Voyage," and finds the name of Dumas on the title-page, he will never think of remarking that Dumas has not been in California. If he has not been there, another has; and what that other saw or fancied,

Dumas "edits"—puts forth in his own way, under his own name. It is enough for us to indicate the existence of this book: the name will sell it.

A line or two will suffice to chronicle the new works of Fiction necessary to be named. George Sand has published a feeble novel, "Mont Revôche," which, though readable, is not commendable. Paul de Kock has also given us two volumes of "La Mare d'Auteuil," also readable, and that is all. Paul de Musset's "Maitre Inconnu," is not yet finished, and does not make us anxious to have it finished. Madame Girardin's play, "Lady Tartufe," is making a sensation, because Rachel acts the heroine, but it will not stand criticism. Frédéric Soulié's posthumous novel, "Le Veau d'Or," has reached its fifth volume; and Sainte Beuve's delightful "Causeries du Lundi," now count a sixth volume—readers will not weary of sixty.

THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

VOLUME LX.

JULY AND OCTOBER, 1853.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

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

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AMERICAN EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD STREET.  
1853.

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**H. CRAIGHEAD, Printer and Stereotyper,  
53 Vesey Street, N. Y.**

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RE-PUBLICATION

OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster  
QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCCIV.

THE

WESTMINSTER  
REVIEW.


N<sup>o</sup>. CXVII.—JULY, 1853.

AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXVII. No. I.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.  
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*L. J. Bushing*  
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OF THE

London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster  
QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

No. CCCVIII.

THE

# WESTMINSTER REVIEW.


N<sup>o</sup>. CXVIII.—OCTOBER, 1853.

AMERICAN EDITION.—Vol. XXXVII. No. II.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 FULTON STREET, ENTRANCE 54 GOLD ST.  
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THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CXVII.

FOR JULY, 1853.

ART. I.—JOHN KNOX.

*The Life of John Knox.* By Thomas McCrie, D.D. London: Henry G. Bohn, York street, Covent-garden. 1847.

THE Scotch Reformation in the sixteenth century is remarkable for an almost complete absence of the dubious and questionable features by which violent revolutions are so often disfigured. Less happy than the English, the Protestants of Scotland had no alternative between an armed resistance to the Government, and the destruction of themselves and their religion; and no body of people who have been driven to such resistance, were ever more temperate in the conduct of it, or more moderate in their use of victory. The problem which they had to solve was a simple one: it was to deliver themselves of a system which, when judged by the fruits of it, was evil throughout, and with which no good man was found any more to sympathize.

Elsewhere in Europe there was some life left in Catholicism; it was a real faith, by which sincere and earnest men were able to direct themselves, and whose consciences it was painful or perilous to wound by over-sweeping measures. In Scotland, it was dead to the root, a mass of falsehood and corruption; and, having been endured to the last extremity, the one thing to be done with it, when endurance was no longer possible, was to take it utterly away.

So great a work was never executed with slighter loss of human life, or smaller injury to a country. It was achieved by the will of one man, who was the representative of whatever was best and noblest in the people to whom he belonged; and as in itself it was

simple and straightforward, so of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

The struggle, therefore, was an illustration, on a large scale, of the ordinary difficulties of common men; and we might have expected, in consequence, to have found Knox better understood, and better appreciated, than almost any man who has played so large a part in history. There are no moral blemishes which we have to forgive, no difficulties of position to allow for. His conduct throughout was single, consistent, and direct; his character transparent to the most ordinary eye; and it is a curious satire upon modern historians, that ill as great men usually fare in their hands, Knox has fared the worst of all. A disturber of the peace, a bigot, a fanatic—these are the names which have been heaped upon him, with what ludicrous impropriety some one man in a million who had looked into the subject was perhaps aware, but the voices of these units, until very recent times, had little chance of being heard in remonstrance. The million, divided into Whig and Tory, could not afford to recognise the merit of a man who had outraged both traditions. The Tories hated him



because he was disobedient to constituted authorities: the Whigs hated him because he was their *bête noir*, an intolerant Protestant; and the historians, ambitious of popularity, have been contented to be the exponents of popular opinion. There are symptoms, however, at the present time, of a general change for the better in such matters. In the collapse of the old political parties, and the increasing childishness of the ecclesiastical, the prejudices of the two last centuries are melting out from us, and we are falling everywhere back upon our common sense. The last fifty years have not passed over our heads without leaving a lesson behind them; and we, too, in our way, are throwing off "the bondage of tradition," for better ascertained truths of fact. In contrast with the tradition, Mr. Carlyle has placed Knox by the side of Luther as the Hero Priest; and, more recently, (which is also no inconsiderable indication of the state of public feeling,) a cheap edition of Dr. M'Crie's excellent life of him has been brought out by Mr. Bohn,\* in the belief that there is now a sufficient interest in the subject to justify the risk. Let us hope that these are real signs of the growth of a more wholesome temper, and that before any very long time has elapsed, some judgment will have been arrived at, which will better bear the test of time than that which has hitherto passed current. As far as it goes, M'Crie's book is thoroughly good; it is manly, earnest, and upright; and, in the theological aspect of the subject, it leaves nothing to be desired, except, indeed, a little less polemical asperity. But a history written from a theological point of view, if not incorrect, is necessarily inadequate; and, although the soundness of Dr. M'Crie's understanding has gone far to remedy the unavoidable deficiency, yet the account of John Knox which shall tell us fully and completely what he was, and what place he fills in history, remains to be written.

He was born at Haddington, in the year 1505. His family, though not noble, were solid substantial landowners, who, for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably at Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and

steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even of the first eight-and-thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of a weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study; for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever knowledge was to be obtained out of books concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

The national traditions of Scotland, which for some centuries held it together in some sort of coherence, in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; the organic life of it as a separate independent nation died there; and the anarchy which followed, during the long minority of James V., resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer and closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was, that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth a preparation, produced, as might have been anticipated, as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.

The high ecclesiastics, the bishops and archbishops, being, in almost all cases, the

\* Why does not Mr. Bohn republish Knox's own "History of the Reformation" for us in the same form?

younger sons, or else the illegitimate sons, of the great nobles, were brought up in the same way, and presented the same features of character, except that a certain smoothness and cunning were added to the compound, which overlaid the fierce sensuality below the surface. Profligate they were to a man; living themselves like feudal chiefs, their mistresses were either scattered at the houses of their retainers, or openly maintained with themselves; and so little shame was attached to such a life, that they brought up their children, acknowledging them as their own, and commonly had them declared legitimate by act of parliament. So high an example was naturally not unfollowed by the inferior clergy. Concubinage was all but universal among them; and, by general custom, the son of the parish priest succeeded to his father's benefice. Enormously wealthy, for half the land of Scotland, in one way or another, belonged to them, of duty as attaching to their position they appear to have had no idea whatsoever; further than that the Masses, for the sins of themselves and the lay lords, were carefully said and paid for. Teaching or preaching there was none; and the more arduous obligations of repentance and practical amendment of life were dispensed with by the convenient distribution of pardons and absolutions.

For the poor, besides these letters of pardon, the bishops it appears provided letters of cursing, which might or might not be of material benefit to them. "Father," said a village farmer to Friar Airth, one of the earliest reforming preachers, "can ye resolve a doubt which has risen among us? What servant will serve a man best on least expense?"—"The good angel," answered the friar, "who makes great service without expense."—"Tush," said the gossip, "we mean no such great matters. What honest man will do greatest service for least expense?" and, while the friar was musing, "I see, father," he said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops serve us husbandmen? will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleepin' boy that will have three shillin' of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year?"

Such were the duties of ministers of religion in Scotland in the first half of the sixteenth century; and such was the spiritual atmosphere into which Knox, by his ordination, was introduced. If ever system could be called the mother of ungodliness, this deserved the title. What poor innocent people there may have been in the distant Highland glens, who still, under the old forms,

really believed in a just and holy God, only He knows; none such appear upon the surface of history; nothing but evil—evil pure and unadulterated. Nowhere in Europe was the Catholic Church as it was in Scotland. Lying off remote from all eyes, the abuses which elsewhere were incipient, were there full blown, with all their poison fruits ripened upon them. "The Church, the Church," said Dean Annan to Knox, "ye leave us no Church."—"Yes," answered he, "I have read in David of the church of the malignants. *Odi ecclesiam malignantium*; if this church ye will be, I cannot hinder you."

But as long as it continued, it answered too well the purposes of those who profited by it, to permit them to let it be assailed with impunity; and when we say, "profited by it," we do not mean in the gross and worldly sense of profit, but we speak rather of the inward comfort and satisfaction of mind which they derived from it. It is a mistake to suppose that such a religion was a piece of conscious hypocrisy. These priests and bishops, we have no doubt, did really believe that there were such places as Heaven and Hell, and their religion was the more dear to them in proportion to their sinfulness, because it promised them a sure and easy escape from the penalties of it. By a singular process of thought, which is not uncommon among ourselves, they imagined the value of the Mass to be dependent on the world's belief in it; and the Reformers who called it an idol, were not so much supposed to be denying an eternal truth, as to be spoiling the virtue of a convenient talisman. No wonder, therefore, that they were angry with them; no wonder that they thought any means justifiable to trample out such pernicious enemies of their peace. For a time, the Protestant preachers only made way among the common people, and escaped notice by their obscurity. As the profligacy of the higher clergy increased, however, they attracted more influential listeners; and at last, when one of the Hamiltons came back from Germany, where he had seen Luther, and began himself to preach, the matter grew serious. The Archbishop of Glasgow determined to strike a decisive blow, and, arresting this young nobleman, he burnt him in the Glasgow market-place, on the last of February, 1527. He had hoped that one example would be sufficient, but the event little answered his expectations. "The reek of Mr. Patrick Hamilton," as some one said to him, "infected as many as it did blow upon," and it soon became necessary to establish a regular tribunal of heresy. Of the scenes which took place at the trials, the following is not, perhaps, an average specimen, but that such a thing could have occurred at

all, furnishes matter for many curious reflections.

A certain Alexander Ferrier, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish, and had been kept seven years in England, found on his return that "the priest had entertained his wife, and consumed his substance the while." Being over loud in his outeries, he was accused of being a heretic, and was summoned before the bishops: when, instead of pleading to the charges against himself, he repeated his own charges against the priest:—

"And for God's cause," he added, "will ye take wives of your own, that I and others, whose wives ye have abused, may be revenged upon you." Then Bishop Gavin Dunbar, thinking to justify himself before the people, said, "Carle, thou shalt not know my wife." The said Alexander answered, "My lord, ye are too old, but with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart." And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughter of some; for the bishop had a daughter, married with Andrew Balfour in the same town. Then, after divers purposes, they commanded him to burn his bill, and he demanding the cause, said, "Because ye have spoken the articles whereof ye are accused." His answer was, "The muckle devil bear them away that first and last spake them;" and so he took the bill and chewing it, he spit it in Mr. Andrew Oliphant's face, saying, "Now burn it or drown it, whether ye will, ye shall hear no more of me. But I must have somewhat of every one of you to begin my pack again, which a priest and a priest's whore have spent," and so every prelate and rich priest, glad to be rid of his evil tongue, gave him somewhat, and so departed he, for he understood nothing of religion."—*Knox, Hist. p. 16.*

Knox tells the story so dramatically, that he was probably present. He had gone to the trial perhaps, taking his incipient doubts with him, to have them satisfied by high authority. The experiment of public trials not altogether succeeding, the French method of wholesale murder was next suggested. Lists of obnoxious persons, containing several hundred names, were presented to the king, and at one time a sort of consent was extracted from him: but there was a generosity of nature about James which would not let him go wrong for any length of time, and he recalled the permission which he had given before any attempt had been made to execute it. Profligate himself, and indifferent to the profligacy of others, his instincts taught him that it was not for such princes as he was, or such prelates as those of his church, to indulge in religious persecution; and as long as he lived the sufferings of the Protestants, except at rare intervals, were never very great. The example of England, and the spoliation of the abbey lands now in rapid progress there, forbade the bishops to venture

on a quarrel with him, when he might so easily be provoked into following a similar course; and for a time they thought it more prudent to suspend their proceedings, and let things take their way.

So the two parties grew on, watching one another's movements; the Reformation spreading faster and faster, but still principally among the commons and the inferior gentlemen; the church growing every day more fruitful in wickedness, and waiting for its opportunity to renew the struggle. The Protestants showed no disposition to resent their past ill treatment; they were contented to stand on their defence, and only wished to be let alone. We are apt to picture them to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim MacBriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives; and the temper in which they set about it was quiet, simple, and unobtrusive; a certain broad humorous kindliness shows in all their movements, the result of the unconscious strength which was in them; they meddled with no one, and with nothing; the bishops were welcome to their revenues and their women; they envied them neither the one nor the other; they might hate the sin, but they could pity the sinner, and with their seraficos and their mitres these great, proud men, believing themselves to be the successors of the apostles, were rather objects of compassionate laughter. Naturally they recoiled from their doctrines when they saw the fruits of them, but desirous only to live justly and uprightly themselves, and to teach one another how best to do it, they might fairly claim to be allowed to go on in such a purpose without interference; and those who chose to interfere with them were clearly responsible for any consequences which might ensue.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James's death, before he finally left the Catholic church. He must then have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and that he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory, that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself

forward; he settled down to plain quiet work as private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this: an ambitious man with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird. Whatever be the real account of him, we must not look for it in dispositions such as these. But we are now coming to the time when he was called upon to show what he was.

The death of James was followed by a complication of intrigues, which terminated in the usurpation of the supreme power by Cardinal Beaton, the nominal authority being left to the regent—the foolish, incompetent Earl of Arran. Cardinal Beaton, who was the ablest as well as the most profligate of the prelates, had long seen that if the Reformation was to be crushed at all it was time to do it. The persecution had recommenced after the death of the king; but the work was too important to be left in the hands of the hesitating Arran. And Beaton, supported by a legatine authority from Rome, and by the power of the French court, took it into his own hands. The queen-mother attached herself to his party, to give his actions a show of authority; and with law, if possible, and if not, then without law, he determined to do what the interests of the church required. At this crisis, George Wishart, a native Scotchman, who had been persecuted away a few years before by the Bishop of Brechin, and had since resided at Cambridge, reappeared in Scotland, and began to preach. He was by far the most remarkable man who had as yet taken part in the Protestant movement, and Knox at once attached himself to him, and accompanied him on a preaching mission through Lothian, carrying, we find (and this is the first characteristic which we meet with of Knox), a two-handed sword, to protect him from attempts at assassination. They were many weeks out together; Wishart field-preaching, as we should call it, and here is one little incident from among his adventures, which will not be without interest:

“One day he preached for three hours by a dyke on a muir edge, with the multitude about him. In that sermon, God wrought so wonderfully by him, that one most wicked man that was in that country, named Lawrence Ranken, Laird of Shiel, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypo-

crisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all time to come.”

Surely that is very beautiful: reminding us of other scenes of a like kind fifteen hundred years before: and do not let us think it was noisy rant of doctrine, of theoretic formulas; like its antitype, like all true preaching, it was a preaching of repentance, of purity, and righteousness. It is strange, that the great cardinal papal legate, representative of the vicar of Christ, could find nothing better to do with such a man than to kill him; such, however, was what he resolved on doing, and after murder had been tried and had failed, he bribed the Earl of Bothwell to seize him, and send him prisoner to St. Andrew's. Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was before him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate; but Wishart forced him away. “Nay,” he said, “return to your bairns; and one is sufficient for a sacrifice.”

It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle; the cardinal himself, the archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded with in the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious; it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many—but this one will for the present be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal; and the execution was therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings does not alter the character of them; it appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes he must be held to have deserved. It is necessary to keep this in view, if we are to bring our judgment to bear fairly on what followed. When governments are unwilling or unable to enforce the established law, we are thrown back upon those moral instincts on which, rightly understood, law itself is

founded, and those who feel most keenly the horrors of great crime are those who in virtue of that feeling are the appointed avengers of them. We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter; it was now the beginning of the summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

"Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th of May, the gates being open, and the draw-bridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking? who answered, 'No,'—and so it was indeed; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of physic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They address them to the middle of the closs, and immediately came John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him."

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself; and then he continues:

"The cardinal sate down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest—I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Carmichael. But James Melvin—a man of nature, most gentle, and most modest—perceiving them both in choler withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldest have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword; and so he fell, never word heard

out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest—I am a priest—fie, fie, all is gone.'"

"The foulest crime," exclaims Chalmers, "which ever stained a country." . . . "It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, "to consider the joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

"Expectes eadem summo minimoque poeta,"

even those most favourable to the Reformers, not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative: if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

The regent, who had been careless for Wishart, was eager to revenge Beaton. The little "forlorn hope of the Reformation" was blockaded in the castle; and Knox, who as Wishart's nearest friend was open to suspicion, and who is not likely to have concealed his opinion of what had been done, although he had not been made privy to the intention, was before long induced to join them. His life was in danger, and he had thought of retiring into Germany; but the Lord of Ormiston, whose sons were under his care, and who was personally connected with the party in the castle, persuaded him to take refuge there, carrying his pupils with him. Up to this time he had never preached, nor had thought of preaching; but cast in the front of the battle as he was now, the time

was come when he was to know his place, and was to take it. The siege was indefinitely protracted. The castle was strong, and supplies were sent by sea from England. The garrison was strengthened by adventurers, who, for one motive or another, gathered in there, and the regent could make no progress towards reducing them. The town of St. Andrews was generally on their side, and, except when it was occupied by the regent's soldiers, was open to them to come and go. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Knox was often with his boys in the church, and used to lecture and examine them there. It attracted the notice of the towns-people, who wished to hear more of the words of such a man. The castle party themselves, too, finding that they had no common person among them, joined in the same desire: and as—being a priest—there could be no technical objection to his preaching, by a general consent he was pressed to come forward in the pulpit. The modern associations with the idea of preaching will hardly give us a right idea of what it was when the probable end of it was the stake or the gibbet; and although the fear of stake or gibbet was not likely to have influenced Knox, yet the responsibility of the office in his eyes was, at least, as great as the danger of it, and he declined to “thrust himself where he had no vocation.” On which there followed a very singular scene in the chapel of the castle. In the eyes of others his power was his vocation, and it was necessary to bring him to a consciousness of what was evident to every one but himself. On Sunday, after the sermon, John Rough, the chaplain, turned to him as he was sitting in the body of the chapel, and, calling him by his name, addressed him thus:—

“Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this. In the name of God, and of his son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation; but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his grace with you.”

Then, turning to the rest of the assembly, he asked whether he had spoken well. They all answered that he had, and that they approved.

“Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in the most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour

from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any signs of mirth in him, neither yet had he the pleasure to accompany any man many days together.”

Again, we ask, is this the ambitious demagogue—the stirrer-up of sedition—the enemy of order and authority? Men have strange ways of accounting for what perplexes them. This was the call of Knox. It may seem a light matter to us, who have learnt to look on preaching as a routine operation in which only by an effort of thought we are able to stimulate an interest in ourselves. To him, as his after history showed, it implied a life-battle with the powers of evil, a stormy tempestuous career, with no prospect of rest before the long rest of the grave.

The remainder of this St. Andrews business is briefly told:—At the end of fifteen months the castle was taken by the French in the name of the regent; and the garrison, with John Knox among them, carried off as prisoners to the galleys, thenceforward the greater number of them to disappear from history. Let us look once more at them before they take their leave. They were very young men, some of them under twenty; but in them, and in that action of theirs, lay the germ of the after Reformation. It was not, as we said, a difference in speculative opinion, like that which now separates sect from sect, which lay at the heart of that great movement; the Scotch intellect was little given to subtlety, and there was nothing of sect or sectarianism in the matter. But as Cardinal Beaton was the embodiment of everything which was most wicked, tyrannical, and evil in the dominant Catholicism, so the conspiracy of these young men to punish him was the antecedent of the revolt of the entire nation against it, when the pollution of its presence could no longer be borne. They had done their part, and for their reward they were swept away into exile, with prospects sufficiently cheerless. They bore their fortune with something more than fortitude, yet again with no stoic grimness or fierceness; but, as far as we can follow them, with an easy, resolute cheerfulness. Attempts were made to force them to hear mass, but with poor effect, for their tongues were saucy, and could not be restrained. When the *Salve Regina* was sung on board the galley, the Scotch prisoners clapt on their bonnets. The story of the painted *Regina* which Knox, or one of them, pitched overboard is well-known. Another story of which we hear less, is still more striking. They had been at sea all night, and Knox, who was weak and ill, was fainting over his oar in the gray of the morning, when

James Balfour, as the sun rose, touched his arm, and pointing over the water, asked him if he knew where he was. There was the white church-tower, and the white houses, gleaming in the early sunlight, and all which was left standing of the Castle of St. Andrews. "I know it," he answered; "yes, I know it. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I shall not depart this life till my tongue again glorify his Name in that place." Most touching, and most beautiful. We need not believe, as some enthusiastic people believed, that there was anything preternatural in such a conviction. Love, faith, and hope, the great Christian virtues, will account for it. Love kept faith and hope alive in him, and he was sure that the right would prosper, and he hoped that he would live to see it. It is but a poor philosophy which, by comparison of dates and laboured evidence that the words were spoken in one year and fulfilled so many years after, would materialize so fine a piece of nature into a barren miracle.

Such were the conspirators of St. Andrews, of whom we now take our leave to follow the fortunes of Knox. He remained in the galleys between three and four years, and was then released at the intercession of the English Government. At that time he was, of course, only known to them as one of the party who had been at the castle; but he was no sooner in England than his value was at once perceived, and employment was found for him. By Edward's own desire he was appointed one of the preachers before the court; and a London rectory was offered to him, which, however, he was obliged to refuse. England, after all, was not the place for him; nor the Church of England, such as, for political reasons, it was necessary to constitute that Church. Indeed he never properly understood the English character. A Church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the State; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that, to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic; which should at once be vague, and yet definite; diffident, and yet peremptory; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of a serious and earnest people; such a midgemadge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eye), suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it. The "*tolerabiles ineptie*" at which Calvin smiled, to him were not tolerable; and he shrank from identifying himself with so seem-

ingly unreal a system, by accepting any of its higher offices. The force of his character, however, brought him into constant contact with the ruling powers; and here the extraordinary faculty which he possessed of seeing into men's characters becomes first conspicuous. At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons with whom he had to deal; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and to that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sate below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before or since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahitophel is counsellor; and Shebnah is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahitophel and Shebnah were both listening to his judgment of them: the first in the person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet Marquis of Winchester. The force which then must have been in him to have carried such a practice through, he, a poor homeless, friendless exile, without stay or strength, but what was in his own heart, must have been enormous. Nor is it less remarkable that the men whom he so roughly handled were forced to bear with him. Indeed they more than bore with him, for the Duke of Northumberland proposed to make him Bishop of Rochester, and had an interview with him on the subject, which, however, led to no conclusion; the duke having to complain that "he had found Mr. Knox neither grateful nor pleaseable;" the meaning of which was, that Knox, knowing that he was a bad, hollow-hearted man, had very uncourteously told him so. But upheld as he was by the personal regard of the young king, his influence was every day increasing, and it was probably in consequence of this that the further developments of Protestantism, which we know to have been in contemplation at the close of Edward's reign, were resolved upon. It is impossible to say how far such measures could have been carried out successfully, but we cannot think that it was for the interest of England that Knox, who had formed his notions of Catholicism from

his experience of Scotland, should determine how much or how little of it should be retained in the English polity. Sooner or later it would have involved the country in a civil war, the issue of which, in the critical temper of the rest of Europe, could not have been other than doubtful; and it has been at all times the instinctive tendency of English statesmen to preserve the very utmost of the past which admits of preservation. The *Via Media Anglicana* was a masterpiece of statesmanship, when we consider the emergencies which it was constructed to meet; the very features in it which constitute its imbecility as an enduring establishment, being what especially adapted it to the exigencies of a peculiar crisis. A better scene for Knox's labours was found at Berwick, where he could keep up his communication with Scotland, and where the character of the English more nearly resembled that of his own people. Here he remained two years, and appealed afterwards, with no little pride, to what he had done in reining in the fierce and lawless border-thieves, and the soldiers of the English garrison, whose wild life made them almost as rough as the borderers themselves. For the time that he was there, he says himself, there was neither outrage nor licence in Berwick. But he had no easy work of it, and whenever in his letters he speaks of his life, he calls it his "battle."

At Berwick, nevertheless, he found but a brief resting-place, and on the death of Edward, and the re-establishment of Catholicism, he had to choose whether he would fly again, or remain and die. He was a man too marked and too dangerous to hope for escape, while as an alien he had no relations in England to be offended by his death. In such a state of things we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated. Life was no pleasant place for him. He saw the whole body of the noblemen and gentlemen of England apostatize without an effort; and the Reformation gone, as it seemed, like a dream—Scotland was wholly French—the Queen in Paris, and betrothed to the Dauphin; with the persecution of Protestantism in full progress under the Archbishop of St. Andrews. And though his faith never failed him, the world appeared, for a time, to be given over to evil; martyrs, he thought, were wanted, "and he could never die in a more noble quarrel;" it was better that he should stay where he was, and "end his battle."

In this purpose, however, he was overruled by his friends, who, "partly by admonition, partly by tears, constrained him to obey, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan." He escaped into France, and thence into Germany; and, after various adventures, and

persecuted from place to place, he found a welcome and a home at last with Calvin, at Geneva. While in England he had been engaged to the daughter of a Mr. Bowes, a gentleman of family in the north, and with Mrs. Bowes, the mother, he now kept up a constant correspondence. These letters are the most complete exhibition of the real nature of Knox which remains to us. We cannot say what general readers will think of them. It will depend upon their notions of what human life is, and what the meaning is of their being placed in this world. It might be thought that, flying for his life into a strange country, without friends and without money, he would say something, in writing, to the mother of his intended wife, of the way in which he had fared. She, too, we might fancy, would be glad to know that he was not starving; or, if he was, to know even that, in order that she might contrive some means of helping him. And afterwards, when he had found employment and a home at Geneva, we look for something about his prospects in life, his probable means of maintaining a family, and so on. To any one of ourselves in such a position, these things would be at least of some importance; but they were of none either to him or to his correspondent. The business of life, as they understood it, was to overcome the evil which they found in themselves; and their letters are mutual confessions of shortcomings and temptations. When Knox thinks of England it is not to regret his friends or his comforts there, but only to reproach himself for neglected opportunities:—

"Some will ask," he writes, "why I did flee—assuredly I cannot tell—but of one thing I am sure, that the fear of death was not the cause of my fleeing. My prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again."

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself, he had been a mere coward:—

"This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man expressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcase, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly



I ask my God mercy." . . . "And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favour, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vain-glory had almost gotten the upper hand."

And again, with still more searching self-reproof:—

"I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolour for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself (I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for professing Christ's truth; God has done great things for thee, delivering thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honourable vocation, and thy labours are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest rejoice and give praises to God. Oh, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it."

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be anything except a change of one evil for a worse? Who can judge others who has not judged himself? or who can judge *for* others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even "anathema for his brethren," he had better leave reforming alone.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to desire which such a man could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die

there. Bad news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage them. The queen-mother had manœuvred the regency into her own hand, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found everywhere a temporary respite from ill usage. It was a short-lived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

At the end of 1555, John Knox ventured to re-appear there; and the seed which had been scattered eight years before, he found growing over all the Lowlands. The noble lords now came about him; the old Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, better known after as Earl of Murray, Lord Glencairn, the Erskines, and many others. It was no longer the poor commons and the towns-people; the whole nation appeared to be moving; much latent scepticism, no doubt, being quickened into conversion by the prospect of a share in the abbey-lands; but with abundance of real earnestness as well, which taught Knox what might really be hoped for. Knox himself, to whom, with an unconscious unanimity, they all looked for guidance, proceeded at once to organize them into form, and, as a first step, proposed that an oath should be taken by all who called themselves Protestants, never any more to attend the mass. So serious a step could not be taken without provoking notice; the Hamiltons patched up their differences with the regent on the spot, and Knox was summoned before the Bishops' Court at Edinburgh to answer for himself. It was just ten years since they had caught Wishart and burnt him; but things were changed now, and when Knox appeared in Edinburgh he was followed by a retinue of hundreds of armed gentlemen and noblemen. The bishops shrank from a collision, and did not prefer their charge; and on the day which had been fixed for his trial, he preached in Edinburgh to the largest Protestant concourse which had ever assembled there. He was not courting rebellion, but so large a majority of the population of Scot-

land were now on the reforming side, that he felt—and who does not feel with him?—that, in a free country, the lawful rights of the people in a matter touching what they conceived to be their most sacred duty were not to be set aside and trampled upon any more by an illegal and tyrannical power. In the name of the people he now drew up his celebrated petition to the queen regent, begging to be heard in his defence, protesting against the existing ecclesiastical system, and the wickedness which had been engendered by it. It was written firmly but respectfully, and the regent would have acted more wisely if she had considered longer the answer which she made to it. She ran her eye over the pages, and turning to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was standing near her, she tossed it into his hands, saying, "Will it please you, my lord, to read a pasquil?"

"Madam," wrote Knox, when he heard of it, "if ye no more esteem the admonition of God, nor the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquils, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest."

It is the constant misfortune of governments that they are never able to distinguish the movements of just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. The sailor knows what to look for when the air is moaning in the shrouds; the fisherman sees the coming tempest in the heaving of the under-*roll*; but governments can never read the signs of the times, though they are written in fire before their eyes. For the present it was thought better that Knox should leave Scotland while his friends in the meantime organized themselves more firmly. To a grave and serious people civil war is the most desperate of remedies, and by his remaining at this moment it would have been inevitably precipitated. He was no sooner gone than the Archbishop of St. Andrews again summoned him. He was condemned in his absence, and burnt in effigy the next day at the market cross. But the people were no longer in the old mood of submission, and to this bonfire they replied with another. "The great idol" of Edinburgh, St. Giles, vanished off his perch in the rood-loft of the High Church, and, after a plunge in the North Loch, the next day was a heap of ashes. The offenders were not forthcoming, and not to be found; and the regent, in high anger, summoned the preachers to answer for them. To secure herself against being a second time baffled as she had been before, by the interference of the people, she put out a proclamation that all persons who had come to Edinburgh without authority should forthwith

depart from it. It so happened that "certain faithful of the west," some of Lord Argyle's men, probably, were in the town. They had come in at the news that the preachers were to be tried, and the meaning of this proclamation was perfectly clear to them; so, by way of reply to it, they assembled together, forced their way into the presence-chamber, where the queen was in council with the bishops, to complain of such strange entertainment; and not getting such an answer as they desired, one of them said to her, "Madam, we know this is the malice and device of those jefwellis and of that bastard (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) that stands by you; we vow to God we shall make a day of it. They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies. They trouble us and our preachers, and would murder them and us. Shall we suffer this any more? Nay, madam, it shall not be." "And therewith every man put on his steel bonnet."

When ruling powers have to listen to language like this, and answer steel bonnets with smooth speeches and concessions, the one thing left for such rulers is to take themselves away with as much rapidity as they can, for rule they neither do nor can. At this time almost the whole of the nobility, for honest or dishonest reasons, were on the reforming side. The Church, unluckily for itself, was rich; they were poor; and if some of them had no sympathy with Protestantism, they had also ceased to believe that any service which Catholicism could do for them entitled it to half the land in Scotland. It was, consequently, with little or no effect, that the bishops now appealed for protection to the nobles. The Archbishop of St. Andrews sent a long remonstrance to Lord Argyle for maintaining a reforming preacher. "He preaches against idolatry," Lord Argyle answered coldly. "I remit it to your lordship's conscience if that be heresy. He preaches against adultery and fornication. I remit that to your lordship's conscience." And the archbishop's connexion with Lady Gilton being somewhat notorious, it was difficult for him to meet such an answer.

If the question had been left for Scotland to settle for itself, the solution of it would have been rapid and simple. But the regent knew that sooner or later she might count on the support of France; and she believed, with good reason, that if the real power of France was once brought to bear, such resistance as the Scotch could offer to it would be crushed with little difficulty. The marriage of the young queen with the Dauphin, and the subsequent death of Henry, removed the causes which had hitherto prevented her from being supported. The Guises were

again omnipotent at Paris, and their ambition, not contented with France and Scotland, extended itself, on the death of Mary Tudor, to England as well. With the most extravagant notions of England's weakness, and with a belief, which was rather better grounded, that the majority of the people were ill affected to a Protestant sovereign, they conceived that a French army had only to appear over the border with the flag of Mary Stuart displayed, for the same scenes to be enacted over again as had been witnessed six years before; and that Elizabeth would as easily be shaken from the throne as Jane Grey had been. But the success of the blow might depend upon the speed with which it could be struck; and no time was, therefore, to be lost in bringing Scotland to obedience. Accordingly, under one pretence and another, large bodies of troops were carried over, and the queen regent was instructed to temporize and flatter the Protestants into security, till a sufficient number had been assembled to crush them. It is no slight evidence of their good meaning that they should have allowed themselves to be deceived by her, but deceived they certainly were; and except for Knox's letters; with which he incessantly urged them to watchfulness, they might have been deceived fatally. But the clear strong understanding of Knox, far away as he was, saw through the real position of things. There was no one living whose political judgment was more sound than his, and again and again he laid before them their danger and their duty. He saw that the intention was to make Scotland a French province, and how it would fare then with the Reformation was no difficult question.

"God speaketh to your conscience, therefore," he wrote to the lords, "unless ye be dead with the blind world, that you ought to hazard your lives, be it against kings and emperors, for the deliverance of your brethren. For that cause are ye called princes of the people, and receive of your brethren honour, tribute, and homage—not by reason of your birth and progeny, as most part of men falsely do suppose, but by reason of your office and duty, which is to vindicate and deliver your subjects and brethren from all violence and oppression to the uttermost of your power."

In the meantime the Church, as a prelude to the energetic measures which were in contemplation, thought it decent to attempt some sort of a reformation within itself. We smile as we look through the articles which were resolved upon by the episcopal conclave. They proposed, we presume, to proceed with moderation, and content themselves with doing a little at a time. No person in future

was to hold an ecclesiastical benefice except a priest, such benefices having hitherto furnished a convenient maintenance for illegitimate children. *No kirkman was to nourish his bairn in his own company, but every one was to hold the children of others.* And such bairn was in no case to succeed his father in his benefice. The *naiveté* of these resolutions disarms our indignation, but we shall scarcely wonder any more at the rise or the spread of Protestantism. On the strength of them, however, or rather on the strength of the French troops, they were now determined to go on with the persecution; Walter Milne, an old man of eighty, was seized and burnt; and although the queen regent affected to deplore the bishop's severity, no one doubted that either she herself or the queen in Paris had directed them to proceed.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called,—it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects ought to have recourse—a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God; or to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times; and treason is not against persons, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to depose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

On the 2nd of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment

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was a critical one; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration; and throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come, she believed, when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected, to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyle, were still with the queen regent; so even was Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day fixed for their trial; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice, was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him. He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast; the high cheekbone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad underjaw; with long full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted, with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature—the power which we call humour, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth, on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph,

the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking; that "it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass; when the first was over, the other took its turn: and as Knox had been longer than the priests expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager hearted boy who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out when he saw it, "This is intolerable, that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a stone at him in return. Missing the priest he hit the tabernacle, and "did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewn with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, tabernacle, vestments, crucifixes, images, were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankment and swept everything before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a mob, "the rascal multitude," as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child, that she would drive a plough over it, and sow it with salt;" and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The Lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine anything; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with

the regent, and endeavour, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

The town people in the meantime had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High-street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his children; and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom. It was still uncertain what support they might expect, and before any support had actually arrived, when Knox hastened to realize the conviction which long ago he had expressed on board the French galley, and to "glorify God" in the pulpit of the Church where "God had first opened his voice." If he had superstitious feelings on the matter we cannot quarrel with him for them; and although it was at the risk of his life, (for a detachment of the French were at Falkland, only twelve miles distant, and the archbishop had sent a message to the lords, "that in case the said John presented himself to the preaching place in his town, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose,") yet at such a time the boldest policy is always the soundest, and he refused to listen to the remonstrances of his friends. "To delay to preach to-morrow," he said the evening before the day fixed, "unless the body be violently withholden, I

cannot of conscience. For in this town and kirk began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, and this I cannot conceal, which more than one heard me say when the body was far absent from Scotland, that my assured hope was to preach in St. Andrews before I departed this life." He went straight-forward, he preached as he had done at Perth, and with a still more serious effect, for the town council immediately after the sermon voted the abolition of "all monuments of idolatry." The circumstances of the prophecy, and still more the circumstances of their previous knowledge of him, his present position as an outlaw with a price upon his head, the threats of the archbishop with the doubt whether he would attempt to put them in force; all these, added to the power of Knox's own thunder, explain the precipitancy of the resolutions in the excitement which they must have produced; and the resolutions themselves were immediately carried into effect. *Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution, and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen, and citizens, were in arms to receive them, that they shrank back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments; and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appearance of this one man had summoned into action. We require no better witness of the prostration of the Catholic faith in Scotland, or of the paralysis into which it had sunk.

"And now," wrote Knox to a friend, "the long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance. Forty days and more hath my God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my own carcase, His holy name be praised."

The rest of the summer the queen regent was obliged to remain a passive spectator of a burst of popular feeling with which, as long as it was at its height her power was wholly inadequate to cope, and which she was forced to leave to work its will, till it cooled of itself. . . . That it would and must cool sooner or later, a less shrewd person than Mary of Guise could foresee: feeling of all kinds is in nature transient and exhausting, and the goodness of a cause will not prevent enthusiasm from flagging, or unpaid and unsupported armies from disintegrating. Her turn, therefore, she might safely calculate, would come at last; and, in the meantime,

there was nothing for it but to sit still, while, by a simultaneous movement over the entire Lowlands, the images were destroyed in the churches, and the monasteries laid in ruins. Not a life was lost, not a person was injured, no private revenge was gratified in the confusion, no private greediness took opportunity to pilfer. Only the entire material of the old faith was washed clean away.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it,—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of Education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in the ears as if it came from heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Scone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was invited to appear at the conference of the lords, but unwilling or afraid to come forward, he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the town people of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door: but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues. From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a son of the bishop ran an artisan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of the people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Scone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruction, “a poor

aged matron,” he tells us, “who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were thereat offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, ‘Now I perceive that God’s judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish. Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated, and virgins deflowered, by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended.’”

Such was the first burst of the Reformation in Scotland; we need not follow the course of it. It was the rising up of a nation, as we have said, against the wickedness which had taken possession of the holiest things and holiest places, to declare in the name of God that such a spectacle should no longer be endured. Of the doctrines of Scotch Protestantism, meaning by that the speculative scheme of Christianity which was held and taught by Knox and the other ministers, we say but little, regarding it as by no means the thing of chiefest importance. Formal theology at its best is no more than a language,—an expression in words of mysteries which the mind of man can never adequately comprehend, and is, therefore, like all other human creations, liable to continual change. In Knox’s own words, “All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual, doth decay;” and all languages become in time dead languages, and the meaning of them is only artificially preserved among us. Religion, as these Reformers understood it, (and as all religious men understand it, whatever be their language,) meant this, that the business of man upon earth was to serve Almighty God, not with forms and words, but with an obedient life, to hate all sin, impurity, hypocrisy, and falsehood; and whatever Protestantism may have become after three centuries of establishment, Protestantism at its outset meant a return to this, from formalism the mother of all wickedness. It were a poor conception, indeed, that so great a quarrel was for the truth or falsehood of a speculative system of theology. Then, indeed, the world gained little by the change; for, if Calvinism was once a motive power to holiness, so, too, was once the mass itself; and if the mass became an idol and a cause of confusion and sin, by a process exactly analogous the theory of vicarious righteousness may now be found in the Welsh valleys producing an identical result. So it is, and so it always will be, as long as any special virtue is supposed to re-

side in formal outward act, or formal inward theory, irrespective of purity of heart and manliness of life.

The details of the war which followed need not concern us here. The French were reinforced; the Protestants, as had been foreseen, broke in pieces at the beginning of the winter; and, reverse following on reverse, there was soon as much despondency as there had been enthusiasm, and they were driven in the end to throw themselves on the protection of Elizabeth, which she was, only with the utmost difficulty, prevailed upon to consent to extend to them. Her English love of order was outraged by their turbulence. Her despotic Tudor blood could not endure the rising of subjects against their sovereign; and, though she *knew* that the right was on their side, it was less easy for her to *feel* it. Knox himself, by his unfortunate "Blast against the Regimen of Women," had made himself personally odious to her; and though she could hardly have failed to see his merit, yet his character would under no circumstances have attracted her affection. Nor had he any skill to deal with such a temper as hers. The diplomatic correspondence with England fell to his conduct; and he began it with a justification of his book, which, right or wrong, he had much better have passed over; he told her that she was to consider herself an exception to a rule, that she reigned by the choice of God, and not by right of inheritance; and he could not have touched a nerve on which she was more sensitive, or challenged a right of which she was more jealous. Nor did Cecil fare any better than his mistress. To him he commenced with rebukes for his "horrible apostasy" in having conformed, under Mary, to the Romish ritual. He was unable to understand the difference in the circumstances of the two kingdoms, or in the characters of the two nations. Cecil was an Englishman—it is at once the explanation of, and the apology for his conduct; but to Knox it was neither the one nor the other. He could only conceive of the Mass as the service of the devil; and the "adiaphorism" of the English was to him no better than atheism. Elizabeth took no notice of the letter to herself; Cecil answered him for her as well as for himself, with quiet and well-timed humour. "*Non est masculus neque femina,*" he wrote, "*omnes enim ut ait Paulus unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.*" He knew, and the queen knew, however difficult she found it to make the acknowledgment to herself, that the French must not be allowed to triumph in Scotland; and as soon as it became clear that the Protestants could not maintain them-

selves without assistance it was freely and effectively given.

And now we pass on to the meeting of the estates and the settlement of the new kirk constitution. Mary of Guise was dead; the French were finally driven out, and the queen of Scotland had been so identified with them that, on their defeat, she was left without authority or influence in the country. The estates met as an independent and irresponsible body to act for themselves as they should think good; and the French commissioners had engaged on behalf of the titular queen that she would ratify whatever they should resolve upon. The session opened with a national thanksgiving; and, considering how vast a victory had been gained, and how "manifestly," as Knox conceived, God had fought for the movement, it was natural that he should be sanguine in his expectation of what would now be done by a grateful people. In the enormous revenue of the church he saw a magnificent material, not to salary the new kirk ministers, but to found schools and universities, to endow hospitals and almshouses; in his own broad language, he called it restoring the temple; and perhaps for the moment, he allowed himself to believe that the noble lords of Scotland were as enthusiastic for the good of the people as he was himself. But it was one thing to win the victory, and another to divide the spoil. "Heh, then," said young Maitland of Lethington, "we must forget ourselves now; we mun a' bear the barrow, and build the house of the Lord." Not quite. The ministers should have sufficient stipend, but for the rest they would consider. Nor was this the only disappointment. We have seen that what Knox had chiefly valued in the Genevan reformation was the discipline of morals, which was established along with it. A serious attempt had been made by Calvin to treat sins as civil crimes, to graduate all punishments inflicted by the law, according to the scale of moral culpability; and he had succeeded apparently so well, that the example was pressed upon Scotland; a body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "*in fide parentum,*" as children were baptized; and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; insomuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everything which repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mockage,

'Devout Imaginations.'\*\* And yet if there were partial failures, when we consider the necessary imperfection inherent in all human things, and when we remember that the work which actually was done by the estates was the extemporizing in a few weeks a new ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, civil constitution for an entire kingdom, we shall not be disposed to complain of them. It was roughly done, but done sternly and strongly, and the substantial evils were swept utterly away. Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much was actually realized, that laws were passed with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication, and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited for ever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

Oh! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern Liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamouring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. We do not look for the explanation, with some modern apologists, in the want of reciprocity on the part of the Catholics, in the impossibility of tolerating a creed which is in itself intolerant. In England, the mass was forbidden because it was identified with civil disaffection. In Scotland, it was forbidden because it was supposed to be idolatry, and so to be forbidden by God; the Bible was positive and peremptory; and the Bible was accepted, *bonâ fide*, as the guide of life. The fact is, toleration, in the modern sense, is a phenomenon of modern growth, and the result of a condition of things of very recent existence. We have no toleration for what we believe to be evil, or for what plainly and obviously leads to evil; God forbid that we should. But as we look round among the

sects into which we are divided, and see that good and evil are very equally distributed among us, we learn to speak of our speculative differences, no longer as matters of conscience, but merely as differences of opinion, which do not touch the conscience at all. We experience, as matter of fact, that the holding of this or that opinion is no obstacle to an adequate discharge of public and private duty; that a man may be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Socinian, or a Jew, and yet be an honest man and a good citizen; and we cannot permit the persecution of speculations of which moral evil is not a visible result. This is what we mean by toleration, and three centuries ago it could not exist, because the reason for it did not exist. In England, a Catholic *could not be* a good citizen: in Scotland, he *was not* an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolator should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

So then, in spite of the Maitlands and the Erskines, and the other spoliators of church property, Knox could find matter enough for exultation. "What adulterer," he asks, triumphantly, "what fornicator, what known mass-monger, or pestilent papist, durst have been seen in the public in any reformed town within this realm before that the queen arrived?" Work greater than this was never achieved by reformers on the earth. We may well wonder that the arrival of a young lady, hardly twenty years old, should have been able to disintegrate it. We have seen Knox in conflict with many forms of evil; he had now to contend with it under one more aspect, the last, but most dangerous of all.

But one year had passed since Mary Stuart had been queen of France as well as of Scotland, and self-elected queen of England, with the full power of a mighty nation preparing to enforce her right; and now she was coming to her own poor inheritance a lonely widow, at the moment when it was flushed with a successful revolt, her influence in France lying buried in her husband's grave,

\* This well-known expression has been placed by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of the Earl of Murray. If the mistake were ever so insignificant it would be worth correcting; and it is therefore as well to say that Knox himself is the only authority for the words, and that the description which he gives of the speaker as little agrees with the opinion which he elsewhere expresses of Murray as the words themselves with Murray's general character. There is no evidence, either positive or probable, in favour of Scott's conjecture—if, indeed, it was a conjecture at all, and was more than carelessness.



and her claim to England disavowed in her name by her own commissioners: and yet, feeble as she seemed, she was returning with a determined purpose to undo all that had been done; to overthrow the Reformation, to overthrow Elizabeth, and, on the throne of the two kingdoms, lay them both as an offering before the Pope. Elsewhere, in this "Review," we have given our opinion of this remarkable woman, and she will only appear before us here in her relation with the reformers; but the more we examine her history, the more cause we find to wonder at her; and deep as were her crimes, her skill, her enterprise, her iron and dauntless resolution, almost tempt us to forget them.

She never doubted her success; she knew the spell which would enchant the fierce nobles of her country. There was but one man whom, on the eve of her setting out, she confessed that she feared, and that was Knox. He alone, she knew, would be proof against her Armida genius, and if she could once destroy him, she could carry all before her. Nor had she either misjudged her subjects or overrated her own power. Before she had been three years at home, she had organized a powerful party, that was wholly devoted to her. She had broken the Protestant league, and scattered disaffection and distrust among its members. Murray had quarrelled with Knox for her. Argyle was entangled with the Irish rebels. The mass was openly re-established through town and country: and, while the Reformation was melting like snow all over Scotland, the northern English counties were ready, at a signal, to rise in arms against Elizabeth.

The self-restraint which she practised upon herself in order to effect all this is as remarkable as the effect itself which she produced. She pretended, at her return, that all which she desired was the love of her subjects. She would govern as they wished, and do what they wished. For her religion she could not immediately answer; she had been brought up a Catholic, and she could not change her faith like her dress; but she had no thought of interfering with them; and, in return, she modestly requested, what it seemed as if she might have demanded as a right, that for the present she should be allowed the private exercise of the religion of her fathers. How was it possible to refuse a petition so humble? urged, too, as it was, in the name of conscience by lips so beautiful. Honour, courtesy, loyalty, every knightly feeling forbade it. What was there in a single mass, that the sour ministers, with Knox at the head of them, should make such a

noise about it? Even Murray was the warmest advocate for yielding. Scotland, he said, would be disgraced for ever if she was driven away from it on such a plea. It would only be for a little while, and time and persuasion, and, above all, the power of the truth, would not fail to do their work upon a mind so tender and so gentle.

And yet, as Knox knew well, a conviction which courtesy could influence, was no longer a sacred one; and to concede a permission to do what the law declared to be a crime, was to condemn the law itself as unjust and tyrannous. "That one mass," he said, "was more fearful to him than the landing of ten thousand men;" he knew, and Mary knew too, that to grant her that one step was to give up the game, and that on the mere ground of political expediency to yield on that point was suicide.

Here is a picture of the way in which things went. At a distance from Holyrood the truth had a better chance of being felt, and the noblemen who were in the country hurried up, "wondrous offended," when they heard of this mass, to know what it meant:—

"So that every man, as he came up, accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a space, they were as quiet as the former; which thing perceived, a zealous and godly man, Robert Campbell, of Kinganceugh, said to Lord Ochiltree, 'My lord, now ye are come, and almost the last, and I perceive by your anger the fire edge is not off you; but I fear that, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled upon you, that ye shall become as temperate here as the rest. I have been here now five days, and I heard every man say at the first, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched.'"

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees

or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered by instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors :—

“But they resisted not with the sword,” she said.

“God, madam,” he replied, “had not given them the means.”

“Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes,” she said.

“If the princes exceed their bounds, madam,” was his answer, “and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honour nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and finally, bind his hands, and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast; think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.”

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen “stood as it were amazed,” and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there anything disrespectful in this? Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and, for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. “He is not afraid,” some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. “Why,” he answered, “should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure.” Dr. M’Crie has spoilt this by inventing “a sarcastic scowl” for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not “scowl sarcastically,” except in novels, and Dr. M’Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and

we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her brother. “Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen,” Randolph writes to Cecil, “and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me.” Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, “In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God, and against his truth, my judgment faileth me.” But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

But there were forces deeper than human will, and stronger than human error on the side of the Protestants. In their language we should say God fought for them; in our own, that the laws by which he governs the world would have their way; and that the inherent connexion of Catholicism, in those the last days of its power, with evil, was forced again to manifest itself. Even at the outset, in its claim for toleration, unconsciously it confessed its nature. When the municipal law was read, according to custom, at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, that “no adulterer, fornicator, or obstinate papist that corrupted the people, be found after forty-eight hours’ notice within the precincts of the town,” the council who had ordered it were deposed by command of the court, and a counter-proclamation issued, “That the town should be patent to all the queen’s lieges.”—And so, says Knox, “the devil got freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street.” How it came to pass that the Roman-catholic religion had come to be attended with such companions, why it was then so fruitful in iniquity, when once it had been the faith-

of saints, and when in our own day the professors of it (in this country) are at least as respectable as those of any other communion, are questions curious enough, but which would lead us far from our present subject; the fact itself is matter of pure experience. The cause perhaps was, briefly, that it was not a religion at all; with the ignorant it was a superstition; with the queen and the ecclesiastics it was the deadliest of misbeliefs; they had been brought to conceive that in itself it was a cause so excellent, that the advocacy and defence of it would be accepted of Heaven in lieu of every other virtue.

The court set the example of profligacy. Mary's own conduct was at first only ambiguous; but her French relations profited by the recovered freedom of what Knox calls the devil. The good people of Edinburgh were scandalized with shameful brothel riots, and not Catherine de Medicis herself presided over a circle of young ladies and gentlemen more questionable than those which filled the galleries of Holyrood. From the courtiers the scandal extended to herself, and in two years two of her lovers had already died upon the scaffold under very doubtful circumstances. Even more offensive and impolitic was the gala with which she celebrated the massacre of Vassy, the first of that infernal catalogue of crimes by which the French annals of those years are made infamous, and at last she joined the league which was to execute the Tridentine decrees, and extirpate Protestantism. Knox, from his pulpit in St. Giles's, week after week denounced these things; but the knights of the holy war were all wandering enchanted in the Armida forest, and refused to listen to him; and the people, though they lay beyond the circle of the charm, were as yet unable to interfere. Yet, in Knox, the fire which Mary dreaded was still kept alive, and she left no means untried to extinguish it. She threatened him, she cajoled him, sending for him again and again. Once she thought she had caught him, and he was summoned before the council to answer for one of his addresses, but it was all in vain. No weapon formed against him prospered. "What are you," she said, another time, "in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," he answered; "and albeit neither earl nor baron, yet God has made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a profitable member within the same." If no one else would speak the truth, the truth was not to remain unspoken, and should be spoken by him. After one of these interviews we find him falling into very unusual society. He had been told to wait in the anteroom, and being out of favour at court, "he

stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beauties, by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"Oh, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end, that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling, right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

So, however, matters went on growing worse and worse, till the Darnley marriage, the culminating point of Mary's career. Hitherto, as if by enchantment, she had succeeded in everything which she had attempted. The north of England was all at her devotion; with her own subjects her will had become all but omnipotent. The kirk party among the commons were firm among themselves; but the statesmen and the noblemen had deserted their cause, and they were now preparing to endure a persecution which they would be unable to resist. The Earl of Murray, whose eyes at last were opened, knowing that Darnley had been chosen by his sister as a prelude to an invasion of England, had opposed the marriage with all his power; and well it would have been for her if she had listened to him. But Murray utterly failed. He called on his old party to support him, but it was all gone—broken in pieces by his own weakness, and by others' faults; and he had to fly for his life over the borders.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined everything, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had overcalculated her powers of endurance, and though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would

have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to see her vices, and would have been contented with so much favour as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonour and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable persons so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right;—right in the plain, common-sense, human view;—and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crimes increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons, whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power, commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that, when sovereigns are the offenders, sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work

miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of Almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the power to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy anywhere for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral courage. But for all that Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and murders, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape? Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died mad in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland es-

caped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over: the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond recovery: the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature, than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office of bishops had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their discreditable service.

Yet, if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood, had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself, as we saw, to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even

a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart; he believed too well, and he hoped too much of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant; and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first years of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself, he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind, and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now—but he dared it all, and the happiest three years that Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of these golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less favoured times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators:—

“On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots), or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty-eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish.”

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think, that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that "gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the pure;" under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way, and for the present, such is the "hardness of our hearts," it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is anything but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the meantime, however, if, by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind: and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given to him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials, more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now when it seemed played out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

"God comfort that little flock," he wrote, about this time, "among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased His Majesty above all men's expectation to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies."

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said

himself, "bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them."

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the time at which he thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *Nunc dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him: years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place, to the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τις ἄδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι κατῶνεν  
Τὸ κατῶνεν δὲ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the re-opening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside, she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that before long, there would be an active interference in her favour; and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame, but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary, when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the north was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent," as they called her, without further scruple, it was not likely that he would forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps, when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman; even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace

of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have lain down on an unbloody pillow, which was sliced away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause; and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that, "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation."

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

When the rule of right is absolute, at all hazards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debatable land of equity which the imperfection of human understanding can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can feel its way. That other formula, "the idolator shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would, at the moment at which he uttered it, have destroyed Francis Xavier.

Yet, again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the Regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

"Oh Lord, what shall we add to the former petitions we know not; yet alas, oh Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reason of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou command'st to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. Oh Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm. To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labours he brought the same all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and in-

gratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, oh Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

"If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, oh Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awin husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can comprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give thou strength to us to fight our battle; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name."

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years, but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before, he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with their *tuchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to peremptory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would) should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more, in this distracted time, Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the queen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favour of the world. And for what I have spoke against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing, I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years

of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which then they risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

“What I have been to my country,” he said, “albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men that has anything to oppose against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howlettes*, that dare not abide the light.”

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a body-guard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny lights are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

“He ludgit,” we are told, “down in the Abbey beside our college; he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his work in our country, and stand by the gude cause, to use our time well, and learn the gude instruction.”

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can

readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

“I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter,” says Melville. “I haid my pen and my little buik, and tuck away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up his text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application, he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulle and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Ballenden (Bannatyne), his servant, holding up the other oter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he, the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon he was sae active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it.”

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep clear insight into human life were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of “gospel truth.”

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots,



there were further connexions of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved Scotland by distracting the attention of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends came in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, and for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ik ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken

leave of the world, and only the few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died, he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti.*" It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain; "It is na painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sate by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, whilk was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Aye," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which oftime ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and sleipit away without ony pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the sur-

face changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intoleranticonoclast, and we are like the agriculturists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are passed away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue *we* have made. Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror, we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."

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#### ART. II.—OVER-LEGISLATION.

1. *Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present Century.* Second edition. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1842.
2. *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the Second Series of "Notes of a Traveller."* By Samuel Laing, Esq. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1850.
3. *Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851: being the Third Series of "Notes of a Traveller."* By Samuel Laing, Esq. With a Plan of the Battle of Idstedt. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1852.
4. *Navigation and Mercantile Marine Law.* By W. S. Lindsay. Second Edition. Post 8vo. Longman and Co. 1853.

FROM time to time there returns upon the cautious thinker, the conclusion that, considered simply as a question of probabilities, it is decidedly unlikely that his views on any debateable topic are correct. "Here," he reflects, "are thousands around me holding on this or that point opinions differing from mine—wholly in most cases; partially in the rest. Each is as confident as I am of the truth of his convictions. Many of them are possessed of great intelligence; and rank myself high as I may, I must admit that some are my equals—perhaps my superiors. Yet, whilst every one of us is sure he is right, unquestionably most of us are wrong. Why should not I be amongst the mistaken? True, I cannot realize the likelihood that I am so; but this proves nothing; for though the majority of us are necessarily in error, we all labour under the inability to think we are in error. Is it not then foolish thus to trust myself? When I turn and look back into the past, I find nations, sects, philosophers, cherishing beliefs in science, morals, politics, and religion, which we decisively reject. Yet they held them with a faith quite as strong as ours: nay—stronger, if their intolerance of dissent is any criterion. Of what little worth, therefore, seems this strength of my conviction that I am right! A like warrant has been felt by men all the world through; and, in nine cases out of ten, has proved a delusive warrant. Is it not then absurd in me to put so much faith in my judgments?"

Barren of practical results as this reflection at first sight appears, it may, and indeed should, influence some of our most important proceedings. Though in daily life we are constantly obliged to act out our inferences, trustless as they may be—though in the house, in the office, in the street, there hourly arise occasions on which we may not hesitate; seeing that if to act is dangerous, never to act at all is fatal—and though, consequently on our private conduct, this abstract doubt, as to the worth of our judgments, must re-

main inoperative—yet, in our public conduct, we may properly allow it to weigh with us. Here decision is no longer imperative; whilst the difficulty of deciding aright is incalculably greater. Clearly as we may think we see how a given measure will work, we may infer, drawing the above induction from human experience, that the chances are many against the truth of our anticipations. Whether, in most cases, it is not wiser to do nothing becomes now a rational question. Continuing his self-criticism, the cautious thinker may reason:—"If in these personal transactions, where all the conditions of the case were known to me, I have so often miscalculated, how much oftener shall I miscalculate in political ones, where the conditions are too numerous, too widespread, too complex, too obscure to be understood? Here, doubtless, is a social evil, and there a desideratum; and were I sure of doing no mischief, I would forthwith try to cure the one and achieve the other. But when I remember how many of my private schemes have miscarried—how speculations have failed, agents proved dishonest, marriage been a disappointment—how I did but pauperize the relative I sought to help—how my carefully-governed son has turned out worse than most children—how the thing I desperately strove against as a misfortune did me immense good—how, whilst the objects I ardently pursued brought me little happiness when gained, most of my pleasures have come from unexpected sources—when I recall these and hosts of like facts, I am struck with the utter incompetence of my intellect to prescribe for society. And as the evil is one under which society has not only lived but grown, whilst the desideratum is one it may spontaneously secure, as it has most others, in some unforeseen way, I question the propriety of meddling."

There is a great want of this practical humility in our political conduct. Though we have less self-confidence than our ancestors, who did not hesitate to organize in law their judgments on all subjects whatever, we have yet far too much. Though we have ceased to assume the infallibility of our theological beliefs and so ceased to enact them, we have not ceased to enact hosts of other beliefs of an equally doubtful kind. Though we no longer presume to coerce men for their *spiritual good*, we still think ourselves called upon to coerce them for their *material good*—not seeing that the one is in truth as useless and as unwarrantable as the other. Innumerable failures seem, so far, powerless to teach this. Take up a daily paper, and you will probably find a leader exposing the corruption, negligence, or mismanagement of some State-department. Cast your eye down

the next column, and it is not unlikely that you will read proposals for an extension of State-supervision. Yesterday came a charge of gross carelessness against the Colonial office: to-day Admiralty-bunglings are burlesqued: to-morrow brings the question—"should there not be more coal-mine inspectors?" Now there is a complaint that the Board of Health is useless; and now an outcry for more railway regulation. Whilst your ears are still ringing with denunciations of Chancery abuses, or your cheeks still glowing with indignation at some well-exposed iniquity of the Ecclesiastical Courts, you suddenly come upon suggestions for organizing "a priesthood of science." Here is a vehement condemnation of the police for stupidly allowing sight-seers to crush each other to death: you look for the corollary that official regulation is not to be trusted: when instead, apropos of a shipwreck, you read an urgent demand for government-inspectors to see that ships always have their boats ready for launching. Thus, whilst every day chronicles a failure, there every day reappears the belief that it needs but an Act of Parliament and a staff of officers to effect any end desired. Nowhere is the perennial faith of mankind better seen. Ever since society existed Disappointment has been preaching—"Put not your trust in legislation;" and yet the trust in legislation seems scarcely diminished.

Did the State fulfil efficiently its unquestionable duties, there would be some excuse for this eagerness to assign it further ones. Were there no complaints of its faulty administration of justice; of its endless delays and untold expenses; of its bringing ruin in place of restitution: of its playing the tyrant where it should have been the protector—did we never hear of its complicated stupidities; its 20,000 statutes, which it assumes all Englishmen to know, and which not one Englishman does know; its multiplied forms, which, in the effort to meet every contingency, open far more loopholes than they provide against—had it not shown its folly in the system of making every petty alteration by a new act, variously affecting innumerable preceding acts; or in its score of successive sets of Chancery rules, which so modify and limit, and extend, and abolish, and alter each other, that not even Chancery lawyers know what the rules are—were we never astounded by such a fact as that, under the system of land-registration in Ireland, 6000*l.* have been spent in a "negative search" to establish the title of an estate—did we find in its doings no such terrible incongruity as the imprisonment of a hungry vagrant for stealing a turnip, whilst for the gigantic embezzle-

ments of a railway director it inflicts no punishment—had we, in short, proved its efficiency as judge and defender, instead of having found it treacherous, cruel, and anxiously to be shunned, there would be some encouragement to hope other benefits at its hands.

Or if, whilst failing in its judicial functions, the State had proved itself a capable agent in some other department—the military for example—there would have been some show of reason for extending its sphere of action. Suppose that it had rationally equipped its troops, instead of giving them cumbrous and ineffective muskets, barbarous grenadier caps, absurdly heavy knapsacks and cartouche-boxes, and clothing coloured so as admirably to help the enemy's marksmen—suppose that it organized well and economically, instead of salaried an immense superfluity of officers, creating sinecure colonelcies of 4000*l.* a-year, neglecting the meritorious, and promoting incapables—suppose that its soldiers were always well housed, instead of being thrust into barracks that invalid hundreds, as at Aden, or that fall on their occupants, as at Loodianah, where ninety-five were thus killed—suppose that, in actual war, it had shown due administrative ability, instead of occasionally leaving its regiments to march barefoot, to dress in patches, to capture their own engineering tools, and to fight on empty stomachs, as during the Peninsular campaign—suppose all this, and the wish for more State-control might still have had some warrant.

Even though it had bungled in everything else, yet had it in one case done well—had its naval management alone been efficient—the sanguine would have had a colourable excuse for expecting success in a new field. Grant that the reports about bad ships, ships that will not sail, ships that have to be lengthened, ships with unfit engines, ships that will not carry their guns, ships without stowage, and ships that have to be broken up, are all untrue—assume those to be mere slanderers who say that the *Megæra* took double the time taken by a commercial steamer to reach the Cape; that during the same voyage the *Hydra* was three times on fire, and needed the pumps kept going day and night; that the *Charlotte* troop-ship set out with 75 days' provisions on board, and was three months in reaching her destination; that the *Harpy*, at an imminent risk of life, got home in 110 days from Rio—disregard as calumnies the statements about septuagenarian admirals, dilettante ship-building, and "cooked" dockyard accounts—set down the affair of the Goldner preserved meats as a myth, and consider Professor Barlowe mistaken when he reported of the Admiralty compasses in store,

that "at least one half were mere lumber"—let all these, we say, be held groundless charges, and there would remain for the advocates of much government some basis for their political air-castles, spite of military and judicial mismanagement.

As it is, however, they seem to have read backwards the parable of the talents. Not to the agent of proved efficiency do they consign further duties, but to the negligent and blundering agent. Private enterprise has done much, and done it well. Private enterprise has cleared, drained, and fertilized the country, and built the towns—has excavated mines, laid out roads, dug canals, and embanked railways—has invented, and brought to perfection, ploughs, looms, steam-engines, printing-presses, and machines, and processes innumerable—has built our ships, our vast manufactories, our docks—has established banks, insurance societies, and the newspaper press—has covered the sea with lines of steam-vessels, and the land with electric-telegraphs. Private enterprise has brought agriculture, manufactures, and commerce to their present height, and is now developing them with increasing rapidity. Therefore, do not trust private enterprise. On the other hand, the State so fulfils its protective function as to ruin many, delude others, and frighten away those who most need succour; its national defences are so extravagantly and yet inefficiently administered, as to call forth almost daily complaint, expostulation, or ridicule; and, as the nation's steward, it obtains from some of our vast public estates a minus revenue. Therefore, trust the State. Slight the good and faithful servant, and promote the unprofitable one from one talent to ten.

Seriously, the case, whilst it may not, in some respects, warrant this parallel, is, in one respect, even stronger; for the new work is not of the same order as the old, but of a more difficult order. Badly as government discharges its true duties, any other duties committed to it are likely to be still worse discharged. To guard its subjects against aggression, either individual or national, is a straightforward and tolerably simple matter; to regulate, directly or indirectly, the personal actions of those subjects is an infinitely complicated matter. It is one thing to secure to each man the unhindered power to pursue his own good; it is a widely different thing to pursue the good for him. To do the first efficiently, the State has merely to look on whilst its citizens act, to forbid unfairness, to adjudicate when called on, and to enforce restitution for injuries. To do the last efficiently it must become an ubiquitous worker, must know each man's needs better than he

knows them himself—must, in short, possess superhuman power and intelligence. Even, therefore, had the State done well in its proper sphere, no sufficient warrant would have existed for extending that sphere; but seeing how ill it has discharged those simple offices which we cannot avoid consigning to it, small indeed is the probability of its discharging well, offices of a more complicated nature.

Change the point of view however we may, and this conclusion still presents itself. If we define the primary State-duty as protecting each individual against others, then all other State action comes under the definition of protecting each individual against himself—against his own stupidity, his own idleness, his own improvidence, rashness, or other defect—his own incapacity for doing something or other which should be done. There is no questioning this classification; for manifestly all the obstacles that lie between a man's desires and the satisfaction of them, are either obstacles arising from other men's counter desires, or obstacles arising from inability in himself. Such of these counter desires as are just, have as much claim to satisfaction as his; and may not, therefore, be thwarted. Such of them as are unjust it is the State's duty to hold in check. The only other possible sphere for it, therefore, is saving the individual from the results of his own weakness, apathy, or foolishness—warding off the consequences of his nature; or, as we say—protecting him against himself. Making no comment, at present, on the policy of this, and confining ourselves solely to the practicability of it, let us inquire how the proposal looks when reduced to its simplest form. Here are men endowed with instincts, and sentiments, and perceptions, all conspiring to self-preservation. Each of these faculties has some relationship, direct or indirect, to personal well-being. The due action of each brings its quantum of pleasure; the inaction, its more or less of pain. Those provided with these faculties in due proportions prosper and multiply; those ill-provided, unceasingly tend to die out. And the general success of this scheme of human organization is seen in the fact that, under it, the world has been peopled, and by it the complicated appliances and arrangements of civilized life have been developed. It is complained, however, that there are certain directions in which this apparatus of motives works but imperfectly. Whilst it is admitted that men are duly prompted by it to bodily sustenance, to the obtaining of clothing and shelter, to marriage and the care of offspring, and to the establishment of the more important industrial and commercial agencies, it is yet

argued that there are many desiderata, as pure air, more knowledge, good water, safe travelling, and so forth, which it does not duly achieve. And these short-comings being assumed permanent, and not temporary, it is urged that some supplementary means must be employed. It is therefore proposed that out of the mass of men thus imperfectly endowed, a certain number constituting the legislature—a body originally appointed for quite other purposes, and whose members are now usually selected rather from class motives than from a regard to their administrative qualifications—shall be instructed to secure these various objects. The legislators thus instructed (all of them characterized, on the average, by the same defects in this apparatus of motives as men in general), being unable personally to fulfil their tasks, must fulfil them by deputy—must appoint commissions, boards, councils, and staffs of officers, and must construct their agencies of this same defective humanity that acts so ill. Why now should this system of complex deputation succeed where the system of simple deputation does not? The industrial, commercial, and philanthropic agencies which citizens form spontaneously, are directly deputed agencies; these governmental agencies made by electing legislators who appoint officers are indirectly deputed ones. And it is hoped that, by this process of double deputation, things may be achieved which the process of single deputation will not achieve. What, now, is the *rationale* of this hope? Is it that legislators, and their *employés*, are made to feel more intensely than the rest these evils they are to remedy, these wants they are to satisfy? Hardly; for by position they are mostly relieved from such evils and wants. Is it, then, that they are to have the primary motive replaced by a secondary motive—the fear of public displeasure, and ultimate removal from office? Why, scarcely; for the minor benefits which citizens will not organize to secure *directly*, they will not organize to secure *indirectly*, by turning out inefficient servants—especially if they cannot readily get efficient ones. Is it, then, that these State-agents are to do, from a sense of duty, what they would not do from any other motive? Evidently this is the only possibility remaining. The proposition on which the advocates of much government have to fall back is, that the things which the people will not unite to effect for personal benefit, a law-appointed portion of them will unite to effect for the benefit of the rest. Public men and functionaries love their neighbours better than themselves. The philanthropy of statesmen is stronger than the selfishness of citizens.

No wonder, then, that every day adds to the list of legislative miscarriages. If colliery explosions increase, notwithstanding the appointment of coal-mine inspectors, why it is but a natural moral to these false hypotheses. If Sunderland shipowners complain that, as far as tried, "the Mercantile Marine Act has proved a total failure;" and if, meanwhile, the other class affected by it—the sailors—show their disapprobation by extensive strikes, why it does but exemplify the folly of trusting a theorizing benevolence rather than an experienced self-interest. On all sides we may expect such facts; and on all sides we find them. Government, turning engineer, appoints its lieutenant the Sewers' Commission, to drain London. Presently Lambeth sends deputations to say that it pays heavy rates and gets no benefit. Tired of waiting, Bethnal-green calls meetings to consider "the most effectual means of extending the drainage of the district." From Wandsworth come complainants, who threaten to pay no more until something is done. Camberwell proposes to raise a subscription and do the work itself. Meanwhile no progress is made towards the purification of the Thames; the weekly returns show an increasing rate of mortality; in Parliament, the friends of the Commission have nothing save good intentions to urge in mitigation of censure; and, at length, despairing members gladly empower a private company to do, what their own agent has been unable to do. As architectural surveyor, the State has scarcely succeeded better than as engineer; witness the Metropolitan Buildings' Acts. New houses still tumble down from time to time. A few months since two fell at Bayswater, and one more recently near the Pentonville Prison: all notwithstanding prescribed thicknesses, and hoop-iron bond, and inspectors. It never struck those who provided these delusive sureties that it was possible to build walls without bonding the two surfaces together, so that the inner layer might be removed after the surveyor's approval. Nor did they foresee that in dictating a larger *quantity* of bricks than experience proved absolutely needful they were simply insuring a slow deterioration of *quality* to an equivalent extent.\* The government guarantee for safe passenger-ships answers no better than its guarantee for safe houses. Though the burning of the *Amazon* arose from either bad

construction or bad stowage, she had received the Admiralty certificate before sailing. Notwithstanding official approval, the *Adelaide* was found, on her first voyage, to steer badly, to have useless pumps, ports that let floods of water into the cabins, and coals so near the furnaces that they twice caught fire. The *W. S. Lindsay*, which turned out unfit for sailing, had yet been passed by the government agent; and, but for the owner, might have gone to sea at a great risk of life. The *Melbourne*—originally a State-built ship—which took twenty-four days to reach Lisbon, and then needed to be docked to undergo a thorough repair, had been duly inspected. And lastly, the notorious *Australian*, before her third futile attempt to proceed on her voyage, had, her owners tell us, received "the full approbation of the government inspector." Neither does the like supervision give security to land-travelling. The iron bridge at Chester, which, breaking, precipitated a train into the Dee, had passed under the official eye. Inspection did not prevent a column on the South-Eastern from being so placed as to kill a man who put his head out of the carriage window. The locomotive that burst at Brighton lately did so, notwithstanding a State-approval given but ten days previously. And—to look at the facts in the gross—this system of supervision has not prevented the gradual increase of railway accidents, which, be it remembered, has arisen *since* the system was commenced.\*

"Well, let the State fail. It can but do its best. If it succeed, so much the better: if it do not, where is the harm? Surely it is wiser to act, and take the chance of success, than to do nothing." To this plea the rejoinder is, that unfortunately the results of legislative intervention are not only negatively bad, but often positively so. Acts of Parliament do not simply fail; they frequently make worse. The familiar truth that persecution aids rather than hinders proscribed doctrines—a truth lately afresh illustrated by the forbidden work of Gervinus—is a part of the general truth that legislation often does indirectly the reverse of that which it directly aims to do. Thus—referring again to some of the measures above mentioned—has it been with the Metropolitan Buildings' Act. As was lately agreed unanimously by

\* The *Builder* remarks, that "the removal of the brick duties has not yet produced that improvement in the make of bricks which we ought to find, . . . . but as bad bricks can be obtained for less than good bricks, so long as houses built of the former will sell as readily as if the better had been used," no improvement is to be expected.

\* If government would simply fulfil its true function in the matter, by administering justice between the railway companies and their passengers—it would give the passengers an easy remedy for breach of contract when trains are behind time—it would do more to prevent accidents than can be done by the most cunningly devised regulations. For it is notorious that the majority of those accidents are primarily caused by irregularity.

delegates from all the parishes in London, and as was stated by them to Sir William Molesworth, this act "has encouraged bad building, and has been the means of covering the suburbs of the metropolis with thousands of wretched hovels, which are a disgrace to a civilized country." Thus, too, has it been with the Passengers' Act. The terrible fevers which arose in the Australian emigrant ships a few months since, causing in the *Bourneuf* 83 deaths, in the *Wanota* 39 deaths, in the *Marco Polo* 53 deaths, and in the *Ticonderoga* 104 deaths, arise in vessels sent out by government, and arose in consequence of the close packing which the Passengers' Act authorizes.\* Thus again has it been with the Joint-stock Companies' Registration Act. As was shown by Mr. James Wilson, in his late motion for a select committee on life-assurance associations, this measure, passed in 1844 to guard the public against bubble schemes, actually facilitated the rascalities of 1845 and subsequent years. The legislative sanction, devised as a guarantee of genuineness, and which was habitually supposed by the people to be such, clever adventurers have without difficulty obtained for the most worthless projects; having obtained it, an amount of public confidence has followed which they could never otherwise have gained; and in this way, literally hundreds of sham enterprises that would not else have seen the light, have been fostered into being; and thousands of families have been ruined who would never have been so but for legislative efforts to make them more secure.

Moreover, when these topical remedies applied by statesmen do not exacerbate the evils they were meant to cure, they constantly—we believe invariably—induce collateral evils; and these often of a graver nature than the original ones. It is the vice of this empirical school of politicians that they never look beyond proximate causes and immediate effects. In common with the uneducated masses they habitually regard each phenomenon as involving but one antecedent and one consequent. They do not bear in mind that each phenomenon is a link in an infinite series—is the result of myriads of preceding phenomena, and will have a share in producing myriads of succeeding ones. Hence they overlook the fact, that in disturbing any natural chain of sequences they are not only modifying the result next in succession, but all the future results into which this will enter as a part cause. The serial genesis of phenomena, and

the interaction of each series upon every other series, produces a complexity utterly beyond human grasp. Even in the simplest cases this is so. A servant who mends the fire sees but few effects from the burning of a lump of coal. The man of science, however, knows that there are very many effects. He knows that the combustion establishes numerous atmospheric currents, and through them moves thousands of cubic feet of air inside the house and out. He knows that the heat diffused causes expansions and subsequent contractions of all bodies within its range. He knows that the persons warmed are affected in their rate of respiration and their waste of tissue, and that these physiological changes must have various secondary results. He knows that, could he trace to their ramified influences all the forces disengaged, mechanical, chemical, thermal, electric—could he enumerate all the subsequent effects of the evaporation caused, the gases generated, the light evolved, the heat radiated—a volume would scarcely suffice to enter them. If now from a simple inorganic change such complex results arise, how infinitely multiplied, how utterly incalculable must be the ultimate consequences of any force brought to bear upon society. Wonderfully constructed as it is—mutually dependent as are its members for the satisfaction of their wants—affected as each unit of it is by his fellows, not only as to his safety and prosperity, but in his health, his temper, his culture—the social organism cannot be dealt with in any one part without all other parts being influenced in ways that cannot be foreseen. You put a duty on paper, and by-and-by find that through the medium of the jackard-cards employed you have inadvertently taxed figured silk, sometimes to the extent of several shillings per piece. On removing the impost from bricks you discover that its existence had increased the dangers of mining, by preventing shafts from being lined and workings from being tunneled. By the excise on soap you have, it turns out, greatly encouraged the use of caustic washing-powders, and so have unintentionally entailed an immense destruction of clothes. In every case you perceive, on careful inquiry, that besides acting upon that which you sought to act upon, you have acted upon many other things, and each of these again on many others, and so have propagated a multitude of changes more or less appreciable in all directions. We need feel no surprise, then, that in their efforts to cure specific evils legislators have continually caused collateral evils they never thought of. No Carlyle's wisest man, nor any body of such, could avoid causing them. Though their production is explicable enough after it

\* Against which close packing, by the way, a private mercantile body—the Liverpool Shipowners' Association—unavailingly protested when the act was before parliament.

has occurred, it is never anticipated. When under the New Poor-Law, provision was made for the accommodation of vagrants in the Union-houses, it was hardly expected that a body of tramps would be thereby called into existence who would spend their time in walking from Union to Union throughout the kingdom. It was little thought by those who in past generations assigned parish-pay for the maintenance of illegitimate children, that as a result, a family of such would by-and-by be considered a small fortune, and the mother of them a desirable wife; nor did the same statesmen see that by the law of settlement they were organizing a disastrous inequality of wages in different districts, and entailing a system of clearing away cottages, which would result in the crowding of bedrooms, and in a consequent moral and physical deterioration. The English tonnage-law was enacted simply with a view to regulate the mode of measurement; its framers overlooked the fact that they were practically providing "for the effectual and compulsory construction of bad ships," and that "to cheat the law, that is, to build a tolerable ship in spite of it, was the highest achievement left to an English builder."\* Greater commercial security was alone aimed at by the partnership law. We now find, however, that the unlimited liability it insists upon is a serious hindrance to progress; it practically forbids the association of small capitalists; it is found a great obstacle to the building of improved dwellings for the people; it prevents a better relationship between artizans and employers; and by withholding from the working-classes good investments for their savings, it checks the growth of provident habits and encourages drunkenness. Thus on all sides are well-meant measures producing unforeseen mischiefs—a licensing law that promotes the adulteration of beer, a ticket-of-leave system that encourages men to commit crime, a police regulation that forces street-hunters into the workhouse. And then, in addition to the obvious and proximate evils, come the less distinguishable and more remote ones, which, could we estimate their accumulated result, we should probably find even more serious.

But the thing to be discussed is not so much whether, by any amount of intelligence, it is *possible* for a government to work out the various ends consigned to it, as whether its fulfilment of them is *probable*. It is less a question of *can* than a question of *will*.

\* Lecture before the Royal Institution, by J. Scott Russell, Esq., "On Wave-line Ships and Yachts," Feb. 6, 1852.

Granting the absolute competence of the State, let us consider what hope there is of getting from it satisfactory performance. Let us look at the moving force by which the legislative machine is worked, and then inquire whether the force is thus employed as economically as it would otherwise be.

Manifestly as desire of some kind is the invariable stimulus to action in the individual, every social agency of what nature soever must have some aggregate of desires for its motive power. Men in their collective capacity can exhibit no result but what has its origin in some appetite, feeling, or taste common amongst them. Did not they like meat, there could be no cattle-graziers, no Smithfield, no distributing organization of butchers. Operas, Philharmonic Societies, music-publishers, and street organ-boys, have all been called into being by our love of melodious sounds. Look through the trades'-directory; take up a guide to the London sights; read the index of Bradshaw's time-tables, the reports of the learned societies, or the advertisements of new books, and you see in the publication itself, and in the things it describes, so many products of human activity, stimulated by human desire. Under this stimulus grow up agencies alike the most gigantic and the most insignificant, the most complicated and the most simple—agencies for national defence and for the sweeping of crossings; for the daily distribution of letters, and for the collection of bits of coal out of the Thames mud—agencies that subserve all ends, from the preaching of Christianity to the protection of animals from ill-treatment; from the production of bread for a nation to the supply of groundsel for caged singing-birds. The accumulated desires of individuals being then the moving power by which every social agency is worked, the question to be considered is—Which is the most economical kind of agency? The agency having no power in itself, but being merely an instrument, our inquiry must be for the most efficient instrument—the instrument that costs least, and wastes the smallest amount of the moving power—the instrument least liable to get out of order, and most readily put right again when it does so. Of the two kinds of social mechanism exemplified above, the spontaneous and the governmental, which is the best?

From the form of this question will be readily foreseen the intended answer—that is the best mechanism which contains the fewest parts. The common saying, "What you wish well done you must do yourself," embodies a truth equally applicable to political as to private life. The experience of the agriculturist who finds that farming by bailiff



entails loss, whilst tenant-farming pays, is an experience still better illustrated in national history than in a landlord's account-books. The admitted fact, that joint-stock companies are beaten wherever individuals can compete with them, is a still more certain fact when the joint stock company comprehends the whole nation. This transference of power from constituencies to members of parliament, from these to the executive, from the executive to a board, from the board to its inspectors, and from inspectors through their subs down to the actual workers—this operating through a series of levers, each of which absorbs in friction and inertia part of the moving force—is as bad in virtue of its complexity as the direct employment by society of individuals, private companies, and spontaneously formed institutions, is good in virtue of its simplicity. Fully to realize the contrast, we must compare in detail the working of the two systems.

Officialism is habitually slow. When non-governmental agencies are dilatory, the public has its remedy; it ceases to employ them, and soon finds quicker ones. Under this discipline all private bodies are taught promptness. But for delays in State-departments there is no such easy cure. Life-long Chancery suits must be patiently borne: Museum-catalogues must be hopelessly waited for. Whilst, by the people themselves, a Crystal Palace is designed, erected, and filled, in the course of a few months, the legislature takes twenty years to build itself a new house. Whilst by private persons, the debates are daily printed and dispersed over the kingdom within a few hours of their utterance, the Board of Trade tables are regularly published a month, and sometimes more, after date. And so throughout. Here is a Board of Health which, since 1849, has been about to close the metropolitan graveyards, but has not done it yet; and which has so long dawdled over projects for cemeteries, that the London Necropolis Company has taken the matter out of its hands. Here is a patentee who has had fourteen years' correspondence with the Horse-guards before getting a definite answer respecting the use of his improved boot for the Army. Here is a Plymouth port-admiral who delays sending out to look for the missing boats of the *Amazon* until ten days after the wreck.

Again, officialism is stupid. Under the natural course of things each citizen tends towards his fittest function. Those who are competent to the kind of work they undertake, succeed, and, in the average of cases, are advanced in proportion to their efficiency; whilst the incompetent, society soon finds out, ceases to employ, forces to try something

easier, and eventually turns to use. But it is quite otherwise in State-organizations. Here, as every one knows, birth, age, back-stairs intrigue, and sycophancy, determine the selections, rather than merit. The "fool of the family" readily finds a place in the Church, if "the family" have good connexions. A youth, too ill-educated for any active profession, does very well for an officer in the Army. Grey hair, or a title, is a far better guarantee of naval promotion than genius is. Nay, indeed, the man of capacity often finds that, in government offices, superiority is a hindrance—that his chiefs hate to be pestered with his proposed improvements, and are offended with his implied criticism. Not only, therefore, is legislative machinery complex, but it is made of inferior materials. Hence the blunders we daily read of—the supplying to the dockyards from the royal forests of timber unfit for use—the administration of relief during the Irish famine in such a manner as to draw the labourers from the field, and diminish the subsequent harvest by one-fourth\*—the building of iron war-vessels that should have been of wood, and the insisting on wood for mail-steamers that should be of iron.

A further characteristic of officialism is its extravagance. In its chief departments, Army, Navy, and Church, it employs far more officers than are needful, and pays some of the useless ones exorbitantly. The work done by the Sewers Commission has cost, as Sir B. Hall tells us, from 300 to 400 per cent. over the contemplated outlay; whilst the management charges have reached 35, 40, and 45 per cent. on the expenditure. The trustees of Ramsgate Harbour—a harbour, by the way, that has taken a century to complete—are spending 18,000*l.* a-year in doing what 5000*l.* has been proved sufficient for. The Board of Health is causing new surveys to be made of all the towns under its control—a proceeding which, as Mr. Stephenson states, and as every tyro in engineering knows, is, for drainage purposes, a wholly needless expense. These public agencies are subject to no such influence as that which obliges private enterprise to be economical. Traders and mercantile bodies succeed by serving society cheaply; such of them as cannot do this are continually supplanted by those who can. They cannot saddle the nation with the results of their extravagance, and hence they are prevented from being extravagant. A shopkeeper leaves out of his accounts no item analogous to that 6,000,000*l.* of its revenues, which Parliament allows to be deducted

\* See evidence of Major Larcom.

on the way to the Exchequer. Walk through a manufactory, and you see that the stern alternative, carefulness or ruin, dictate the saving of every penny; visit one of the national dockyards, and the comments you make on any glaring wastefulness are carelessly met by the slang phrase—"Nunky pays."

How invariably officialism becomes corrupt every one knows. Exposed to no such antiseptic as free competition—not dependent for existence, as all private unendowed organizations are, upon the maintenance of a vigorous vitality, all law-made agencies fall into an inert, over-fed state, from which to disease is a short step. Salaries flow irrespective of the activity with which duty is performed; continue after duty wholly ceases; become rich prizes for the idle well-born; and prompt to perjury, to bribery, to simony. East India directors are elected not for any administrative capacity, for any fitness or knowledge they may have, but they buy votes by promised patronage—a patronage alike asked and given, in utter disregard of the welfare of a hundred millions of people. Registrars of wills not only get many thousands a-year for doing work which their miserably paid deputies leave half done, but they, in some cases, defraud the revenue, and that after repeated reprimands.\* Dockyard promotion is the result not of efficient services, but of political favouritism. That they may continue to hold rich livings, clergymen preach what they do not believe; bishops make false returns of their revenues; and at their elections to college-fellowships, well-to-do priests make oath that they are *pauper, pius, et doctus*. From the local inspector, whose eyes are shut to an abuse by a contractor's present, up to the prime minister, who finds well-paid berths for his relations, this venality is daily illustrated; and that in spite of public reprobation and of perpetual attempts to prevent it. It is the inevitable result of destroying the direct connexion between the profits obtained and the work performed. No incompetent person hopes, by the offer of a *douceur* in the *Times*, to get a permanent place in a mercantile office; but where, as under government, there is no employer's self-interest to forbid—where the appointment is made by some one on whom inefficiency entails no loss—there a *douceur* is operative. In hospitals, in public charities, in literary funds, in endowed schools, in all social agencies in which duty done, and income gained, do not go hand in hand, the like corruption is found, and is great in proportion as the dependence of income upon duty is remote. In State-organizations, therefore, corruption is unavoidable; in trading

organizations it rarely makes its appearance, and when it does, the instinct of self-preservation soon provides a remedy.

To all which broad contrasts add this, that whilst private bodies are enterprising and progressive, public bodies are unchanging, and, indeed, obstructive. That officialism should be inventive nobody expects. That it should go out of its easy mechanical routine to introduce improvements, and this at a considerable expense of thought and application without the prospect of profit, is not to be supposed. But it is not simply stationary; it strenuously resists every amendment, either in itself or in anything with which it deals. Until now, that County Courts are taking away their practice, all officers of the law have doggedly opposed law reform. The universities have maintained an old *curriculum* for centuries after it ceased to be fit, and are now sullenly obstructing a threatened reconstruction. Every postal improvement has been vehemently protested against by the postal authorities. Mr. Whiston can say how pertinacious is the conservatism of Church grammar-schools. Not even the gravest consequences in view can prevent official resistance; witness the fact that, though, as a while since mentioned, Professor Barlow reported, in 1820, of the Admiralty compasses then in store, that "at least one-half were mere lumber," yet, notwithstanding the constant risk of shipwrecks thence arising, "very little amelioration in this state of things appears to have taken place until 1838 to 1840."\* Nor is official obstructiveness to be readily overborne even by a powerful public opinion; witness the fact, that though, for generations, nine-tenths of the nation have disapproved this ecclesiastical system which pampers the drones and starves the workers, and though commissions have been appointed to rectify it, it still remains substantially as it was. Not only do those State-instrumentalities resist reform in themselves, but they hinder reform in other things. In defending their vested interests, the clergy delay the closing of town burial-grounds. As Mr. Lindsay can show, Government emigration-agents are checking the use of iron for sailing vessels. Excise officers prevent improvements in the processes they have to overlook. That organic conservatism which is visible in the daily conduct of all men—that tendency to continue ancestral habits, which every nation exhibits more or less—is an obstacle which in private life self-interest slowly overcomes. The prospect of profit does, in the end, teach farmers that deep draining is good, though it takes

\* Evidence of Comptroller of the Legacy Duty.

\* "Rudimentary Magnetism." By Sir W. Snow Harris. Part III. p. 146.

long to do this. Manufacturers do, ultimately, learn the most economical speed at which to work their steam-engines, though precedent has long misled them. But in the public service, where there is no self-interest to overcome it, this conservatism exerts its full force, and produces results alike disastrous and absurd. For generations after book-keeping had become universal, the Exchequer accounts were kept by notches cut on sticks. In the estimates for the current year appears the item, "Trimming the oil-lamps at the Horse-Guards."

Between these law-made agencies, and the spontaneously formed ones, who then can hesitate? The one class are slow, stupid, extravagant, corrupt, and obstructive: can any point out in the other vices that balance these? It is true that trade has its dishonesties, speculation its follies. These are evils inevitably entailed by the existing imperfections of humanity. It is equally true, however, that these imperfections of humanity are shared by State-functionaries; and that being unchecked in them by the same stern discipline, they grow to far worse results. Given a race of men having a certain proclivity to misconduct, and the question is, whether a society of these men shall be so organized that ill-conduct directly brings punishment, or whether it shall be so organized that punishment is but remotely contingent on ill-conduct? Which will be the most healthful community—that in which agents who perform their functions badly, immediately suffer by the withdrawal of public patronage, or that in which such agents can be made to suffer only through an apparatus of meetings, petitions, polling booths, parliamentary divisions, cabinet councils, and red-tape documents? Is it not an absurdly utopian hope that men will behave better when correction is far removed and uncertain than when it is near at hand and inevitable? Yet this is the hope which most political schemers unconsciously cherish. Listen to their proposals, and you find that just what they propose to have done, they assume that the appointed agents will do. That functionaries are trustworthy is their first postulate. Doubtless could good officers be ensured, there would be much to be said for officialism: just as despotism would have its advantages could we ensure a good despot.

If, however, we would duly realize the contrast between the artificial and the natural modes of achieving social desiderata, we must look not only at the vices of the one but at the virtues of the other. These are many and important. Consider first how immediately every private enterprise is dependent upon the need for it; and how impossible it is for it to

continue if there be no need. Daily are new trades and new companies established. If they subserve some existing public want, they take root and grow. If they do not, they die of inanition. It needs no agitation, no act of parliament, to put them down. As with all natural organizations, if there is no function for them, no nutriment comes to them, and they dwindle away. Moreover, not only do the new agencies disappear if they are superfluous, but the old ones cease to be when they have done their work. Unlike law-made instrumentalities—unlike Herald's Offices, which are maintained for ages after heraldry has lost all value—unlike Ecclesiastical Courts, which continue to flourish for generations after they have become an abomination—these private organizations are abolished when they become needless. A widely ramified coaching system ceases to exist as soon as a more efficient railway system comes into being. And not simply does it cease to exist, and to abstract funds, but the materials of which it was made are absorbed and turned to use. Coachmen, guards, and the rest, are employed to profit elsewhere—do not continue for twenty years a burden like the compensated officials of some abolished department of the State. Consider again how necessarily these unordained agencies fit themselves to their work. It is a law running throughout all organized things, that efficiency presupposes apprenticeship. It is not only true that the young merchant must begin by carrying letters to the post, that the way to be a successful innkeeper is to commence as waiter—it is not only true that in the development of the intellect there must come first the perception of identity, next of duality, next of number, and that without these, arithmetic, algebra, and the infinitesimal calculus, remain impracticable—but it is true that there is no part of an organism whatever but begins in some very simple form with some insignificant function, and passes to its final stage through successive phases of complexity. Every heart is at first a mere pulsatile sac; every brain begins as a slight enlargement of the spinal cord. This law equally extends to the social organism. An instrumentality that is to work well must not be designed and suddenly put together by legislators, but must grow gradually from a germ; each successive addition must be tried and proved good by experience before another addition is made; and by this slow tentative process only, can an efficient instrumentality be produced. From a trustworthy man who receives deposits of money, insensibly grows up a vast banking system, with its notes, cheques, bills, its complex transactions, and its Clearing-house. Pack-horses, then wagons, then coaches, then steam-carriages on common roads, and, finally,

steam-carriages on roads made for them—such is the gradual genesis of our present means of communication. Not a trade in the directory but has formed itself an apparatus of manufacturers, brokers, travellers, and distributors, in so gradual a way that no one can trace the steps. And so with organizations of another order. Here is the Zoological Gardens, the largest and best thing of its kind in the world, begun as the private collection of a few naturalists. Here is the best working-class school known—that at Price's factory commenced with half-a-dozen boys sitting among the candle boxes, after hours, to teach themselves writing with worn-out pens. Mark, too, that as a consequence of their mode of growth these spontaneous agencies expand to any extent required. The same stimulus which brings them into being makes them send their ramifications wherever they are needed. But supply does not thus readily follow demand in governmental agencies. Appoint a board and a staff, fix their duties, and let the apparatus have a generation or two to consolidate, and you cannot make it adapt itself to larger requirements without some act of parliament obtained only after long delay and difficulty.

Were there space, much more might be said upon the superiority of what naturalists would call the *exogenous* order of institutions over the *endogenous* one. But, from the point of view indicated, the further contrasts between their characteristics will be sufficiently visible.

Hence then the fact, that whilst the one order of means is ever failing, making worse, or producing more evils than it cures, the other order of means is ever succeeding, ever improving. Strong as it looks at the outset, State-agency perpetually disappoints every one: puny as are its first stages, private effort daily achieves results that astound the world. It is not only that joint-stock companies do so much; it is not only that by them a whole kingdom is covered with railways in the same time that it takes the Admiralty to build a hundred-gun ship; but it is that law-made instrumentalities are outdone even by individuals. The often quoted contrast between the Academy whose forty members took fifty-six years to compile the French Dictionary, whilst Dr. Johnson alone compiled the English one in eight—a contrast still marked enough after making due set-off for the difference in the works—is by no means without parallel. Sundry kindred facts may be cited. That great sanitary desideratum—the bringing of the New River to London—which the wealthiest corporation in the world attempted and failed, Sir Hugh Myddleton achieved single-handed. The first canal in England—a work of which govern-

ment might have been thought the fit projector, and the only competent executor—was undertaken and finished as the private speculation of one man—the Duke of Bridgewater. By his own unaided exertions, William Smith completed that great achievement, the geological map of Great Britain: meanwhile, the Ordnance Survey—a very accurate and elaborate one, it is true—has already occupied a large staff for some two generations, and will not be completed before the lapse of another. Howard and the prisons of Europe; Bianconi and Irish travelling; Dargan and the Dublin Exhibition—do not these suggest startling contrasts? Whilst, at Parkhurst, the State has laid out large sums in the effort to reform juvenile criminals, who are not reformed, Mr. Ellis takes fifteen of the worst young thieves in London—thieves considered by the police utterly irreclaimable—and reforms them all. Side by side with the Emigration Board, under whose management hundreds die of fever, from close packing, and under whose licence sail vessels which, like the *Washington*, are the homes of fraud, brutality, tyranny, and obscenity, stands Mrs. Chisholm's Family Colonization Loan Society, which does not provide worse accommodation than ever before, but much better; which does not demoralize by promiscuous crowding, but improves by mild discipline; which does not pauperize by charity, but encourages providence; which does not increase our taxes, but is self-supporting. Here are lessons for the lovers of legislation. The State outdone by a working shoemaker! The State beaten by a woman!

Yet, still stronger becomes this contrast between the results of public action and private action, when we remember that the one is constantly eked out by the other, even in doing the things unavoidably left to it. Passing over military and naval departments in which much is done by contractors, and not by men receiving government pay, let us look at the mode in which our judicial system is worked. Lawyers perpetually tell us that codification is impossible; and there are many simple enough to believe them. Merely remarking, in passing, that what government and all its employés cannot do for the acts of parliament in general, was done for the 1500 Customs acts in 1825 by the energy of one man—Mr. Deacon Hume, let us see how the absence of a digested system of law is made good. In preparing themselves for the bar, and, finally, the bench, law students, by years of research, have to gain an acquaintance with this vast mass of unorganized legislation; and that organization, which it is held impossible for the State to effect, it is held possible (sly sarcasm on the State!) for each student to

effect for himself. Every judge can privately codify, though "united wisdom" cannot. But how is each judge enabled to codify? By the private enterprise of men who have prepared the way for him; by the partial codifications of Blackstone, Coke, and others; by the digests of Partnership Law, Bankruptcy Law, Law of Patents, Laws affecting Women, and the rest that daily issue from the press; by abstracts of cases, and volumes of reports every one of them unofficial products. Sweep away all these fractional codifications made by individuals, and the State would be in utter ignorance of its own laws! Had not the bunglings of legislators been made good by private enterprise, the administration of justice would have been impossible!

Where, then, is the warrant for the constantly-proposed extensions of legislative action? If, as we have seen in a large class of cases, government measures do not remedy the evils they aim at; if, in another large class, they make these evils worse instead of remedying them; and if, in a third large class, whilst curing some evils they entail others, and often greater ones; if, as we lately saw, public action is continually outdone in efficiency by private action; and if, as just shown, private action is obliged to make up for the shortcomings of public action, even in fulfilling the vital functions of the State, what reason is there for wishing more public administrations? The advocates of such may claim credit for philanthropy, and for ingenuity, but not for wisdom; unless wisdom is shown by disregarding experience.

"Much of this argument is beside the question," will rejoin our opponents. "The true point at issue is, not whether individuals and companies outdo the State when they come in competition with it, but whether there are not certain social wants which the State alone can satisfy. Admitting that private enterprise does much, and does it well, it is nevertheless true that we have daily thrust upon our notice many desiderata which it has not achieved, and is not achieving. In these cases its incompetency is obvious; and in these cases, therefore, it behoves the State to make up for its deficiencies; doing this, if not well, yet as well as it can."

Not to fall back upon the many experiences already quoted, showing that the State is likely to do more harm than good in attempting this; nor to dwell upon the fact that, in most of the alleged cases, the apparent insufficiency of private enterprise is a result of previous State interferences, as may be conclusively shown; let us deal with the proposition on its own terms. Though there would have been no need for a Mercantile Marine

Act to prevent the inefficiency of captains, and the ill-treatment of sailors, had there been no navigation laws to produce these; and though were all like cases of evils and short-comings directly or indirectly produced by law, taken out of the category, there would probably remain but small basis for the plea above put; yet let it be granted that, every artificial obstacle being removed, there would still remain many desiderata unachieved, which there was no seeing how spontaneous effort could achieve. Let all this, we say, be granted, the propriety of legislative action might yet be rightly questioned.

For the said plea involves the quite unwarrantable assumption that social agencies will continue to work only as they are now working, and will produce no results but those they seem likely to produce. It is the habit of this school of thinkers to make a limited human intelligence the measure of phenomena which it requires omniscience to grasp. That which it does not see the way to, it does not believe will take place. Though society has, generation after generation, been growing to developments which none foresaw, yet there is no practical belief in unforeseen developments in the future. The parliamentary debates constitute an elaborate balancing of probabilities, having for data things as they are. Meanwhile every day adds new elements to things as they are, and seemingly improbable results constantly occur. Who, a few years ago, expected that a Leicester-square refugee would shortly become Emperor of the French? Who looked for free-trade from a landlords' ministry? Who dreamed that Irish over-population would spontaneously cure itself, as it is now doing? So far from social changes arising in likely ways, they almost always arise in ways that, to common sense, appear unlikely. A barber's shop was not a probable looking place for the germination of the cotton manufacture—a manufacture which is modifying the course of civilization. No one supposed that important agricultural improvements would come from a Leadenhall-street tradesman. A farmer would have been the last man thought of to bring to bear the screw-propulsion of steam-ships. The invention of a new order of architecture we should have hoped from any one rather than a gardener. Yet whilst the most unexpected changes are daily wrought out in the strangest ways, legislation daily assumes that things will go, just as human foresight thinks they will go. Though by the trite exclamation—"What would our forefathers have said!" there is a constant acknowledgment of the fact, that wonderful results have been achieved in modes wholly unforeseen; yet there seems no belief that

this will be again. Would it not be wise to admit this probability into our politics? May we not rationally infer that, as in the past so in the future?

This strong faith in State-agencies is, however, accompanied by so weak a faith in natural agencies, (the two being antagonistic,) that, spite of past experience, it will by many be thought absurd to rest in the conviction, that existing social needs will be spontaneously met, though we cannot now see how they will be met. Nevertheless, there are not wanting illustrations exactly to the point, that are now transpiring before their eyes. Instance the adulteration of food—a thing which law has unsuccessfully tried to stop time after time, and which yet there seemed no power but law competent to deal with. Law, however, having tried and failed, here steps in *The Lancet*, and, with a view to extend its circulation, begins publishing weekly analyses, and gives lists of honest and dishonest tradesmen. By and by we shall be having these lists republished in other papers, as portions of the reports are already. And when every retailer finds himself thus liable to have his sins told to all his customers, a considerable improvement may be expected. Who, now, would have looked for such a remedy as this? Instance, again, the scarcely credible phenomenon lately witnessed in the midland counties. Every one has heard of the distress of the stockings—a chronic evil of some generation or two's standing. Repeated petitions have prayed parliament for remedy; and legislation has made attempts, but without success. The disease seemed incurable. Two or three years since, however, the circular knitting-machine was introduced—a machine immensely outstripping the old stocking-frame in productiveness, but which can make only the legs of stockings, not the feet. Doubtless, the Leicester and Nottingham artizans regarded this new engine with alarm, as one likely to intensify their miseries. On the contrary, it has wholly removed them. By cheapening production, it has so enormously increased consumption, that the old stocking frames, which were before too many by half for the work to be done, are now all fully employed in putting feet to the legs which the new machines make. How insane would he have been thought who anticipated cure from such a cause. If from the unforeseen removal of evils we turn to the unforeseen achievements of desiderata, we find like cases. When omnibuses commenced plying at a shilling for all distances, no one recognised the event as the first step towards a system of conveyance for the people at three farthings a mile. No one expected railways to become agents for the diffusion

of cheap literature, as they now are. No one supposed, when the Society of Arts was planning an international exhibition of manufactures, that the result would be a place for popular recreation and culture at Sydenham.

But there is yet a deeper reply to the appeals of impatient philanthropists. It is not simply that social vitality may be trusted to by-and-by fulfil each much-exaggerated requirement in some quiet spontaneous way—it is not simply that when thus naturally fulfilled it will be fulfilled efficiently, instead of being botched as when attempted artificially—but it is that until thus naturally fulfilled it ought not to be fulfilled at all. A startling paradox, this, to many; but one quite justifiable, as we hope shortly to show.

It was pointed out some distance back, that the force which produces and sets in motion every social mechanism—governmental, mercantile, or other—is some aggregate of personal desires. As there is no individual action without a desire, so, it was argued, there can be no social action without a compound desire. To which there here remains to add, that as it is a general law of the individual that in the intenser desires—those corresponding to all-essential functions—are satisfied first, and if need be to the neglect of the weaker and less important ones, so it must be a general law of society that the chief requisites of social life—those necessary to popular existence and multiplication—will, in the natural order of things, be subserved before those of a less pressing kind. Having a common root in humanity, the two series of phenomena cannot fail to accord. As the private man first ensures himself food, then clothing and shelter; these being secured, takes a wife, and, if he can afford it, presently supplies himself with carpeted rooms and piano, and wines, hires servants and gives dinner parties; so, in the evolution of society, we see first a combination for defence against enemies, and for the better pursuit of game; by and by, come such political arrangements as are needed to maintain this combination; afterwards, under a demand for more food, more clothes, more houses, arises division of labour; and when satisfaction of the animal wants has been tolerably provided for, there slowly grow up science, and literature, and the arts. Is it not obvious that these successive evolutions occur in the order of their importance? Is it not obvious, that being each of them produced by an aggregate desire they *must* occur in the order of their importance, if it be a law of the individual that the strongest desires correspond to the most needful actions? Is it not, indeed, obvious that the order of relative importance will be more uniformly

followed in social action than in individual action, seeing that the personal idiosyncrasies which disturb that order in the latter case are *averaged* in the former? If any one do not see this, let him take up a book describing life at the gold-diggings. There he will find the whole process exhibited in little. He will read that as the diggers must eat, they are compelled to offer such prices for food that it pays better to keep a store than to dig. As the store-keepers must get supplies, they will give enormous sums for carriage from the nearest town; and some men, quickly seeing they can get rich at that, make it their business. This brings drays and horses into demand; the high rates draw these from all quarters, and after them wheelwrights and harness-makers. Blacksmiths to sharpen pickaxes, doctors to cure fevers, get pay exorbitant in proportion to the need for them; and are so brought flocking in proportionate numbers. Presently commodities become scarce; more must be fetched from abroad; sailors must have increased wages to prevent them from deserting; this necessitates higher charges for freight; higher freights quickly bring more ships; and so there rapidly develops an organization for supplying goods from all parts of the world. Every phase of this evolution takes place in the order of its necessity; or, as we say, in the order of the intensity of the desires subserved. Each man does that which he finds pay best; that which pays best is that for which other men will give most; that for which they will give most is that which, under the circumstances, they most desire; hence the succession must be throughout from the more important to the less important. A requirement which at any period still remains unfulfilled, must be one for the fulfilment of which men will not pay so much as to make it worth any one's while to fulfil it—must be a *less* requirement than all the others for the fulfilment of which they will pay more—and must wait until other more needful things are done. Well, is it not clear that the same law holds good in every community? Will it not be true of the later phases of social evolution, as of the earlier, that when uncontrolled the smaller desiderata are postponed to the greater? No reasonable person can doubt it.

Hence, then, the justification of the seeming paradox, that, until spontaneously fulfilled, a public want should not be fulfilled at all. It must, on the average, result in our complex state, as in the simpler ones, that the thing left undone is a thing by doing which citizens cannot gain so much as by doing other things—is therefore a thing which society does not want done so much as it wants these other things done; and the corollary is,

that to effect a neglected thing by artificially employing citizens to do it, as to leave undone some more important thing which they would have been doing—is to sacrifice the greater requisite to the smaller.

“But,” it will perhaps be objected, “if the things done by a government, or at least by a representative government, are also done in obedience to some aggregate desire, why may we not look for this normal subordination of the more needful to the less needful in them too?” The reply is, that though they have a certain tendency to follow this order—though those primal desires for public defence and personal protection, out of which government originates, were satisfied through its instrumentality in proper succession—though possibly some other early and simple requirements may have been so too—yet, when the desires are not few, universal, and intense, but, like those remaining to be satisfied in the latter stages of civilization, numerous, partial, and moderate, the judgment of a government is no longer to be trusted. To select out of an immense number of minor wants, physical, intellectual, and moral, felt in different degrees by different classes, and by a total mass varying in every case, the want that is most pressing, is a task which no legislature can accomplish. No man or men, by inspecting society, can see what its most needs; society must be left to *feel* what it most needs. The mode of solution must be experimental, not theoretical. When left, day after day, to experience evils and dissatisfactions of various kinds, affecting them in various degrees, citizens gradually acquire repugnance to these proportionate to their greatness, and corresponding desires to get rid of them, which are likely to end in the worst inconvenience being first removed. And however irregular and uncertain this process may be—and we admit, that, in consequence of men's habits and prejudices, many anomalies, or seeming anomalies, are visible in it—it is a process far more trustworthy than are legislative judgments. For those who question this there are instances; and that the parallel may be the more conclusive, we will take a case in which the ruling power is deemed specially fit to decide—we refer to our means of communication.

Do those, who maintain that railways would have been better laid out and constructed by government, hold that the order of importance would have been as uniformly followed as it has been by private enterprise? Under the stimulus of an enormous traffic—a traffic too great for the then existing means—the first line sprang up between Liverpool and Manchester. Next came the Grand Junction and the London and Birmingham;

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afterwards the Great Western, the South Western, the South Eastern, the Eastern Counties, the Midland. Since then subsidiary lines and branches have occupied our capitalists. As they were quite certain to do, companies have made first the most needed, and therefore the best paying lines; under the same impulse that a labourer chooses high wages in preference to low. That government would have adopted a better order can hardly be, for the best has been followed; but that it would have adopted a worse, all the evidence we have goes to show. In default of materials for a direct parallel, we might quote cases of injudicious road-making from India and the colonies. Or, as exemplifying State-efforts to facilitate communication, we might dwell on the fact, that whilst our rulers have sacrificed hundreds of lives, and spent untold treasure in seeking a North-west Passage, which would be useless if found, they have left the exploration of the Isthmus of Darien, and the cutting a canal through it, to a private company. But, not to make much of this indirect evidence, we will content ourselves with the one sample of a State-made channel for commerce, which we have at home—the Caledonian Canal. Up to the present time this public work has cost upwards of 1,100,000*l.*; it has now been open for many years, and salaried emissaries have been constantly employed to get traffic for it; the results, as given in its forty-seventh annual report, issued in 1852, are—receipts during the year, 7,909*l.*; expenditure ditto, 9,261*l.*; loss 1,352*l.* Has any such large investment been made with such a pitiful result by a private canal company?

And if a government is so bad a judge of the relative importance of social requirements, when these requirements are of the same kind, how worthless a judge must it be when they are of different kinds. If where a fair share of intelligence might be expected to lead them right, legislators and their officers go so wrong, how terribly will they err where no amount of intelligence would suffice them—where they must daily decide amongst hosts of needs,—bodily, intellectual, and moral,—that admit of no direct comparison; and how disastrous must be the results if they act out their erroneous decisions. Should any one need this bringing home to him by an illustration, let him read the following extract from the last of the series of letters some time since published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the state of agriculture in France. After expressing the opinion that French farming is some century behind English farming, the writer goes on to say:—

“There are two causes principally chargeable with this. In the first place, strange as it may

seem in a country in which two thirds of the population are agriculturists, agriculture is a very unhonoured occupation. Develops in the slightest degree a Frenchman's mental faculties, and he flies to a town as surely as steel filings fly to a loadstone. He has no rural tastes, no delight in rural habits. A French amateur farmer would indeed be a sight to see. Again, this national tendency is directly encouraged by the centralising system of government—by the multitude of officials, and by the payment of all functionaries. From all parts of France, men of great energy and resource struggle up and fling themselves on the world of Paris. There they try to become great functionaries. Through every department of the eighty-four, men of less energy and resource struggle up to the *chef lieu*—the provincial capital. There they try to become little functionaries. Go still lower—deal with a still smaller scale—and the result will be the same. As is the department to France, so is the *arrondissement* to the department, and the commune to the *arrondissement*. All who have, or think they have heads on their shoulders, struggle into towns to fight for office. All who are, or are deemed by themselves or others, too stupid for anything else, are left at home to till the fields, and breed the cattle, and prune the vines, as their ancestors did for generations before them. Thus there is actually no intelligence left in the country. The whole energy, and knowledge, and resource of the land are barrelled up in the towns. You leave one city, and in many cases you will not meet an educated or cultivated individual until you arrive at another—all between is utter intellectual barrenness.”—*Morning Chronicle*, August, 1851.

To what end now is this constant abstraction of able men from rural districts? To the end that there may be enough functionaries to achieve those many desiderata which French governments have thought ought to be achieved—to provide amusements, to manage mines, to construct roads and bridges, and erect numerous buildings—to print books, encourage the fine arts, control this trade, and inspect that manufacture—to do all the thousand-and-one things which the State does in France. That the army of officers needed for this may be maintained, agriculture must go unofficered. That certain social conveniences may be better secured, the chief social necessity is neglected. The very basis of the national life is sapped to gain a few non-essential advantages. Said we not truly, then, that until a requirement is spontaneously fulfilled, it should not be fulfilled at all?

And here indeed we may recognise the close kinship between the fundamental fallacy involved in these State-meddlings and the fallacy lately exploded by the free-trade agitation. These various law-made instrumentalities for effecting ends that might otherwise not yet be effected, all embody a subtler form of the protectionist hypothesis. The same short-sightedness which, looking at commerce,



prescribed bounties and restrictions, looking at social affairs in general, prescribes these multiplied administrations; and the same criticism applies alike to all its proceedings.

For was not the error that vitiated every law aiming at the artificial maintenance of a trade, substantially that which we have just been dwelling upon—namely, the overlooking the fact, that in setting people to do one thing, some other thing is necessarily left undone? The statesmen who thought it wise to protect home-made silks against French silks, did so under the impression that the manufacture thus secured, constituted a pure gain to the nation; they did not reflect that the men employed in this manufacture would otherwise have been producing something else—a something else which, as they could produce it without legal help, they could more profitably produce. Landlords who have been so anxious to prevent foreign wheat from displacing their own wheat, have never duly realized the fact, that if their fields would not yield wheat so economically as to prevent the feared displacement, it simply proved that they were growing unfit crops in place of fit crops; and so working their land at a relative loss. In all cases where, by restrictive duties, a trade has been upheld that would otherwise not have existed, capital has been turned into a channel less productive than some other into which it would naturally have flowed. In the absence of these restrictions the article made would have been fetched from some place where it was more cheaply made; and in exchange for it we should have made and given some article in which aptitude and local circumstances enabled us to excel those with whom we thus exchanged. And so, to pursue certain State-patronized occupations, men have been drawn from more advantageous occupations.

Is it not, then, as above alleged, that the same oversight runs through all these interferences; be they with commerce, or be they with other things? Is it not that in employing people to achieve this or that desideratum, legislators have not perceived that they were thereby preventing the achievement of some other desideratum? Has it not been constantly assumed that each proposed good would, if secured, be a pure good; instead of being a good purchaseable only by submission to some evil that would else have been remedied? And may we not rationally believe that, as in trade, so in other things, labour will spontaneously find out, better than any government can find out for it, the things on which it may best expend itself? Undoubtedly we may. Rightly regarded, the two propositions are identical. This division into commercial and non-commercial

affairs is quite a superficial one. All the actions going on in society come under the generalization—human effort administering to human desire. Whether the administration be effected through a process of buying and selling, or whether in any other way, matters not so far as the general law of it is concerned. In all cases it will be true that the stronger desires will get themselves satisfied before the weaker ones; and in all cases it will be true that to get satisfaction for the weaker ones before they would naturally have it, is to deny satisfaction to the stronger ones.

After assigning reasons, thus fundamental, for condemning all State-action, save that which universal experience has proved to be absolutely needful, it would seem superfluous to assign subordinate ones. Else might we here comment at length upon the secondary evils attendant on the meddling system. Taking for text Mr. Lindsay's work, named at the head of this article, we might say much upon the complexity to which this process of adding regulation to regulation—each necessitated by foregoing ones—ultimately leads; a complexity which, by the misunderstandings, delays, and disputes it entails, indirectly inflicts greater evils than those that were to be remedied. Something, too, might be added upon the perturbing effects of that "gross delusion," as M. Guizot calls it, "a belief in the sovereign power of political machinery;" a delusion to which he partly ascribes, and, we believe, rightly so, the late revolution in France; and a delusion which is fostered by every new interference. But, passing over these, we would dwell for a short space upon the national enervation which this State-superintendence produces—an evil which, though secondary, is, so far from being subordinate, perhaps greater than any other.

The enthusiastic philanthropist, urgent for some act of parliament to remedy this evil or secure the other good, thinks it a very trivial and far-fetched objection that the people will be morally injured by doing things for them instead of leaving them to do things themselves. He vividly realizes the benefit he hopes to get achieved, which is a positive and readily imaginable thing: he does not realize the diffused, invisible, and slowly accumulating effect wrought on the popular mind, and so does not believe in it; or, if he admits it, thinks it beneath consideration. Would he but remember, however, that all national character is gradually produced by the daily action of circumstances, of which each day's result seems so insignificant as not to be worth mentioning, he would see that what is trifling when viewed in its increments, may be formidable when viewed in its sum total.

Or if he would go into the nursery, and watch how repeated actions,—each of them apparently unimportant—create, in the end, a habit which will affect the whole future life, he would be reminded that every influence brought to bear on human nature tells, and, if continued, tells seriously. The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—“Mamma, tie my pinafore,” “Mamma, button my shoe,” and the like, cannot be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental: but the wiser spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless dependence. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces his pupil to solve the difficulties himself; believes that in so doing he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief in the fact that a great proportion of the most successful men are self-made. Well, is it not obvious that this relationship between discipline and success holds good nationally? Are not nations made of men, and are not men subject to the same laws of modification in their adult as in their early years? Is it not true of the drunkard, that each carouse adds a thread to his bonds? of the trader, that each acquisition strengthens the wish for acquisitions? of the pauper, that the more you assist him the more he wants? of the busy man, that the more he has to do the more he can do? And does it not follow that if every individual is subject to this process of adaptation to conditions, a whole nation must be so—that just in proportion as its members are little helped by extraneous power they will become self-helping, and in proportion as they are much helped they will become helpless? What folly is it to ignore these results because they are not direct, and not immediately visible. Though slowly wrought out, they are inevitable. We can no more elude the laws of human development than we can elude the law of gravitation; and so long as they hold true must these effects occur.

If we are asked in what special directions this alleged helplessness, entailed by much State-superintendence, shows itself, we reply that it is seen in a retardation of all social growths requiring self-confidence in the people—in a timidity that fears all difficulties not before encountered—in a thoughtless contentment with things as they are. Let any one, after duly watching the rapid

evolution going on in England, where men have been comparatively little helped by governments—or better still, after contemplating the unparalleled progress of the United States, which is peopled by self-made men, and the recent descendants of self-made men—let such an one, we say, go on to the Continent, and consider the relatively slow advance which things are there making; and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Holland and see, that, though the Dutch early showed themselves good mechanics, and have had abundant practice in hydraulics, Amsterdam has been without any due supply of water until now that works are being established by an English company. Let him go to Berlin, and there be told that, to give that city a water-supply such as London has had for many generations, the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital, under English superintendence. Let him go to Paris, where he will find a similar lack, and a like remedy now under consideration. Let him go to Vienna, and learn that it, in common with other continental cities, is lighted by an English gas-company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on those rivers. Let him inquire concerning the railways in Italy, Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, how many of them are English projects, how many of them have been largely helped by English capital, how many of them have been executed by English contractors, how many have had English engineers. Let him discover, too, as he will, that where railways have been government-made, as in Russia, the energy, the perseverance, and the practical talent developed in England and the United States have been called in to aid. And then, if these illustrations of the progressiveness of a self-dependent race, and the torpidity of paternally-governed ones, do not suffice him, he may read Mr. Laing's successive volumes of European travel, and there study the contrast in detail. What, now, is the cause of this contrast? In the order of nature, a capacity for self-help must in every case have arisen from the lack of demand for it. Do not these two antecedents and their two consequents agree with the facts as presented in England and Europe? Were not the inhabitants of the two, some centuries ago, much upon a par in point of enterprise? Were not the English even behind, in their manufactures, in their colonization, and in their commerce? Has not the immense relative change the English have undergone in this respect been coincident with the great relative self-dependence they have been since

habituated to? And is not this change proximately ascribable to this habitual self-dependence? Whoever doubts it is asked to assign a more probable cause. Whoever admits it must admit that the enervation of a people by perpetual State-aids is not a trifling consideration, but the most weighty consideration. A general arrest of national growth he will see to be an evil greater than any special benefits can compensate for. And, indeed, when, after contemplating this great fact, the overspreading of the earth by the Anglo-Saxons, he turns from it to remark the absence of any parallel phenomenon exhibited by a continental race—when he reflects how this difference must depend chiefly on difference of character, and how such difference of character has been mainly produced by difference of discipline, he will perceive that the policy pursued in this matter may have a large share in determining a nation's ultimate fate.

We are not sanguine, however, that any amount of argument will change the convictions of those who put their trust in legislation. With men of a certain order of thought the foregoing reasonings will have weight; with men of another order of thought they will have little or none; nor would any accumulation of such reasonings affect them. The truth that experience teaches, has its limits. The experiences that will teach, must be experiences that can be appreciated; and experiences exceeding a certain order of complexity become inappreciable to the majority. It is thus with most social phenomena. If we remember that for these two thousand years and more, mankind have been making regulations for commerce, which have all along been strangling some trades and killing others with kindness; and that though the proofs of this have been constantly before their eyes, they have only just discovered that they have been uniformly doing mischief—if we remember that even now only a small portion of them see this; we are taught that perpetually repeated and ever accumulating experiences will fall to teach, until there exist the mental conditions required for the assimilation of them. Nay, when they are assimilated, it is very imperfectly; the truth they teach is only half understood even by those supposed to understand it best. For example, Sir Robert Peel, in one of his last speeches, after describing the immensely increased consumption consequent on free trade, goes on to say:—

“If, then, you can only continue that consumption—if, by your legislation, under the favour of Providence, you can maintain the demand for labour and make your trade and manufactures prosperous, you are not only increasing the sum

of human happiness, but are giving the agriculturists of this country the best chance of that increased demand which must contribute to their welfare.”—*Times*, Feb. 22, 1850.

Thus the prosperity really due to the abandonment of all legislation is ascribed to a particular kind of legislation. “You can maintain the demand,” he says: “you can make trade and manufactures prosperous;” whereas, the facts he quotes prove that they can only do this by doing nothing. The essential truth of the matter—that law had been doing immense harm, and that this prosperity resulted not from law, but from the absence of law, is missed; and his faith in legislation in general, which should, by this experience, have been greatly shaken, seemingly remains as strong as ever. Here, again, is the House of Lords, apparently not yet believing in the relationship of supply and demand, adopting, within these few weeks, the standing order—

“That before the first reading of any bill for making any work in the construction of which compulsory power is sought to take thirty houses or more inhabited by the labouring classes in any one parish or place, the promoters be required to deposit in the office of the clerk of the parliament a statement of the number, description, and situation of the said houses, the number (so far as they can be estimated) of persons to be displaced, and whether any and what provision is made in the bill for remedying the inconvenience likely to arise from such displacements.”

If, then, in the comparatively simple relationships of trade, the teachings of experience remain for so many ages unperceived, and are so imperfectly apprehended when they are perceived, it is scarcely to be hoped that where all social phenomena—moral, intellectual, and physical, are involved, any due appreciation of the truths displayed will presently take place. The facts cannot yet get recognised as facts. As the alchemist attributed his successive disappointments to some disproportion in the ingredients, some impurity, or some too great temperature, and never to the futility of his process, or the impossibility of his aim, so every failure cited to prove the importance of State-regulations the law-worshipper explains away as being caused by this trifling oversight, or that little mistake; all which oversights and mistakes will in future be avoided. Eluding the facts as he does after this fashion, volley after volley of them produce no effect.

Indeed, this faith in governments is in a certain sense organic; and can diminish only by being outgrown. A subtle form of fetishism, it is as natural to the present phase of human evolution as was its grosser proto-

type to an earlier phase. From the time when rulers were thought demi-gods, there has been a gradual decline in men's estimate of their power; this decline is still in progress, and has still far to go. Doubtless, every increment of evidence furthers it in *some* degree, though not to the degree that at first appears. Only in so far as it modifies character does it produce a permanent effect. For whilst the mental type remains the same, the removal of a special error is inevitably followed by the growth of other errors of the same genus. All superstitions die hard; and we fear that this belief in government-omnipotence will form no exception.

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ART. III.—PEDIGREE AND HERALDRY.

1. *The Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Bernard Burke. Colburn. London.
2. *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry.* By John Bernard Burke. Colburn. London.
3. *Family Romance.* By John Bernard Burke. Hurst and Blackett. London.
4. *Birth and Worth; or, The Practical Uses of a Pedigree.* [Printed for private circulation. 1852.]
5. *Observations on Heraldry.* By the Rev. T. Hamerton. Churton. London. 1851.
6. *The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry founded upon Facts.* By J. R. Planché, F.S.A. Churton. London. 1851.

Two preliminary remarks must commence our essay on this comprehensive and fertile subject, and must meet two difficulties, the fear of which retards our footsteps in entering upon its threshold. In the first place, then, we disclaim any intention of trenching on the province of the disciples of Dugdale—of exposing mistakes in the marriages in the *Baronage*—or affecting to settle the “Scrope and Grosvenor” controversy. In the second place, we desire to acquaint those who profess “liberal” and “enlarged” views, that we are not conscious of any peculiar mental contraction as the result of our studies in this department, or of any indifference to any kind of “progress” whatever, in consequence of the same. Our object here, in fact, is with the literature of aristocracy and heraldry as a subject of genial, and human, and historic interest. We propose to look at the “dim emblazonings” and the purple glories of the ancient and armorial shields of Europe with impartiality, though not with indifference, and in such a way as shall neither displease

Garner King-of-Arms nor Mr. Cobden. A little of the common daylight—nay, even of the gas-light—of the nineteenth century let in upon venerable walls and solemn escutcheons can do them no harm; and, on the other hand, the mere pulling down of them, and scraping off their *æruge*, in the hope of being able to prove them brick-made, or pot-lids, is a task which can be performed by any scullery menial, and, though highly useful, is not the most honourable in the world, nor the one for which we feel any particular inclination at this moment. We prefer *constructive* to *destructive* criticism,—the criticism that does not so much love to dissect the subject in its decayed state, in order to show its unsound parts—as to endeavour to know what the subject was in its beginning, and how and for what purpose it attained its organisation. Such is our general view. We may add, that we have always thought it extraordinary in a country so aristocratic in feeling as England really is, that so little should be known by people generally about these matters. One has only to go down Rotten-row, and linger by the Serpentine, on any of the pleasant evenings which are now passing over us, to see Heraldry, for example, in both copiousness and detail; yet to the many of the worthy cultivated classes, generally, what is Heraldry as a matter of knowledge or speculation? Little more, we fear, than what our old friend, the elder Mr. Weller, would describe as a something “well known to be a collection of fabulous animals!” And, Pedigree? Here the general information is still thinner and vaguer. The Briton believes in his Peerage; the prosperous Briton hopes that his grandson may be a peer, or his granddaughter a peer's wife. He vaguely associates coronets with Norman knights, and other fine objects seen through the haze of the popular knowledge of history; but of the actual constituency of the body of the Peerage he knows scarcely anything. A peer passes for a peer, as a pound does for a pound, in this country; but in what proportion of gold and alloy, the coin rejoices, the multitude—*qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus*, as Horace saw them do, of old—is more ignorant than it is of public matters generally.

With regard to the union of the subjects which combine to form our title, it is a very natural one—the union of Fact and Symbol. Heraldry is the symbol of gentility, historically speaking. We are well aware what disputes there are about its origin, and what changes have attended its history; but the general fact about it—the historic fact which constitutes its importance—is, that it is the symbol of aristocracy. England has a shield;

a family has a shield. In each case, the shield is the symbol of the bearer. The figures, quaint and rude though they be, visible on the pennons found stained and bloody on the field of Flodden when the fight was done—the crosses, or the wild cats, the crescents, or the roses—these were the dearest symbols in life to the gentlemen who bore them. Two characters attached to them; they distinguished the family as well as the individual, and thus united the sentiment of home with the sentiment of honour; but, further than that, they distinguished the noble from the many, and marked out their possessor as one of the leading class of his age. To bear arms in the old days amounted to much. The times might be better or worse than other times, but, at all events, their work had to be done by somebody, and it gradually came about that Coat-armour, as it was called, distinguished those who distinguished themselves. Its prime characteristic, then, is historically this, that it was the symbolic outcome of the age, a kind of ornamental blossoming-out of the life of those violent old days, even as a flower sprang out, according to the fable, from Ajax's blood. In this respect, if in this only, too—Heraldry would always have an interest among the things that have attained a strong vitality—that it drew, in its way, upon Nature, as an object of human sentiment; men who adorned their instruments of war with, and made sacred the various animals of the field, the flowers, the stars, and the moon, the shells on the Syrian coast, where they had warred, so many objects, with such artistic variety, were making Poetry the companion of War. In a certain way, then, Poetry was represented by Heraldry or Armory. So much may be said of the philosophy of it as a preliminary; and it must be borne in mind, that in a practical way, it constituted a stringent system of distinction. Nothing is more clear than that bearing arms was from the first considered a distinction of aristocracy, and the peculiar privilege of the well-born. Hence, in grants conferring nobility—deeds, the object of which was to elevate a man into the higher class—the privilege was accompanied with a grant of the "Arms" accompanying it, "*in signum nobilitatis*,"\* which arms were *depicta* and referred to in the deed, accordingly. And Sir Edward Coke, in an often-quoted passage, lays down this rule on the subject generally, "*Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt*." The essential characteristic then, of Heraldry, is

its symbolic nature; we must always bear that in mind; and now, looking at the system, as having long since hardened itself into the fossil state, we know not how we could better illustrate it than by likening it, with all its ornament, quaintness, and yet meaning, to a system of shells—mere ornaments, it is true—yet still pregnant with interest when we consider them as the offspring of the far-distant, vital, loud-sounding, feudal sea.

But before speaking further of heraldry as a science, and as influenced by gradual national change, we will direct our attention to the kindred subject of pedigree, or birth, or aristocracy, whereof heraldry was in its creation, and is, ideally speaking, still the collateral relative,—the ornament—but also something more than the ornament—as the flush in the cheek of the maiden is at once the cause of beauty and the sign of health. How stands at present the world's account with that question? This is a curious inquiry, but it is also an important one; and, indeed, in a country like England, it is actually a practical one. At this hour, while Europe is tumbling into ruins—(as a system of institutions, that is,) mass falling after mass, of its old fabrics, with a noise that startles everybody—(a head or two getting broken in the confusion, also), England makes, on all proper occasions, a profession of its belief in aristocracy. England has possessed in all ages, Saxon as well as Norman, a division of classes,—a race set apart from the others, to govern; and this governing class, or rather this class whose theoretical business it is to govern, goes by a name taken from the old Greek one, and is written down, when described, as comprising the best. Such, at all events, is the nominal state of affairs. But it is characteristic of the times, that at every step you take in attempting to put the question to practical tests, in attempting to get at the actual opinion even, in the world on the matter, you meet the most contradictory assertions, and certainly nothing like a general faith. "Blood, sir—we must have blood!" says "the young gentleman with the weak legs," in "David Copperfield." As Mr. Dickens has given the belief in "Blood" such an imbecile representative, we can guess at the turn of his opinions on the matter. We have the contrary view in Lord John Manners' celebrated couplet.

Let arts and manners, laws and commerce die,  
But leave us still our old nobility!

But far and wide, the discord on the point spreads. We doubt, for instance, whether anywhere, except in some inland county of

\* Harl. MS., 1507, quoted by Sir James Lawrence, "On the Nobility of the British Gentry." Fraser.

old-fashioned habits, the proposer of an honourable candidate would not be in danger of ridicule, if he began by emphatically describing him as a "man of ancient family." It is the fashion among journals which profess liberalism, to assert boldly, that your great men all come from the middle class, and so on:—while, on the other hand, the success of the laborious, instructive, and interesting books of Mr. Burke, clearly shows that in other quarters of the world, very different opinions are entertained. Many who believe in "Blood," cherish the faith secretly in an utilitarian age,—persecuted fire-worshippers, who follow their belief in private. Some who have the personal pretension, proclaim it to be of no consequence; some who have not the pretension, pay humble homage to it in others. The question is in the most contradictory condition altogether. Chesterfield placed at the head of his pedigree these two names—"ADAM *de Stanhope*—EVE *de Stanhope*." The ridicule was very felicitous; but what think you he would have said, if you had proposed to deny the long line of intermediate Stanhopes, and to-class him with the ordinary clay of the earth?

Experience proves that ideas which have once been the animating ones of a nation—that all, strictly, of a nation's historic ideas—do, in one form or another, survive even to the very dregs of its decay. In Rome, for instance, this idea of birth outlived the admission of plebeians to the great offices, outlived the liberties of the state, and the emperors of men of no family; and even transmitted itself to the new system of Europe, and inspired the patricians of Italy with the pride of being thought to descend from the consular families of the great nation. We never read Tacitus without being struck with the vitality of the idea in his time. No man of note appears on the splendid theatre of his history but we are informed, he was of the great Cornelian house, or he was *not* of that old Sempronian family; a *saturnæ tabernæ alumnus* has a drop of satire let fall on him as the historian passes by, and you seem to see the writer's face glow, when, recording the degradation of some nobles of his time, he adds—"I do not give their names,—I think it due to their ancestors." So, too, in our own days, the same sentiment has outlived gradual and extraordinary changes in every form of European life. And a long-descended, brilliant Chateaubriand, an agent in the changes of his time, pauses when he tells you of his father's family, and his youthful liberalism; and admits that in his bosom, there lurks a spark of the feeling which was so potent in others of his race.

We sometimes think, that if the vulgar

old phrase—"Pride of Birth," had been driven out to make room for one expressing juster ideas, and we had heard instead, of the "Sentiment of Birth," less offence would have been given by it to the many worthy people whom the pretension has offended. Anything in the way of beauty should be welcome in matters of opinion. To trace lineage,—to love and record the names and actions of those without whom *we* could never have been, who moulded us and made us what we are, and whom the very greatest genius of us all must know to have propagated influences into his being, which must, subtly, but certainly, act upon his whole conduct in the world,—all this is implied in ancestry, and the love of it, and is natural and good. Now, if these ancestors were the great men of the day, the leaders of armies, the heads of churches, or of less rank, perhaps, yet part of the governing system—men of fair repute and positions of honour, sharing in what culture their age had to give them, and enjoying respect from the world round about? Here, the natural sentiment has something to stimulate it more; the man of such ancestry sees in each past time of his country's history a little spot of hearth-fire burning through the gloom, lighting up the dark space for him, and with a face that he knows visible by it. The great liberal, Franklin, comes over from America, on one of the most important missions of his age; he goes down to the country from which his progenitors derived their lineage, and gives to the tracing of the line of the yeomen from whom he sprang, time that might have added to science and to politics. "Happy," says Jean Paul, in his autobiography, "happy is the man who can trace his lineage, ancestor by ancestor, and cover hoary time with a green mantle of youth!" A third child of the same century, and that the century of revolutions, gives testimony to the depth of the same feeling; and we find the great Jeremy Bentham showing the same love, and absolutely meditating the purchase of certain territories, the property of the Counts of Bentheim, from whom he *may* have descended.\* So much for the mere strength and universality of the sentiment,—and that not in "barbarous" times, nor among prejudiced men. It follows only naturally enough, that the sentiment is deeper in proportion when the ancestors have been great and renowned; and that that which we should think honourable and interesting to ourselves, we esteem and regard in others. Our readers must often have smiled at the curious, modest, yet firmly self-assert-

\* Jean Paul, *Life* (Eng. trans.); Franklin's *Works*, Sparks's ed.; Bowring's Bentham.

ing way in which Gibbon speaks of the respectable Gibbons of Kent, of whom he was a descendant. Here is his opinion, as a historian, on the general question we have been opening:—

“The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time, and popular opinions, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions amongst mankind.”

However, we are well aware that the difficulties of the subject just begin about this stage of the inquiry. That the sentiment of birth is profoundly fixed in the human mind, and that it is the tendency of nations to make the children of their great men a hereditary order,—we need not assert,—for history asserts it for us. Nobody can deny the general fact; but now comes the rush of hostile queries:—“Such an order as you speak of, did it necessarily include the great men—did not accident and fraud raise many to it, whose descendants (on the aristocratic theory) assumed absurdly the superiority of a born Best class? Has not every class, even the very lowest, produced its great men, and how many more would it have produced, with equal chances? Finally, how does time operate on institutions of this character, and does the superiority (if we admit such to have ever actually existed) maintain itself, in a country of mixed races and classes;—and can you depend *practically*, now-a-days, on any such distinctions?”—

Poor James Boswell, of Auchinleck (whose love of his pedigree was equal to his love of Dr. Johnson) would have answered all this with a shrug of the shoulders, and “*un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*” And, in his day, that was so completely the way of answering any such arguments, that such shrugs cost many shoulders the head, before the century was out! A traditionary belief that the *noblesse* were, somehow or other, the natural born superiors of the *roturiers*, and heaven only knows how far superior to the *canaille*—was the unquestioned creed of the upper classes in Paris; and there cannot be any doubt that the natural indignation at this haughty assumption, the honest human disgust at the idea, that *such* classes were the “born kings of men,” was a leading impellant of the violences of the Revolution. It is extremely curious to read the enumeration of the many sorts of *Noblesse*, to be found under the article on that word, in the famous *Encyclopédie*. We have the *Noblesse de nom et d'armes*, which, we are told, is the *Noblesse ancienne et immémoriale*. “*Les gentilshommes,*” says the writer, “*qui ont cette noblesse,*

*s'appellent gentilshommes de nom et d'armes; ils sont considérés comme plus qualifiés que les autres.*” He illustrates the natural feeling of a Noblesse by a curious parallel, involving a stroke of brilliant and well deserved satire. He states, with extreme gravity, that such feeling is very strong in Japan!—“*Un gentilhomme Japonnois ne s'allieroit pas, pour tout l'or de monde, à une femme roturière!*” This *noblesse*, of course, carried to its possessors important and odious privileges, exemption from taxation, the great places in the Church and the honourable orders, the officerships in the army, which alone belonged to them, and many others. These advantages made admission to the *Noblesse* an object of immense importance. Accordingly, “*lettres d'annoblissement*” were granted by the French kings, for money *will* be recognised, let people say what they like; and for many years before the Revolution, new nobles had taken their places among the “natural superiors” of long suffering mankind. The old nobles were indignant; and the kings themselves felt, at intervals, that they must “draw the line;” and they did what was gratifying to their own dignity, decreed that no individual should be presented at Versailles, unless he could prove “400 years of gentility.” With what feelings, at once ludicrous and melancholy, does one read in Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, that just on the eve of the Revolution, he had to send his pedigree for examination to an official, before being permitted to hunt with the king? . . . Well, the Revolution came. It is customary with a certain class of writers to blame the *new nobility*, and to throw on them the blame of provoking the excesses; but where were Mad. de Stael's “two hundred historic families” (which she asserts to have then existed in France), what had they been doing, what were they doing? And how had the elevated *parvenus* become dangerous, except by succeeding to privileges derived from the old nobility, which had become hateful and disgusting to the nostrils of mankind? No, no!—When the great earthquake tried the talents and spirits of Europe, the question of natural superiority came to a thorough test. Up from the despised plebeian classes, came the Revolution Men, and Napoleon's Marshals. Give to every man his honour; give to the French nobility those whom they may justly claim; Mirabeau, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, are their undoubted property, for example; but *la carrière ouverte aux talens* showed at once, and for ever, that the world-famous principle of ancient blood could no longer be considered tenable. It might be

doubted if the principle had always been false; but the same time which had given *prestige* to "the Families" had proved that, at all events, it was false *now*. What have we in this world to argue from but facts? If a Negro invented a system of Metaphysics, or a Malay wrote a *Macbeth*, the fact would be sufficient; the whole of these races would be in a new position, in the scale of the races of mankind.

Now, we instanced France in first endeavouring to illustrate this idea of Birth, because in that country, the distinction between noble and "ignoble" (which word we use in its technical sense) was more strongly marked, in law and in custom, than among ourselves; and, also, because France has done Europe the favour of bringing the question to trial at her own proper cost. Of Germany, it is only needful to say, *en passant*, that while (socially speaking) she is perhaps the most aristocratic country in Europe, she owes her great modern renown in the world of intellect, to men who *did not* belong to her rigid and long-descended, and strict-quartering nobility. It is to our own country, as like or unlike these countries, that we naturally direct our main attention:—how different her condition has been in all the respects with which it is the object of this article to deal, is very easily shown.

As Sir Robert Peel was wont to puzzle the financiers by asking, "What is a pound?" a favourite inquiry among our genealogists is, "What is a Gentleman?" In this simple query—in the fact that there is such a difficulty—lies a whole world of political importance. Ask a cultivated foreigner what a *gentilhomme* is, and the reply will be decided and unmistakable; he is a man who is *noble de race*. Tell an Englishman, that so-and so is "of noble race," and he will understand you to mean that he springs from "a Lord." Yet, what the foreigner means by the phrase *noble de race*, strictly applies to English gentry, who, as descendants of the old feudal landlords and bearers of coat armour, are *gentilshommes* in the primitive application of the word, and so "noble," according to the general sense of the term in Europe; while the Lord, in spite of his peerage and his coronet, may be of origin almost immediately plebeian. This is one of our native curiosities, and has given rise to many mistakes on the continent, with much natural indignation occasionally, on the part of our squires, amusing enough to a philosopher. In particular, foreigners cannot be brought to understand our "Commoner," or to conceive how such an equivocal word came to be the designation of individuals, who in descent and possessions are the equals of all the titled people in

Europe.\* While annoyance is sometimes caused to individuals from this confusion, Englishmen may well congratulate themselves on the fact, that such is the result of our history, and that it is a peculiarity which belongs to the very essence of our constitution. We soon discover, in the course of these studies, that while the Continental distinction has remained in *theory* here, and has had the support of the heralds and genealogists,—in practice, and specially in law, England has divided its nobility; that is, those whom we call the Peerage, and those who compose the Gentry, into two classes. The peers have certain privileges, not as a *caste*, but as a body occasionally recruited by creations by the Crown; while all others are equal in the eye of the law, and take their chance with the general subjects of the realm. Mr. Hallam has not failed to approve this, nor Mr. Macaulay. The former of these historians remarks, that the term "Gentleman" is not known to the law. There has been, however, within the last few years, a case in which a "surety" in a Bankruptcy Court was objected to by the counsel, because while described as a *gentleman*, he was in reality a clerk in a steam-packet company. The objection was held to be fatal. Now, of course, in the eye of a herald, or any one who judged these questions by the strictly aristocratic standard, his being a "clerk" would not necessarily make him cease to be "a gentleman:" whether he was so or not would be a question of blood. But the judge made not the objection on that ground; he went by the old legal custom of describing a gentleman as one who would be at the "port, charge, and maintenance" of our, or some general old notion, that any one who "lived without labour" was one. This would be monstrous in the eyes of a herald and genealogist, but it was good sense according to the customs of England.

This word "gentleman" with its synonyms "*gentilhomme*" and "*gentiluomo*" has cost no little ink in its time. Its derivation from *gentilis* is obvious enough, and that it bore a distinct reference to race; and as early as we find it, it is a term of distinction, and indeed may be said to lie at the bottom of all distinctions between classes in modern history. Why, and how, the "Barbarians," our ancestors, came to use the word as a word of honour has been much disputed. One view is, that as the Barbarians were gentiles, or outer nations, to the Romans, the leaders of the

\* See Sir James Lawrence's well written and very amusing treatise "On the Nobility of the British Gentry."



conquering northerners assumed the appellation, as one of honour, to distinguish themselves from the degenerate people they had enslaved. To this view inclined Selden, as may be seen in his great work, the "Titles of Honour;" but Gibbon considered "more pure and probable" the theory which would derive it from the civilians' use of the word, as synonymous with *ingenuus*. A "gentle" (its derivative) is used as the opposite to "simple." One writer suggests that a "simple man was one of those who had only a single name, like John or Roger, while the proprietors (who were, no doubt, the first to do so,) distinguished themselves by adopting surnames—derived, for the most part, from the names of their possessions. According to the view of Mr. Hampson, the author of "Origines Patriciae," nobody is a gentleman, in the strict sense, but one who traces himself to the first barbarian conquerors. But, at all events, there does not seem ever to have been a time, when *gentilhomme* could not have been fairly rendered "man of family," which amounts to man of some power or position; for a family could never have become recognisable as an entirety among the horde, unless it had had something to fix itself on, and maintain itself by. Land,\* in those days, was to a family what earth is to a plant—the necessary support, and literal *locus standi*. And it is characteristic of the title "gentleman," and shows its connexion with race, that it was a self-dependent title; one which grew by time, and was not made by charters; an inherent title of untraceable origin, which seems to have been as well known in description of certain people, as the name Northman or Frank. The uncertainty about its adoption, is a proof of its antiquity. In fact, the origin of the rulers of the Northern nations, went back into the darkness of far ages; their assumed descent from Odin and Thor, was a clear enough expression of the fact, that their line had been of the highest type of their race, as far as the memory of all the generations of whom they had tidings, reached. From this feeling came the strange exaggerations of old writers, those most extraordinary writers, the early expounders of heraldry. "God Almighty cannot make a gentleman!" exclaims one of these worthies. Indeed, James the First is said to have answered his nurse, who wished him to create her son one, "Na, na! I can make him a lord, but I canna make him a gentleman." We have, however, cases of Royal creations of gentlemen;

\* "Any man that held land by *knight-service*, vested in him by descent or heritage, was deemed to be of *gentlemanly* condition or degree."—Madox, *Baronia Anglica*.

there is the instance of one John Kingston, whom one of our kings "*ad ordinem generosorum adoptabat*," but from the fuss the writers make about this case, it is clear, that it was thought extraordinary, nay, so to speak, unnatural. In France, one of the patents of nobility of which we have spoken, though it made a man a privileged person, did not make him a noble in a satisfactory sense. It took some three or four generations to make the offspring "gentlemen of ancestry." Everything, in fact, shows, that "gentility," which is always spoken of as a matter of "blood,"—that forcible and old metaphor—was an affair of Race. In the last result, and peering as far as we can see into the *ante Agamemnona* days, we find that certain sections of men were bigger and stronger, and had more energy of every kind, than other men, and became their governors and rulers. Take a simple illustration of the estimation in which different sets of men were held in early times, afforded by our language. The terms *villain*, *churl*, *boor*, all passed from being simple terms of description, into terms implying humiliation; and on the other hand *gentlesse*, *gentleness*, and so on, became the name of qualities such as were supposed to belong to the class, from whose designation they were derived.

"He was cummin of gentill-men,

\* \* \* \*

His father was a worthy knight,  
His mother was a lady bright,"

sings Blind Harry of Sir William Wallace, who sprang from the De Walays of Normandy. Did the reader ever consider the testimony of those old ballads? They were written, it may be supposed, by the born singers of the humbler classes, in old days, when the gentleman's employment was war; they bear every trace of coming warm from the popular heart; now, how do they represent the Aristocracy? "Stout Earl Percy" and "Sir James, the bold Baron," are made noble figures of by these singers; "Good Sir Patrick Spens" is loveable, as seen by their light; and what more charming than their portraits of the noble ladies, whose "lily-white hands" were such constant objects of their simple admiration? Loyalty is the predominant feeling of these old songs.

It would be blasphemy against the nature of things to suppose that the history of England or the history of Europe for long ages, was all one false and mad state of society. We must therefore just accept Gentlesse, with its fiefs, tournaments, shields, heralds, pedigrees, and "prejudices," as the state of life through which Europe had necessarily to

pass, and as that which formed the foundation of the existing state of civilization. Of course, if any one seriously maintains, that it would have been better for England if Jack Cade had succeeded, and—

“When Adam delved, and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?”

became the motto of England, we must leave him to consider us and our “Pedigree and Heraldry” insanity; and proceed with our further illustrations of the subject with what heart we can.

The gradual and important process, by which the distinction between the greater and lesser nobles came about, is not easily traced; the constitution of Parliaments, in early reigns, is involved in obscurity and controversy. It would appear that there was an early distinction between *barones majores* and *barones minores*. The Reports of the Lords’ Committee, on the Dignity of a Peer, esteemed this distinction earlier than the time of JOHN. Both classes were barons, and both, in Mr. Hallam’s opinion, were constitutionally members of the *commune concilium*; there was no social distinction—that is, no distinction at all resembling that of caste—between them; and the *barones minores* were, in the words of Camden, those who “*vulgo generosi et gentilem vocantur.*” Extent of property was probably the cause of the gradual distinction. In the course of it, the *majores* became what we call the Peers—on which body the celebrated Madox, in his *Baronia Anglica*, has the following paragraph:

“Peerage was the state or condition of a peer. It consists chiefly in that relation which the barons or peers of the King’s Court bare to one another. Baronial tenure or creation were the foundation of Peerage; for when a man was either left in barony, or was created a baron or earl, he was, *ipso facto*, a peer—one of the *Pares Curie Regis.*”

But the *minores*, as the reader has seen, were equally of the aristocracy in the proper sense. When the custom began of summoning Parliament by two classes of writs, one addressed directly from the Crown to the great barons, the other through the sheriffs of counties to men of less consequence—this last class became what we now familiarly know as “county members,” our ancient English “knights of the shire.” By this means a mass of the aristocracy of the country became the leaders of the popular interest, and the first stand against Charles the First came from men who in every other country of Europe would have been counts or marquises, such men as Hampden, Sir Dudley

Digges, and Sir John Elliot. One consideration flows of great importance, also, from a right understanding of the historic nature of the English aristocracy, and it is this. When the question is raised as to the number of eminent men, produced relatively by the aristocracy and the people, it is never quite fairly argued, from the general misapprehension of the real character of what constitutes “nobility.” But we shall devote a special paragraph to this point further on.

Let us now endeavour to sketch historically the state of aristocracy in the country. With a nobility which does not yield to any other, in antiquity or possessions, the English view of the matter has always been more liberal than that of the continent. This is shown by many particulars. By the comparative indifference in matters of alliance to begin with; in Germany a *mésalliance* is ruinous to the best pedigree. But, chiefly, the fact is proved by the very little success which the Heralds College, or College of Arms, has had in this realm; it has been, and is, a prosperous corporation enough; but it has never been what could be called a successful institution. Heralds are among the oldest officials known. During the days of chivalry, when the knights rode into the tilting field, glittering with armour, from head to foot, the herald stood by and announced the individual from the arms upon his shield. He was the messenger of kings and potentates; the regulator of ceremonial and state; the superintendent of all that pertained to the pomp and ornament of life; the authority on arms and pedigree; and the regulator of the stately ceremonies which accompanied that last display of human pride wherein our feudal forefathers were wont to be particularly magnificent, the occasions when

A funeral with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot.

These vulgar hatchments—symbols which have lost all meaning—which infest Great-gaunt street, they are only the miserable descendants of the warrior’s shield hung outside his castle wall, to tell the country that the gentleman whom they had followed to battle had begun his long slumber. On such occasions as these funerals your antique herald was in his glory. For he was the lord of the symbolic, and the interpreter of the gorgeous imagery by which was expressed, in ornament and ceremony, the spirit of the ancient life. But though the King’s heralds were formed into a constituted body; though Henry V. formed them into a College; and Richard III. granted them a charter of privileges; and Henry VIII. issued a commission

to the Kings of Arms (21 Henry VIII.) ; in spite of all this England never took heartily to Norroy and Clarencieux.\* A perpetual struggle went on between the heralds and the multitude. First, there was a war between them and those who *would*, without authority, assume coat-armour ; and an amusing struggle between them and the local painters and undertakers, who presumed to arrange funerals—nay, “to wear gowns and tippets” (unhappy Clarencieux !) without authority, and contrary to all heraldic law and example. Their very visitations never received proper attention in England. Their first commission was the one above-mentioned, from Henry VIII. We will give a specimen of the way in which a Visitation was conducted. When the deputy arrived in a neighbourhood he issued such a document as the following :†—

“ Summons to a Gentleman to appear before a Deputy to a King-at-Arms.

“ \_\_\_\_\_ parish Co. \_\_\_\_\_  
“ To Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

“ Sir,

“ You are personally to appear before \_\_\_\_\_ Esq., Windsor (or other) herald of arms, on \_\_\_\_\_ being the \_\_\_\_\_th of \_\_\_\_\_ next, by eight of the clock in the morning, at the sign of the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_, there to enter your descent and arms, and to bring with you such arms and crest as you bear. Whereof, you are not to fail as you will answer the same before the Lords Commissioners for the office of the Earl Marshal of England.”

Many, of course, did (luckily for descendants of a genealogical turn of mind) obey these summonses ; but many treated them with indifference. Old Gerard Leigh relates, in his *Armorie*, that some who were applied to concerning their “coats,” made somewhat obvious jests touching other portions of their apparel, shocking to the heraldic mind.

As might be expected, the Stuarts contrived to create all the mischief that could be conveniently created, out of such institutions as these. In 1633, Charles I. issued a commission, by which the kings-at-arms had “liberty to reprove, controul, and make infamous, by proclamation at the assizes, or general session, all that have taken upon themselves the title of esquire, gentleman, or otherwise,” and also to punish the shameless parties—goldsmiths and “tippet” people, mentioned above. Further than that, he used the “pursuivants-at-arms” to arrest Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Elliot, for speaking against the Duke of Buckingham. But

the Earl Marshal’s Court, a kind of court of honour to which the spirit of England was decidedly adverse, did most mischief to the cause of the heralds. This court took cognizance of “gentility,” and made causes about what were properly matters of air and fancy. “Copley having spoken somewhat in defamation of Pierpoint’s family, was fined 300*l*. And it was usual, then, to censure men for words, as a person was for saying, that one Brown was no gentleman, but descended from Brown, the great pudding-eater in Kent.”\*

It was not likely that courts and commissions like these would outlive such a century as the seventeenth in England. The heralds made a good fight of it ; the sturdy Dugdale, when he was Norroy, rigidly denounced pretenders, publicly disclaiming all who took upon them the title of gentleman or esquire—nay, sturdily *defacing tombstones* whereon arms were put without right, and so persecuting the poor *parvenu* even in his grave ! † . . . . But ever the authority of the College was waning. In 1669, as ANTHONY à WOOD tells us, in the sour pages of his “Life,” Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King-of-Arms, “was at the Crown Inn, near Carfax, in Oxon, in order to visit part of the county of Oxon . . . being part of the province belonging to Clarencieux.” Anthony, a most laborious antiquary, devoted to learning in his heart, but irritable at the surface, with Papistical tendencies, misogyny, and college scandal, preying thereon, was then indulging what he calls his “esurient genie for antiquities.” However he spared time to look up at the proceedings of Bysshe, and so to inform us and the world, that “few gentlemen appeared, because, at that time, *there was a horse-race at Brackley*. Such that came to him he entered if they pleased. If they did not, he was indifferent. *Many looked on this affair as a trick to get money*.” So far Anthony, in his sour and prickly way : he had seen many things galling to an antiquarian and Tory mind—how, at the “very fair Church of Banbury, out of sixty coats of arms that were on the windows before the war began, only twelve or thirteen were left.” This was in 1659. Likewise, he had seen the “ancient and noble seat of Workworth . . . lately belonging to the Chetwoods of Chetwood . . . sold by them to Holman, a scrivener.” And what was worst of all, he had seen Fulk Grevill of “the antient and gentile familie of the Grevilles in Warwickshire . . . condemned for highway robbery !” But we

\* Noble’s College of Arms ; Berry, Preface to *Encyclopædia Heraldica*, &c.

† Noble, *ubi sup.* (Appendix, p. 22.)

\* Noble, from Rushworth.

† Life of Dugdale, prefixed to his “History of St. Paul’s.” He died in 1686.

must not linger with Anthony. The last commission was issued to the kings-at-arms, in the 2nd of James II. Visitations fell into disuse. The College of Arms grants arms on application still, for fees; but, of course, interferes not either with shield or tombstone; and that ancient officer, the Herald, has passed, like so many other great officials, into Beadledom.

The truth is, that the ancient aristocracy, of which the two great appurtenances were the land and the sword, had waned, and were ever waning,—not only out of power but out of existence altogether, long before the times of which we have just been speaking. It is only after poring over the huge tomes of the antiquary, that one begins to understand, either how great the old nobles were, or how entirely they passed away. In Queen Elizabeth's time, great social changes were going on. "Brooke, York Herald (we quote again from Noble), says that Cook, Clarendieu, in this (Elizabeth's) reign, granted 500 coats-of-arms to different persons who applied for them; and that the two Dethicks gave more than that number; he also acquaints us that in his own time 120 were given within ten years." [Hist. of College of Arms, p. 161.] These grantees, of course, were new men, every day purchasing estates from the old families; and no doubt are the ancestors of many of our most potent "county families" at present. It was natural that moderate estates should not hold out in the same families, many centuries. But meanwhile, what had become of the "mighty barons, who formerly overawed the Crown?" The curious particulars concerning these magnates, with which we become acquainted in the great work of Dugdale, sufficiently inform us of the splendour of their condition. The primal BARON, who was a member of the King's Council before any other title but earl was known in England; who had his own heralds; whose manors were to be counted by dozens; who administered justice on his own land, like a prince; who was waited on at table by gentle blood,—he lies away, in our distant early history, as the Megatherium does in that of the world, the huge bulk of him only dimly conceivable! The wars and attainders—the fatal Roses, whose breath was as deadly as that of the flowers in Hawthorne's philosophical story,\* were fatal to him. Innumerable families ended in heiresses, who carried the estates to smaller men, and gave to their modern descendants the right to boast of some little of the old blood of the rulers of Europe. But the Wars

of the Roses gave the finishing blow to the old style of great nobility. A modern noble may achieve considerable splendour in the upholstery way by dint of money, but it is not the splendour of power.

There are various examples of the result of the horrible devastation of the Wars of the Roses in the way of family destruction. Of the great house of Stafford, Earls of Stafford, and Dukes of Buckingham, three successive heads died in the field; and the grandson of the third was beheaded by Henry VIII. This man's son was restored in blood, and the title of Lord Stafford remained to his race; but after public events had spared them, private injury completed the ruin of the male line. The restored lord's eldest son left a line which ended in an heiress, but that heiress married a Howard; and when the grandson of the restored lord (by a second son) claimed the title, he was bullied into silence and obscurity. He died without issue, which was the best thing he could do; but his sister Jane Stafford married a *joiner*, and produced a *cobbler*, who was living in 1637.

Regium certe genus et Penates  
Mœret iniquos,

—might have been, with much propriety, quoted of this poor fellow; for he had only to stir "beyond his last," to claim kin with all that was noblest in England, and was descended from the Plantagenet!† But, not only did the Staffords come to extreme misery; the Hollands begged their bread in exile. It is well known that though the House of Lords, when summoned in 1451 by Henry VI., counted fifty-three temporal Lords, yet when summoned by Henry VII. in 1485, it counted only twenty-nine, and of these several had been recently elevated to the peerage.‡ The reign of Henry VII. was no reign likely to bring them round again; for that cold, shrewd, thoughtful monarch "kept a tight hand upon his nobility," says Lord Bacon, in that classical piece of biography his life of him—"and chose rather to promote clergymen and lawyers, who, though they had the interest of the people, were more obsequious to him; to this I am persuaded was greatly owing the troubles of his reign, for though his nobility were loyal and at his command, yet they did not co-operate with him, but let every man go his own way." We may avail ourselves, further, of Bacon's work, to illustrate our subject; and here we see how the Kentish men acted on a certain occasion: "The Kentish men perceiving that

\* "Rappacini's Daughter," in the "Mosses from an old Manse."

\* See case of Roger Stafford, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1797.

† Macaulay, Hist. of England, vol. i., p. 38.

Perkin was not attended by any Englishmen of consequence . . . . . applied to the *principal gentlemen of the county* . . . . . desiring to be directed in what manner they could best act for the king's service." Natural enough! The "gentlemen" were then actually expected to have so ne guidance and direction at command, and were looked to, to supply it—and not only to furnish soup kitchens and commit poachers! We likewise find Heraldry still enjoying considerable vitality in those days, for my Lord Audley having foolishly headed a West Country rabble, who marched to London on a wild goose chase, was taken and executed; there being affixed to his breast a piece of paper with his "arms" painted on it reversed. All reasonable and intelligible enough; for it was as much as to say, Know all men by this ignoble paper of my Lord Audley's "Arms" the disgrace of that lord; these "arms" which ought to be the symbol of his nobleness being the mark of his shame.

The House of Lords was very naturally recruited, in early times, from the landed men or gentry, the holders of feudal estates. It consisted, as we have seen, of a mere fifty or sixty. But, as years rolled on, and its numbers increased, and times changed, the House of Lords was added to, from many different sources.\* The theory of its being, of course, was, that it was to compose the Greater Council of the kingdom, and so to consist of its greatest potentates—those who were strictly of most consequence by power and estates. This gave it weight and value; an old Earl was literally the Governor of the district whence he derived his title, and so forth. Everything, in short, in these early days, meant something, which is saying a good deal! During Elizabeth's long reign, she only made seven peers, and of these, all but Cecil were of historic descent. King James was more lavish, and in his reign they were sold sometimes. We now begin to find families, whose names are now great in the land, coming to the surface: Cecil, the ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury; Cavendish of Chatsworth sprung from Wolsey's gentleman usher; now the old name of Grey in the persons of Grey of Gosby and Grey of Werke comes into the Peerage. Sir John Holles, a very rich man, who sprang from a Lord Mayor (a functionary not rarely found the patriarch of our modern great houses), bought into the rank of Earl, and founded a house, which subsequently produced an heiress just in time to bring wealth to the

Clintons. Law and Trade had already gained the high and serene air of the upper house; and these, directly or indirectly, will be found to be the sources of many peerages henceforth. Charles I. created fifty-six peerages—of course, giving them right and left, to aid his desperate cause: but of these, all but six are extinct—a fact which would alone show how lines wear out. Charles II. created some forty-eight (including those which we owe to his amours, and which he "created" in a very literal sense); and here, says a celebrated genealogist, a departure more strikingly took place from the old principle; not men of feudal property so much as *enriches* were selected.

King William's peers amounted to some twenty-four,—which include the Dutch houses of Bentinck and Keppel. In Queen Anne's time, twelve peers were made in a day, which created a regular uproar. But, that was a worthy opening of the last century, which was famous for jobbing peerages; for when the House of Lords was once made a place to reward partisans, it became a place of party and family convenience. There is a charming illustration of this, in the recent *Memorials of Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell, in which, somebody writing to Fox, says, "Lord Ossory is very desirous, from a dislike of the turmoil, and still more of the expense of elections, to obtain an English peerage." Very likely! And this is just the light in which the House of Lords has come to be regarded, and so we hear of men being "shelved" there; and sent there, when it is expected that they will be useless to the state; or when it is feared that they will be too active, and it is wished to reduce them to imbecility.

But surely, then, the house remains, at all events, a body of venerable and ancient aristocracy, hoary with time and honour, and so sheds a lustre from the old days of England, over the land? The way in which its ranks have been recruited is not such as to tend to *this* result. Let us see. In the first place, the old peerages have been constantly becoming extinct. Then a lawyer's family—the utility of the individual having expired with himself—represent nothing but his talents for "getting on," and how often is there anything beautiful or venerable about that kind of modern career? The whole tendency of the creations during the last century was to vulgarise the institution. Bubb Doddington was made Lord Malcombe; and the uncle of Horace Walpole had, as his amiable nephew tells us—"his ambition and dirt crowned" by a similar reward. The same ambitious Horatio Walpole bettered his fortune by marrying a tailor's daughter—the

\* Grimaldi, *Origines Genealogicæ*; works of Sir Harris Nicolas and Sir Egerton Brydges; and the *Peerages*.

tailor figuring in the peerages as "Peter Lombard, Esq.;" she was, however, a very sensible woman; when the Queen of France asked her—"De quelle famille êtes vous?" she answered, "D'aucune!" Of the thirty-two peers whom George II. made, five only are calculated to have been country gentlemen of ancient descent and good estates; and the old titles died out, almost as quickly as the new ones were made. In this reign, the existing Dukedom of Northumberland was created. Three times, the noble line of Percy has ended in an heiress; the first time, the lady married Josceline de Lovaine; the second time, the prize fell to the proud Duke of Somerset; the third heiress carried the estates to Sir Hugh Smithson, the son of an apothecary, who had been created a baronet. What proportion of the old Percy blood flows in the veins of those who claim the honour of the family's representation? The fanatics of "blood," *i. e.*, those who are not content to yield that reasonable amount of regard to it, which sense and sentiment both permit, should remember that when the main line has merged, again and again, into other families, the original blood must be but a small constituent of the remote descendant's personality.

The great subverter of the aristocratic principle in the creation of peers, was Pitt. In fighting his battle against the Whigs, he availed himself immensely of the monied interest; and rewarded the supporters of party with the honours of the Crown. At every general election a batch was made: eight peerages were created in 1790; and in 1794, when a Whig defection to him took place, ten were created. Sir Egerton Brydges, a very accomplished man, both as a genealogist and a man of letters, published a special pamphlet on the point in 1798.\* He undoubtedly expressed the views of the aristocratic party when he said—

"In every parliament I have seen the number augmented of busy, intriguing, pert, low members, who, without birth, education, honourable employments, or perhaps even fortune, dare to obtrude themselves, and push out the landed interest."

One effect of granting these peerages in such a way is obvious enough. Society in England has always been based on aristocracy. Now, by giving a sort of preference to men who had no aristocratic pretensions over their untitled neighbours who *had*, the traditional order of affairs throughout England was broken in upon, and not—mark this!—

\* "On the recent Augmentations of the Peerage." 1798. Doddsley.

broken in upon to replace an effete order by new genius and natural nobility, but by mere monied jobbers and adventurers. From 1784 to 1830 were created 186 peerages; and 34 having become extinct during that time, the addition of 152 remained.

What then is at present the portion of genuine aristocracy in the House of Lords? Calculations have been made by genealogists on this subject, of which we shall avail ourselves.

The learned author of the *Origines Genealogicæ* analysed the printed peerage of 1828, and found that of 249 noblemen 35 "laid claim" to having traced their descent beyond the Conquest; 49 prior to 1100; 29 prior to 1200; 32 prior to 1300; 26 prior to 1400; 17 to 1500; and 26 to 1600. At the same time 30 had their origin but little before 1700. . . Here then we have a result of one-half of the peerage being at all events traceable to a period antecedent to the Wars of the Roses. But of these a third only had emerged at all out of insignificance during the two previous centuries.

Sir Harris Nicolas fixes as his standard of pretension in Family, the having been of consideration, baronial or knightly rank, that is, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and applying that test to the English Peerage in 1830, found that ONE-THIRD of the body were entitled to it.

There still remains in the male line, up and down England, a considerable number of landed families of very high antiquity; but the gradual decay and extinction of these is the constant theme of genealogists. Hear old Dugdale in the Preface to his *Baronage* in 1675.

He first speaks of the Roll of Battle Abbey, and says of it:—"There are great errors or rather falsities in most of these copies. . . . Such hath been the subtily of some monks of old." But, speaking of his labours, generally, he has these more remarkable words:—

"For of no less than 270 families touching which this first volume doth take notice; there will hardly be found above eight, which do to this day continue; and of those not any whose estates (compared with what their ancestors enjoyed) are not a little diminished. Nor of that number (I mean 270) above twenty-four who are by any younger male branch descended from them, for aught I can discover."

He was only stating, in a business-like way, what had been echoed and re-echoed in England for a century before. Peacham, the author of that curious book, the *Compleat Gentleman*, (edition of 1634.) speaks of the "ordinary purchasing of armes and honours for money," and says that the French called

these intruders "*Gentil-villains*," with more of the same sort. Massinger was illustrating the same fact when he made Sir Giles Overreach exclaim—

"'Tis a rich man's pride!—there having ever been,  
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,—  
Between us and true gentry."

No sources more abundantly show the decay of the ancient aristocracy than those huge and useful works, which so often ruin their projectors, our County Histories. Lyson's *Magna Britannia* has many instances of it under the various counties. One fact may serve as a specimen. In the 12th year of Henry VI., about the middle of the fifteenth century, a dozen generations ago, a list of the Gentry of *Berkshire* was made out. "It is remarkable," says our author, "that there is not one family descended in the male line from any of the gentry enumerated in the above list now left in the county."

Various curious deductions may be made from facts like these, and some very important ones, *both tending to mitigate existing caste-pride*.\* Such as the great mixture of classes by middle-class families having married heiresses of ancient ones; the extreme probability that much of the most ancient blood in the country—the blood of the oldest classes of feudal proprietors—flows in the veins of the common people and peasantry. If, however, we broach the great query, *what blood has governed England* for the last three centuries, we shall find that an answer must be given materially different now from the answer which would have leaped to the lips of a gentleman in the days of regal Bess!

A man must be very democratic indeed, who should deny to the aristocracy, that is, the nobility, greater and less, the lords and the gentry, the merit of having governed England during the whole period of the formation of the Constitution. And when we argue such a question, it must never be forgotten that the tacit, the local administration, the general organisation, must be taken into account. But with the progress of time the other classes have more and more exercised an influence. The leading men on both sides during the Civil War were of good family; † but the party which was least aristocratic in its elements was the one which triumphed! In the

\* The sort of pride which is obliged (a very ominous symptom) to borrow its phrases from the French heraldic writers, and talks of *pur sang*; *crème de la crème*; *parfum de noblesse*, and other pet absurdities of "Jenkins's!"

† As Cromwell, St. John, Hampden, Bradshaw, Admiral Blake, &c., on the popular side; the fact about the other needs no detail.

next century, again, the Foxes, Lords Holland,\* started from a plebeian of Charles II.'s time; the Walpoles and Pitts were plain country squires; the Pelhams owed their wealth to an ancestral citizen; the North family was new; Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Peel sprang from the middle class.

One often hears the question, what kind of families have produced men of distinction, brought up in conversation. As we have said before, it is not always quite fairly put. For instance, when it is recorded that Milton's father was a "scrivener," it should be remembered that he was of ancient lineage. The Families may claim among poets, Spenser, Dryden, Waller, Surrey, George Herbert, Beaumont, Byron, Shelley, Cowper; among great writers, generally, Bacon, Boyle, Gibbon, Hume, Fielding, Smollet, Congreve, Swift, Sterne, Arbuthnot, Walter Scott, Goldsmith. These men were all what a herald would designate gentlemen. Doubtless, we omit others, for we quote from memory: but the opposite side has a formidable list:—Ben Jonson, Cowley, Prior, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Johnson, Collins, Gray, Selden, Keats, Richardson, Franklin, Bunyan (by some, supposed to descend from the gypsies, a point worth searching into), Moore, Crabbe, all came out of the inferior *strata* of society. The mighty Shakspeare had a share of all blood as of all else in Nature. His paternal pedigree stops with his grandfather, and his coat-of-arms was not older than himself; but his mother's family, the Ardens, belonged to the ancient gentry of Warwickshire. Bring a man from one class, you can always match him from the other. Martin Luther may outweigh innumerable *quarterings*. As for the theory of "pure blood," the Spanish nobles are very bad instances of its effects in practice; some of the greatest potentates amongst them are said to be actually of stunted growth. We remember being much amused by reading in the late Mr. T. M. Hughes's book on Spain, that one of their nobles, while professing to descend from the *Giant Geryon*, was himself, in stature, some four feet two!—

So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies,  
All that this world is proud of.

What a sight for our posterity should this degeneracy continue, and some future Barnum go about exhibiting some future — di — "as a very singular specimen of that now nearly extinct race, the hereditary go-

\* Charles James, however, was fourth in descent from Charles II. by his mother; and several points of likeness in him to the Stuart, show how surely character transmits itself.

vernor of mankind, and (theoretical) 'King of Men!'

The standard old books of Heraldry, such as the "Boke of St. Albans," the "Glory of Generosity," the huge tome which goes by the name of "Guillim's Heraldry," and others, we reckon among the most extraordinary specimens of the human intellect. The inquirer of the nineteenth century, when he wanders into that region, is at first struck dumb with surprise; he finds himself in a chill, unearthly atmosphere, like that of a vault. It is a region of fossils. Here is a dead leaf with some strange lines on it; yon bed of thickest clay has traces which indicate that some organized body has stamped itself on it. You grope curiously about. Presently you say, there has been life here! Yes, the great sea of ancient European life receding away has left these traces of itself and its products, in every sort of form and shape, indicating that there has been life there, but leaving you only the most curious images and hints of itself to wonder over.

Something like this, we say, strikes on the mind at once. For the old heraldic writers are pedants to a man: and on a subject which gives every encouragement to a pedantic mind. We have indicated above, the gradual formation of the primal aristocracy into a greater and lesser body of nobles, the latter comprising what we call the gentry.\* The fact of such distinction, with its division of powers, was part of the very essence of the English character and constitution. Some consciousness of a similar rank in "blood" would of course dwell long in the minds of the great squires. A squire of Elizabeth's time we can fancy, when he saw some neighbour of less distinguished pedigree, but whose father had by a lucky haul of Church property got himself made a peer, when he saw him taking precedence and so on—might grumble a little over his canary, and assert that he was as good a gentleman as any in the kingdom; that he had heard that his ancestor had sat as a Baron in Edward I.'s time, and that the Swigvilles were a match for e'er a lord in the land. All this was natural enough; and, on the blood theory, perfectly just. But the heraldic writer never considered that Swigville was a commoner in the eye of the law, and that it was very lucky for England, and belonged to the liberal character of her

\* This distinction of rank with similarity of origin is admitted in its favourableness to the gentry, by the liberal historians. Hallam says, "Nobility, that is, gentility of birth, might be testified by a pedigree, but a peer was to be in arms for the crown."—Suppt. to the "Middle Ages."

institutions; that she had no *caste* of Nobles, invidiously distinguished by common privileges, from the rest of the kingdom, and so helping to produce some bloody convulsion, and disorganisation, for a future posterity! No. *He* never looked beyond the coat-of-arms. He saw everything through a haze of *or* and *azure*. The human race were divided into "ye noble," and "ye ignoble;" "ye gentill-man of blood," and "ye churle." "Ye noble" should not, according to him, marry with "ye churle;" for then he "would bar his progeny of noblesse."\* It was assumed that mankind were composed of two separate bodies, of whom one was as superior to the other as "ye horse" to "ye asse;" everybody with an old shield belonged to one, and everybody without one to the other.

But while the Heraldic writer sinned monstrously against Physiology, he played still more extraordinary tricks with the history of the world—

"He sees himself in all he sees."

To his eye, his darling and exalted science had existed in its present form, since the beginning of the world. The shape of the shield had probably been suggested by the spade of Adam. The distinction of classes had begun with the first generation. Hear the Book of St. Albans, which was written in the fifteenth century, and printed by Wynkin de Worde:—

"Cain and all his offspring became *churls*, both by the curse of God and his own father. *Seth* was made a *gentleman*, through his father and mother's blessing, from whose loins issued *Noah*, a *gentleman*, by kind and lineage. Of *Noah's* sons *Chem* became a *churl* by his father's curse, on account of his gross barbarism towards his father. *Japhet* and *Shem*, *Noah* made *gentlemen*. From the offspring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham*, *Moses* and the prophets, and also the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom *that only absolute gentleman, Jesus*, was born; perfitte God, and perfitte man, according to his manhood, King of the land of *Judah* and the *Jews*, and *gentleman* by his mother *Mary, princess of coat-armour*."

This book was written by an ecclesiastic; whether by Dame Juliana Berners, or one of the stronger sex, is uncertain. Very pretty and profitable reading for youth, in the days when not many besides "ye gentill-men" were likely to have a chance of being able to read? No wonder, new men hastened to get "coat armour" and escape, or enable their descendants to escape, out of the list of the

\* Sir John Ferne's "Glory of Generosity," a book which, according to Peacham, was in his day, "daily sought after as a jewel."



descendants of Cain! When one sees that such books as this were written with all seriousness, one begins to understand how Froissart could see nothing in the *Jacquerie*, but a "rising of the meaner sort;" and how Bacon could palliate some severities of Henry VII., on the ground that they were inflicted "but upon the scum of the people."

The Heraldic writer propounded views of natural history, on a par with his civil history and his science. His discourses on the infinite number of animals borne as "charges" in the art, commence invariably with the most monstrous dreams of antiquity on the subject. The lion when sick "cureth himself with the blood of an ape;" and singles out the particular man who has wounded him, from a crowd. But it is when the application of this knowledge is to be made to the illustration of his heraldic art, that our friend becomes transcendantly ridiculous; he has a story to account for the origin of each family's "arms;" he always implies that the arms were assumed with some mystical motive. *Argent* signifies *purity*, &c.: as if every family would not have testified to its own purity, if any such refined symbolism had existed in early times! As if early Heraldry had been sentimental only, and not at once useful, significant, and poetic, too!

To the Heralds we owe those silly fables about the *origin* of families, which figure in the commencement of pedigrees, as "traditions;" such as the story of the "old man *Hay*," and of the ancestor of the *Napiers*, with the "na peer" punning derivation. The mass of such stories are myths, which have gradually sprung out of the constant human tendency to account for the origin of things; in the particular cases alluded to, to account for the subject in the coat-armour. Old families must have had coat-armour,\* even earlier than they had surnames; and whenever we get the safe evidence of a charter about a great house, we find nothing to make it probable that a poor old reaper "with three sons," or any other mythical figure, was the founder—but some stout Teutonic knight, of use and importance in his generation.

It says a great deal for the good sense of England, aristocratic as she is ever considered, that these big Heraldic books never have had much success. It was not till within the last century, that anything like a scientific work on the subject was written; and really Mr. *Planché's* is the only noticeably sensible book

that we ever remember reading about it.\* He goes to work in a rigidly business-like way. What is the earliest evidence we have of the use of armorial bearings? What do the figures in the *Bayeux Tapestry* amount to? Can we hope to know precisely, why, and when, particular bearings were adopted?—

For our own part, we never intended to write an antiquarian dissertation on the subject. We do not value antiquities nor antiquarians, except in so far as they enable us better to understand the human life of our fellow-creatures in old days. We must be excused, therefore, for putting down without controversial detail, the essence of what we have gathered on the subject:—

1. We think that there is no evidence of anything like Heraldry as a system prior to the time of *Richard I.*

2. But as everything grows, though we do not see the growth of institutions, more than that of trees, we must suppose Heraldry to have grown too; and we clearly see the rude germs of it in the figures which Mr. *Planché* has given from the *Bayeux Tapestry*.

3. We accept the universal belief, that the system owed almost everything, as a system, to the *Crusades*.

4. We are inclined to think that Mr. *Planché's* view of the braces and clamps of the shield being the natural early heraldic figures, is a very reasonable one.

Whether or not these notions be just, the only interest a subject such as this can have for mankind now, is its symbolic interest. And all that we could ever see, that was discovered about the earliest practice of heraldry, convinces us, that its origin was natural and beautiful; that it was a kind of homage to the beautiful on the part of the leaders of Europe, in days, when, though life was violent, it was noble. It was the distinctive mark of these leaders, too, and a not ungraceful assertion of the fact of their leadership. Fossil-like as it has become now, who knows whether it may not yet once more acquire a symbolic value, if only as a kind of disgraceful signal that a man assumes to belong to the leading class without doing anything but put an odd figure on his spoons by way of showing it! Pedigree and Heraldry exist as a reproach to this last-mentioned gentleman; who forgets that the word "Gentleman" was, for long centuries, a faith of its kind throughout Europe. While this is forgotten, and perhaps naturally forgotten in our progress to other forms of life, it is as well, now and then, to look at these older forms sometimes, and try to get clear notions out of them.

\* When *Froissart* is relating who was killed in any of the innumerable fights he writes of, he sometimes says only, "he wore" so-and-so. The arms of a house in early days were far stronger marks of distinction than the name.

\* We hear the "Curiosities of Heraldry," by *Lower*, well spoken of, but have never seen it.

For gentleman has gradually come to mean a person of some kind of polish and assumption; though it is the *man* which is the base of the word, which is also the life of it: and which will have to begin again in its native vigour, after this peculiar feudal modification of it shall have outlived its utility.

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#### ART. IV.—SECTS AND SECTARIAN EDUCATION.

1. *Public Education*: By Sir James Kay Shuttleworth. London: Longman and Co. 1853.
2. *National Education: the Three Schemes contrasted*. By the Rev. Francis Close, M.A. London: Hatchard. 1852.
3. *A Survey of the System of National Education in Ireland*. By Charles Buxton, Esq. London: Murray. 1853.
4. *Strictures on the New Government Measure of Education*. By Edward Baines. London: Snow. 1853.
5. *The Scheme of Secular Education proposed by the National Public Schools' Association compared with the Manchester and Salford Education Bill*. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

LET us suppose the case of a gentleman, who, totally ignorant of the French language, had the offer of a valuable appointment at Paris, to which a knowledge of French was indispensably necessary. Let us, moreover, suppose that this gentleman, like a sensible gentleman, sent as soon as possible for a French teacher, in order that he might be in a condition to perform the required duties, and receive the promised salary consequent on his appointment. So far the supposition is easy and natural enough. But let us now suppose that the gentleman has an influential adviser, who warns him against taking lessons of any French teacher, who will not preface his dissertations on genders, conjugations, and idioms, with an exposition of the Church of England catechism. Let us further suppose, that our imaginary gentleman has abundance of time, wherein he may study the Church of England catechism—ay, and the Scotch catechism, too, into the bargain. Let him now, on finding that a Parisian Frenchman, who will both teach his own language, and expound the Anglican catechism, is not so easy to be found, remonstrate with his adviser, and state alike his difficulties and his facilities. Last of all, let us suppose that the inflexible adviser tells his friend that he ought to give up the Parisian appointment, salary,

and all, rather than have a French teacher who will not expound the Church catechism.

Now, however we may turn about the question of government education,—however great may be our efforts to gain by a variety of pamphlets, a number of ways of viewing the same subject,—we cannot find a single particular in which the case differs from that which is hypothetically stated above. A vast number of individuals are in absolute need of an education requisite to the performance of their duties as citizens in a civilized community; the means of obtaining this education can be furnished without material difficulty; for we find that those legislators who are most rigid on the subject of public expenditure are precisely those who are most ready to devote funds to this particular object. And yet an impediment arises in all directions, because it is insisted that the foundation for performing the duties of a citizen shall not be laid unless the schoolmaster shall also inculcate certain religious dogmas, which have no connexion whatever with the relation between citizen and state, save in so far as they coincide with the precepts of general morality. The yet uneducated portion of our countrymen represent the gentleman with the expected appointment, for in these days of increasing democratic power, who shall say that any member of the community is not a possible legislator, with the advantages and responsibilities proper to such a vocation? The adviser represents—nay, whom does he not represent? Not one religious sect in particular, but all, from the ultramontane Romanist to the most independent congregationalist. “If you cannot be taught my particular dogmas,” says one sect after the other, “better not be taught at all.” If none of these can agree to leave the educational power in the hands of a rival, just as little can they agree to a system in which all share alike. Here is a question with respect to which peace is declared an absolute impossibility. As to the manner in which the nation shall be educated all will differ, with a thousand shades of difference. On the propriety of having the nation uneducated rather than make some slight concession, the unanimity of all is wonderful. While the peacemaker is absent they can all fling hard words at each other; when the peacemaker comes they have all formed into one compact phalanx, and the epithet “godless,” sounds with equal sonorousness from every throat. “My cousin Francis and I,” said the emperor Charles V., “are perfectly agreed on the subject of Milan, he wants it for himself, and so do I.” The question of leaving Milan alone was not on the *tapis*. Sooner should the whole territory be ravaged with fire and sword, and sooner

should the throat of every Milanese be cut thair Charles give way to Francis, or Francis to Charles. Rather let the inhabitants of whole districts be allowed to wallow in the most bestial ignorance, to their own utter degradation and the infinite danger of the rest of the community, than the slightest concession be made by any one party, even if a similar concession on the part of an antagonist is a feature in a proposed scheme for national education.

If there was to be found among any party a doubt as to the importance of educating the multitude, it would be easy enough to account for the obstacles which are constantly thrown in the way of any comprehensive plan, and which must appear trifling to any mind that takes a large view. When trifles are at stake, trifles may consistently influence the contending parties. But on these two propositions, namely, that the multitude ought to be educated, and that the multitude is not adequately educated at the present day, all sects and denominations are perfectly agreed. Frame these propositions, just as they stand, without addition or application, into a couple of resolutions, and they will be passed unanimously at an assemblage either of Puseyites or of Baptists. Embody into a third resolution a scheme that shall be the only one that can make a practical application of the preceding admission, and Baptist and Puseyite will vie with each other in the vigour with which they reject it.

If we want to record votes as to the importance of a more general system of education, we have only to turn to the books enumerated at the head of this article, each of which is the representative of a definite party.

The author of the pamphlet, "The Secular Scheme of Education Compared," &c., says:—

"Without attaching undue importance to the fact, that South Lancashire has the unenviable position, in a comparison for four years, to stand fifth of the English counties in the consecutive order of criminality; it is certain that convictions for crime are so far an indication of the state of society, that in proportion to the number of persons who pass the limit when they become amenable to public punishment, is the degraded condition of that portion of society, out of which they are furnished. Hence the state of ignorance of criminals . . . indicates the ignorance of the whole class of persons from whom these criminals are derived."

Again:—

"Crime, and ignorance, and pauperism, are not to be regarded merely as a charge upon society; they inflict upon it also a most serious loss. They deprive the social state of an amount of

labour and production, and of intellectual service, which is highly prejudicial to its interests; and, at the same time, their infectious influence stops the progress of social elevation, and keeps the masses of the people back from privileges which under other circumstances would become their right."

Nothing can be more clear or sound than all this. The direct proportion between crime and ignorance is admitted in unequivocal terms, and the subject is regarded not only in the interest of morality, but in that of political economy. Yet how does the writer of the pamphlet intend to grapple with the evil which he so plainly sees before him? He is merely an advocate of the "Manchester and Salford" scheme—a half measure, which, by insisting on the reading of the holy scriptures in the schools to be erected under its provisions, at once excludes the whole body of Roman Catholics, as amply proved by a declaration of the Catholic clergy published in an appendix to this very pamphlet.

From another pamphlet we take an extract of a more eloquent kind, partly because we think many of our readers will be pleased to see such forcible plain-speaking in the right direction; partly (and chiefly) because it affords a remarkable instance of the strange phenomenon to which we are now calling attention.

"A great nation" (says our philanthropist, and this first proposition is printed in capitals) "seeks the universal education of her children. When shall it be accomplished? This question is a short one, but it must receive a lengthened answer. But are you sure that the question is asked? Is such a need expressed? Is it the will and pleasure of the great bulk of the inhabitants of this country, at least of those of them who are capable of thought and reflection, that the children of the people should, one and all, enjoy the benefits of universal education? The time is come when, we think, that we may assume this as no longer a moot point; it is a matter proven, established, uncontroverted; with the exception of a few thin, attenuated persons of meagre form and blighted intellect, wandering remnants of a nearly extinct species, the voice of the nation is all but unanimous—our children must be educated!—(more capitals.) For once, at least, the *vox populi* is attuned to the *vox Dei*."

Here is a splendid exordium, showing that not only the writer's head is convinced, but that his heart is glowing with enthusiasm. That the national will may be exhibited to us with the greater force, the nation is personified, and the relation between mother and child is pathetically brought into the foreground. Nay, as if the national will, clearly expressed, were still not enough to invoke—

as if something were yet wanting to kindle the proper degree of fervour—the generous lover of mankind soars beyond the nation, and even beyond the world, and comes back to tell us that, in this case, the voice of the people coincides with the voice of God. That his views are most comprehensive, that there is nothing sectarian in his mind, is, of course, sufficiently proved by the word “universal,” which, a few lines onwards, is clinched by the unmistakable expression, “one and all.” As for those who would throw obstacles in the way of this universal education, his hatred against them is so great, as even to transcend the bounds of courtesy, since he attacks not only the minds but the persons of the bigots who may venture to take an opposite side. They are not merely intellectually blighted, but they are “thin,” a personal peculiarity which our zealous ally regards with such evident abhorrence, that we may suppose *embonpoint* to be one of his own characteristics.

But after all, who is this ardent philanthropist? and what does he propose? Our readers have already guessed that he is some disciple of Mr. Combe or Mr. Simpson, who, coming, red-hot, from a meeting in favour of a general system of education, has jotted down his feelings while the glow is yet fresh upon him. Nothing can be further from the truth. The writer of the passage just cited, is only the Rev. Francis Close, of Cheltenham, who, after reviewing the “Three Schemes” for education, selects the least efficient of them all. The eloquence with which this spiritual Quixote describes the necessity of combating the dragon of ignorance, is only equalled by the instinctive predilection with which he selects the bluntest weapons.

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, who has given the result of his experience in a thick book, valuable for its statistical information, but elaborately uninteresting to those who wish to see principles clearly and largely discussed, comes, after wading his way through whole forests of figures, to this conclusion:—

“If the monarchy and the representative system of Great Britain are to perish, it will not be from any conspiracy of the nobles. Magna Charta and the revolution settlement secured and united their influence in the constitution. Nor will it arise from the rebellion of the middle classes, who acquired their due share of political power by the Reform Bill. But the dominion of an ignorant and demoralized democracy is scarcely more fatal than the growth of popular discontent—the inevitable consequence of the waste of national resources by a people who multiply without forethought; purchase misery by improvidence, and exchange the frenzy of inebriety for the madness of political fanaticism. The sure road to social-

ism is by a prolongation of the contrasts between luxury and destitution; vast accumulations and ill-rewarded toil; high cultivation and barbarism; the enjoyment of political privileges, and the exclusion from all rights by ignorance or indigence.”

And yet Sir J. K. Shuttleworth does not get beyond the weak scheme last propounded by the Government, which distinctly repudiates, not without expressed abhorrence on the part of Lord John Russell, all notion of a “secular education”—that is to say, of the only system which offers an universal remedy to an universal evil.

On any other subject but this of national education, we should be surprised to meet such a quantity of controversy when so much is generally admitted, not only a controversy between the representatives of antagonistic sects, but an inconsistency which leads to a battle between the author and—himself. From any one of the numerous books now before us, we could extract passages indicative of a feeling which nothing but the most universal system could satisfy; but, when we look a little closer at the general tenour of the work, we find that, after all, nothing but some miserable half-measure is advocated, and we begin to doubt whether the writer is, after all, sincere in the apprehensions he vividly sets forth, or whether he is only trying to amuse us by a display of clap-trap eloquence.

On any other subject, we say, we should be greatly astonished at the absurd combination of a vehement desire for an admitted good, with a constant effort to throw up obstacles against its attainment. But, unfortunately, on this subject we have had too much experience of inconsistency to be astonished at anything. Indeed, one little sentence uttered by the late Dr. Hamilton of Leeds, a distinguished leader of the Independents, contains the whole philosophy of the matter. On going over from the liberal to the sectarian side, the worthy Independent was honest enough to avow his tergiversation, and he apologised for a seeming inconsistency, by saying that “he had enrolled himself in the ‘British system,’ as a patriot and a Christian; he owned a heart larger than his denomination.” Now, on any subject in the world in which there was not an admixture of the religious element, a man would be ashamed to speak of his preference of the duties of a Christian and a patriot to the interests of a denomination—as a sort of amiable weakness—a venial error, not to be too hardly judged, if the delinquent promised to be less Christian and patriotic, and to have a smaller heart in future. But it is a peculiar misfortune of the religious element that it can give

a sanction—aye, and a respectable sanction—to any wrong, from a general massacre, to a sneaking dereliction of principle, so that an unblushing avowal of the unrighteousness will be not only tolerated but applauded. Many a man infinitely prefers the interests of his own shop to those of mankind in general, but no man dare state that preference to an assembled meeting, or even to a number of isolated readers. The currier who, in the old fable, suggested, for the benefit of his own trade, that the city walls should be made of leather, at least took the pains to persuade his fellow-townsmen that leather was a fit and proper material for fortification. But the religious partizan need employ no such mask. He can look boldly at a measure which promises incalculable benefits to a nation, and he can unblushingly reject it from the avowed motive that it does not furnish recruits to his own chapel.

Mr. Church, whose letter to Mr. Cobden on "the Rise and Progress of National Education in England" cannot be too strongly recommended as a valuable history of facts, and an able exposition of principles, uses the little confession of Dr. Hamilton to account for the great backsliding of the dissenters in 1846, from the principles they had maintained in 1839, and for similar proceedings on the part of the Church; but it may also be used to explain that strange discrepancy between the powerful description of evil and the feeble suggestions of remedy that occur in all the "moderate" pamphlets which are written on this important topic. Mr. Close, when he talks of the "great nation," and abuses the "thin" bigots, is the Christian and the patriot with the large heart; the same Mr. Close, who flinches from an "anti-Bible scheme," is simply the incumbent of Cheltenham,—so with Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and the writer of the pamphlet first quoted; they are universalists when they profess their abhorrence of ignorance, sectarians when they recommend means of education,—the plea of religion allowing them to assume both these characters undisguisedly.

The war between the patriot and the sectarian, which, as we have seen, can even be fought within the bosom, or, at any rate, within the book—of a single individual, has now been going on for upwards of forty years; and though we may rejoice at the progress made to some extent in the liberal direction, yet we have more reason to lament at finding that the same *animus* which was exhibited on the subject of education at the beginning of the present century, is alive and active now. The border-land on which the battle is fought, is not in precisely the same situation in which it was formerly, but the

battle is still fought with the same bitterness; the watchwords of party are the same—or the same in signification—as they were in the bad "good old times;" and there is still apparent the same selfish spirit, which would sacrifice the common good of mankind to the interests of particular sects. "Let the state, avoiding minor differences, educate the mass of the people so as to make them good citizens," says the voice of reason, and, honestly expressed, the voice of the nation. "Perish the duties of the citizen, if the scholar cannot be made a good churchman, or a good Wesleyan, or a good Muggletonian, or a good some-sectarian-or-other," say the representatives of the various denominations with one discordant accord.

At the beginning of the present century the victim in the cause of education was the quaker Lancaster, respectable rather as a martyr than a preceptor, for he shared, with Dr. Bell, the notable scheme of combining the instruction of the largest possible number of pupils with the smallest possible efficiency of teachers. But Bell made the Church Catechism an essential article in his items of teaching; whereas Lancaster, taking what we might now call a Manchester and Salford view of the matter, confined himself to the Bible alone; conceiving that he would thus give admission to a larger number of his fellow-Christians. At this stage of the history, be it distinctly borne in mind, there was no notion of a state interference—the doctrine that a state should look after the education of its citizens—had not been so much as started; but a benevolent man proposes a voluntary system, unaccompanied by tax or rate—in short, a charity subscription club, which inculcates the reading of the Scriptures. What does he get for his pains? He is written against, preached against, thundered against in every moral form, he is branded as a "deist;" the dissenters are in the background, and give no sign; and the man who shall dare to teach children to read or write, without teaching them what their godfathers and godmothers did for them—ay, though he pays the expenses out of his own pocket, is a profane wretch, and nothing more.

There is, indeed, one particular in the Lancastrian controversy which may kindle a feeling of pride in the present generation. We have learned to call names better. When Archdeacon Daubeny proclaimed a man who insisted on the reading of the Bible an infidel and a deist, he might, with a very mild expenditure of logic, have been turned round on his own words, and convicted of a *contradictio in adjecto*. But the word "deist," used forty years ago, would now have for its

substitute the word "godless," which is far more suitable for its purpose. "Godless," has both a negative and a positive signification, and the artful writer can easily use it in one sense, so as to satisfy (or cheat) his own conscience while he intends that his readers shall swallow it in the other. An academy that teaches writing and ciphering, without regard to any other branches of learning, moral or intellectual, may in a certain sense be called "godless," just as a tavern-bill may be called "godless," because, in addition to its various items, it does not contain a form for grace before or after meat. Precisely in this sense, which conveys no reprehension whatever, may a secular system be called "godless;" and the sectarian demagogue who employs the word is, to a certain extent, correct. But he knows very well that his hearers will supply the other active meaning of "impious," "anti-religious," and so forth; and his skill in this respect honourably distinguishes him from his fellow-bigots of forty years ago, who used such clumsy unequivocal words as "deist," and what not.

To return to our dismal history. The Lancasterian controversy exhibited the Church of England as the enemy of the system of general education then proposed. Bell, who taught on a bad system, with the church catechism, was the saint; Lancaster, who taught on the same bad system, without the church catechism, was the infidel of his day. In 1818, when the "National" and the "British and Foreign Schools" had been for seven years respectively founded on the principles of the two patriarchs of popular education, an inquiry was made by the House of Commons into the number of schools throughout England and Wales, and resulted in the discovery that there was no close correspondence between demand and supply in the article of general instruction. Mr. Brougham brings in a bill to promote the education of the "lower classes," but his measure gives the clergy too much advantage; and the dissenters, who now begin to distinguish themselves, find it intolerable. The introduction of the doctrinal element into the subject of education has again appeared as an obstacle.

The year 1839 is an epoch-marking year, and promises a better state of things than is afterwards realized. The well-known government "Committee of Council on Education" is appointed, and the erection of a training school for teachers is recommended. The minutes of council, which established the committee, also recommended a school in which merely general, not special, religion was to be taught, special teaching being left to the ministers of the various denominations.

Here begins what may be called the glorious period of the dissenters—they are on the side of light, more so than they afterwards care to own, and the difficulty is on the side of the church, which sees a tendency to take education out of the hands of the clergy. Observe the perpetually-recurring moral of the tedious tale, which might be cut up into so many separate apologies, all teaching the same truth. The enemies of national education appear, now on the right, now on the left—now they speak with authority, now they appeal to independence—but whatever form the contest takes, it is always that of a religious sect against the nation. The clergy and the clergy-led, of every denomination (save, as a sect, the Unitarians only), succeed each other in the honourable office of checking the amelioration of their fellow-creatures. When, in the history of national education—or, rather, of the attempts thereat—you come to such a word as clergyman, churchman, Wesleyan, Nonconformist, congregationalist, and what not, you may be pretty sure that mischief is at hand. Some case is coming, in which the "denomination" has got the better of the "patriot" and the "Christian."

In this year 1839, then, the dissenters were on the side of a national system—admitted the right and duty of the State to educate—also the proposition, that no voluntary association can successfully grapple with the evils of national ignorance, and the like wholesome doctrines; but the Anglican clergy declared war against education by the secular authorities, their advocate, Lord Stanley, citing the opinion of a judge who flourished in that Augustan era, the enlightened reign of Henry IV., to prove that the instruction of children had something spiritual in its very nature. The *dictum* of a judge who lived years before the Reformation, cited on a question which involves the relation between clergy and laity! Could any irreverend Rabelais or Swift desire a more ridiculous incident than this, to cast ridicule on an adverse party? Yet here fact does as much as the most malicious fancy could even attempt. It is the peculiarity of the sectarian religious element, when it intrudes itself into an universal topic, that there is no man so respectable or so elevated, that he may not become a grotesque caricature under its influence.

In 1843, Sir James Graham brought in his bill for establishing factory schools, and now the breeze of opposition blew from another point of the compass. The church was, indeed, lukewarm, but the dissenters felt that the holy cause of nonconformity was in peril, and they were triumphant in repelling the benevolent attempt of the government to elevate the intellectual condition of the operative

classes. The cry of "godless" or "no popery" is a valuable war-whoop for the general world of orthodox Protestantism; but the dissenter, if he finds he is likely to be tricked into doing anything for the general good, which does not advance the good of his sect at the same time, can find little snug epithets of his own, which, though appealing to a comparatively limited body, are quite sufficient enough to do mischief. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and even this anti-educational breeze which arose from the nonconforming body was so far serviceable, that the dissenters themselves raised a large sum of money by private subscription, which they devoted to purposes of education. "You may be sure that a man is in earnest," says Fielding somewhere, "when he puts his hand into his breeches-pocket." The dissenters, flushed with their victory over nationality, adopted this practical mode of proving the efficiency of the voluntary system. Would that their faith had not been erroneous, and that such melancholy proofs of the inefficiency of the voluntary system were not now pressing us on every side!

But the most grievous part of the story has not come yet. Vexed as the real philanthropist must be to see an important movement constantly embarrassed by polemical squabbles, which do not properly belong to it, he will, nevertheless, recollect that hitherto no neutral ground has been presented on which contending parties can shake hands and adjust their differences, but that, on the contrary, the fierce antagonists have been separated by so fine a boundary line, that whatever is surrendered by the one is certain gain to the other. The connoisseur of human nature will have no difficulty in understanding how two parties, so pugilistically trained as the church and dissent, could never concede a point one to the other, though the welfare of all mankind were dependent on a pacific treaty. Just on the same principle, a person who has been trained in the old-fashioned conventionalities of high society, will never be puzzled at a duel fought by two "men of honour" on the most frivolous pretext, though the subsistence of a large family depends on the life of each of the combatants.

But now comes the dove with the olive-branch—no "sham," but a really efficient dove, with a really efficient olive-branch;—it bears the somewhat unusual form of a Puseyite clergyman, to be sure, but it is a veritable dove notwithstanding. To drop metaphor, Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, seeing the constant difficulty which arises whenever the question of education is brought forward—wearied of this long game of chess in which

there is no check-mate—comes forward with a pamphlet, in which he suggests that, as the State cannot provide religious instruction, it should at least provide for that secular education which can exist irrespective of all theological distinction. A certain time is set apart for the instruction of the children by the pastors of the several denominations; and thus the whole work of education is performed by the proper persons. The state, which has only to do with the secular interests of the portion of mankind entrusted to its charge, teaches its young citizens by means of its secular schoolmasters, and thus fulfils its duty to the utmost. The training of souls, on the other hand, is left to those spiritual teachers who, looking away from the grosser interests of this world, rear their tender pupils with a view to supra-mundane blessedness only.

This plan of Dr. Hook's we may assume to be the same in principle as that embodied in the bill proposed by the "National Public School Association," for the difference, important as it is, that the pupils under his system must receive religious instruction of some sort or other, or forfeit the right to secular education, is one that does not affect the war to which we are now calling attention. This requisition, which we consider a blot in his plan, is a sop thrown to appease the Cerberus of religious sectarianism, and is, therefore, to be taken as a symptom of a desire for "*la paix à tout prix.*"

No sop, however, would suffice to pacify the sectarian Cerberus—that monster with many heads, and all of them rabid. The dove with its olive-branch receives no welcome—the offer of a neutral training is regarded as simply detestable—and the whole scheme becomes a sort of quaint for every party to tilt at. While there was no neutral ground, the various parties levied war against one another; now there is a hypothetical neutral ground, all the polemical warriors sink their minor differences in their hatred for the common foe—for him who dares to hint that peace is possible. So it was in the middle ages. The inhabitants of those grim old castles, that arrest the attention of the autumn traveller on the Rhine, seemed to hate each other to the full measure of human hatred. Their entire energies seemed devoted to a system of reciprocal slaughter. But when the authorities of the land began to show a desire for the cultivation of peace, and fixed certain days on which no fights were to take place, the whole body of mailed marauders felt that their common privilege was assailed, and the hatred they had entertained against each other was felt to be nothing as compared with that which fired them all against the general spoil-sport.

What was the value of life, without an occasional fight to give it diversity? Our sectarian theologians are the proper representatives of the fighting heroes of the olden time. A theologian required to make peace with a rival theologian!—the very notion is redolent of oppression, and of the most offensive contempt for ancient privilege. "Blessed are the peacemakers" is not the motto of the theologians' company.

At this stage of the history, two clergymen of opposite principles are at the head of the national party—that is to say, of the party which would extend the benefits of education to the citizens of the state as citizens, without distinction on the score of religion. One is Dr. Hook, a high-church Anglican, the other is Dr. Vaughan, an eminent dissenter. No two persons could be more opposite, professionally speaking, but, in one great and good cause, they go hand in hand, though such epithets as "godless" or the like may be flying about their ears. Foremost in the opposition is the whole ban and arrière-ban of the dissenting body (always excepting the Unitarians), and Mr. Edward Baines, renowned for the employment of a brilliant imagination on the apparently uninviting science of statistics, is the leading orator. The name of Baines will occupy an important place in the epic that some Homer will write on the great educational war; though, unless he comes early into the field, the bard may be puzzled to know how many Baineses there were. There is an elder Baines and a younger Baines, and the aspect of these in 1839 (when dissent looks national) is so different from that which they wear in 1846 (when dissent strives for its own precious denomination), that some theorists may possibly think that these champions of liberty were not only two, but four in number. Two, however, and no more, are the Baineses, corporeally speaking.

Mr. Edward Baines takes his niche as the great applier of the theory of consistency—a theory which, in skilful hands, may be used to convict any one of Her Majesty's subjects of participation in any crime that the most misanthropic of legislators could ever conceive. A good-natured master gives his apprentice half-a-sovereign to spend on Easter Monday. The apprentice becomes inebriated, falls into bad company, and commences a career which ends in transportation. Who is the cause of the sad event? Who is responsible for the miserable fate of the unhappy delinquent? Doubtless, the incautious master—at any rate, he would be so considered, if Mr. Edward Baines were the historian of the transaction.

On the subject of national education, Mr.

Baines's doctrine is simply this—if you trust the government with one thing you will be obliged to trust it with another, and that, therefore, it is best not to trust it at all. It is a slight modification of the proverb which tells you not to give an inch lest you may be called upon to give an ell, for you are recommended not to take an inch, lest an ell of something unpleasant should be forced upon you. That it is highly prized by its ingenious inventor is amply proved by the fact, that whereas he started it some seven years ago, he still appeals to it as the foundation-stone of the voluntary system. In his "Strictures on the new Government Measure" this is the important paragraph of this "Conclusion";—

"Government education is, in my judgment, a mighty error in principle. It can only be defended by reasons which would equally call for the superintendence of the government over our literature, our journals, and our pulpits, if not over the food, the clothing, and the habitations at least, of all the humbler classes. If, on any ground of public policy, government is to support and regulate our schools, the same ground would require that it should support and regulate the press, which supplies the bulk of the people with their reading, and should furnish every house with its intellectual food."

The absurdity of this kind of argument is so well pointed out in Mr. Church's letter, that we cannot resist giving an extract as an antidote to the poison:—

"Really, the hypochondriac who believed he was made of glass must have gone about with a greater feeling of security than any one who believes in this doctrine of the necessary 'consistency of things'; for there is hardly a law to be found from the clauses of which the most frightful consequences would not be going about, and ready to devour him; not an institution he could reason on without a shudder. Given, for instance, a post-office, or the right of a state to manage and monopolize one class of important transactions between individuals, and then, by force of the 'consistency of things,' it must soon monopolize every other class. For, if it may charge itself with the carriage of letters—that is, the confidential communications not only between man and man, but man and woman, why not, *à fortiori*, with the carriage of their persons and goods? hence, why not take into its own hands all the carrying trade by land and by water? But, if it may thus monopolize one branch of trade, there is no reason why it should not monopolize every other. But if any other, of course the publishing trade. Hence, why should it not determine what books we should have, and what not? But if it get the publishing of books under its management, it would be no great stretch also to get the management of newspapers—hence the entire control and censorship of the press.



There is no escape from these consequences; 'they all hang together.' Permit a general post-office, and by 'the consistency of things' the result must be the monopoly of all trades by the state, and the censorship of the press. The conclusion is inevitable—'there is no tenable ground short of it.'

The history of the principles of opposition to a national scheme of education properly ends here; the fight still continuing, and being represented now by the "National Public Schools Association" on the one side, and the sectarian on the other. First, we have the war of sect against sect; now we have the struggle of the voluntary system against all plans of government education without distinction—in fact, against the very idea of a government education. The progress that has been made since the earliest days of the contest is simply this—that the Government has recognised the important duty of educating the poorer class of its subjects, and that the plan, which was deemed "deistical" fifty years ago, is now deemed tolerably orthodox. But we would not exaggerate this progress, when we reflect how much yet remains to be done, and how little the real principle of nationality seems to be understood, though the circle of liberality grows wider and wider. We may read of grants by the Privy Council, and we may receive satisfaction in seeing that these grants have operated beneficially, but the grand exigencies of the case are neither practically nor theoretically met—not practically, as can be amply proved by the records of the brutal ignorance into which thousands are plunged; not theoretically, for we are still without a really national scheme—a scheme in which the sectarian element altogether vanishes.

What is the government scheme of education propounded by Lord John Russell at the commencement of last April? It is a compromise between nationalism and voluntarism, that will please nobody. Voluntary efforts are to be assisted by the funds raised by local rates, and provision is to be made for assistance to "very poor places." But whatever is done, there is to be "religious teaching" of some sort or other, and the government contribution towards a general education is to come in the form of alms to the pauper, not in that of the accorded right of the citizen. The favouring of a great number of sects all at once will not only exclude the other sects, but will not even please the favoured, who find that they have not only to pay for themselves, but one another. Mr. Edward Baines says, in his "Strictures," that the new plan "proceeds on a principle offensive to the conscientious views of great numbers," inasmuch as "it requires the payment

of public money, raised by compulsory rates, in aid of teaching which is to be expressly religious." For a moment we could find ourselves on Mr. Baines's side, just as we could sympathise with either party of combatants before the appearance of Dr. Hook's proposition, but we know perfectly well that he is equally opposed to the removal of the old bone of contention, and insists on the school-master doing part of the minister's (dissenting minister's) work. If a principle which allows assistance to any school taught under some form of religion or other, is found too liberal for the tender consciences of the voluntary party, whom it is expressly intended to conciliate, while the special religious requisitions still operate as a stumbling-block in the way of its general efficiency, why not give up this one point, and face the same measure of dislike on a broader basis?

The perfection of liberality which an orthodox Protestant, who has no eye beyond his own and kindred sects, can understand, is the abolition of special doctrinal teaching—and the admission into a school of the Holy Scriptures only—in a word, the Lancasterian plan, (as far as religion is concerned,) and the dissenters have not unfrequently been willing to avail themselves of government aid communicated through the medium of the "British and Foreign School Society." It was, in fact, by receiving this aid, that Dr. Hamilton proved his ownership of a heart larger than his denomination. But, between Catholic and Protestant, the introduction of the Scriptures is as much a sectarian matter as the Church catechism, when discussed by opposing bodies of churchmen and dissenters. The Manchester and Salford Committee of Education, when they provided for the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures in their proposed schools, thought that they had taken the broadest possible ground, and so, perhaps, they had, if theological teaching is to be deemed indispensable. But the Roman Catholic clergy of the district objected, as a body, to participate in the Manchester and Salford scheme, precisely because the reading of the Scriptures would be compulsory. Whenever, therefore, a school was placed under the absolute control of a municipal board, and that municipal board, being Protestant, insisted on religious teaching, Catholic children would be excluded as a matter of necessity.

Reasoners of the school of Mr. Close can see no difficulty in obstacles of this sort. With all their show of enthusiasm in the cause of national education, they have an elastic universality, which can just shut out whatever it may be inconvenient to include. The following specimen of the art of looking at a subject, which appears in that reverend

gentleman's "Three Schemes," is somewhat amusing:—

"Hear the Romanist:—' Catholics are not allowed to use the Protestant versions of the Holy Scriptures.' Very well, if they choose to be priest-ridden in this matter, and, like full-grown babies, to be told what books they may, and what they may not, read—be it so; we do not envy them their thralldom; but mark the sequel: 'Nor do they,' the Catholics, 'consider the simple reading of the holy writ'—not of the Protestant version, observe—but holy writ, whether in the original, or in the Douay, or any other Catholic version, 'they do not consider the simple reading of the holy writ by children, a proper, becoming, or legitimate foundation of religious instruction.' There is an end, therefore, of any comprehensive system of education, so far as the Romanists are concerned, of which 'holy writ,' in any version, is to be the common basis."

It is a great peculiarity in Mr. Close, that his conclusion is always the very reverse of that which might be expected from his premises. No one can display greater force than he in stigmatising ignorance as the cause of "overflowing prisons, abounding workhouses, crowded convict ships, and grumbling colonists," but no one is less prepared with a strong remedy. Like another quotation from the same source, the above passage might easily have been written by a member of the "National Public Schools' Association;" and the inference drawn would be the necessity of excluding "Holy Writ" altogether, seeing that it stood in the way of a great and admitted good. Mr. Close is, however, for the exclusion, not of the Bible, but of the Catholics; and he congratulates "the biblical Christians of Manchester that they have so well escaped from this projected union with Rome." We may fancy a person reading *Æsop's* fable of the cock and the pearl, and making the deduction, not that the trinket was worthless, but that corn was exceedingly dear.

Now, if the only parties intended to be benefited by a large educational measure were those who received the education, the representatives of a huge overwhelming sect might have some reason in limiting the extent of the national bounty. If the object of benevolence will only receive assistance on his own conditions, and those conditions are not agreeable to the benefactor, the latter has undoubtedly a right to draw his purse-strings. But in this matter of education—it cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind—we are actuated not only by motives of benevolence, but by motives of self-preservation. That an ignorant multitude is a dangerous multitude, all parties are agreed; the fewer, therefore, we relieve from ignorance,

the greater is the amount of danger we leave unprovided for. So little does this truth seem to be practically understood by sectarian controversialists generally, that whatever vivid pictures they may draw of peril and of crime, we still believe that at heart they regard education rather as a charity than as a right,—rather as something that may be withheld on occasion, than as something that is to be given as a matter of necessity.

The following example, drawn by Mr. Church from the existing state of France, is worth perusal, as an illustration of this most important position:—

"You look with astonishment at the long turbulence of France. Depend upon it that one of the main causes of this has arisen from inequality of knowledge. You have seen centres of intelligence amidst immense zones of ignorance; and Paris, the great centre of the sphere, supported by those local centres, giving despotic law to the entire group of zones. In 1830, you saw the mob of Paris changing a dynasty, and in 1848 you saw it withering a monarchy. The triumph in each case was complete, and the submission of France entire. If the republic of February has fallen, it is not because it was a republic, but because it was a social republic. The vast peasantry of France, who, with immovable apathy, had seen government after government quashed, looking on as idle spectators of things in which they were unconcerned, now first began to feel and to act when it was told them that the real meaning of republicanizing on the social plan was robbing them. Then, for the first time, they were seen marching to Paris, and assisting in the extermination of those of their own class who had hitherto been obeyed as masters, whose names are still recorded on public monuments as those of heroes (how long they will be permitted to remain there is a question), but who were now to be hunted down by them, not in the cause of liberty, nor of intelligence, but of what they were told (it might, or it might not be) was the cause of property. . . . [Here] we see the inevitable reaction of the most ignorant mass of the peasantry, into which education has not penetrated, against that aristocracy of intelligence in their own class, which, intoxicated with its superiority, bewildered and corrupted by a very justifiable conviction of the universality of its power, believing in no limit to its will, as it had no distrust in its wisdom, had begun to despise all practical considerations, to disclaim the sluggish alliance of time, to precipitate itself into conclusions, which, even if not impracticable in themselves, it has good evidence, are impracticable now, until it at last roused the hostility of the majority of that class, through whose apathy it had reigned, and by whose momentary action it is at this moment at a fearful cost subdued."

This passage is intended by Mr. Church to illustrate the impolicy of educating the towns, and neglecting the rural districts, but it will equally apply to any system that is not universal in its application.

If the champions of the limited system—or rather systems—came forward with a great proof that their systems within the prescribed limit had worked efficiently, they would at any rate have done something for their cause, if it were only to throw dust into the eyes of its opponents. The objector to the exclusively classical routine of our great public schools might be so dazzled with the intelligence of a precocious youth, who resolved the hardest of Greek tragedies into all its syntactical and prosodial elements, that he would for a while forget his opposition to a theory, in his admiration of a brilliant specimen. So, if those happy schools which are innocent of all geography beyond the map of the Holy Land, and of all history, save that which occurred in Palestine, turned out a tribe of youngsters who were completely radiant with biblical learning,—had the Jewish antiquities at their fingers' ends, rushed into the Layard room at the British Museum with the air of so many connoisseurs, and only mourned that their school stopped at English, and did not enable them to read the Scriptures in the original tongues,—we might start back with awe, and feel compunction in disturbing a system under which so much erudition had been produced. We might for the moment admit that Liverpool was an island, and that America was one of the chief countries of Europe, if these geographical facts were stated by a biblical luminary,—especially if some strong-minded person was at our elbow, reminding us that one thing learned well was worth an ocean of smattering. But, alas! our young biblical students, for whose precious studies such hard battles are fought, do not, from all accounts, appear to know much more about Jerusalem than about Liverpool. The writer of the most reckless burlesque on the religious plan of teaching, could not go further than by making the children in some imaginary school state that "Cilicia is in Gamaliel," that "Samaria is a wife of Jacob," and that the "Rhine is in Galilee;" and yet these are answers furnished by actual reports, coupled with such written versions of two commandments of the Decalogue as, "Thou shalt do no mardy," and "Thou shalt not comet a dolly." These cases may, perhaps, be more than ordinarily ludicrous, and might seem picked out to raise a smile, but the tenour of most reports on the subject of biblical education, argues little for the use of "Holy Writ" as an infallible instrument of even religious training. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who had officially examined National and Lancasterian schools in Lancashire, brought back the conviction that the most advanced children of the National schools

were extremely defective in their knowledge of the scriptures; and the Rev. W. Mosely, the government inspector, says, in his report of the schools in the southern district, for the year 1847,—

"In not less than one hundred of these schools out of one hundred and thirty-four, I believe that the children are taught to read mechanically from the Scriptures, the sacred volume itself being used for that purpose, or parts extracted from it. I have never found this constant reading of the Scriptures associated with real scriptural knowledge, except when in addition to this the Scriptures are made the subject of a special course of instruction. It is the result, indeed, to which the learning to read mechanically from the Scriptures does not appear at all to contribute, but the reverse. Ideas of the same class, presented incessantly to the mind under the same circumstances, lose at length their interest, and the repetition of them, instead of strengthening the impression they leave, tends (a certain limit being passed) to confuse it. It is consistent with my own experience, and I believe with that of all other inspectors, that there is most religious knowledge in those schools where the reading of the Scriptures is united in a just proportion with secular instruction, and where a distinction between the functions of the day-school and the Sunday-school being observed, something of that relation is established in the school between religious principles and secular pursuits which ought to obtain in the after-life of the child."

Now this distinction between the functions of the day-school and the Sunday-school which in schools actually existing was found by the Rev. W. Mosely to be most favourable to religious knowledge, is exactly the distinction which would be carried out by the advocates of secular education; only, instead of making the distinction *within* the precincts of the school, they would insure the better preservation of the distinction by confining the school to the secular teaching only, and by leaving the religious professors outside the school, to do the rest.

If we look seriously at the sort of religious instruction which so many persons would leave undisturbed, and to which they blindly attach an idea of sanctity, there appears something monstrous when we reflect, that for the sake of a species of instruction which puts the young of the human species on the level of an indifferently clever parrot, there are found persons who would retard the great work of secular education. No matter if the Bible-reading leaves the pupil impressed with the conviction, that "Samaria was the wife of Jacob;" no matter if the reading of the Scriptures is accompanied (as a reverend reporter of schools informs us) by "marked inattention and heaviness in the children, occasionally varied, when the master's eye was not upon them, by tokens of roguish

merriment;" better have all this farrago of absurdity and irreverence, than allow of a wholesome plan, which permits a state to accord a right to its citizens without stumbling at differences, with which as citizens they have nothing to do. The facts and arguments adduced on the secular side, over and over again, have been abundantly sufficient to show, that nothing short of a thorough renovation in the field of public instruction will answer any useful purpose; but the thorough-bred sectarian does not want to be convinced. Humanity is with him less than his chapel, and an absurdity connected with his denomination becomes sacred in his eyes.

However, at the present day the surprising part of the story is, that a Government which has evidently freed itself from so many sectarian shackles of the olden time, should yet shrink back from the real, plain, honest path towards a better order of things, and foster the element of discord which lies at the bottom of all the mischief.

Lord John Russell, in his speech on "National Education," delivered on the 4th of April, openly declared war against the secular system, whether that system was so framed as to exclude religious teaching altogether, or whether it was to comprise a natural religion, irrespective of doctrinal theology. He is about as liberal as an old Lancastrian, that it is to say, he would not deliberately shut out any one sect from the benefit of his scheme, but he would lay down a principle which would virtually tend to that bad end. That the old Lancastrian system of making Scripture-reading the sole religious requisition is too narrow to meet the exigencies of the case is amply proved by the declaration of the Roman Catholic clergy, on the occasion of the Manchester and Salford bill; and the local plan, which still insists on an adherence to some sect or other, is certain to be a fruitful source of discord. We need merely suppose the only school of a district to be under the dominion of a ruling sect, and a number of persons not potent enough to found a separate school for themselves, resident in the vicinity. There is a case of a sectarian difficulty at once.

Two great truths are firmly to be borne in mind, if this question of national education is to be met in a satisfactory manner, and it is a want of proper perception of both these truths that has lain at the foundation of all the pitiful sectarian squabbles to which we have been obliged to pay attention. The truths we mean are these:—First, the State is a temporal institution only—a thing of this world—and, as such, has only to provide for the temporal welfare of its citizens. Secondly, education, to a certain extent, is

necessary to the attainment of such temporal welfare as it is the office of the State to promote, if we merely assign to it the negative value of rendering a certain number of citizens less mischievous to the rest. Punishment for transgression of laws being one of the means by which the state-machine is held together, a sufficient mental training to prevent such transgression is a right which the citizen may fairly demand.

There are, perhaps, certain lights of the old school, who being opposed to all elevation of the humbler classes, and being, moreover, high churchmen, would reject both these truths—but these (the "thin" people of Mr. Close) are too insignificant to be taken into consideration; just as the Jacobites remaining at the present day are too insignificant to give serious uneasiness to a practical statesman. The great obstacles which rise on the subject of education proceed from an admission of one of these truths, coupled with a rejection of the other. The church party admits the second truth, to the exclusion of the first. It is willing to grant that the state is bound to educate the humbler classes, but it insists that the work of education shall be confided to a certain defined spiritual authority—that is to say, that the state shall take cognizance not only of the temporal welfare of its citizens, but of their spiritual welfare also, such welfare to be judged on ecclesiastical principles. The partisans of the voluntary system, on the other hand, admit the first truth, and reject the second. The state, they say, is only concerned with our temporal welfare, and *therefore* education is not one of its functions. The views of the semi-liberal party, which may be indifferently represented by Lord John Russell's April speech, or by the Manchester and Salford bill, are but an extension of the church principle. This party does not, indeed, require the work of education to be carried on exclusively by one specified sect, but it still maintains that it must be done by some sect or another—that the school-master is not properly placed unless he has a parson of some sort or other standing at his elbow. It still admits the second truth at the expense of the first. The plan of "The National Public Schools' Association" is the only one which embraces both truths together, as necessarily related to each other.

We are perfectly aware that the opponents of the "national scheme," whether drawn from the ecclesiastical, the voluntary, or the semi-liberal ranks, have one argument at their fingers' ends. "Granted," they will say, "that the state has only to deal with temporalities; and granted, again, that education is a measure of public safety, we do not admit

that such an education as would promote the performance even of the temporal duties of the citizen, could be given without an admixture of theological instruction." Some notion of this sort evidently lies at the bottom of Lord John Russell's speech, when he alludes to the "danger" of the secular plan.

This is the ground on which the last battle would have to be fought if all the ecclesiastics, voluntaries, and semi-liberals were engaged (by an oblivion of special differences) on one side, and the "secular party" on the other. All other shades of illiberality are fading away, but the principle contained in this argument still remains in full force, and it is used triumphantly by one party after another, whenever the "secular scheme" is to be attacked. Paring away all specialities, the fundamental axiom of opposition which remains is this: that the individual cannot be a good citizen unless he belongs to some definite theological sect.

What a course of priestly domination—what a deep implanting of prejudice must have taken place, that this monstrous maxim should have a hold even on the minds of enlightened men. Its assertion implies a declaration that the relation between citizen and citizen, and between citizen and state, can never exist on a right footing, save when every man is trained by a definite theological system. It implies, at the same time, a negation of all the political wisdom of the ancient pagan world, in which no such sects—and nothing corresponding to them—existed; it ignores the experience of America, a country in which the religious sentiment is most surprisingly predominant, and which, nevertheless, has felt the necessity of separating the teaching of purely secular matters from instruction in positive theology; it mildly undermines all the liberal tendencies of the age. The bigoted churchman who wields this pernicious maxim is, at any rate, more consistent than the semi-liberal, for it is an article of his faith that the Church is the only source of truth and virtue. But the semi-liberal, who acts on the theory that, of a score of differing religious sects, one is as well qualified to bring up the citizen of a state as another, but that beyond the pale of this score, proper tuition is impossible,—what tenable principle can such a person be supposed to represent?

That the sort of Bible teaching which is carried on in many schools, is rather likely to lead to a disgust and contempt for the Scriptures than anything else, is sufficiently shown by the testimony of such men as Mr. Noel and Mr. Mosely. That the reported answers of some of the "religiously" trained

children—those answers which cause a mixed feeling of mirth and admiration—can be exponents of any state of mental progression, either towards the general duties of the citizen, or the special duties of the chapel-goer, the most rabid bigot will not be inclined to maintain. But another and a more important question arises, which is this;—Even supposing that the plan of Scripture-reading proved as efficient as its advocates could claim, would such a plan, then, be fitted for the basis of a general education?

One of the great features of the present day is the freedom with which all the relics of antiquity are criticized. Histories, which a few years ago were received as a matter of course, are now subjected to new investigations, and those books that contain the early records of the Jews, and the primitive accounts of Christianity, are no more free from investigation than the once received chronicles of the kings of Rome. A canon that declares a certain collection of ancient books to be infallible as historical authority, may be convenient enough for the purposes of a sect which desires to combine the largest possible amount of influence with the least possible expenditure of trouble; but such a canon is no longer accepted in the intellectual world. Englishmen who have travelled, or who have mixed with travellers—Englishmen who have read any books, worth calling books, beyond the precincts of their own language, must be perfectly aware that the state of things which requires that the ancient history of a particular oriental region ought to be received in faith, independently of criticism, has long since passed away—as a normal condition of mankind. There is a "mob" in all grades of society, and the "mob" of the more opulent classes, whose worldly avocations deprive them of all opportunity of inquiry, will still feign to believe that the old ages of faith are yet in their vigour, and will regard any new suggestion on the subject of theology, not as a light to be welcomed, but as an insult to be resented. This mob, however, by the common nature of things, must go on diminishing. Its constituents are not supported by learning, but by apathy, dreading theological investigation, not so much from an honest conviction of any one doctrinal proposition, as from a vague notion that the well-being of a state of society in which they find themselves comfortably placed, is closely connected with the maintenance of certain theological opinions. But the pure ethics of Christianity, and the historical form in which they are handed down to us, are becoming more and more distinct in the minds of those who may be said to constitute the intellect of an epoch.

Now, when the Scriptures are read in

ordinary schools—even if we suppose them to be read with a fair degree of intelligence—the scholar is taught to believe not only that the volume in his hand contains the purest system of ethics that was ever devised; but also, that every part of the historical structure is literally true. The Bible is given to him, not as a collection of books representing the state of mind and of civilization through a long series of centuries, but as essentially one and indivisible—and, withal, so compact, that if one particle be disturbed, the whole edifice falls to the ground. No book was ever so unfairly treated in this respect as the Bible by the more irrational of its worshippers. No one would take up a favourite historian, and stake his value as an authority on such unstable ground as would be afforded by an offer to reject his testimony if the slightest inaccuracy of date, or the slightest perversion of some trifling fact, occurred in the course of a thousand pages. Yet this is constantly done by the least reflecting part of theological teachers, and this opinion of the infallibility and oneness of the Scriptures is the opinion forced upon the laity of every orthodox sect. It is perfectly true, that some orthodox divine may from time to time be found who will point out inaccuracies in the sacred volume, which may be admitted without casting any doubt on the credibility of the whole. Thus Paley, for instance, calls attention to certain discrepancies in the gospel history, and observes, with his usual acuteness, that such differences of detail, when they occur between different authors, are rather favourable than otherwise to their credibility, inasmuch as they prove absence of collusion. So the Rev. Pye Smith, a few years ago, set a limit to the doctrine of plenary inspiration, and excluded dates and figures from the supernatural dignity. But those know very little of the English world who suppose that this sort of teaching has the slightest influence on the multitude—even the genteel multitude. The suggestions of the Rev. Pye Smith caused something like an uneasy thrill to pass through those of the dissenters who held his name in reverence, and although Paley's method of proving credibility by inaccuracy is plausible enough, the student who would seek to increase the evidence of credibility by widening the discovery of inaccuracies, would be regarded with marked disfavour by the "religious world." The doctrine of plenary inspiration, without any reservation whatever, is certainly that which is upheld in Scripture-schools, and any departure from that doctrine would be stigmatized with the terrific name of infidelity—a word which the scholar would be required to regard with a sort of vague horror, like that with which foolish nurses

inspire children when they make them uneasy respecting a sort of indefinite demon, whose habitual residence is the coal-hole.

In what a state is the child, educated in this faith, sent into the world! He is sure to come into contact with those on whom the doubts of the age have introduced themselves, and against these he has no weapon. To use a common expression, let a single "hole be picked" in the historical part of the Bible, and his belief in all religion is at once undermined, or else he takes refuge behind a wall of prejudice, whence he would repel the invading foe by physical force, if necessary. The miserable book on which Thomas Paine bestowed the name "Age of Reason," was but a reaction against that doctrine of Plenary inspiration, which had remained unquestioned by the multitude. Being impressed with the notion that the parts of the Bible are so essential to each other, that one could not be questioned without damage to the rest; and, wishing to get rid of the Bible because he deemed its authority inimical to the Jacobin cause in which he had embarked, he set out with the vulgarest common sense, and picking out one discrepancy here and another there, triumphantly asked if a book could be true that contained so many obvious misstatements. For a reader of cultivated and liberal mind, who has been used to discussions of the sort, such a book as the "Age of Reason" can create nothing but disgust, since he knows well that the contradictions that occur in the course of a series of ancient records, exposed to all the corrupting influences of time, by no means disprove their general tenour; and that a palpable untruth in Herodotus by no means hinders his work from being an invaluable source of ancient historical knowledge. But Tom Paine was wise in his generation; he knew that he had to address, not a class whose opinions were founded on rational investigation, but a mob whose faith was based on prejudice alone. His readers have been told that the Bible was written virtually by one hand,—a Divine infallible being,—and that the variety of authors no more caused variety of testimony, than the employment of several pens by the same man; and not only the Bible itself, but the traditions connected with the Bible were regarded as part and parcel of the same truth. Hence, even when proving that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, Paine thought that he was achieving a most brilliant victory over the authority of the Scriptures. His success was enormous, and the class of uneducated freethinkers still look up to him as their founder. He had shaken a prejudice—the consequence, that if one part of the volume was false, all the rest must be so likewise, had already been incul-

cated by the religious teacher,—and with the belief in historical truth, the belief in ethical truth fell likewise.

Will the world ever awaken to the belief that there is something better than teaching by prejudice? Will it always be wrapped up in the conceit, that a mass of historical statements should be forced upon the child's mind with the weight of geometrical axioms, to the blunting of all discrimination between the value of different kinds of evidence, and with the manifest danger that the new foundation thus laid will prove a foundation of sand? A few weeks ago the directors of the "Bristol Athenæum" vainly sought to exclude this Review from their reading-room, because certain theological subjects were discussed in its pages with a freedom to which they had been unaccustomed. A Mr. P. T. Aiken, who was one of the leaders of the "exclusives," stated that he could not read our Review conscientiously, without injury; nay, he had before now read things in our pages, which had haunted his mind for weeks afterwards. Duly thanking Mr. Aiken for the compliment paid to our power of making an impression—a power by no means universal—we may ask, why should any person be unhappy in consequence of any article which we may have put forward? If the reasons we advance on certain topics are bad or weak, they will fall of their own accord; if on the other hand, they are cogent, why should they not be allowed to have their due weight? and why should the theory to which they are opposed be assumed as, *à priori*, true? The meaning of Mr. Aiken's uneasiness is this—that he does not wish to entertain a theological conviction based on rational grounds, but to keep an early prejudice free from disturbance; and so sacred does he consider this position that he says "he would rather put an *immoral* book into the hands of persons, than a book which would sap all their religious principles"—that is to say, would be averse to his own fundamental creed. The game that was unsuccessfully played on a small scale by the directors of the "Bristol Athenæum" is the same as that played on a large scale, and with more success, by the opponents of secular education. They deem the cultivation of a faculty of less importance than the inculcation of a prejudice.

#### ART. V.—YOUNG CRIMINALS.

1. *Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment.* By Mary Carpenter. W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

2. *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles.* Printed by order of the House, 24th June, 1852.
3. *The Philosophy of Ragged Schools.* Pickering. 1851.

THERE is nothing in which the progress of mankind has been slower than in recognising the true principles of criminal law: so slow, indeed, that even in this age, which boasts of its science and civilization, the nations where these have been carried to their highest point, are still anxiously inquiring why crime increases, and what is to be done to guard against the "dangerous classes" which already threaten the peace of society. The fact is patent, but the causes which have created these dangerous classes are far from being generally or clearly seen as yet; although it would seem tolerably evident that when men find that they derive neither comfort nor protection from the present state of things, they will be willing to overturn it; and are likely to consider an insurrection, which affords a chance of gaining something in the scramble, rather a pleasureable pastime: to use a slang phrase, it is "a plant" on rather a large scale; and they are not likely to shrink from consequences which they have long learned to brave. Unfortunately the extent of the danger is rarely seen till it is so imminent that there is no time to deal with it, and a war of classes follows. History is full of the record of such wars; but how little wisdom has been gained from past experience is evident from the fact that almost all the states of Europe are again quailing under a like danger, and submitting to despotism, in many instances, as a less evil than a servile war. Yet we know well that much and grievous wrong had been suffered by the men who swelled the ranks of the *Jacquerie* in France, and the followers of Wat Tyler in England, before they attempted so violent a remedy; and the greatest wrong of all was that which they themselves did not know to be one,—namely, the ignorance and superstition in which they had been brought up; for immediate wrongs may be remedied by enactment, but mediate ones, such as arise from a defective education, and are the sources of almost all the crime and misery of the world, admit of no sudden cure: and a generation or two must pass away ere the "dangerous classes" can be converted into happy, and consequently useful members of society.

The gentry of France in the fourteenth century could see no better way of disposing of the unhappy *Jacquerie* than by slaughtering them without mercy: a ready way of silencing discontent too often resorted to by the indolence of rulers. The men were silenced, but

the wrongs remained; and the consequence was a bloody retribution on their descendants four centuries after; when the proud noblesse of France, with its military *prestige*, its privileges, and—its vices, were swept away by the popular breath, almost without a struggle. But it is rarely that an excited populace chooses the wisest leaders, and still more rare is it that either leaders or people are fully aware of the true remedy of their grievances. Even after all the miseries of her revolution, France was still seeking the best mode of dealing with “*Les Classes Dangereuses* ;” and the dynasty of Orleans was driven from the throne by a popular movement almost before the question proposed by the Academy had elicited M. Fregier’s reply. And what has followed? Europe reeking with blood gives the answer! Its rulers have found no better solution of the difficulty than the gentry of France found in the fourteenth century: they “have made a desert, and have called it peace;” but will a soil manured with gore grow no rank weeds? The experience of ages says the contrary. When Frederick Barbarossa drove the plough over the earth that was once Milan, he thought that he had quelled the insurrectionary spirit for ever: we look onwards for a few years, and Milan has risen from its ashes, and the greatest of the Swabian emperors is a fugitive before the Lombard league. Recent events have shown that the sword is not now, any more than formerly, the best pacificator; and we in England gaze on the state of the Continent with the same uneasy feeling which those experience who see the fire still smouldering in a neighbouring house, uncertain how soon it may break out again, and fearing that if it does, the party wall may prove but an insufficient defence.

It is to the credit of this nation that, in the midst of a retrograde movement on the part of most of the continental governments, which aim at restoring the superstitions and ignorance of the middle ages, fettering free thought, and subduing opposition instead of amending the laws, we have dared to look the evil in the face, and demand of ourselves how it is to be removed: for we, too, have our “*dangerous classes* ;” we, too, have tried the effect of the jail, the whip, and the gibbet, and the result has been somewhere about 28,000 committals in a year, of which 13,000 are of young persons under 17 years of age. The good sense and good feeling of the country has been shocked at such results, and the appointment of the Committee of the House of Commons, whose first report is now published, was the consequence of the growing anxiety to see some effectual remedy applied to the mischief.

Happily for England, its inhabitants are not accustomed to wait for either the legislature or the executive government when any great work is to be done; and whilst successive ministries were trying experiments on secondary punishments, and committees were examining into facts, and taking down evidence, individuals were acting; individuals, too, for the most part, in so humble a station that, till the results of their exertions became important, the public in general knew little of what was going on. And here it deserves to be noticed, that it was not among politicians and political economists that this labour of love began. The first teachers and reformers of the destitute and criminal, had never heard of any system but that of Christ, and knew no philosophy but that of the gospel: they knew that the badge of their Christian profession was “*love one towards another*,” that “*God is no respecter of persons* ;” they felt that his great work had once been confided to ignorant, simple men, whose best learning consisted in knowing how to suffer and die for the truth, and they followed in their steps. We shall presently see what these good simple-minded men and women effected with their gospel philosophy.

Be it a fault or be it an advantage, that in England the legislature moves lazily, and rarely accomplishes any great measure without a considerable amount of pressure from without, the fact is so: and thus, for many years, committees have been appointed at intervals to inquire into the evils attending the administration of our criminal law, whose reports have, in due time, been published in ponderous blue books, measured *by weight*—as in the case of the one now before us, which is warranted to weigh no more than *four pounds four ounces* ; but the motions founded upon them have been proposed in speeches pronounced to empty benches, and have generally been either got rid of by the “*previous question*,” or have merely given rise to some inefficient measure, which, being addressed only to the present and patent evil, and leaving the root of it untouched, is found unavailing, and silently abandoned. Such was the case when a Committee of the House of Commons was, in 1838, charged with an inquiry into the evils resulting from making transportation to Australia the penalty of offences of a deeper dye than a moderate imprisonment might be supposed to correct. On that occasion the committee, after examining twenty-four witnesses, came to these resolutions:—

“1. That transportation to New South Wales, and to the settled districts of Van Diemen’s Land, should be discontinued as soon as possible.



"2. That crimes now punishable by transportation should, in future, be punished by confinement, with hard labour at home or abroad, for periods varying from two to fifteen years."

In consequence of this, Sir William Molesworth, who had been chairman of the committee, brought forward a motion in the House of Commons to abolish transportation. This was on May 5, 1840. The terms of the motion were, "That the punishment of transportation should be abolished, and the penitentiary system of punishment be adopted in its stead as soon as practicable, and that the funds to be derived from the sales of waste lands in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land ought to be anticipated by means of loans on that security for the purpose of promoting extensive emigration to these colonies," and thus provide means for diluting, at least, the concentrated moral poison which had been so recklessly poured out upon those unhappy countries. Lord John Russell admitted the truth of the principles of punishment laid down by Sir W. Molesworth, and also of a great deal of what had been urged by him as the result of the system of transportation; promised to give consideration to it, &c., &c., and—*moved the previous question*. The benches on both sides the house were nearly empty.

The cause, however, was not abandoned: Archbishop Whately, who had been the principal mover in the business, on the 9th of May of the same year, made a speech in the House of Lords which drew universal attention. In it he brought forward facts of so revolting a nature that men shuddered as they heard, and thus summed up his subject: "We have, as it were, founded, and endowed, and patronized a university of wickedness—it would surely be inexcusable to go on cherishing and supporting it, and supplying it with continued reinforcements of criminals and free settlers thrown together; the teachers, as it might be expressed, and the learners of villany and profligacy, till the whole population shall have grown up into a numerous and powerful nation, exhibiting, on a great scale, a strange and appalling specimen of the utmost point to which the human race can be degraded and depraved by a system." The speech was published as a separate pamphlet, with this appropriate motto from Lord Bacon's "Essay on Plantations"—

"It is a shameful and unblest thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant."

The impression made by this inquiry was such, that, for a time, the punishment of transportation was almost abandoned, and no

convicts were sent out till they had undergone a sort of purifying process in some one of the penitentiary prisons which, about this time, had been established; but the difficulty of finding places of detention in England, as the number of criminals increased, was such, that again the old plan was resorted to, of at least *sending them out of the way*. The colonies, in the mean time, had received great additions to their population from free settlers; and those, shocked at the prospect of a fresh inundation of crime, remonstrated in strong terms on the impolicy and injustice of such a proceeding: but the Home Government insisted, and but that fortunately the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of the Australian settlements, has rendered transportation a boon instead of a punishment, and thus most necessarily put a stop to the system, it would probably have been persevered in; not from any doubt as to its positive evils, but because, as we set off with stating, the first principles of criminal law are even yet scarcely understood, and because the sources of criminality have never yet been duly inquired into.

It was whilst the impression made by this revelation of the abominations of our penal colonies was yet fresh, that public attention was called to a subject of a very different kind, and yet essentially the same. We were suddenly surprised by the spectacle of a large number of the young thieves and vagabonds which infested the streets of London, and other great cities, entering voluntarily into schools where they were taught the sin and folly of the life they were leading; and the promoters of this movement boldly challenged inquiry, and averred that already many had been turned from a life of crime to honest industry, by the friendly exhortations of the teachers who had not scrupled to call round them those wretched outcasts of society. So obscure were the beginnings of this movement; so unexpectedly did it flash on public notice, that it is hardly possible to trace precisely either its origin or its date, but it seems generally agreed that a poor lame shoemaker at Portsmouth, whose death occurred in 1839, was the first whose benevolent heart conceived the plan which was followed up afterwards on so large a scale. We quote his history as an encouraging proof of how much may be done, with very small means, for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, where a true Christian spirit exists. He had been lamed by an accident at the age of fifteen, but

"He worked on at the trade he had taken to, and not only maintained himself, but was able to adopt and bring up a nephew, who was, like him-

self, a cripple. It was in thinking over the best mode of educating this boy that the thought struck him that the companionship of another child would render learning easier and pleasanter to him than if he had to study alone; he accordingly found a companion for his nephew, in the son of a poor woman, his neighbour. The experiment was successful; so successful, that in a short time two or three others were added to the class. After a time, he added to its numbers, till it consisted of forty scholars, including twelve little girls. The pupils he taught were the destitute and neglected—the little blackguards, as he called them—and many a time he has been known to go out upon the public quay and tempt such as these by the offer of a roasted potato, or some such simple thing, to enter his school. There is something in the voice and manner of an earnest, truthful man, which is irresistible: it is an appeal made to the divine image, of which there is some trace still left even in the most corrupted heart; and it was seldom, therefore, that the summons of John Pounds passed unheeded; and, when once at the school, his scholars seldom needed urging to come a second time: for their master taught them not only 'book-learning,' as he called it, but his trade; if they were hungry, he gave them food; if ragged, he clothed them as best he could; and added to all this, he joined in their sports. What wonder that they loved him, or that when he died,—and his death was sudden, at the age of seventy-two,—the poor children who then formed his class, wept, and some of them fainted at hearing the news."—*Philosophy of Ragged Schools*, p. 42.

Good old John Pounds went to his rest amid the blessings and the thanks of those whom he had rescued from misery and vice. But no one in Portsmouth appears to have picked up the prophet's mantle; and it was at the other extremity of Britain that the next attempt was made. In 1841, Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, struck with the state of the destitute children of that neighbourhood, formed a society to supply the means of affording instruction to the vagrant children of that city; and very soon it was seen that, in order to make this instruction effectual, food must be offered, and industrial occupation supplied, or they could never be reclaimed from beggary. This was done, and was

"Followed up after a time on a larger scale, and the police were instructed by the magistrates to convey any child found begging in the streets to a large room, which also served as a soup-kitchen; and thither, on the 19th of May, 1845, seventy-five children, boys and girls, were taken. The scene which ensued was almost indescribable: confusion, uproar, quarrelling, fighting, and language of the most horrible kind, were to be encountered and vanquished. The task was a hard one, but the committee, before the evening, succeeded in establishing something like order. The children were then told that this place was open for them to return daily; but they were, at the same time, told that whether they did so or

not, they would no longer be allowed to beg, since food no less than instruction was offered to them there. The next day, the greater portion returned. . . . The report of the committee of managers states, as the most gratifying result—'That, whereas, a few years since there were 320 children in the town, and 328 in the county of Aberdeen who, impelled by their own or their parents' necessities, to cater for their immediate wants, prowled about the streets, and roamed far and wide through the country, cheating and stealing their daily avocation,—now, a begging child is rarely to be seen, and juvenile crime is comparatively unknown.'—*Phil. Ragg. Schools*, p. 45.

Already other benevolent persons had taken the same view of the necessities of the London poor; and ragged schools—namely schools for children of so low a grade, that they had not the means of decent appearance, were established in more than one of the haunts of misery and vice; but the insufficient funds of these first schools rendered it impossible to afford either food or industrial occupation; for the teachers were most of them voluntary ones, who gave their services gratis, and could not be as regular in their attendance as a paid master; and the experiment was, by most who heard of it, regarded as one whose success was so problematical, that few were inclined to give at all liberally towards the support of these establishments. In 1844, however, Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, after having conferred with some of the main supporters of the ragged-schools, gave his aid in the formation of a society, called the Ragged Schools Union, whose object was to collect subscriptions more widely, and apportion the sums thus received in aid of the schools most in need of assistance. But,

"Unfortunately the very circumstance which made these schools most desirable, excited a prejudice against them, and checked the current of charitable liberality. 'Thieves and vagabonds were here received, kindly treated, and instructed; they had thus a better chance than the children of honest labourers, whom no one sought out:—it was offering a premium to vice.' Many very worthy people insisted that 'misery is the appointed punishment of sin, and that to attempt to rescue these children from the state into which their own and their parents' misdeeds had brought them, was detrimental to society by confounding the distinctions of right and wrong, lessening the divinely-appointed penalty of crime, and thus weakening the deterring force of such examples of suffering.' Others, again, insisted that 'the evil habits in these children would be too strong for any instruction to eradicate, and that the attempt was a mere throwing away of time and money, which might be better employed.' Nay, it has even been urged that the congregating together at these schools led to greater corruption,

and that the incentives to crime were likely to be increased by bringing so many young thieves and vagabonds together. From these various reasons the funds of the Ragged School Union have been so curtailed,—never amounting to more than 520*l.* yearly subscriptions,—(the *donations* have been more liberal), that it is wonderful that so much, rather than so little has been done.”—*Phil. Ragg. Schools*, p. 48.

Futile as these objections were, and triumphantly as they have been answered by the results which can now be pointed out, they were sufficient to throw difficulties of a serious kind in the way of the undertaking; and it required no little courage and perseverance to continue exertions derided by some, condemned by others, and weighing heavily on the pecuniary means of those who felt whither their Christian duty led, and neither could nor would be scared from their path. The difficulties were increased, too, by the fact, that many of the persons engaged in the work were dissenters of different denominations; they were seeking to teach the principles of the gospel to perishing souls, as the best guide to happiness and well-being in this life even; but whose interpretation of those principles was to be adopted? The question was one which tested sharply the motives by which these persons were actuated: were these miserable children to be sacrificed to a disputed tenet, a rubric, or a rule of conference; or were souls to be cared for, and sectarian differences abandoned? All honour be to the benevolent hearts which hesitated not in the choice! Necessarily brought to the point of examining how far their differences were fundamental and essential, they discovered that they were small and unimportant; and with a quiet good sense and good feeling which it is impossible to praise too highly, they tacitly dropped all invidious distinctions of sect, turned to the broad principles of Christian duty, and understood at last the saying, “I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.”

When Dr. Guthrie, of the Edinburgh schools, was lately examined before the committee of the House of Commons, he was asked whether he meant to say that the children, on quitting these schools, would not know to what denomination of Christians they belonged? The answer was unhesitating, “I do; but *they would be Christians* ;” and many a deep thought may well grow out of that mild reply; for how much of the spirit of the Great Master, whom all acknowledge, enters into the fierce controversies of sects, is a question that has often been seriously and sadly asked, and has hardly ever, as yet, met with due consideration.

The workers in this great cause were now

becoming numerous; and “a desire having been expressed by many to meet and confer on this important subject,” a circular, signed by a long and respectable list of names, was sent round, inviting all who were interested in the matter in hand to meet at Birmingham December 10th, 1851. The object of the conference cannot be better described than in their own words. It was to take into consideration

“The condition and treatment of the ‘perishing and dangerous classes’ of children and juvenile offenders, with a view of procuring such legislative enactments as may produce a beneficial change in their actual condition and their prospects.”

“The children whose condition requires the notice of the Conference are—

“1st. Those who have not yet subjected themselves to the grasp of the law, but who, by reason of the vice, neglect, or extreme poverty of their parents, are inadmissible to the existing school establishments, and, consequently, must grow up without any education; almost invariably forming part of the ‘perishing and dangerous classes,’ and ultimately becoming criminals.

“2ndly. Those who are already subjecting themselves to police interference by vagrancy, mendicity, or petty infringements of the law.

“3rdly. Those who have been convicted of felony, or such misdemeanours as involved dishonour.”

“The provision to be made for these three classes, are—

“For the first, free day schools.

“For the second, industrial free schools, with compulsory attendance.

“For the third, penal reformatory schools.

“The legislative enactments needed to bring such schools into operation, are—

“For the free day schools, such extension of the present governmental grants from the Committee of Council on Education as may secure their maintenance in an effective condition, they being, by their nature, at present excluded from aid, yet requiring it in a far higher degree than those on whom it is conferred.

“For the industrial free schools, authority to magistrates to enforce attendance at such schools, of children of the second class, and to require payment to the supporters of the schools for each child from the parish in which the child resides, with a power to the parish officers to obtain the outlay from the parent, except in cases of inability.

“For the penal reformatory schools, authority to magistrates and judges to commit juvenile offenders to such schools instead of to prison, with power of detention to the governor during the appointed period, the charge of maintenance being enforced as above.”—*Report of the Proceedings of a Conference, &c.*, p. v.

The meeting was numerous, and after two days’ discussion on the objects of the Conference, a committee was appointed for transacting business, and promoting the ends in view.

Of these, Sir John Pakington was one: but, the following February, he was appointed one of the ministers of the Crown, and on resigning his post, as a member of the Committee of Conference, he signified to the other members, that being no longer able to give his own attention to the business, he would put it into the hands of a select committee of the House of Commons; which was accordingly chosen, and has just published the report of its proceedings during last session.

"Perishing and dangerous classes"—these are strong words; and is it in England, where millions are yearly spent in the relief of the destitute; where every ill that flesh is heir to has its appropriate hospital; where the slave rises a free man the moment he sets foot on her holy soil; where every grievance finds a voice to proclaim it in one or other house of parliament; and where, if these means all fail, the people have yet the right to assemble and petition for redress;—is it in this happy country,—as it is generally deemed,—that there are perishing and dangerous classes? Let us examine into the facts of the case.

For a long time almost every serious offence against person or property was punished with death, and the penalty was unsparingly inflicted on the principle assumed by some of our older judges, that the man being hardened in crime no reformation was to be expected, and that society ought to be freed from his future depredations or violence. The remedy, at least, was effectual as far as it went, but as the age advanced in civilization and refinement, more humane thoughts arose; prosecutors, juries, and judges, sickened alike at the infliction of this extreme penalty for mere thefts; one offence after another was removed from the list of those punishable capitally; and imprisonment, with or without hard labour, and transportation to the colonies, were substituted. But it was very soon found that these secondary punishments were attended with many great evils; those consequent on transportation have already been noticed; and when imprisonment was the penalty inflicted, the intercourse between the prisoners, which could scarcely be wholly avoided, subjected the less guilty to the contamination of the more depraved, and he who was at first imprisoned for a small offence was instructed by greater adepts in the mode of committing worse crimes with more chance of impunity, formed acquaintances which exercised a baleful influence on his future life; in short, in the phrase of Archbishop Whately, graduated in crime in one of its special universities.

It was now allowed that the deterring from crime by the dread of punishment was only one of the ends to be proposed; nay, it be-

gan to be suspected that even this end was not attained; for gaols were no longer places of loathsome misery; the prisoner's health, and cleanliness, and food, were looked to, and when his animal wants were cared for, the grovelling mind of the common criminal thought little of the fact that he was within the walls of a prison. If the prison, therefore, was no longer dreadful, it was desirable to make it at least an instrument of reform; penitentiaries were built accordingly; every gaol had its visiting chaplain and its school, solitary confinement, silence, separation, every plan, in short, which had been supposed to succeed in any country, was tried, but still without any sensible diminution of crime, which, in spite of all these attempted remedies, has rather increased than otherwise, especially among a class which ought, at any rate, to have been free from the passions and vices of manhood. Every session has produced some fresh regulation for the treatment of juvenile offenders, but still juvenile crime is the monster evil of the country, and still Parliament is inquiring into the means of abating it.

There must be a cause for this unnatural state of things. We can conceive that a man may be pushed by strong passions into bold and irregular modes of gratifying them, but a child is naturally timid from a consciousness of his as yet undeveloped powers. Nature calls for no gratifications at that age but food and play; and the child, even if his mental and moral faculties should remain wholly uncultivated, and he should scarce rise above the grade of a young animal, would naturally be satisfied with these gratifications as well as a kitten or a lamb. Why then do we find the precocious child of cities frequenting "flash houses," and aping the vices of older men, without the stimulus of the same passions? Nature is forced and violated by the course pursued. Yet from 12,000 to 13,000 of these under-graduates in crime come annually before our courts of law to suffer a penalty more or less severe, and almost certainly to return again and again to the prisoners' dock, till, finally, they assume the degree of a burglar or a murderer. It is an universally acknowledged axiom, that in order to counteract the tendencies of nature, a long and careful education is necessary, yet we find that in these children the tendencies of nature are superseded. What then is the course of education which has been pursued? and why has society, which exercises such large rights for the protection of person and property, never thought of guarding the child from an unnatural and forced education which he has no power to resist, and of which the results are no less fatal to himself than

dangerous to the community? These were the questions which forced themselves on the consideration of individuals in all quarters of the kingdom, as statistical tables, and the facts connected with them, became more known; and the hope that the united labours of many might bring a remedy to the evil, led to the Birmingham Conference, from whose report we take some of the statements which follow.

The children exposed to these evil influences are mainly—

1. Orphans, or children abandoned by their parents, who, being driven by necessity to small acts of dishonesty in order to obtain food, meet, either in prison, or in the usual haunts of these houseless wanderers, others more advanced in crime, and are led by them into farther offences.

2. Children of very destitute parents, who being frequently without food, or wandering in the streets, fall in with bad companions, and are led into the same courses.

3. Children of thieves, and other depraved characters, who undergo a regular training in the arts of picking pockets, &c., and are punished by their parents if they do not bring home a sufficient booty each day.

Of these three classes it is calculated that there are 150,000; that is to say, there are in England 150,000 children either criminal already, or in training to become so! Can we wonder that crime increases? And all that has hitherto been done by the State for these unfortunate children is—one model prison at Parkhurst, calculated for about 650 inmates, besides which, there are gaol schools where young prisoners are taught. But only those whose offence is grave enough to have been visited with a sentence of transportation are eligible for Parkhurst, and the child is, therefore, left to go through all the previous degrees of vice, before any serious attempt is made to secure him from the depth of degradation which forms his passport to the asylum provided for him by the State. When the crime is of a lighter character, and the young thief has not yet qualified himself for Parkhurst, but is only sentenced to a few weeks of ordinary imprisonment, it would be irrational to suppose that any progress could be made in reformation, even if we had not positive testimony to the contrary; but this testimony we actually have from a witness before the Committee of the House of Commons. The following are some of his replies:—

“When were you sent to prison?” “About four years ago, i. e., as appears from previous questions, at between thirteen and fourteen years of age.—How many times have you been in prison?” “Twice.—Was your imprisonment of

any use to you?” “No, not in the least.”—“Did you commit offences soon after you left prison the last time?” “Yes; the same day.”—“Did the chaplain talk to you privately?” “No.”—“Do you think that the present way that young criminals, young thieves, for instance, are treated, tends to reform them?” “No, it does not.”—“When a boy comes out of prison for an offence of that kind, what generally becomes of him?” “Well, some may go home, and some may stop away; they may go on again for a living; some have no way of getting a living only in that way, and when once their character is gone down, they have nowhere to refer to for another character; that is, they are obliged to carry on the same way for a living.”—“What frightens them most from committing the like offences again?” “I do not know; I never was frightened.”—“You have known several that have been flogged, and have come out and continued their bad practices?” “Yes.”—“You think that flogging has no effect in deterring them?” “No.”—By Mr. Milner: “Do you think it of any good to a boy to be shut up for a time in solitary confinement to think about himself?” “No, I was shut up for three days in a dark cell, and directly I came out I had three more, and then three more, making nine days.”—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 245.

This youth, who had passed through all the discipline of the gaol unavailingly, subsequently fell into the hands of one of the ragged-school teachers, of whom we shall presently have more to say, and under his mild influence, without coercion of any sort, was induced to learn a trade, and maintain himself by honest industry. We must, therefore, consider him as reformed, not by, but in spite of, the gaol discipline. But let us proceed.

One-eighth of the offences yearly committed against the law, are by children, and one-fourth by persons under twenty years of age: and the statistics of crime show a growing increase in the proportion that juvenile criminals bear to adults. “The number of criminals under twenty years of age,” says Mr. Pearson, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Lords, “committed to prison in the year 1835, was 6803, or one in 440 of the population between ten and twenty years of age, while in 1844 they amounted to 11,348, or one in 304 of the population of the same age. Although the three following years show a decrease in the number of commitments and convictions in respect of the *whole* population of England and Wales, yet the stated decrease during the three years is in respect of the adult population only, as, upon comparison of the two periods, the number of commitments and convictions of juvenile offenders has increased in the latter three years upwards of 7 per cent.”

Last year, the commitments to the Liver-

pool gaol were above 9500, and of these 1100 were under sixteen years of age. The following is the account given by the Rev. T. Carter, the chaplain, of the effect of imprisonment on such :—

"I take a page at random from the school register of four years ago, and I find that of the thirty whose names are upon that page, not selected cases, but taken in the order in which they came to gaol, eighteen have been transported, two are now in gaol, having been frequently recommitted in the meantime; one out of the thirty is in employment; one has emigrated; two have died, one immediately after being discharged, the other shot in the street during a public disturbance; leaving six out of the thirty whose history I have not been able to trace. I find, also, that the average number of times in gaol of these thirty is eight and a half, and the average time spent by them in gaol is fifteen months. . . . I find that, taking forty-two individuals (male adults), at this moment in Liverpool gaol, who were first received there as juvenile thieves, the aggregate commitments amount to 401, or nine and a half times each, on the average. These are all known thieves, and their cases are looked on, humanly speaking, as entirely hopeless. Of the forty-two instances to which I have referred, there are six under sentence of transportation. One first commenced his career of crime at the age of nine years, and has been nineteen times in gaol; and, when I mention that, I need not bring forward any further proofs of the uselessness of all attempts at reformation, so long as there is not a radical change in the present vicious arrangements. There is another, of twenty years of age, who, since being sentenced to transportation, has made a violent and determined attempt on the life of one of the officers of the prison. I will show the same results with the females. Out of twenty-six females, all of whom commenced as juveniles, I find that twenty-five have been in gaol on an average seven times each; the other, I do not think it fair to bring forward as an average example, because she has been fifty-seven times in gaol. The average time each is known to spend in gaol is five years. I think I have established my position, that the Liverpool gaol, although singled out for special commendation by the inspector of prisons, is the most effectual institution that can be devised for transmitting and propagating crime."—*Report of the Birm. Conf.* p. 66.

To this we may add the report of the Rev. W. Osborn, chaplain of the Bath gaol, showing the career of fifty-three children, first imprisoned in the year 1844 :—"They were all," he says, "first committals, and, in the course of the next six years, they had passed through the gaol 216 times, costing no less than 6063*l.* Of these, only five have been in any degree reformed, fifteen have been transported," and thirty are now in training for the same fate.

Our limits will not allow us to multiply

extracts from the several speeches of recorders of boroughs, gaol chaplains, &c., &c., all tending to prove the same thing, namely, the utter inefficiency of our present system, whether we view it as the means of deterring from crime, or of reforming the offenders; and then arises the question as to why the present system, costly as it is to the state, is thus ineffective. We will endeavour to give a solution to the problem, and show not only why the present system is ineffective, but also what might be substituted in its room with almost a certainty of success.

When we find some machine destined for a particular purpose fail of doing its allotted work, we do not abandon our purpose as an impossible thing, but we conclude that since we have to work with material substances governed by immutable laws, impressed upon them from the very first by a higher power than ours, we must have overlooked some one or more of these laws in the arrangement of our machinery. We have, perhaps, miscalculated the amount of friction; or we have overlooked the chemical action of one substance on another; or made some other of the thousand mistakes which half-instructed men will do in their first attempts to grapple with the great laws of the material universe; we inform ourselves better, we remedy our blunders by the aid of scientific research, and finally we succeed. Just thus we ought to reason with regard to failures in legislation and government; the questions are more complicated, no doubt, but we must, after all, return to the laws of the material we have to deal with. If we would govern men, we must study the laws of man's nature, for these too were imposed on him by a mightier power than ours; and if we contravene them, we shall find, as in the case of the machine above supposed, that we have thrown away our money, and failed of our purpose. When the founders of the monastic orders imagined that by pledging men to celibacy and poverty, they should promote holiness and piety, what was the result? They had overlooked some of the great laws of nature, and the consequences are but too well known. The failures which we perpetually see in the results of our legal provisions are in like manner the consequences, in all probability, of our disregard of some of the great laws of human nature. Legislators know that fear is a strong motive, and they have depended on it far too much, for it is not the only one. Not a day passes which does not afford instances of other emotions capable of overcoming this; and, consequently, of neutralizing all the results calculated on. When Davy applied his chemical science to the copper sheathing of ships, and

prevented its corrosion, he had applied a true principle to a practical purpose; but it had not occurred to him that when the copper bottom was no longer cleansed by corrosion it would become foul; and, practically, it was found that the ships thus sheathed, would not sail; and thus we learn our science from our failures, for it is much to have learned what is *not* the right course, and he would be unworthy of the name of a philosopher who should insist that the failure was merely accidental, and that, by persisting in the same course without further inquiry, success would at last be attained. We have failed of attaining our object: we have sought to deter from crime,—it has increased;—we have endeavoured to reform the criminal,—he returns again and again to the gaol, growing more hardened with increasing years: then we have overlooked some great law of man's nature, and our first business should be to examine these laws more accurately, in order that, by shaping our measures accordingly, we may ensure better success.

Now, it is well known that the preservation of either the individual or the species is not trusted to a reasoning process as to the fitness of perpetuating the race of man upon the earth, nor to fear of the insufficiency of man to defend himself single-handed against the force of the elements, or the attacks of wild beasts; pleasure is attached to the gratification of natural appetites, and we eat, sleep, &c., not because it is wise and expedient to do so, but because there is an immediate satisfaction attending the gratification of animal wants. If we look into man's motives of action, we shall find invariably that pleasure, either present or remote, is the moving spring of all, even of the enthusiast who despises the good things of this world; for he looks for something better hereafter, which is to be won by present mortification and abasement. Happiness of some sort is the object which lies at the bottom of every man's wishes, though what that happiness may be, depends on the degree of intellectual culture, and the pleasure of a Herschel or a Faraday will differ greatly from that of the poor boy in the street, gnawing a cake of gingerbread, or that of the ploughman who gazes triumphantly on the straight furrow before him; but all will seek the gratification most appropriate to their habits of thought. Pain, or uneasiness of whatever kind, is felt to be uncongenial to our nature,—a thing to be avoided; and, when felt, awakening feelings of displeasure which it requires long discipline to control. In few words we may lay it down as an axiom, that the normal state of man is that of enjoyment,—pain, the abnormal.

If we now look at the usual beginnings of crime, we shall see that it is but the irregular development of this instinctive longing for pleasure; labour is toilsome, and therefore displeasing; besides, a child's labour is rarely for himself,—a companion boasts to him of the apples and cakes which he can procure by petty theft, without any labour at all; and he transgresses in the expectation of procuring a greater pleasure than he is wont to enjoy. He is not doing evil for the sake of evil, but he is seeking a natural gratification. Follow him through his career of sin; is it not always some *ignis fatuus* of pleasure which lures him on from one crime to another, plunging him indeed deeper in misery, but still promising enjoyment?

We do not find that the drunkard is deterred from the pleasure of his liquor by the knowledge that loss of health and ruin are likely to ensue; the present satisfaction outweighs the more distant penalty; besides, some drink without such evil consequences, he thinks, and why may not he? Just so reasons the criminal: some, nay many, escape conviction, and why should not he? besides, a short imprisonment is no such very terrible thing; and when it is over, he is free to lead the same roving life again. With these feelings he receives the instructions of the schoolmaster and the chaplain for a few weeks; *they* tell him of sin, and set him lessons: *he* thinks of feasting and amusing himself within a very short time: the gaolers and persons about him are cold and stern, his prison employments are disagreeable—his heart is not there; can we wonder, then, that little is learned in the gaol-school and chapel? But solitary confinement where a boy, as Mr. Milner says, "may think about himself," will not that avail? Probably not; you take a boy possessed of little or no knowledge but such as he has derived from his vicious courses, you place him in a lonely cell, and you expect him to meditate like a philosopher on his duties and his destination? Most probably when he thinks about himself it will be of the nights he has spent at the "penny gaff" or the "flash house," and of the means to spend more at the same places when he gets out again, for the quality of the gratification sought is, as above observed, in exact proportion to the moral and intellectual state of the individual. Whatever dread, then, you may establish in a boy's mind of the consequences of his low gratifications, all you will have obtained will be a more anxious calculation of the chances of impunity; the wish for the easy gains of thievery will not be lessened, for there has been nothing in the severe discipline he has undergone to enlarge or elevate the mind; and the only

specimen he has seen of a regular life, such as is approved by the laws, is harsh and distasteful. In order to be virtuous the love of goodness must be established in the mind; and, without any disrespect to Lieut.-Col. Jebb, the inspector of Parkhurst, and his favourite old serjeants of twenty years' standing,\* we can hardly fancy that a man who recommends solitary confinement and a whipping, as the mild measures to be taken with a child of perhaps nine years old, for a first offence—stealing an apple, or a turnip it may be;—or the drill serjeants who carry out the discipline of Parkhurst so satisfactorily to the colonel's mind,—will be exactly the people to show the loveliness of Christian benevolence, so as to win hearts from the error of their ways, and substitute industry and morality for the wild pleasures of the boy thief.

It is very rarely that men will bring forward their true motives naked and unfledged; unknowingly they clothe and adorn them so as to make a good appearance, before they will trust them to the world; and here lies our difficulty, for no one is willing to suffer his real thought to be grappled with and stripped of its drapery. Were not this the case, the argument would be simple enough. The children of parents in easy circumstances have fitting food and raiment, and their instruction and amusement are both cared for: these children are scarcely ever found in the criminal class, and long and large experience confirms the observation. "Juvenile delinquents," on the contrary, are for the most part destitute of all these advantages,—the children of parents who have been unable or unwilling to care for their comforts or their instruction: how patent, then, is the conclusion, that if we give these children food, raiment, instruction, and amusement, they

will have no further temptation to criminality than those of a higher class, and will consequently become steady and useful members of society. The *real* objections to such a measure are,—the expense that it would entail, the fear that the lower classes would elbow the privileges of the higher when mentally they were their equals; and the doubt whether these privileged classes would find workmen and servants among a population thus brought up: but the reasons put forward show scarcely any of these ugly features. We hear much of the rights of parents over their offspring, of the religious scruples which would be wounded by any general system of education,—of the danger of making children discontented with the rank in which God has placed them, if we afford them an education beyond their station,\* and such like; but no one absolutely buttons his pockets and says, "I am rich, and I mean to keep my money;—to perpetuate a Helot race, hewers of wood and drawers of water for my convenience, and it may be for the increase of my wealth." Thanks be to God, Christianity has at last shamed and scared this kind of selfishness from walking unveiled, and no one dares even to his own conscience, to avow such motives; yet who can withhold a smile when he hears of the rights of parents who have never performed any of the duties of such a relation, or of the religious scruples of persons who have scarcely ever heard of a God, or if they have, practically disavow the belief by a life of utter carelessness or vice; and as for the station in which these poor children are placed, who shall dare to say that a good God has destined any of his creatures to a life of miserable destitution? When a butcher or a brewer's son is afforded an education by his careful parent which enables him to rise to the highest honours of the church or the bar, or when a country clergyman's son carves his way to the peerage with his sword, do we blame these men for quitting the rank in which God had placed them? No; they had ability to be useful in a different station, and they used it; the country profited by their services, and honoured them for what

\* Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb examined;—  
"Are they not generally military men that you now employ!—(as wardens at Parkhurst.)—Most of them are.

"The consequence is, that they take their orders from their superiors, and they see them carried out with the children.—We find that discharged pensioners, serjeants of good character, who have served 18 or 20 years in the army or more, are uniformly kind to the boys, and considerate in their treatment of them. They carry out their orders with precision, and they are unquestionably the best officers we can obtain, either for juveniles or adults, where it is necessary to preserve strict discipline."—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 369.

† "Then your proposition, if I understand, is of confinement for only two or three days, and uniformly accompanied by corporal punishment?—I think a whipping with a birch rod, combined with a short period of solitary confinement, would have a deterring effect, if administered for a first offence especially."—*Ib.* p. 376.

\* Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb, in his evidence, says: "We have found great inconvenience at Parkhurst from pushing the attainments of the boys beyond what was necessary, to enable them to understand the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and to read and write with facility. It was found that, instead of taking to employments which were open to them in the colonies, they were looking out for situations as clerks and schoolmasters; and getting quite out of their sphere: it was positively a disadvantage to them, and it was that which led me to recommend a diminution in the school instruction, and an increase in the industrial training."—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 363.



they had done, and justly. Let us not, then, try to be wiser than our Maker, and think that we are preserving good order in the world by cramping and stinting the faculties which he has given, whatever be the accident of birth. We have paid the penalty of this folly long enough. Even if we consider it as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, it is time to inquire whether the immense outlay of our stately prisons, with their staff of officers; of our penitentiaries, and our penal colonies, may not be turned to better account, and so used as to lessen instead of yearly increasing the expense to the state.

It is precisely at this point of the inquiry that the labours of the benevolent persons who have devoted themselves to the education and training of these outcast children, become important; for however true we may believe our theories to be, we could hardly expect others to act on them till they had been tested by experience. We have said that the aspiration after happiness,—which is, in fact, nothing more than the due satisfaction of the instincts and faculties given us by our Maker,—is a law of our nature, for if existence be anything more than the merest chance, these instincts and faculties must have an object; and if we be debarred from their exercise, the object of existence is defeated. We have said that it is a consequence of this law of our nature that when the instincts and faculties are cramped by circumstances, they will develop themselves irregularly, and this irregular development is the cause of crime; and we have assumed, as a consequence of this law, that severity, solitary confinement, &c., will merely excite a desire to escape from so unpleasant a discipline, but will leave the heart untouched; as a corollary we now assume, that, by satisfying the natural craving of the child for kindness, and supplying even, in a moderate degree, the urgent wants of the body, the reform of the boy thief is likely to be effected. Let us now see the practical working of our theory, as exhibited in the evidence of Mr. John Ellis, one of the originators of the Brook-street Ragged School, which he, and some other worthy men in his own station of life, carried on at their own private charge for some time. We must premise that he was at that period a shoemaker in a small way of business; had once, according to his own account, been careless as to religion—in fact, an unbeliever; but finding such uncertainty as to matters of the highest import a painful state, he had studied the question till he had convinced himself of the truth of Christianity, and, being convinced, showed the sincerity of his belief in his life. Struck with the miserable state of the children who thronged the streets

in his part of the town,—he lived at 117 Albany-street, and his friends inhabited the same locality;—as early as 1843, they determined on opening a ragged school; and, notwithstanding the riot and disorder which they had to encounter at its first opening, soon assumed the dominion over those wild spirits which disinterested kindness, mixed with firmness, was likely to ensure. From the end of 1843 till the beginning of 1847, these true followers of Christ gave their time and their money to this labour of love, without a hope of either fame or reward in this life. “On the 24th of January, 1847,” says Mr. Ellis, in his journal, “a gentleman who had long indulged the hope that he should one day have the opportunity of testing the Christian principles that he professed, arrived,”—and the consequence of this opportune accession of a gentleman of fortune, was the formation in the following year of an industrial class; they began with three boys, aged respectively 17, 19, and 12; the first-mentioned having been “a very bad character,—his mother keeping a very bad house, and sending him out to thief;” two more were soon added, and by the 4th of December, 1848, the class amounted to fifteen. Mr. Ellis volunteered his services to teach them shoemaking; but we will now let him tell his own tale.

“Will you proceed to state the way in which these boys were treated in the school first and afterwards in your house? ‘I thought that one cause of their crime was want of employment; they had never been used to work, and no one had ever taken them by the hand to train them into the way of work. I employed them at shoemaking, and I made their employment of shoemaking as amusing to them as I possibly could, and I found the boys were very fond of making things themselves, such as shoes. I used to go and sit with them for two or three hours a day, and I used to tell them that they might, by governing their tongues, and governing their tempers, and governing their appetites, and governing themselves generally, be much more happy, if they would put themselves in harmony with the laws of their own physical nature; and I showed them how wrong it was to break the social laws that bind society together, and also the laws of God, and so forth. I considered that my conversation with them had a great effect; and I provided them with wholesome food, and I gave them clothes to wear, and I surrounded them with as many comforts as I possibly could.’

“Will you explain to the committee what was the effect which you gradually saw attained upon the mind of these three boys in consequence of the attention which you paid them? ‘I at once recognised them as my children, and they looked upon me as their father.’ ‘Had they at first any moral sense? ‘No; when I first took them, they did not know right from wrong. When Miss Carpenter came to speak to one of my lads, she said to him, “Don’t you think it wrong to

steal?" He said he thought it was right. She then asked him, "But were you not afraid of God?" He said he did not believe there was a God. She said to him before she left him, "Would you steal now if you were to leave Mr. Ellis?" He said no, he could not. I endeavoured to convince these lads that honesty was the best policy, in my conversation with them whilst I was at work, and that they were responsible beings; that they had immortal souls and that God, being the ruler of the universe, would know all that they had done, and all that they had said; so that these boys now, every one of them, move about although in my absence, thinking that there is an eye over them." "Will you explain to the committee up to what point of training you have carried these boys in the school, and how you gradually introduced them into your house?" "My principal object always was with those lads to put in their power the means of getting a living by teaching them a business: with regard to their morals, I thought I could not do better than set before them a good example, and I ate with them, and drank with them, and slept with them, and I associated myself with them in every way; and, as far as religion goes (I don't profess to be a religious teacher), I showed them the law of the gospel as well as I could." "Have you had any boys that you have been obliged to give up, whom you positively could not reclaim?" "I have never seen such a case, and I have confidence that if I had any boy who had his right senses about him, I could reform him. Give me mind, and I will be bound to convince the mind. If I could not convert the heart, I could alter the mind. If they had a consciousness of their responsibility, and that the Omnipotent eye was upon them, that would be sufficient; but they had at first no more idea of a God than a heathen." "Have you received warnings from your neighbours, or from the police, of the hopelessness to attempt the reformation of these boys?" "I was persuaded by the city missionary, I was persuaded by my friends, I was persuaded by the policemen, and by many others, resident near me, not to have anything to do with them—of my inability to reform them. I had occasion to go to the station-house once. The inspector advised me seriously to abandon the hope of reforming them. He said the police had done all they could for them; that they ought, every one of them, to be transported, and that it would be far better for me to mind my own business, and leave them alone, as they would be sure to get transported. I have never troubled them since, and the boys have never troubled them." "How long have they been in your house?" "They have been in my house above two years and a half. The committee gave them up; the committee could not bear the burthen, because the funds fell off; it is rather an expensive affair. I have taught those boys as effectually, in fact, just the same as if I had had a premium for them. I got places for them; and some of the more expert ones in the business are now paying me back what they have cost me; and they have all solemnly pledged themselves to pay me back by their labour every farthing which they have cost me. It has been a sacrifice on my part; but I had a strong conviction that if the

right means were used, the boys could be reformed; and, therefore, for my own satisfaction, I have carried the experiment out." "How have those boys that you have taken care of been treated by their comrades when they have met them occasionally?" "When first we took the boys into the school, I thought their companions would have pulled the school down, they were so annoyed at it, because *the lads we took were what might be called the chiefs of the gangs*; they have come in a body before now, and have carried away the lads from the school after we had them there; but, of course, *the boys soon found which was the best*. A boy would not be there a month without knowing that it was better to be guided by me; and he would choose for himself within a month to live with me rather than go back to his old associates. *Now these boys have succeeded, many of them, in reforming their old associates. I never had anything like confinement; they were always allowed to go out on a Sunday, when they had done their work, among their parents and old associates.*" "How many boys attended the ragged school at first, on an average?" "150." "Out of these 150 how many have you put in the criminal class?" "One third." "You say you have only stopped your proceedings owing to the want of funds?" "Yes." "Do you think that, upon the whole one third, if you had the power of bringing into operation your plan, that it would have met with almost uniform success?" "No doubt. One lad said to me, not many weeks ago, that he knew many lads that would "square up," which means, leave off thieving, if I would take them; and many have been transported these last few years." "And these children would have been saved, supposing there had been a reformatory school, conducted much under the system you speak of?" "Yes; undoubtedly." "And you say that this mode of treatment has been quite sufficient to keep those fifteen children in perfect happiness and obedience towards you, as their master?" "Yes."—*Minutes of Evidence, p. 197.*

We may add, that the benevolent friends of this undertaking have not contented themselves with attending merely to the bodily wants of their poor children, they have also cared for their amusements; and lectures, exhibitions, music, and other modes of spending the evening pleasantly, as well as profitably, have been resorted to. On no occasion have they misconducted themselves.

At Mettray in France, in the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg, and in some other establishments, the same method has been pursued on a larger scale, and with encouraging success; and lately Mr. Sturge, of Birmingham, much to his honour, has founded an industrial school for the reformation of young thieves, and has called in Mr. Ellis to assist in the good work. It has already been in operation for some months, and bids fair to rival that of Brook-street in usefulness. Mr. Ellis took with him as his assistant one of the fifteen boys above mentioned, and finds him a very able coadjutor. Their first step was to go to

the gaol and pick out about a dozen of the boys confined there to commence with, and the success thus far has fully justified this excellent man's sanguine anticipations. Our limits will not allow of farther quotation from the report, from which we have already drawn so largely; but those who are interested in the subject would do well to make themselves further acquainted with it, which they may do at the moderate cost of six shillings.

We have hitherto spoken only of the reform of criminals, but there is yet a more important part of the subject which remains to be considered; we allude to the actual prevention of crime. Nearly a century has elapsed since Beccaria first urged that it was "better to prevent crimes than to punish them," and that "if we would prevent crime we must perfect the system of education." Both appear to be such self-evident propositions, that it seems extraordinary that it should be needful to revert to them, yet notwithstanding all that has been said by the wise of all ages, from Solomon downwards, and all that has been done by individuals within these few years, England, as a nation, has shewn a degree of culpable negligence on this point which can hardly be accounted for; and the legislature has indolently stood aside to allow the children of the state to be trained in the way they should *not* go, till we are alarmed at the extent of an evil which might very easily have been checked had it been attended to in time. Among those who have endeavoured to awaken the public attention to this most important subject, none have been more active than Miss Carpenter, the benevolent sister of Dr. W. Carpenter, so well known in the scientific world by his excellent works on physiology; and in her present work she has forcibly pointed out the defects of our present system.

"Rogues and vagabonds," says she, "still baffle the most vigilant and energetic magistrates, who can only award them as a punishment a period of repose and cleansing in a gaol, to go forth renovated and refreshed for their lawless work. These are the PARENTS of a new race, and every generation, *if the evil is not arrested*, must become more hardened and experienced in vice than the former one. No wonder that from such a race rise men who, at an early age, are prepared for every crime. It is probable that even the existence of such a class of persons is unknown to the larger portion of the community, still less the extreme degradation of their modes of life."

And having given facts to justify her assertion, she adds:—

"The only means of rescuing the children from

an education which probably in each generation will leave a more permanent impression in adult age, *will be by compulsorily subjecting them to a religious, moral, and industrial training.*"

This lady's residence at Bristol, and habit<sup>s</sup> of visiting among the poor, as well as her large experience in ragged and industrial schools, would have entitled her opinion to our most serious attention, even if common sense had not already taught us that it is better to be healthy than convalescent, better to have acquired habits of self-government, religion, and industry, so as to feel no temptation to crime, than to be snatched like a brand from the fire by some individual like John Ellis, of rare talents for his work—a talent so rare that we can never hope to have enough of such teachers to empty our prisons. It is quite clear that when this religious, moral, and industrial training, is most needed, the parents will not seek it for their children, since they can make them a source of profit by sending them out to beg or steal; or if they do not actually train them to crime they are too poor to pay, or perhaps too ignorant to wish for instruction for their families. It is difficult to provide food, and the child must pick it up where he can; or he is an orphan perhaps, and pilfers for a maintenance whilst too young and friendless to earn it. These are the classes which fill our gaols, and which are now too numerous to be dealt with by individuals only. It was, therefore, with feelings of no common anxiety that those who saw the importance of the matter in hand waited for the explanation of the measure promised, in rather magnificent terms, by Lord John Russell, having for its object a system of national education. That measure is now before the public, and we need hardly say how general a disappointment it has occasioned. This minister, so bold in some things, shrinks from the difficulties of legislating on such a subject, and quietly falls back on the schools already organised under the superintendence of the Committee of Privy Council. Yet it is admitted on all sides, that these schools have not met the emergency. The old, old objection of religious differences is brought forward as a bugbear, and the measure from which so much had been hoped shrinks down into a simplification of the legal processes with regard to small charities, and a permission to towns to rate themselves in farther support of such schools as are already receiving the aid of the government! A great nation has called on its legislature to rescue thousands of unhappy children from destitution and vice, and to remove the opprobrium from its name of being the only country of Europe,

where public instruction is left to the care of private charity, and this scanty measure, cut down to the smallest possible cost, and miserably inadequate to meet the needs of the population, is all the reply! The best that can be said of it is, that it is a step, though a very small one, in the right direction; and we may hope perhaps, according to the adage, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," that the next steps will be larger and more rapid, but we cannot allow that the difficulties in the way of a more comprehensive measure are by any means of the magnitude Lord John Russell supposes. It is the fundamental principle of every social compact, that wherever the safety of life and property is endangered by any man, or set of men, the state has a right to interfere, has a claim on those whom it protects for the necessary expenses incurred in the doing so, and may abridge the liberty of those who use their freedom for the disturbance of social order. There could be no criminal law if this were not an acknowledged right. Now, of the three classes of children above mentioned as in the way to become criminal, it is quite clear that the parents, from ill-intention or incompetence, are promoting their progress in evil, and thus rendering them dangerous to the public peace. Who then could blame the statesman who should step in, and say to the parents, "You have forfeited your parental rights by your perverseness or your neglect, henceforth we will look to the education of these children of the state; and instead of waiting till they have plundered the public to an inconvenient extent, and then by a costly process consigning them to prisons and penitentiaries where they are maintained at the charge of the state, we will teach them to be honest, industrious, good men, who will give no trouble to their neighbours, and be useful members of society."

Now this cannot be done by the present measure, but the present measure might very easily be made to effect it. The power of raising a school rate is thereby given, the mode of applying this rate is limited; we would propose to extend it to meet the exigency thus:—Where children of the description above mentioned are found to exist, it should be competent for any inhabitant of the district to lay an information before the magistrates, who should be required thereupon to make inquiry as to the facts, and be empowered to summon such persons before them as they shall find needful for ascertaining the truth. The facts being substantiated, they should then be required to make an order for the reception, gratis, of such child or children into the nearest industrial school;

and in case of destitution, a further order on the relieving officer of the parish, for two or three meals a day for each child so received: for it is certain that the creature must be fed, and cannot be expected to attend school and care for his intellectual wants, unless the cravings of the animal nature are satisfied. If there be no industrial school within reach, then, on the good old principle of the Saxon law, that Christian men are bound to love and do good to their neighbours, and that social men are bound to look to the peace of the society of which they form a part,—on this principle, which still forms the foundation of both our common and statute law—we would have power given to the magistrates to make an order for the erection of an industrial and feeding school, on the model of those which have been found so successful in Aberdeen and other places, to be paid for by the school rate. The school thus founded should be placed under the authority of a committee of rate-payers, and subject to the visits of an inspector, under the orders of the Committee of Privy Council. Every part of the machinery is ready: it only requires a more active use of it, and the present feeling of the public on this subject is such, that such a plan would probably be received as a boon, rather than resisted as a burthen. As a proof of the urgent necessity of such a measure, we may state, that in Westminster, in the year 1847, out of a population of 16,000 children under twelve years of age, 12,000, or three-fourths, do not attend any school; in St. Pancras, in the same year, in one district containing 15,000 children, from two to twelve years of age, 8000, or more than half, were wholly without instruction. If the cost of such schools be objected to, let it be remembered that, in the districts where they are most needed, the rental is so ample that a rate of a penny or twopence in the pound would meet the demand;\* and those who are inclined to urge this objection should also consider how much of the individual and parochial neglect must have preceded a state of things which would call for such interference—a neglect which must be characterized as culpable, and, therefore, deserving to be mulcted. Moreover, the cost of prosecution, with all its concomitant expenses, is quite as large; and if an orderly and industrious population can be reared at no greater charge than our criminals now entail upon us, can

\* Mr. Locke, the honorary secretary of the Ragged Schools Union, states that in his parish of St. George's, Hanover square, a rate of one penny in the pound would realize 2000*l.*, which would be far more than would be needed to maintain industrial feeding schools for all the destitute children of the parish.

any man in his senses hesitate as to which he would choose?

But then comes the bugbear of the religious question; and as it seems to alarm all parties, we will give it a little further consideration; for here, too, as we have noticed above, the difficulty has been met and vanquished by individuals in the numerous ragged schools now established. If, as Lord John Russell holds, the nation owes to the children it undertakes to rear, an education that will afford them better rules for present conduct, and brighter hopes for the future, than can be wrought out by algebra, or learned from political economy; still these rules and these hopes are the common property of all "who name the name of Christ." It is not one sect or one church alone that teaches "to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God;" yet what else is required?" If we sum up the differences of all the sects that ever have arisen in the church, we shall find that they all consist in points of abstract doctrine, sufficiently puzzling to the wisest, and quite beyond the comprehension of children: points which the enlightened teacher, of whatever creed, would endeavour to avoid in the instruction he gives to his young pupils. The great moral rules given in the sermon on the mount, can be taught by every denomination of Christians without any difference of opinion; all of them agree that, to do to others as we would they should do to us, to love our neighbours as ourselves, to forgive our enemies, humbly to own our dependence on the Creator, and carefully to follow in the steps of Jesus of Nazareth, are essential rules of life: each wishes to add something else, but will any one venture to deny that the child or the man who acts up to these rules has worked out his own salvation, even if he have never heard of that something else? To him who thinks that especial dogma important, it is so, *for himself*, but for himself only: no man must tamper with his own soul by giving up, in his own person, what he considers to be essential; but then, with the large charity which true religion enjoins, let us believe that it is possible that others may sometimes be right, though we do not see it. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" says the Apostle; "to his own master he standeth or falleth." Shall we, then, refuse the water of life to the thirsty soul, because some one may resist the addition of a flavouring agreeable to our palate but not to his? Let us rather give the pure element to the perishing wayfarer. About *that*, no difference of opinion can arise.

We will ask any one who has ever superintended the teaching of the Church Cate-

chism to eighty or a hundred children, of all ages, in a national school, whether, if he stops any one of them short, even in the easiest part, for instance, the "duty to our neighbour," the child has the smallest idea of the meaning of what he has been saying? And is it for the sake of this parrot-like recitation of a form, which no child who learns it by rote ever comprehends, that we are to throw away all the advantages of early instruction for the rising generation? But, say its advocates,—though they do not understand it now, they will remember it in after life. We will grant this for the sake of the argument, but what then? Does the mature man believe, merely because he has learned some formula by rote in his childhood? If that be so, why do we see men who have learned both the catechism and articles of the Anglican Church going over to Rome in their mature age? But it is not so: if a man be capable of understanding, he is also capable of examining, and he will believe no more than appears to *him* true and reasonable: if he be not capable of understanding it, the formula remains a dead letter, valueless as regards his life or his habits.

It is not needful that ministers of any denomination should be employed in giving the requisite instruction to the children of such schools as we propose. The early church surely knew its business as well as we do; but the catechists of the first centuries were not generally of the presbytery, though to them was confided the two or three years' preparation of neophytes which then preceded baptism. The young heathens—for who will dare to call them Christians?—to whom we propose to offer the benefits, not the severities of civilisation, require the aid of the catechist to prepare them for the baptism of the heart, without which the water sprinkled, and the words spoken by the minister are but an empty form; and, in our day, the school-master represents the catechist of the ancient church. If he be not Christian enough to be trusted with the religious instruction of the children placed under his care, he is not fit for his charge; if he be, then let the committee and the inspectors see that he teaches them Christian precepts which alone fulfil the condition so much insisted on of late years, "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*" We have already pointed out which they are. When these children have been nourished with the "milk of the word" till they have learned to act up to its morality, and have arrived at mature age; they will choose for themselves the rites which best suit their feelings and their habits, for ceremonies are but the outward expression of feeling; and we might then see around us a

people whose life is in harmony with the faith they profess, instead of the nominal Christians but practical atheists, which at present compose the majority of all classes. The sentence may seem a harsh one, but who shall call him a Christian who neglects all the duties of his professed faith, and lives as if money were his God, and worldly greatness his heaven? From such a heartless idolatry as this, as well as from the consequences it is likely to entail, "Good Lord deliver us!"

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ART. VI.—THE LIFE OF MOORE.

*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. I. II. III. and IV. 1853.

WE never hear or speak of TOM MOORE without feelings of an almost personal affection, so genial and kindly is the nature which beams everywhere in his poetry, like sunshine playing among the summer boughs. We know but of one other author for whom we have the same affectionate regard, and he is so like Moore himself, that at thought of him we are half disposed to turn Pythagorean, and admit the dreamer's claim to Euphorbus' shield, and never eat beans again. What Moore was in London, must Horace have been in Rome—the same genial boon companion—the same sweet lyric poet—the same true patriot—the same playful satirist. Take which phase of Moore's character you like, you will find the corresponding traits in his Roman prototype: the very subjects which inspired their muse—the very accidents of their life—have a curious resemblance. Born of lowly parentage, each raised himself to a position of honourable intimacy with the highest of the land; and each looked back with mindful love to the old home and the fond parent. "*Nil me peniteat sanum patris hujus*" (never while in my senses will I be ashamed of such a father), says Horace, the friend of Augustus and of Mæcenas; and Moore's mother never failed through life to receive two letters a week from "her own Tom" (as he lovingly signs himself), though Tom might at that very time be getting *fêted* at Holland House, breakfasting *en famille* with the Duke of Orleans, or singing choruses with the Princess Augusta of England.

Each poet had the same love for the country, but each loved dearly, in the height of the season, when the grandees poured in from Baise or from Bath, to leave the Sabine farm,

or the Wiltshire cottage, and mingle among the crowds that thronged the mother-city of their nation. If Horace drew around him an admiring circle to hear him recite his latest ode, Moore, too, could always attract the guests at Lady Donegal's, or Lord Moira's, to hearken to his last new melody. If Horace could point with pride to Mæcenas as his patron, and Virgil as his friend, Moore might have equal reason to boast of Lansdowne and of Rogers. Horace cannot travel to Brundisium without versifying the adventures of his journey; and Moore leaves the world his "Rhymes upon the Road" to commemorate his tour with Lord John Russell. Horace, no less than Moore,

"ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master  
of all;"

and, like Moore, charmed his readers equally by the tender beauty of his love songs, the fire of his patriotic odes, and the sparkling grace that adorns his epistles and his satires.

We might pursue this analogy at greater length, and quote passage after passage of kindred tone and feeling, from their works. In one point, indeed, there is a disparity between the lot of the Roman poet and that of our English lyrist:—Horace had no patrician friend to edit his memoirs—Moore had; and to the affection of Lord John Russell is, doubtless, to be attributed the taste that dictated the appropriate binding of these four pleasant-looking volumes, the sentiment—from Horace by the way—" *Spirat adhuc amor*" on their title-page, a short preface, and some few scattered notes.

We cannot allow that "press of public business" is any excuse for the way in which the editor has performed his task: "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and had Lord John felt himself unable to bestow sufficient time upon the task, he should have intrusted it to the care of some one more competent as more disengaged and painstaking. Still less can we think, with some of his reviewers, that the condescension of the "noble Lord" in editing at all compensates for the carelessness of his performance. Heaven preserve us from such condescension! We have a vulgar prejudice in favour of a good editor, though a plebeian, over a duke's son, who—spite of the "*Amor spirat*" motto—takes such slight pains in his labour of love. We willingly own, however, that Tom Moore himself would care more about the lordship than the editing, and would feel the consolation of his fellow-countryman, who, in a sedan-chair with the bottom taken out, remarked: "that it would be very like walk-

ing if it weren't for the honour, and that's what I wishes."

But, while we deny that any condescension can atone for what—but for the honour aforesaid—is so very like no editing at all, we deny, quite as emphatically, that there is any peculiar condescension in the case. Lord John Russell would himself, we know, be the very first to repudiate any such weak plea as sundry of his critics have put in on his behalf. There was, doubtless, once a time in English history when the aristocrat would associate on no other than dishonouring terms with the plebeian man of letters; but—*nous avons changé tout cela*. The head of the Howards does not deem it beneath him to lecture before the hard-handed frequenters of a mechanics' institute. Lord Lansdowne feels—and yet, we hope, for many years to come, will live to feel it among his highest privileges, to be the fosterer of literature, and the friend of authors; and poor Lord Belfast—"too untimely ta'en"—has but just assured the world in his latest published work, that his proudest heir-loom is the dedication of the "Irish Melodies" to his ancestress.—We gladly own, that Lord John Russell is no unworthy scion of the family to whom we have heard applied Macaulay's praise of the Roman Fabii, "*that good house that loves the people well*." No one is really more superior to low pride of family—no one better appreciates genius and talent wherever he may find it. No one, moreover, knows better than the editor of "Moore's Memoirs," that the alliance of the nobly-born with the richly-gifted is an alliance "twice blest." Augustus' minister is best known from Horace's Odes; Mr. Secretary Craggs would be more than half-forgotten, if Pope had not embalmed his name in verse; and the time may come when, at least, some part of the great Whig leader's fame may be due to the honourable friendship which existed between him and the greatest of Irish poets.

The arrangement of these memoirs reminds us of a book, doubtless well-known to many of our readers, "Holcroft's Memoirs." Tom Moore, like Mr. Holcroft, began an autobiography, but neither of them had time or patience to get much beyond the reminiscences of boyhood. After many years had passed, they once more took up the pen to chronicle the history of their life, but this time it was in the form of a diary of the present, instead of a narrative of the past.

Between these two periods there lies an interval of greatest interest and importance, which, in Holcroft's memoirs, has been bridged over by a biographical sketch from the editor: in Moore's, by a mass of letters which look as if they never had an editor.

In the first, if the least eventful, division of the poet's life, there is much of pleasant anecdote and kind remembrance, extending from his earliest childhood till he first goes to London, gets introduced to Lord Moira, and—proud moment!—is lighted to bed by "that stately personage" himself.

John Moore, the father, was, it seems, a wine merchant of Dublin, who rather late in life married a girl of eighteen years old. She was Tom's favourite parent, and never did mother deserve better of her son. There are innumerable little traits of her devoted affection for him. Directly after his birth, she must have a medal struck, with his name and birthday stamped upon it—a much-prized record, which "she always kept carefully concealed." A year or two only, and Tom is the "show-child" of the neighbourhood, and, carefully taught by *her*, has to repeat before admiring friends radical verses on Grattan, the Irish "apostate" of that day. When at school he was always sure of *her* assistance in his studies:—"On more than one occasion," he writes, "she has come to my bedside on her return home from some evening party and waked me, while I have cheerfully sat up in my bed, and repeated over all my lessons to her."

The same watchful, loving care attended him through his college life; and when at last the boy of nineteen leaves his home for London and the bar, we read of Mrs. Moore sewing up with care in "the waistband of his pantaloons" not only the hard-earned guineas which she had been scraping together for him, but—a treasure far more precious as she would think it—"a scapular, or small bit of cloth, blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer from harm."

But Tom Moore carried to London with him what he would find of greater value than either guinea or scapular. "Few people combine, as you do, Tom," said one of his acquaintances in after years, "the poet, the musician, and the vocalist." For music he had the deepest, truest love: from a boy a plaintive air brought tears into his eyes, and gave birth, he thinks, to the early expressions of his muse. "An old lumbering harpsichord" had come into his father's hands as part payment of some bad debt, and on this his mother made him learn to play; while it was soon discovered, he tells us, "that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always fond of society), this talent of mine frequently enlivened our tea parties and suppers."

His first verses were, he says, "almost beyond the reach of memory;" but the first he

can recall were on a subject sufficiently droll. A toy called a bandalore or quiz—common enough in every nursery, but not known to forty French dictionaries, which an erudite contemporary has consulted with very praiseworthy perseverance—was, in 1790, the fashionable amusement. In the public gardens of Dublin, scores of people of each sex played it up and down as they walked along. *The Duke*, then Col. Wellesley, said Lord Plunket, was playing with a “quiz” the whole time of the sitting of some committee in the Irish House of Commons. And, wrote the future author of “*Lalla Rookh*,”—

“The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,  
Went quizzing on to show their shapes and graceful mien.”

At the age of eighteen, Tom Moore became a member of the Historical Society of Trinity College; and here he learnt that art which, during his life of dinner parties, must have been often most useful to him. It was the golden age of the “*Historical*,” and—if the Cambridge “*Union*,” twenty years afterwards, when Macaulay, and Praed, and Bulwer, were its orators, became more famous,—Robert Emmet was in himself enough to excite the attention, and then the enthusiasm, of his youthful auditors. Moore’s admiration for him was very great. In his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, he tells us: “I have heard little oratory since that appeared to me of a loftier or purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract seriously the attention of the fellows, and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence.”

Emmet was, however, a dangerous man to have for a friend, and poor Moore nearly got into serious trouble on suspicion of being implicated in the Irish conspiracy. Soon after this our poet leaves college, begins his translation of Anacreon’s Odes, and going to London, enrolls himself a member of the Middle Temple.

With Moore’s letters—which are now for many years our only guide—we own ourselves greatly disappointed. We had fondly hoped that with his opportunities for collecting piquant anecdote and gossip, with his knowledge of well nigh every great or talented man of the day, and with a wit so

bright, and an imagination so lively, he would have found a place among the best of English letter writers. It is not merely that his letters are without that indefinable charm which characterizes Walpole’s—or the quaintness which delights us in Charles Lamb’s—or even the devil-may-care vivacity which spices Byron’s; but they are, almost without exception, positively dull. There is scarcely a good letter among them; and, should any one hereafter publish a selection of the best letters in the language—a book long wanted—it is not too hazardous to prophesy that the name of Moore will not appear in its index of authors. The fact is, he wanted two great qualities of a letter writer; and the same want is even more apparent in his diary. He had not a graphic pen, nor any power of analysing character. Without the first, he was unable to sketch particular scenes with ease and vigour; destitute of the second, he could not portray the character of his associates, or make us acquainted with anything beyond their dinners and their repartees. A bad painter of men’s outward actions, he never investigated those hidden springs which prompted them, or laid bare the motive which inspired their conduct. His wit too generally fails him when he sits down to write: was it that he thought his correspondents unable to appreciate it, and that he cared not to fling any stray pearl before them? or was it all dissolved over-night in the full claret glasses of his aristocratic friends?

Some of the letters are so unnecessary, as well as dull, that their insertion would be matter of wonder were it not evident economy of editorial time, to insert things just as they come, and save the trouble of selection. Here is one, for instance; and we will engage to pick out at least fifty equally suggestive:—

No. 48.

“*To his mother.*”

“*Wednesday, May 13, 1801.*”

\*\*\* “It is now a fortnight since I came to Donington; it has not by any means seemed tedious to me; and, I think, another week will be the conclusion of my visit. I shall let you know particularly when I leave it.”

Other letters, again, contain just the same story, only written to a different correspondent, as, for instance, Nos. 258, 261, 289, where we have the threefold gratification of learning how, during a visit to Mr. Strutt at Derby, Mrs. Moore received a *cadeau* of “a very fine ring,” a fan, and a bronze-candlestick. That the letters are not always in order, we are candidly informed in a note, and



the confession must, we suppose, disarm our just criticism on *this* point.

To be honest and brief, we recommend all who are not deeply interested in Moore, to avoid this dreary desert of correspondence: they will gain but little amusement, and no strong idea of the poet's epistolary talent, nor anything, indeed, save *ennui*. Miss Godfrey's letters are incomparably the cleverest in these two half-volumes: and, occasionally, they elicit a pretty good rejoinder, on the principle, we presume, of the Arabian proverb, "that a fig-tree looking upon a fig-tree, becometh fruitful;" here is an example:—

"I was a good deal surprised at you—who are so very hard to please—speaking so leniently of Scott's 'Lord of the Isles,' it is wretched stuff—the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman*, the other day, I said; 'between you and me, I don't much like Scott's poem;' and I had an answer back. 'We are very sorry that you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown, & Co.' What do you think of this for a 'between you and me?'"

But this series of letters, is, at least, valuable, as showing us what a true good heart was Tom Moore's; and how unaffectedly loving were his feelings, when, later in life, he wrote, comparing his home-affection to the pendant boughs of the banyan:—

"'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,  
And fed with fame (if fame it be),  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love's true instinct, back to thee."

It is useful, too, as showing us his early success and fame; how he fights with Jeffrey, and becomes a "lion;" and how he numbers among his friends dukes and earls by the score. Dukes and earls were his peculiar weakness. "I dine with Lord Moira to-morrow, and go in the evening, with Lady Charlotte, to an assembly at the Countess of Cork's;" "the day of the great illuminations I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount Edgecumbe's, and Lady Cole's."

Happier still was he, when, in conjunction with his love of rank, he could indulge a purer love—which was equally strong in him—that of his own family. "I think it would have pleased you," he writes, "to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling cloak round her, to keep her comfortable." But, after all, he learned that it does not always answer to

put one's trust in princes, and he probably suffered more mortification from Lord Moira's neglect, than he had felt pleasure from his many visits to Donington. That Lord Moira disappointed Moore's just expectations is undeniable; but that he by no means deserves the reproaches which have been heaped upon him, is, we think, equally certain. Through him Moore obtained the appointment at Bermuda; if it turned out unfortunately, that, at least, was not Lord Moira's fault; through him, old John Moore became barrack-master at Dublin, and, time after time, we read of little kindnesses conferred on Tom himself, and his wife.

Our reader notices that Moore is married; but, we fear, the bare fact is all he is likely to ascertain from these volumes. The lady was a Miss Dilke, a charitable note informs us; but where she came from, or where they met, or what was her station in life—on all these points the memoirs are silent; the letters give no hint; the editor, of course, affords no clue.

It was a happy marriage; she was beautiful, as her husband repeatedly tells us; she was amiable, and obliging, and indulgent, as we gather from many a little incident; she was—an important fact—admired by Lady Holland, and likened, by the Duchess of Sussex, to Lady Heathcote "in her day of beauty."

He fixed his home at Sloperon, near Lord Lansdowne's, Bowood; "his library, his society will be of use;" kind friends and neighbours are round him, great folk from London constantly pass that way; and here, with scarcely a wish ungratified, he quietly settles down. Here, too, begins his Diary: and such a Diary! It already occupies two volumes and a half, and if it draws its slow length along through the whole of his life, it will, according to most accurate calculation, and at its present rate, extend to seven more volumes, and require a bookcase to itself!

What we have said of the editing of the Letters applies, with at least equal force, to the Diary. It needed careful revision and curtailment, and the one and only part which apparently is curtailed, is the very part on which we longed for fullest information—the destruction of the Byron Memoirs. Meanwhile, we may learn any number of remarkable facts, such as, "January 1st, 1819: Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening;" or, "August 31st: Took a cold collation to Chittoway Wood. Bessy and Mrs. Phipps, Miss Maugham, Miss Debrett, and Anastasia. Phipps not well, and could not come. A very delightful day. The Hughes's to supper." Or,

"November 1st, 1823: Read and wrote."  
 "2nd: Walked with Bessy in the evening,  
 and called upon the Starkeys," &c. &c., *ad  
 nauseam*.

Explanatory notes might have been desirable to unriddle many an allusion and hint otherwise inexplicable to those who live outside the charmed Whig circle: instead of them we are favoured with editorial criticism of this sort:—"There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth." "I cannot agree with Mr. Kenny in this opinion." "There is some resemblance between Tintern Abbey and 'Childe Harold'; but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it is his best work.' So of Wordsworth it may be said, 'If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work.'"

The most valuable illustrative remarks—in all, perhaps, a dozen—are to inform us that Moore lent Byron's *Memoirs* to Lady Burghersh; that the Duc de Broglie has great abilities; that Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished woman; that the Prince de Carignan was afterwards Charles Albert; and that Lord Spencer was an excellent shot. Such stories, too, as were but doubtfully true, might also have been omitted, or at least commented upon; we fear the one which Lord Londonderry has exposed will not prove the only exception to Lord John's careful inspection.

We are, however, grateful for what we have, and thankfully acknowledge that no publication of late years contains a better stock of lively anecdotes, good jokes, and clever sayings, than these volumes of *Diary*. The book reminds us of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle's definition of "a great memory;" it is a "standing pond full of the droppings of other men's wit:"—and when a year or two have passed, it will form a most useful repertoire for great conversationalists and diners-out.

It is but fair to sample" the more amusing, as we have criticized the dreary portion of these volumes. Our difficulty is selection. We begin with some striking repartees:—

"In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by Maury, that one time, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, 'Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux!' Upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, 'Comment! veux-tu m'embrasser?' which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau."

"Lord Strangford (the author of *Camoens'* Translation) mentioned that, on some one saying to Peel about Lawrence's picture of Croker, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips!' 'Yes,' said Peel, 'and the arrow coming out of it!'"

"Judge Fletcher, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, 'Sir, I'll not

sit here to be baited like a bear tied to a stake.' 'No, *not* tied to the stake, my Lord,' interrupted the counsel."

Now for a delicious little ghost story:—

"In talking of ghost stories, Lord Lansdowne told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her, and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, 'Si j'y crois?—oui, et même je le suis!' and instantly vanished."

Two good political anecdotes:—

"Lord Ranelagh told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Bonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, 'I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead!' 'No! is *she*, by God?' said the King."

"Fielding told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name 'Monsieur de St. Cyr,' the clerk answered, 'I'l n'y a pas de Saint.' 'Diable, M. Cyr donc.' 'Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avons décapité le tyran.'"

Of Moore's *character* we gain little knowledge that is new to us; he was ever the same kind-hearted, merry, social fellow; his only great fault was his exceeding vanity; and he often suffered many a petty mortification, not so much from positive "snubbing" on the part of his great acquaintance, as from the mere absence of that praise which was the very "breath of his nostrils." Lady Donegal doesn't like "The Loves of the Angels," and he's wretched all the morning. Lord Dudley treats him coolly, and he pours out his grievance in the pages of his journal. Scott and Byron are mentioned in some review as the only great poets of the day, and poor Tom Moore is quite "disheartened." Parson K—, at a party, doesn't listen to his singing, and "Bessy was quite offended at his rudeness: good girl for being so."

Now and then, however, though the "Diary" even does not mention it, he was treated, we know, still more cruelly. A story is told of his calling on Mrs. Basil Montagu to ask for materials for his "Life of Sheridan." "Undoubtedly," she replied, "I will help you; but you must let me choose the motto for the book." The poet assented, and Mrs. Montagu, indignant with him for having betrayed, as she thought, his trust about the *Memoirs* of Lord Byron, launched out upon his devoted head an adaptation of the nursery doggerel:—

"Fee! fa! fum!  
I smell the blood of an *Irishman!*  
Whether he be alive, or whether he be dead,  
I'll grind *his bones* to make *my bread.*"

On the other hand, no word of praise or flattery is anywhere omitted; from the courteous kindness of the Prince Regent, who, on Moore's return from Bermuda, greets him with "I am very glad to see you again," to the still more flattering attentions of a fair correspondent, who observes she has now seen the greatest giants of the age, "O'Brien in body and *you* in intellect!"

Did any consciousness of his failing steal through Moore's mind when he wrote down these words of the "Irishman," Sheridan:—

"They talk of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake—they are little passions. *Vanity* is the great commanding passion of all. Save me from this passion, and I can defy the others."

The Diary opens, as we have said, soon after Moore has taken possession of Sloperton Cottage. He makes occasional visits to London, publishes his poems, each more popular than the last, and, in the August of 1819, travels with Lord John Russell through Italy. There are many interesting traits of his illustrious *compagnon de voyage*; and when we forget the editor in the man and the very firm friend, we find much to raise our opinion of Lord John. Fellow-travelling, which has destroyed so many friendships, but cemented theirs the more strongly; and each has left on record the pleasant hours that were spent by them together.

Bessy joined her husband in Paris; and here, with only an occasional week's visit to England, they remained till the close of the year 1822. The truth is, poor Moore was in some money difficulty, occasioned by that unfortunate place at Bermuda. The deputy whom he had appointed absconded; and *he* became liable for his pecuniary misdemeanours. He appealed over and over again to Mr. Sheddon's relatives, but constantly without success. The *memento Mori æris* (*moriæris*) exhortation of his great Chancellor-namesake was hardly less effectual.

Meanwhile, at Paris, he was as gay as might be. English peers and French noblesse vied in doing him kindnesses, and loading him with flattery. Not a night without its engagements—not a dinner without its lords!

Poetry alone didn't flourish much in this warm atmosphere; and the green laurel began to droop mid the heat, and glare, and dust. "Alciphron" came to an untimely end; the "Fudge Family in Italy" died before it saw the light; and the "Fables for the Holy

Alliance," and the now half-forgotten "Loves of the Angels," alone mark these years of continental life.

Soon after the poet's return to England occurred that curious literary episode to which we have before referred—the destruction of the Autobiography which Lord Byron had given into his hands for publication. The whole story does infinite credit to Moore's heart, and very great discredit to his judgment. That he should have thought it right to break his promise to his friend, or just to deprive the public of so precious a relic, is, to us, inconceivable; but that, believing it right, he should destroy the MS. even at a most serious sacrifice to himself, is but another proof of his manly and conscientious honour. The world has not lost much, Lord John tells us, by the *auto-da-fé* of these papers; and we would willingly believe it, now that regret is vain and useless. Still a fresh light would have been thrown on one of the most remarkable men of the age; and the autobiographical literature of the country would have received an invaluable addition.

Henceforward, to the end of the fourth volume, there is little more of especial note:—a trip to Ireland,—Sloperton and Bowood—London and Holland House—the same story of gaiety and home delights.

There is one pleasant sketch, however, of a visit to Abbotsford, from which we cannot refrain from extracting a few passages:—

"Came to a pretty lake where he (Sir Walter) fed a large, beautiful swan, that seemed an old favourite of his. The Fergusons to dinner; maiden sisters and all. Showed me, before dinner, in a printed song-book, a very pretty ballad, by his bailiff, Mr. Laidlaw, called 'Lucy's Flitting.' In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased; Sir Adam, too, and his brother, the colonel, sung. Scott confessed that he did not know high from low in music. . . . His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. 'Hey Tutti Tatte' was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorussing every verse with all our might and main; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly."—Vol. iv., p. 342.

Meanwhile Moore has published the "Life of Sheridan" and "Captain Rock," and has thus bound himself more closely than ever to the affections of his countrymen. The sensation produced by "Captain Rock," in Ireland, was only exceeded by that which, in England, followed the publication of Godwin's "Political Justice." "The people," writes the Dublin bookseller, "are subscribing their sixpences

and shillings to buy a copy; and the work will probably be pirated."

Thirty years have passed since then, and the name of "Moore" is as dear to every Irishman as ever it was. The Dublin exhibition is rich in portraits of the favourite Irish poet; and one of the sculptors, in a fit of fantastic enthusiasm, has made the head of Tom Moore start from the marble shoulders which, on the other side, support the bust of the still greater Irish hero—Wellington!

Imitation is said to be the highest compliment; and this compliment has been most abundantly paid to the author of the "Irish Melodies" by his fellow-countrymen." He is, indeed, the founder, or rather, perhaps, the reviver, of a school of Irish poetry; and among his followers are many whose verses only require to be known to be universally admired. Miss Mitford, in those pleasant "Literary Reminiscences" of hers, has done something for the fame of Gerald Griffin and of Banim.

Besides these, however, are others of equal merit; and in Mr. Duffy's "Ballad Poetry," and the "Spirit of the Nation," are many pieces quite worthy of Moore himself. There are few better political songs in the language than Ingram's "Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?" few more plaintive than the "Lament of the Irish emigrant;" or the wild outringing of Mahoney's "Bells of Shandon." Were the affectations of Irish idiom, and of Riband rant, omitted, the lays of Moore's successors would form a collection of truest national melody, almost unrivalled by that of any other country.

Returning once again to Moore himself, and closing his Memoirs as they lie before us, all full of hope and happiness, we have a feeling of sadness which we cannot quite subdue.

The old Greek Solon was right—"Call no man happy before his death." As yet, in the poet's life, it is nearly all brightness. A money difficulty is the worst evil he has had to meet; ill-health and bereavement (save of one baby child) have not come nigh his dwelling. Some few more volumes, and we shall find the night-clouds closing thicker and more thick about him. "Slowly—slowly," as says the Abbot in the beautiful "Golden Legend," "steals the sunshine, steals the shade." A few more years, and while still alive, the name of Tom Moore was added to that sad list which includes the names of Marlborough, Swift, and Scott.

Henry Arthur Bright  
see B. of P. 1: 185)

#### ART. VII.—INDIA AND ITS FINANCE.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 29th June, 1852.
2. *First Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories.* 2nd May, 1853.
3. *Second Report from the same.* 12th May, 1853.
4. *The Opium Trade; including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By Nathan Allen, M.D. Second edition. Lowell: James P. Walker. London: John Chapman.

It is now manifest that the new government for India will not be established without vigorous and perhaps acrimonious debate. We may possibly render some service to the public, although perhaps not much to any of the belligerent parties, by a more quiet and comprehensive view of some important divisions of the subject than the noise and dust of the parliamentary tumult permit to the debaters themselves.

The stand-point from which we purpose to take our present view of Indian affairs, is that of finance. We have, indeed, a deeper respect than it is necessary here to speak of, for considerations of a very different kind: at the same time we are profoundly convinced that the surest way of gaining general attention is to descant on the chances of profit or loss.

But much more; a permanent failure of Indian finance involves terrible considerations. India, lifted by British management out of the region of perpetual internal discords, can only sink into it again, if it be found impracticable to make the country pay its own expenses under our supremacy. England, indeed, may hold herself accountable for any Indian obligations actually existing at a particular time, or under some specified arrangement; but a perpetual making up of Indian deficiencies from the Imperial exchequer would be out of the question. It is, then, of immense importance, in the interests of humanity, to ascertain whether Indian resources do now actually meet Indian expenses, and may be expected to do so; for if no system has yet been established to this permanent effect, we have no security that 150 millions of the human race may not be again precipitated into the condition of wasteful and murderous strife, from which they have only lately been delivered, strife to be renewed, if at all, with additional animosity

of classes, and more dreadful means of havoc.

From the papers published with the Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Indian question, we chiefly gather the following facts:—

The revenue of the Government for the 17 years, from 1834-5 to 1850-1, both inclusive, was, on the average, as follows, the figures being those of the net produce of the several classes of taxes:

From land, moveables, spirits, tributes, subsidies, and tobacco, (of which about £1,500,000 is from all but land) . . . . .	£10,784,888
From customs . . . . .	1,194,838
From salt . . . . .	1,864,633
From opium . . . . .	1,707,744
From stamps . . . . .	377,133
From miscellaneous sources . . . . .	117,014
	£16,046,250
To this net produce is to be added, charges of collection, and other payments out of the gross produce of the taxes . . . . .	4,983,735
Gross average annual revenue	£21,029,985

During the same period the net charges were, on the average, as follows:

Civil and political . . . . .	£1,706,305
Judicial and police . . . . .	1,682,453
Marine . . . . .	234,454
Military . . . . .	8,226,459
War . . . . .	492,730
Interest on debt . . . . .	1,710,380
Territorial payments in England	2,298,409
Political stores exported from	
England . . . . .	347,188
Miscellaneous . . . . .	81,956
Total average net charges	£16,780,334

From these figures it appears that the annual average deficit during the same period was the difference between 16,780,334*l.* of net expenses, and 16,046,250*l.* of net receipts, or 734,084*l.*

Corresponding with this result is the increase of the debt. In 1834, the debt in India bearing interest was 35,463,383*l.*; in 1850 it was 46,908,064*l.*; the average annual increase being 673,211*l.* Add to this, in 1834, the Home Bond Debt was 1,734,300*l.*, and in 1850 it had reached to 3,899,500*l.*, the average annual increase being 127,365*l.* The sum total of the two Indian debts is thus something beyond 50 millions sterling, and the annual increase of

them, to make up the deficit of annual revenue, has been something more than three-quarters of a million.

To those who are not blinded by the complicated machinery and stately formality of governments, these plain figures suggest serious reflections. An occasional deficit is to be expected as much in the affairs of nations as of individuals, and is equally to be redressed by occasional excess; but the recurrence of an insufficiency of income, so frequent and so uncompensated as to establish a large annual average against the State, is certain to lead to disaster, whether France, Austria, or India so try conclusions with fortune.

The first answer of Indian politicians on this matter is, that the debt is little more than two years' income—one of the smallest national debts in the world. But, in truth, this is no answer: the real danger lies not in the actual amount of the debt, but in the rate of its increase; and if there be no probability that that increase will cease, there can be no security against ultimate, perhaps early, ill consequences.

The next answer is, that these seventeen years have been a period of war; that in the few years of peace comprised within that interval, India had an average annual surplus of one million sterling; and that it only needs abstinence from war to realize a like surplus in every future year.

To this, however, the reply is unhappily but too easy. There seems little reason to expect greater infrequency of war in future than there has been hitherto. The territorial debt of India in 1793 was 7,129,934*l.*; in 1813, it had risen to 26,970,786*l.*; in 1834—5,—as we have already said,—it was more than 35 millions; and in 1850, nearly 47 millions. From 1793 to this day, there has been almost constant war; in the former part of the period, it raged in the middle of the country itself, latterly at its external general frontiers. During these sixty years India has had Governors-general of all qualifications and temperaments, yet very few of them have avoided war. The more resolved did any one of them appear, on his appointment, to devote himself earnestly and exclusively to the prosecution of the arts of peace, the more vigorous really became his wars, and the more extensive his annexations. It may not be difficult to account for this apparent inconstancy of reasonable purpose, on the ground that a man devoted to public improvements feels perhaps more deeply than others the necessity of public security to the prosecution of them; and if he have lived but little of the half-camp life of India, he may easily take alarm, and institute decided and irrevocable measures, where older hands

would quietly expect the termination of a difficulty in nothing worse than in noise and smoke. Be this, however, as it may, the fact remains, that hardly any Governor-general of India has avoided war. How, then, can we pretend to hope that, from a better personal selection of governors, we may avoid wars hereafter ?

Let it be remembered that, both within and without the general confines of India, there are kingdoms and clans whose people habitually resort to force and deadly strife on what we deem light occasions. With these we cannot avoid contact, and not unfrequently we cannot avoid collision. It may, no doubt, be true that, in dealing with such peoples, our authorities are not always either wise, or perhaps quite honest ; but what government, rigidly or even charitably judged, is altogether either wise or honest any more than other corporate bodies ? By what means are we to secure for India such a government as no other country has ever possessed ? And if we cannot secure such an unparalleled government, why should we indulge ourselves with a baseless reckoning, that no wars will happen in future ?

England, too, with her interests, complicates the question. The Afghan war was not Indian, but imperial in its motives ; and it is a fair conjecture, that a British solicitude that no European or American rivals should possess themselves of the great streams on the flanks of our Eastern empire, has had quite as much to do with the acquisition of Scinde, and the invasion of Burmah, as any substantive quarrel we may have had on hand in those countries. European follies or jealousies, indeed, applied to the vast affairs of the East, may easily bring about wars again as heretofore, in which India must be engaged, whether or not she may happen to have any interest of her own in the subject-matter of dispute.

Nor is any change of temper or policy likely, at present, to avoid future wars. There is, indeed, a line of conduct too little known or prized by politicians, which, appealing to the higher principles of human nature, and resting on the Providence which rules the world, is more likely than any lower policy to hold in check the flagrant causes of war. But we can hardly hope, at present, to see such a course intelligently and cordially adopted ; and if it be not adopted with full understanding of its nature and earnest sympathy with its principles, it will not succeed at all. Meanwhile, the man or the nation, which is peaceable *only* from poverty, stinginess, or cowardice, is perhaps more likely than any other to incur the loss and damage of

contention. Let it be proclaimed that the rulers of India will not go to war merely because they cannot, or will not, afford it, and they will soon have plenty of quarrels on their hands.

However, then, the duty may remain to the philanthropist to endeavour to eradicate the principles of war, or to the political ruler to avert its actual occurrence, it would be mere weakness to chalk out a future for India in which war and its costs have no place. But if we must expect war, we have to return to the conclusion that there is a standing and ever recurring deficit in Indian finance.

Deferring our remarks on other items, we now point out that remarkable one in the receipts—opium, from which no less a sum than 1,707,744*l.* sterling is annually derived. For the estimate to be formed of this traffic in its moral relations, we must be content to refer to Dr. Allen's pamphlet, where the subject is vigorously treated for our benefit, from an American point of view. Our business with it is as a matter of finance, not forgetting, however, that morals have their value even here : for that which is unjust or immoral is necessarily unstable and unsafe ; and the revenue derived from the smuggling into another country of a delicious poison grown in our own, carries within itself the inevitable conditions of decay.

This item of revenue is not of ancient date. The traffic itself is not a century old. In 1809–10 the net income to the government was 621,972*l.* ; in 1834–5 it was 728,517*l.*, and in 1850–1 it had increased to 2,700,662*l.* In 1839–40 it was reduced to 316,666*l.* by the China war ; and it is much to be observed that its augmentation to the figure which now renders it so vital a part of the revenues of India, has taken place since our military successes in China broke down the obstructions to the general use of the drug in that country. Before that period it was a matter of only second-rate consideration ; within a few years it has become one of anxious importance. If this windfall, wholly extraneous to the proper financial capabilities of India, had not occurred, Leadenhall-street must have been "in difficulties" before this time. It is obvious that a tax which is so dependent on the chances or mischances of the day, could be at no period a fit reliance for the stability of a great national system of finance. Bad, however, at the best, it seems now likely to be entirely lost. As all the world knows, the Chinese government contemplates the legalization of the growth of opium in China itself ; and although the emperor at one time declared "that nothing should induce him to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of his

people," he has since had to succumb to influences stronger than the benevolence of any one man, emperor though he be.

The tax on opium is a tax paid for the support of the government of India by the people of China; for it is not pretended that, if the opium now consumed in China should cease to be consumed there, the demand would be sustained through any increased use of the drug by the people of India. The annual sum of 1,707,744*l.* derived from opium is, therefore, so much which the people of India have not paid for the sustentation of their own government, and may, probably, soon find that others will not pay for them.

Now let us gather our results so far as we have gone:—

The net annual expense of governing India, wars included (wars as likely as ever to occur again), is shown by the experience of seventeen years to amount to . . .

£16,780,334

The net produce of the taxes, that on opium included, is shown by the same experience to be 16,046,250*l.*; but of this sum opium, which is on the point of being lost, stands for 1,707,744*l.*, so that the net revenue to be relied on in future is only .

14,338,506

The annual deficiency to be expected, as far as experience and probability can guide us, is therefore . . .

£2,441,828

Let it not be said that, inasmuch as this is an estimate founded on an average of seventeen years it is inapplicable to the argument, and that we ought to reason only on the later years, which more nearly represent the present state of things. The later years give, in fact, a worse result than the average, even admitting all that Sir James Weir Hogg said on this subject in the House of Commons, on the 6th of June, if we confine ourselves to employing his statements only as far as they refer to realized facts.

If then we rest on the present system of Indian economics and finance, we have to anticipate a future annual deficiency of more than two millions sterling—a conclusion which renders a close and unflinching examination of that system a duty of vast importance to some interests indeed by no means inconsiderable in the ordinary way of honourable money-getting, but of still greater moment to other interests far transcending them in every consideration which right-minded humanity holds dear.

We will look first at the receipts, beginning with the item under which, in the official papers, are classed land, moveables, spirits, tributes, and tobacco, and which figures altogether for 10,784,888*l.* We may dismiss from consideration all the articles except land as producing together only 1,500,000*l.*, with the remark that they do not present any probability of important increase, unless the general condition of the country should be very much improved.

The single object of the present paper, which is finance, or the making of both ends meet, does not require, and will not permit, us to go into the many debated questions connected with the history and nature of the land revenue of India. Some points necessary to our discussion will be noticed as we proceed: others will be found in our account of Mr. Baillie's book elsewhere in the present issue. For the present, the following are the essential facts:—Land has yielded, by a direct tax on it, a net annual revenue to government of about 9,250,000*l.*, or nearly two-thirds of the whole clear produce of taxation, exclusive of that from opium. But as a source of revenue we have, to a great extent, debarred it of increase by our own acts. The land settlement of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, is in perpetuity;—that is, it has been fixed by us, in perpetuity, how much tax each particular acre, or estate, shall pay to the government; so that, however great the needs of the government on behalf of the country may become, no additional contribution can be obtained from the land-tax of these provinces. Not only so, but, with all possible speed, we are introducing similar settlements into other parts of India, only that they are for long terms of years, usually thirty, instead of in perpetuity; and during those terms there is no possibility of increase. Where the settlement is annual, under the name of ryotwarree,—that is, where the sum each cultivator has to pay as tax is settled every year, the system is an object of complaint amounting to execration; and, whatever its real character, it will hardly be able to survive the obloquy which storms down on it from every quarter, although it is the only form of the land-tax which permits adaptability to the varying wants of the state.

The principal chance of a considerable increase of revenue from land lies according to appearance in that of extended cultivation, for only lands under actual cultivation pay tax, and much land remains uncultivated. But here a fallacy is concealed under the appearance. Extended cultivation has little effect on the increase of revenue, unless it be accompanied with either an increase of population, or with new means of sending the pro-

duce to other markets. If a population, shut up to its own district, grow more than it can consume, it can only be with the effect of bringing down the price, and wasting the surplus product. Remarkable instances of this kind have occurred in India, and the result of extended cultivation has there been a diminution of the revenue.

Suppose, however, that through a better administration of a particular district, or the establishment of new means of irrigation, or any other improvement, a larger population collects on the ground, corresponding to an increase of cultivation or of its products, it does not follow that the total revenue of the government is increased by the sum which appears to be added to the revenue of that particular district. Some such cases have been much lauded, and perhaps not too much so, when considered from other points of view; but they sometimes take credit for an augment of the population beyond the utmost possible rate of natural increase; and, where this is the case, the conclusion is irresistible that the increase of population and revenue, in that particular quarter, is, to a considerable extent, an abstraction from other localities, and yields by no means such an addition to the total income of the government as it seems to stand for.

So much of a chance of increase of the land revenue as may be derived from a migration of cultivators from territories of native princes into ours, from preference for our rule, is of too uncertain a nature to be admitted into this discussion, even if we had space for the many considerations connected with it.

To understand fully the force of these observations, it must be remembered that India is hardly more than half full of people; there is, consequently, ample room for migration within India itself; a fact which, duly admitted and considered, would greatly modify some opinions very loudly expressed at times on Indian economics and taxation.

There are cultivated lands in India, to a considerable extent, which, on different grounds, some true and some false, are held of government on tax-free tenures; and there are officers who look to resumption of these lands on a scale of some magnitude, for an important addition to the straitened revenue. On the one hand, no doubt many fictitious claims to these holdings have been set up, and have been sustained by forged or invalid documents; but, on the other, genuine rights have often been abrogated by the unadvised proceedings of our government and their officers. The general result promises very little for an increase of revenue from the resumption of these lands, however just that resumption, in some cases, may be.

Looking, then, at all the circumstances, taking into account the fact that much of the land revenue is fixed in perpetuity, or for long periods, and seeing that, from 1838-9 to 1849-50, the land revenue increased only in the proportion of 123 to 142, notwithstanding our accessions of territory meanwhile, there can be little hope of a deliverance of the Indian government from financial pressure by any sufficient augmentation of the income from land, a consideration which is so much the more serious, as this tax forms two-thirds of its resources.

The customs' duties, which have yielded 1,194,838*l.* per annum, depend for their increase on an increase of the consuming power of the people. It is not easy to say how far the slight general tendency to advance in this branch of the revenue is to be attributed to an improvement in the condition of the people, how far to increase in their numbers, and how far to such additional facilities for the interchange of commodities in the interior as the extension of our rule may have occasioned. That increase was, however, but small from 1838-9 to 1845-6, even when most favourably stated, while a more compendious account given elsewhere by the same official authorities seems to show that little or none has taken place since 1834-5. Judging from the last-mentioned statement, either this class of taxes is already at the highest point which the present condition of the people will permit, or the real resources of the country available for the purposes of the government are mismanaged.

The duty on salt is different in different parts of India. Our brief remarks must be confined to a very few facts. In Bengal, the manufacture is a monopoly in the hands of government,—the import of the article being, however, permitted on payment of a duty equal to the government monopoly profit. In Bombay, the tax is an excise; the sale price of the article, without duty, is 1½*d.* for eighty-two pounds; the tax is about 18*d.* on the same quantity. This impost, in Madras, is also a heavy duty, of which we need not now enter on the particulars. Salt is supplied from the Sambhur Lake, in the territories of Jyepore, and from the Salt Hills of the Punjab; in both cases it is liable to certain duties.

It is remarkable that the productiveness of this impost has not kept pace with the circumstances which might have been supposed to favour it. The average net receipts for the twenty years preceding 1833-4 amounted to 1,467,565*l.*; in some particular years they were considerably above that amount; but, in the next seventeen years, those now chiefly discussed, they only reached 1,864,633*l.* although our territory had largely increased,



intercourse in the interior had become much safer and greater than before; and war, which raged in the centre of India during part of the first period, was chiefly confined to the general frontiers in the second. The increase of population alone should have produced an augment of consumption, nearly equal to that which appears to have taken place.

A few facts strengthen the probability that the salt tax cannot be made to yield any considerable increase. In 1837, a duty of 1s. on eighty-two pounds was laid on this important commodity in the presidency of Bombay: in 1844, the tax was doubled, to compensate for some vexatious minor imposts then abolished; but riots took place, and the governor, of his own authority, reduced it to its present rate of 1s. 6d. Now, it was shown in the course of the inquiries connected with railways in Bombay, that salt made on the western coast, which had paid the Bombay duty, would undersell Calcutta salt, with the Bengal duty, at Mirzapore, if both were carried to that place by railway. If so, improvements in the means of transit will probably drive back the practical frontier of the Bengal salt monopoly districts; and this may be operating in a measure even now, and the annexation of the Punjab, with its salt hills, may be the true explanation of that decline of the salt revenue at Calcutta, which has been adduced, with little accuracy, as an evidence of a falling off in the condition of the Bengal population.

Although it has been said with some truth that the salt tax is not burdensome to the people in general, there are facts connected with it which seem certain to prevent any increase in its rate. The consumption varies from less than seven pounds per head per annum amongst the poor in Bengal, where salt is dear, to twenty, thirty, and even thirty-six pounds amongst the rich in Bombay, where it is comparatively cheap; a contrast which shows that there are large classes who ought not to be called on to bear a larger burden in this form. Probably, then, this tax will never yield more than at present, if so much.

We only stay to say of the stamp duty on legal proceedings, that a tax which embarrasses justice, and bars off the poor from his right, has little chance of permanence and none of increase. Opium we have already discussed, and the miscellaneous receipts may be passed over.

If, from the general character of these observations, we conclude that the income of the Indian government is little likely to be augmented while drawn from the people in their present condition, confined to its present sources, and conducted on its present system, we have to proceed to the question—can the expendi-

ture be diminished? Here our remarks may be confined chiefly to two points,—the extent and cost of the European part of the service,—and the magnitude of the army.

It is not pretended on any side that India is over-governed. The current complaints are not of too many officials, but of want of protection, want of justice, want of dispatch, want of something or other, which only increased establishments, or establishments of increased efficiency, can supply. It is not said that there are too many native functionaries, or that they are too highly paid. But it is said that too many costly Europeans are employed to the exclusion of cheaper natives. The number of Europeans in government employments in India, who have been sent out from England for the purpose, is probably not above 7000, including all European officers of the Company's troops, but not those of the Queen's. The members of the Covenanted Civil Service are under 1000 in number. About 250 military officers are employed in civil duties.

If any question be raised of the value of European superintendence in India, it is only necessary to advert to the whole current of Indian affairs, political, military, and commercial, to perceive its effect. Let any one compare an army of sepoys in the British service, with any account he can find of the interior condition or practical effect of the army of a native prince—say, for instance, the accounts given by the Duke of Wellington of the Hyderabad or Mahratta armies in the Mysore war; or, let him compare the present administration of justice, defective as it is, with that which prevailed before our time; or let him trace the history of Indian indigo, or sugar, or general commerce; or let him learn what was the internal condition of a native city—say Poonah for example—while it was a great capital under the immediate eye of its prince, and then see what it is now; or let him in any matter learn what has actually been done under British supervision, with no other resources than were just as much at the command of our native predecessors as of ourselves, and he cannot but conclude, that in whatever it may reside,—whether in science, perseverance, power of combination, contrivance, and organization, habit of command, integrity, due public responsibility, or anything else,—British supervision has, in fact, supplied a new life blood to India.

But is there a wasteful superfluity of it? The Europeans employed in civil service are, to the natives, as about one to 120,000. The Europeans actually present with a native regiment of 800 strong, are seldom more than six or eight. The European judges decide

only about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of all the legal suits instituted, appeals included. The whole number of Europeans in India (army, with all its privates, taken into account) is, probably, not more than one to 2000 of the natives.

If, then, there are not too many Europeans for the wants of the country, are they not too highly paid? We answer by the recital of a case within our own knowledge:—Twenty years ago a gentleman, then of excellent standing in his profession, accepted an appointment in India, in an undertaking altogether independent of the Government.—Knowing too little of the matter, he thought there were so many advantages in an Indian life, that a salary of 7000*l.* per annum was a sufficient inducement. Returning, not long since, after an anxious and laborious service, with his health thoroughly broken, he found his old connexions were dispersed, his professional contemporaries, of equal standing when he left, were far advanced above him, his chances of employment were gone, and his energies were unequal to a new struggle. During his short remaining life, the scanty employment which had happened to arise from his old Indian occupation was one of his principal resources. His sojourn in India had completely severed him from the opportunities and the successes of England, by which others, not better qualified, had largely profited, while his Indian remuneration had not provided a compensation, or even an ordinary reliance, for declining years.

In truth, under present circumstances, a British Indian service of any kind, political or commercial, can only be secured on terms which pay the wages of a whole life for twenty years of work, and that at a rate which induces men in general, of competent qualifications, to forego all the collateral advantages of life in England. India, it is evident, can obtain English aid only on these terms.

We undertake, however, no defence of things as they are. Our sole object is to show that no such saving can be effected in the item of European officials as shall contribute, in any sensible degree, to redress the disordered balance of Indian finance. The work done by these foreigners in India must be done by somebody; if done entirely by natives, at half the expense, with not a single European employed, the financial relief would be small, perhaps 300,000*l.* per annum, and even that supposes the work would be done as well as now. But if any confidence is to be placed in the uniform testimony of facts, India saves, many times over, every year, the fair cost of that English supervision which has delivered her intellect from stagnation, and her fields from carnage; and the intermission of which for some time to come,

would probably relegate her to a fuller measure of her former sufferings.

But the army—is it not too large? We have already discussed the probability of war occurring as it has occurred; and certainly the political horizon yields portents which do not say much for the immediate peace of Asia. Where Russia may burst through her frontiers, if headed back in Europe, none can tell; but an obvious movement, both for revenge and for acquisition, would be towards India. Laying out of account, however, these special chances of the times, it is worth while to note the manner in which the home authorities deal with the question of the magnitude of the Indian army, in two extended reviews of the whole finance of India, dated 25th October, 1848, and 3rd June, 1852. The Court of Directors assume 1838-9 as a standard year of peace expenditure. India had then enjoyed an unusually long immunity from war, whether in its presence or its costs. In that year the whole of the forces employed in India, both European and native, had been gradually reduced to about 186,000 men, and the annual cost of them to about 7,000,000*l.* They are now 289,000 strong, and their annual cost above 10 millions. The average cost of seventeen years is 8,226,459*l.* Immediately after the attainment of the minimum expenditure just mentioned, the Afghan war was undertaken without the knowledge of the court of Directors, and, when known to them, against their judgment. Then followed Scinde; then, twice over, the Punjab; and now we have Burmah on hand. Pressed with anxiety in making both ends meet, they look back on 1838-9 as affording a state of things not broken in upon with their concurrence; and they estimate that India has paid for these wars no less than 35,750,000*l.* in current charges, debt and interest—wars, of which the first at least was not for Indian objects, and of which the others are possibly no more than consequences, avoidable at the time in the avoidance of the first. They do not, however, suggest a remedy for the magnitude or cost of the army, or suggest its reduction to its old dimensions; and, indeed, with Hyderabad, Russia, China, and the unemployed myriads of swordsmen in India itself, to take into account, we can hardly anticipate diminished employment for it. We have still to reckon on the blunders of governments, the irascibility of peoples, and the misunderstood complications of interests, which have hitherto produced wars, and to remember that the true preventive of war, which lies in the right-mindedness of the multitudes, is not yet fully attained to even amongst ourselves, and is much less so in the East.

It is not without importance to observe, that the army of India is said to be smaller in proportion to the population which supports it, than that of any European state, England excepted; and a still nearer comparison is to be found in India itself, where the native states, with a population of 53 millions, maintain armed forces to the extent of 299,000 men, or one soldier for 133 persons; while, in British India, the population is 99 millions, and the army 290,000, or one in 340 persons. We again repeat, we are in no sense defending or even excusing the employment of such an army, we are merely considering the bearing of facts as they are on financial probabilities.

Of the sums absorbed in the payments to England, it is not necessary to say more than that there is no chance of their reduction, and that the same principles of national good faith which ensure the payment of the interest of the national debt of England, apply with equal force to that of India.

To what conclusion, then, does this review lead us? India, under our system, is not paying her own expenses, and is not likely to do so. And yet when we assumed her rule she had no national debts, the treasuries of her princes were full, and she is said to have paid larger taxes to her native rulers than she has ever paid to us. Moreover, no newly acquired territory pays its own expenses in our hands, however wealthy it may have made its native princes. Scinde and Sattara show yearly deficits; and while our limited territory in 1793 yielded a large annual surplus, our present magnificent dominion fails to pay its current costs. What is the cause of the change?

The answer most generally made, is that this apparent falling off in the tax-paying power of the people of India is to be attributed to a continual increase of poverty. A statement so serious requires examination, although it is true that a government is answerable only negatively for the wealth of its people, and that its trust is vindicated when it has shown that it does nothing, and suffers others to do nothing, which hinders any and every man from making the best he honestly can of circumstances. Let us, however, look into this assertion of the increase of poverty in India, and so much the more carefully, as there are appearances which may be adduced in favour of it.

First, there are what we take to be exceptional cases. The city of Surat is now much smaller than it once was; formerly it was the port through which the north-west of India, including Delhi, the seat of the Mogul power, communicated with the holy land of the Mussulmans and with Europe. Since that

time Bombay, more favourably situated for general commerce, has arisen; extensive countries to the landward have been desolated in native wars; and the incipient Delta, which its river, the Tapti, is forming, increases yearly the disadvantages of its approach. The province of Guzerat is said to exhibit a great impoverishment of its gentry and cultivators since we began to govern it; but then cotton is the staple of Guzerat; at the beginning of our rule the price of cotton at Bombay was 6*d.* per pound, and since that time has gradually sunk, under American competition, to little more than 2*d.* The South Mahratta country is alleged to have become poorer; but it was the chief hive from which the swarms of Mahrattas issued who fought and plundered for a long period all over India, and to which much of their booty converged. The establishment of general internal peace was sure to be inimical to the apparent wealth of such a district. Lastly, certain countries, chiefly in the south and east, are said to have suffered from the destruction of their manufactures by the competition of Lancashire: now, without confining ourselves to the sufficient and conclusive answer that this result has come of a freedom which no government on earth has a right to interrupt, we will point to a consideration which on this subject is not always taken into account. These destroyed manufactures were not for the most part ancient interests. They were a very modern extension of the old manufactures of the country, occasioned by the demand for Indian cloths in Europe, which followed on Clive's successes in Bengal, and the destruction complained of is to *this extent* only the contraction of the manufacture of India to its old dimensions. We may here add, that if the natives of India had not for the most part wanted those qualities which English supervision and example supply, they would have conformed to the new circumstances which were created by the rise of the manufactures of Lancashire, and long before this would have exported a far greater annual value in the form of raw cotton, than they ever did in that of cloth.

Without extending our notice of the exceptional cases which have not unfrequently been adduced to prove a general decline of the wealth of India under our government, we proceed now to a fact of much more extended significance. Since the general internal pacification of India, effected in 1818, there has been a wide-spread decline in the money prices of agricultural produce. The fall was greatest in the first seven years. Its cause was evidently the extension of cultivation which followed on the cessation of per-

petual violence, and on the return of large numbers of men to the labours of agriculture.

The effects of this fall are to be traced in combination with those of the fiscal measures taken by our government in conformity with the best established opinions of Europe. The old revenue system of India rested on a partition of the crop between the cultivator and the government; and in this it was no more than an instance of the general dealings of the country, wages being usually paid in grain, and public salaries, artificers' charges, &c., &c., being also discharged in the same way or by tax-free lands. The native governments maintained their armies, in a great measure, by assignments of lands; and the pay of soldiers was often in kind. Money was little referred to as a standard of value; and variations of money price had little effect on the facility of discharging the greater part of the ordinary obligations of life. This original system as to taxation was often modified in later times; but so much of it always remained as that the basis of taxation, (as far as a system could have a basis which had no constitutional limitation,) was a share in the crop, whatever might happen to be either the crop or the money value of the government share of it at the time.

First, however, European management came in, and it was found necessary to introduce the far greater regularity and order of our own systems into the army of natives which we required. The loose organization, uncertain and long-deferred payments, and feudal independence of parts, in the native armies previously existing, were among the chief causes of their inefficiency. To bind the army exclusively to the state, and to render its services at once faithful and efficient, it was necessary that the engagements of the government with its soldiery should be simple, specific, and punctually fulfilled. But to provide to a certainty the means of effecting these objects, which experience has shown to bear results of the highest importance, it was necessary that the claim of the government on the cultivator for taxes should be as definite as the obligations of the government to those whom it employed. Hence the commutation of a share in kind to a tax in money, which, for the most part, was only occasional and permissive in the old system, was rendered universal and obligatory in ours. The risk was transferred from the government to the cultivator, and the tax was assessed on a money value of the crop, true enough, probably, when estimated, but liable to all the fluctuations of the times; and those fluctuations, since the date of those changes, have, on the whole, been downwards, and that to a great extent. The cultivator has often been

called on to pay a tax which, once moderate, had become unreasonably severe from an unforeseen decline in the money value of the produce out of which it was to be paid. The government, on the other hand, ever slow from the bureaucratic complexity of its organization, could only pass resolutions for relief after much suffering had been undergone; but, still more, its positive money engagements, fixed originally with reference to the obvious and pressing wants of the country, and to the presumed productiveness of the taxes, long deterred it from permanent remissions which might have occasioned failure to fulfil its engagements, and have let in the most serious evils. The downward tendency of prices, as we have said, was owing to the extension of cultivation consequent on peace; peace under our supremacy was consequent on, or rather rendered possible by, an alteration in the mode of taxation. The change which gave the ryot peace and security, gave him, as a necessary, although not obvious consequence, under his circumstances, less money for his produce and diminished means of paying the public imposts *as reckoned in money*.

Moreover, European science said that a tax on the crop, the ancient Indian practice, was, like our *tithe*, a great discouragement to improvement. It was thought, therefore, a great advance (in fact, it was made to stop the mouths of many complainers in England,) that the tax was removed from the crop and placed on the land. A man may grow what he pleases; be the crop as valuable as it may, he has only to pay a certain fixed tax on the field which bears it. But a choice of crop, where the market is limited by want of means of carriage, is, to a great extent, a nugatory privilege. The main produce must everywhere be that which is wanted for common consumption on the spot; and the same amount of public revenue remaining to be raised in the whole, the tax on the land, removed from the crop, falls chiefly on the food of the poor and rich alike; on the *bajree* and *jowaree* of the labourer and small farmer, rather than on the sugar and other condiments of the wealthier classes. The principle, sound in itself, requires for its application a facility of finding the best markets, however distant, for the peculiar capabilities of the local soil, which does not yet exist in India; and until it does exist, the change aggravates the difficulty of realizing a sufficient public revenue.

But here supervenes the embarrassment, existing and to come, from another European improvement. It was assumed that the public revenue from land in India was what rent is in England, a conclusion, the unsoundness

and dangerousness of which it would not be difficult to show, if space permitted and our argument required it. But on this followed the further assumption, that a rent which could be foreseen for a number of years was best fitted to promote cultivation and the comfort of the cultivator. Thereupon settlements were made, either in perpetuity or for long terms of years; and the State, abandoning the old Hindoo principle, has debarred itself of all right to participate in the increase, however new means of intercourse and locomotion may improve the processes of agriculture, induce the cultivation of the more valuable products, or add to the weight or money price of the crops.

Before we indicate our general conclusion, we must notice another fact we have already mentioned; the native princes who preceded us, often possessed large treasures; we, contrariwise, have a large Indian debt. Here is another consequence of the introduction of British principles. An Oriental monarch is in no sense a trustee for the people; he is the owner, for the time being, of certain rights of taxation established by custom; and like any other man where there is no sufficient control by public opinion in organized forms, he and his subordinates often make that right go as far as possible in extending these exactions, while other men do the best they can to share with or to resist them. The obligation to govern justly, or even to govern at all, however it may be recognised in men's consciences or longings, is reduced, for the most part, to a matter of policy, where it is not the dictate of one ruler's individual kindness of heart, or, perhaps, of another's caprice. Some sort of government is better than none, even for the rulers; for more taxes can be raised when the country is tolerably well off—a reach of wisdom to which Oriental governors do not universally attain.

Two consequences follow:—Those debts are, in the East, strictly the personal debts of the prince, which, with our corporate perpetual succession, and our views of the trusteeship of government, are the debts of the nation. The fall of a dynasty, or the death of a prince, cancels there at short periods those obligations which hang about us for generations. Until different principles were imported by us, there was no such thing as a national debt in India; but there was much robbery of those who, with us, would have been national creditors.

But, secondly, the prince, being no trustee, but the absolute owner of all he could collect, and the absolute judge of the amount he should spend on public purposes, was quite at liberty to lay by all he could, notwithstanding any lack of government, or of good government, which ought to have been remedied by

means of a more liberal expenditure. The system, in strictness, required him to care for nothing more than that the country was kept in condition to pay; all beyond that was of no consequence to him. We are speaking, of course, merely of principles; for their application admitted of all gradations, from the coarse and cruel rigour of Hyder Ali, to the philosophic solitude of Akbar, and the maternal and almost mythical tenderness of Alia Bye. The possession of treasures, however, was in no case a proof of the wealth of the people; it only proved the wealth of the prince, which might easily exist, and often did exist, in the midst of an abject and impoverished community. With us all this is changed; torture in the collection of taxes, the old resort, is forbidden; the public opinion of England requires the best fulfilment which circumstances permit of the public duties for which, in our view, the taxes are collected; the government of India is now strictly a trustee for the accomplishment of certain public purposes, called to account, when needful, by the advanced public opinion of England.

These results, confronted with each other, will reveal to us the real difficulty of Indian finance. We are no longer owners of the taxes, but trustees for the fulfilment of certain objects, at *whatever cost*. On the other hand, the native system of taxation, which never was designed for varying commensurability with obligations specific in kind but varying in amount, we have made still worse for our new position, by overlaying it partially, and but partially, with European notions. We are compelled to action which may, and does, involve variable or increasing costs; we have deprived ourselves of all sufficient power of varying the receipts to meet the varying expenditure. We have all the new liabilities of constitutional outgoings; we have much worse than the old rigidity and circumscription of the income. If in England we become involved in war, we immediately lay on additional taxes to meet the additional expense. In India, with vastly greater liability to war, we can do no such thing; however urgent the occasion, the income for at least the two-thirds which arise from the land-tax, and indeed, for much more, must remain very nearly as it is.

Hence the embarrassment of the Indian exchequer. The outlay follows one rule, and obeys one set of circumstances; the expenditure follows another rule, and obeys altogether a different set of circumstances. The sufficiency of the income can never be more than accidental; and the divergency of the circumstances commonly goes directly against the happening of that accident. Indian

finance is fast locked up by the incongruity of the *per contra*.

And to this we have to add an aggravation removeable only by slow degrees and as a consequence of extensive changes. We have all the felt obligations of a trust, along with all the antagonism and surly difficulty of proprietary right. The first we derive from our own views of our position, newly imported into the Indian political system; the second comes of the fundamental maxims of the governments to which we have succeeded, and of the feelings stamped by those maxims on the popular mind by the usage of uncounted generations.

We have extended this exposition of the present position of Indian finance to an inquiry into its causes, for the sake of some important practical conclusions which it yields, and which, together with some others which we have not present space to discuss, must conclude our paper. These are as follows:—

1. That the embarrassed state of the Indian exchequer is the unavoidable consequence of the partial application of European principles of public organization and administration of undoubted soundness, to circumstances as yet altogether unlike those of the communities from whose experience they were derived.

2. That this application of European principles, whether a necessary step in the general transformation of Indian sociology and government, or an unwise anticipation of it, has been effected entirely in obedience to well-established and universal British convictions, and not to any suggestions derived from Indian sources, however the change may have subsequently met with native approbation.

3. That the chief present danger of the British supremacy in the East, has thus been occasioned by an action which is essentially that of British scientific conviction and public opinion; that is, it has resulted from causes far transcending the mere form and machinery of the government; and its remedy cannot be secured by any change in that mere form and machinery simply considered, nor in any important degree promoted by it.

4. That the poverty of India, where poverty can be said to exist, is relative to money only, and not to the means of procuring the necessaries of life.

5. That the plenty which is relative to mere subsistence, must subsist along with the poverty which is relative to money, until the vast industrial waste of India is cured, and its means of production, now existing unemployed to an immense extent, are made available to the payment of its public obligations, the due accomplishment of its public objects, and the general elevation of its people.

6. That the only effectual remedy for the dead-lock of the Indian exchequer lies in going through with the industrial transformation which has been begun, so as to render the wasted resources of India available.

7. That the application of that remedy is little within the power of the government itself, just as the improvement of the mercantile navy of England would be very little in the power of the Admiralty; but that application may be hindered, to a lamentable degree, by those who possess the powers of government, be the form of the government what it may.

We could say nothing which would adequately express our views of the importance of the Indian question; but if our foregoing remarks are not altogether mistaken, that importance rests not so much on the questions, accusations, defences, replies, plans, and amendments, which, for various sufficient reasons of their own, are now most keenly contested, as on considerations which can have little practical attention in the present struggle of parties, and on reforms which only fidelity, clear-sightedness, diligence, industrial courage, and time, can effect.

The present position of the Indian question suggests serious reflections. The struggle for and against the East India Company threatens a result far worse than the maintenance of the existing system. The bill for the future government of India, brought in by the Right Honourable the President of the Board of Control, is clearly intended to transfer to the ministers of the Crown, and their nominees, a considerable share of the power now exercised by the directors elected by the proprietors of East India stock; and it is equally clear that the same bill opens the way for the repetition of the process, until the Crown shall have become possessed of the direct government of India, without the intervention of any independent body.

But this new power in the hands of the ministry is unaccompanied by any of our usual constitutional securities for its due exercise. Not a shilling of our British taxes can a minister spend without authority of Parliament; not a man can he enlist, not a cutter can he equip, without the same authority. But, for all that yet appears, the Indian minister may spend as much as he pleases of the money of the people of India, or hire as many soldiers as he pleases, without any necessity for either obtaining a previous authority, or yielding a subsequent account. This, the evident beginning of a new system, if the bill pass, is the time for insisting on accountability to Parliament in Indian affairs,—that is, to the small extent to which there can be

effective accountability on such subjects in the British Parliament.

The Indian reformers (we mean those who have associated under that name) have gone by another way to the same end. By arguing against the "double government"—by exhibiting and somewhat overstating the errors and short-comings of the present rulers of India—by constantly asserting the incapacity of the directors, and by dilating on the inappropriateness of the East India constituency, they have raised a very general impression that the government of India is now in unfit hands, and ought to be transferred to the direct management of the Crown: but they have done nothing towards showing what constitutional power in these Indian affairs, as in all others, is to act concurrently with the Crown, when the East India Company and its directors are taken away. As far as the Indian reformers are concerned India will be handed over to a pure bureaucratic despotism.

They rely, indeed, on parliamentary responsibility: but parliamentary responsibility is a mere constitutional fiction where there is nobody to ask a question, and very few either to understand it or to take any interest in the answer. What would parliamentary responsibility be in respect of Timbuctoo?

By the accidents of time, the East India proprietary and the directors have come to sustain, to however imperfect an effect, the same relation to the Crown for Indian purposes as the constituencies of the United Kingdom, and their representatives for our own; and the abolition of the East India Company, in whole or in part, without some sufficient organization to the same purpose, amounts to the abolition of a great constitutional provision. Strange as it may seem to charge the leaders of democracy with the destruction of a constitution, nevertheless, the fact is so: they have been betrayed into the inconsistency of attacking the existing East India Company as the first thing which happens to stand inconveniently in their way, without staying to examine either the less obvious principles involved in its action, or, in truth, those of their own proceedings.

From most of the Indian reformers we might fairly have expected a policy which, by extending the constituency of the East India Company, and giving greater independence to the directors, should have provided such an accompaniment to the increasing power of the Crown, as the usage of the constitution, derived from the political experience of England, shows to be indispensable to the welfare of India as well as of our ourselves.

If some such device be not produced, of a happier augury for effect than we at present hope for, we should prefer the present state of

things, bad as it may be represented, to that which would be produced by the unamended bill of the government. We are neither partisans nor admirers of the East India Company. We see on the one side their long connexion with India, their historic associations, their splendid array of public servants, past and present, the intimate knowledge of parts of India which many of their directors possess, the sedulous attention which some of their directors give to Indian affairs as the chief occupation of their lives, and the undeniable advance of India with which, whether as cause or accident, they have been associated; we set against these, their timid and faltering betrayal of their independence, their mistaken and complicated routine, their slow and clumsy movement, their cowardly dread of publicity and discussion, their crippled and debilitated powers, their drugged and listless constituency, and the occasional lapses of servants who disgrace them; and, balancing the whole, we should rather see India committed, for the present, to the existing arrangements, until real improvements, of the kind we have pointed out, could be effected, than handed over to a minister as practically master of all movements, and as irresponsible for them, as he would be under this bill.

We fear, however, that it is in vain to lift up a voice for the East India Company, a body which has become so little interested either in the welfare of India, or even in the preservation of its own power, that, exclusive of directors, not more than thirty proprietors out of 1700 were present to make a last effort for either. We speak rather of principles of the highest importance which both parties neglect, than with much hope of witnessing possible and most salutary reforms, for which the existing East India Company, far gone as it is, affords the best practical basis.

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#### ART. VIII.—BALZAC AND HIS WRITINGS.

1. *Honoré de Balzac: Essai sur l'Homme et sur l'Œuvre.* Par Armand Baschet. Avec Notes Historiques par Champfleury.
2. *Vie de H. de Balzac.* Par Desnoiresterres.
3. *La Comédie Humaine.* Par H. de Balzac. (*Scènes de la Vie Privée; Scènes de la Vie de Province; Scènes de la Vie Parisienne; Scènes de la Vie Politique; Scènes de la Vie Militaire; Scènes de la Vie de Campagne; Etudes Philosophiques; Etudes Analytiques.*)
4. *Théâtre de H. de Balzac.*

5. *Les Femmes de H. de Balzac.* Par le bibliophile Jacob.  
 6. *Maximes et Pensées de H. de Balzac.*

In the last act of Soulié's "Closérie des Genêts," (an amputation from which, with comic excrescences, was played at the Adelphe, under the title of the "Willow Copse,") the following dialogue takes place between two of the principal characters:—

"Montéclain. Have you read M. de Balzac?"

"Léona. I should not be a woman if I did not know all his delightful works by heart."

"Montéclain. In that case you must remember his 'Histoire des Treize'?"

"Léona. Indeed I do remember it. It interested me exceedingly."

The "Histoire des Treize" is a most exciting narrative, founded upon a compact between thirteen "great-hearted gentlemen," who have sworn to avenge society of certain injuries, the authors of which it is impossible to reach by the ordinary legal means. We never admired it so much as Léona appears to have done, and we have no pretensions to knowing more than half a dozen of "Balzac's delightful works by heart;" but, after allowing for the exaggeration peculiar to the theatre, and further, for the exaggeration generally found in the expressions of ladies in real life, we have no hesitation in saying that Léona's admiration for the author of the "Comédie Humaine," was and is equalled by that of most educated women in France. A few years ago, the most popular thing in Paris after M. de Balzac himself, was M. de Balzac's cane; portraits and caricatures of the former were in all the print-shops, and Madame de Girardin's clever novel, suggested by the latter, was in all the libraries. Now that Balzac's features are beginning to be forgotten, and that his diamond-headed cane has become a relic, his popularity is attested by the numerous forms in which his works are produced, and the variety of other works of which his own form the base. Since 1850, the year in which literature was deprived of the author who has depicted with the greatest success the morals and manners of the first half of the nineteenth century, the works composing his "Comédie Humaine" have been given to the public in two different illustrated editions; his plays have been published in a complete form; his "Mercadet" has been produced amidst universal applause; two or three biographical and critical sketches of him have appeared; a book devoted to his female characters, and another containing his maxims and reflections, have been brought out, and numerous pieces, founded upon

narratives by him, have been represented at various theatres.

"In the provinces," wrote Sainte Beuve, a few years since, "M. de Balzac has met with the most lively enthusiasm. There are numbers of women living there whose secret he has divined, who make a profession of loving him, who discourse continually on his genius, and who endeavour, pen in hand, to vary and embroider, in their turn, the inexhaustible theme of these charming sketches, 'La Femme de trente ans,' 'La Femme malheureuse,' 'La Femme abandonnée.'" In St. Petersburg, where he is said to have been invited by the Court, he was scarcely less popular than in Paris. It was there that a lady, hearing Balzac was in the room, is said to have dropped a glass of water through emotion. In Venice, it was once the fashion to represent Balzac's characters in drawing-rooms, and "during an entire season," says the critic above mentioned, "nothing but Rastignans, Duchesses de Langeais, and Duchesses de Maufrigneuse could be seen." Germany sent letters entreating the author to continue his "Illusions perdues" without delay; and one notary wrote from a distant and uncivilized part of France to request that M. de Balzac would make the members of his profession appear in a more engaging light than that in which they had hitherto been represented.

In spite of Balzac's long and continued popularity on the continent, only two of his productions have been translated into English. One of these, "La Grande Bretèche," is an episode in one of his novels where it is introduced as a tale of horror, in order to dismay a lady whose conduct has been supposed to offer some analogy to that of the heroine of the said episode. Powerfully written and terrible as it undoubtedly is, this episode, when viewed by itself, is like a diamond taken out of its setting. It appeared in one of the annuals, and the author's name was not attached to it. The comedy of "Mercadet" also, cut down from five acts to three, by M. Dennery, has had an English physiognomy given to it, and has been acted, with great success, at the Lyceum. How it happens, that not one of Balzac's novels—not even "Eugénie Grandet," nor the "Recherche de l'Absolu," both of which are not only irreproachable as to the morality of the details, but have the additional advantage of being masterpieces—how it happens that neither of these has been translated into English, we can only explain by the supposition that the publishers of translations imagine the public cares for nothing more elevated than Eugène Sue, or more decent than Paul de Kock. Without possessing the slightest affection for



paradoxes, we think we can prove that the popularity of French novelists in England, is in inverse proportion to their literary merits. If we judge by the number of his works (!) translated, we find that high-minded and conscientious artist, Paul de Kock, occupying the first place in popularity, although there are forcible reasons—the extended sale which the “Mysteries” and the “Wandering Jew” met with—for assigning the post of honour to the pure and gentle Eugène Sue. Next comes Dumas, proving, by his own case alone, the truth of our theory, inasmuch as only one volume of his “Impressions de Voyage,” and scarcely any of his carefully-written novels have been translated, whereas most of his violently unnatural romances, without ever having been written in French, have nevertheless been “done into English.” Very few of George Sand’s works have been translated, and only two of Mérimée’s. Lastly, not one of Balzac’s novels has ever been presented in an English dress, which, according to our theory, would prove M. de Balzac to have been the greatest of French novelists, a conclusion to which a careful perusal of his works had already led us.

In Balzac’s “Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées,” one of the heroines mentions what was undoubtedly true at the time, viz., that out of all the novels and romances in circulation, the only ones worth reading are “Corinne,” and Benjamin Constant’s “Adolphe.” In “Corinne,” however, the characters are mere shadows, and, moreover, unnatural shadows; and in Benjamin Constant’s admirable tale, Adolphe and Eléonore are quite without individuality. The only pictures of manners existing in France, when Balzac was preparing to make his *début*, were “Gil Blas” (if we can apply the term picture to a panorama) and “Manon Lescaut.” In “Gil Blas,” the fact of all the characters being knaves, with the exception of a select few who are fools, and the entire absence of sentiment and passion, render it, on the whole, an untrue picture of human life, in spite of the knowledge of mankind exhibited in almost every page; while the frequent interruption of the story by the introduction of episodes more or less interesting, renders it tedious, in spite of the variety of the incidents and the wit of the narrative. Absence of passion is certainly not the fault of “Manon Lescaut,” and although the constant recurrence of the same situation makes it resemble a beautiful duet, in which the same motive is too frequently repeated, it was, perhaps, the truest picture of human life existing in France Anno Domini 1830. The country which, in less than twenty years, has produced Balzac and George Sand, Nodier, Mérimée, Jules

Sandeau, and Alphonse Karr, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gauthier, and Alfred de Vigny, can afford to admit this undeniable truth,—that it possessed no more than the germ of a literature of fiction until nearly the middle of the present century.

The influence of the French Academy, which, while endeavouring to preserve the language of France, has nearly stifled its literature by sacrificing all other principles of art to the heroic and the classical (otherwise the conventional), can alone explain the existence of Scudéry, and the celebrity of Florian; and the attack on conventionality in the drama, which was commenced by Victor Hugo during the Restoration, had for its indirect effect a reform in the novel, as it notoriously aided that which has since taken place in painting. In England, where Providence has spared us the infliction of an Academy, and where the standard of taste has always been so low that thinkers have been able, ever since the dark ages, to express their thoughts in any form which they have chosen to select—in England the literary warfare of the romanticists against the classicists, or, in other words, of those who would be flogged at no school against a school of pedants, can scarcely be comprehended. The petition of certain French dramatists to the Academy, praying that means might be taken for preventing the representation of plays written by Hugo, Dumas, and all such innovators, is as inexplicable to us as the opposition to Géricault, who had the audacity to paint modern subjects as they appeared in modern times, and who could not be persuaded to represent a French hussar in the costume of a Roman gladiator. When the directors of the Louvre purchased Géricault’s “Wreck of the Medusa,” they intended to cut out the heads, in order to use them as studies for the pupils! (*vide* “Memoirs of A. Dumas;”) and the obstacles which were constantly thrown in the path of Victor Hugo, show that more than one person connected with the production of his plays would gladly have marred their general effect in an analogous manner. Yet this painter who is so great a poet, and this poet who is so great a painter, have been the salvation of French art and French literature, by driving away the more or less successful imitators of those who have themselves, with more or less success, imitated the classics.

The reform in art, to which the name of romanticism has been given—a name which has never been accepted by its chiefs—by abolishing the conventional models, led naturally enough to the adoption of real and natural models, and to the exact imitation of nature. “Art,” says one of Balzac’s literary heroes, “is nature concentrated.” Those

who copy from nature, and, above all, from modern nature, and the nature which surrounds them at every instant, were destined to receive from the champions of conventionality the appellation of "realists,"—this "realism" being in fact only a continuation or branch of what had before been absurdly styled "romanticism." The head of this realist school was Honoré de Balzac; and we shall see, from the history of his life and from an examination of some of his principal works, in the order in which they appeared, that it was many years even before *he* understood the true bent of his genius and the destinies of the modern French novel.

Honoré de Balzac was born on the 16th March, 1799, at Tours, the birth-place of Rabelais, Descartes, and Paul Louis Courier; and it is at this town that the scene of some of his most admirable productions is laid. Madame de Mortsaufl lived in a valley of Touraine; the "Grenadière," to which Madame de Willemsens retired broken-hearted, is at Tours, in a spot which those who have read the exquisite tale fancy they must have seen; the carefully-finished picture of the jealousies and manœuvres of small people in a small town, with the effect of the same upon an amiable but weak-minded curate, represents the society of Tours; and it was at Tours that Gaudissart, the illustrious bagman, failed in his daring attempt to make the lunatic take a year's subscription to the "Globe" newspaper. Balzac always possessed the same affection for the "Turkey of France" which many of his favourite characters are made to exhibit: in the prefatory letter to the "Lys dans la Vallée" Felix de Vandenesse, writing to Natalie de Manner-ville, says, "I do not love Touraine as much as I love you, but if Touraine did not exist I should die."

At seven years of age, Honoré was sent to the college of Vendome, where he is said, by M. Desnoiresterres, to have been remarkable for his inattention to ordinary studies, and his affection for "Louis Lambert," whose story M. Desnoiresterres appears to regard as a piece of actual biography. Similar mistakes have been made several times since the days of Defoe, and must be looked upon as complimentary to the *realizing* power of an author, although they say little for the discrimination of the reader who falls into such an error. M. Armand Baschet, from whose excellent memoir we shall borrow the few important facts connected with a life which was purely literary, mentions that Balzac, when at school, wrote a "Traité de la Volonté," which one of the masters discovered, and, as a matter of course, burned. The "human will," as the readers of Balzac will

remember, was the subject to which Raphael, in the "Peau de Chagrin," devoted his two years' study, which ended in an essay intended to form the "necessary complement to the works of Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater."

Having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, Honoré studied law, and at the same time attended the lectures at the Sorbonne and the College of France with the greatest punctuality. At the age of nineteen he entered the office of a solicitor, and of course discovered that the profession was an intolerable one. A year afterwards he attempted to reduce himself to the proportions of a notary's clerk, without any sort of success. The crisis, as the newspapers say, was now at hand.

The scene is laid in the Rue du Temple. M. de Balzac *père*, his wife, his daughter, and his son Honoré, are discovered seated in their drawing-room. The father is walking up and down the room in an agitated manner, the ladies are executing some fancy work of the period, and the son is turning over the leaves of a book, and wishing he was not clerk to a notary. M. de Balzac *père* pauses in his promenade, and asks his son abruptly, what profession he intends definitively to adopt. M. de Balzac  *fils* replies, that he wishes to become an author (*a laugh*). The scene ends with the *exit* of M. de Balzac  *fils*, who hires the traditional garret of authorship at No. 7, Rue de Lesdiguières, close to the library of the Arsenal, and writes a tragedy. This tragedy—the inevitable prelude to almost *all* literary labours—is read to the Balzac family, and submitted by its chief to M. Andrieux. M. Andrieux declares that the author is incapable even of attaining mediocrity, and Honoré de Balzac is looked upon as a sub-lieutenant named Napoleon was looked upon at Valence, when a lady refused her consent to his marriage with her daughter, because the young artillery officer appeared to have no chance of getting on in the world!

The Rue de Lesdiguières appears to have been to Balzac what the Rue de Cluny was to the aforesaid Raphael, when he lived on a franc a day, and concealed his five-franc pieces for the opposite reason to that which makes the miser hide his treasures, and lest he should be tempted to change one of them before its time. "This," says M. Baschet, "was the solitary period of his existence. He saw no one, made long walks, studied the quarter, worked much, and ate little." In 1822, M. de Balzac commenced his practical studies as a novelist, and produced in the course of four years some thirty or forty volumes, signed Horace Saint Aubin, Viellerglé, and Lord R'hoone (an anagram of Honoré). These

productions, which were looked upon by Balzac as mere exercises, were written in collaboration with two or more writers, who have preserved their original obscurity. The first work was sold for 200 francs, the second for 400, the third for 800, and the fourth for 1200, the payments being made in bills. About this period, Balzac must have been attacked by the severe illness, the recovery from which he ascribes, in the dedication of the "Lys dans la Vallée," to the care and skill of Dr. Nacquart. "I studied seven years," said M. de Balzac to M. Champfleury, "before learning what the French language really was. When quite young I had an illness, of which nineteen persons out of twenty die. I was cured, and commenced writing the whole of the day. I wrote seven novels, simply as exercises. One to learn dialogue, one for description, one for the grouping of the characters, one for the composition, &c. I wrote them in collaboration; some of them, however, are entirely my own, I do not know which. I do not recognise them." M. de Balzac said, that after these studies and these bad novels, he began to disbelieve in the French language "so little known in France."

In 1826, M. de Balzac went into partnership with a M. Barbier, as a printer. A one-volume edition of La Fontaine, and another of Molière, had been previously brought out by him, and it was in hopes of regaining the fifteen thousand francs which he borrowed and lost in the speculation, that he started the printing-office. The printing-office turning out a failure, Balzac resolved to get back from the publishers and printers the money which he had lost by printing and publishing; and in 1827, produced the "Dernier Chouan," the first book to which he affixed his real name; and the only contribution towards the twenty-two works which were to have composed the "Scènes de la Vie Militaire." The "Dernier Chouan" is written in imitation of Walter Scott, and many of the remarks which D'Arthez makes to Lucien de Rubempré, à propos of his "Archer de Charles IX.," upon which his reputation at Paris is to depend (*vide* "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris"), may be applied to it.

In 1829, M. de Girardin, who was then editor of the "Mode," inserted in that periodical, a tale by M. de Balzac, entitled "El Verdugo." This is a story of a Spanish noble family, which is concerned in a treacherous plot to massacre a French Garrison. The whole family is sentenced to death, but the life of the heir of the title is at length spared, upon condition that he will do the office of executioner upon the remaining members, which he is ultimately forced to do by the peremptory command of his father. Although

the tale exhibits great narrative power, the general effect of it is one of unmitigated horror, and it certainly belongs to Horace Saint Aubin rather than to Honoré de Balzac.

In 1830, Balzac published the "Physiology of Marriage," (*Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de philosophie éclectique sur le bonheur conjugal, publiée par un jeune célibataire.*) This work met with the greatest success, and the authorship (for it was published anonymously) was variously attributed to an old man of fashion grown cynical, an old *roué* of a physician, and other sexagenarians. No one could believe that it had been written by a man of thirty, until the man of thirty, in consequence of repeated misrepresentations as to the authorship and the habits and character of the author, felt it necessary to come forward and avow himself. The only work we can compare the "Physiology of Marriage" with is the "Marriage Bed," by Defoe, to which, as regards the division of the subject, and in some other particulars, it bears a considerable resemblance. Defoe has treated his subject much too coarsely for his book to be considered readable in the present day; but the objection to Balzac's work relates not so much to impropriety in the details, as to the grave scientific manner in which he affects to regard the most trivial matters connected with husbands and wives, and to the tone of irony which pervades his entire work, and which, for those who understand him, constitutes its greatest charm. M. Jules Janin, the author of the "Ane Mort," and other unpopular atrocities which seem to have been written by a bewildered butcher, with a skewer dipped in blood, declared that the "Physiology" was "infernal." Numerous journalists of virtue misquoted Balzac, in order to prove that he disbelieved in the existence of a single virtuous woman; and our own "Quarterly Review" denounced him as a writer, who, amongst other things, "referred us to Rousseau as the standard and text-book of public morals." The passage in which Balzac refers to Rousseau is as follows: "*Ouvrez Rousseau car il ne s'agira d'aucune-question de morale publique dont il n'ait d'avance indiqué la PORTÉE.*" To render the word *portée* by either "standard" or "text-book" is certainly a "free" translation. The fact is, Balzac had a far more elevated notion of virtue than those who have attacked him. He knew how to distinguish between virtue and "the homage which vice pays to virtue," and admiring it profoundly, found it, like all things worthy of profound admiration, exceedingly rare. "A virtuous woman," says the author of the "Physiology," "has in her heart a fibre more or less than other women: she is stupid or sublime." Indeed, it is not the wives, but the

husbands, against whom the book in question is directed. "The faults of the wives are so many acts of accusation against the egotism, heedlessness, and worthlessness of the husbands," says the "Jeune Célibitaire." And again, "conjugal happiness proceeds from a perfect concord between the souls of the husband and wife. Hence it results that, in order to be happy, the husband must conform to certain rules of honour and delicacy. If his happiness is to consist in being loved, he must himself love sincerely, and nothing can resist a genuine passion. . . . It is as absurd to pretend that it is impossible to love the same woman always, as it would be to say that a celebrated musician requires several violins to execute a piece of music, and to create an enchanting melody."

In the preface to the first edition of the "Peau de Chagrin," Balzac states, that in the "Physiology" he had made an attempt to revive the literature of the eighteenth century. This preface has been suppressed in the subsequent editions, but the author declares in it (as far as we can remember his words) that "unless we return to the literature of our ancestors, a deluge of barbarians, and the burning of our libraries, are the only things which save us, and enable us to recommence the eternal circle in which the human mind appears to go round." He then explains that the public had declared itself unable to sympathise any longer with the heroes and heroines of consumption, and that it was beginning to feel the bad effects of the literature of blood, fire, and rapine, so flourishing immediately before the appearance of the "Peau de Chagrin," which was written with the avowed purpose of anatomising and exposing French society as it existed immediately after the Revolution of 1830. "Your mean costumes, your unsuccessful revolutions, your shop-keeping politicians, your religion dead, your powers paralysed, your kings on half-pay—are these so fine," he asks, "that you would have them transfigured? No," he continues, "I can only laugh at you (*il n'y a qu'à se moquer*); that is the only literature possible in an expiring state of society." The "Peau de Chagrin," contained the most brilliant descriptions which its author had yet produced, as the "Physiology" exhibited some of his best analytical writing. The conversation at the banquet, where artists, writers, musicians, bankers, doctors, are all talking together about the most opposite subjects, is represented with consummate art, and in a manner perfectly novel.

Balzac did not exhibit the profound knowledge of human life which has since distinguished him until 1833, between which year

and 1835 he published the "Médecin de Campagne," "Eugénie Grandet," and the "Père Goriot." The "Peau de Chagrin," powerfully and brilliantly as it is written, must be looked upon as belonging to Balzac's "second manner," and as decidedly wanting in character when compared with the three master-pieces which we have just mentioned. The author was thirty-five when "Eugénie Grandet," and the "Scènes de la Vie de Province," first appeared—the age of Goldsmith when he published the "Vicar of Wakefield," and of Fielding when he published "Joseph Andrews." He was twenty-five years younger than Richardson when he wrote "Clarissa;" twelve years younger than Rousseau when he brought out the "Nouvelle Héloïse;" and nearly the age of Thackeray when he produced "Vanity Fair." It was fashionable for some time with critics to speak of "Eugénie Grandet," as Balzac's *chef d'œuvre*, as if he had only written one; and many years afterwards the author complained in a preface that an attempt had been made to disparage his other works by bestowing an inordinate amount of praise upon the one in question, which, nevertheless, he said (and with evident delight), the critics had been unable to force upon the public (!) whereas, the "Médecin de Campagne" had reached a fourth edition. The well-known comparison of Balzac to the Dutch painters is only just so far as regards the truthfulness with which he has depicted interiors, and the habits of some homely characters; it is unjust so far as regards his exquisite female characters (how very Dutch the *Femme de trente ans*, Lady Brandon, Esther, Pauline, Fœdora, and Honorine!) and is stupidly untrue with respect to his landscapes of Touraine, and the sad poetry of the final scene in the "Lys dans la Vallée."

If we except the three heads of criticism, Gustave Planche, Philarète Chasles, and Sainte Beuve, Balzac may be said to have had all the reviewers of France against him. He retaliated with Lousteau the *feuilletoniste*, the "Muse du Département," and the "Grand Homme de Province à Paris." We remember in London, the frenzy with which the inferior weekly newspapers received the chapters of "Pendennis," in which certain striking features and very probable characters connected with the English press were portrayed; but the effect of the terribly exact picture of literary life in Paris which the "Grand Homme de Province à Paris" contained, was such as to make every journalist turn his pen into a *stiletto*, in order to convince Balzac of the truly Dutch nature of his brilliant and poetical genius.

The principal characteristic of Balzac's

novels is, nevertheless, their reality. They differ from the French novels which preceded them, not only in the truthfulness of the characters, but also in the simple and natural motives of the intrigue which, of course, has its origin in the hearts of the characters. In Balzac's novels, love—a comparatively unimportant affair in modern society—was no longer recognised as the one sole dramatic agent, and a sweeping reform was effected in the terrible last chapter, when the good used to be gathered together and respectably married, while the bad were cast out into single-lived perdition. Balzac's object was to do for the nineteenth century that which Rétif de Bretonne had announced his intention of doing for the eighteenth, under the title of "Monuments du Costume physique et moral de la fin du 18me siècle." This Rétif—who wrote one novel on the subject of his separation from his wife, and another on the occasion of his daughter's marrying without his consent (he called this "sacrificing himself to the good of his fellow-citizens")—never carried out his promise with respect to the 18th century in general, and we are not aware that he even had the honour of suggesting the "Comédie Humaine" to Balzac.

The "Comédie Humaine" contains pictures of every kind of society existing in France during the first half of the nineteenth century, whether literary, political, commercial, military, ecclesiastical, or rural. Of the different *scènes* into which the work is divided, the "Scènes de la vie de Province" exhibit most sentiment; the "Scènes de la vie Parisienne" most brilliancy; and "Les Paysans" in the "Scènes de la vie de Campagne," a rugged truthfulness which had never before been shown in France in connexion with the peasant, who, according to Boucher, Florian, and others, drove with a crook of barley-sugar his milk-white lambs, decorated with ribbons of azure.

Balzac, in spite of the animosity of the press, was always admired by the greatest men of the day; and in the dedications of various volumes of the "Comédie Humaine," he has recorded his friendship for Nodier, Lamartine, Theophile Gauthier, Heine, George Sand, Delacroix, Rossini, and Victor Hugo.

With regard to works not included in the "Comédie Humaine," we will only call attention to the "Enfant Maudit," an exquisite tale of the 15th century, the details of which are a sufficient reply to those ignorant persons who fancy that Balzac could only draw the society and scenes by which he was surrounded. As for the inferiority of his plays to his novels, we attribute their want of success to

his having cultivated description at the expense of dialogue, which he never employs for the sake of telling a story; and the actual scenery, costumes, and properties of the theatre must, of course, have been commonplace, compared to what they would have been in a novel by Balzac.

It is Balzac's *forte* to illustrate his characters by the accumulation of a number of little incidents, each of which adds something to the individuality of the personages; so that, although in the first instance we recognise them from the author's description of their personal appearance, their habits, the scenes by which they are surrounded, even their parentage, and the manner in which they have been educated, we are at last rendered perfectly familiar and even intimate with them, by hearing the words placed in their mouths, and witnessing their everyday actions. He never proceeds in any other manner with those characters which he has most carefully drawn: Felix and Monsieur and Madame de Mortsauf, in the "Lys dans la Vallée;" the Chevalier de Valois, in the "Vieille Fille;" Ursule Mirouet, the charming young girl who has been adopted by an old doctor, and educated by an old priest; Despleins, whom anatomy and analysis have rendered sceptical, but who finds a mass for the soul of the pious Auvergnat, who assisted him when he was a penniless student; Mademoiselle Rogron, the vulgar and jealous old maid, who persecutes little Pierrette to death under pretence of behaving like an aunt; all the Grandet family, and all the Claes family are produced, entirely or in part, by the method in question.

In consequence of the number of petty incidents introduced with great effect by Balzac throughout most of his novels, it has been said of him, as it has been said of Richardson, Defoe, and other writers who delighted in details, that "he knew how to invest the most ordinary occurrences with interest"—the fact being that the occurrences in question have neither more nor less interest than they can derive from the characters of the persons to whom they are represented as happening. Pierrette striking her head against the side of the door after she had been sent prematurely to bed by Mademoiselle Rogron, calls forth more sympathy than the report of an accident on the Eastern Counties' Railway; and the first indication of Madame de Mortsauf's illness affects us more than the list of "the number of deaths during the week ending," &c., for an almost indefinite period. Balzac himself says that, for suggestiveness, the two fatal lines, "Yesterday evening a young woman threw herself from the Pont Neuf into the Seine," can never be

equalled, but at the same time there can be no doubt but that Madame du Bruel would have been more seriously affected by hearing that La Palferine had gone without his dinner, and that Honorine's husband would have been more hurt by hearing that his wife had passed a sleepless night.

On the other hand, Balzac has been accused of giving an unnatural degree of importance to details, of recording trivialities, of describing interiors with the precision of an appraiser, of tiring the reader by histories of the ancestors (and even of the heraldic bearings and quarterings of the ancestors) of some of his characters, of indulging in disquisitions on the manners of the inhabitants, natural and mineral productions, morality, state of trade, &c., of the places in which he lays his scenes. To which it may be replied, that the arrangement or disarrangement of the furniture of a room sometimes expresses the character of the owner more clearly than his or her own physiognomy would do; and that a child brought up in an old castle would differ from another child who had always lived in a modern fashionable mansion, while neither of them would entirely resemble a third child who had been continually shut up in a puritanical parlour of the Richardsonian pattern, although all three might originally have possessed almost identical dispositions; that an inventory may in itself be both comic and poetical (as Balzac's annotated catalogue of the objects in the celebrated curiosity-shop of the "Peau de Chagrin" sufficiently proves); and that, in certain cases (as in the last scene of the first part of "Ursule Mirouet," in which a young man enters the room where his father died, for the first time since his death), the said "inventory" is as unavoidable as the presence of scenery on the stage in a modern drama. With regard to the long family histories which are occasionally introduced, they are frequently necessary, in order to prepare the reader for one of those events of which the explanation might appear unnatural if offered after the occurrence, although it may be simple enough as contained in the introduction to the story. Sometimes, too, these introductions serve to give probability to a character which, although true in nature, is not of a kind met with every day. "The characters of a novel," says Balzac, "must be more logical than those of history. The latter want to have life given them—the former have lived. The existence of these requires no proof, however unnatural their actions may appear; while the existence of the others must be supported by unanimous consent." The strange character of the husband of the provincial blue-stocking, in the "Muse du Département," has been accounted

for in an introduction of such length, that those who are not aware of the utility of all Balzac's details, might be tempted to skip it.

The system of details, moreover, gives great reality to the characters. "I was born in the year 1632," says an old friend, "in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreuznaer, but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me." It is of course impossible to disbelieve in the existence of a man who tells you where his father and mother lived, and that his real name was Kreuznaer, although "by the usual corruption of words in England he is called Crusoe!"

Many French critics have affected to look upon the detailing and realising system of Balzac as significant of the decay of art in France, (the decay of an art which, before Balzac wrote, did not exist there!) They will tell you, that the great harvest having been made, the detail school is composed only of gleaners, and that the statue is disappearing before the daguerreotype. Realism is confounded with materialism by writers who have never been able to distinguish between classicism and conventionalism, and is represented as being the art of copying external nature with correctness, when analysis of human character and motives, and the observation of mental phenomena, form the very foundation of the system.

It is not even true, however, that the novel descends to details of character and incident in proportion as it gets older, or Thackeray, the representative of the English novel in the present day, would be more circumstantial than Defoe, and more minute than Richardson. In fact, critics can no more lay down general rules which are not liable to be upset at any moment by the appearance of a man of genius, than politicians can establish a constitution which does not in itself contain the elements of a revolution. To complain of Balzac's details, which formed part of his system, is to object to his existence as a novelist. It has often been asked why "Clarissa Harlowe" was written in letters, and Richardson has replied that he wrote it in letters, perhaps because he had previously written a novel in letters, which had proved a success; perhaps because he was not able to write narrative; and probably, because the mode which

he had chosen suited him better than any other. Those who are not satisfied with Richardson's explanation resemble the critic in Balzac's "Grand Homme de Province à Paris." Lucien is astonished at the rapidity with which the critic has disposed of a book of travels in Egypt. "I have discovered eleven faults of French in it," says the *feuilletoniste*, "and I shall tell the author, that, although he can read hieroglyphics, he can't write his own language. After that, I shall say, that instead of troubling himself about Egyptian art, he should have devoted his attention to the question of trade, and shall end with a flourish about the Levant, and the commerce of France." "And if he had devoted himself to the commercial question?" inquires Lucien. "Then," replies the *feuilletoniste*, "I should have told him that he had better have occupied himself with art."

Balzac's description in detail of Madame de Mortsauf's voice has been often quoted as an instance of the abuse of the system: "Sa façon de dire les terminations en *i* faisait croire à quelque chant d'oiseau, le *ch* prononcé par elle était comme une caresse, et la manière dont elle attaquait les *t* accusait le despotisme du cœur. Elle étendait ainsi sans le savoir le sens des mots, et vous entraînait l'âme dans un monde immense." It appears to us that this description of certain sounds of the voice has the singular merit of suggesting the voice itself. An "idealist," or "classicist," could only have qualified Madame de Mortsauf's voice as "silvery," "liquid," or by some other adjective which may be applied to a thousand different voices; but Balzac, mentioning the sounds which were especially beautiful in her utterance, gives as clear a notion of her mode of speaking, as a description of the airs she was in the habit of executing, and of the notes which she possessed in greatest perfection, would give of her singing. Many persons will doubtless be unable to understand this description of sound, as others, who are entirely without pictorial faculties, may fail to appreciate the descriptions of scenery in the exquisite novel from which we have extracted the above. M. Henry Mürger, who follows in the same school as Balzac, and who is a faithful observer of the society around him, has understood this description of Madame de Mortsauf's voice, as he proves by a passage in one of his "Scènes de la vie de Jeunesse."\* In another tale in the same collection, (Madame Olympe,) he has imitated the forms of Balzac with more fidelity than was

\* "As tu remarqué avec quelle douceur elle dit certains mots—mon ami par exemple, et vois tu," &c.—"Les Amours d'Olivier."

necessary, the consequence being a stiffness, which is entirely absent from the volume generally.

M. Champfleury, to whom we are indebted for the interesting conversations with M. de Balzac appended to M. Baschet's memoir, is the author of several volumes of tales, and is an acknowledged disciple of Balzac's. "That which I see," says M. Champfleury, "enters into my head, descends into my pen, and becomes that which I have seen." This, however, only describes a portion of the method of Balzac, who, after observing one fact and one character, arrived at the truth with regard to a thousand others by means of an analogical process, which will always remain a mystery to those who are unable to exercise it. Balzac must frequently have perceived a whole character from a few words or a single incident, as a *clairvoyante* possessing a letter, or a lock of hair, is supposed to be instantly acquainted with everything relating to the person to whom they belong; or as Shakspeare, with only the Italian *novelli* and Plutarch's Lives, imagined the manners and customs of Italy and Greece. M. Champfleury's last work, "Les Aventures de Mlle. Mariette," is advertised as belonging to "l'école réaliste la plus avancée;" and a classical critic has threatened the author of that interesting book with the vengeance of the government, in case he should realize any further projects of realism. Let us hope that the re-establishment of the guillotine, which was talked of some time ago, had no connexion with the terrible threat of the classical critic.

#### ART. IX.—THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

1. *Turkey and its Destiny*. By Charles MacFarlane. London: Murray. 1850.
2. *Travels in European Turkey in 1851*. By Edmund Spencer. London: Colburn. 1851.

THE events of the last twelve months have effected a startling change in the position of the Eastern States; and the recent negotiations, which have been conducted on the shores of the Bosphorus, have drawn the eyes of Europe, in expectation of a crisis in the Turkish rule, to that remote quarter of the Continent, which has been the theatre of the most marvellous varieties of fortune, and the grandest actions of mankind. The incendiary conflagrations around the capital, the fall of Redschid's Administration, the outbreak

of the Montenegrin war, the hostile attitude of the Austrian Government, and finally, the attempted invasion of the Ottoman independence on the part of the Court of St. Petersburg, have followed each other in too rapid a succession to admit of a development of the results which they might otherwise singly have exhibited. Domestic disquietude has been replaced by foreign intervention; and at this very hour the States of Western Europe are arrayed against the ambition of the North. The position of the Continent is scarcely less strange than critical. A great state, which seemed to have relinquished for a quarter of a century the aggrandizing policy it had pursued from the days of Catherine and Paul, has suddenly reassumed its traditional character; while, in France, a Government, based apparently on principles neither of conservatism nor law, and ignoring the policy alike of Vicenza, Chateaubriand, and Thiers, has come forward to sustain the independence of the Porte. Austria, impelled by the sterner peril of to-day, has done well to forget the jarring interests of Turkey on the Adriatic; and prudently desirous at once to elevate her position, to maintain the rights of Europe, and preserve her alliance with the Czar, offers herself as the mediator of the dispute between the Ottoman and Russian governments. The Court of Berlin, not unwilling, moreover, to retrieve its isolated position by cementing its alliance with Vienna, is naturally ready to oppose the progress of a policy which tends directly to increase the existing disparity between its own strength and that of the Court of St. Petersburg, with which it has no special compact to forego. It would not be easy, therefore, to suppose that the sagacity of such a Minister as Count Nesselrode (however indifferently the recent negotiations may have illustrated his prudence) would permit the Russian government to assume a directly hostile position, which it would be unable to sustain: and it is not improbable, that the arrogant mission of the Prince de Menschikoff will be found to recoil upon the interests of his master, until the settlement of the pending question shall result in leaving the House of Romanoff, temporarily at least, without an ally in Europe. But the critical position to which a long period of misgovernment, and an increasing national degeneracy, have at length reduced the Dominion of the Porte, imparts an indirect significance, more than commensurate with the interests immediately at stake, to the question still pending on the Bosphorus; and, accordingly, whatever may be the result of the existing political dispute, it becomes an object of interest to review the internal condition of the Empire, and the policies which have been pursued by

the Great Powers among the states of Eastern Europe. The question of the East has recently been treated of by several writers.

Mr. Macfarlane has delivered to the world a portentous work, professing to treat of the present and the future of Turkey, of which the design appears, if possible, yet less commendable than the execution; and the enrolment of his name, to which he appears to aspire, among the great political writers of the present century, would seem to carry us back involuntarily to the time when the Egyptian theocracy was depreciated by the defecation of the Goose. Without the aid of his preface and his title-page, it might be difficult, indeed, amid the variety and incongruity of his matter, to discern with what direct object the work was written. Throughout two ponderous volumes, comprehending in the aggregate twelve hundred and twenty pages, the reader is struck by an unfortunate combination of failures. The author's statements of fact (however really correct) partake too largely of the character of the marvellous to inspire the ready credulity of his reader, and his intended romance wears the dulness of truth. Professing to describe the position of Turkey, as a commercial question, he gives us neither statistics, nor the data from which he draws his conclusions. Professing again to treat of the interests of that state in a diplomatic point of view, he is content to reproduce the wildest theories of some visionary politicians, which he displays neither the courage to adopt nor the judgment to disown; and, without even the show of sophistical reasoning, to make a feeble and unavailing effort to depreciate the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford. His illustrations of administrative neglect and judicial injustice are unattended by any practical suggestions of reform. His descriptions of scenery should have been kept out by the stirring narratives of Layard, Kinglake, and the lamented Warburton. By far the greater portion of his work is, however, neither political nor descriptive. The choice morsels devoted to the question of government and the objects of nature, when carefully eliminated, leave nearly a thousand pages, containing for the most part disquisitions upon indifferent topics, mingled with pointless and wearisome observations, amid which the reader is jolted from one subject to another with such unpleasing precipitation, that he fancies himself travelling upon the roads of Turkey, and in the company of Mr. Macfarlane. It remains, therefore, only to express a hope, that the Turkish Government may have been the gainer where the British public has been the loser, although it might scarcely perhaps be expected that the *Fidus Achates* of the King of the Two



Sicilies should be able to present a comprehensive line of policy to the consideration of the Porte, until the introduction of the model Neapolitan dungeons had created the basis of his administrative reform.

It is strange that we do not possess a single good work, either upon the manners or the politics of Turkey. The commercial and diplomatic position which has long been assumed by the Ottoman State, and the anomalies of its social and religious character, would seem likely to attract the notice of political writers. The truth may be that the few whose capacities are commensurate with the task, have been apprehensive of the instability of the Empire; and have feared that a change in the destinies of the East might prematurely destroy the value of their labours. The work of Mr. Spencer, though not assuming the importance of a political writing, and bearing the humbler appellation of a book of travels, contains much valuable information. Events are traced with good reasoning to their causes, instances of misgovernment are definitely pointed out, and practical suggestions are submitted. But, while it in no way fails in the execution of its design, it is not the work that is required in Europe at the present conjuncture. The elements of such a work exist in abundance: and it is to be hoped that we may not always have to search for fragments bearing upon the question, through the journals of travellers, the general and diffuser writings of political economists, and the vast collection of public treaties, though arranged in a manner characteristic of the experience and ability of Mr. Hertset.

Let us consider for a moment the change which the position of the European Powers, and the military degeneration of the Turkish people, have effected at Constantinople in the traditional policy of a Mahometan state.

The tumults and convulsions attendant in the fifteenth century on the dissolution of the Byzantine Empire—from whose Chaos the genius of the Second Mahomet wrought a new and eventually a fairer Creation—bequeathed for a long subsequent period a character of instability to the destinies of South-Eastern Europe; and the martial spirit and success of the invaders seemed to revive in a younger race the illimitable ambition of the Caliphate. But though, after a long struggle, opposition yielded to the arms of the Moslem conquerors, the moral spirit was not extinguished with the physical power; and the nations which had been compromised by the ascendancy of the race of Othman, rose once more to the assertion of their independence. Against the encroachments of the Turk upon the rights of Central Europe were then arrayed, at the outpost of danger, the patriotism

of Venice, and the stern chivalry of the Knights of St. John. In support of the Cross, under the unequal contest, were combined, with more or less efficacy and vigour, the arms of France, of Spain, of England, and the Empire. The provinces of Eastern Europe were alternately won and lost in the vicissitudes of war. The eagle and the crescent waved alternately in triumph on the waters of the Levant. At length, after a struggle of many generations, success inclined definitively to the European cause, and the Turks were finally driven out of Hungary, whose fall had seemed to cast a shade over the memory of the line of Jagellon. It is not, therefore, until some period in the eighteenth century, which it would be difficult exactly to determine, that the European dominions of the Porte acquired definite and recognised boundaries. Up to this age the Osmanli had seemed to acknowledge no other controlling law than the limits of actual power, but henceforth his rule was circumscribed by a recognition of the leading principles of international jurisprudence.\* And thus, to this very day, the growth of their civilization has been marked by a corresponding decline of their political power. The introduction of the Russian monarchy on the diplomatic theatre, diverted, in great measure, the attention of Turkey from the west, during the latter half of the past century. But it was obvious that the object of their contests had been changed, and that the principle of Mahometanism had been lost. The Turks continued indeed to fight for their national honour, but they had relinquished the proselytism of the sword. The last century then saw the Ottoman Porte a great and independent Power—a state whose pretensions and boundaries were known and recognised—and one which political and commercial treaties had placed upon a footing of equality and friendship with European States.

A period precisely of four hundred years has now elapsed since the complete establishment of the European Empire of the Turks; and it is only within the lifetime of many of the present generation that it has sunk from that condition of power and independence which characterized its government in the days of Catherine. The mal-administration of its public affairs, the disastrous issue of its hostilities with Russia, and the ambitious policy of the Court of St. Petersburg, have operated as the more visible causes of its subsequent decline. Under different phases of policy, changing with the condition of the

\* The alliance between England and the Porte dates from the capitulations of the seventeenth century.

times, the objects of Russia have been unvarying; and, upon the base of that fabric of her authority in northern Turkey which had been laid by Suwarrow in the Treaty of Jassi, a superstructure has, in our own days, been raised by M. de Nesselrode in the Treaty of Adrianople (1829). By these conventions the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were virtually wrested from the Turkish rule. The treaties of St. Petersburg (1826), and London (1827), in which Great Britain, France, and Russia, entered upon a mediation between Greece and Turkey, resulted in the erection of the Hellenic body into an independent state. Thus, both to the north and to the south, the European dominions of the Porte were simultaneously dismembered. At a later period, during the insurrection of Mehemet Ali, when compromise and foreign intervention had become necessary to the safety of the state, the Quadruple treaty of the 15th of July, 1840, gave the assent of Europe to the virtual independence of Egypt. The Ottoman Empire has thus subsisted on foreign support, while the course of events has gradually been sacrificing at once its territorial and political integrity.

It is obvious that the main considerations at stake in the Turkish Empire resolve themselves, firstly, into the *general* interests of Europe; and, secondly, into the *special* interests of individual states which have exhibited a conflicting force that it has been the aim of diplomacy to balance. The leading principle which is conceived to be involved in the disposition of the Eastern States is, of course, the equipoise of European power. The forms which that principle has assumed, as well as the states between whom the balance has been held, have undergone great variations through the long period for which it has existed; although the theory, whether of its introduction on the one hand, or of its scientific adoption on the other, in the fifteenth century, is undoubtedly fallacious, and conveys, perhaps, the strongest imputation which the graver historical reflection of the nineteenth age has ventured to impose on the penetration and sagacity of Bolingbroke. Within the last century, the Porte has seen the Kingdom of Prussia come forward to fill the station which its own misgovernment had lost on the political theatre of Europe, much as the Russian Empire had risen, as it were, a few generations earlier, to succeed the ruined monarchy of Spain. But the keys of the European destinies are still held between the same number of powers; and the imperfect adjustment of the diplomatic equilibrium, at the present day, clearly renders the relation of Turkey to Europe the more critical. Nor is it less manifest that, in the event of a

partition of this Empire becoming the result of its dismemberment, the larger share of the spoil would inevitably accrue to that state which has already gained a predominance on the continent, and is also favoured by its proximity to the scene of action. The equality of power, in truth, which subsisted between the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, from the Treaty of Hubertsburg to the Treaty of Tilsit, is no longer observable. The growth of Austria and Prussia, under the policies respectively of Metternich and Hardenberg, has not corresponded with the progress of Russia under M. de Nesselrode's contemporary administration; and, as a natural consequence, there is an end to the mutual independence, and exact reciprocity of relation, which characterized the elder triumvirate of Kaunitz, and Hertzberg, and Potemkin. Moreover, the superiority of the Imperial House of Russia over the Houses of Lorraine-Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern, has imposed a further danger on the balancing system, in facilitating the imposition of the behests of St. Petersburg upon the Courts of Vienna and Berlin: and the ill-success of remonstrances offered to their united policy, by the government of France and England, has been placed on record during the age of Kaunitz in the partition of Poland, and during our own times in the dissolution of the Cracovian Republic. The present conjecture, it is true, does not exhibit such an alliance between the Eastern Powers; but the independent line of policy which is now being pursued by the Governments of Austria and Prussia, is attributable to the pressing claims of self-preservation, and the support of the French Emperor.

The position of European affairs clearly points, therefore, to the necessity of maintaining a great and independent territory in the south-east of Europe. To demolish the existing state, until its reconstruction can be insured from the elements which its fall may leave behind it, would be impracticable and rash. The question then arises, in the event of the crumbling fabric of the Turkish Empire falling, either through foreign agency or internal revolution—a contingency which is regarded by many as neither improbable nor distant, and by some as a necessary alternative,—what independent state could arise to occupy its place, and supply the purposes of Europe? Such an inquiry suggests, of course, the great Christian population of European Turkey, as constituting the elements of a state whose union might be cemented: not simply by political but by national bonds.

It must be admitted, unquestionably, in the first place, that those branches of the great Slavonic nation which are comprehended in

the dominions of the Ottoman Porte present, in a great measure, the advantage of a common impulse fostered by a common origin. Their attainment, therefore, of political independence would not probably be productive of national injustice among themselves, since it would not exhibit the fatal distinction of dominant and servile races. It would rather abolish the differences of political condition which have hitherto existed in the Turkish state; for the theory of their emancipation naturally embraces the territorial ejection of the Asiatic race, and not its political subjugation. Nor can it be asserted that any real injustice would thus be sustained on the part of the Turk, for his expulsion from the European continent would constitute simply a reciprocal action, caused by a change of fortune, and his own incompetency to rule. And if, on the one hand, the Turks have traditionally permitted the Christians to continue in the occupation of their soil, the Christians, on the other, are ready to grant to their Turkish masters an Asiatic independence. Thus the question between the Turk and the Slavonian seems to stand, viewed as a matter of international justice.

But if the destructive policy involved in the reorganization of European Turkey admit of so easy a reconciliation with the principles of equity, it remains to be considered whether there may not be insurmountable difficulties attendant upon the constructive policy which must follow in its train. The most obvious at once, and most advantageous form of government for the Christian population to adopt, whenever their emancipation may take place, is undoubtedly that of a Great Federal State — which should comprehend the provinces of Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, leaving Albania to join or hold aloof from this alliance at her will, and Greece to act as her proximate revolution might dictate. The States of the Federation might act independently (it may be thought) in regard to their own internal government, and collectively in regard to the affairs of Europe. Their integrity and independence, as a Federal Body, might be guaranteed by a protectorate of the Great Powers. It would become not simply the duty, but the policy, of each of these Powers to protect their constitution and defend their rights. Constantinople (that sublime theatre of religious and political vicissitude!) might be once more the capital of a Christian race, and the government of their state might be rapidly productive of a commerce and a prosperity unknown among the nations of the Levant.

But however pleasing may be the prospect of such a triumph on the part of Christianity and intelligent government, it is difficult to

regard a scheme such as this in any other light than as the theory of a visionary politician. In the first place, the great preponderance of the Slavonic nation among the European subjects of the Porte, has afforded but a fallacious index of the unity of the Christian States. The commensurate growth of these States has been thwarted by diversities of government, of resource, and of geographical position. And these primary diversities have, in a natural course, wrought a similar divergence in their character, their customs, and their civilization. The bold and independent spirit of the Servian race is not shared by the simpler Christians of Bulgaria. Uniting only with the latter in a common hatred of the Crescent, the former people is rising in wealth and commerce, and has nearly reached a condition of independence, while Bulgaria remains in a pastoral indigence perpetuated by religious superstition, and has failed to throw off, or even materially curtail, the authority of the Porte. The principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia are in a great measure estranged from the provinces lying to the southward of the Danube. A remembrance of the perfidy of the Byzantine Emperors has served to perpetuate the hatred borne by the Slavonians towards the Greeks. Even the Albanian race comprises two distinct and often hostile populations.—Again, it must be borne in mind that the whole theory of a Slavonic independence presupposes the concurrence of the Great Powers in such an arrangement. By whatever hand, or under whatever influence, the existing fabric of government may eventually be thrown down, it can scarcely be doubted that the occasion would be such as to call forth the cupidity of the Continental Powers in a very odious shape. And while it would be necessary to amalgamate, in such a Federal State, the whole of the Turkish territory on either bank of the Danube, in order to establish it as a respectable and independent Power, it is obvious that the hold which Russia has so long obtained of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would effectually prevent their being yielded up to the influence of a Slavonic regeneration. The event would rather tend to render that an absolute, which had previously been a partial and conditional, possession in her hands. In truth, the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia seem, in the language of our Norman law, to be tenants in tail, *pur autre vie*, (that “life” being understood as the political existence of the Turkish Empire,) at the close of which the remainder is secured to the Czar: but a grave doubt arises, meanwhile, whether the entail may not previously be barred, and the estate of their independence

sold, in satisfaction of a debt of gratitude to the very questionable services of the Imperial Remainderman!

But there is another view of the question under consideration than that of the creation of a federal and independent state out of the Christian elements of the Mahometan Empire. It is difficult, indeed, to reflect upon the history of Continental Governments, even of those of more recent times, and resist the conviction that their policy, whenever the period for action might arrive, would rather be governed by a balance of rival jealousies than by an union for the general interests. Accordingly, there is reason to apprehend that the course which the adjacent Empires would be disposed to pursue in Turkey, on the expiration of the Ottoman Monarchy, would be similar to that which, in the last century, enthralled and parted out in Poland an illustrious people of cognate origin. It is by means of Compromise and Partition that continental diplomacy has almost invariably sought to adjust the conflicting and ever cogent forces of rivalry and ambition. The question then arises, between whom, in the event of a partition of Turkey taking place, the spoil would be shared? It would be idle to offer to such a problem a solution which must necessarily be conjectural, and presumptuous so to map out the destinies of rising nations: it is needless, therefore, to inquire *how far* the influence of the Western Powers might be neutralized in reference to the aggrandizement of Russia, were a nominal sovereignty over Bosnia and Albania to be thrown as a sop to Austria, and Egypt to be offered as a bait to France. The Court of Vienna undoubtedly has sought such an extension of her territory through many administrations, and the valley of the Nile has been an object of cupidity to the Government of Paris since the invasion of Bonaparte. But the Courts of the Tuileries and the Schoënbrunn are now united in opposition to the policy of the Czar; and under whatever principles of apparent equality a partition might be effected of the Turkish territories to the westward of the Euxine, it is obvious that any such equality would be purely nominal—that the local influence of Russia, once established by absolute rule, would inevitably preponderate in the surrounding states, until Austria, for one, were compelled, by increasing feebleness, to yield up her distant territory. Thus, it would appear that any scheme for the disposal of the Turkish soil, founded on a principle of partition, would be rapidly, if not immediately, subversive of the equilibrium of Europe.

There is no other conceivable condition of a people (excepting absolute anarchy) when

their former polity is at an end: they must either reorganize their state or surrender their sovereignty to others. The latter alternative would in this case be productive of evils far greater than it could redress, and the former presents difficulties which would have baffled the genius of Stein. Thus, the fall of Turkey, in any circumstances, would rather augment than diminish the complications of the Eastern question. And here it may be well to protest against the acceptance of a theory which a want of candour, or a feebleness of perception, has fondly and vainly urged against the dominion of the Porte. It has been maintained that those national rights which existed in south-eastern Europe before the dominion of the Crescent, ought in justice to be revived. But which of those provinces, now subject to the Porte, it may be asked, was shorn of its independent rights by the fall of the Byzantine empire? It is obvious that no race exists to represent any rights which were then surrendered, and the resurrection would be simply supposititious. And beyond this, if there yet existed the representatives of former rights, it would be hard to say towards which of the various states and races, that through traditionary ages have alternately held and yielded up the shores of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, the claims of inheritance might incline. Nor has there existed any such historical sympathy in the fortune of the Byzantine Empire, as in any way to influence its revival. Its deeds seem to survive only in the pages of Gibbon, and have been supplanted by the sterner records of a sterner race. The argument for the necessary revival of ancient rights in any new arrangement of the affairs of Europe, is ably met in the powerful language of the late Lord Londonderry, when, in reference to the Congress of Vienna, he says: "If the design of the Allied Powers had comprehended the reconstruction of all those states which time has swept away from the political face of the continent, I should have been ashamed that my country should have belonged to a confederacy founded on such a principle of imbecility." Moreover, the progress of the Servian people, since the introduction of the liberal policy which is now guiding the Divan, has sufficiently proved that the sway of the Ottoman at Constantinople is not incompatible with the development of the resources of the Christian Principalities.

But although it seems clear that the support of the Turkish Empire forms the safer policy for the western nations, it has happened that the positions of particular states have from time to time exhibited conflicting interests in the affairs of the Levant, in such a

degree as to create serious differences between the leading courts of Europe, and the question thence arises, how far the special objects of individual governments may be likely to counterpoise the general interests of the European commonwealths? The interests and policies of the four greater Powers (for the position and commerce of Prussia have not attached any very great significance to her voice in the questions of the East) form, therefore, important considerations in the question at issue. In regard to our own country, it may be asserted, that the Court of St. James's has invariably had but one interest to pursue. England, in truth, has, in any probable disposition of Turkey, little to be gained, and nearly everything to be lost. In either continent—in Asia or in Europe—such a change is likely very seriously to threaten at once her political position and commercial interests. It is obvious that the intervention of an inert and extensive empire, which has nearly fallen into the position of a neutral territory, between the states of Europe and her Indian possessions, has formed, ever since their establishment, one of their strongest safeguards; and it is probable that the duration of her ascendancy in the East would have been brief had her Asiatic empire been reared in the days of the Caliphs or the elder Sultans. And whatever may be the nature of the change which is thought, sooner or later, to be awaiting Turkey—whether Russia or an independent Slavonic government were master at Constantinople—it is certain that such an event would tend to lessen the influence of this country over the affairs of the Levant, and also very seriously endanger her maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean. For it can scarcely be doubted that, in such a disruption of the politics of the East, the principles involved in the Treaty of the Dardanelles, relating to the channel of Constantinople, which have in great measure kept the naval forces of the Euxine in the background, would be abandoned by the states of Europe; and that the naval station of Russia (or its outposts at least) would be advanced from Sebastopol to the Golden Horn. Nor would such a position of affairs fail to render the commercial interests of England in the Black Sea more or less precarious.

Under these circumstances, as well as from a view of general interests, it has been the determination alike of Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Aberdeen, to sustain the independence of the Sublime Porte. The Quadruple Treaty of July 15th, 1840, forms one of the most successful illustrations of this policy; and never did the honest bearing of England, supported by an inimi-

table dexterity of negotiation at home, contrast more happily with the tortuous policy of the French government; nor ever probably did diplomacy secure to this country and to Europe a more beneficial triumph than that which was achieved by the Foreign Minister of the day over the administration of M. Thiers. The ability and the frankness with which this line of policy has been carried out at Constantinople, have secured to Lord Stratford a preponderating influence over the councils of the Porte, which neither the insidious policy of M. de Lavalette, the ceaseless intrigues of Aristarchi, nor even the arrogant bearing of Prince Menschikoff, have been able to countervail.\*

The chequered character of this policy which has been pursued by successive Governments at Paris, with reference to the Turkish question, during the course of the last fifty years, has been a natural consequence of the absence at once of a *direct* and *special* interest in the fate of the Ottoman empire, and the prevalence of a restless national ambition. French interests in the Levant are thus wholly alien from those of England and from those of Russia. It has been the policy of the Court of the Tuileries alternately to maintain the *status quo* in the Levant for the *general* benefit of Europe, and to disturb it for its own *indirect* advantage. But the theory of a 'natural league' between France and Russia, which has since become the basis of its ambitious policy in the East, and has given to its designs, as it were, an intelligent principle of action, was never recognised in practice before the period of the treaty of Tilsit (1807); and it is singular that this theory has been maintained successively by the Bonapartists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, though with some difference in the specific objects which it may have served. The vast design of Bonaparte embraced the erection of a French Empire in the East which should extend over Egypt, Syria, Morea, Albania, Candia, the islands of the Ægean, and all the ports of the Levant, from the Hellespont to the Nile. The scheme of the Bourbons on the other hand during the latter days of their tottering throne, as brought forward by Polignac and Chateaubriand, rendered the partition of the Turkish Empire—the direct benefit in

\* Mr. Macfarlane, towards the close of his second volume, remarks, as a singular circumstance, that no sooner did he attempt, when at Therapia, to enter upon a political discussion with Lord Stratford, than Lord S. immediately turned the conversation to the subject of the Greek Tragedians! We do not share in the author's surprise that Lord Stratford should have hesitated to talk politics with Mr. Macfarlane.

which it transferred to the other Powers—subservient to its own aggrandizement on the banks of the Rhine, with the single and advantageous reservation that the territory surrounding Constantinople should be formed into an independent state, after the precedent, we may suppose, of the little 'kingdom of Bosphorus,' which lives in the record of barbarous times. The policy of M. Thiers, again, bore no resemblance to that of M. de Chateaubriand; nor did it present any striking points of similarity to that which was pursued under the directions of Bonaparte, by Prince Talleyrand and the Duke of Vicenza. But with the accession of M. Guizot to office in November, 1840, the theory of a natural league passed again from political notice: and the position of Europe, at the present conjuncture, presents no longer that balance of politics, as well as that balance of power, which has since been held, at the corresponding extremities of the continent, between a despotic system in Russia and a republican constitution in France. The humiliating result of the policy of M. Thiers's administration forms perhaps the best safeguard against its revival at Versailles: and under any probable disposition—and supposing that the designs of France and Russia were such as the other Powers should possess neither the will nor the ability to defeat—it is evident that France would lose in the aggrandizement of Russia far more than she could acquire through her own share in the spoil of which, moreover, her tenure must always be precarious. Irrespective of the blow which the Government of Paris would sustain upon the continent by thus creating, in the Court of St. Petersburg, the master throne of Europe—a consideration which must alone be decisive of the question—it may be conceded that the danger which her maritime influence in the Mediterranean would sustain by extending Russia, virtually at least, from the Crimea to the Hellespont, would very far outweigh any advantage she could acquire from a doubtful aggrandizement in the East. But during the continuance of our existing friendship, and under any moderate or reasonable Government at Paris, there is little reason to apprehend that the affairs of eastern Europe would be again disturbed by the clashing interests of France and England.

Nor can it be well supposed that the policy of Austria would ever be balanced between her own aggrandizement and a fear of Russia. Viewing Turkey as a political question, whatever might be her readiness to grasp the western possessions of the Sultan, it cannot have escaped even the successors of M. de Metternich (not gifted with his shrewd appreciation of the state of affairs), that any parti-

tion of Turkey, founded on an alliance between herself and Russia, must result in apportioning the lion's share to the latter state, and to her own Government the jackal's portion of the prey. Nor can it be less clear that the increasing power of Russia, opposed to the diminishing strength of Austria, would throw the eastern influence of the two states, originally unequal, respectively into ascending and descending scales. In a commercial point of view, the question can scarcely be entertained; for notwithstanding the vast elements of commerce which remain undeveloped in the lands watered by the Danube, the misgovernment of Austria has continually checked the progress of its people since the happy reign of Maria Theresa, and the reforming policy of the Prince de Kaunitz. But it is obvious that whenever the navigation of the Danube beyond the eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire may assume a commercial importance, the Court of Vienna will find it far easier to impose its behests upon a weak than upon a powerful state.

Thus it would appear, then, that there are two policies in operation affecting the destinies of the East—a policy of action, and a policy of inaction,—a Russian policy, and a policy contra-Russian.\* It would be incorrect, however, to suppose that the views and objects of each of the Great Powers are never brought practically into coincidence: all human governments have exhibited from time to time points of union in the most divergent lines of interest, much as, on the face of the natural globe, we find points of section between the equator and the ecliptic. It becomes, therefore, the object of the Western Powers to turn this unity of view, whenever it may manifest itself, to the best advantage. But there can be little room for apprehension that that which has been termed the policy of action, would outweigh that which has been termed the policy of inaction, while the Western States continue to maintain a common alliance, or (even in default of an alliance) to pursue their real interests. There can be no doubt that the ultimate arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, while they curtailed the exorbitant influence of France,

\* As may be imagined, we do not concur with the politicians of Exeter Hall in their peculiar apprehension of the growing power of the Court of St. Petersburg, as though they were awaiting their *Fifth Monarchy* in the character of the Russian Empire! And yet it would be difficult to conceive a school placed in a more direct antagonism to the school of Bourbon diplomacy. We cannot help thinking that there may have been those among the disciples of the Duke de Richelieu and M. de Chateaubriand, who may have regarded the *Fifth Monarchy* as having manifested itself already—in the development of the *Balancing System*.

turned in some degree the scales of power in favour of the Court of St. Petersburg, much as the Treaties of Westphalia, two centuries ago, in endeavouring to restore the diplomatic equilibrium which had been lost by the combination of the Courts of Madrid and Vienna, transferred to the House of Bourbon a great measure of that preponderance of power by which it had necessarily been destroyed. Nor can there be any question that the policy of Russia, from the days of Peter, has been a policy of traditional aggrandizement. The line of outward conduct assumed by the Court of St. Petersburg, as represented by Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo, has undoubtedly undergone a change since the age of the great Potemkin, and an attitude of hostility has been replaced, up to the present time, by a spirit of moderation; but whether or not such a change may have been the result of any real metamorphosis of its political principles, it is clear that a revival of its original policy will not now be tolerated by the European Powers, and that a pacific administration of foreign interests is best adapted to the objects of a prudent, even though an ambitious, minister. Nevertheless, Turkey will be secure from external aggression, while public virtue, political foresight, or honesty of purpose prevail in the councils of Western Europe. The uncertainty attaching, however, to the perpetual observation of these conditions of the integrity of the Empire, renders the Eastern question one of the foremost objects of European solicitude; and it is thus that the political science of diplomacy, which the ever-widening necessities of nations, in their social and commercial growth, have been gradually creating and extending through the alternations of peace and war, acquires at Constantinople a greater practical value than in any other capital of Europe.

The political and social aspect now presented by the shores of the Bosphorus would contrast strangely, in the eyes of the men of old, with the rude simplicity of the early world. In our own day, we seem to look back through a vista of ages, each possessed of a distinctive character, and marked by some imperishable event, in which we trace the dominion alternately of Europe and of Asia, as empire after empire successively has passed away, and left, as it were, in the track of its course, some legend perpetuated on the spot, or some record to gratify the external senses. The magnificent aqueducts, spanning the broad ravines, so amply illustrative of the splendour and industry of an earlier day, or the half-ruined monuments of Genoa, on the Asiatic hills, replace the traditions of former times, and the simple story of the Colchian age. At this day, after four centuries of

Moslem rule, the Manners of Europe, mingling with the Faith of Asia, are working a slow and imperceptible transformation of the Turkish State, and the cypresses and minarets upon either shore are no longer the certain emblems of an exclusive Mahometan sway. The Ambassadors of the four greater Powers—as the Four Kings of Constantinople—appear practically to possess, in all matters of grave import, when united in opinion, the supreme authority in the state; and to commit to the councils of the Porte little more than a subordinate and executive jurisdiction. Their protectorate seems to form a species of political elixir for the prolongation of the national life. But it must be remembered that foreign support, all powerful in its protection against external danger, can provide but inadequately for the internal peace and security of another state; and the question accordingly arises, whether there may yet remain a sufficient vitality in the existing constitution for the support of the internal government.

It would be difficult for any Englishman—whether a tourist or a politician—to sail up the Dardanelles into the Marmora, without auguring some degree of political virtue from the apparent military strength of the fortresses which attract his notice on either shore. As he passes between the castles at Sestos and Abydos, and sees them still bristling with cannon, he fancies that some of the spirit of the ancient crescent must yet linger upon scenes, with which he had been content to associate some legend of the home of Leander or the watch-tower of Hero. But the strength of these military positions is considerably over-estimated; and it may be surmised that the paper Treaty of the Dardanelles has formed a more availing defence of Constantinople than all the fortresses of the Turk. It was one of the salient provisions of this important treaty to close the passages which join the Ægean to the Black Sea against foreign ships of war, from the *Nine Windmills* on the South, and the Pavorane on the north—or, in more classic language, from Sigæum and the Symplegades. Thus, the nations of the earth seemed excluded from the sublime regions of the Porte, which appeared to be placed as a sort of Elysium, on the very verge of civilization, midway between the habitable globe and the gloomy regions of the Cimmerian Bosphorus! The right of ingress and of egress was thus exclusively confided in the forces of the Sultan. The military strength of the Government is materially increased by the passes of the Balkan, which have fenced, as it were, the heart of the empire from attack towards the north.\* It is thus impos-

\* This circumstance appears to have been overlooked in the pamphlet of M. de Haxthausen, in

sible that the armies of the Czar should succeed in overwhelming Turkey by a *coup-de-main* from the landward side of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, from Buyukdere to the Golden Horn, could present, it is true, but slight opposition to the progress of the fleets of Sebastopol; but the more prudent attack of the northern invader would rather be directed to the disaffected provinces along the line of the Danube, in order, in the first instance, to win over to his side the inhabitants of the lands which seem stretched out as the *propugnacula imperii*, to defend the centre of the monarchy. The Turkish army does not probably exceed 120,000 regular troops in time of peace, but we are at this moment witnessing the celerity with which administrative vigour and individual patriotism may augment the forces of the empire.

Yet the data from whence our conclusions must be drawn as to the vitality of the Turkish state, are to be found rather in the social condition of the population and the political character of the government, than either in the military defences of the frontier or the force of public treaties. The social differences observable in the various provinces have already been adverted to. The ethnological elements of the Empire, which appear almost as various as the character of its political institutions, are capable of material subdivision. The Turks, the Slavonians, the Hellenized Albanians, and the Skipetars, who are thought to have once wandered from the Caucasus, form the main population of European Turkey; and it would be tedious to enter upon the various ramifications of the Slavonic race. Misgovernment, and a prejudice of the Turk against a reforming policy, have combined to extend the political differences which the varieties of physical origin and religious belief had originally introduced. In the first place, the reforms which were sanctioned by the government of the late Sultan, have resulted in a division of the Mahometan population against itself. The Mahometans of Bosnia and Albania have leagued with those of Asia against the policy of the Porte. Again, among the Christian states, there is a general disaffection to the existing system.—In Bulgaria, where the Christians number from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000, or rather more than half the aggregate population of European Turkey, (more especially among the mountains of the Haiduc,) this spirit is prevalent and strong; and if there were anything in a political animosity that could alone confer a power of resistance upon nations, the

which that author labours to prove that the Russian army, on its completion of the conquest of Hungary, might have overwhelmed the Turkish empire by a *coup-de-main*.

creascent would not long wave over the western fortresses of the Bosphorus. But the Bulgarian race is not gifted with vigour, while it is backward in civilization. Servia, on the other hand, as we have seen, is wealthy, powerful, and nearly free. Bosnia is also arrayed in hostility to the Porte. Nor has Albania forgotten how ill her ancient service has been requited by the ruling power. And the difficulties which have long been presented by such a position of affairs, have been immeasurably enhanced by the obdurate nature of a Mahometan government, which can admit of no serious mitigation of its despotism, while the provinces included in its dominions remain virtually subject to its control.

Under these circumstances it may be fairly asked, by what principle of cohesion does an Empire continue to hang together, which is founded neither on community of race, nor on the affection of the governed, nor on its military power, nor on the virtues of its administration, nor on a sense of reciprocal advantage, nor even on the political unity of the dominant nation? The truth is, that the Porte, conscious of its inability to cope with its disaffected subjects, has from time to time skilfully contrived to break the force of their united action by sowing a dissension among the hostile provinces—a policy which has ordinarily brought one or other of her foes to her standard as an ally. When the revolt of the Albanian Beys, which succeeded to the emancipation of Greece and the Treaty of Adrianople, had grown too powerful for subjugation by the Porte, and the insurrection was found to be at once extending in compass and increasing in danger, it became the adroit policy of Mehemet Reschid—then director of the government at Constantinople—to arm the Rayahs, whose support his reforming policy had already secured in defence of his master's cause. When, again, the massacre of those Beys had united Bosnia and the two races of Albania in hostility to the Porte, ever fertile in resource, he succeeded in arraying, in support of the policy of Constantinople, the schismatic Greeks on the one hand—upon the plea that the Albanians of the North, who maintain the Latin ritual, had entered into a conspiracy against the Greek church—and the Osmanlis on the other, upon the ground that the insurrectionary provinces had commenced a war of extirpation with the Turkish race! Thus the Ottoman Government has been preserved, in the hour of peril, rather by its dexterity of negotiation than by military force. In times of peace, moreover, it has cemented its authority over the Slavonic tribes by an alliance with the Eastern Church, which a state of reciprocal dependence has rendered sincere and durable on either side.



It has been the policy of the Divan to support the clergy of the higher orders, who, being of Greek origin, and ignorant of the Slavonic language, would be altogether unacceptable to a free people. In this manner, the dependence of the upper clergy on the supreme government has insured to the latter the corresponding advantage of their support. From this circumstance, a compliance with the recent demands of Prince Menschikoff would have endangered the last link in the chain which has bound the Slavonian to the Turk.

In discussing the question of the internal administration of Turkey, it would be vain to enter upon a declamation against a maladministration which no one probably would have the hardihood to controvert: it suffices simply to explain the machinery by which the work of government is carried on, and to suggest remedies to some of the more salient errors which characterize the internal policy of the Empire. The imperial revenue, which is gathered from various sources, amounts, as nearly as it may be calculated, to 700,000,000 piastres (or about £6,000,000 sterling), which a judicious and economical administration would render less disproportionate to the necessities of government. It may be matter, however, of grave doubt, whether the substitution of a collecting system for the existing mode of farming out the revenues would, as is commonly thought, be productive of a greater income to the state. The revenues undoubtedly are not leased out on such terms of advantage to the Divan as to leave any insignificant profits in the hands of the tenants of the Exchequer, but it may fairly be presumed, on the other hand, that (even irrespective of the ordinary expenses of collection, which, under the superintendence of the Government, would without doubt exceed the charge upon those to whom the revenues are farmed out) the pecuniary malversations of the minor Pashas would be found to counterbalance the gains of the Exchequer from a system of direct collection: and the difference would in all probability be simply this, that the surplus over and above the amount paid into the Exchequer would, in the one case, become the recognised profit of the lessees of the public income, while in the other, it would form the fraudulent gains of the inferior officers of the Porte. Viewing the matter, therefore, simply as a question of revenue, it is not probable that the substitution of one system for the other would be found to be of material advantage to the state.

The capitation tax, which the Porte has pretended to levy upon its Christian subjects, in return for their exemption from military

service, while it has in reality served the double purpose of maintaining a Mahometan army, in whose fidelity the Government might confide, and of excluding the Rayahs from the use of arms, is naturally one of the most irksome impositions of the state. It is levied at the rate of about thirty piastres a head upon male adults. The property tax is so irregularly assessed, that it would be difficult to form an estimate of its extent. Probably the tenths form the most lucrative source of revenue to the state. But the Customs' duties, whatever proportion they may bear to the total amount of the public income, necessarily exercise a stronger indirect influence on the revenue, by regulating in some measure the national prosperity. It has been the misfortune of Turkey, that, while the political wisdom of Mr. Ricardo has never yet illuminated the councils of the Divan, the commercial treaties into which she has entered with foreign states have bound down the Government to a system more injurious to the national industry than its own unbiassed politics would have dictated. The Porte has set out with the unhappy principle that a heavy Customs' duty is necessary to the existence of government; and foreign Powers, forced to recognise a policy in which they were unable to acquiesce, have stipulated in return that the burden of the tax should be imposed upon the exports of the country, in order that a reduction may be effected upon their own imported produce. The Treaty of Balta-Liman, concluded on the 16th of August, 1838, stipulated that, in lieu of the old interior duties, the English merchant should be subject to a charge of nine per cent. on goods purchased in the Turkish territories for exportation, and to a further duty of three per cent. on shipment taking place. On the other hand, the same treaty imposed a three per cent. duty upon importation, and a further charge of two per cent. on sale being effected of the goods imported. Thus, while the markets of Turkey were thenceforth to be deluged with foreign produce, under the restriction of a duty of only five per cent., the English merchant could find for Turkish produce no sale which might appear likely to reimburse him for the payment of an export charge more than double in amount, together with whatever import duty were imposed by the state to which his goods might be transmitted. As a consequence, too obvious to be insisted on, of this international legislation (undoubtedly beneficial in its operation towards our own country), the aggregate imports of Turkey have greatly exceeded her aggregate exports. A discouragement of industry and an artificial existence is the inevitable tendency of such a sys-

tem. Could the Porte only be persuaded of the elastic properties of the great principle of *production*, the existing taxes on exportation would no doubt be rapidly repealed. Unhappily, the Government is not sufficiently convinced of the certainty of an eventual recompense for the revenue immediately surrendered, to countenance, in the language of a party, "a revision of its fiscal system." Nor does the desperate condition of the national credit render easy even the temporary suspension of any one of its sources of public income. The prospect of an improvement in the Turkish financial system is, however, rendered less forlorn by the circumstance that the policy of the Divan does not proceed upon any false theory of the protection of labour; the excess of the export over the import duties as clearly indicating that the tariff has been arranged with a view to the revenue of the state, as the heavy tax which the Austrian system imposes upon the importation of coffee—a commodity which is not produced in the territories of the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg—demonstrates that the court of Vienna has based its financial policy upon other interests than those of the Austrian producer.

But apart from the errors of its fiscal system, the Ottoman Porte has grievously misdirected the national industry in the encouragement which it has lent to manufactures, and in its neglect of agricultural improvements. It was obvious, from the very commencement of the reforming policy of Mahmoud, that Turkey, even under a happier commercial policy, could not cope with the manufactured produce of this country in any quarter of the globe, and that unless a duty tantamount to a prohibition (which existing treaties would defeat) were imposed by the Divan on the importation of foreign produce, the manufactures of Turkey would be undersold by those of England in the markets of the East. Had the vast sums of money which the government has squandered upon this chimera been devoted to the cause of agriculture, the result would have been very different. So materially does the want of roads, and of other means of communication, affect the trade in the raw produce of the country, that the cost of transport, for the distance even of 100 miles, may very often double the original cost of production. Were the government ready to undertake the improvement of the internal communications of Turkey, they might obtain the necessary supplies from the sale of a portion of the imperial property, (which a contemplated reform of this character would enable them more advantageously to accomplish,) after the precedent of the course pursued by Prince Metternich in Hun-

gary.\* There can be no doubt that the formation of roads and canals in Turkey would effect a metamorphosis of its internal commerce. But the work is not easy. The Porte, under its reforming policy in the reign of Mahmoud, was at once urged on by the Slavonic population, and assailed vehemently by a vast body of the Turks, until the whole Empire was threatened with dissolution. It may be presumed, however, from the present temper of the people, that the animosity with which a religious bigotry was at first disposed to assail the work of reformation would not be again so powerfully excited, and there can be no doubt that the Divan, in any serious effort to retrace its past policy, would receive the earnest support of several of the Powers of Europe. Surely it may not be without some emblematical truth, that the oxen yoked to the plough, the reapers to the corn-fields, and other such Arcadian scenes, are portrayed on the tapestried walls of the Secretary of State's room in the Foreign Office, in the midst of which each succeeding Minister has seemed like a sort of Pan, presiding over the rural happiness of mankind!

It may be conceived, then, how remote is the prospect of accomplishing an extensive political reform in a state in which there are so many discordant elements to be considered—so many conflicting interests to be satisfied. Bound down within a certain latitude, by public treaties, to a given line of action—kept backward by distorted views of commercial policy, and harassed by the pressing necessities of the hour—the Ottoman Porte seeks a refuge from more immediate dangers in a policy of inaction, which, if persevered in for any long period of time, must necessarily work its irretrievable destruction. That there yet remain such elements of wealth and prosperity in the Turkish Empire, as would materially improve the position alike of the Government and of the people, and that the difficulties attendant on their development would not be insuperable to a sagacious and resolute Administration, is acknowledged by all Christian politicians in the East, of every shade of opinion. And a policy of reform seems necessary to avert the ruin of the state. There exists no longer any political vitality in the famous institutions of the Turk. So truly is society the sap, and the life, and the spring, of institutions—so wholly subordinate to the

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\* Under the present aspect of affairs, it may be pleaded, it is true, that the *tenure* of the purchaser might not be found to depend wholly upon the Sultan's *title*. But we believe that, in ordinary times, the feeling of security would be sufficiently strong to induce the purchase.

temper of the people and the genius of the age, are at once the form and the system of government—that a change of moral condition destroys at once the virtue of that which was previously all powerful; and the polity of the state, strengthened no longer by an adaptation to the character of the nation, hangs, as it were, by a single thread, liable to be broken by the first blow of internal discord. Perhaps no stronger evidence could be drawn from the experience of states, and the moral nature of mankind, of the real subserviency of potentates to those whom they profess to govern, and of the perpetual dependence of the political fabric on the varying necessities of the commonwealth, than in the ever-failing energies of a system which ceases to represent the character of the existing age. The faint resistance which the Government was able to oppose to the ambitious policy of the late Egyptian viceroy, records the condition to which it has in reality been reduced; nor does history afford a more striking evidence of the utter powerlessness of a great empire, when its internal polity is deranged, and the vigour of its government decayed.

There is another point of interest comprehended in the Eastern question, which the events of the last quarter of a century have in a great degree dis severed from the politics of the Turkish Empire—the Kingdom of Greece. Yet whatever may be the force of the public treaties which provided for the independence of the Hellenic nation and the integrity of the existing state—and whatever the yet greater force of the political interests by which the stipulations of those treaties may be cemented and confirmed—it is obvious that the affairs of Greece are not in themselves so alien from those of the adjoining territories, as to form a consideration wholly independent of the comprehensive political re-arrangement which must follow the last catastrophe, whenever it may transpire, of the Ottoman rule. A disquisition, therefore, on the condition of the prospects of eastern Europe, which might not at least cursorily touch upon the Greek question, would seem imperfect.

It may be asserted with truth, that the Greek nation were less indebted for their emancipation to their own worthiness of independent rights, than to the imperative laws of an outraged humanity, and the fair inheritance of an ancient fame. Their position in the scale of nations would never have attracted the notice, or gained the selfish interests of the Great Powers of Europe. Neither their geographical position, nor the capacities of the Grecian soil, seemed to offer to the intervening states a prospect of any material

extension of their commercial wealth. But the frightful massacres that had followed in the train of six years of contested domination seemed to renew the mediæval warfare that the Crescent of old had carried on against the Cross; and Greece at length found succour in an alliance that served her for the fleets of the Doge, and the sword of the Order of Jerusalem. And there was undoubtedly an influence at work to foster the intervention of Western Europe, in a remembrance of ancient claims—a remembrance not simply of what Greece had once been, but one that seemed to involve a recognition of obligations too grave in their nature for any political service to requite—an influence which, however fanciful in the estimation of many, served to arouse popular sympathy, and thereby confirm the reforming policy on which the allied Governments had entered. So true is it of states, as of individuals, that there is a heritage of ancestral renown, which, when men have lost, through the frailty or ill-fortune of intervening generations, the position their forefathers had won is powerful to create an interest in their cause, and which their own worthlessness or folly can never perhaps totally extinguish.

But there was another object in the policy of Greek emancipation than that of humanity. This was a policy of self-interest and self-preservation: and it was no doubt advisable that such a plea of justification should be entered, as a prominent ground of action, by the interfering States—whether the dictates of self-preservation or of humanity might preponderate at heart—in consequence of the conditions of the public law of Europe, which, if they ignored the plea of humanity, acknowledged at least that of self-preservation, as a valid ground of intervention. And it was evident that a principle which, but a few years previously, had been maintained by the Holy Alliance in the Congress of Laybach and Verona, could not consistently be disputed, either by Austria or Prussia, when advanced with infinitely greater validity of argument by the Courts of Great Britain, France, and Russia. The ground on which the three Powers supported their plea of self-preservation was that the distractions to which the Greek Peninsula had been subject, had given so vast a scope to the operations of piracy in the Archipelago, and other parts of the Levant, as to destroy their commerce, and subvert their maritime interests, throughout all the seas neighbouring on the contested territory. Nor did it seem that a policy which the laws of Europe and the rights of humanity united to support, could well be gainsaid. Yet it is singular to observe how each of the continental Powers followed the

dictates of its individual interests. It would be an unjust aspersion, indeed, on the memory of Mr. Canning, to suppose him actuated wholly by a selfish, however justifiable, policy: nor would it be fair, perhaps, to throw a similar imputation even on the shrewd Polignac. But Great Britain had, in truth, a conflicting interest at stake in the policy of 1829, which rendered her in a far less degree an interested party in the intervention than either France or Russia. She had to contend between the suspension of her own commerce in the Archipelago, and the assumption of a policy which, if it should involve a reduction of the power of Turkey, must necessarily prove disastrous to herself. The interests of France, on the other hand, little prejudiced by any probable humiliation of the Porte, were simply directed to a rescue of her own commerce in the same quarter; while Russia, proportionately the more eager as she was the more interested in the enterprise, sought at once a similar object, and a step in her ancient policy of aggrandizement in Turkey. Prince Metternich again, on the part of Austria, rejected a reforming policy in which the Court of Vienna seemed likely rather to be a loser than a gainer. It was in this position of international interests that the Duke of Wellington was sent to the Russian capital, in the spring of 1826, where he negotiated with the Prince de Lieven, and signed, on the 23d of March, the Treaty of St. Petersburg, which concerted a mediation, on the part of Great Britain and Russia, between Greece and Turkey, and was assented to by France, during the following year, in the Treaty of London.\* Thus, it would appear that the

Triple Alliance was concerted, in the first place from considerations of self-interest, and, in the second, with a view to a satisfaction of the claims of humanity; but, at the same time, it may be assumed that the Greeks themselves were less indebted to their own exertions for that public spirit which supported the Ministers of England, France, and Russia, in their policy of emancipation, than to the genius of Byron and the patriotism of Capodistria.

It becomes an object of interest to inquire how far the course of events may have realized the views of the high contracting Powers, since the establishment of an independent monarchy in Greece. It is undeniable that those views, though founded on no chimerical suppositions, and reasonable in their character, have been greatly disappointed. It may be fairly questioned, indeed, whether the nation, at the outset, were worthy of a Constitution, whether those national sentiments and ideas, which can alone give force to a political union, had not been so wholly extinguished by ages of Mahometan misrule as to render the people unfit for the exercise of independent power. Yet there was no alternative. The attitude of the Porte forbade any hope of such a compromise being effected between the belligerents as might place Greece in the intermediate position to which the Treaty of St. Petersburg had pointed. So complete had the demoralization of the people at length become, that Independence found them a nation of pirates by sea, and banditti by land. It was hoped, and not unreasonably, that in the lapse of twenty years, by which time a new generation would spring up, a course of good government would have materially changed their character. But those twenty years have, unhappily, been lost in a career so vicious, a mal-administration so complete, that the nation wears a character, if possible, of yet

\* With great deference to the opinions of Dr. Wheaton, we cannot coincide with him in his view that the treaty of London has recognised other grounds of interference than those arising out of a principle of self-interest. The preamble of this treaty, the language of which seems most clear, states that the high contracting powers are, "penetrated with the necessity of putting an end to the sanguinary contest which, by delivering up the Greek provinces, and the isles of the Archipelago, to all the disorders of anarchy, produces daily fresh impediments to the commerce of the European states, and gives occasion to piracies which not only expose the subjects of the high contracting parties to considerable losses, but, besides, render necessary burdensome measures of protection and repression." The then existing contest produced, no doubt, the suspension of European commerce, both by sea and land, and thereby indirectly affected the interests of the contracting powers; but it does not surely follow that it therefore formed the justifying ground of action. The justification is explicitly set forth in the treaty as resting, not upon the cause, but upon the result. And this principle, moreover, elucidates the policy of Mr. Canning, in declining to interfere forcibly in the affairs of Greece until they had assumed an aspect seriously detrimental to British

interests. Dr. Wheaton, on the other hand, interprets the treaty that the contest itself formed the main ground of justification, and appears to use a common phrase, "to put the cart before the horse." No doubt the inhuman warfare of the day rendered the allied governments the more ready to take the part for which the suspension of their own commerce in the Archipelago offered a legal justification; and we should sincerely rejoice to see the principle, which Dr. Wheaton conceives to be acknowledged in the treaty of London, established as part of the public law of Europe, whatever might be the practical difficulties attendant upon its operation. Humanity has never, probably, of late years been so grossly outraged as in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies: yet upon that question Lord Palmerston unhesitatingly stated that a foreign government possessed no power of interference.—See Wheaton's "International Law," vol. i. p. 125.

greater demoralization and degeneracy than previously to its emancipation. The career of Government has been marked by systematic corruption—that of the people by a corresponding violence. There is no progress, no improvement, even little personal safety, in the country; while the State is reduced to a condition of hopeless and irretrievable insolvency. The weak and vacillating, yet harsh and arbitrary, misrule of Otho, has been peculiarly ill adapted to the genius of the Hellenic people. They required, as it were, at once sail and ballast—to be controlled and to be led on—a self-denying policy on the part of the ruling power, and one which might be regulated in its sphere of action by considerations of public utility. Those national wants, on the contrary, have been met by despotism and bad faith, by corruption and administrative imbecility, by foreign and domestic intrigue. Perhaps the policy of the Court of the Tuilleries reduced Greece to its worst position in 1847, nor ever, probably, did any legitimate and unscrupulous ambition throw a broader and a darker shade upon the lustre which an intellectual greatness, and unsurpassed theoretical ability, have shed upon the name of Guizot. The interference of the French Government, both by secret intrigue and by open force, in the Greek elections of 1847, in support of the party of M. Coletti, terminated, however, in a manner most singularly infelicitous; and the Parliament which had been elected in support of a despotic cause, presented the truly democratic and revolutionary spectacle of an assembly in which the very banditti of the country were represented in more than one instance by a member of their own community! The history of emancipated Greece, and the position of the nation at the present conjuncture, combine to suggest grave doubts of the binding virtues which the treaties that guaranteed its independence may be found to possess, whenever the last hour of the Ottoman monarchy may arrive; and the coincidence, that Greece in its youth, and Turkey in its decrepitude, alike subsist on the hollow and extrinsic support of foreign diplomacy, forms no happy augury of the fortune of the existing political institutions of Eastern Europe.

But there is another great practical evil—and one in which the commercial interests of Great Britain are directly involved—arising out of the disorganization of society in Greece:—we allude to the monstrous height to which piracy is now carried on, both by continental and insular Greeks, and would urge the subject on the earnest consideration of the Foreign Office. The fact of a piratical system having been traditionally maintained

by the islanders of the Archipelago, from very early times, affords no argument whatever against an imperative demand for another effort for its abolition; since, in the first place the evil has so increased in magnitude that it has become totally unsafe for small craft to trade in the *Ægean* and the *Ionian* seas; and since, in the second, the Treaty of London, to which Great Britain, France, and Russia were the contracting parties, in having specially set forth the existence of a piratical trade in justification of an interference in the internal affairs of Turkey, has recognised a right of forcible intervention for the suppression of this iniquitous traffic, whenever it may again be found to inflict injuries of commensurate severity upon the commercial interests of the Triple Alliance. And it is ardently to be hoped that her Majesty's Government, after so long an experience of the inability of the Court of Greece to control the actions of its own subjects, will adopt vigorous measures for the abolition of the existing system. The amount of injury continually sustained by the shipping interests of different nations is very considerable; and the depredations of the islanders of the Archipelago are of course committed, irrespective of the flags under which vessels trading in the East may be sailing. The corsairs of the Levant form two classes: there are those who make piracy their exclusive profession, and there are those also who follow it as a species of subsidiary avocation, in sailing from port to port under the guise of a legitimate trade. The latter class are, of course, the less easy to detect. They are almost wholly Greeks—either subjects of King Otho, or settlers on the Turkish coast,\* and conversely there are few maritime Greeks who are not also pirates. They are, consequently, established in nearly all the islands of the Archipelago, but muster, probably, the greatest number on either side of Cape St. Angelo, in the gulfs of Napoli and Colokythia, where the demoralization of successive generations has left no other spirit to animate the shores of Argolis and Laconia.

The character of these pirates is singular enough. Urged on by an insatiable thirst for gain, daunted by no difficulty, committing frightful atrocities, and inspired with a spirit of adventurous enterprise, the manners of those captain-corsairs who have withdrawn from their profession on their ill-gotten wealth, are, nevertheless, as it is universally acknowledged, mild and almost polished. They are, for the most part, hospitable and courteous, even dependable and sincere. Their

\* The natives of the Septinsular Republic are not free from this reproach.

wealth is frequently enormous. The respectability of the profession may have somewhat declined in their eyes since the period of the emancipation. There are those now living, respected and influential merchants in the East, who are more than suspected of having themselves carried on the trade of the corsair on the high seas some thirty years ago; and very many of a similar class, whose direct or indirect benefit in piratical gains has long been notorious. But the inferiority of the class by whom the piracy of the Levant is now carried on, (for in Greece even piracy has degenerated!) and its discountenance by those who have since gained a position in society, affords no prospect of any material decline of the existing system, which can only be effected by the intervention of one or more of the maritime powers of Europe.\*

It may be alleged, perhaps, that the disgraceful illustrations, which may daily be witnessed in all the cities of the Levant, of the inability of Great Britain to improve the social condition, however she may amend the government, of the Ionian Islands, renders it difficult for her to be extreme in marking the sins of Greece. The Turkish Government has, in truth, more ground of complaint against British subjects, for disturbances of the public peace, than against the whole of Continental Europe. The natives of the Republic, whom either chance, a roving disposition, or a repugnance to an honest and industrious livelihood, expatriates from their own islands, are in the habit (as is well known to those who are conversant with the affairs of the East) of congregating in Constantinople and other cities of Turkey, where they continue to subsist, partially or wholly, by means of robberies and assassinations, which are of daily, or rather nightly, occurrence in the suburbs of the capital. The Ottoman Porte is placed, meanwhile, in the anomalous position of a Government without jurisdiction over subjects of many foreign states, in its own territories. The character of Turkish institutions, and the insignificant value which they attach to human life, has rendered it essential to the security of British subjects that the latter should be wholly exempted from the operation of the criminal laws of Turkey, and recognise no other jurisdiction than that of

the diplomatic and consular officers of Great Britain; and the establishment of this happy convention has been productive of a reciprocal benefit in extending the commercial relations of Turkey, while it has secured in a great degree the lives and property of Englishmen in the Ottoman dominions. But as every advantage is fraught with its corresponding evil, however much the one may preponderate over the other, so, in the present instance, it may be affirmed that a measure which has proved of incalculable benefit to all respectable classes of British subjects, has at the same time taken out of the hands of the Turkish authorities a wholesome control over the Ionian criminals, which the British Embassy is unable to exercise. A distinction between classes of subjects of the British Crown—which could only proceed upon the proof of a criminality that could not be adduced until the jurisdiction had already taken effect—was of course impossible. But, while we therefore unhesitatingly acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrangement, there are matters of detail connected with the manner in which the system is carried out which may be liable to exception.\*

The authority of the British Government over subjects of the Crown in Turkey rests, as it is well known, on the statute of the 6 & 7 Victoria, c. 94, commonly called the "Foreign Jurisdiction Act," which repealed the cognate statute of the 6 & 7 Will. IV., and a portion of that of the 6 George IV. The diplomatic and consular Officers of Great Britain exercise a criminal jurisdiction over British subjects, in virtue of three successive Orders in Council, founded upon the above-mentioned statute, and bearing date, respectively, 1843, 1844, and 1847. The effect of these Orders has been to assign to British Consuls a power of inflicting limited punishment upon subjects of the Crown, and (either in cases of a graver nature, or where the trial cannot satisfactorily be conducted in the Turkish dominions) to appoint the colony of Malta as the seat of a supreme, though not appellate, criminal jurisdiction. The system, however, works ill: the efforts of the Consuls to repress the outrages of the Ionians are completely abortive; and it is calculated, at

\* Lord Byron's portraiture of the Greek pirates is no doubt very correct. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that the poet has drawn the character of Lambro from real life, without even the substitution of a fictitious name. Lambro was probably in the zenith of his dark celebrity during Byron's second residence in Greece. His story, as recorded by the poet, is mainly true; and the old patriarch-pirate, at the age of between eighty and ninety, was lately living, if indeed he be not yet living, in the island of Zea.

\* We fear that the sobriety of the Greeks is not increased by the cheapness of the Tenedos wine, which is sold for half-a-piastre a bottle, and is the common beverage of the Archipelago. Poor Tenedos, alas! even the sovereignties of the gods seem to be revolutionized; and we find Bacchus usurping the Island of Apollo. But the government of Bacchus is exceedingly bad—in truth, his mal-administration is reprehensible in the highest degree: the wine of Tenedos resembles indifferent claret, which has well nigh effected a transmigration into vinegar!

the very lowest computation, that *three-fourths* of the assassinations committed at Constantinople are perpetrated by British subjects. A leading objection to the present scheme is to be found in the fact that the Consuls act under a perpetual intimidation, greater in proportion as there is the more necessity for the exercise of their authority, at the hands of the criminals.

To such a condition, then, is the dominion of the Turk at this day reduced. Arising in an age of nearly universal barbarism, prevailing through a period of mediæval darkness, the system of Mahomet retained for awhile its *prestige* in the world, even when its light had been seen to fade before the clearer dawn of Western civilization and science. Resting on the sword, it recognised no existence but in the sword. Yet there was a further condition which it had overlooked—the means on which the sword itself might subsist. And, happily, the growth of knowledge has developed more plenteous, more durable, and purer springs of national strength. From a communion in those advantages, the system of the Crescent has cut off its votaries. From any possible extrication from the graver errors of a political religion, the superstitious reverence by which those errors are upheld debars the Turkish nation. Thus the Ottoman Government, if it experience the peril of standing still, experiences scarcely less the peril of advance. In the eyes of one class its progress is retrogression, and its retrogression progress. By another, a reforming policy is claimed as the condition of a renewed dependence. As a consequence of an administrative imbecility and a national decline, the financial credit of the empire has become wholly dissipated. To quell a formidable insurrection, whenever it may arise, to keep down a nearly universal discontent, to conduct the government with a bankrupt treasury, are the three problems on the solution of which hangs the existence of the Ottoman sway. The skill of the Divan in surmounting, under the existing system, the difficulties of public administration, is entitled to unequivocal praise. The more overwhelming danger of external violence is also perpetually before the eyes of Government. But it has been seen that so long as an alliance may continue, or a far-sighted policy be pursued, among the western nations, there is no sufficient reason to apprehend any serious result from the clashing of opposite interests on the part of foreign Powers. Nevertheless, either the cessation of such a policy, or an increased complication of the internal government, may at any time threaten Turkey with the catastrophe which diplomacy labours to avert. Yet, whatever may be the

doom in store for the next hundred years—a partition, a Slavonic independence, or an Ottoman misrule—however the struggle between liberty and despotism may terminate—the same jealous and encroaching politics will probably be pursued by foreign Powers, and thus Europe will gain no repose from a change of government in the East.

By those politicians who would urge, with great plausibility and partial truth, that the time has arrived when the statesmen of Europe should sweep away the modern international system of balancing the power of states, and—discarding the jealous rivalries of nations—should act on a broader and fairer principle of political philosophy, which would merge in the good of the commonwealth the claims and pretensions of individual governments,—let it be remembered, that although the system originated in the jealousies of the great rival Powers, it has a more profound basis. In the present relative position of states, its continuance is inevitable, and, instead of looking forward to its extinction, we hope to see its operation extended so as fully to meet the requirements of that nobler feeling which ought to characterize every great and free nation,—viz., that it is the duty of the stronger to protect the rights and liberties of the weaker members of the European commonwealth.

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Since the foregoing was put into type, the views of the Russian Government have been formally published in the Circular Note of M. de Nesselrode, which has already received too general a criticism to render needful an iteration of the instances in which the Court of St. Petersburg endeavours to sustain its position upon illogical arguments, upon false analogies, and upon the conversion of occasional concessions into irresistible precedents. But this document has served to place the Czar in a position from which he will find it as difficult to recede as to advance with honour: while it is obvious that the first act of hostility on the part of Russia will result in transferring to Great Britain and France the keys of the Baltic and Euxine. For the issue of a contest little apprehension will be entertained in Western Europe. And sincerely as we hope that diplomacy may yet preserve the peace of the world, we are confident that it is not the will of the present Government and its allies to surrender their position; and thus, by shrinking from war, to make way for the introduction of a train of disasters of incalculably greater magnitude.

## ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

*Theology.*

CONSIDERABLE attention has been excited in the "religious world" of evangelical dissenters, by a public debate,<sup>1</sup> carried on for six evenings, in the Cowper street Institution, in the months of January and February, between Mr. Holyoake and the Rev. Brewin Grant, an independent minister of Birmingham. The question at issue was, the social advantages of "secularism" as compared with Christianity. Mr. Grant is very far from being orthodox. He belongs to the rapidly increasing number of young ministers who, compelled by worldly information to abandon the old divinity, as taught from the earliest periods of patristic antiquity down to the present century, consent to fall back upon the Scriptures, resolved to let the Bible mean no more than they can reasonably maintain. It is curious to observe religious papers and magazines applauding as the champion of their faith a man in whose theology they do not themselves believe, and who has not hesitated, even in the present discussion, to throw contempt upon their peculiar views. We should be heartily glad to learn that Mr. Grant really represented the religious opinions of the body in whose name he appears.

"Secularism" is the theory of doing without religion. As it professes to respect every law and manifestation of nature it may yet become religious, supposing that to be true which many believe, that the sentiment of worship forms an important element in our constitution. Secularism will then mean the

theory of life according to nature. Hitherto it has stood upon two principles, which may be thus stated: the one is general and philosophic—"follow nature;" the other special, and not philosophic, but conventional,—"deny religion." But if religion is a manifestation of nature, and no experience could prove but that it may be, the special rule is out of harmony with the wiser and more rational principle, whose proper hostility is to supernaturalism and not to religion itself.

This unhappy peculiarity of secularism, the natural result of its history, could not fail to afford advantage to so acute an opponent as Mr. Grant. It began in atheism; and although it has now abandoned the disproof of deity, contenting itself with the assertion that nothing can be known upon the subject, it is still, in practice and in spirit, professedly "without God."

Mr. Holyoake takes rank among the ablest expounders of the life according to nature, so far at least as his views extend. Few more eloquent or more forcible displays of sensible, practical thought, could be found, than are contained in his opening statement, in the description of the moral influences which operate in the formation of character, and at frequent intervals in the debate. Ready, acute, and full of resources, he presents the example of a remarkable self-control, which could scarcely fail of influence upon those who were present. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness a more coldly bitter and uncandid attack, than was made by the champion of orthodoxy from his opening speech to the last.

Mr. Grant holds to the opinion that any amount of personal abuse is allowable if based upon truth. Under cover of a public discussion, he brings Mr. Holyoake to trial for every opinion expressed or understood, by every contributor to "the Reasoner" for the space of above a dozen years. An excellent quarry, perhaps, and the safest for a Christian champion himself far gone in heresy. One remark a reasonable man might desire to offer upon such a course—why was not this single purpose avowed at the outset? Why should respectable persons like the chairmen have been led into the delusion that they were about to listen to a temperate discussion, for truth and not for victory, upon the respective subjects in dispute? Mr. Grant might have been accomplishing his mission—he certainly failed to do justice to himself. More quick than clear in his perception, he often argues like the Legate in "King John," reasoning upon terms, with a play of words almost marvellous. We regret at every page to see a subtle, ingenious mind employed in a manner so little worthy of itself.

<sup>1</sup> "Christianity and Secularism." Report of a Public Discussion between the Rev. Brewin Grant and G. J. Holyoake, Esq. London: Ward and Co.



The debate may be read with interest as setting forth the opinions of two able men, at least for the very brief moments at which one is allowed to forget the enormous arrogance of assumption on the one side, and the unhappy necessity of self-defence on the other. We believe that the public mind is prepared for something better than this quarrel of words and personalities; at the same time, we do not look for an honest disputation whilst every interest of the opposing parties is fatal to mutual concession, and even the courtesies of society may with impunity be neglected.

It is a real refreshment to fix attention, in contrast, upon the work of a solid thinker, as charitable in disposition as his views are large and philosophical. It contains the series of eight Bampton lectures, delivered in 1851, by the Rev. Henry Wilson, on the subject of the Communion of Saints.<sup>3</sup> The style in which they are composed is that of an accomplished scholar; but, unfortunately for their general acceptance, neither simple nor sufficiently direct: the thoughtful reader will not complain of the too stately form which conveys to him so large an amount of sound instruction, clear historical discrimination, and careful interpretation of theology, in the language and sympathies of modern times. The author finds the true Catholic bond of union among Christians "in the identity of their disposition and purpose, rather than in their dogmatic or historic faith, their feelings, the supernatural influences in which they believe, their worship, or their formal, or mere personal virtue." They all exhibit a "fixed faith in the victory of good or evil," and the conviction that "they are the appointed instruments to secure it." They are not "disciples" only, but "apostles." This principle embraces all Christian communions; while, in order to render the Church of England more effective in carrying forward its own part in the great work of regenerating the world, Mr. Wilson would take advantage of the practice of "confirmation," and convert it from its present lax employment into a real point of demarcation between the faithful and the worldly. He regards the creeds of the English church as mere symbols, to be interpreted according to the best information of the age. He admits the utmost enlargement of scientific views, even in the examination of the Scriptures. It would not be easy to point to a better example of profound and pene-

trating criticism than that, for example, in which the writer discriminates between the varied uses of the term "faith," as employed by Paul, Calvin, and Luther. He is prepared to allow, that even the work of the Holy Spirit is represented in the New Testament through the popular, ignorant medium of ideas current at the time. Whatever opinion such a man may hold must claim respectful attention; he does not hold it without reason: and in these too hasty days of superficial dogmatism, we conceive it to be of far more consequence to attend to the manner of a man's thoughts, than to what he may happen to believe.

Something different from these lectures is another series upon the various church-forms of Christianity,<sup>4</sup> by John Gordon, Unitarian minister of Coventry. They contain much excellent sense, and are calculated to improve the too slight reputation for religious earnestness of the denomination to which the writer belongs. Displaying no high order of genius, they characterize in the usual way, the English and Roman churches, Congregationalism, Methodism, and Unitarianism; offering hearty homage alike to Wesley and Priestley, to Dr. Owen and Channing. Unlike the philosopher in the church, here is a writer, whom no orthodox community would own as a fellow Christian, who yet persists in taking the orthodox point of view, recommending his own church fellowship as the most scriptural. But he is too conscious of the superiority of his theological opinions to be unjust, excepting to that class of thinkers who rather seek religion in the philosophy of man's nature than in any miraculous foundation of churches. Every word of the sentence which Mr. Gordon passes upon unbelievers, the orthodox party would use against himself. He adopts, in fact, their style of criticism in the lecture upon "Indifferentism," in which he confounds, in one trite sweep of censure, the whole army of doubters.

Mr. King, of Trinity College, Dublin, has employed much learning and ingenuity to prove that Titus,<sup>5</sup> the supposed Bishop of Crete, was really the same person as Timothy, the reputed episcopal head of the church at Ephesus. "Titus" was an abbreviation of the long and awkward name "Timotheus," recommended to choice as being also Latin. and selected, possibly, after the manner in which an "Irishman going to settle in England might adopt, instead of his native pa-

<sup>3</sup> "The Communion of Saints; an attempt to illustrate the true principles of Christian Union: in Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford." By Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D. Oxford: W. Graham. London: Hatchard and Son.

<sup>4</sup> "Christian Developments." By John Gordon. London: Edward Whitfield, Strand.

<sup>5</sup> "Who was Titus?" By R. King, A.B. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

tronymic, one which should correspond to it in the English tongue, putting 'Rogers,' for instance, for 'McRory,' or 'Bradley' for Bralaghan." In the second epistle to the Church of Corinth both names are mentioned, and with a remarkable appearance to common perception of designating two distinct persons. It is instructive to know that verbal comment upon sacred books, so far as it can establish anything, seems able in the opinion of commentators to prove everything. This very epistle supplies the main argument of the book before us. It may be stated in a few words, although according to the vicious custom of such writers, the author has made his paradoxical opinion a centre of the most varied and minute dissertation, interesting to those who prefer that loose method, but not popularly acceptable. From the second of Paul's letters to Corinth, we learn that he was anxiously expecting, after his enforced departure from Ephesus, some news from the Christian people of Corinth, to whom he had sent a sharp letter of reproof. It was a person bearing the name of Titus whom the apostle had sent, and he had no rest in his mind until that fellow-labourer returned. He then indites an epistle, full of gentler words, making frequent mention in it of his intimate friend, and of his Corinthian mission. But, in the Acts of the Apostles, about the same period, Paul is said to have sent into Macedonia a person named Timothy, and in the first letter to Corinth he intimates that that disciple might soon be expected amongst them, and urges them to conduct him forth in peace, since he expected to see him with the brethren. Mr. King assumes here for Timothy the special business which was obviously transacted by Titus, and the identification becomes complete. There is, on the other hand, no proof that Timothy reached the place; perhaps there may be reasons to believe the contrary: certainly, whether he arrived there or not, the incidental allusions to him in the first letter afford no reasonable ground for the idea that he was intrusted with any special mission to the Corinthians, beyond the purpose with which he was to visit other churches in the same ministerial tour. That Paul would speak in his first letter of his probable coming was most natural, especially as he had assisted in the establishment of their church. One allusion to him in the second Epistle has a similar bearing, while the same circumstance gives additional point to the conjoining of his name with Paul's at the head of the document which accredited to the same people the further mission of Titus.

A volume containing "the Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem the Sy-

rian," translated by Dr. Burgess, is as creditable to the translator's good taste as to his learning. Ephraem lived under the Emperor Constantine and his sons, and was thoroughly Athanasian; but the design of the liberal translator was literary, and not theological.

The volume contains thirty-five hymns and nine metrical homilies. The author's style of thought and the translator's power of rendering it, will be best shown by a specimen; we select the third hymn:—

"ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

"How bitter is the grief  
For the death of childhood;  
How grieves the separation  
Of the infant from its mother:  
'Train it up, Lord, in thy dwelling!'

"This day afflicts  
The fathers through their sons;  
And death now breaks  
The staff of their old age:  
'Lord! may they lean on Thee!'

"This day removes  
The only child from its mother,  
And cuts off the arm  
Which would have been her stay:  
'In thee, Lord, may she trust!'

"This day separates  
The little one from its parent,  
And leaves her in the wilderness  
Of suffering and grief:  
'Do Thou, Lord, comfort her!'

"This day divides  
The sucking child from the breast:  
And the mother wails and grieves  
Because her intercourse with it has perished:  
'May she see it in the Kingdom!'

"O happy infancy,  
Which hath gained Paradise!  
Alas! for old age,  
Which still remains in sorrow!  
'Lord, be Thou its helper!'

The writer of this hymn was certainly a poet, and we consider that Dr. Burgess has done good service to literature in giving us this addition to our stock of early Christian poetry.

Mr. Bolton has thrown together in an essay,\* which gained the Hulsean prize for 1852, the substance of the Christian apologies to the end of Augustine. He classifies their arguments, as drawn from the following sources—"antecedent probability, antiquities, the prophetic and miraculous elements, the doctrines, the morals, and the success of the

\* "Evidences of Christianity, from the Early Fathers." By W. J. Bolton. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

Gospel." We attach more consequence to the extracts than to the thread of remark with which our author connects them. There is material for a really good dissertation in the comparison between the late writers on Christian evidence and these apologists; but it should not be in the hands of one who persists in interpreting ancient authors by the light of the articles of the Church of England.

A selection from the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers<sup>6</sup> might be made more popularly serviceable if itself selected from, and if the writer's sentiments were reduced to, some kind of classification. "What a good, hearty, loving, Scotch soul he is!" This expression of Professor Edwards, when on a visit to Edinburgh, is forcibly recalled by many of the letters in this volume. We have been always interested in his affectionate appreciation of kindred genius, as in men like John Foster and Robert Hall—in his industrious tenderness towards the young people of his acquaintance—in his earnest, practical form of character—in that consistent and unwearied energy which gave its high tone to the celebrated "secession." "What will the good doctor think?" is a question which must have often recurred to every individual engaged in that conflict. Some portions of the late correspondence read almost like anticipated history. Dr. Chalmers, however, the model of pastors, was not a great theologian. There must have been a strong root of goodness and liberality in a character which could withstand so successfully the repressive influence of a narrow, exclusive creed. It may be taken as the sure test of something false in a system, when it has power, as in the present instance, to isolate a genuine soul from universal sympathy, and confine the interest of its sentiments to the very small circle of converts to a peculiar faith.

De Castro's sketches from Spanish religious history<sup>7</sup> are by no means complete, nor conceived in the spirit of a philosopher. They read like the essays of an incipient literature, and in this view will become more interesting to the future than they can be at present. The author writes with boldness and evident conviction. We should like him better if he were more Spanish, if we could less often detect in his remarks the echo of orthodox English opinion. He is not fortunate in his interpreter, who can scarcely be praised for

either a very accurate literary knowledge or for good taste.

### Philosophy.

Mr. Holyoake has written a short treatise, which may be called a grammar of organization,<sup>8</sup> which offers many valuable hints, useful to all persons who would unite and work together for any purpose consistent with principle. Our English societies have much need of this plain but philosophic teaching.

We can afford only a brief notice of the cheap edition of Paley's "Moral Philosophy," issued by Chambers, under the careful and judicious superintendence of Mr. Bain. The notes and dissertations of the editor form a useful addition to the book, and indicate a familiarity with the subject calculated to inspire confidence in the mind of the student. The introduction deserves especial praise, as a really valuable help to the understanding of the book.

The reprint of Mr. Napier's "Essay on the early and direct Influence of Lord Bacon's Philosophical Writings,"<sup>9</sup> is likely to attract attention, as giving permanent shape to a most valuable contribution towards the history of science. It was read, in the year 1818, before the "Royal Society of Edinburgh," and is now reproduced from their "Transactions." It is carefully argued, and well written, and, to our judgment, successfully vindicates the high claim of the "father of modern science"—a kind of claim only made with justice for those who establish a principle in all its fulness, and are able, in some sort, to predict its yet untried results.

In the same volume is the re-issue of a paper on Sir Walter Raleigh, replete with that peculiar interest which unvaryingly attracts us to every new historic light upon the stirring age of Queen Elizabeth.

Dr. Vaughan has re-written his life and opinions of John de Wycliffe,<sup>10</sup> in a style by no means the less interesting that it frequently recalls the manner of one whom he rather irreverently denominates "our somewhat whimsical friend—Thomas Carlyle." The sentiments of the reformer are carefully set forth in extracts from his numerous works sufficiently copious and pertinent to create

<sup>6</sup> "Organization, not of Arms but Ideas." London: J. Watson.

<sup>7</sup> "The Moral Philosophy of Paley, with Dissertations and Notes." By Alexander Bain, A.M. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

<sup>8</sup> "Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh." By the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

<sup>9</sup> "John de Wycliffe, D.D.: a Monograph." By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Seeley.

<sup>6</sup> "A Selection from the Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers." Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

<sup>7</sup> "History of Religious Intolerance in Spain." By Señor Don Adolpho de Castro. Translated by Thomas Parker. London: W. and F. Cash, Bishopsgate Street Without.

the interest of a biography; the materials are too few and bare, excepting in the hands of a writer capable of sketching from imagination, and of giving harmonious relief to the results of antiquarian research. If the figure of John Wickliffe does not stand forth so clearly marked in individuality as that of the celebrated abbot of Bury St. Edmonds, we cannot attribute the difference to any deficiency of learning, or to any want of industry on the part of the biographer. He returns to his labour with the evident romantic zeal of a first love. What the reformer is to his own mind he is able to portray; all that, in such an age, such a man must have been, our evangelical historian cannot perhaps depict. Writers of this class too commonly do little more than throw their own ideal into the past; they surround it with an antique garniture, and are content. Wickliffe, in the book before us, is a kind of evangelical Protestant dissenter—such as Dr. Vaughan would probably picture to himself alike Paul and Calvin, Peter and John Huss. The chief value of this work will be found in the full illustration which it gives of the fact, that, for many generations in England, before the Reformation, a strong current of religious reform had set in; and the writer suggests incidentally, to an extent perhaps with which he would not willingly be credited, numberless worldly influences, which carried our national mind in the same direction.

#### Natural Science.

The excellent "Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell,"<sup>12</sup> by Hugo Von Mohl, has appeared in an English form, having been translated, with the author's sanction, by Mr. Henfrey, one of the ablest of our investigators of vegetable physiology. It is the best manual for the study of the structure of plants with which we are acquainted, and is indispensable to the botanist. The subjects of which it treats are of more than special interest, and bear importantly upon natural history in all its branches.

In the natural history section of the "Scientific Memoirs,"<sup>13</sup> several valuable papers on vegetable physiology have recently been translated by the same able hand with

<sup>12</sup> "Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell." By Hugo von Mohl. Translated by Arthur Henfrey, F.R.S. London: Van Voorst. 1852.

<sup>13</sup> "Scientific Memoirs, selected from the transactions of Foreign Academies of Science, and from Foreign Journals." London: Taylor and Francis. 1852-53.

the above. The publication in which they are contained is highly honourable as well as useful to British science, since the object to which it is devoted is the making known, as speedily as possible, the scattered but precious labours of foreign philosophers. The more valuable and profound these memoirs are, the smaller the number of their readers must be; hence the translation and publication of them has been undertaken purely for love of science on the part of the editors and publishers. Among the zoological essays contained in recent parts, are excellent abstracts of the profound treatises on philosophical zoology, by the celebrated Von Baer,—little known in this country, and likely to be of much service, through their excellence and suggestiveness. These abstracts are prepared by one of the most promising of our younger physiologists and comparative anatomists, Mr. Huxley, whose own original researches have placed him in a high position in the class of true observers and philosophers of whom Von Baer may be taken as the type. The task which he has undertaken is a worthy one,—that, to use his own words, "of assisting to place in its proper position, during the lifetime of the venerable author, the reputation of one who had, in the completest manner, demonstrated the truth of the doctrine of Epigenesis three years before the delivery of Cuvier's 'Leçons sur l'Histoire des Sciences Naturelles,' (in which he still advocates the evolution theory,) and who had long recognised development as the sole basis of zoological classification, while in France, Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire were embittering one another's lives with endless mere anatomical discussions and replications, and while in Germany, the cautious study of nature was given up for the spinning of *Nature-Philosophies* and other hypocritical cobwebs." In the same publication is contained an account of one of the most curious facts and discoveries of late years made in zoology, viz., the history of the males of the Argonauts, and certain other cuttle fishes, a story that reads like a romance, but, from the nature of the subject, is unadapted for general readers. One of the strangest and most interesting features of it is that, now we know the truth, we are enabled to understand certain passages in Aristotle's "History of Animals," which seemed obscure and almost absurd, but are, in reality, distinct though brief statements of the true sexual phenomena of the Octopus, which, after two or three centuries of continued observation, modern naturalists have only just made out.

An extensive work on a favourite department of British zoology has just been brought to a conclusion, and adds one more to the

series of elaborate treatises in which British naturalists have endeavoured to illustrate with full details and excellent figures the animal population of their native province. This is the account of the "British Mollusks and their shells,"<sup>14</sup> by Professor Edward Forbes and Mr. Harley, a laborious undertaking, extending over several years, and containing the results of the researches of numerous excellent observers. Friendly co-operation prevails more among naturalists than any other set of men of science.

A thick quarto, constituting the third volume of "Observations made at the Magnetical and Meteorological Observatory at Hobarton, in Van Diemen's Island," has been printed by the government, and superintended by Colonel Sabine.

In a small but compact treatise,<sup>15</sup> the able geologist who directs the survey in Ireland, has given a clear and concise outline, untechnical and popular in style, of the physical portion of his science. A book of this kind has for some time been much wanted, since most of our elementary works are devoted, in great part, to the natural-history aspect of geology. Mr. Jukes writes with spirit, and from his own knowledge, acquired in the field, both at home and in far distant countries. This gives a freshness to his treatment of the subject. The illustrations of this pretty volume are remarkably clever, and quite unhackneyed, a great advantage in a geological manual, since the illustrative scenery of most writers of this kind consists too often of views that have done service for a quarter of a century. The author of this volume has recently sent forth an original essay\* of much merit, upon the coal districts of Staffordshire.

#### *Political and Social Science.*

Earl Grey acknowledges the reign of public opinion by the act of defending his "Colonial Policy,"<sup>16</sup> in two octavo volumes, filled with letters addressed, *pro forma*, to his administrative chief, Lord John Russell. If his lordship's actual management in detail had been as little to be complained of as the principles he here enunciates, and as the manner of stating and discussing them, the Colonial

Office would not have contributed its heavy share of unpopularity to the breaking up of Lord John's administration. In some "preliminary remarks" these principles are laid down: free trade was to be maintained, notwithstanding the discontent it occasioned in the colonies; our colonial empire was to be upheld, for we cannot rid ourselves of the obligations which have grown up with it, whether in respect of humanity or of international rights, nor could we preserve at less cost that external and general peace which we should assuredly still be called on to preserve, even if we let the colonies loose;—each colony ought to pay its own internal expenses;—where the condition of the population permits, representative institutions ought to be established;—a population composed in part of small numbers of an intelligent and highly civilized dominant class, and in part of a rude and ignorant multitude, is not in a condition which permits the use of representative institutions, that of Ceylon, for example,—practical freedom is to be secured in such cases by means of liberty of discussion and of the unrestrained right of resort to the imperial authorities whenever the local government fails to give satisfaction;—municipal institutions ought to be founded wherever practicable, for the sake both of their direct objects, and of their use in preparing the people for further participation in public affairs;—and the colonies, all of which now commonly pay the cost of their own civil government, ought gradually to be brought to bear also, in some form, their share in the general military expenses of the empire. His lordship, moreover, says that since, in small colonies, very much must depend on the personal qualities of the governor and other chief officers, and only the few principal offices on which so much depends now remain in the patronage of the imperial ministry, the anxiety attendant on the choice is very great, while the patronage is too small to afford party influence enough to make it an object with any ministry.

The sugar colonies, prostrated really by the commercial failures of 1847, attributed their distress entirely to the new policy of free-trade, which ought at most only to have been charged with some such temporary consequences as always attend a change. Some of these colonies, under instigation and guidance from England, attempted to thwart the home government, and to compel a return to a protectionist system of sugar duties, by refusing to maintain public faith with their officers in the matter of salaries, and to provide for the ordinary expenses of government. They were met by the natural retort implied in the cessation of the ordinary measures of security to

<sup>14</sup> "History of British Mollusca." By Professor E. Forbes and Sylvanus Harley. 4 vols. 8vo. Van Voorst. 1853.

<sup>15</sup> "Popular Physical Geology." By J. Beete Jukes, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Reeve and Co. 1853.

\* Records of the Geological Survey of Great Britain," Vol. I. Part 2.

<sup>16</sup> "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration." By Earl Grey. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.

themselves and their property, of which those expenses are the cost. The opposition ceased, and all parties are becoming reconciled to freedom. Jamaica, however, seems to be an exception to the general submission, and will probably have to barter the pet absurdities of its constitution for imperial relief from its embarrassments.

On the vexed question of transportation, his lordship has more to say for his own views and the measures consequent on them, than might at first sight be expected. We have not space, however, to follow him in this or other topics of great importance to our colonial policy, and nearly affecting the estimate to be ultimately formed of his own official career. Probably his reputation, and, consequently, his efficiency as a minister, suffered more from petulance under opposition, not inconsistent with a squeezableness which sometimes betrayed him into unworthy situations, than from any want either of sound principles, or of a willingness on the whole to carry them into effect. Discreet silence in these volumes, as to certain transactions connected with New Zealand, prevents one illustration of this remark from coming before the public at present in such a version as his lordship might have to give.

If we had room for speculation, we should here advert to the strong confirmation afforded by these volumes to the views on colonial government we propounded some months ago. To say to the colonies, "Quarrel as you like, only so that you pay the costs yourselves," is to let loose a brood of young nations to fall out with one another or with the rest of the world, while, whatever our obstinations, we must eventually be saddled, in one way or another, with a large share of the responsibility and its consequences. We have no choice but to hold the empire together; and we can only hold it together permanently, and in a state of internal quiet, by means of some such chief elements of polity as these;—a set of general principles to which all parts of the empire shall conform,—municipal authorities for the carrying out of these principles in detail, under imperial supervision and guarantee for conformity in principle to the general standard,—one citizenship running over all the empire, subject to local municipal regulations,—one common defence, to the cost and strength of which each part proportionably contributes. Earl Grey's volumes may be most easily read as a commentary on these elements.

The appearance of Mr. Baillie's "Moohummudan Law of the Land Tax in India," to which we shall presently advert, throws us back on the "Moohummudan Law of Sale,"<sup>17</sup>

by the same learned and able member of the Calcutta Bar, published some time ago. In both books the original materials, drawn from the Arabic, are amply illustrated for the English reader. It will doubtless be recollected that all Moohummudan law is based on the same authority as religion. A few passages in the Kooran, delivered at times by the Prophet under the passing exigencies of a barbarous condition of society, supply its foundation; these are defective enough to require that any sayings of his which can be traditionally authenticated with more or less certainty, should be added to them; again, the opinion or decisions of the "companions" of the Prophet, who are held to be under divine guidance, are appealed to in absence of higher authority; and, lastly, the whole are extended in their application by means of "analogical reasoning." This "reasoning" led to the establishment of four chief orthodox sects, the founder of one of them being Haneefa, who died at Bagdad, 150 A. H., or about the year 772 of the Christian era. He had two disciples, Yoosuf and Moolummud, whose dicta are held to be scarcely inferior to his own; the united voice of the three has the force of absolute law. The body of decisions and of usages with the effect of law, which grew up in Irak under the followers of those eminent men, was carried to India, when, four hundred years after, the Mussulmans permanently established themselves at Delhi. Five hundred years more had elapsed, when, about A. D. 1670, the Mogul emperor, Aurungzebe, assembled a number of lawyers, who produced at his command the collection of decisions called, after himself, the Futawa Alumgeeree, which, as to two or three subjects of principal importance, Mr. Baillie has made accessible, and even interesting, to the English reader.

Like all other law, where there is no living legislature, this is almost entirely composed of precedents and decisions. The original principles were few, in some respects obscure, and, in many others, not adapted to the extended use which afterwards befel them. It is curious, however, and highly instructive, to note the fecundity of consequences which a single principle, artistically treated, may exhibit. The prophet had said (Kooran, chap. ii.) "God hath permitted selling, and forbidden usury. Whosoever returneth to usury they shall be companions of hell fire; they shall continue therein for ever." And he said not much more on the subject. But what is usury? The Arabic word employed means "excess," and is not exactly confined

to the Huneefee Code: from the Futawa Alumgeeree." By Neil B. E. Baillie. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

<sup>17</sup> "The Moohummudan Law of Sale, according

to what we call "interest." An advantage, therefore, to one party, not confronted by a corresponding one to the other, is usury; and this definition, together with the practical precautions against breaches of the principle which have acquired the effect of law, carry the doctrine into the commonest transactions of life. Where the goods to be exchanged are, on both sides, of kinds to be measured, or similarly both to be weighed, they must be mutually delivered at the time of the bargain, or one party gains an advantage in the delay, and that is usury. Goods of the same kind must be exactly equal in weight or measure, difference of quality notwithstanding, or there is usury here also. Again the objects of sale are divided into two classes—those which are composed of similar constituent parts, and those of dissimilar parts. Corn is of the first kind, a horse of the second. The first class do not require specification; and the real object of sale, where they are concerned, is only an obligation, until the article intended to be sold is separated, designated, and delivered. The second class infer specification in the act of sale. The objects of sale are thus divided into obligations and things, subject, however, to further subdivision, and some important uses of the doctrine. Moreover, "price" is not confined, as with us, to the expression of value in terms of money. Generally speaking, the function of price may be sustained by anything of the class which is distinguished by dissimilarity of parts; all other matters are objects of sale, whatever may be opposed to them. Now, a stipulation to delay the delivery of the object of sale would be illegal and would vitiate the transaction; but a like delay in the delivery of the price is lawful. But again, credit cannot be opposed to credit; both the things exchanged cannot remain after the bargain with their original owners—one of them at least must be delivered forthwith; time bargains are unlawful. To all this, and much more, is to be added the doctrine of options, of cancellation for defects, of various kinds of loans, &c. &c., for the bare mention of which we cannot now find space.

This system of law, we have said, was that of the Mussulman governments in India; and it seems to have supplanted almost entirely, in many parts of that country, whatever of Hindoo law might previously have been in force. It is true that here, as elsewhere, men were ingenious in devising formal escapes from express but distasteful laws; it is also true that some Hindoo usages, such as credit and usury, survived all invasion; but these mitigations of the rigour of the system only increased its intricacy and confusion; and when we take into account the evident

unfitness of it to the requirements of the active and extended commerce in which some classes of Hindoos and other natives engaged, and also remember that India never possessed a system of judicature exempt from the corruptions of some classes and the violence of others, we can easily conceive the pressure of necessity under which the British authorities first attempted to make laws, and to establish courts in India, and the eagerness with which the people would avail themselves of any new chance of justice. How far the attempt has succeeded, or, if not successful, has been honestly, diligently, and judiciously made, are questions to be discussed elsewhere.

We cannot take leave of this book without saying that it supplies an exceedingly interesting chapter in the general history of law, as well as some important materials, for judging of the condition of India, and of some of the reforms which that country requires.

Of Mr. Baillie's other book<sup>18</sup> we need only say that, drawn from the same original sources, and its topics expounded with equal care, it is of great value to all who have occasion to investigate the fiscal system of India. It does with lawyer-like precision for the Moohummudan part of the land-tax question of India, what the book of Lieut.-Gen. Briggs did, in 1830, for all the different parts of the subject, but more especially for the Hindoo, with a wider historical range, and therefore, with less of minute exactness. The word "system" is, indeed, hardly applicable to the facts. The form of government at once the oldest, and, before the Moohummudan times, the most prevalent, seems to have been that in which every village was a separate little commonwealth, with its own officers, its lands being held by the families who originally constituted the community. The government which ruled over all, was little more than that of him who, from prescription, sanctity, or the strong hand, was able to exact the accustomed tribute. For this tribute each village—that is, each sub-republic,—was answerable as a body; and the burden was shared internally by their own arrangements—a matter not difficult where much else was held or done in common. Upon this system the Mussulmans superinduced theirs, which laid a light tax on lands held by the faithful, a heavier one on those held by others; and grants of the government revenue were often made to individuals both by way of payment for services, and of royal favour. Moreover the

<sup>18</sup> "The Land Tax of India, according to the Moohummudan Law." Translated from the Futawa Alumgeera, by Neil B.E. Baillie. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

technical spirit of the Moohummudan judicial authorities spared not this branch of law. Room, however, was left for the Hindoo usage of succession to operate, by which the lands of a deceased parent were often held in common by the family; and thus rights, which had no previous existence, became colourable in the eyes of the foreign rulers, who cared little for the name which stood as that of the holder of the land, or for any persons holding along with or under him, so long as the revenue was paid. When all these different matters were brought into Mussulman courts, novelties were confirmed, and the old orders of things were succeeded by another full of complications arising from their junction. This, however, was not a process uniform all over India; but more of Moohummudan was introduced, or more of Hindoo remained, according to the greater or less extent or strength of the foreign rule, or to the greater or less desirableness to the people of some authoritative law, however imperfect or unwelcome. Nor is it quite certain that the original Hindoo basis, although generally prevalent, was everywhere to be found, or was everywhere exactly alike.

A condition thus darkened by diversity, seems also full of doubt and practical difficulties, when we tacitly assume, as we almost always do, that India is one country, instead of being only a single name for a group of countries; and if we further assume that we are bound by the feelings of the people to conform to historic precedents in any fiscal arrangements, we may devise. The search, however, on these grounds, for some single system applicable to all India alike, seems to have failed equally in the hands of archæologists and of revenue officers.

Mr. Cameron,<sup>19</sup> with every title to attention on the higher class of Indian subjects, has laid his views before parliament and the public in a form which admits much more of argument and illustration than the petition which he addressed to the legislature. His object is to enforce the good policy as well as the justice of employing qualified natives in the superior offices of our Indian government, and to urge the extension of education in our Eastern empire. He deduces from the experience of the Romans the safety and wisdom of admitting the subject races to share in our power; he advocates encouragement to the use of the English language as a means of enlightenment, as well as of government; he desires the establishment of universities in

India, competent to confer degrees; and he presses on the government, measures for inducing the resort of natives to England, for the completion of their education. He exposes the conduct of the Court of Directors in evading the admission of Dr. Chuckerbutty to the covenanted service of the East India Company, when the claims of that highly educated Hindoo medical gentleman were pressed on them by Sir Edward Ryan and himself,—conduct which we take to be a good deal more skilful than wise. Whoever takes an interest in the present Indian question, ought to read this book, the result of twelve years' experience in offices which require the most careful examination of the character of the people, and the condition of society in our Indian empire. We will only add, that amongst the circumstances required to make book-education effectual, or even prevalent, we do not observe that this able and philosophic author adverts to the industrial elevation and reforms, which in this, as well as other views, India so urgently requires.

We have before us other books and pamphlets on India, for which we cannot at present afford space proportionate to the importance of their subjects. Since, however, India to be effectually reformed, must be a matter of perennial interest, and continually renewed investigation, we have less difficulty in postponing each of them, until its subject comes under due examination. Meanwhile, we may give a few words to some of them.

Mr. Irving's "Theory and Practice of Caste"<sup>20</sup> is a small book, well worth reading. We are somewhat surprised that both Mr. Cameron and he should attribute the apparent immobility of Hindooism (more apparent, indeed, than real) so exclusively to caste, and leave out of account the influence of the village system, with its endowed artizans, and the consequent comparative isolation of the village—that is, of nine-tenths of India.

The pamphlet of Mr. Bruce Norton<sup>21</sup> has attracted much attention from the newspaper press, and has been thought by a cabinet minister to require an answer in parliament. Although it is open to the objection of being an *ex parte* collection of extreme cases of judicial blundering and incompetency, rather than a fair exposition of average facts, and although it points pretty plainly to the very undesirable operation of flooding southern India from the over-full reservoirs of Westminster Hall, yet the good service it has done, on the whole, is plainly marked in the

<sup>19</sup> "An Address to Parliament on the Duties of Great Britain to India, in respect to the Education of the Natives and their Official Employment." By Charles Hay Cameron, late Fourth Member of the Council of India, &c. &c. Longmans. 1853.

<sup>20</sup> "The Theory and Practice of Caste." By B. A. Irving, Esq., B.A. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

<sup>21</sup> "The Administration of Justice in Southern India." By John Bruce Norton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Madras: Pharoah and Co. 1853.



present discussion. In connexion with this, we may notice another pamphlet<sup>22</sup> on the judicial affairs of India; this relates to the presidency of Bombay. Its author, Nowrozjee Furdoonjee, is a resident of that city, and produced his book under the encouragement of the Native Association there, by whom it is circulated in England, as well as Mr. Norton's pamphlet, to serve as an expression of their own views. This Parsee author writes good English, and takes, on the whole, so sensible a view of the subject, as to encourage a belief that the people of India are progressing towards a knowledge of their own affairs.

The political morality of the Western presidency is curiously illustrated by the proceedings relative to Baroda, condensedly narrated from the blue books.<sup>23</sup> The story of the widow Joitabae and her persecutions is amongst the most remarkable illustrations of modern native Indian life, and is not one the least discreditable to the British government. The whole is an exceedingly interesting exhibition of indefatigable and courageous honesty, in the person of Colonel Outram, opposed to the corrupt villany, alternately subtle and audacious, but always bold and clever, of some of the very worst specimens of the Brahmin intriguer. It is rumoured that the government of Bombay have vindicated their manner of dealing with these corruptions so little to the satisfaction of the home authorities, that Baroda has been removed from their control to that of the Governor-General.

### *History and Memoirs.*

The eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece,"<sup>24</sup> and Mr. Burton's fragment of the "History of Scotland,"<sup>25</sup> are the only historical works prominent in the mass of literature published during the last quarter. Goldsmith's philosopher was rather disposed to wonder to his friend, Fum Hoam, that there should be any demand for new books, before those already published have been read. The public, however, can, without fa-

tigue, keep pace with our historians, read each volume that they publish, and, after reading each, find time to spend in whistling for the next. For certainly, whatever may be said of travellers and novelists, it is not the historian "that with superfluous burden loads the day." There is a reason for everything, and one for this thing, therefore, among others. Even a bad history cannot be written otherwise than by the aid of a certain amount of serious and steady toil, which by no means suits the multitude of men who go to press—as they would go to a masked ball—to amuse themselves by the assumption of a new costume, and are disposed rather to make work than to do it for their readers.

Few historians, pledged to a series of volumes, have ever trespassed less upon the patience of the public than Mr. Grote, of whose thoughtful, scholarly, and manly "History of Greece," the last volume but one, carrying affairs on to the death of Philip of Macedon, is now before the world. The publication of this history, consisting of twelve volumes, in which there is no trace of carelessness, in which everywhere a ripe and liberal judgment is seen to have been at work on stores of learning, will have extended over not more than about five years. The style throughout is vigorous and polished, as might be expected in a work that is already ranked among our standard histories.

If Mr. Burton's "History of Scotland" may not also be regarded as a permanent addition to our literature, it may at least be pronounced a very worthy contribution to the literature of the day. It wants nothing that industry and good judgment could furnish—nothing but the gift of life. Mr. Burton does not possess creative power; he cannot reproduce dead facts in living forms, but it is just to add, that there are few who can. This reservation made, we are bound to commend very highly Mr. Burton's history. The subject of it is remarkably well chosen. It embraces a period of sixty years, which not only admits of, but demands, separate treatment, inasmuch as it includes the whole narrative of one of the most important events in the history of Great Britain—the union effected between England and Scotland. After the Revolution and the Vote of Forfeiture, the course of events in Scotland first began to tend towards the consummation of this bargain. At the cost of much trouble and strife it was completed, and at length assured for ever, at the close of the last Jacobite insurrection in 1748. At that date, therefore, Mr. Burton's history comes to a natural end. The history of the union was worth writing well, and it is well written by Mr. Burton, who has studied to good purpose

<sup>22</sup> "On the Civil Administration of the Bombay Presidency." By Nowrozjee Furdoonjee, Fourth Translator and Interpreter to her Majesty's Supreme Court. London: Chapman. 1853.

<sup>23</sup> "Baroda and Bombay: their Political Morality. A Narrative drawn from the Papers laid before Parliament in relation to the removal of Lieut-Col. Outram from the office of Resident at the Court of the Guckwar." By John Chapman. London: Chapman. 1853.

<sup>24</sup> "History of Greece." By George Grote, Esq. Vol. XI. Murray.

<sup>25</sup> "History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection." By John Hill Burton. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

contemporary books, and tracts, and manuscripts, has had access to old family chests, and has spared no pains over his undertaking. He writes well, also; the absence of creative genius does by no means, in this case, imply dullness. His style is correct, careful, and free from every kind of affectation or impertinence. A few words of Scottish flavour, such, for instance, as "dubiety," rather improve than mar the general effect; the book deals with a period that abounds in interesting incidents, and Mr. Burton, who can maintain the gravity of history without being either tedious or pedantic, will satisfy all sober readers, and add very considerably to his reputation. We should note, also, concerning these volumes, that, as they treat of the years immediately following the ruin of the Roman Church north of the Tweed, they include the first and most important portion of the modern ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The ability with which the chapters upon church affairs are written, is not the least striking feature of Mr. Burton's very valuable work.

This, perhaps, is the most convenient place in which to record the publication of the fourth volume of Colonel Mure's "History of the Greek Language and Literature,"<sup>28</sup> which maintains its sterling character; and as even a summary, supplied by so good a historian of Roman affairs as Mr. Merivale, ought not to be omitted from our chronicle, we call the attention of all teachers to the short "History of the last Century of the Roman Commonwealth,"<sup>29</sup> lately published by that very able scholar.

From history we pass to the materials of which historians hereafter will make use. This stuff *pour servir* is now being rather abundantly supplied, and commonly appears in somewhat bulky volumes, which are not books, but the material for books, or are books only in the sense of being printed, bound, and lettered. The time has now arrived in which it is constantly happening that delicate obstacles have crumbled away, and left room for the appearance of the letters, diary, or memoirs of some member or other of the last or penultimate generation, whose letters, diary, or memoirs, ought to be published. The historical value of such publications is unquestionable, and their value is often the greater the more crudely they are issued, that is to say, the less they are cooked for publication. The reading of such books belongs to the unwelcome duties of life which,

of course, have to be performed. They hold in literature a place like that held in society by family bores, who cannot be denied a corner to themselves as often as they call, to whom we look as the chief sources of information about the deeds of our relations, but whose morsels of information commonly float in a thin, flavourless medium of waste talk. We are, in these days, too busy for the composition of long diaries or letters; but at the end of the last century, and the beginning of this, men seem to have taken a malicious pleasure in preparing doses of this nature for posterity. The English have rarely a talent for agreeable chat; Mr. Pepys and Horace Walpole were the only men among us who could ever chronicle small beer with any spirit. Upon such ground the French put us to utter shame. Moreover, it is unhappily the fact, that there has scarcely been a period of which the minute details were more profitless and stupid than that of which we are now inheriting the legacy of papers.

The "Memorials of Fox,"<sup>30</sup>—more than worth the duty (of attention) to which these inheritances always make us liable—come to us, after having been for some time bungled over by Lord Holland, then, for a week, actively edited by Lord Holland's secretary, who leaves most evidence of work behind him, and finally arranged for the press by Lord John Russell, of whom it was predicted from the first, that in the end he would be the man to send them to the printers. Everything left by Fox will be of use to future historians, and ought to be read by all who, in our own day, desire to acquire just views of recent history and of the actors in it. As books, and judged by their inherent merits, however, very little can be said for the readable quality of these first two volumes of memorials; the interest, it is said, will be much greater in the volumes that are presently to follow. Since we have said so much of memoirs generally, we may content ourselves now with simply recording the appearance of Lord Londonderry's "Castlereagh Papers,"<sup>31</sup> badly edited, and of the last two volumes of the "Grenville Papers,"<sup>32</sup> which last form really an important key to the knowledge of the times to which they refer, and are edited with more than the amount of ability usually

<sup>28</sup> "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Bentley.

<sup>29</sup> "The Dispatches of the late Viscount Castlereagh." Third and last Series. Edited by the Marquess of Londonderry. 4 vols. Murray.

<sup>30</sup> "Diary of George Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury; together with his Private and Public Correspondence." Edited, with Notes, by William J. Smith. 2 vols. Murray.

<sup>28</sup> "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece." By Colonel Mure. Vol. IV. Longman and Co.

<sup>29</sup> "The Fall of the Roman Republic: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth." By the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D. Longman and Co.

expended on such tasks. But by far the best editor who has been at work lately, in this department of literature, is Lord Mahon, who has, during the past quarter, completed his edition of the "Letters and Works of Chesterfield."<sup>21</sup> Lord Chesterfield occupies a place of his own in our language—a curious but safe one—as a standard author, and Lord Mahon has taken care to carry out his undertaking so as to produce what will be regarded always as the one perfect edition of his works.

### Biography.

We pass by the two volumes of "Moore's Life and Letters,"<sup>22</sup> which are noticed elsewhere in this number, and take up the "Autobiography of Captain Chesterton,"<sup>23</sup> the thoroughly respected governor of Coldbathfields House of Correction, who has compressed into two volumes the narrative of a remarkably eventful life. Though autobiography, it is not self-praise. Captain Chesterton has been quite unused

"to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers,"

and is not disposed to entertain a maggot of his own. His book is natural and healthy. As a boy, he joined the army in Belgium, after Waterloo; he served in Belgium, and elsewhere; was with the English army before Quebec and New Orleans; suffered half-pay, after a reduction of the artillery force; and under the directions of General English, joined the patriots in South America; suffered famine, fever, capture, and imprisonment; was released, and came to England, where he laboured to begin the world again, acting as teacher, and as writer in a country paper, ready to do anything that was honest for his own support. He was preparing to take holy orders when, a quarter of a century ago, he became governor of Coldbathfields. In that position he has met with some, not the least interesting, of his experiences; and now, in a natural and genial way, because he has a tale to tell, he tells it. The book is not remarkable for literary merit, for Captain Chesterton has, of course, spent more time in the world than in the closet;

<sup>21</sup> "The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, now first published from the original MSS." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord Mahon. Fifth and concluding volume. Bentley.

<sup>22</sup> "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co.

<sup>23</sup> "Peace, War, and Adventure: an Autobiographical Memoir of G. L. Chesterton," &c. &c. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

but as the entertaining story of a life of action, told with perfect frankness, and as an autobiography untinged by conceit, such as a man in his own lifetime may never be ashamed to see in a friend's hand, the book may be very honestly commended.

Higher literary rank must be assigned to another book, having an autobiographic form, the English work of an Italian author, whose family stands firm in the respect of his compatriots. It is called "Lorenzo Benoni,"<sup>24</sup> and consists of a chain of passages in the life of an Italian painfully characteristic of the state of Italy under despotic rule. The book might be classed, at the reader's will, as history, biography, or fiction. The events lead up to the year 1832, and to the violent suppression in that year of a conspiracy among Italian patriots, of which the central agents, prompted from Marseilles, were resident in Genoa. Of those prime agents the author of the book was one. The correspondent at Marseilles, a young man named in the book Fantasio, banished from Genoa at an early stage of the proceedings, we can reveal no secret in identifying with M. Mazzini. The assumed name of the writer, Benoni, is of obvious significance. Lorenzo is a name also connected by the poets, more than once, with thoughts of sorrow. So far the book is genuine; it is genuine also in the pictures that it gives of school-life under the priests, and of university life, in which both priests and spies made it their labour to keep down the students; of whom, as they were young and generous, it was thought that they were very likely to be hostile to the government. So far, the book is characterized by the fidelity of history; to a very great extent, also, it contains the true story of the writer's life in youth and early manhood. But as he was pledged to no particular disclosures, he has written of himself only so much as he pleased, and has assumed the right of representing his Italian as placed under any circumstances that he thought advisable. Thus he has used an artist's liberty in so presenting his account of school-life, that the plots and passions of a set of schoolboys shall be made to represent, upon a tiny stage, the greater scenes of political contest that have for some years past had Europe for their theatre. This part of the subject is worked out with a nicety and delicacy of touch, with a grave playfulness that wins the reader's heart. As the narrative goes on, the refined taste of the writer becomes more and more apparent. He deals in none of the loud patriotism,—honest, but coarse,—with which

<sup>24</sup> "Lorenzo Benoni: Passages in the Life of an Italian." Constable and Co.

we are familiar, makes no strain after startling revelations. "Lorenzo Benoni" is the work of a man of genius and deep feeling, who has been struck not only through his country, but through his home; who speaks in the quiet tone which strong minds commonly acquire when they have been chastened with affliction, and their strength enables them to keep their passions down. The author speaks out of a sad heart in a cheerful tone. His English, we should add, is not merely good, but individual,—no slight recommendation to a book, when the best table of contents will not secure any continuance of attention to a volume badly written; and, as Goldoni has made one of his clowns tell us, sometimes a good tongue fetches more than a good head, (*qualche volte una bona lingua val più di una bona testa.*)

Without inquiring too closely whether it ought not to be reckoned among works of fiction, we may, in this place, announce the publication of the first volume of the collected works of De Quincey, the English opium eater. The volume consists of Autobiographic Sketches—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*: chiefly, we suspect *Dichtung*—and contains the work of a fine mind, a little marred by want of discipline, a little too self-occupied. The republication of these works in America has by a few months preceded the appearance of the English reprint.

Models of writing, if not of biography, Mr. Thackeray's admirably polished "Lectures on the English Humourists,"<sup>33</sup> having become familiar to the ears of the English and Americans, are now "subjected to their faithful eyes," and will, we believe, make good the Horatian maxim by exciting in their present form a more emphatic admiration. Whatever differences of opinion may arise between the writer and the reader out of Mr. Thackeray's views concerning Addison, or Steele, or Sterne, or Swift, there is no man of taste who will not recognise in these sketches a master's touch, the work of a true humourist, and of a man accomplished in his art. Notes, of which the matter is well chosen, are appended to the Lectures, illustrative of the text, and calculated to be very useful to the great majority of readers.

#### *Geography and Travels.*

To pure geography a very useful contribution has been made by Mr. Findlay,<sup>34</sup> whose

<sup>33</sup> "Lectures on the English Humourists." By W. M. Thackeray, Esq. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

<sup>34</sup> "A Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography. Comprised in Fifty-four Maps, &c. &c. By Alexander G. Findlay. Tegg and Co.

Comparative Atlas will be of great service to all who think it worth while to identify the world of to-day, so far as it can be identified at all, with the world known to the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Findlay has evidently been at much pains, in some particulars, to make this identification accurate; and he has added to his maps a couple of Indices, by one of which the ancient name of any modern place, and by the other of which, the modern name of any ancient place may be at once discovered. There are separate maps of ancient Rome and Athens, and of the chief modern sections of the globe, except Australia.

The traveller among us who, during the last quarter, has in a published book of travel contributed most immediately to the wants of the geographer, is Mr Galton.<sup>35</sup> Others, of course, who have not written books, have been discovering. We mean only to distinguish Mr. Galton's from the other travel books of the quarter, by right of the fact that he describes a journey over land hitherto unvisited, in the now popular field of exploration, Southern Africa. His journey was from the western coast inland towards the great lake: his discoveries on such a track were of course not very important; they do little more than leave it to be said of a certain line of soil that an Englishman has traversed it. Mr. Galton's book, however, describes tribes, customs, animals, and scenery very effectively, has illustrations, and is altogether well worth reading.

Mr. Brodie Cruickshank,<sup>36</sup> the author of a recent book upon another corner of the great African continent—the neighbourhood of Cape Coast Castle—is qualified as an informant by a residence upon the spot during eighteen years, which certainly he did not spend in sleeping. From his book we get a fuller and better account of the Fantees than we had before, with, of course, an authentic and very interesting chapter about L. E. L. In another quarter of the world a Free Trader<sup>37</sup> claims also the right, which a long residence among a people gives, to be heard about another section of the uncivilized part of the human race—the North American Indians, dwelling about the Oregon territory. His book is short, to the purpose, full of anecdote, and worth the little time it costs to read it. How Mr. Palliser<sup>38</sup> enjoyed the wild sports of the

<sup>35</sup> "The Narrative of an Explorer in South Africa." By Francis Galton. Murray.

<sup>36</sup> "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes, &c." By Brodie Cruickshank, Member of the Legislative Council, Cape Coast Castle. Hurst and Blackett.

<sup>37</sup> "Traits of North American Indian Character." By a Free Trader.

<sup>38</sup> "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser. Murray.

North American prairies, met bears, and was tossed by buffaloes, many a young sportsman will delight to read; but, as a matter of sport, we would counsel nobody to go over the Atlantic for a buffalo, while there is chamois hunting to be had in Europe.

Of the "Chamois Hunting in Bavaria,"<sup>41</sup> Mr. Boner has an account in such a book as we get only now and then, but do get now and then from a keen sportsman. The sport is of the best kind, and Mr. Boner has gone into it body and mind, but he has appreciated—and knows how to make appreciated by his readers—not only the sport, but also the brisk mountain air, the open scenery, the home life of the Bavarian huntsmen, the peasants, and the maids who mind the cattle on a thousand hills, the *Sennerinnen*.

Hunter of game of another kind that is to be found in Bavaria, a frequenter of the studios of Munich,<sup>42</sup> the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt has done justice to a literary education by the publication of a very clever set of sketches, partly contributed at first to "Household Words" and the *Athenæum*, chiefly however, new, under the title of the "Art-Student in Munich." The minute handling of every topic indicates at once in the writer great care and great talent. It is a little too minute to be well adapted for people who are obliged to devour their books by the volume. The work should be bought,—it is worth buying,—and put upon some shelf or table, to be taken up and read, a chapter at a time. Used in that way, it may be made the source of a great deal of pleasure. Like a wine delicately flavoured, it should be tasted slowly, glass by glass, not taken by the tumbler. Another account of German life, by Mr. Loring Brace,<sup>43</sup> being a simultaneous publication in London of a work issued in America, will be found elsewhere noticed.

Miss Martineau's ink having had time to dry, Dr. Forbes<sup>44</sup> has now written his account of a "Tour in Ireland." He reports a good opinion both of Ireland and of the Irish—writes the details of his journey with much good sense and good-humour, interspersing his account with statistical matter born in this or that blue book, of which he has sipped the sweets. Englishmen are said to be found travelling everywhere, and certainly there are volumes issued in every quarter of

the year by our countrymen containing accounts of journeyings in almost every quarter of the globe. We select only a few for mention, and are glad to close our present list of writings by the English travellers, with a "Journey round the World," by a German, M. Gerstäcker,<sup>45</sup> written in English; a ramble, as random and extensive in its nature, and as inconsiderable, as far as regards the information got from it, as any Briton could desire. The book makes pleasant reading, and contains here and there a few facts that are not trite. To those who have read little about travel, we may safely recommend it, but by those who have read much it should be handled carefully.

We must content ourselves for the present with announcing the recent publication of Francis and Theresa Pulszky's work,<sup>46</sup> as we intend in a future number to recur to it in an article on the United States. We may now, however, call the attention of our readers to a chapter in the first volume, having no reference to America, and which contains a most interesting account of Madame Kossuth's escape, after many perils, from the bloodhounds of Austria.

### Fiction.

We have little to report about the novelists, who spent their strength at the beginning of the year. The authoress of "Margaret Maitland" maintained her credit towards the end of the first quarter as a skilful sketcher of the Scotch; her "Harry Muir"<sup>47</sup> was a good novel, but somewhat weak. We have since had nothing of any great note. "Cyrilla"<sup>48</sup> was a failure, for which the authoress of the "Initials" must consider herself indebted in one good novel to the English public. She can easily write one, if she will only give us German character in a story of German life, as she sees it in her adopted home, not as she reads of it in German novels. Germans are no more able to write novels than the English to write diaries. A novel like "Cyrilla," with the interest all centered on a case of bigamy, and at the end of which, the villain in a

<sup>41</sup> "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria." By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall.

<sup>42</sup> "An Art-Student in Munich." By Anna Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

<sup>43</sup> "Home Life in Germany." By Charles Loring Brace. 2 vols. Bentley.

<sup>44</sup> "Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1862." By John Forbes, M.D. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

<sup>45</sup> "Narrative of a Journey round the World, &c." By F. Gerstäcker. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

<sup>46</sup> "White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States during the visit of their Guest." By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. 3 vols. Trübner and Co.

<sup>47</sup> "Harry Muir." By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." 3 vols. 2nd edition. Hurst and Blackett.

<sup>48</sup> "Cyrilla." By the Author of "The Initials." 3 vols. Bentley.

prisoner's van, meets the hero and heroine in a hearse—a story full of swooning, sudden death, clairvoyance, and duelling, is a good German novel, but of a kind that should be written in the German language, and confined to German readers.

Though they had been for some time before the public, we may notice here the recent reprint from *Fraser's Magazine* of two clever novels, Mr. Kingsley's "Hypatia,"<sup>100</sup> eccentric but full of genius, and Mr. Melville's "Digby Grand,"<sup>101</sup> a novel of the military dashing school, remarkable among its kind for being written throughout with good taste and genuine ability.

While we write, the authoress of "Mary Barton" and "Ruth," is issuing in a complete form the "Cranford Papers,"<sup>102</sup> which have appeared lately, from time to time, in "Household Words." We are not sure whether they may not be considered her *chef-d'œuvre*. It is such a series as no male creature could have written,—only a woman of genius, quick of wit, and not less quick of feeling. It is cleverer than the "Our Village" of Miss Mitford, though less simple and rustic in its tone, having, in fact, charms of another character.

### Poetry.

The poets during the past quarter have sung little, at least audibly. Mr Edwin Arnold<sup>103</sup> has obtained some well-merited attention by writing verses, though an Oxford prize poet, of more than average merit. He is the Oxford poet of the day, vastly superior in poetical ability to his master in poetry, the Oxford professor, if we may judge of the latter by his Installation Ode, lately recited. A volume of posthumous verses by a gentleman whose name is hallowed by poetical associations—Mr. Quillinan<sup>104</sup>—has been published, and deserves a line of quiet praise. Mr. Quillinan's translation of the first five (and best) books of the *Lusiad* of Camoens,<sup>105</sup> though it was to have had more polishing,

does justice to his taste and skill. Goethe's lyrical poems also have found a translator in Mr. Edgar Bowring,<sup>106</sup> who translated formerly the minor poems of Schiller. If English readers who will have translated lyrics only set out with a distinct understanding that such things admit not oftener than about once in a thousand cases of anything like real translation, there can be no harm in their taking out of Mr. Edgar Bowring's volume the little idea that they can get of Goethe as a lyric poet;—it is next to none, and sometimes worse than none, but it is all that can be given. Such translations will be had, and perhaps should be had, and it is well that there are translators who will work at them so conscientiously as Mr. Bowring, who has encountered difficulties such as only those who have tried to satisfy themselves with work of their own in the same kind can properly appreciate. We only desire that all who read his or any other translation of lyrics, would bear always in mind, that lyric poems are not composed of words only. The genius of lyric poetry differs so much in different countries, that separate senses themselves are not more distinct, and it is nearly as easy to represent sight by sound, as to represent one of Goethe's delicately-constructed lyrics by any pattern of corresponding words, for which its measure can be taken by the most dexterous and practised of translators. Perhaps an Englishman would like to see Tennyson's "In Memoriam" translated into French or Dutch? If he would not, let him understand, that to turn fairly the best of Goethe's minor poems into any language but his own, is a task still more difficult.

Mr. Otto Wenckstern attaches his name to a little volume of the wisdom of Goethe,<sup>107</sup> consisting of shrewd sayings, collected, not from his works, in which he speaks as an artist through fictitious characters, but from letters and other writings, in which he is speaking his own mind without reserve. The idea was a happy one; the selection has been made with judgment; and although Mr. Wenckstern's English is not of the pithiest, the little book is on the whole so good, that it ought to be remarkably successful.

<sup>100</sup> "Hypatia." By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, jun. J. W. Parker and Son.

<sup>101</sup> "Captain Digby Grand: an Autobiography." By G. J. Whyte Melville. 2 vols. Parker and Son.

<sup>102</sup> "Cranford." By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. Republished from "Household Words." Chapman and Hall.

<sup>103</sup> "Poems: Narrative and Lyrical." By Edwin Arnold, of University College. Oxford: Macpherson.

<sup>104</sup> "Poems." By Edward Quillinan. With a Memoir by William Johnston. Moxon.

<sup>105</sup> "Camoens' *Lusiad*." Translated by Edward Quillinan. With Notes by John Adamson. Moxon.

<sup>106</sup> "The Poems of Goethe; translated in the Original Metres. With a Sketch of Goethe's Life." By Edgar Alfred Bowring. Parker and Son.

<sup>107</sup> "The Wisdom of Goethe, selected from his Writings." By Otto Wenckstern. Parker and Son.

## ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

*Theology.*

WE have often thought that there must be something in the calm self-possession of a liberal, well-informed man of the world, which irritates those who assume to themselves the peculiar title of "the religious." Is it envy, or hatred, or what form of uncharitableness that gives to the denunciatory language of the Rev. W. G. Schauffer,<sup>1</sup> missionary at Constantinople, such zest and pungency? His utmost fierceness is devoted to a form of worldliness, whose contempt he seems especially to resent, yet whose opinion he so much dreads that, in self-defence, he must defy and curse it,—the worldly wickedness of those who presume to doubt what his party believes to be the sacred, infallible truth. He is to meditate upon the last days of Jesus, and we prepare to follow his thoughts, certain to find in discourses delivered in the East, something of that assistance which our occidental imagination needs, in order to comprehend with more just sympathy, the most interesting and striking story ever written. No matter for the difference of opinion; we should rejoice to learn from any writer sufficiently familiar with oriental experiences, and informed with the oriental spirit, to reproduce the real life in Palestine of one who so lived and died as did the Founder of the Christian church. The reader perceives that we have suffered disappointment. With the graceful, human interest of description of works like Abbot's "Corner Stone" still fresh in recollection, we looked for something even closer to the truth, from a writer living almost on the spot.

The "Walk to Emmaus" is the topic of one of the meditations. Cowper wrote a few of his best lines upon that subject, and in the gospel it reads with all the touching effect of a charming episode. Mr. Schauffer dilates upon it thus:

"And the reply of his companion was equally replete with sorrow: O, stop! you break my heart! You know I loved him as much as any of you did; and, ah! I cannot forgive it to our high priests. It was abominable! . . . But you heard, I suppose, of Chuzza's wife, and the rest who went to the sepulchre, and saw angels who said he lived; and of Peter and John? and was not your wife there too?—they all found the grave open,—and, what do you think! Ah! as

to the women,—the other rejoined,—it was dark when they went out . . . or, will you rest your faith upon the testimony of females? After all, we have been mistaken about our pious friend. A good, holy brother he was, and indeed he seems to have thought himself the Messiah,—or we misunderstood him, it may be: mistakes are easy," &c.

English people sometimes talk in that manner, Americans perhaps still more. Who could believe it of the East! A little good taste, such as a few "worldly" lessons might teach him, would form an evident improvement upon the real graphic power which our author, in common with all his countrymen, seems to possess.

The life and writings of the late Professor Edwards<sup>2</sup> exhibit one of the best aspects under which to judge the orthodox, Calvinistic system of ideas. He was essentially a "representative" man. Of gentle and reserved manners, sensitive to the degree of frequent melancholy, refined in taste, and of large benevolence, he was yet ambitious of literary distinction, and having, as he believed, consecrated these characteristics by associating them with religion, he pursued, with exhaustless perseverance, the kind of life to which they naturally led. Such an organization, so trained to puritanism from the commencement, could scarcely have produced any other result. His diffident and pensive temperament would hold him to the creed which his gentle benevolence might be expected to modify; his attention mainly fixing itself upon the merciful and the useful in the system of theology under which he had been brought up. Of an order of mind more critical than philosophical, more judicious than original,—contemplative, didactic, and, in refinement of taste, poetic, Professor Edwards may be regarded as the perfect type of the well-educated, scholarly, gentlemanly believer whom the world more honours than the church.

To persons of the same class, the two volumes before us must be of priceless value. While keeping the vision safely within the limited horizon of a particular faith, they afford play to those instincts of the "natural man," those sympathies with art, those aspirations after knowledge, which puritanism abhors as vanity, and has with so much difficulty admitted to have any interest co-ordinate with the eternal welfare of the soul. The professor was distinguished for his skill in the Hebrew and other oriental languages; he was, moreover, a sound classic, and had

<sup>1</sup> "Meditations on the Last Days of Christ." By W. G. Schauffer, Missionary at Constantinople. Boston: Jewett and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

<sup>2</sup> "Writings of Professor B.B. Edwards. With a Memoir by Edwards A. Park." Boston: Jewett and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co.

familiarized himself with the literature of the Continent. He read with admiration the best English writers; and laboured by example and precept to correct the style of his countrymen, and to diffuse amongst them the taste for liberal studies. He had no horror of Shakspeare, and could display an almost unbounded veneration for Wordsworth. In Calvinistic moments of self-condemnation, he must have considered this universal sympathy his "most easily-besetting sin," for it was the happy characteristic of the man, the real "root that was in him," a germ of too quick vitality to be crushed by any paralyzing faith.

To the ordinary reader it may be painful to witness the want of harmony between sentiment and opinion, between natural and acquired feelings, between the sinner and the conventional man. Mr. Park relates, with astonishing coolness, that at the professor's conversion, "all the waves of divine judgment seemed to be rolling over that cherished youth; and out of the depths was he crying, night and day, and all in vain, for one gleam of peace. Through ten successive days it seemed to him and to others that he would faint under the sad revelations which he had received of his own enmity to God. His constitution broke down almost." "Indeed, he seems never to have altogether recovered the buoyancy of his earlier life." To the last the impression continues of an unharmonized character. It has been trained into an atmosphere to which it cannot grow accustomed.

Compare the healthy tone in which the writer details his European tour, or discourses on education, or poetry, or language, with the following:—"On a review of the year, I find nothing but guilt, abuse of my great Redeemer." "My sins have been great and aggravated the past day. My heart is the seat of all manner of evil. It is a current of deep and dreadful depravity. While taking my exercise this forenoon at the workshop, I did not think of any serious subject. . . ." One example occurs of this decided, methodical character trying to settle the logic of these chaotic experiences: "We need brokenness of spirit, and prostration of soul at the foot of the cross. Perhaps there is no better way to accomplish this than to confess to God *fully* our sins, to call them all by their proper names, to mention them with great *particularity*, and the dearest sin to dwell upon a long time; and then to associate all these sins with the unutterable agonies of the Son of God for the soul's redemption." Here is a hopeless struggle of the two natures, the native and the artificial, indicated in the very mixture of styles. The better the man is, of course the more painful

is the conflict. To call this self-examination were ridiculous: it is rather the sad symptom of contention between the natural development and its early, and, therefore, strong limitation of conventional, dogmatic notions.

We have read with considerable interest the papers on Catholicism in Italy, on Ancient Slavery, on Female Education, and the Study of the Classics. There is an essay upon the limitations of Oxford study, particularly suggestive at the present moment. The memoir is written with considerable ability, and by an enthusiastic admirer. Allowing for the peculiar point of view which governs the entire sentiment of the publication, the life and the writings of Professor Edwards alike deserve attention. Humanity is presented in such works under a form which requires to be better understood before it can be fairly outgrown.

### Natural Science.

Among the many valuable and portly works on the geology of the United States, published in the form of State Reports, the account of the geology of Wisconsin and the neighbouring territories is one of the most welcome and complete.\* A stout, closely-printed quarto, of more than six hundred pages, filled with scientific observations, concerning for the most part unexplored districts, and accompanied by a geological map, embracing a region seven hundred and fifty miles in length, and three hundred and fifty in breadth, including an area of two hundred thousand square miles, is no small contribution to geological science, especially when we find that the work is well done throughout. The accompanying atlas of figures of fossils, &c., is, in many respects, an advance upon American illustrative works. This may be said also of the second volume of the great work upon the organic remains of the older rocks of New York.<sup>4</sup> America may well be proud of these great descriptive treatises, and of the possession of men able and willing to work out the structure of their country with the care and detail which give so much value to their published labours.

### Political and Social Science.

From Judge Thomas L. Smith we have an unpretending school-book<sup>5</sup> of less than four

\* "Report of a Geological Survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota." By David Dale Owen. Philadelphia. 1852.

<sup>4</sup> "Paleontology of New York. Vol. II. By James Hall. Albany. 1852.

<sup>5</sup> "Elements of the Laws; or, Outlines of the



hundred pages, on the "Elements of the Laws" of the United States, or more particularly, perhaps, of his own state of Indiana. Here are clearly and judiciously treated the constitutional powers of the state and federal governments, every branch of civil and criminal law in common use, and the various modes of legal procedure. The book bears a recommendation from the Indiana State Board of Education, addressed to all public schools and teachers. If our readers would relish a contrast, let them take up this book immediately after Mr. Baillie's two volumes on "Mohammedan Law," which we have noticed elsewhere. The eastern system, in the absence of an ever-living source of law, remains haughtily the same in its professed foundations, but practically bent to new necessities of society by formal evasions and novel subtleties, and is covered with interpretations which render it, as far as possible, no easily-intelligible rule of life. The laws of the United States, derived through the English law from an antiquity at least as remote as that of the Mohammedan system, bear the impress of new and continual adaptation to circumstances as they arise. The ever-enduring principles are made, by a sufficient authority, to take new forms of use, as the changes of time require. One consequence of this is a practical utility in the law, of which individuals in oriental communities can rarely avail themselves, and in the absence of which they are fain to bear with injustice as well as they can, or to take refuge in the accidental acuteness of some particular judge. Another consequence is, that law, expressed in the terms and directed to the wants of the day, can easily be made intelligible to the many, instead of being locked up as the science of the few; and so the monstrous absurdity and wrong may be diminished, which render the law practically useless as a rule of life and conduct for the very matters in respect of which it is, backed by all the powers of the state, a rule of penalty and judgment. If English law is not as simple and intelligible as American, it is only because we have suffered the principles of the common heritage to be more vigorously and consistently worked out by our younger co-heirs than by ourselves. Judge Smith's book well deserves adaptation to English purposes; and our law reforms in progress we trust will render any similar compilation here at least, as simple as this is.

**System of Civil and Criminal Laws in Force in the United States, and in the several States of the Union.** By Thomas L. Smith, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambe, and Co. 1853.

Another contrast, but in the opposite direction, is afforded by the respective books of Mr. Cameron and Mr. Gouge.\* The former we have seen, with his lofty philanthropy deducing the good policy of justice from the experience of a thousand years; the latter bluntly and honestly gives us the history of Texas, or rather of its finances, a state which, setting up for itself in 1835, contrived to appropriate the fullest honours of repudiation by 1850, notwithstanding the difficulty presented by its undoubted ability to pay. Texas borrowed money in the days of her distress, on such terms as is common with states and individuals in such circumstances; but, not content with attempting to pay with lands instead of money, she also set up the enormous doctrine that she was bound to pay, not what she had solemnly agreed to pay, but only a sum equivalent to that which she received. The premium she had signed and sealed for as the price of the risk, when money was advanced to her at her utmost need, she treated as a farce; and the men who found her with no more than 35 dollars in her national chest, not only had to forego interest for some years, but are denied the fulfilment of the terms on which they lent the money, while Texas is amply and even boastfully able to pay. Mr. Gouge alleges this to be the worst case of American repudiation which has yet occurred. Mississippi says, however lamely, that her debt was contracted contrary to law; Florida says that she was not of age; Indiana and Michigan allege fraud in the transactions; Arkansas pleads poverty, but not unwillingness, to pay, and with Illinois, gave up to its creditors the public works on which the advances had been spent; Pennsylvania, Maryland, and others, thrown into confusion by the follies of banking, suspended payment indeed, but resumed on the return of ability. But Texas can allege neither illegality, nor minority, nor fraud, nor poverty, nor temporary inability; but repudiates serenely, with prosperity in every quarter of her territory. The real hope of the United States lies, not in the cleverness of politicians like those of Texas, but in the honesty and clear-sightedness of publicists like Mr. Gouge.

We have a fellow spirit with Mr. Gouge in Mr. J. R. Giddings,<sup>†</sup> who has just published a collection of his own speeches in Congress from 1841, when he opposed the injustice of the Florida war, to 1852, when he descanted on the state of parties previous to the late

\* "The Fiscal History of Texas." By Wm. M. Gouge. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co. 1852.

† "Speeches in Congress." By Joshua R. Giddings. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1853.

presidential election. In the course of his career, he reviews the cases of the Amistead negroes, the annexation of Texas, the occupation of Oregon, the Mexican war, and the admission of California; the spirit of the whole may be gathered from these concluding lines:—

“It is uncertain whether I shall again address this body; but one thing I ask—that friends and foes, here and elsewhere, in this and in coming time, shall understand that, whether in public or private, by the wayside or the fireside, in life or death, I oppose, denounce, and repudiate the efforts now put forth to involve the people of the free states in the support of slavery, the slave-trade, and their attendant crimes.”

From Mr. H. C. Carey<sup>a</sup> we have a book founded on the singular theory that all slavery comes of preventing manufacturers from locating themselves distributively all over the world, alongside the agriculture which maintains them. It follows from this that England is the great cause of slavery. Mr. Carey is evidently an indefatigable reader, and an industrious thinker; but he has evidently reached a position of the utmost absurdity, to which he has forced his way through facts which would have stopped any ordinary man, and from which he can now see human society with none but the falsest effect. His book may some day serve us as a text for a disquisition on kindred topics, and, meanwhile, we commend it to the attention of all collectors of sociological curiosities.

Any opinion of ours on Mrs. Stowe's “Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin” necessarily comes after the verdict which public opinion has already pronounced; yet we should, perhaps, hardly be excused from some notice of the book, however brief. Whoever had acquired a knowledge of American slavery, only moderately correct and extensive, would feel no fear that Mrs. Stowe would not readily adduce authenticated facts enough to justify the moral features of her imaginative creations.—“Uncle Tom's Cabin,” in fact, only presents typical instances of what exists in the common daily life of slavery. That these instances are depicted with the fervour of genius, detracts nothing from their substantial truth. The picture may, indeed, have thus acquired a piquancy which is not easily recognised in the original occurrences by accustomed observers, although it be sufficiently visible in

them by less perverted eyes; but for this effect, revealing what they have little suspected, those of long-abused vision ought to be, of all men, most grateful. Of Mrs. Stowe's theology we have here nothing to say; but with her anthropology we deeply and earnestly agree.

#### *History and Memoirs.*

With two more volumes Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll (who is not to be identified with Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, lately the United States Minister in this country) has completed his “History of the Second War between Great Britain and America.”<sup>b</sup> These volumes embrace the events of the year 1814, and of the first two months of the year 1815, peace having been concluded on the 15th of February of that year. The first of the two volumes is, however, chiefly occupied by a long episode, consisting of the history of French affairs between 1799 and 1844. Three hundred pages about the Bonapartes, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the divorce of Josephine, Napoleon's two abdications, and his death, &c. &c., form rather an unmerciful addition to a history of the last—we trust for ever the last—angry contest between English and Americans. Upon the subject properly in hand, Mr. Ingersoll is qualified to write with some authority, since he was himself actively concerned on the American side in the discussion of the war while it was in progress; but the history of Napoleon is rendered less desirable by the fact that, on account of the total absence of all reference to the authorities on which he finds the statements in his work, unless it should happen that he speaks from personal experience, and so himself becomes a good authority for what he says, Mr. Ingersoll is only trustworthy so long as he is true. We have no doubt at all—we see good reason to believe—that Mr. Ingersoll has taken pains to verify his facts; but the exactitude of history requires that every historian shall tell in what way he has verified them. It is convenient that a historical work should have marginal titles to the successive topics, and a date at the head of every page, also an index at the close; but those are mere aids to the reader, and we will not call them indispensable. References are, however, absolute requirements; they are the vertebral column of a history. It is a grave defect, therefore,

<sup>a</sup> “The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign: why it exists, and how it may be extinguished.” Philadelphia: A. H. rt. London: Sampson Low. 1853.

<sup>b</sup> “The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin: presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded.” London: Clarke, Boston, and Co.; and Bosworth.

<sup>c</sup> “History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain, declared by Act of Congress, the 18th of June, 1812, and concluded by Peace, the 15th of February, 1815.” By Charles J. Ingersoll. Second series, 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

in Mr. Ingersoll's work, that it does not contain a single note or side reference of any kind. We should say, as a matter of justice, that the three hundred pages of French affairs are given for the purpose of developing American views of European progress, and that it is their purpose to dwell especially on the journeying to and fro between America and France of persons or opinions, and to point, in an American way, the moral of the French Consular Republic. From some of the actors in this part of French history, as, for instance from Joseph Bonaparte, Mr. Ingersoll obtained immediate information. Taken rather as a long series of essays than as a history, the volumes will be found both entertaining and instructive. Their evident partisan spirit, and their complete Americanism both of thought and style, cause Mr. Ingersoll's pages, read as essays, to be thoroughly enjoyable, for there is character even in their worst defects. Here is a man writing in earnest, letting his thoughts grow over his book without an inch of pruning. As the strong man flourishes his arm, so our strong writer flourishes his pen, not always with any exact object in view. The excellent American historian, Mr. Bancroft, in his recent "History of the Revolution," has much of the same kind of writing, though his history is good, and well supplied with references. To nice European tastes this may seem very faulty, it may make the British think about stump orators, but the old stump has pith in it.

To what has been already said of Mr. Ingersoll's history, it should be added that the absence of notes, is, to a very great extent, atoned for by the including in the text of references and quotations that might, otherwise, have been placed at the bottom of the page.

A little book, on a historical subject, "The Slavery of Europeans in the Barbary States,"<sup>11</sup> written at first apparently in the form of lectures, has been found worth publishing. It is a neat and careful little compilation, on a subject nearly enough allied to the absorbing topic of negro slavery to be attractive to the great majority of readers at this present date.

It will suffice to call attention to a large and more important publication, in the class of historical papers and memoirs, the collected works of the celebrated Governor of New York, W. H. Seward.<sup>12</sup> These are volumes that require no recommendation to be added to the statement of their title.

<sup>11</sup> "White Slavery in the Barbary States." By Charles Sumner. Boston: Jewett and Co.

<sup>12</sup> "The Works of William H. Seward." 8 vols. New York: Redfield.

A handsome volume, entitled, "A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the city of Boston,"<sup>13</sup> contains a record of the various testimonials of respect offered by the citizens of Boston to the memory of their great statesman, with a description of his last autumn at Marshfield, written in a spirit of affectionate veneration by Professor Felton, and an account of his last illness, death, and funeral. The chief source of interest in this volume to an English reader is the comparison which it suggests between the American mode of showing honour to departed greatness and our own—a comparison not altogether to our advantage.

### *Biography and Travels.*

A biography of considerable interest has appeared in America which, inasmuch as it involves the account of a long residence among the Nestorian Christians, of whom Englishmen have heard from Dr. Layard, may be regarded as a book of travels. It is the memoir of Dr. Grant,<sup>14</sup> whose name has become known throughout Europe, in connexion with the American missions among the remarkable body of the Nestorians, near Mosul. Christians, Mahomedans, and Kurds, spoke of him as "the good doctor." Mr. Layard and M. Botta have both borne hearty testimony to the value of his combined labours as a physician and a missionary. When we say that the record of his life and labours beyond the Tigris, on the banks of which river he now lies in his grave, is written by a surviving associate, we give the best possible guarantee for its earnestness and its fidelity. Written by a missionary, in the strain of open piety natural to his calling, it is a book that has a deeply interesting tale to tell of labours that lay far out of the beaten path—a book in every respect individual and genuine, narrating the life of a man whose memory deserves to be perpetuated.

Another physician, Dr. Thomas,<sup>15</sup> having performed "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land," has made a book about them, and we at once determined him to be a man of genius, on perceiving that he had contrived to tell all that he had to say in a hundred and seventy-four pages duodecimo. We forget how many thousand pages Mr. Buckingham once

<sup>13</sup> "A Memorial of Daniel Webster from the City of Boston." Boston: Little and Brown. 1858.

<sup>14</sup> "Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians." By the Rev. Thomas Laurie, surviving Associate in that Mission. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

<sup>15</sup> "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land." By — Thomas, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

deluged with his printer's ink on the same subject. Dr. Thomas evidently was no book-maker; he would tell what was worth telling, and not tease the world with anything that it had heard before. Unhappily we were disappointed. The author simply publishes his letters home, describing what he saw with a very ordinary pair of eyes, and one of the first facts which satisfied his mind was ocular proof that whales *do* spout water from their blow-holes, and that the "scientific fact" was not a fiction, as he had been told it was. The doctor's account of his journey is so brief and bald, his brevity is such a soul of dulness, that we confess to have sometimes let our attention drop as our eyes journeyed through his pages. Thus we set out from Cairo with his party, upon donkeys, and, having lost attention for a few minutes, were surprised, when we recovered consciousness, to find ourselves riding upon horses through Jerusalem.

Brevity of a more agreeable kind characterizes the quaint and simple records left by the Jesuit missionaries who were practically the first explorers of the Mississippi. The narratives of these men, Father Marquette, Father Hennessin, Father Membré, Father Douay, &c., have been translated and collected by Mr. J. G. Shea into a most valuable and interesting volume,<sup>16</sup> containing a great deal of matter that is now first printed. The narratives are simply illustrated by short biographies of the respective writers, and the whole subject is introduced by a very carefully constructed history of the discovery of the Mississippi river. In this preliminary dissertation, Mr. Shea shows that he has made himself acquainted with the best authorities; his editing throughout is accurate and careful. The interest of the old missionary narratives which form the body of the work fully atones to the general reader for the great dryness of Mr. Shea's own manner of writing. Mr. Shea sets out with the assertion, that "on glancing at a map of America, we are at once struck by the mighty river Mississippi." The dread of a blow so tremendous might induce men never to hurt by a glance the delicacy of a map which has so ready a bully for defender; but Mr. Shea means only to begin well, according to some well-worn form of opening a subject, regardless of the fact that his metaphor, even when taken in his own sense, is inappropriate. The first thing that a person glancing at the map of America might be expected to observe would certainly not be the Mississippi river, but the Isthmus of Panama, the Gulf of Mexico, the lakes, or

Hudson's Bay. Mr. Shea, however, though as a writer he is a very Dry-as-dust, is accurate in his information, and thoroughly possessed with the real interest and importance of his subject. His volume is extremely interesting, and we commend it heartily to the notice of readers on each side of the Atlantic.

Before quitting this subject, we should state that Mr. Adolphus Hart,<sup>17</sup> who had already published a succinct history of the Mississippi valley, from its discovery to the year 1748, has, in a second volume, carried his story on to the year 1817, beyond which date events may be fairly considered as having taken place within the memory of the existing generation. The work is simply and well done, and the two volumes are likely to be useful.

A volume on "Home Life in Germany," by Mr. C. Loring Brace,<sup>18</sup> is the last book connected with geography and travels that demands our present notice. Mr. Brace is well remembered for his experiences in Hungary, and for a little difficulty that took place between himself and the government of Austria. His account of the Germans, as he found them in their homes, is very straightforward and agreeable.

#### *Essays and Poetry.*

The English poet, Barry Cornwall, has republished in America, two volumes of his essays,<sup>19</sup> now first collected from the periodicals of bygone years, and he has added to them some of his always excellent dramatic fragments. He has not travelled to America for want of audience in England. The quiet good humour and refinement of his tales, and the good taste of his criticism upon poetry and poets, make these memorials of the early part of Mr. Procter's literary career most welcome to his countrymen. We are not displeased at being required to send over the way for them to Boston, United States, since it is but fitting that a writer in the English language should feel equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic.

#### *Fiction.*

"The Romance of Student Life Abroad"<sup>20</sup>—

<sup>17</sup> "History of the Valley of the Mississippi." By Adolphus M. Hart. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson, and Co.

<sup>18</sup> "Home Life in Germany." By Charles Loring Brace. New York: Scribner.

<sup>19</sup> "Essays and Tales in Prose." By Barry Cornwall. 2 vols. Boston, U. S.: Ticknor, Reed, and Field.

<sup>20</sup> "Romance of Student Life Abroad." By Richard B. Kimball. Third edition. New York: Putnam and Co.

<sup>16</sup> "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley; with the original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennessin, and Anastase Douay." By John Gilmary Shea. New York: Redfield.

that is to say, of *Medical Student Life in Paris*—by Mr. Kimball, has, we observe, promptly reached a third edition. Its success indicates the decided taste among American readers for romance generally. Mr. Kimball's book contains much good romantic matter, and though it is introduced too much under the old dreary form, of one man or other perpetually committing the sudden and unprovoked assault of telling a story to his neighbour, and though the attempt at a light style has sometimes quite the effect of heaviness, the book is clever, full of as much life and action as will account fairly for its popularity.

The same taste for romance is ably satisfied by Mr. James Hall,<sup>11</sup> a volume of whose "works," entitled, "*Legends of the West*," has recently been issued. Mr. Hall's stories merited the revision and republication they have received. He practised as a lawyer thirty years ago among the settlements of a wilderness along the borders of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Wabash, filled his mind with the true spirit of western legend, and is a first-rate manager of stories that abound in tomahawk and rifle. "*Harpie's Head*," the longest of the stories here collected, is thoroughly American in spirit, full of strength and freshness. We do not mind how often the hero saves the heroine's life: once from a house on fire, of course; once from a rifle; once from a tribe of wild Indians who had just been putting on a coat of extra paint;—we take it all in good faith, and are not repelled even by the old horror with which Mr. Hall starts in the opening of his tale, thus:—"At the close of a pleasant day in the spring of the year 17—, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly winding his way along a narrow road, &c. Our traveller's route," &c. Had we space, we might philosophise upon the fact that American writers, dealing with new forms of things vigorously and freshly, so often trick them out in the most faded bits of cast-off literary costume. They have no need to accept old clothes from Europe, but whether they make use of them or not, they show strong limbs under the most threadbare garment. Literature in America is stirring onward.

"*Marie de Bernière*,"<sup>12</sup> and other tales, are the work of another lover of romance. "*Marie de Bernière*" is a story of New Orleans, all about an old house and secret passages, and

a ghost mystery, solved by the trapping of an artful father confessor with the wax mask of a dead man's face. The story is well told. Mrs. Southworth, under the title of "*Old Neighbourhoods and New Settlements*,"<sup>13</sup> tells tales instinct with womanly moralities, instilling, among others, the duty of obedience in wives, after a fashion that would shock the Bloomerites and gratify St. Paul. She has also a physiological story against stays. "*A Pastor's Wife*"<sup>14</sup> tells, with a force begotten by experience, the sad tale of a minister's life among the "Salem people" in the valley of the Connecticut. Sorrowful was the parson's life, dependent on the voluntary support of those Salem people, and others yet less considerate, who worked the willing horse without mercy, and delighted in revivals, whose women said sensorious things at quilting parties, and who, men and women, would have ground him to dust in the first year, had it not been for the intervention of good Deacon Ely. Referring to a well known book, entitled "*Sunny Side*," this volume is called "*Shady Side*;" it affects no special merit as a piece of writing, but in that respect its faults are merits; it is racy with Americanisms, not put in artistically, but naturally flowing from the author's pen; she writes what she knows, and by a book so genuine as she has thus produced, it is impossible not to be interested.

Mrs. E. F. Ellet, author of a volume called the "*Women of the Revolution*," has published a pleasant book for a parlour shelf or drawing-room table, entitled, "*Nouvelettes of the Musicians*."<sup>15</sup> They are chiefly adaptations from the art novels of Lyser and Rollstab—some are original, all are amusing and informing. Very good engraved portraits of musicians are included in the volume, which forms altogether a collection of light reading that reminds us of the stories of the "*Old Painters*," by the authoress of the "*Log Cabin*."

We suppose we must add to this body of contemporary American fiction one more book as a sign of the times. A work entitled "*Spiritual Vampirism*"<sup>16</sup> sets out with the grave proposition that great men or women are those abounding in Od force, and that

<sup>11</sup> "*Old Neighbourhoods and New Settlements*; or, *Christmas Evening Legends*." By Emma D. K. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: Hart.

<sup>12</sup> "*The Shady Side*; or, *Life in a Country Parsonage*." By a *Pastor's Wife*. Boston: Jewett and Co.

<sup>13</sup> "*Nouvelettes of the Musicians*." By Mrs. E. F. Ellett. New York: Cornish, Lamport, and Co.

<sup>14</sup> "*Spiritual Vampirism: the History of Ethereal Softdown, and her Friends of the 'New Light.'*" By U. W. Webber. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

<sup>11</sup> "*The Works of James Hall. Legends of the West.*" Author's revised edition. New York: Putnam and Co.

<sup>12</sup> "*Marie de Bernière: a Tale of the Crescent City, &c. &c. &c.*" By W. Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

their influence—as that of Mahomet or Mrs. Stowe—is simply a manifestation in others of the Od force that has radiated from themselves. As there are some people who always have a flow of Od force at the service of a friend, so there are others always wanting it, and sponging for it upon their acquaintances. Some of these sponges imbibe so much that they ruin their neighbours. They grow spiritually at the expense of those about them, suck their Od in and throw aside their empty shells, or bodies, out of which the mind has been abstracted. Such people the author denominates Spiritual Vampires, and of one such person, Ethereal Softdown, he proceeds to tell a tale of horrors. The book is no cleverer than might be supposed. A clever man would scarcely have spent ink on such a subject. Nevertheless, there is no lack in it of coarse excitement to the wonder-seeker; and in these days of rapping angels and revolving hats, we have no doubt that it will find a public.

ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.\*

IN presenting our report on the current literature of Germany, it may not be altogether irrelevant to take an occasional glance at the Catalogue of the Leipsig Book Fair, and see in what proportions the various products of the harvest have been yielded. In the first place, the exceedingly well-arranged catalogue itself should not be passed without a word of commendation, for as it is, we believe, an established maxim in æsthetics, that in all works of art the treatment rather than the subject matter, the “how” rather than the “what,” is the chief thing to be considered, if we look at the catalogue from an artistical point of view, and ask not so much what the intellectual viands are, as how they are served up, we shall find much cause for satisfaction.

But, alas! if we look a little closer into the dishes set forth in this tempting order, we shall discover that in many cases they are mere wood and paint.

A considerable proportion of what should be books, wearing the outward forms and semblance of such, are but lifeless bodies of books, with little or no soul in them—for which we can only hope a speedy and decent interment at the trunkmaker’s.

With respect to the proportions in which

they are distributed through the various departments, we find, out of the hundred closely printed pages filled by the titles of the productions of one quarter, twenty-two occupied by that peculiarly German science of school instruction, for which they only of all modern nations have a distinct name, videlicet *pædagogik*, or pedagogy, if we may be permitted to coin so mellifluous a word. About an equal quantity of theology, and works supposed to be serviceable to education, a moderate proportion (about seven pages) of history and its kindred sciences, nine of so-called Belles Lettres, (nearly three-fourths translations,) and the remainder devoted to politics, law, and physical science, periodicals, and miscellaneous works, not susceptible of any exact classification. Of metaphysics and mental philosophy, sometimes supposed to be the staple production of the German press, we find only one page. Sydney Smith said that established churches died of dignity, and perhaps the moribund condition of modern German philosophy may be attributed to a similar cause. Having proposed for its object what is beyond the reach of human faculties, the knowledge of the absolute and unconditional, the explanation of the universal system of things, the great powers employed with such astonishing perseverance, seem likely to lead absolutely to no result, and to end in the bottomless inane. The shallowest psychological method based upon the observation and classification of the facts of consciousness, would have yielded better fruit.

*Theology.*

Turning from the catalogue to the works personally present to us, we take up a volume of substantial appearance, which we find to be a dissertation on the “Epochs of Church History Writing,”<sup>1</sup> and on the writers who have occupied themselves with it, from Eusebius, Evadrius, Philostorgius, &c., down to Neander; and, turning over the table of contents, we see chapters headed—“The Old Catholic mode of viewing History;” “The Old Protestant mode of viewing History;” “The Pragmatic mode of viewing History;” “The Striving after an Objective Mode,” &c. Overcoming some natural shudderings, we then draw a deep breath, and plunge conscientiously in. The word plunge, however, implies a metaphor by no means applicable. It is through no moist element, but through heaps of dry rubbish, that we have to force our way, and soon a sensation like that of being choked

\*The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, and Mr. David Nutt.

<sup>1</sup> “Die Epochen der Kirchlichen Geschichtschreibung.” Von Dr. F. Ch. Baur. Tübingen. 1852.

with chaff, compels us to desist. Our next venture is not much more promising. "A History of the Christian Church," which is but a republication of a rather ponderous article from the "New Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences." This is, indeed, one step less remote from human sympathies, but not much calculated to afford relief. We pass on, therefore, to Professor Gladisch's "Religion and Philosophy,"\* where we find what will detain us a little longer.

Proceeding on the principle, that the conceptions of God and of the universe formed by the great families of nations from their peculiar points of view, are not to be unconditionally rejected, since the nations are to be regarded as the bodies of one planetary system, moving at various distances round the eternal and everlasting sun of truth, but none so distant that no ray can reach them, he attempts to trace their religious, moral, and even political life, from their original ontological theories. In the spiritual development of the Chinese, the fundamental conception was, that as the infinite variety of numbers proceed from unity, the infinite variety of things have proceeded from one being, and as unity contains within itself the contrariety of the even and the uneven, so the one absolute being includes the contrariety of the heavenly and the earthly.

In this theory, as well as in their language and degree of moral culture, he regards the Chinese as having attained only the lowest or childish grade of human progress.

Opposed in some measure to this Chinese solution of the great problem was that of the ancient Bactrians, Medes, and Persians, who conceived the Supreme Being as pure light and vitality, and as absolute goodness and truth; but since in the visible universe, light and darkness, good and evil, incessantly contend with each other, the creation of the world was explained by the partial metamorphosis of the good principle into its opposite, and consequent separation and strife with itself.

Varying as well from the Chinese theory of development, as from the Persian one of metamorphosis, the Hindoos conceived the one absolute existence as a pure abstract unchangeable being or thought, and represented him under the form of the sphere, as best symbolizing perfect unity and indifference; and since from this they could not deduce the creation of the material world, they denied the existence of matter, and declared the

sensuous world to be a mere delusion. The contradiction of this doctrine to the evidence of the senses, produced even among the Hindoos the atomic theory. The ancient Egyptians contrived to reconcile the two. Their conception of the original being, Osiris, was, like that of the Indians, symbolised by the sphere, but they taught that, at the creation, Discord, or Typhon, had separated him into four elements, from which Love, or Isis, by harmonious reunion, and manifold mingling together, continually produced new being, and thus all creation, death and birth, merely consisted in the separation and reunion of the four elements contained in the unity of the original being.

In opposition to all these views, the ancient Israelites maintained an original dualism—an entire separation and antagonism between God and the world; teaching that the latter, also, had existed from the beginning as a dark, formless chaos, in which Jehovah, the infinite pure spirit, had, at the creation, separated the various elements, and called from them the world, and all that it contains.

In all these oriental systems, of which that of the Israelites may be regarded as the crown, the cosmical problem forms the centre of thought, and its solution determines the religious and moral development.

In this lies the fundamental difference between oriental and classical antiquity—that of the Greeks and Romans. Among neither of the latter do we find Bibles, or sacred writings, like those of the Eastern nations, containing a view of the origin and nature of things, from which the peculiar form of their religious and moral life might be deduced. We hear no more of the cosmical problem; but the centre of all interest, and of the entire spiritual development, is henceforth man himself. From this new direction of the mind, classical antiquity became the birth-place of free, perfectly-developed humanity. The original direction of Hellenic thought we find most clearly expressed in the celebrated exhortation of the Delphic oracle, "Know thyself." The religious conceptions of the Romans did not differ essentially from those of the Greeks, any more than the system of morals and of social order that arose out of them. Here, also, humanity itself formed the centre of spiritual interest; the chief difference lay in the fact, that, among the Greeks, more room was left for the play of the imagination, while in Rome the religious ideas were kept under the control of sober and practical understanding. Freedom was the common foundation of both; but while the Greek merged his individual freedom in that of the state, the Roman, to an equal devotion to the com-

\* "Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche." Von Dr. E. Zeller. Stuttgart; Frank. 1852.

† "Die Religion und die Philosophie in Ihrer Weltgeschichtlichen Entwicklung und Stellung zu einander." Von August Gladisch. Breslau. 1852.

monwealth, united a stronger regard to personality. In this recognition of the worth of the individual lies the whole importance of Romanism in History, for, by means of it, the point to which the Roman had attained formed the indispensable step to Christianity. So long, however, as the Christian doctrine was wanting, its predominating self-consciousness tended to evil as well as to good. It produced, indeed, the sacred regard for the family, and for the rights of property, and the manly, lofty self-reliance, so characteristic of the Roman; but, at the same time, the pride and selfishness, which so constantly repel our sympathy. Ultimately, also, it tended to harden the mind against religious reverence, to produce unbelief, and its ordinary companion, superstition, and at last resulted in the most perfect atheism, in which nothing remained but the absolute ego.

In the system of the Israelites, man had only an apparent, not a real personality; for it was the spirit of Jehovah that animated the human form, and, when that left it, the image fell to dust, and the man was destroyed. It was precisely the opposite view to that of the Roman. There, we find the absolute God without any independent value in man; here the absolute man with denial (at last) of all that was divine. In Christianity, these discordances are resolved into perfect harmony; the fundamental idea is the filial relation of man to God, and the Roman principle of personality—the absolute worth of the individual—is even more distinctly called forth, embracing not merely every free citizen of the state, but every human being, without exception.

The second part of Dr. Gladisch's work treats of the history of ancient philosophy, and its relation to the religious conceptions—of the doctrines of Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Anaxagoras—and the completion of the Hellenic philosophy by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. After Plato, no new cosmical theory appeared, but only, under the Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics, repetitions of what had arisen before in the East. The concluding chapter indicates the law of development in the philosophy of the Christian world—from Descartes, to the most recent disciples of the school of Hegel.

#### *History, &c.*

We have lying before us, in various forms, accounts of the judicial proceedings and opinions given on the case of Professor Gervinus; the one called "The Trial of Gervinus,"<sup>a</sup> con-

<sup>a</sup> "Der Process Gervinus, &c." Mitgetheilt von Wilhelm Beseler. 1853.

taining the speeches of the counsel on both sides, as well as a brief, calm, and manly address from the accused, which will not excite less sympathy because it makes no appeal to it. It simply points out the absurdity of a sentence virtually directed against the facts of history, and Providence itself (for the work contains little or nothing of the mere opinions of the writer); a sentence which, where it does not miss its aim, strikes harder than it intends, since it amounts to nothing less than one of banishment from his country, or, what would be still more severe, the renunciation of literary plans irretrievably interwoven with the whole course of his life, and of the noble service of historical truth to which it is devoted.

"Persons and Things since the Restoration and the Monarchy of July,"<sup>b</sup> is a continuation of the series of "Recollections of Paris," by a lady (a Madame Hertz, we believe), whose acquaintance with that capital and its salons dates from five-and-thirty years back. The present volume commences with a striking picture of one of those most lugubrious spectacles which used to be got up at the Court theatre of the Tuileries, a short time before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, when it was considered expedient to announce in the papers that the king had attended a theatrical performance, although he had, in reality, fallen into a state of almost perfect lethargy, and was so constantly overpowered by sleep, that his condition could not always be concealed by any possible contrivance of his attendants. "A formless mass," says our authoress, "scarcely resembling a living organized being, might be seen, pressed into the corner of a carriage, and drawn along rapidly by six horses, but fast asleep amid all the tumult of a Paris street." At these plays, no one but those belonging to the Court, and strangers formally presented by an ambassador, was allowed to occupy a place on the side *estrades*, and all who did enjoy that honour, must previously *have attended the mass of the Holy Ghost*, and retain the full Court costume that they had worn on that occasion. The men appeared in richly-embroidered coats and costly lace ruffles. The Royal Family occupied a place parted off in the centre of the estrade, and persons not belonging to the Court, and who were of inferior rank, were placed in a box covered by lattice-work, through which their plebeian, unplumed heads

<sup>b</sup> "Rechtsgutachten über die wider den Professor G. J. Gervinus erhobene Anklage." Brunswick: Schwetsche und Sohn. 1853.

<sup>c</sup> "Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Juli-königthum, von der Verfasserin der Erinnerungen aus Paris." Berlin: Wilhelm Kerb. 1853.



could not be seen; but they enjoyed, as a compensation, the advantage of a greater freedom of movement than was permitted to the occupants of more distinguished places. The deportment of the Court was cold and stiff to excess. No one ventured on the slightest expression of applause or blame; an "assembly of dressed-up dolls," says the authoress, "might really have afforded a better representation of life. No one so much as whispered to his neighbour; all sat with their eyes immovably fixed upon the stage, and the king slept the whole evening through."

Not the least acceptable chapter is the one containing an account, by M. Bertin de Vaux, of a visit paid by him to Madame de Staël in her exile at Coppet, in which the conversation is reported with almost Boswellian accuracy. He found her reading "Tacitus" with her eldest son (who had just been crowned at the High School of Geneva,) and occasionally romping with the younger, whom she had afterwards the misfortune to lose in a duel in Germany.

Afterwards, as they walked together on the banks of the lake, the conversation turned on the subject to which people's thoughts are naturally drawn when the prospects of the present world darken around them. M. de Vaux had been speaking of his imprisonment under the Directory,—and of the manner in which it had been alleviated and shortened by the good offices of Madame de Staël. He had told her of the various methods of study, &c., by which he had endeavoured to beguile the tedium of his captivity, adding, "I had just then attained to the triumph of my Optimist views;" when she suddenly turned upon him with—

"Pray, Mr. Optimist, do you believe in the migration of our souls to any one of those worlds which are there shining above our heads?"

"Into one of these worlds?" was the reply; "that would be far too little. Into several of them, I hope. We Optimists are unwearied travellers. We mean to rise from sphere to sphere—from progress to progress—from insight to insight, until we attain to rest, or rather, new endowment through eternity."

This produced a rather alarming request for a brief exposition of his system, and led, on the part of the lady, to an eloquent expression of her own hopes and fears on this ever-interesting topic, which we should have been glad to find room for, were it possible for us to give extracts, as well as for the judicious remarks of the authoress on the evil omen afforded for the prospects of the French nation by the almost incredible luxuries of Paris, and the all but universal corruption to which they lead.

In the "Moors in Spain,"<sup>6</sup> as in his former work, Mr. A. L. von Rochau surprises us by the unlikeness of his style of writing to that of his countrymen in general; but the comparison is not always in his favour. He has the merit of conciseness, indeed, and in seeking for the cause of any phenomenon, he does not, as they are wont to do, dig many fathoms too deep to find the root he is in search of. But we miss the lofty, philosophic tranquillity, the imperturbable impartiality, for which German historians are so deservedly distinguished. He seems to throw himself head-long into his subject, and writes of the events of a thousand years ago with the heat and impetuosity of a party pamphleteer. There is no doubt that the cause of the Arabs in Spain, in their struggles with the Christians, was often the better of the two;—that in knowledge and mental culture, in liberality and true humanity, they were in general greatly the superiors of their opponents, but it is easy to see that Mr. von Rochau (witness his treatment of the Cid) is not equally disposed to do justice to the Catholic side in the quarrel, or to appreciate the earnest sincerity of faith that accompanied, and sometimes originated, their fiery intolerance. We should have wished, also, that the subject should have been pursued far enough to trace the injurious consequences to Spain herself, of the injustice and cruelty exercised in the expulsion of the Moors, towards the most industrious and valuable portion of her population.

A small and unpretending volume, called the "Little Book of Emperors,"<sup>7</sup> will probably be acceptable to all who have visited, or are about to visit, the city of Frankfort, and to many others. It is a series of concise biographical sketches of the subjects of the fine historical portraits adorning the hall of the old Römer of the German emperors, from Charlemagne to Francis II., with a general introduction, descriptive of the ceremonies of Election and Coronation. The value of this little work would, however, be much increased by the addition of some information of the sources, coins, monuments, or whatever they may be, from which the portraits in the Römer were taken. Attached to each biography is a rather poorly executed engraving of the portrait of the Emperor in question.

#### Travels.

Dr. Dieterici, the author of "Travelling

<sup>6</sup> "Die Moriscos in Spanien." Von A. L. Rochau. Leipzig: Avenarius und Mendelsohn. 1853.

<sup>7</sup> "Das Kaiser-buchlein: die Kaiserbilder in Frankfurter Römer darstellend." Von J. Seybt. Leipzig: Wigand. 1852.

Pictures from the East,"\* is one of that satisfactory class of travellers who are always prepared to feel in every spot the emotions it is calculated to call forth in all well-regulated minds, and who are not so improvident as to delay furnishing themselves with the proper reflections till the moment when they are wanted, but have them all ready packed in with their luggage, to be drawn forth as occasion may require. He may do so without danger, for they are not at all of an inflammable or explosive nature, but rather of that soothing and soporific quality—and pious, withal—in the strain of a summer afternoon's discourse in a country church. But we doubt whether, out of that privileged locality, they might be found profitable to edification. The days are gone when the mere names of Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids, could arouse the imagination of the reader. So far, indeed, is this from being the case, that a writer, who, in treating such worn topics, can avoid being regarded as a bore, may be considered to have given a decided proof of literary ability, more than has fallen, we fear, to the lot of Herr Wilhelm Gentz, who, in his "Letters from Egypt and Nubia,"\* also favours us with his experiences of Eastern travel. As we generally pass over in a book what it has in common with most other books on the same subject, and direct our attention to what is new and peculiar, we have endeavoured to find some such feature in these letters. If in anything the writer is distinguished from the herd of Frank Nomades, who now every year do the Nile and the Pyramids, it is in the exemplary attention he pays to his personal comforts. In his visit to the Great Pyramid, for instance, he does not trouble us with any historical reflections or archaeological details, but records, that having reached the centre, he sat down and refreshed himself with bread and meat. He then ascended it on the outside, and again refreshed himself with bread and oranges. When half way up, he informs us, the Arabs who had toiled to drag him up, "*molens volens*," applied for their fee, and "I promised to give it when we got to the top, *but did not*." In coming down, one of the Arabs tore his leg open, from top to bottom, with a sharp stone, but, observes the traveller, "he was at bottom glad of it, as it gave him a something to complain of, and enabled him to ask more money." With this characteristic remark, we take a respectful leave of Mr. Wilhelm Gentz.

In the "Wanderings through the North-Eastern and Central Provinces of Spain,"<sup>10</sup> we have an account, on the whole very satisfactory, of the progress made in that country of late, under a comparatively judicious administration. It had been Dr. Wilkomm's intention to commence his Spanish journey by going by sea from Bordeaux to some part of the Cantabrian coast; but no vessel bound for a North Spanish port lay in the Garonne. At Bayonne, though it lies in the direct road between the capitals of France and Spain, there was only one diligence, which made the journey on alternate days; but in the Basque provinces the means of communication, as well as other circumstances indicative of the material and intellectual condition of the people, were in a greatly superior state.

The feudal system has never existed in Biscay; and the Basque peasant is a free proprietor, subject to no other power than the government of the province, and the king of Spain. There are no feudal castles, or romantic ruins, to adorn the landscape; and though you occasionally see a more stately-looking mansion, a *palacio*, it is merely a house belonging to a larger proprietor, and claims no privileges, still less jurisdiction, over its neighbours. The poor man, cultivating his little plot of ground in the sweat of his brow, is just as free and independent, and moreover, just as proud of his ancestors, as his noble neighbour.

The Basque farmer is, like most peasant-proprietors, very industrious. He may be seen toiling in his field, or his garden, from earliest dawn till the sun sinks behind the wooded mountains, and the evening bell calls him to prayer. At this sound he takes of his cap respectfully, murmurs softly his Ave Maria, and then returns again to his merry song and his work, in which he is frequently helped by his wife and his children. The plough is not made use of in Basque husbandry, but in its stead, a sort of fork, three feet long, which is driven perpendicularly into the ground, and which the peasants assert to be far better adapted to their heavy, stony soil, though extremely laborious in the use. The ground is also diligently manured with chalk, sand, ashes, sea-weed, &c., and is extremely productive. The mountain slopes are cultivated to a great height, and corn-fields, vegetables, orchards, and vineyards, succeed one another according to the nature of the soil. Where cultivation is no longer possible, you see grass meadows, woods, or,

\* "Reisebilder aus dem Morgenlande." Von Dr. F. Dieterici. Berlin: Wiegand und Grieben. 1853.

\* "Briefe aus Ägypten und Nubien." Von Wilhelm Gentz. Berlin: Karl Barthol. 1853.

<sup>10</sup> "Wanderungen durch die Nordöstlichen und Centralen Provinzen Spanien." Von Dr. Moritz Wilkomm. Leipzig. 1852.

at least, bushes; and only the highest ridges and summits remain quite bare. Notwithstanding this careful cultivation, however, the population is so numerous, and so great a quantity of corn is consumed, that much is imported from Alava and Old Castile. Not one half of the population is engaged in agriculture, the rest is maintained by trade, fishery, mining, and the transport of goods; and throughout Spain the Basques are found carrying on the hardest and most active trades—those of stonemasons, carpenters, smiths, &c., and they are among the best and boldest sailors.

Few traces of the late war are now to be seen in these provinces. Slender young trees, in luxurious abundance, have replaced the old forests which were then cut down, or burnt, and new, tasteful houses, built in the modern style, in place of those which the war destroyed. Wherever the eye turns it sees the unmistakable signs of prosperity and cheerful industry; by the exertion of which, the wounds left by the war have been so rapidly healed. Whilst all over the rest of Spain the means of communication are so very deficient, Biscay and Guiposcoa are traversed in all directions by well-kept roads, and many new ones are being made. The towns and villages are constantly improving in appearance—new houses are building; bridges being made; public walks being laid out; near the rapid little streams, that rush through the beautiful vallies, rise handsome factories, "from whose tower-like chimneys flutters the smoky banner of civilization;" the mines are worked more and more in accordance with scientific rules; costly public works have been erected on the banks of the river, and on the sea-shore; and a plan is now in contemplation to tunnel beneath the Cantabrian mountains for a navigable canal, to connect the Ebro with the ocean. Throughout the Basque provinces nearly two hundred iron-works, of various kinds, are in operation; and the fine iron suspension-bridge at Bilbao was the work of a great establishment about two miles from the town. Among other differences which agreeably strike the attention of a traveller coming from the naked and inhospitable regions of central Spain, is the security of travelling. Although the mountains offer innumerable convenient hiding-places for gentlemen of that profession, highway robberies are seldom heard of.

From what has been said, it will be readily supposed that the Basque people are among the most instructed of the Spaniards. Whilst in most other districts, schools for the people have only just been established, the Basques have long been in the enjoyment of this advantage. In every village there are schools,

the teachers of which are paid by the commune; and the parents are by law compelled to send their children, which is not the case in any other part of Spain.

The most striking contrast to the pleasing and prosperous condition of the Basque provinces Dr. Wilkomm found in some of the central regions, especially Aragon. The country is barren and thinly peopled, the fields neglected, vines and olives left to take care of themselves, houses and villages filthy, the people lazy and slovenly, seeming to prefer the life of the smuggler or the beggar to any more regular industry. The country abounds in streams, and in metals, alum, salt, and other mineral productions; and in spite of the bad cultivation and careless management, enormous quantities of oil, hemp, &c., and wool are produced. But there are no factories, and the trade of the province is confined to the exportation of the raw materials, and the importation of all the manufactured goods it consumes. The intellectual condition of the Aragonese is on an equally low grade. There are scarcely any village schools, and few even in the large towns. In Saragossa there is a university (of the second order,) but it is little visited; and the commercial school, where mathematics, drawing, and physical science is cultivated, is supported by the *Sociedad economica de amigos del pais*, an association for the encouragement of industry, trade and agriculture. Scarcely any Aragonese of the lower class can read and write; and what little instruction they receive is merely that afforded by the priests in the doctrines and forms of the Catholic church. As a natural consequence, they are so bigoted that it is advisable for a stranger not belonging to that communion to keep his heresy a secret.

Dr. Wilkomm strenuously denies the general charge of slothfulness, which it is common to prefer against the lower class of Spaniards in general. He asserts, on the contrary, that they are often willing to make what, even in our more hard-working part of the world, would be considered as strenuous exertion to obtain employment. On one occasion, for instance, whilst stopping at a little venta, in Valencia, to water his horses, a poor man came up to the trough placed outside in the road, in order to afford the same refreshment to a half-starved looking donkey, which carried, apparently, the entire possessions of the owner—his wife and his children. The party consisted of six, and seemed to have travelled a great distance. The man had been doing harvest-work, and had a scythe over his shoulder; the woman, who carried an infant in her arms, was scarcely able to walk from fatigue, but neither of

them offered to beg. Only a little girl of about five years old, whose naked feet were bleeding from the sharp stones of the road, approached modestly to where Dr. Wilkomm's servant was preparing breakfast, and asked for a bit of bread.

The traveller humanely sent for some loaves and cans of wine for the relief of the wayfarers, and then entered into conversation with the Valencian. They were from Alicante; and in June, after the finishing of the wheat harvest, they had wandered in search of work to Aragon, and thence to Molina. They were now endeavouring to make their way homeward, in order, if possible, to get employment in the vintage. This family, therefore, had not shrunk from undertaking a journey of two hundred miles, in the hottest season, in search of work. This was by no means the only instance of the kind the author met in the course of his journey. In Aragon and New Castile he often met troops of twenty and thirty Valencians who had been doing harvest-work in various parts of Spain. Valencia, it seems, notwithstanding its glorious climate, and the industry of its inhabitants, is not able to find food for them. The land is not divided, as in Biscay, among small peasant proprietors, but is in the hands of a few great nobles. The Dukes of Segorbe and Liria, the Marquises of Denia and Lurbay, and others of the principal grandees of Spain, appear to manage their estates much in the fashion of certain Irish landlords of former days, troubling themselves very little about the means by which the revenues are raised which are to furnish the luxuries of Paris and Madrid. The burdens on the peasantry, in taxes to the crown, and the commune, and the demands of the landlord, are such as nothing but the extraordinary productiveness of the soil, and the diligent use made of it could enable them to support.

Dr. Wilkomm passed by the way of Cuenca to Madrid, which he found much changed since his former visit in 1844, and he thence made excursions in various directions, to the rich silver mines of Hiendelaencina, and by Toledo and Placenta to Salamanca.

Perhaps, in strict justice, we must own that, considering the freshness of much of the ground traversed, and the advantages the author possessed in his previous studies of the Peninsula, we have, notwithstanding the information they contain, been rather disappointed in these volumes; but their want of animation may be perhaps attributable to the melancholy circumstances alluded to in the preface, especially the unexpected death of the lady to whom the author was betrothed.

### Fiction.

In the department of imaginative literature we have little worthy of notice.

The "Peasant War"<sup>11</sup> of Heindrik Conscience, is an "historical picture," not of the great insurrection of the German peasantry in the sixteenth century, generally known by that name, but the struggle of some of the rural population of Belgium (in 1798) to resist the insolent domination of the French Republic in its day of pride; a struggle which, not having been successful, has been forgotten, or misunderstood; and the men who might—had fortune favoured them—have been enthroned in the gratitude and affection of their countrymen—who poured out their blood freely in the cause of national independence, when the cities mostly crouched at the feet of the invader, have gone down to posterity under the title of the brigands, bestowed on them by their enemies. As far as a most intimate acquaintance with the subject, and fervent patriotic zeal, afford qualifications for the treatment of such a theme, the author is eminently qualified, but he is deficient in the dramatic power requisite to give life and reality to the romance. We are aware that he holds among his countrymen the highest rank as a writer of historical novels; but he can have obtained such a reputation only in the absence of some real master in the art. Let him place his personages in ever such harrowing situations, and "pile up the agony" mountains high, we remain cool and unconcerned, for the figures are not of human flesh and blood.

The individual interest is obtained by the story of a French village, in which an idle and dissolute young man—the black sheep of the community—who has been forced to fly to escape the punishment of his offences, returns as an officer of the French Republican army (a man having authority,) commissioned to offer the inhabitants the choice of adopting the new Paris fashions of *Liberté, Fraternité—ou la Mort*, and to deliver them from the yoke of superstition by driving them out of their church, and forcibly shutting it up. Simon, by *sans-culotte* baptism, Simon Brutus, is endowed with an abundant quantity of villainy to furnish the motive power required to drive the hero and heroine through the necessary amount of distress, but is happily converted, at last, with an ease and rapidity almost worthy of the old stage direction, in which the villain, at the end of the act,

<sup>11</sup> "Der Bauern Krieg: Historisches Gemählde aus dem achtzehnten Jahrhundert, aus dem Flämischen." Von Hendrik Conscience. Brussel und Leipsig. 1858.

"leans against the side-screen, and grows virtuous!"

The chief aim of the book seems, like most of the author's previous productions, to foster the spirit of Flemish nationality, a cause in which he has laboured zealously and perseveringly from the commencement of his literary career. But we would rather see the flame of patriotism kept alive among the Belgians by other means than that of cherishing hatred of their French neighbours.

"Sketches from La Vendée and Bretagne"<sup>1</sup> is a collection of well written tales, illustrative of the character, customs, and superstitions of the people of those provinces. Little reliance, of course, can be placed on what we call national character, in treating of a population whose ethnographical constituents are so heterogeneous as those of France; and that of the countries here spoken of appears to have far more affinity with the races of Celtic origin in other parts of Europe, than with those commonly regarded as their countrymen. It is, however, losing its peculiar characteristics. Notwithstanding what Mr. Huber calls the "ploughing, and harrowing, and rolling" of successive revolutions, these districts are still richer in traditionary lore than other European countries, some parts of Germany and Ireland, perhaps, excepted; but the strong faith and simple obedience, the disinterested loyalty which, though sometimes scarcely more than a blind instinct, was still the salt that preserved the mass of old French society from corruption, of these, even among the rural population, scarcely a trace is now left. The sacred fire is extinguished now under the rubbish of private egotism, and it will be long before an altar is erected to a purer worship. The tales here related, of which some are stated to be founded on the "Dernier Paysans," and the "Scènes de la Chouanerie of Emile Souvestre," will, at least help to keep alive its memory. Mr. Huber is the author of the "Sketches in Spain," which, if we mistake not, have been translated, and favourably received.

We hear rumours of a new epic poet in Prussia, lauded by some as "the genius of the age—the creator of a new school of historical poetry." He is the author of a poem called "Leuthen," which has gone rapidly through two editions. Also, it appears, that "itinerant rhapsodists are travelling about the Prussian provinces, endeavouring to awaken a taste for his productions among the people, and especially among the school youth."—Precisely what this may mean we cannot, at present, undertake to determine. We give

<sup>1</sup> "Skizzen aus der Vendée und Bretagne." Berlin: Herz. 1853.

the hearsay as it has reached us, but may, perhaps, be able to offer a solution in our next number—as well as the notice of a work, apparently of considerable interest, "The Life of Professor Paulus of Heidelberg," by Baron von Reuchlin Meldegg, which has reached us too late for the extended notice to which it is entitled, but to which we shall return.

#### ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

WE have not a very numerous list of books to chronicle this quarter. There is one of very unusual value, although it will interest only a small section of our readers, for the sake of whom we briefly indicate the fact of its existence:—It is nothing less than the "Traité de Chimie Anatomique et Physiologique Normale et Pathologique; ou des principes immédiats normaux et morbides." By Drs. Charles Robin and J. Verdeil; a most elaborate work on what is improperly called Organic Chemistry, forming the necessary introduction to the philosophic study of Anatomy. It consists of three very large volumes, accompanied by an atlas of forty-five admirably executed plates. We have only read a portion of this work: enough, however, to convince us that it is composed in the true scientific spirit, and with elaborate minuteness of research. The authors are disciples of Auguste Comte, and carry his general doctrines into detailed application.

There are also two geological works of the highest importance. One is especially interesting to our in-door geologists, being an account of the fossils found in the nummulitic formation of India.<sup>1</sup> It is prepared by Viscount D'Archiac, the most eminent authority on this subject, in conjunction with a young and promising naturalist, M. Jules Haimé. The other is the first volume of M. de Barrande's "Système Silurien de la Bohême,"<sup>2</sup> the labour of years, admirable and truthful throughout. It is not often that geology gains such substantial additions to her literature as these volumes present. In the latter work is the full account of M. de Barrande's

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

<sup>1</sup> "Description des Animaux Fossiles du Groupe Nummulitique de l'Inde." Par Le Vicomte d'Archiac et Jules Haimé. Paris. 1853.

<sup>2</sup> "Système Silurien du Centre de la Bohême." Par Joachim Barrande, Ancien Sous-Precepteur de Monsieur le Comte de Chambord. 1ère Partie Prague et Paris. 1852.

discoveries respecting the metamorphosis of trilobites.

The next work of importance is one by the veteran Augustin Thierry. "Essai sur l'Histoire de la formation et des progrès du Tiers Etat:"—It is a fine subject, worthy of the great and peculiar powers of Thierry: admitting of his patient zeal in research, his immense and minute erudition; and, at the same time, of his peculiar sagacity in detecting the real historic significance of facts. His object has been to gather up into one continuous narrative, the facts which mark the gradual development of the Third Estate through the course of centuries; its obscure origin, and the part it played in political life, slow at first, but gradually culminating until it assumed a rank nearly equal to that of the others. One very common error on this point he dissipates: the error, namely of supposing that the third estate comprised only what is now called the *Bourgeoisie*, a superior class among those who are excluded from the two Estates of Nobility and Clergy. He vindicates the right of the Third Estate to its identification with the whole people, except the two classes Nobility and Clergy; and hence, it is a history of the French People that he is writing, in tracing, during the period from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, a history of the Third Estate. He begins by recounting the extinction of slavery, the fusion of races, and the birth of what is called *Bourgeoisie* in the middle ages. He then introduces us to the Parliaments of the thirteenth century, and the States General in the fourteenth. This conducts him to the reign of Charles V., namely to the point from which French social history commences a course of regular development. From that to the reign of Louis Quatorze, we are made to witness the rise and growing importance of the people in political affairs. A book like this "Essai sur le Tiers Etat," at the same time so learned, so conscientious, and so agreeable to read, is not often to be met with, especially in French history.

The literature of exiles has been less abundant this quarter. Indeed it almost seems as if exiles felt the ineffectual nature of publications which cannot get a hearing in France. M. Schœlcher has produced a serious and impassioned volume, "Le Gouvernement du deux Décembre," forming a continuation and complement to his previous work on the crimes of the government of December. It is full of strange and painful facts, and must one day be referred to as a curious historical testimony. Meanwhile, the interest for such things in England has passed away, and we cannot hope for a very large audience for such a work, except among the exiles.

An agreeable volume of travels by Alexandre Holmski, "La Californie et les Routes Interocéaniques," deserves to be read in spite of the quantities of books already published on California. The author is an old traveller, and of the best sort; one who not only keeps his eyes open, and his mind open, but who also carries with him a fund of serious conviction in favour of liberty and toleration, which these strange modes of life, passing as they do beyond the orbit of ordinary conventions, forcibly illustrate. A more unprejudiced traveller we would not wish to travel with, nor one more capable of rendering the road pleasant, both by his gaiety and his seriousness. It is but a single volume he has given us, and that volume our translators would do well to look at.

Many will be attracted by the title of Jules Janin's new book, "Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique," as we ourselves were attracted; as we may save them considerable disappointment by informing them that the work is no history of dramatic literature at all, but simply a selection from his *feuilletons* in the *Débats* during the last twenty years, connected together—if connexion that can be called which connexion is none, the mere rambling rodomontade of his discursive pen—by remarks partly biographical, partly explanatory. Janin writes so well at times, that, had he confined himself to a simple selection of the best *feuilletons*, and the best passages in his *feuilletons*, he would have produced a work which all the world would have read. But at present his two volumes (and there are two more to come!) are the most undigested, rambling, tantalizing, unreadable volumes, in spite of readable passages, that we could lay our fingers on. They are no history of dramatic literature; they do not profess to be one—the name on the title-page is a mere impertinence, if it be not a snare; for nowhere throughout the work does Janin ever pretend to be writing the history of the drama. There are, indeed, articles on Molière, Marivaux, Mademoiselle Mars, Dubureau, the clown, &c., but no greater claim to history has the book than these!

Alexandre Dumas continues his "Mémoires," which become more amusing as he approaches near our own day. Volumes XIV. and XV. treat of 1830; the revolution in Art and the revolution in politics! His details on the latter are amusing from their pretension. To read him, you would believe that he was the soul of the whole movement; like Coriolanus at Corioli, "alone he did it!" The details respecting Art are more piquant and more credible. *A-propos* of the first night of "Hernani," he tells a story illustrative of partisanship. He says:—

"The one party attacked without having heard, and the other defended without having understood. In that passage where Hernani learns from Ruygomez that Gomez has confided his daughter to Charles V., and Hernani exclaims, '*Vieillard stupide, il l'aime!*' M. Parseval de Grandmaison, who was somewhat deaf, thought he said, '*Viel as de pique, il l'aime!*' (old ace of spades, he loves her!) and in his naive indignation, he could not prevent exclaiming, 'Oh, that's too bad! that's too strong!' 'What is too strong, sir? What is too bad?' asked Lassailly, who was at his left, and who heard what he said, but did not hear what Hernani had said. 'Sir,' replied the Academician, 'I say that it is too bad to call a dignified old man, such as Ruygomez, an old ace of spades.' 'What do you mean by too bad?' 'Oh, you may say what you will, but the expression is indecent on the part of a young man such as Hernani.' 'Sir,' replied Lassailly, 'he had a right to say it—cards were invented at that period,—cards were invented in the reign of Charles VI., Monsieur l'Académicien! If you don't know that, I teach it you now.' He then shouted, Bravo for the old ace of spades! Bravo Victor Hugo!"

Dumas also lets us into the secret of an amusing extravagance. In the "Mysteries of Paris," every one remembers Pipelet, the porter, and the practical jokes played on him. It appears, however, from Dumas, that there was a real Pipelet, and that Eugène Sue was the originator of the practical joking. Dumas relates the story thus:—When he produced his "Henri III.," he also assisted two of his friends in the production of a parody of his piece, and in that parody there was a scene where the hero, in a tender farewell from his servant, sentimentally asks him for a "lock of his hair." This demand was sung to a melody then popular. Two or three days afterwards, Dumas was dining with Eugène Sue and some others, and after dinner, when the champagne corks were flying, and extravagances of all kinds were being uttered, they began to sing the refrain,—

"Portier, je veux,  
De tes cheveux."

Suddenly, Sue and Desmares resolved to dramatize that song—to translate it from the stage into life—and accordingly, they hurried to a house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, the porter of which was named Pipelet, and solemnly asked him "if Pipelet was not his name?" On receiving an affirmative reply, they asked him, in the name of a Polish princess who had fallen in love with him, for a lock of his hair; and they were so pressing in their entreaties, and so serious in their manner, that at last, to rid himself of them, the unfortunate Pipelet consented. From that moment of weakness dated his ruin!

That very evening, three other demands were addressed to him, on the part of a Russian princess, a German baroness, and an Italian marchioness; and every time a demand was made, an invisible chorus sang at the door—

"Portier, je veux  
De tes cheveux."

On the morrow, the joke continued; all Sue's and Dumas' "fast" friends were sent to demand locks of hair from the unfortunate Pipelet, who never opened the door but in an agony of expectation! From that day, the unfortunate Pipelet was a doomed man. Night and day, day and night, locks of his hair were in incessant request!—and Dumas declares that they drove him into a lunatic asylum with their incessant persecution. But we will hope that is only the romancist's manner of telling the story, and that Pipelet was left in repose when the joke became worn out.

Besides his "Mémoires," the indefatigable Dumas has favoured the world with an instalment of four volumes of his romance on the Wandering Jew, intitled, "Isaac Laquedem." This novel has two peculiarities—the first, that it is *unreadable*, which is surely strange for Dumas! the second, that it *naively* tells the story of Jesus Christ's life in the Dumas manner—dialogue and description included—with a perfectly serious intention, but in a style of such colossal buffoonery, that the sense of blasphemy and irreverence, which would otherwise shock the reader, becomes merged in Homeric laughter at its absurdity. We cannot resist giving one slight specimen, but we must ask permission to give it in the original, doubting whether any translation would be credited.

"Or, à peine la jeune vierge était-elle rentrée dans la maison paternelle, que voici, racontait-on, ce qui lui était arrivé.

"Un soir qu'elle s'était agenouillée devant son prie-Dieu, qu'elle était restée priant à travers le crépuscule jusqu'à ce que fussent venues les ombres de la nuit, et que, tout en priant, ses yeux s'étaient doucement fermés, tandis que sa tête reposait sur ses deux mains jointes, elle sentit tout-à-coup comme un parfum qui l'enveloppait, et une si grande lumière s'était répandue dans sa chambre, qu'à travers ses paupières closes, elle avait vu cette lumière.

"Aussitôt elle releva la tête, regarda autour d'elle, et aperçut un ange du Seigneur qui, le front ceint d'une auréole de flamme, tenant un lys à la main, flottait sur un nuage encore tout doré des reflets du ciel.

"C'était ce messager divin qui illuminait et parfumait la cellule de la Vierge.

"Une autre que Marie eût eu peur; mais elle avait déjà tant de fois vu des anges dans ses rêves, qu'au lieu de s'effrayer, elle sourit, et, de la pensée, sinon des lèvres, demanda:

"Bel ange du Seigneur, que voulez-vous de moi ?

"Et, lui, souriant de son côté, et répondant à sa pensée qu'il avait lue, lui dit :

"Je vous salue, Marie, vierge très-chère au Seigneur, vierge pleine de grâce! Je suis Gabriel, le messager du Très-Haut, et je viens vous annoncer que le Seigneur est avec vous, et que vous êtes bénie entre toutes les femmes, et pardessus toutes les femmes !

"La jeune fille voulut répondre ; mais la parole lui manqua. Cette communication directe de sa faiblesse avec la force du Seigneur lui causait un certain effroi.

"Alors, comprenant sa pensée :

"O vierge ! reprit l'ange, ne craignez rien, car, dans cette salutation, je ne cache aucune chose qui soit contraire à votre chasteté ; ayant choisi le Seigneur pour seul et unique époux, vous trouverez grâce devant lui, et vous concevrez et enfanterez un fils. Ce fils sera grand, ô vierge ! car il dominera depuis la mer jusqu'à la mer, et depuis l'embouchure des fleuves jusqu'aux extrémités du monde ; il sera appelé le fils du Très-Haut, quoique né sur la terre, car il aura d'avance son trône élevé dans le ciel, et le Seigneur Dieu lui donnera le siège de David son père. Il régnera à jamais dans la maison de Jacob, et son règne n'aura pas de fin ; et il sera le roi des rois, le seigneur des seigneurs, le siècle des siècles !

"Alors, la jeune fille rougit sans répondre, car, ce qu'elle pensait, elle n'osait le dire à l'ange, et voici ce qu'elle pensait :

"Comment, vierge que je suis, pourrai-je, donc devenir mère ?

"L'ange sourit encore, et, continuant de répondre à sa pensée :

"Ne comptez pas, ô Marie bienheureuse ! que vous concevrez à la manière humaine, dit-il ; non, vous concevrez vierge, vous enfanterez vierge, vous nourrirez vierge, car le Saint-Esprit descendra en vous, et le Très-Haut vous couvrira de son ombre ; c'est pourquoi l'enfant qui naîtra de vous sera seul saint, parce que seul il aura été conçu et sera né sans péché, ce qui permettra de l'appeler fils de Dieu.

"Et, alors, la jeune fille, levant les yeux et étendant les bras vers le ciel, prononça ces seules paroles, par lesquelles elle faisait don d'elle-même au saint mystère :

"Voici la servante du Seigneur, car je ne suis pas digne du nom de maîtresse ; qu'il soit donc fait, ô Seigneur ! selon votre volonté.

"Et l'ange ayant disparu, et la lumière s'étant évanouie, la Vierge était tombée comme endormie dans une extase céleste, et s'était relevée mère."

Could any but a Frenchman—could any but a Dumas amongst Frenchmen, have written the foregoing? When we tell the reader that Dumas follows the narrative of the evangelists throughout, in the same style, we leave him to determine the nature of "Isaac Laquedem!"

Will anything ever teach the French an approach to accuracy in writing about England, or in writing English names? M. Méry, for example, has just published a volume of

stories called "Les Nuits Anglaises, contes Nocturnes," all of them devoted to some aspect of English life, wherein we find such persons as "Mr. Igoghleim, Mr. Greamish, Richard Schawb, and Sir Lively;" and we read much of the "hafnaff" drunk at the "Wite horse;" and we are also informed that "M. Memble *fils*" is the editor of the "Quarterly," with many other things equally accurate and entertaining.

Another writer on England, M. Edmond Texier, who was over here during the Exhibition, and wrote such funny things of us, has collected his scattered articles into a volume, under the title "Critiques et Récits Littéraires." A pleasant volume enough, about Jules Janin, Lamartine, Saint Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Mignet, and others. Slight affairs all these essays; mere fugitive articles in newspapers, which will not be less fugitive for being here collected in a volume. Two of the anecdotes about Balzac we will transfer to our pages.

"At the time when Balzac was living in the rue de Chaillot, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, three young men, two of whom are now famous in the literary world, went to see him one evening. Balzac sometimes had *caprices* like a *femme de trente ans*. That day he had had his room furnished with white satin. An immense chandelier in the Pompadour style, hung from the ceiling. The great writer made his visitors admire this coquettish, and somewhat extravagant boudoir, begging them not to sit down too much on the arm-chairs and sofas. 'But,' said one of the three friends, 'it is difficult for us to judge of the splendour of your *salon*, if you show it us by the light of a single wax candle; let us light the chandelier, and see the effect of your satin then!' 'Be it so,' replied Balzac, and the forty wax-lights were lighted. At this moment some one knocked at the door. 'It is M. X——, publisher, who wishes to speak to Monsieur,' said the servant. 'A publisher!' exclaimed Balzac, 'and forty wax-lights burning. Show him in. And you,' said he, turning to the three young men, 'lie down on the sofas, stretch yourselves out in the chairs, and do not be afraid of scratching my satin with the leather of your boots.'

"The door opened, and the publisher stood still, dazzled by the light. Balzac, calm and indifferent, asked him what he wanted. The publisher came to solicit the favour of publishing a work of the celebrated novelist. Balzac replied that he was very busy and very tired; but that . . . . In short, he requested the publisher to return the next day, to conclude the affair, and the latter retired.

"I owe Providence a pound of candles, at least," said Balzac, as soon as X—— was gone. 'You understand that this man will think I light forty wax-lights every evening, and you cannot, for decency's sake, pay a man who burns forty wax-lights a night, as you would a writer who works by the light of a single lamp. Now, put out the chandelier, the trick is played.'



This [might have been introduced into Balzac's comedy of "Mercadet." *A-propos* to that comedy, here is a second extract:—

"Balzac's posthumous work, 'Mercadet,' has been published; not the 'Mercadet' arranged, corrected, and mitigated by some one experienced in the necessities of the stage, but the real 'Mercadet' as it came out hot from the mould of inspiration. Those persons who may have found the performance of that new incarnation of Vautrin, pointless, are informed that they will find all desirable condiments in the authentic publication. Ginger, cayenne-pepper, cantharides, nothing has been neglected which can revive and stimulate worn-out constitutions. I wonder at the fate of Balzac, who sought all his life for dramatic success, without attaining it, and who, after his death, obtained two triumphs instead of one, in that one of his comedies which he least esteemed, in point of idea, style, or dramatic ability.

"This work, which dates from 1839, is due to the co-operation of Balzac and Charles Lassailly, a worthy fellow who has been dead these ten years. Lassailly told me at the time of all the trouble it cost him to enter into Balzac's dramatic idea. At the end of a month's work, he returned from the Jardies. His comedy was presented to the committee of the Théâtre Français, and received, subject to corrections. Balzac threw it back into his portfolio, and took a fresh *collaborateur* to plan out another piece. This new coadjutor was Edouard Ourliac, who has likewise been dead some years."

To complete the foregoing account, we

may add—a M. Texier does not seem to know it—that the comedy was finally prepared for the stage in its present form, by Dennery, the well-known theatrical writer, who added the dénouement, and eliminated from the scenes much of the cynicism which clogged them, and the superfluous wit and dialogue which overlaid them. We have heard one of the committee of the Théâtre Français, who was present, describe Balzac's reading of "Mercadet" as something unparalleled. It was just after the Revolution of 1848, and not long before Balzac's death. He brought this comedy, three of the five acts then only finished, to read to the committee; and to read those three acts occupied four mortal hours—hours of laughter, of astonishment, of amusement, and of interest, such as rarely falls to the lot of an audience. Balzac stood up as he read, and not only laughed prodigiously at his own jokes, but stopped to comment on them, to point out their profundity, to point out their relation to the character, and, in fact, to speak an elaborate criticism in the shape of a running commentary. In spite, however, of the wit, sarcasm, and knowledge of life, the piece was absolutely unactable; indeed, Balzac's talent was essentially undramatic, and we believe, as long as he lived, it would have been impossible to act "Mercadet," because impossible to get him to make the requisite alterations.

THE  
WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CXVIII.

FOR OCTOBER, 1853.

ART. I.—RELIGION IN ITALY.

1. *Delle cinque piaghe della Santa Chiesa.* Per Rosmini Serbati. Bastia: 1849.
2. *Roma e il Mondo.* Per Tommaseo Nicolò. Capolago: 1851.
3. *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane.* Per Ausonio Franchi. Capolago: 1852.

ALL who watch with earnestness the destinies of nations, and the part performed by each in the work of universal civilization, must look with no common sorrow at the present state of Italy, and take a deep interest in her sufferings under the double tyranny of sword and crosier, by which, in soul and body, she is enchained, and in the magnanimous efforts she has made to throw off the yoke of centuries. Many of us are personally acquainted with some of her most devoted sons, and in all countries where enough of freedom endures to shelter the exile they are to be found still clinging to an indomitable faith and hope, still breathing the spirit of Italian thought. Generous minds who measure the truth and righteousness of a cause by the justice and loftiness of its aim, and by the self-denial and constancy shown in its pursuit, rather than by its success, must admire and praise the spirit which animates the patriots of Italy, who, for the last sixty years, have conspired, fought, and died for their country in a continual war against the still reviving hydra of the Empire and the Church. Proselytes are ever arising for the fight, undismayed by past failures or by the victims that have preceded them. An inextinguishable aspiration carries them on in the struggle against the tyranny, hypocrisy, and evil which shut from them every path of free development, and draws

them on, one after another, into the field of proscription, imprisonment, and death. Frequently they enter it with the foreknowledge of the doom awaiting them. The brothers Bandiera, and hundreds of others, are examples of this. It matters not. Hatred of their oppressors, and the sacred feeling of nationality, are more powerful than the instinct of self-preservation. Willing victims, they seek life in death—the life of their country in the funeral tradition of their suffering. They fall with their country's name on their lips, and with souls full of love, which do not despair in death.

Generally speaking, the higher classes of English society, the classes devoted to business, and even many men of thought amongst us—accustomed to the guarantees of civil and religious liberty—are scarcely able at the present day, thanks to the struggles and sacrifices of our forefathers, to comprehend the weight of spiritual and material despotism with which we were ourselves once threatened and with which Italy has been for three centuries and a half oppressed. They are inclined to regard the insurrectional movements constantly succeeding each other in the Peninsula as the intemperate reaction of utopists and demagogues, rather than as a manifestation of the profound workings of the conscience of mankind. Many, even among those who love and admire the patriots of Italy, yet, in regarding their mission, look principally to that in it which is accidental and temporary, to some commonplaces of independence and liberty, which are in fact but the means to a far more important end, and scarcely attempt to penetrate at all the true depths of the subject, considered in its relation to the religious and social aspirations of a whole people, and to the duties of that

people towards collective humanity. It is unnecessary to say that the Protestant bigotry which measures the religious capacity and the virtue and genius of a people by its more or less passive conformity to the dead letter of the Bible, can of course see nothing good or sacred in the revolutionary tendencies of the Italians, and must regard their struggles towards their own emancipation but as the groping of the blind amid the shadows of death.

For ourselves, while undertaking to examine, as far as may be consistent with the limits of an article, the powers and the tendencies of the moral life of Italy, and the germs it encloses of ideal and practical development in a future, perhaps not far remote—we desire to avoid alike the interested prejudices of those who measure each act of the oppressed by a cold calculation and hostile reasoning based on their own mercantile returns, and the narrow programme of those who, to the progressive life of the people in the present day, would substitute other rules, discipline and customs, not less worn out and effete than those against which their conscience has arisen. Equally adverse to the inhuman egotism which recognises no other attraction among nations than that which binds them together for purposes of material interests—a tyrannical relationship which would condemn one portion of mankind to be the passive instruments of the well-being of the rest—and to the empty formalism of religious sects; we shall not ask the Italians whether their revolutionary attempts are to be immediately beneficial or injurious to English commerce, nor what probabilities their political emancipation presents of their adopting the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican Creed, or of their recognising the inscrutable authority of each and all the matters contained in the canonical books. Our inquiries are rather directed to draw from the past and present tendencies of the sons of Giordano Bruno, of Galileo, and of Vico, what promises of truth, of goodness, and of beauty their heart and mind have yet to fulfil for the advantage of humanity, in the progressive evolution of the harmonious laws which determine the life of nations, when Italy shall once more regain among them the free exercise of her civil functions. In so doing, we shall try, as far as possible, to identify ourselves with the dispositions, sentiments, and traditions of the Italians, endeavouring to indicate, impartially, the probable course of their future.

Although the question of the material struggle against the bayonets of her oppressors—the merely external and political question—appears almost exclusively to occupy

the whole Peninsula, and to be the immediate aim of all its efforts, it is not the question to which we now propose to give our attention. It is the intimate moral spirit of the Italian people that we prefer to study, convinced that the hidden word of Providence, the solution of the long Iliad of sufferings imposed upon them, will be found in their complete emancipation from the errors and prejudices which gave rise to it, and have continued up to the present day. Before they can break the chains which bind the limbs, they must burst asunder those which enthrall the mind, and raise it in its freedom to the manifestation of the true and good, both in internal and external life; disentangling it from the fictions and the terrors in which ignorance and hypocrisy have involved it, unfolding it to the truths of nature and the light of science, and emancipating it from the tyrannical, fantastic, vindictive God of sects, to restore it to God, the Father and Benefactor of humanity.

In proportion to the progress made by a nation in the path of moral liberty, and in the true comprehension of the divine law, its material liberty and independence acquires an ever increasing probability of permanence; while the sudden conquest of the latter, without a profound and certain growth of the former, can lead only to new degradation and new defeats, from the want of the faith and virtue necessary to sustain it. And, indeed, the mere liberty and independence of a people would be of little import in the economy and progress of the civilized world, had not that people some high and fruitful mission to fulfil.

In order to obtain a correct insight into the real tendencies and opinions of the Italian people, with respect to the dominant religion of the Peninsula, we must penetrate beneath the surface; for, upon a superficial examination of the political movements of the last years, when the Italians appeared to hold their destinies in their own hands, and yet instead of destroying their ancient idols, bent the knee before them, imploring their redemption of the papacy,—one might feel disposed to doubt whether they were not condemned for a long time yet to lie bound in the shackles of theocracy. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. Italy has thrown off the leading strings of papacy, and come forth from her thralldom. Even while she lately professed herself catholic, she, in fact, but made the pope a symbol of political aims and ideas with which the church and court of Rome had nothing in common. The writer of the third work at the head of our article thus speaks of the death of catholicism in Italy:—

“What the sentiments are that Italy cherishes for the doctrines and practices of the catholic

religion, the history of the last four years especially has made so evident, as to admit of no further doubt or illusion. If we look to the clergy, their language is become a continued lament, a doleful elegy on the wickedness of the times, on the perversity of ideas, on the invasion of incredulity, on the misfortunes and wounds of the church. From the Encyclica of the Pope to the sermon of the curate, from the pastoral of the bishop to the preaching of the missionaries, from the conferences of the sacristy to articles in the newspapers, the voice of the clergy is raised, only to deplore the misfortunes of Italy, because the catholic faith is diminishing and iniquity is become universal; and they have reason—daily and solemn facts justify their lamentations. Wherever the free expression of thought or conscience has existed, or yet exists, there open war is breathed against the Pope, the bishops, the rites, the mysteries; in short, against catholicism; there, in books and pamphlets, in meetings and societies, in market-places and theatres, are loudly proclaimed the principles of a rational faith, which are the complete negation of the orthodox faith. And where the voice of public opinion is suppressed, where the press is silent, men speak in their acts; and these, with an eloquence only more energetic in its minuteness, testify that the Italian people is no longer catholic save in name, and that if many, as individuals, still remain faithful to the Pope, it can no longer be said that the nation, as a body, is subject to him.\*

The writer of this is himself a living proof of the religious revolution now operating in the Italian mind. He was formerly a priest. The name of *Ausonio Franchi* is symbolic. It represents Italian thought enfranchized from papal theology. His real name is *Bonovino*. He was born at Genoa, and is well known among his fellow-citizens for the modesty, piety, and purity of his life. Having, in the course of his studies and from practical observation, conceived doubts of the truth and sanctity of the religion of which he was a minister, after long inward struggles he emancipated himself from it, and abandoned his clerical robes. The book from which we have quoted is the first fruit of his renunciation of catholicism. It is a close and logical confutation of the continual *begging of the question*, upon which the pseudo-philosophy of the schools was based, and an exact and severe criticism of the fundamental principles and dogmas of catholic theology, judged from a subjective point of view. It may be regarded as formulating and representing the criticism of the Italy of the present day on the absurdity of the Papacy, and is the truest expression which later years have produced of the revolt of the national conscience against arbitrary and orthodox authority.

Considering, on the one hand, the position of the Papacy in the present century, and, on the other, the development of reason and conscience among the Italian people, we shall have no difficulty in admitting the truth, and understanding the causes, of the religious revolution said to have taken place in Italy; and shall be able to estimate, at its true value, the phenomenon of the papal colours intermingled with the national banner in '47 and '48.

It is well known that from the time of the Congress of Vienna, when the unintelligent and imprudent arbiters of the fate of Europe, amid lying deaths and promises in the name of Jesus Christ and the Holy Alliance, bought and sold the dearest interests and rights of nations, and sowed the first seeds of the moral and political anarchy which infests the continent,—the popular protest against their iniquitous arbitration developed itself in Italy as elsewhere, in exact proportion to the inevitable resistance which the ill-established Powers were compelled to oppose to the demands of reason and of justice, in support of their own absurdity. In the clumsy machinery of the Holy Alliance, the temporal power of the Pope was restored with the other sovereignties, as a useful expedient to compensate the *Servant of Servants* for the abdication of his former spiritual dominion over governments and peoples, extracted from him by the secular authorities; and as a convenient method of employing religion to the advantage of despotic rulers. The pope willingly accepted the exchange, as his predecessors had done three centuries before; for the Court of Rome well comprehended the utility of yielding up an authority which the progress of time had already rendered merely nominal, in return for a real and certain advantage, enabling it still to feed its own luxury, at the expence, and through the degradation, of its subjects. The Papacy, worn-out as a principle of faith, and exposed on civil and political grounds to the criticism of science and the protest of humanity, as the very worst of rulers, had, in the new position assigned to it by the masters of Europe, no other point of support but the interest *they* had in preserving a shadow of divine authority, to sanction, in the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious multitudes, the exactions of brute force, and in maintaining undisturbed that priestly organization, the abuses and corruption of which constituted a perpetual antagonism to the free tendencies of the people, and which was for that very reason devoted to the despotism by which it was degraded and paid. There was not on the part of the princes, or of their representatives, anything of real religious feeling or

\* *Ausonio Franchi*: *Introduzione*, p. xxxviii.

sincere conviction in this engrafting of monarchy upon catholicism, and its traditions of divine right. Notwithstanding the devout pretences of the Restoration, and the apparent obsequiousness of their Catholic, Apostolic, and Christian Majesties, so the Holy See, the edifice of the ancient powers was reconstructed upon foundations radically sceptical; and while the victories of human reason continually narrowed the basis of fears and prejudices upon which the moral power of the Pope had been founded, a Machiavelian spirit grinned behind the mask of Jesuitism assumed by the courts, at the aspect of the real servitude of the Church. The chair of St. Peter was reduced to the condition of a mere political instrument of the temporal power. The principle of authority, which in the old struggles between the Holy See and the Empire gained life from the aspirations, the faith and the sanction of the peoples, and thence became a symbol of the moral law, and was elevated above the power of feudality, sank in the present century into the passive and obedient representative of political absolutism, and was henceforth identified with all its abuses. Such was the necessary effect of the moral death of the Pontificate: the result in part of the progress of human reason, and in part of the profane and low interests in which the Papacy has become more and more involved during the complications and the development of the great European States.

Until the eve of the French Revolution in the last century, the Popes had retained, if not the actual energy, at least the memory of their great ambitions. They struggled boldly with Louis XIV., Joseph II., Leopold of Tuscany, and the Bourbons of Spain and Naples, to maintain the infallibility of the chair of St. Peter, the supremacy of the Church of Rome, the immunity of the clergy already attacked by Jansenism, and by the attempted interference of the civil governments. Towards the close of that century, Cardinal Erskine, the *thrice Holy Auditor* of Pius VI., when formulating the intentions of the papal court respecting the famous Bull, "*In cœna Domini*," declared that it was *nevertheless implicitly in vigor, in all its extent, and was likewise observed, in all cases where there is no impediment to the exertion of the Pope's authority.*"\* Although the force of things might from time to time oblige the pontiffs to give way, and to sacrifice some portion of their dominions, or of their authority, yet the tradition of their power and their

assumed title to it were still invoked, defended, and maintained intact. But from the time of the Restoration the Court of Rome changed its tendencies, renouncing alike its pretensions to the Primacy of Theocracy, and all resistance to the secular power. It no longer aspired to regain any of its grand prerogatives; it accepted as a *fait accompli* the invasion and absolute preponderance of the secular princes in the very constitution of the church; and, save in its own States, it abandoned for ever, in favour of the monarchs its protectors, the immunities, the personal and proprietary privileges of the clergy, the election of bishops, and the initiative of the moral government and discipline of the catholic world. That power, which half a century before arrogated to itself the right to sit in judgment on the kings of the earth, to dispose of thrones at its good pleasure, and to absolve subjects from their allegiance, now proffered only words of servile submission to the oppressor, and of menace to every just protest from the oppressed, even when such protest was identified with the interest and dignity of the church itself. Its policy has for thirty-eight years remained unchanged, and is resumed in the Encyclica addressed to the Polish bishops by Gregory XVI., and in that addressed by the same Pope to all the patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops of the catholic church. In the first the pontiff not only denies the right of nations to maintain their own nationality inviolate from foreign conquest, but even that of resisting the violence exercised by despotism on conscience and religious faith. The Pope sacrifices the tutelage of the catholic religion to the political alliance of the Czar, and legitimates the authority of every potentate, even of the barbarian and heretic, as derived from God.\* In the second he repulses the aspi-

\* In the Encyclica to the Polish bishops (July, 1832), the following passage occurs:—"Le devoir vous oblige à veiller avec le plus grand soin à ce que des hommes malintentionnés, des propagateurs de fausses doctrines ne répandent pas parmi vos troupeaux le germe de théories corruptrices et mensongères. Ces hommes prétendant leur zèle pour le bien public abusent de la crédulité de gens de bonne foi, qui, dans leur aveuglement leur servent d'instrument pour troubler la paix du royaume, et y renverser l'ordre établi. Il convient que pour l'avantage et l'honneur des disciples de Jesus Christ, la perfidie et la méchanceté de pareils prophètes de mensonge soient mises dans leur jour. Il convient de réfuter leurs principes trompeurs par la parole immuable de l'Écriture, et par les monuments authentiques de la tradition de l'Église. Ces sources pures auxquelles le clergé catholique doit puiser les principes de ses actions et l'enseignement qu'il doit aux fidèles, font voir clairement que la soumission au pouvoir institué par Dieu, est un principe immuable, et que l'on ne peut s'y soustraire qu'autant que ce

\* Note of the Cardinal Erskine to Sir John Cox Hippisley, August, 1793. See De Potter, "Histoire du Christianisme," tom. v. p. 291.

ration towards religious regeneration and spiritual liberty, uttered in France by an humble priest, who sought in his writings to renew the breath of life in expiring catholicism, and confirms the subordination of the Papacy to the Empire.

Catholicism, thus removed alike from the ideal tendencies of the people, and from its own scheme of superiority and jurisdiction over the powers of the earth, remains but an empty form; or rather that which Machiavelli, three centuries ago, saw and declared it to be—a worldly tyranny, an atheistical imposture, without the luxurious vices and great ambitions of the age of Julius II. and of Leo X. Papacy is now, in fact, no more nor seeks to become more, than a small principality, containing a sufficient number of prebendaries and taxes to maintain a court of seventy cardinals, and a few thousand prelates and parasitical functionaries; wherein, under the holy protection of catholic bayonets, a small number of shepherds, instead of protecting, fatten at their pleasure upon a flock of three million sheep. In such a state of things, and with aims so exclusively material and utilitarian, the Pope becomes the mere vassal and subaltern-partner in the fortunes of his masters. Hence the cowardly language and abject history of the Papacy in our own days; hence the mutual buying and selling of worldly favours between the Priest King and the secular princes of Europe; hence the narrow and anti-social education of the clergy, particularly in Italy, where they feel the more immediate consequences of the servitude and heathenism of their head. In fact, the instruction given in the ecclesiastical seminaries and academies, the whole discipline of the priesthood in Italy, and, worst of all, in the States of the Pope, is a blind and pertinacious negation of the entire civil and political science of the age, a denial of all the moral and material wants of the peoples, and their aspirations towards an order of things more in conformity with social justice and with the dignity of the soul. It suffices to cast a glance at the acts of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and that of Public Instruction,\* from the reign of Pius VII., to see to what a point a single egotistical sect can carry its traditional ignorance and fanaticism, in the midst of the advance of thought, and the whole action of civilization. From these acts,

pouvoir violerit les lois divines et de l'Eglise." See La Mennais, "Affaires de Rome." Now this power, according to the Pope, instituted by God, was that of the head of the heterodox church, and how it respected the divine laws, let the massacres of catholic Poland bear witness.

\* "Sacra Congregazione degli Studj."

from the catalogues of sciences prohibited, of writings excommunicated from the programmes imposed upon the lyceums, schools and universities, it is manifest that the Court of Rome, amid the profound speculations of human reason in the present century, believes that all the morality and all the science necessary to the world is comprised in the catechism and in the dogma of the Pope's infallibility—of that Pope whose voice is now raised but to swell the chorus of European despots. And it is for these reasons, and in that sense alone, that they feign reverence for this posthumous boast of the infallibility of the Holy See—an infallibility, in fact, very convenient to them; for the pontiff, while he arrogates to himself the right of decision, without appeal, in all controversies relating to dogma or discipline, to the interpretation of the Scriptures, to the authority of the Councils and of the Fathers, to every doctrine or truth, religious, moral or civil, yet has bound himself to use this infallibility only in their favour. In furtherance of this phase of the papal policy all discussion has been more strictly prohibited than ever; all books and studies, which might promote the perilous search of truth; all translations of the Bible or New Testament; all historical and critical investigations. Among the clergy themselves, the works of the first great Fathers of Christianity are disused; the summaries, written by the ingenious compilers who succeeded them, are little recommended; and all ecclesiastical science is reduced to the second-hand manuals, abridged by the later scholastic writers; thought meanwhile lying in heavy and silent captivity under the incubus of undisputed dogma and the papal veto. Not without a stern necessity was this redoubled antagonism put forth against books and doctrines wherein the sanction of all moral developments is to be found—a sanction both adverse and dangerous to the usurpations of that anti-christian egotism which, under the auspices of Pope and Emperor, still pervades a great part of the social and political institutions of the continent. Where now would these masters of the human race be—where the privileges they dispense, had the people been able to confront their conduct and pretensions with the open Gospel, and with the liberal tendencies of Christianity in the times which preceded the Council of Nice?

Yet the negation thus audaciously put forth was too absurd in itself, too irreconcilable with the progress of the age, too flagrantly interested and worldly in its motives, not to become evident in its imposture to every class throughout the Peninsula, and to produce the natural consequence of withdrawing

them, by this time, from all adhesion to the Catholic faith or reverence of its representatives, notwithstanding the fable of the Canon Law interposed between the redeeming Word of Christ and the consciences of the faithful. The test of common sense applied to the paradox of the existing fact would have been all-sufficient; and as the Italians are generally endowed with good sense and acuteness, the question was no sooner put than answered. An anti-priestly reaction, and a complete schism from Catholicism took possession of men's minds; and there only remained reasons of expediency and political considerations, under the weight of the monarchical organization of catholicism throughout Europe, which was pressing upon Rome and Italy, to impede its effective and practical manifestation.

In speaking of an anti-catholic reaction in the Italian mind, we do not mean that indifference to the problems of interior life, that negation of all moral and intellectual law in human things, that material scepticism which destroys the relation of rights and duties, to recognise only the bare *fact*—the *fact*, irrespective of good or of evil. A scepticism which, from the manly satire of Machiavelli, has degenerated to the sensual utilitarian school of the last century; whence it has transfused itself, by the corruptions of Napoleonic despotism, through the higher classes in Italy and France; and has prepared the way, among the latter, to that degradation and political abdication of which they have furnished a melancholy spectacle during recent years. Such scepticism is less anti-catholic than is supposed. Jesuitism willingly covers it with its mantle, and turns it to account, as many examples in contemporary history can vouch; for it destroys every manly instinct and every generous aspiration of the soul; and Loyola and the pope have need of souls effeminate or extinct. The reaction we speak of is the moral awakening and revolt which the vices of the clergy have given rise to in the believing portion of the Italian nation,—we mean the lower classes, both in the cities and in the country. The spontaneous emancipation of the Italians from the blind credulity and mysterious formalism, in which they have been painfully sunk as in an evil dream, has advanced in an ever-increasing ratio; and may be said to have now diffused itself through the whole Peninsula, if we except some remote provinces of the kingdom of Naples, or some miserable corner of its capital, where a natural tendency to superstition, and the abject ignorance in which the Bourbon government studiously keeps its unfortunate subjects, still concur more than elsewhere to promote the

cabalistic traditions and fetishism with which their monks, their priests, and even their men of law, have infected every civil and religious practice. Further on we will give proofs of what we now assert as it regards the present day. As to the past, when the moral movement, although commenced, was yet very far from its present importance, we may judge of the power it had acquired in 1831, by the ease and rapidity with which the anti-papal insurrection was propagated even in the States of the church itself; the union of all classes of citizens, and even of many priests and friars in the protest against the Pope's government, and the hope and favour with which the rest of the Italian population regarded that first attempt to enter upon the fundamental question of country, nationality, and public life, in Italy.

Those who witnessed the events of that period still recall with wonder the thrill of unanimous applause which ran through every city and every province at the inauguration of the national colours, without a single man arising to defend the Holy See; and the concourse of the people from the country, headed by their parish priests, and carrying their tri-coloured flags, to celebrate in their respective townships the festival of liberty. Short-lived as were the movements hallowed by these national and religious demonstrations, thus substituted for the processions of monkish idolatry in the very bosom of catholicity, by a people long believed to be sunk in moral death, they were a happy augury of the future of Italy. This tendency in the Italian people to throw off the yoke of the old theocracy, and to seek a new outlet for its religious instinct,—this progressive protest of the lower as well as of the higher classes against the Papacy,—may also be partially explained if we consider the profound intellectual and social revolution operated in the commencement of the century by the civil code and the republic, the abolition of the *mains-mortes*, and other privileges of the clergy and of the noblesse. Through the revolution a great part of that inert and brutalized populace, who had lived like animals on the threshold of the churches and convents, feeding on the crumbs vouchsafed them by priestly opulence, had become active and laborious, earning the bread of industry and independence; and those who once bent in abject servility before the frowns of their haughty nobles, were transformed into free proprietors and citizens. The impulse given to the division of property by the abolition of privileges of entail, and the consequent improvement of agriculture, ameliorated the moral and material condition of the labourer, and placed him in more frequent and inti-

mate relation with the *bourgeoisie*, now risen to a more flourishing state by the acquisition of enfranchised property. The ancient townships with its liberal traditions and its judicial conception of civil equality, was re-established in place of ecclesiastical and seigniorial feudalism; and with the commune were revived the *Arnaldist* traditions, denouncing the impure union of the spiritual with the temporal power, and attacking simony, wealth of the clergy, and the absolutism of the Pope, which the Council of Trent arbitrarily sanctioned, and the Inquisition imposed. Municipal citizenship thus constituted in our day on the basis of common right had this advantage over the communal freedom of the middle ages, that it arose simultaneously with the great moral fact of the age—the collective sentiment of nationality. The democratic idea, which in the ancient Italian townships did not extend beyond the boundaries of the city, where it was considered as a privilege limited by the imperial or pontifical prerogative, has developed itself in the minds of the modern Italians, all its inherent force and comprehensiveness, founded upon the principle of the imprescriptible right of self-government, individual as well as national. While in the Italy of the middle ages the Empire and the Church were considered as the only source of right, and every franchise was accepted as a concession from above; in the Italy of our own day the true conception of right, gradually disentangled from the historical fiction, has taken root, and grows, in the consciousness of the individual dignity and the collective duties of man. The empire and the Papacy are now regarded by the nation but as facts destitute of moral sanction, and imposed by force alone; and the cruelties practised under despotic rule on the suffering and bloodstained Peninsula co-operated powerfully with the secret work of political societies, in freeing thought from its former errors. An intelligent and sensitive people, whose spirit three centuries of Austro-Spanish oppression and Jesuitism combined had failed to crush, and among whom also the revolutionary ideas of the times had penetrated, was unlikely again to deceive itself as to the legitimate source of right, or to accept as the instruments of God the mercenary troops and military commissions of His Holiness, and of the imperial and royal sovereigns by whom it was oppressed. The protest of revived citizenship was therefore irrevocable and universal. The Pope and the Emperor were outlawed by the conscience of the nation, and the tradition of free thought from Arnaldo of Brescia, Cola di Rienzi, Savonarola, Giordano Bruno, down to the martyrs of Young Italy, added the weight of

experience and the authority of the past to the awakened judgment of the present.

Literature and historical science, interrogating more narrowly the national records, monuments, and institutions, have indicated a double series of facts, in their nature opposed and irreconcilably struggling with each other. On the one hand we see amid the ruins of pagan Rome, the spiritual absolutism of the Pope, and the temporal absolutism of the Emperor, wresting the sword of right from the hands of a then barbarous as well as corrupted people,—contending, at first, against each other, for exclusive dominion,—later, combining to suppress the reviving freedom of thought, and, finally, bound together in links that cannot now be broken without destruction to both. We see the fruits of the fatal union in the rise of Jesuitism and the Inquisition, in the abolition of every ancient franchise, in moral and political slavery. We see men of science handed over to torture, men of conscience to the *auto-da-fé*; vice and hypocrisy prostrating men's souls; the impotence of reason proclaimed as a dogma; Aristotle and the Pope, with the executioner for their minister, set up in opposition to truth and evidence; and the lingering death of catholic nations perpetrated by the slow poison of imposture. On the other hand, we see the manly nature of the Italians rising afresh, during the short intervals granted it by the contest of these two powers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to all the strong and fruitful activity of free life, and developing, by industry and commerce, not the mere egotism of personal interests, but the moral grandeur of a civilization destined to diffuse its influence throughout the world;—of a civilization which, in less than two centuries, explored the sources of ancient knowledge, and laid the foundations of modern science; preparing, by the voyages of Marco Polo in the east, the discoveries of Columbus in the west; inaugurating with Dante the political and social mission of poetry; initiating, with Arnaldo of Brescia, the protest of morality and freedom of conscience; with Della-Porta, Cardano and Telesio, bringing the light of observation and experience to aid the progress of reason, and, finally, when the overpowering force of the Pope and the Emperor combined had destroyed the last remnant of political liberty, avenging the material victory of its oppressors, by sending forth the giant minds of Galileo and Vico, to bear down, in the two great streams of physical and metaphysical discovery, the dykes of papal infallibility;—the one by demonstrating the motion of the earth, and the other by unfolding the providential laws



of the history of nations. It was an affirmative catholicism, deriving its inspiration from the rational laws of the universe, taking the place of the negative catholicism of the *Decretals*; and it was bequeathed as a heritage by these great fathers of modern science to the Italians of the present century, that they might realize its logical consequences and practical application.

Nor did the good seed fall on barren soil. Yet, while the national judgment was pondering the incompatibility of the theocratic with the civil tradition, and convincing itself that natural science and philosophy owed their origin and progress to municipal freedom; whilst the struggle against Papacy was bursting forth in patriotic manifestations, from the high poetry of Giambattista Niccolini and Giacomo Leopardi, to the song of the humblest workman, from the proclamations of Young Italy to the curses of bereaved mothers on condemning priests, there arose a school, which acquired importance from the yet uncertain state of men's minds, and which, professing to restore Italian nationality, sought for it among elements which were, and had ever been, in their very nature, opposed to it. We allude to the series of sophism which, from the bigoted mysticism of Silvio Pellico to the passive resignation of Mazoni, were summed up in Gioberti's Utopia of a Pope-regenerator of Italy. It was, however, but the logical conclusion of a doctrine, which denied every initiative of human will and conscience in the evolution of the laws of the moral world, that it should be yielded up to an arbitrary *supernaturalism*, the necessary consequence of which is the oracle of the papal vicariat.

When the ideas of Gioberti on the theocratic pre-eminence of the Pope over Italy, and hence of Italy over the catholic world, were first exposed to the judgment of the public, the more cultivated portion of the liberal party,—but little attached to formal religion, and in no way catholic,—disdained it as a flattering imposture, insinuated by the exiled abbot into the Peninsula, to sweeten her cup of servitude, and enamour her of her chains. And an outcry was raised against the disguised Jesuit. Nevertheless, there were elements enough ready to aid the Giobertian scheme; some, under sincere illusions of neocatholicism, others from fear of radicalism, and despair of anything better. A nation does not, with impunity, harbour a corrupt principle, a principle of moral and political slavery, for three centuries, in its bosom. One of the most deplorable consequences of the complicated oppression by which Pope, Jesuits, and foreign rulers so long overwhelmed the

country, has been to make the Italians scarcely able to believe in, or to see a way to the practical realization of their rights, notwithstanding the strength of their theoretical convictions. When a people has long been taught that the human mind, abandoned to its own instincts, falls of necessity into error and sin; that free will and moral judgment are worthless, unless humbly subjected to the spiritual direction of the confessor; that salvation depends on grace, and a formalism of religious observances, of which—beginning with the language used—the flock can comprehend nothing; and, when to the weight of this blind and mysterious authority are added the spiritual terrors of the Holy Office, and the more manifest power of foreign conquest, it would appear indeed a miracle if that nation should one day rekindle a spark of the sacred fire in its bosom, and send forth a cry of liberty to give the lie to this mass of priestly negations. Even when capable of asserting in theory its own life, the habits of *inertia* engendered by this long and fatal tutelage, cause it to hesitate at the moment of action. It is precisely this hesitation, this disproportion between thought and action, which prevailed before 1848, and still prevails, though in a less degree, in all the plans and proceedings of the Italians towards their political emancipation. It is a feature of their actual character, visible in their private as well as in their public relations, and which fully explains what we are about to describe. Although it was generally felt that Italy could never rise in the true strength of national life, but upon the ruins of the papal and imperial domination, yet the majority were wanting in the collective faith and resolution required to break once for all with the organization of these powers, by accepting no midway compromise, but attacking it at every point. At the moment of trial, their arms, as it were, fell from their hands, as if paralyzed by some inevitable fatality.

“Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo !” \*

was the last word of the old Italian liberalism under the weight of the double tyranny, and it became the watchword of the neo-catholic and moderate school against the popular party, which was averse alike to the church, the empire, and its dependent princes in the peninsula. Hopeless of overcoming these manifold difficulties in open combat, the leaders now came forward with their half measures, setting forth that, in the traditions of

\* Dante, “Divina Commedia,” Canto IX., “dell’ Inferno.”

the Papacy itself, there were elements which could be used as a means of withdrawing it from the absolutist league, and bringing it back to the cause of liberty. This was the idea of the liberal Papacy and neo-guelphism of Vincenzo Gioberti, Rosmini, Father Ventura, &c., and became the illusion of the majority of the Italians at the time of the appearance of Pius IX. on the political stage. It was a conception based upon a twofold sophism and a twofold fable, derived from the perversion of theology and history. Theologically, Gioberti invented a fanciful catholicism entirely or greatly at variance with the traditions of the Roman Church; deduced, in part, from some of the least orthodox and more tolerant doctrines of the ancient Fathers, in part from the philosophical tradition of human thought, and in part from his own ontological formula; and forming a whole that was not only full of contradictions in itself, but equally in contradiction with the symbol under which he sought to represent it. The papal authority forbids any application of human reason to the dogmas and mysteries of the faith, even when made with the intention of supporting it by rational proofs,\* and Gioberti, with his new formula, sounded the depths of theology; the papal symbol rejected, as sacrilege, every interference of the laity in the discipline of the church, and Gioberti presumed to reconcile liberty with authority, and civilization with the Pontificate. The papal symbol denies the natural right of nations in the name of the divine right of monarchs, and Gioberti aimed at a right of control in the educated classes over *arbitrations of governments*. Finally, the papal symbol substitutes the material unity of the ecclesiastical hierarchy to the moral and spontaneous unity of mankind, and Gioberti aimed at the restoration of nationalities on their natural bases, and the recognition of a country for the Italians. Historically, neo-guelphism attributed to the Papacy a national mission that it had never had. Even in the days when municipal

\* The abbot Mastrofini, many years previous to the would-be philosophical catholicism of Gioberti, Rosmini, &c., had allowed himself to attempt a mathematical explanation of the mystery of the Trinity, in his work, "*Metaphysica de Deo trino et uno*." The worthy priest, a professor of the exact sciences in Rome, believed in all good faith that he had succeeded in proving the reality of the Divine Trinity, and had been encouraged in that belief by many prelates and theologians; but it was not long before the court of Rome, foreseeing the danger of such scholastic researches, prohibited the first volume already published of the work of Mastrofini, and forbade the printing of the remainder. The philosophical abbot incurred only persecution and disgrace from the implacable authority of the Church.

liberty sheltered itself from the attacks of Henry IV. and Frederick I. under the ægis of the Church, and the Keys of St. Peter appeared to be the sign of Italian freedom, the idea of politically constituting a country, an independent Italian nation, was never the true aim of either Gregory VII., Alexander III., or Julius II.,—names rendered popular in the Peninsula by the neo-catholic writers. These Popes not only never proposed to themselves any such aim, but did even not understand it, and if they had, would not have desired it. The two first thought only of regaining the investiture of ecclesiastical benefices from the invasion of imperial feudalism, of purifying the Church from the corruption of the seigneurs, and of obtaining for the Papacy a judicial liberty and preponderance, as a means of rendering its spiritual power not a national, but a cosmopolitan, element; and being themselves satisfied with the imperial concessions, all they stipulated to obtain at the congresses of Venice and of Constance, in behalf of the heroic cities that had fought for them, was limited to some miserable half franchises, subject to the dominion of the Empire. The last, after having called into Italy one tribe of foreigners after another, and by their means oppressed the most illustrious of the Italian republics, and the strongest bulwark of nationality—Venice, uttered the cry of "*Out with the barbarians!*" only because they had become obnoxious to himself in his temporal ambition; and, during the whole of his stormy pontificate, had no other aim than to reconquer the temporal dominions of the Church, stifling, in war and executions, the liberty, the learning, and the well-being of the municipalities. The moral and material decay of the Romagna, which was reduced in the following century from a flourishing state of civilization to become a refuge for brigands and banditti, began in the reign of this very Pope,\* whom contemporary Guelphs hold up to the eyes of the deluded population as the type of a liberator. But it was inevitable, as it was essential, that the sophism should be transferred from the region of abstract theory to the living drama of history, in order that experience might convince the nation of its sinister consequences, and that the teachings of her great men, once the patrimony of a few chosen intellects, and afterwards unheeded even by the wisest, might become the very life-blood of the whole nation.

When Pius the IX., partly from a desire for popularity, and partly to calm the discon-

\* Ranka, "History of the Popes," Part I. Book the Fourth. Galeotti, "On the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes," Book the First, p. 94.

tent occasioned by the misgovernment of his predecessor, granted the amnesty, and promised a few reforms, rendered, in fact, indispensable to the interests of the holy see itself, the Giobertian fable assumed the appearance of a reality; and the imagination of the Italians, intoxicated thereby, turned a very simple event into a legend of national redemption. The *débüt* of Pius IX. produced the effect on men's minds that is usual on the sudden appearance of anything unexpected and unknown; it appeared a miracle, and the popular fancy, naturally inclined to the marvellous, built the most gigantic fictions upon it. And, indeed, the novelty of a merciful and liberal Pope did appear as something too extraordinary to be explained, otherwise than by the supposition of a miracle. Italy believed in the miracle, and once possessed with that faith, there was nothing, however alien to the habits of the Court of Rome, that she did not anticipate from Pius IX. All the ideas which the course of time had matured in the mind of the nation—liberty of thought, representative government, national unity and independence, religious reform, the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power—she began to hope for, not from the worn-out office of the pontificate, but from the *providential man*, and all this was expressed in the significant cry of the Roman people, "*Viva Pio IX. solo!*"\* The weak and bewildered Pontiff, who, until that day, had conceived no other mission than that of jesuitizing, *in partibus infidelium*, some poor tribe of ignorant nomades, was much perplexed now to defend himself from the new mission which he found had been, unconsciously to himself, attributed to him by the people. It was of no avail. The people persisted in their work of uncatholicizing the Pope while idolizing him; and they idolized him precisely because they imagined him to be a *humanitarian*, that is, an *un-catholic* Pope, or, at least, un-catholic in the Roman sense of the word. This was the natural result of the free manifestation of the national life; but that life was in direct contradiction with the laws of the church, and with the interests of the papal court. That court fully perceived it from the beginning, and conspired with Austria † to lead back the flock of the faithful into the right path; and Pius the Ninth himself, in conformity with

the orthodox doctrine, and notwithstanding the fascinations of popular applause, soon felt the necessity of protesting against the ideas and aspirations of the country. This he did many times, both privately and publicly, but the people were intoxicated, and did not understand him. Hence the Encyclica of the 4th October, 1847,\* in which he angrily reproved those who turned towards him as the regenerator of Italy, and his repeated refusals of the request of a Constitution † passed unheeded. It was pretended that it was not the soul of Pius IX. that spoke, but the influence of his Court which dictated those protests; and the people continued to shout, "*Viva l'Italia e Pio IX. solo!*"

But, on the 29th of April, 1848, when the war of independence threatened to deliver the Peninsula from foreign conquest, the new and more explicit words of the head of Catholicity left no longer any doubt of the difference between that which the Pope himself willed, and that which the nation expected from him. The Italians owe it chiefly to the Pope himself, in his Allocution of the 29th April, that they have had their eyes opened to the reality, and have been taught to call things by their right names, and to act accordingly.

It being now clearly recognised, not only by the observations of philosophers, but by the living and immediate experience of a whole people, that Papacy and nationality, catholicism and liberty, were incompatible with each other, the people themselves, with admirable discernment and good sense, perceived this truth, and deduced the natural and logical consequences. They substituted the name of God and their own name for the pontifical symbol; the Italian flag for the faithless Keys of St. Peter; faith in the religion of their own rights and duties for faith in the lying miracles of the priesthood. They fought alone and unaided in Rome and Venice, and in a hundred other cities, against the collective forces of European reaction, and raised up in the face of the victories of

\* Allocution held in the secret consistory of cardinals, 4th October, 1846.

† Memorable were the words spoken by Pius IX. to the people on the 10th of February, 1848. An immense multitude of citizens had gathered together, in the Piazza of the Quirinal, to thank him for the celebrated proclamation in which he had blessed Italy. He took the opportunity to speak his mind as to the repeated requests of the people for a representative government, and from the balcony of the palace of Monte Cavallo he shouted forth to the Romans, that there were certain demands contrary to the institutions of the Holy Church, to which he *could not, ought not, and would not* consent. The concession of the Statute of the Constitution was afterwards forced upon him by the French Revolution, and by the progress of events in Italy.

\* Farini, "Storia dello Stato Romano."

† The Italian papers published in the summer of 1848, during the heat of the Lombard war, a letter in cipher from Cardinal Soglia, then secretary of state, to Monsignor Viale Prela, apostolic nuncio at Vienna, in which the Court of Rome professes itself against the war, friendly to Austria, and contrary to the decisions of the Assembly.

its oppressors a new tradition of life for the future Italy—the republican symbol in Rome. Thus they sowed the first seeds of religious and social freedom, in the seat of that very authority which had been the basis of universal despotism.

Jesuitized sceptics, and sceptical Jesuits, have in vain destroyed the outward form of this new moral fact, which arose in the bosom of the people. Despite their arts, the Pope, who, after refusing to make war on his *Croat brethren*, turned the arms of four Powers against his *own children*, and re-entered the Apostolic See between the cannon and the scaffold, has done more to ruin his own religion, and to inspire a more rational and humanitarian faith in the Italian nation than had been achieved by all her prophets of liberty.

Italy, thank God, since 1848, is no longer *dans les liens de la Théologie* as Victor Cousin said, with reason, of the Italy of fifteen or twenty years ago. The political neo-catholicism of Gioberti was condemned without appeal by the history of the Roman Revolution; and its author has himself, in these latter years, recanted his own palinody in a work, "*On the Civil Regeneration of Italy*,"\* wherein, though he falls into new contradictions, which we shall not stop to consider, he at least makes this reparation to his country, that he declares himself entirely undeceived, and convinced of his error, in attributing a progressive and national vitality to the Papacy. The other writers, who formerly treated this theme in the same spirit, are impotently silent; and the worthier among the priesthood, who had looked to a legal reform to be spontaneously effected in the bosom of the Church, have now withdrawn, discouraged at the opprobrium of its Head, and the vices of its members. The same may be said of the abbot Rosmini, a priest and philosopher of great reputation in Italy for learning and virtue, who, in a work we have quoted at the commencement of this article, aims at recommending the spiritual purification and better discipline of the Church, by changing the mode of electing bishops, by allowing the laity to intervene in them, and giving the people more general knowledge and influence in religious affairs. He also recommends that the explanation of the ritual should be facilitated by the use of the vulgar tongue, and that the education of the clergy should be brought more into harmony with the living spirit and civilization of the age. Since 1848 he has not uttered a word, and, even then, he foretold the incompetence of the In-

fallible See to reanimate its own adherents, and foresaw the inevitable intervention of extraordinary remedies. "*The tremendous decree of Divine Providence*," exclaimed he, speaking of the immensity of the evils by which the Church is infected, "*is no longer hidden in darkness, no longer only to be foreseen; it has begun, and is heard in many parts of Europe and the world. The peoples, yea, the peoples, are the rod of chastisement employed by Providence.*"\* Thus, by the confession of her own ministers, the Church has no longer any vital power of regeneration within itself. It is not from the recesses of her own infallibility, but from without, from the sanction and living conscience of the people, that health is to come; and the catholic Church, like every other sect, is but a transitory form of the progressive and inevitable evolution of the universal mind, of the inward religion of humanity.

Such are the necessary consequences of the appeal made by the neo-catholic philosophers to the reason and conscience of mankind, in the attempt at religious reform; an attempt which they still coupled with professions of orthodoxy and acceptance of the Pope's infallibility, as expressed in their writings. The Court of Rome, ever more logical in the estimate of its own interests than are such partisans and counsellors, has placed the books of Gioberti, Rosmini, and the rest, in the Index; and following the course of all sects that seek to remain exclusive and stationary, preferred the support of material force to the liberal suggestions of the above-named writers.

Under this experience,—which, in fact, is but a confirmation of the axiom, that the principle of absolute authority cannot associate with that of liberty without working thereby its own destruction; and that the Pope cannot admit a political and moral control, without ceasing to be Pope,—we must consider Tommaseo's last work, "*Rome and the World*," also wholly inconclusive, though dictated by the ex-triumvir of Venice with the best intentions. Tommaseo is a layman, a man of letters, a patriot, a Christian in his creed, a man of progress in his aspirations. He, too, pretends to reconcile all these fine things with papal orthodoxy, which he professes to respect, with the sophistry common to the neo-catholics, attributing all the good that mankind has known, whether from the pure doctrines of Christianity, or from its civilizing power, to the Popes. In this same book, which very inadequately corresponds to its title, the author undertakes to point out

\* "*Del Rinnovamento Civile d'Italia.*" Per Vincenzo Gioberti. Parigi, 1851.

\* *Delle cinque piaghe della Chiesa.* Cap. IV. p. 177.

the defects of the catholic church : like Rosmini, he attributes them to the influences of its worldly interests, to the subjection of its bishops to the secular power, to the want of learning among the clergy, and so on ; and refers all these evils ultimately to the state of dependence in which, under the pretence of making the *sovereign* independent, the *pontiff* is placed, by the possession of a temporal estate. Wherefore, Tommaseo suggests, as a remedy, that the Pope should relinquish all political dominion, in order to return to a more efficacious exercise of spiritual power, and, together with the bishops, resume the religious education and the moral guidance of mankind. But without adverting to the impossibility of such a remedy being willingly adopted by the Roman See and catholic clergy, or admitted by the secular princes, it falls to the ground before the one great fact—that the men of this generation have taught the Pope and the bishops what is the true mission that religion is now required to fulfil, and no longer need their guidance, in a way in which they have learnt to walk by themselves. Nor are there any indications which might lead us to suppose that if the Pope were deprived of his temporal power, and of the protection of armies, he would arise as the spiritual arbiter of the moral world. But enough in answer to Tommaseo's book, which, like the others of its class, has already had the two-fold misfortune of being condemned by the sacred congregation of the Index, and unfavourably received by public opinion.

In Italy public opinion has far outstripped the limits of papal orthodoxy, even in the purely moral and metaphysical points of the catholic system. The Papacy is not only rejected as an obstacle, in its political organization, to the rising of nationality ; but it would be no longer recognised as a necessary guide of consciences, even were it cleansed from its actual turpitude. The desire of Rosmini and Tommaseo for a reform in the discipline of the church, which would leave untouched the individual primacy of the Pope, and the dogmas of the church's theological tradition, is not the desire of the nation—viz., of the thinking and active part of the nation. Those who come under this head do not ask for mere reform, but for absolute freedom of conscience : are not neo-catholics, but—if we may so express ourselves—humanitarians. They know full well, that nothing solid or lasting can be brought about in the way of national emancipation, by a mere modification of the external arrangements of the church, while the principle on which the whole fabric is based is left untouched. They see and reject the absurdity of attempting to maintain the respect for papal theology, yet

at the same time to destroy its legitimate consequences, its practical application. If the Pope is to be accepted as the necessary interpreter and guardian of the Revelation and the Law of God, in him ought also to be recognised the only authority to dispose of both spiritual and temporal goods—of heaven and earth ; and all interference of men in church and state is a work of mischief, of sin, of the devil. But if we admit the human mind to be the spring of social development, if we admit that mankind may progressively extend their knowledge of eternal truth, and hence expand and revive the religious formula in which it has been hitherto circumscribed, then the papal ministry and the whole theological edifice that upholds it, cease to have any value. On this subject, the people in Rome and in Turin, when they were able freely to manifest their real opinions, showed themselves more consequent than certain philosophers. In Rome, when Pius IX. sent from Gaeta the Bull of Excommunication against those who were about to take part in the elections of deputies for the Constituent Assembly, in the autumn of 1849, the people tore the act of the Pope's spiritual authority, and cried out, *Viva gli scomunicati*—300,000 electors in a population of little more than 2,500,000 inhabitants, replied with their independent suffrage to the menace and malediction of the Pope. This can hardly be called the act of catholics. For the last four years, in the Roman States, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, men of all classes continue to face the persecutions of the governments, and the thunders of the Vatican, and to protest, as they may, against the dominant church. The more virtuous among the ecclesiastics conspire in the name of their country, and of humanity, against the despotism of the existing governments, although they know that, from the time of Clement XIII., a Bull, which is renewed by each successive pontiff, excommunicates and condemns to death—body and soul—all those who belong to secret societies. Grioli, a parish priest, Massoli, a canonico, Grazioli, the curate of Revere, all of whom were hung at Mantua, within the last two years, were exemplary in their sacerdotal duties. They died, blessing the people and their future country, with an immortal faith glowing in their souls, which assuredly was not faith in a Pope who had desecrated them while sanctioning the act of their foreign executioners.

During the contest between the Sardinian Government and the Pope, on occasion of the abolition of certain privileges of the ecclesiastical forum, while priests and friars were joining in a chorus of anathemas, the municipal Councils, interpreting the desires of the people,

encouraged the ministers and the Chambers, by petitions and demonstrations; and no sooner was the law passed, than statutes were raised to the Minister Saccardi, its author. And last year (1852), the great majority of the municipalities and the associations of the working classes sent petitions, signed by thousands, to the parliament, for the state-appropriation of ecclesiastical property (*incameramento dei beni ecclesiastici*). The Piedmontese Government has not had courage to respond to the public petition; but the petition was solemn, and the desire universal. Neither is this catholicism! And let it be observed, that Piedmont has, till within the last five years, been domineered over, educated, and nurtured by Jesuits. This is what we have to say of the cities, and it applies to every class. In the country, and among the peasantry, if the antagonism to the priests is not so rife, and the moral wants not so much felt, as among the inhabitants of the towns, the fault lies in the ignorance and neglect to which the country people, as a race apart, have been more or less abandoned. A proof, however, that all fanaticism for the Pope is extinct among them also, may be found in this fact: that in 1849, when the Pope and his Court fled to Gaeta, and from thence set every energy at work to excite a brigandage against the Republic, none of the provinces of the Roman states answered to the appeal, with the exception of a few obscure villages of the province of Ascoli, situated on the Neapolitan frontier, and even there they could not collect above five or six hundred vagabonds, gained over chiefly by money sent from Naples. And in Naples itself—the city of the miracle of St. Januarius—when Pius IX. was there, and the king proceeded to the crusade against the Roman people, no one cried, *Viva il Papa!*

From general facts, therefore, as well as from all these particulars, we feel ourselves authorized to affirm, that Italy is no longer catholic in her belief—that, if there are still many who continue so in name, it is chiefly from an external necessity, and among the poorer and uneducated classes, especially the women, from habit and ignorance,—“*persons (we quote from Ausonio Franchi) who know hardly as much about religion as they have learnt to say by rote from the catechism and the priest.*” But admitting that the ancient belief is renounced in Italy, that the religious foundations of the old social structure are destroyed, what have we to look to for the future? What faculties, what traditions, what *dynamic* and constructive forces, will be left, wherewith to evoke, from the ruins of the past, the harmony of a new civilized world? This is the question to which we will dedicate our

few last pages, not pretending to enter fully into all its bearings—to do so would require a volume—but to touch on the most important points, and hint at certain inferences relative to a subject which we recommend to the study of thinking men, as one that is important not only to the future state of the Italian Peninsula, but also to the interests of the whole Christian world.

The ministers of the established Church, the members of the evangelical Society, and of the various protestant sects—men highly respectable, but unapt to comprehend that the human mind might follow a path differing from that traced for it by the authority of their several Creeds—do not conceive that in Italy, and in other Catholic countries, if once the papal yoke were thrown off, anything better could be accomplished than to substitute in its place some one or other of their reformed Churches. We will briefly state our opinion as to the possibility of such a substitution as regards Italy.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the struggle against the papal encroachments raged through the Peninsula. The barons and the municipalities defended, sword in hand, their privileges and their enfranchisements against the armies of the Church. Both appealed from the arbitrary will of the Pope to the authority of the Council. Francesco Sforza, in the possession of lands, over which the Court of Rome claimed titles of supreme dominion, wrote at the head of all his acts and letters, “*Ex Girifalco\* nostro Firmiano invito Petro et Paolo,*” and corroborated his own sovereignty by the decisions of the Council of Basle against the Pontiff. Rebellions and conspiracies continued rife in all the cities of the ecclesiastical States, and in Rome itself. The guelfic town of Bologna rebelled four times in a few years against the papal Legates. Marzia Ordelaffi heroically resisted the soldiers of the Pope, in the fortress of Cesena. The name of the generous, but unfortunate Stefano Porcari, who was put to death by the minions of Nicholas V., for having attempted to restore liberty in Rome, has become illustrious. Soon after, on the death of Julius II., Pompeo Colonna, bishop of Rieti, when calling upon the Roman people to seize their rights, compares the government of the Popes to that of the Mamelukes, and calls the servitude of the Romans “*more shameful than that of the peoples of Egypt and Soria.*”† In Florence, in Venice, and in many other towns, nobles and plebeians responded with indifference and contempt to the repeated Interdicts and Excommunications of

\* The place of his residence.

† Guicciardini, “*Storia d’Italia,*” vol. v. lib. 9.

the Pope, and allowed priests and monks to depart in procession from out the walls of their cities without any sign of emotion.\* Savonarola after his death became the patron saint of the lower classes throughout the greater part of the Italian provinces; and with the more educated, Plato had dethroned Isidorus.† In those times, Italy, as the nation of Europe the most advanced in civilization, was also the first to protest against the catholic theology. And yet the Reformation took very little hold of it. Historians have sought to explain this non-success of the Reformation in Italy, by attributing it to combinations of policy, to the league of the Pope with the Emperor, the formidable power of Charles V., &c. Undoubtedly, these causes have added no slight weight in repressing the attempts at a religious revolution in the Peninsula: but they were able to do so chiefly because that same revolution, as proposed by the German Reformers, had not found in the Italian mind a soil adapted to its peculiar growth. And this will appear natural, if we compare the intellectual and moral state of the latter with that of the nations who followed the doctrines of protestantism. Doubtless, the Pope—as typified by the mighty ambition of the monk Hildebrand—had become a broken Idol for Italy. The very vices of the papal Court, the increase of municipal civilization, the literary and popular satires against the clergy so generally diffused during two centuries, served to dispel the halo that had surrounded the Divinity of the Vatican. The Guelph party, as a religious party, was little more than an archæological record. Nevertheless—although the critical spirit of an advanced culture had attacked the sacerdotal office in its morality and practices, and Catholicism, as a politico-ecclesiastical institution, was undermined on all sides—the essential form of the thoughts and feelings of the Italians was yet inspired

\* Julius II., in order to take back from the Venetians some lands in Romagna, which had spontaneously gone over to them, planned the league of Cambrai—excited against them all the catholic Powers—then excommunicated them in the most horrible terms, declaring them to have lost every right, public and private, to property, to sovereignty, &c., to be guilty of high treason, infidels, heathens, gangrenous limbs of the Church: and all this for a question of territory; or worse still, to maintain a usurpation of the Church over the rights of peoples. The Venetian senate severely prohibited the introduction of the pontifical Bull into the States of the Republic. They appealed to God, and to the future general Council. The excommunication of the people and of the government of Venice, which was the immediate consequence, did not terrify either the one or the other. Many priests and monks left the city in dismay. Their departure was only a cause of public mirth.

† Isidorus Mercator, the celebrated compiler of the Decretals.

and directed in all its manifestations by a kind of theoretical catholicism, of universal reasoning, that made them averse to the minute divisions, to the dry and isolated forms of the protestant worship. In Germany, and in other northern countries, the mind—more concentrated in itself, and not yet partaking of the same social knowledge and activity, which had placed the Italian mind in more direct communication with all the various phases of the moral world, from the remotest ages down to the present times, and with all the regions of the material world—naturally adhered with more implicit faith, and with greater austerity, to the Christian traditions, and consequently considered religion as of an exclusively inward importance, a merely individual and hidden relation between God and man. In Italy, on the contrary, the religious feeling had been developed in more palpable social forms, beautifying with its inspirations the arts, institutions, and public functions, and rendering it the mainspring of all civil action within or without the country; thus producing a synthesis which, from Rome as its centre, spread its rays throughout the world. It is precisely this conception of the *converging of all things to unity—universitas universalitas*—which constituted the fundamental character of the feeling and civilization of Italy in the Middle Ages; which inspired their religion, their philosophy, their politics, their poetry, their art, their very commercial system. From the “Divina Commedia” and the “Monarchia” of the great Poet, down to the sublime and universal harmony embodied in the works of Raphael and Michelangiolo, the Italians worshipped the same Ideal. And during the interval that elapsed between the former and the latter, the introduction of the studies and traditions of the Greco-Latin Philosophy, literature and art, only helped to strengthen this catholic conviction, raising it to the proportions of a truly humanitarian catholicism, in which every element, every idea, every form of the true, of the beautiful, of the good, wrought out by the genius of mankind, through the whole course of history, seemed to find its proper place, whether derived from a heathen or a Christian epoch, and to conciliate theology with philosophy. In this sense, Plato and Jesus Christ completed one another: Christian art rose to perfection under the influence of Grecian beauty; and from the groves of the Medici and Rucellai, and the halls of the Vatican, arose the conception of a synthesis that would embrace the whole world. This it was that led Columbus on, when boldly steering across the ocean towards an unknown goal: he yearned to catholicise the Continent which he had divined. The whole of Italy, preoccupied by this civilizing mission, forgot

in it her own interests; and while thus enriching Europe and the world with the works of her genius, she laid herself open to the sword with which other nations, after reaping all her fruits, pierced her to the heart.

To break the spell of that synthesis, to shrink from that universal mission into the narrow limits of protestantism, from the glorious and immortal loveliness of her arts, of her literature, of her monuments, to the dreary asceticism of the reformed worship, was for her both an intellectual and moral impossibility. Therefore, the Reformation was not popular in Italy, from the moment it manifested, in all their gloominess, its practical consequences, and its unattractive forms. The religious type towards which Italy aspired in throwing off the yoke of popery was, like her conception of the beautiful, a type of harmony, of unity, of concord between the heavenly city and the earthly city—between God and the progressive development of nature and humanity,—a type which far surpassed the form and doctrines of the reformed Churches. In fact, with the exception of a few humble and timid spirits, all the great minds which in that century devoted their attention to the religious question in Italy, followed neither Luther nor Calvin, but, first in the conferences of Vicenza,\* then in their various places of exile, laid the foundations of a system of universal investigation, which, having been assumed by Faustus Socinus, was instilled, by the sect which he founded, into modern philosophy. And it is in the grand and universal character of this system, in the reasoning which follows out, without any preconceived ideas, the spontaneous manifestations of the laws of nature and humanity, to harmonize with them evermore, through the medium of science and liberty, the institutions and collective tendencies of nations—that we think the chief element of the Italian genius exists. This reasoning avoids the dogmatic pretensions of theological abstruseness, repels the dry negations of sceptical philosophy, and seeks the exact and progressive proportion between the reality of things and the conceptions of mind. Let us examine the works of those great men who in Italy followed out the various branches of natural and metaphysical sciences: let us consider the progress of their minds, hardly yet free from their scholastic leading-strings—from the *à priori* method of a corrupted Aristotelism, which influenced all philosophical studies. We shall see them following two paths, which, starting from two opposite points, tended to the same end, namely, to

draw together and conciliate the two elements of knowledge: the real and the ideal—ontology and logic, in order to deduce a practical and active result. We see Bernardino Telesio, Tartaglia, Cardano, Della, Porta, and later, the great Galileo, striving to apply, with simplicity and exactness, the functions of the mind to natural facts, divesting their judgments of all prejudice, and, with a rational method, opening the road to the discoveries of modern philosophers, to the clearer perception of the identity between the laws of the intellect and those of the outward world. Hence, the human mind purified of its errors, becomes the reflex, the mirror, the very form of the universe. Giordano Bruno, Campanello, Vico, and others, applied the same method to their contemplation of the spiritual world, and were led to the conclusion of a real identity between the infinite and the finite, between unity and multiplicity, between the universal intelligence which informs the whole, and the particular intelligence which progressively discovers and conforms to its laws. Their metaphysics, therefore, led the way to the truth of positive science, to the philosophy of history, to the appliances and developments of civilization, and tend to put an end to the apparent antagonism between Heaven and Earth, between theology and science, between religion and practical life. This tendency of the Italian mind was manifested not alone in the solitary working of privileged intellects; it was the very animating spirit of all the national works. A careful consideration of this civil religious synthesis of the poetry, the art, and the politics of Italy in the brighter days of its freedom, before moral corruption had laid open the way to foreign oppression, will be sufficient to prove this. The comments on Dante's poem publicly given after his death in the Cathedral of Florence; the political meetings of citizens, held in Churches, the fine arts popularly worshipped as a symbol of immortality, the Classical harmonizing with the Christian element in the monumental architecture of that epoch, were so many manifestations of the same tendency in the specific character of the Latin-Italic race. Christian spiritualism was tempered by the influence of the Pythagorean and Hellenic traditions. They deemed that through the exercise of patriotic virtues, through the progress of civic life, worked out in the sacred laws of the Republic, man could rise to God. It was, what modern Italians invoke, a truly *Civil Religion*.

The philosophical Idea of Italy has remained in a germinal state in the works of her writers, and in the traditions of her free municipalities. The political dismemberment

\* See De Potter, "Histoire du Christianisme," &c., vol. viii. ch. ii. iii. p. 27.



of the peninsula, the catholic reaction, and the foreign invasion, have suppressed every attempt to cultivate and give it moral and practical efficacy. But we are convinced that the profound susceptibilities and energies which Providence awards to the genius of a nation, may be smothered awhile, but not totally extinguished by external causes; and that they must, in due season, regain their power of action, and pursue their course, fulfilling the mission which, in the irresistible movement of nations, will fall to them. It is not, it cannot be, without interest to the future destinies of mankind, that Nature should have endowed the Italian mind with peculiar faculties and qualities, prompting them, three centuries ago, to sow the first seeds of a work which, notwithstanding the general progress of civilization, has never yet been properly developed by other nations. Those seeds still exist in the depths of the Italian mind as a latent power that asks for action. The Italians feel it instinctively; hence the ardour with which they pursue this noble work; hence the deep, though yet undefined, faith, for which they lay down their lives. Even those very men who believe they are merely agitating a political question, have, unconsciously, a higher aspiration in their hearts. Their endeavours all tend to a new and grander reconstruction of the religious and civil elements of society.

There are three nations in Europe that have achieved great things, since all national life ceased to operate in Italy; these are England, Germany, and France. For ourselves, as political liberty and religious reform gradually established a sound foundation for our activity and our individual independence, we devoted all our powers with so much energy and perseverance to the furtherance of industry, commerce, natural science, and mechanic art, that no other nation in the world can now dispute our superiority on these grounds. Assisted by our geographical position, surrounded by the sea, and incited by a generous instinct of carrying civilization with our conquests, we are founding nations for the spread of liberty and human culture in countries which not long ago were traversed only by the savage. Our race and our language have penetrated into the remotest regions, everywhere changing the face of the earth by fruitful improvements. But if, from all this outward work of material life, we turn to the examination of our interior life, and consider what is the measure of spiritual development amongst us, we cannot but be forcibly struck with the discrepancy between these two spheres of our existence. We are much less given to the inward investigations of philosophy—to all that is abstract and uni-

versal—than to empirical observations and practical conclusions; and as for what concerns the quiet of our consciences, we are satisfied to rest in the narrow limits of our Creeds. In fact, whilst, as regards our moral life, an inane formality checks every sympathetic expansion of thought, and makes us loth to enter with mind and heart into the general developments of mankind in its onward course, so, as regards our political relations, the utilitarian spirit of the moment exercises a baneful influence, which forbids our raising to its highest aim our civil propaganda.

In Germany, the disproportion between the two above-mentioned elements, is felt through a contrary effect. There the absorption of thought in inward speculations, the almost exclusive devotion of intelligence to abstract reasoning, has led in a certain degree to the neglect of social interests. There the philosophical spirit excludes the habit of bringing its metaphysical theories to a practical result, and renders the mind unfit for action. Whilst criticism has overleaped every barrier of conventional form and authority, their political existence and social relations are still under the absolute dominion of historical right and the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire. In France, the facile and communicative spirit of her people has translated every idea into popular language; but this, from a superficial conception which could not offer a solid basis on which to found a new order of things. In philosophy and in politics they had passed from one revolution to another, until faith was blighted, the moral world without rule or purpose, and the material world a prey to the cupidity of individuals and to the corruption of power. Now the great work of the future, the principal want of rising generations, is a re-organization, on a more harmonious scale, of the various elements of progress at present scattered among the nations. It is necessary that the positive tendencies of England, the abstract speculation of Germany, the democratic spirit of France, should together grow into a philosophical principle more vast, more comprehensive, more capable of promoting in due proportions the natural development of the human powers. We look forward to the time when there shall exist a true harmony between the inward and outward life of man.

Italy, in the middle ages, foresaw the want of this unity, and thought to realize it in the Papacy. Papacy is effete, and Italy must enter with the rest of the nations on the progress towards a true and living unity. The Rome of the Popes must become the Rome of a free and advancing people. Such is the future which the philosophical laws of its history have in store for it.

We shall conclude this paper with an exhortation which the work above cited, of Ausonio Franchi, has suggested to us, and which we address to the more enlightened minds of the Peninsula. We would impress upon them that, however useful the criticism of the dominant theology may be in eradicating the last prejudices, this is neither the only nor the most important work that the Age requires. The tendencies of the people to reject the papal Church are too decided to require long arguments to convince them of its absurdity. The thing above all others desirable is to study the more positive and constructive part of the subject,—the ideas, the faith, and the institutions, which, on the dissolution of the old edifice, must organize and cement the new. We desire to see the educated intellect of the Italians, and of all others who, throughout Europe, dedicate themselves to the same religious, philosophical, and social problems, co-operate earnestly in this research. A series of investigations, which, from the traditions of the past, and the new data yielded by the progressive activity of nations, should trace out the special aptitudes of each, and their collective interests and duties would constitute invaluable materials wherewith to carry out the desired synthesis. And we earnestly recommend the Italians, for their part, carefully to examine, from that point of view, the deposit of their intellectual wealth, and to interrogate the glorious inspirations of their ancestors.

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ART. II.—THE PROGRESS OF FICTION AS AN ART.

1. *Scriptores Erotici Græci*—*Heliodorus of Tricca.*
2. *Romances of Chivalry*—*Amadis of Gaul.*
3. *The Novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett.*
4. *Works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austen, and Miss Burney. The Waverley Novels.*
5. *Basil: a Tale of Modern Life.* By W. Wilkie Collins. 1852.
6. *Daisy Burns.* By Julia Kavanagh. Bentley.
7. *Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face.* By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Republished from "Fraser's Magazine." 1853.

"De tout temps," says an old French writer, "il y a eu des hommes qui ont esté diligens d'écrire et mettre en lumière des choses

vaines. Ce qui plus les y a conviez est, que ils scavoient que leur labeurs seroient agréables a ceux de leurs siecles, dont la plupart a toujours aimé la vanité comme le poisson fait l'eau." The "choses vaines," which so affronted the stern La Noue, and provoked this contemptuous opinion, were no other than the popular romances which, in his day, counted their scores of readers as eager as the thousands who now gasp for Mr. James's "last," or the new number of "Bleak House." Our indignant author grows eloquent in his abuse, and pathetic in his lamentations over the frivolous tastes of mankind. But when did reformer ever win aught but ignominy? Hear the melancholy sequel; "Si quelqu'un les eust voulu blasmer, on luy eust craché au visage!"

The persecuting propensities of mankind have been enlisted in so many a strange cause that possibly even this might have been turned to good account in skilful hands; but the preacher of a crusade against stories and story-tellers is decidedly unfortunate in his choice of a "cry;" and should he find out his mistake by means of the unpleasant rebuff above mentioned, we can only say that he deserves it for his pains. The love of fiction is so strong and universal a passion, that it may be called a natural instinct of the human mind. We find it among all nations, and in all ages; it is almost the only intellectual tie between barbarous and civilized man. Minstrel's song and sage's apologue were the first media through which the many learnt the higher thoughts of the few. We find the "Iliad" the foundation of Greek literature; and the "Fables of Bidpai" are the earliest known offspring of the Indian mind. Fable and tale, catch and rivet the attention of the untaught man, whose half-awakened intellect refuses to grasp ideas conveyed in a form less tangible and dramatic. When Jotham sought to rouse the men of Shechem, he lifted up his voice, and spake—not a tedious harangue, or a lengthy history of his wrongs—but a pithy allegorical story; nor would the eloquence of Demosthenes have answered his purpose half so well as that short parable of the prudent trees and the fair-spoken bramble. In the infancy of literature it is the bard or minstrel who first rouses the popular mind to a perception of the unseen world of thought. Fable and story-book are ever the favourite nursery teachers as well of nations as of children; and although both the one and the other may outgrow the simple tales which were the delight of their youth, the taste, the craving for fiction in some form, remains unabated when childish things have been long since put aside. None are too wise, none too foolish to enjoy keenly

the art which clothes imaginary beings with the garb of every-day humanity; no one is so insensible as to be wholly unmoved and uninterested by the joys and sorrows, the hopes and struggles of characters for whom his human sympathies have been awakened, and the highest mind gratefully turns from the prose of actual life to the brighter world of fancy. Bruce used to beguile the weary hours of exile by reading some stirring romance to his followers; and when Chaucer could not sleep, he had recourse to the same remedy "to rede and drive the night away" (he does not tell us what those who follow his example will be apt to suspect, that he found it an excellent sleeping draught). Every body knows the verdict Dr. Johnson pronounced on the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and De Foe and Swift, both voluminous writers, are, and will be, remembered chiefly as the authors of the most perennially popular stories in the language. Who has not read "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe?" But how many have ever opened, even if they should chance to have heard of "The Political History of the Devil," or the "Drapier's Letters?"

It has been the tendency of modern writers of fiction to restrict themselves more and more to the actual and the possible; and our taste would be offended were they greatly to overstep these limitations, for a scientific and somewhat sceptical age has no longer the power of believing in the marvels which delighted our ruder ancestors. The carefully wrought story, which details events in orderly chronological sequence; which unfolds character according to those laws which experience teaches us to look for as well in the moral as the material world; and which describes outward circumstances in their inexorable certainty, yielding to no magician's wand, or enchanter's spell, is essentially the production of a complex and advanced stage of society; nor do we meet with it until science and letters have reached a high place, and are established firmly enough to influence the popular mind, and to mingle with the popular tone of thought. We feel the chasm which separates one age from another as completely in the style of fiction which has prevailed, as in the phase of religious belief, or of scientific knowledge, which has peculiarly distinguished each period; and contemporary romance literature is valuable not only for the light it incidentally casts upon those thousand minor points of habit and manners, the details of which are so precious when we attempt to fill up the hard stiff outline which history sketches, but also for the many glimpses it affords of the direction of the popular taste, the received standard of

morals, and the degree of mental refinement that existed. Without such knowledge we see the past only as a cold phantom instead of a living reality, and history loses its chief interest and use.

But he who searches into ancient and mediæval romance in the expectation of finding himself brought face to face with the actual thoughts and characters of the past, as he views the present in "Vanity Fair," will be disappointed. A story of the third century, or a novel of the fourteenth, sounds at first so promising; the very mention of them calls up delightful expectations. *Now* we think, at least, we shall learn something more of individual life than we can glean from the scanty records and dry facts of chronicler and compiler; here we shall see portrayed the domestic economy, the daily routine, the very dress and appearance of the folks of old; we shall hear the fireside talk, and sympathise with the fireside affections and homely interests of private people like ourselves, instead of only knowing how the kings warred, and the queens bore children, and the nobles squabbled; which information, however valuable, helps us as little to restore a picture of the past as the "Court Circular," or "Annual Register," would enable some future enquirer to understand how the English lived and spoke in the nineteenth century. But unhappily, the old romance-writers troubled their heads very little about these things; they did not look at life æsthetically; they had no idea of depicting feelings and experiences in the strict analytical fashion, so much in vogue at the present time; and indeed, had they proposed such an object to themselves, they could hardly have produced a picture which we should recognise as life-like. Word-painting is an art, a great and difficult art, and one which does not exist in an unlettered age. The flimsiest modern novel that ever young lady devoured, or critic sneered at, is infinitely superior in artistic arrangement and skilful continuity of plot to even the most readable of ancient fictions. Their dulness and monotony, their clumsy machinery and improbable incidents, render them little interesting to persons who believe neither in witches nor fairies, who would prosecute a necromancer for obtaining money on false pretences, and show a giant at a fair. We regard them, therefore, much in the same light as we contemplate barbarous pictures; both are devoid of perspective; in the one we have impossible characters, in the other dislocated wrists. The picture indicates a shady grove by a vast conglomerate of round apples perched on sticks; the story describes fearful shipwrecks, horrible slaughters, and miraculous adventures, as the usual

and natural accidents of human life. But we may, nevertheless, learn much from both—from the one, fashions of head-gear; from the other, fashions of thought; while the simple fact that the picture was once admired as a work of art, and the story held in honour as a literary performance, is in itself abundantly instructive.

Prose romance seems to have been an unknown element in Roman literature, and, with the one immortal exception of the *Cyropædia*, we do not meet with it among the Greeks until the day of their glory was set. Their lively imagination found ample food in the fables of the old mythology, and there was little in the habits and manners of either Greek or Roman which could furnish materials for works of this class. Private life, as we understand it, there was none,—and love, the grand theme of all northern poetry and romance, was too little hallowed by sentiment, too untempered by respect, to rise above its oriental phase of mere sensualism. The "*Milesiaca*," of Aristides of Miletus, are the first recorded examples of actual prose stories, and upon the translation which was made of these tales into Latin during Sylla's life-time, Ovid wrote,—

"Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi  
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos."

A notice which might tend to console us for their loss, if the anecdote respecting them mentioned by Plutarch did not sufficiently tell their licentious character. A certain young gentleman, Rustius by name, has been snatched from oblivion by the fact of a copy of Aristides's Tales having been found in his baggage (he was a Roman officer), after the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians. The conquering general, Surena, took the book, and laid it before the senate of Seleucia, with some severe comments on the depravity of a people who, even in war, could not abstain from works so infamous. The imitators of Aristides of later days did not sin less against purity and decency, if we may judge by the earliest "*Milesian*" Tale extant—"Lucius, or the Ass,"—which Apuleius reproduced in his "*Metamorphoses*." Sir George Head, in venturing to give these an English dress, has necessarily omitted much, and might have omitted more, to render them tolerable to modern readers.

It is strange how long the human mind will resist change; how willingly it consents to jog along in some track marked out by the authority of custom; and how tenaciously it will cling to some form or fashion, the use and even the meaning of which has long since passed away. We are told that once

when profligacy had reached an extraordinary height, a certain Thibetian king commanded that no woman should leave her house without first hideously disfiguring her face by a coat of black varnish; and to this day all the ladies of Lassa hold it not only decorous and proper, but a clear religious duty, to blacken their faces ere they encounter the public gaze. How many follow the example of the pious ladies of Lassa! There is no chapter in the history of human thought and human action in which this obstinate obedience to the letter (which, after all, is only a disguise for mental indolence) does not appear, and certainly it is not wanting in literature. There, to one originator, we have ten thousand copyists—one sincere thinker is echoed by a host of parrots. It would seem a natural expectation, that a book written in the fourth century after Christ, should in some way carry the impress of its age upon it, considering what times those were—Christianity at last the state-religion—the old corrupt civilization dying out, and no man knowing the destinies of the new—the great resistless tide of northern barbarism sweeping on and destroying as it went—considering, we say, all these things, would it not seem impossible that a man with a brain to think, and a pen to write, should be able to sit down and compose a book, as if the world was going on smoothly and pleasantly, and, in fact, had nothing particular the matter with it? But so it was. In that tremendous age there flourished a school of novel writers, who continued perseveringly to imitate a purely conventional and artificial type, as if there were no more important things to be thought of, and as if the stereotyped forms of heathenism were to last and interest for ever. Stranger still, a Christian, and a Christian bishop, was the chief author, if not the actual inventor of this school. About the end of the fourth century after Christ, Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, wrote his "*Ethiopia*," or history of Theagenes and Chariclea, and after him came, as is supposed, the "*Ephesiaca*," or loves of Abrocomes and Anthia, by Xenophon of Ephesus; "*The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*," by Achilles Tatius; and some others, of which "*The Loves of Daphnis and Chloe*," a pastoral of the Paul and Virginia stamp, is the best known. The *Ethiopia* is infinitely the best of these performances, and was even copied by the first French novelists of the seventeenth century. Racine admired it so much, that when a student at Port Royal, he was found by his director eagerly reading it, whereupon the director straightway put the book in the fire. The pupil, however, was not to be so baffled, and procured another copy, which shared the same fate as the first;

having possessed himself of a third, he learnt it by heart—believe who may!—and then carried it to the director, telling him that he was welcome to serve it as he had done the others. Without pretending to share the poet's enthusiasm, or to think it altogether deserved, we admit that Heliodorus is greatly superior to his imitators, and that, in comparison with Xenophon of Ephesus (whom, however, some have not thought it a profanation to rank beside his great namesake), he is almost graphic. The opening scene is very striking and well worked up, but presently the thread of the tale becomes so hopelessly twisted and entangled, that it is wonderful that Racine did not lose his senses before the end of the first volume. The hero and heroine, Theagenes and Chariclea, meet where Greek heroes and heroines only could, at a public festival, and fall desperately in love at once. They contrive to elope, and embark on board a ship, the captain of which, as a matter of course, becomes instantly enamoured of the luckless maid: she escapes him, however, only to fall into the hands of a band of robbers, together with the faithful Theagenes. In due course, Trakinos, the chief, conceives an ardent passion for her, and entreats her to marry him, the faithful Theagenes being considered and treated *en frère* throughout. Then comes a shipwreck, and next an arrival in Egypt, when Trakinos urgently presses his suit: Chariclea perfidiously desires him to prepare a mock nuptial feast, persuades Peloros, the second in command (who, it is almost superfluous to mention, is also frantically in love with her), to take the opportunity of attacking his chief, which he does, and kills him, and is then himself slain by Theagenes. These little difficulties, thus satisfactorily removed, more robbers supervene, under Thyamis, the valiant and injured son of the chief priest of Memphis, driven to his present mode of life by a usurping younger brother, who had unlawfully deprived him of his inherited dignities. He is, of course, captivated inevitably by the beauty of Chariclea, who again displays great address, and—but we will not weary our readers by giving them the whole of this marvellous tale. Various other personages appear on the stage, and the plot is seriously complicated by the conduct of a highly obnoxious and indecorous character, ἡ κακίστη Θίσβη, and a very wicked woman, wife of the satrap Oroondates, who falls in love with the exemplary Theagenes, and endeavours to poison his innocent Chariclea. Some intricate details are furnished by a garrulous old gentleman, who talks, uninterruptedly, through nearly half a volume,—finally, the fortunes of war having made

them prisoners, Chariclea and her lover come before Hydaspes king of Ethiopia, and Persinal his wife, and are on the point of being sacrificed,—the one to the sun, and the other to the moon, when it is discovered that Chariclea is the king's own daughter, and the story concludes to the satisfaction of all parties.

Schoel, the author of the "Histoire de la Littérature Grecque," observes upon this novel, and the same may be said of the whole race of Greek romances,—“Des pirates, des combats, des enlèvements, des captivités, des reconnoissances, voilà tous les ressorts des Ethiopiques. Cet ouvrage ne fait point connoître l'état de la société; il n'offre que des mœurs fictives, et ne représente ni un siècle ni un peuple.” A singular chance first introduced this work to the West. A soldier of Anspach, serving in Hungary, under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, while assisting at the pillage of Matthias Corvinus's famous library, at Buda, was attracted by the rich ornaments of a manuscript which he accordingly carried off, and sold to Vincent Obsopceus, who published it at Basle in 1534, and thus gave the Ethiopics to modern Europe. The episcopal example of Heliodorus seems to have made romance writing a favourite clerical amusement. Achilles Tatius was also a bishop; Turpin, the reputed author of the "Life of Charlemagne and Roland"—the first romance of chivalry—was bishop of Rheims; in latter times, Huet, bishop of Avranches, wrote a novel and translated Longus; an archdeacon of Sens composed "Les Aventures de Lycidas et Clorinthe," in the sixteenth century; and, in the Seventeenth, almost the only two specimens of English fiction are both by prelates; Rabelais himself was a Franciscan friar; Sterne was a country clergyman; and we owe Telemaque to an Archbishop.

But stories like these old Greek romances could not long interest. Cold relics of a dead faith and a dying age, there was nothing in them to which the living sympathies of living men could respond, and wanting this germ of vitality they have mouldered away in libraries unknown and unread, and are valuable mainly as being curious memorials of the deeply engrained paganism of thought and idea, in the so-called Christian contemporaries of Chrysostom and Ambrose. In the long night of barbarism which followed, the dim lamp of literature was well nigh extinguished, and when at last the rude Teutonic races began to find out that they too had ideas, and must express them, these ideas were very unlike those of the polished Heliodorus, and

uttered in a tongue which would have shocked his elegant Greek taste. Europe, intellectually, had gone back to infancy again, and, childlike, preferred listening to nursery rhymes to learning its letters and writing copies. Men could not read, but they could listen: and for this reason almost all the romances of the middle ages were metrical, and were either sung by minstrel and troubadour, or recited from memory.

"In ancient song and story, marvels high are told,  
Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold;  
Of joy and merry feasting; of lamenting, woe, and fear;  
Of champion's bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear."

Thus opens the famous "Nibelungen Lied," and the not less celebrated "Helden Buch" concludes with the notice: "Henry of Ofterdingen has sung this adventure so masterly, that princes loved him for it, and gave him silver and gold, pennies, and rich garments."

War and adventure, giants and dwarfs, fabulous exploits of heroes, who quaff goblets of human blood, slay their enemies by tens of thousands, and devoutly go to mass, are the very popular themes of these stirring old barbaric poems. The preface to the "Helden Buch" gives such a curiously circumstantial account of the uses of dwarfs, otherwise known as gnomes or kobolds, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold and pearls were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what uses all things should be applied; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms (dragons, serpents), and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And, it should be known, that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years; they paid all observance and honour to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often showed their manhood before them, both in sport and in earnest. It should also be known, that the heroes were always

emperors, kings, dukes, earls; and served under lords, as knights and squires; and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. From these are descended all lords and noblemen."

Here are all the ideas of a new age of feudalism and chivalry, and they are the staple ideas of all mediæval romance. Besides the minstrels who sang these national lays, there were others whom Chaucer mentions, in his "Third Boke of Fame," as jestours,

"that tellen tales,  
Both of wepyng and of game,—"

who appear to have been "gestours," relaters of gests (Latin *gesta*) or adventures in prose, and it is to them that we must trace the early prose romances of chivalry. We find foreign elements in the fictions of these times. Many of the exploits attributed to Charlemagne are taken from a fabulous history of Alexander the Great, which Simeon Seth, a physican of Constantinople in the eleventh century, amused himself by translating from the Persian, and which was the source of many romances; and the "Dolopathos, or Romance of the Seven Sages," written by a monk, was imitated from a very ancient Persian tale, entitled, "The Fables of Syntipa." In the "Gesta Romanorum," and the "Golden Legion" of Jacobus de Voragine, we have some curious examples of monkish imagination and ignorance; such as histories of heroes who set forth on toilsome pilgrimages on the very day of their marriage; of "a Danish king who goes to war against the three kings whom the star in the east guided to Jerusalem;" of Titus, who calls in the magical arts of "Master Virgil;" and of "King Claudius," who bestows his daughter on the wise philosopher Socrates. Saints and miracles, and lifelong penances, are the ideal excellencies in these stories; but among them are also preserved many traditions and tales of far greater antiquity, and which were borrowed from, and adopted by, Boccaccio, and the early Italian novelists.

But the genuine old romance of chivalry has still a charm; there is something in its pictures of knightly honour, high and true, of ladies bright, and deeds of daring, which even yet speaks to our imagination, and which has still a large share in the popular conception of heroism and nobility; and we can well conceive what must have been the passionate admiration for these compositions when the reader traced in them a gorgeous and ideal likeness (*very* ideal it was) of the life around him. Take, for instance, the opening chapter of Amadis of Gaul:

"Not many years after the passion of our Redeemer, there was a Christian king in the lesser Britain, by name Garinter, who, being in the law of truth, was of much devotion and good ways. This king had two daughters by a noble lady, his wife. The eldest was married to Languines, king of Scotland: she was called the lady of the garland, because her husband, taking great pleasure to behold her beautiful tresses, would have them covered only with a chaplet of flowers. Elisena, the other daughter, was far more beautiful, and, although she had been demanded in marriage by many great princes, yet she would wed with none, but, for her solitary and holy life, was commonly called the lost devotee. . . . King Garinter, who was somewhat stricken in years, took delight in hunting. It happened one day, that having gone from his town of Alima to the chase, and being separated from his people, as he went along the forest saying his prayers, he saw to the left a brave battle of one knight against two."

The one knight slays his opponents, and proves to be Perion, king of Gaul. Garinter invites him to come home with him, and he slays a lion in his way for a little diversion. As was to be expected, the guest and Elisena fall in love, and (such is the usual course in all these romances) by-and-by Elisena becomes the mother of Amadis, the hero of the tale. She is obliged to conceal his birth, for death would be her punishment.—"This, so cruel and abominable custom, endured till the coming of the good king Arthur, who was the best king that ever there reigned, and he revoked it at the time when he slew Floyon in battle before the gates of Paris!" The character of Amadis represents the model of a perfect knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, glorious in beauty and unrivalled in strength; generous, loyal, and brave; the defender of the weak, the avenger of the oppressed; the type of chivalrous gallantry; in short, the embodiment of all the virtues most revered in a semi-barbarous age, and the original of that somewhat anomalous aggregate of qualities which constitutes still the abstract notion of a *high born gentleman*. It was the natural beau ideal of the fourteenth century, when to fight was more honourable than to think, when the profession of arms was the wonted calling of the great and the high born, and when a certain degree of contempt attached to the pursuit of more peaceful arts and accomplishments. During that momentous illness which transformed Ignatius Loyola from the courtier and the warrior into the religious enthusiast, "Amadis of Gaul" was one of his favourite books; and, it will be remembered, the curate especially excepted it, as well as "Tirante the White," and "Palmeirin of England," when he purged Don Quixote's library. Many were the imitations of this famous romance; and

by way of improving it, Montalvo added sixteen more books containing the whole history of Esplandian, the son of Amadis, written in a style very inferior to the original, thereby, as Mr. Hallam observes, "deserving at least the praise or blame of making the entire work unreadable by the most patient or the most idle of mankind." The extreme unreality, and still more, the inordinate length of these romances, provoked an antidote. Very heroic they might be, but excessively dull they unquestionably were; and a school of a totally different character sprung up, which exchanged the noble *dramatis personæ* of gallant knights and lovely dames for a far less exalted *corps dramatique*, and founded its claims to popularity on the exhibition of the rogueries practised by designing innkeepers, and the grotesque vicissitudes of half-starved servant boys. The short lively stories of Boccaccio and Sacchetti, and the Spanish *Novela picaresca*, leaving the well worn themes of chivalry, are founded usually on real or probable incidents, delineated with the comic side outwards, and exposing unscrupulously the vices and foibles of mankind. Faithless wives, dissolute and knavish priests, pages who "get on" by lying and stealing, unsuspecting masters duped by transparent tricks, are the most prominent characters in these tales, sketched often with much humour, but oftener still with much greater coarseness. Broad practical jokes, and the vulgar triumphs and disappointments of clever rogues and vain fools, are, after all, but mean subjects for art; and even the inimitable pen of Le Sage does not elevate the comic novel much above the level of a burlesque—it is still the Farce of Romance. It is sometimes urged, that works of this character are truer to nature, and exhibit human life in more faithful colours, than those which paint scenes of a higher and sublimer kind; and this no doubt is true, but only partially so. It is true that a Gil Blas may be more easily met with than a Bayard, that a Pecksniff is a commoner character than a Sidney, and that Becky Sharps are more plentiful than Lady Jane Greys. But a work professedly comic restricts itself in great measure to the low moral standard and sordid schemes of heroes, like Gil Blas, rarely touching upon higher ground; and herein lies its untruth. If it be false to describe the average run of mankind as demigods, it is equally so to set them down as systematic rascals, and of the two extremes a caricatured portrait is less pleasing than an ideal one. The intrigues and witticisms of a buffoon, however well related, awaken but a poor kind of interest; and the writer, whose pictures of life provoke only a broad grin, has taken too low and too narrow a view of

human nature to deserve a high place among the masters of fiction. The Spanish and Italian novels of this class are deeply impregnated with that mocking and licentious spirit which is the natural tone of thought in an age too enlightened for superstition, but neither earnest nor pure enough for morality, and the mind turns away at once saddened and revolted by the impression of intense earthliness and sensuality these stories leave upon it. In comparison with them, the old-fashioned tales of chivalry are refined and ennobling, but the taste for these last was already declining when Cervantes gave it its deathblow, and the follies of the immortal knight of La Mancha compelled the world to recognise the absurdity of perpetuating ideas long since outgrown and obsolete. The old unreal and artificial style, however, lingered tenaciously, and especially in France. D'Urfé in pastoral, and Gemberville in the heroic style (which simply means calling characters cast in the approved chivalrous mould by historical names), had a fashionable popularity in the time of Louis XIII., though to modern readers they are unspeakably tame and tedious: Calprenède poured forth his voluminous "Cassandra" in ten octavo volumes; and the celebrated Madlle. de Scuderi—the correspondent of Queen Christina, and the honoured of the Grand Monarque—delighted her contemporaries by her equally long romances of Cyrus and Clélie. It is to France, nevertheless, that we owe the first attempt to shake off the fetters of precedent and fashion in novel writing, and to exhibit the living manners of living people in place of the tedious felicities of Arcadias, à *La Louis Quatorze*. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, before Fielding or Richardson were born, Madame La Fayette published a novel, in which she has described the characters and manners of her own time, and for which she deserves to be remembered. This work, entitled "La Princesse de Cleves," was very popular in its day; Fontenelle professed to have read it through four several times; it was patronised by theologians, and quoted in sermons. The story turns upon the unhappy, but not guilty, attachment of a married lady and her lover; but, in justice to Madame La Fayette, we must add, that she has avoided the style of treatment by which the modern echoes of that unfailling plot contrive to amaze inexperienced, and startle modest readers; and "La Princesse de Cleves" is singularly free from the coarseness which characterizes our own earlier novels, and the sentimental viciousness of a numerous tribe of French ones and their imitators.

The page of English romance was almost a blank until the last century, and, for this,

two reasons may be given: the first, that Britain was, for a long time, considerably behind France and Spain in civilization and luxury; the second, that it was immersed in the more serious work of repeated civil wars. Prose fiction is not the expression of very earnest feeling; a man may dash off a military song like Tyrtæus of old, or young Körner in later days, whilst awaiting the shock of the combat, and the excitement of the moment will give it a higher perfection than art could bestow; for poetry is the language of passion, and the reader is carried away by his human sympathy with the feeling of the writer, rather than by his description of it. But a prose fiction requires leisure and thought; it is not the outpouring of a heart too full to be silent, but a work of time and art; and when war is at our doors, and its ravages are seen by our hearths and in our homes, a man is not exactly in the mood to sit in his study and compose a history of fictitious dangers and woes; he has too many real ones to think of to leave his mind calm enough for the work. Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," however, which appeared in the reign of Elizabeth, showed that when the sword was laid down, the same hand had no inaptitude for the pen, and the last of the chevaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* was the last to echo the old themes that belonged to a time already past. A fiercer struggle than that of the Roses was already in preparation, and when the strong hand which had held the reins of the state resigned them to the weaker grasp of James, men's minds were too deeply occupied with the stern realities of life to think of light literature. The feeling which was becoming general in the nation may be gathered from Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's description of the new reign:—"The honour, wealth, and glory of the nation wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were soon prodigally wasted by this thriftless heir; the nobility of the land utterly debased by selling honors to public sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor merits fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pill (plunder) the people and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdness. The apostasy from holiness stirred up sorrow, indignation, and fear in all that retained any love of God in the land, whether ministers or people; the ministers warned the people of the approaching judgments of God, but at court they were hated, disgraced, and reviled, and, in scorn, had the name of Puritan fixed upon them." The storm which was thus seen gathering in the distance, soon overshadowed the land; and the great rebellion once more called on men to abandon the pen



for the sword. It was not till peace was restored that the leisure of a former soldier in the parliamentary army gave a place in this department of literature even to Puritanism; and "The Pilgrim's Progress"—the most universally popular fiction ever written—expressed the feeling of the age just past. A great change came over the country with the restoration of the licentious Charles II., and it had its exponent in the questionable productions of Aphra Behn, and the plays of Congreve and others, which the nicer taste, if not the greater purity of modern times, has banished, in great measure, from our theatres, and wholly from the drawing-room.

Another stormy period made a fresh pause in the history of fiction, and it was not till the arbitrary projects of the second James had been defeated, and the liberties of England established on a firm foundation, that our sober countrymen found time to think of amusing themselves with—we must not say the *lighter* productions of literary art, for the ponderous size of Richardson's novels forbids the term—but with the fictitious interest attached to unreal personages. From this period the revolution in the style of English fiction was complete. The heroes and heroines of Richardson's novels seem as far removed from our own habits and modes of thinking as if they had lived in the days of King Alfred, but they are men and women notwithstanding; the feelings and passions common to human nature in all ages are worked out in all their nicer shades with the hand of a master, and however stiff and stately they may appear, we still feel, that beneath shirt-frills and square coats, hoops and ruffles, the heart beat with the same emotions, the brain teemed with the same busy thoughts as our own. Fiction had now established itself as an art, and the novelist put in a claim to the chair of the moralist and philosopher. The greater refinement of manners in modern days may render Richardson's pictures of life revolting to our more fastidious tastes, and we may doubt his judgment in unveiling scenes of vice which the pure need never witness in real life: but never are these scenes made to pander to the evil passions of human nature; and they inspire as much disgust in the perusal as would be felt by the innocent in witnessing the reality. We can hardly say the same of his successors in the art. Fielding and Smollett, however clever in their delineations and sometimes caricatures of life, offend by, we had almost said, the studied coarseness of even their best scenes and descriptions; and if, as we have assumed, the most popular works of fiction may be taken as a measure of the taste and morals of the age which admired them, we

must place those of our ancestors very low. Fielding professedly writes from nature; nor could he have won his great popularity as a living writer had his characters been too much exaggerated to appear truthful in the eyes of his own generation; but even when all allowance is made for the degree of caricature almost inseparable from comic writing, what an impression his novel leaves of low sentiment, coarse habits, and the prevalence of gross vice everywhere, and in all classes! What a scene, for instance, is that in which Parson Adams and Fanny are brought before the Justice, who, "in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners, and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, ordered them into his presence!" The drunken guests who assail the girl with indecent jokes; the wag of the party, who insists upon "capping" verses with Adams; the discovery of the manuscript of *Æschylus* in the possession of the latter, which the justice and his clerk consider to be some seditious document in cypher, while one of the company ventures to suggest that "it looked very much like Greek;" but not having seen any for so long, he hesitates to decide the question; and the final reference of this knotty point to the rector of the parish, who settles it by pronouncing the manuscript to be an ancient copy of one of the fathers, commencing with the catechism in Greek, "*Pollaki toi—what's your name!*" form altogether a scene such as it is to be hoped could never be witnessed in these days. Yet that it was not very much beyond the truth may be gathered from a nearly contemporary witness, who, not having the interest of a story to keep up, had no temptation to over-colouring. Mr. Addison, in a paper on precedence, terms rural squires "the illiterate body of the nation," and excuses their position, below the three learned professions, because "they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left." Although in doing so we are guilty of anticipating the subject somewhat, we cannot resist the temptation of bringing past and present into contrast by comparing Mr. Thackeray's "*Esmond*" with the veritable novels of those unspiritual days. In spite of its almost faultless style, and general accuracy of costume and color, we feel at once that it is the work of a mind reared in a different atmosphere, and grown in a richer soil. No great author of our time, least of all Mr. Thackeray, could write like either Fielding or Smollett; and the work would not be tolerated were it attempted. There is one point especially which is a marked and peculiar characteristic of Mr.

Thackeray's writing, and which betrays, most of all, the thinker of the nineteenth century disguised in the velvet coat and wig of Queen Anne's reign. In his searching and unflinching exposure of those moral and social hollows which observers less faithful most readily gloss over, Mr. Thackeray has not spared the fireside, and has laid bare the unspoken and unpitied woes which lurk there, with stern and terrible justice. No female pen, even in these days, has more resolutely denied the old-fashioned and pleasant belief in the happiness of marriage and the fair lot of woman therein; and a century ago, certainly such philosophy as Mr. Thackeray's on such a subject would hardly have occurred to a plain gentleman like Mr. Henry Esmond. Let any one contrast the character of Fielding's Amelia—the model wife who loves her husband rather better than she did before on discovering his infidelity—with the following reflections, and he will see at once how great is the change which has come over the spirit of this age.

“There's not a writer of my time of any note, with the exception of poor Dick Steele, that does not speak of a woman as of a slave, and scorn and use her as such. Mr. Pope, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Gay, every one of 'em sings in this key; each according to his nature and politeness: and louder and fouler than all in abuse is Dr. Swift, who spoke of them as he treated them, worst of all. . . . If it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honour a dullard: it is worse still for the man himself, perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior: that the woman who does his bidding and submits to his humours, should be his lord; that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains, and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes: treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flowers: bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun: and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and darkness, and chafes without that his prisoner is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory. So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady saw each other as they were: with her illness and altered beauty, my lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love?—who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect?—who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers,

muftis and rabbins in the world can bind to that monstrous allegiance.”—“*Esmond*,” vol. i., p. 248.

This Review has already borne ample testimony to the rare merits of Mr. Thackeray's works; a further recurrence to them here, therefore, would be out of place, but it was impossible to speak of the novels of the eighteenth century without being reminded of a book whose best merits are perhaps those which render it most unlike the literature of the period it is designed to illustrate.

As the last century approached its close, the change of manners once more marked itself strongly in the fictions of the time. Lady authors became more numerous—the Minerva press looms heavily in the distance, and the new school makes up for its inferiority in power and nature, by irreproachable modesty and propriety of tone. It was reserved to the present century to prove that both qualities could exist together. Clara Reeve's “*Old English Baron*,” and the multitude of romances of its age and stamp, strike us as more vapid than their kindred compositions of the present; but it is rather the old-fashioned style and diction of the former which sound stiff and strange to our ears, than much intrinsic excellence in the latter, that produce this impression. For ourselves, we much question whether the popularity of many favourite novels to be had now “at all the libraries” will outlive Mrs. Inchbald's: and we do not see that the authoresses whose pages are full of excruciating heart agonies, and minute descriptions of the state of the weather, have claims to more lasting fame than Mrs. Ratcliffe has won by her tremendous apparatus of thunder-storms and trap-doors. It was the fashion then to construct a story out of strange and unnatural *circumstances*,—it is the fashion now to elaborate it out of morbid *feelings* and over-wrought *sensibilities*, and, like all fashions which contradict nature, both must pass away, for both have grown out of a taste which must be transitory. To secure an enduring name, something more than this is needed, and the high reputation which Miss Austin's novels gained, and still retain, is a proof of the ready appreciation which is always felt when an author dares to be natural. Without brilliancy of any kind—without imagination, depth of thought, or wide experience, Miss Austin, by simply describing what she knew and had seen, and making accurate portraits of very tiresome and uninteresting people, is recognised as a true artist, and will continue to be admired, when many authors more ambitious, and believing themselves filled with a much higher inspiration, will be neglected and forgotten. There is an instinct in every

unwarped mind which prefers truth to extravagance, and a photographic picture, if it be only of a kitten or a hay-stack, is a pleasanter subject in the eyes of most persons (were they brave enough to admit it), than many a glaring piece of mythology, which those who profess to worship High Art find themselves called upon to pronounce divine. People will persist in admiring what they can appreciate and understand, and Wilkie will keep his place among national favourites when poor Haydon's Dentatus is turned to the wall. But Miss Austin's accurate scenes from dull life, and Miss Burney's long histories of amiable and persecuted heroines, though belonging to the modern and reformed school of novels, must still be classed in the lower division. As pictures of manners, they are interesting and amusing, but they want the broader foundation, the firm granite substratum, which the great masters who have followed them have taught us to expect. They show us too much of the littleness and trivialities of life, and limit themselves so scrupulously to the sayings and doings of dull, ignorant, and disagreeable people, that their very truthfulness makes us yawn. They fall short of fulfilling the objects, and satisfying the necessities of Fiction in its highest aspect—as the art whose office it is “to interest, to please, and sportively to elevate—to take man from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region, to beguile weary and selfish pain, to excite a generous sorrow at vicissitudes not his own, to raise the passions into sympathy with heroic troubles, and to admit the soul into that serener atmosphere from which it rarely returns to ordinary existence without some memory or association which ought to enlarge the domain of thought, and exalt the motives of action.”\*

It was a happy opening of a rich and unworked mine when Miss Edgeworth gave her humourously descriptive tales of Irish life to the world—most happy if, as Sir Walter Scott declares, they had the merit of first suggesting to him the idea of a series of stories illustrative of the character and manners of his own country, and we owe the *Waverley* novels to that idea. Of those world-known fictions, eulogy seems superfluous, and criticism almost impertinent. They have long since taken their honoured place in all English hearts and book-cases, and even the grand discovery made some few years back by a certain class of reformers that the tendency of some of them is so pernicious and dangerous, that they cannot safely be put in

the hands of the young, has, we trust and believe, not effected much towards dislodging them. Never, perhaps, did any author win so quickly, and retain so permanently, universal popularity, as Walter Scott. He had the unusual fortune to be as thoroughly appreciated during his lifetime, as he has been since,—not even a Frenchman, emulous of adding an article to the creed which affirms the mediocrity of Shakespeare and the incompetency of Wellington, has ventured to doubt his genius or grudge his fame, and the happy talent with which the author of “*Aimé Vert*” has imitated his tone of thought and colouring in that clever story, purporting to be a French translation of an unpublished work by him, tells of a familiar acquaintance with the original on the part of the author, and the public he wrote for. Mr. James has unhappily proved that historical novels are not of necessity either engrossing or brilliant, but until “*Waverley*” set the example, no one had tried to write them, and the transition from the harmless twaddle and weak nonsense of the old-fashioned romances to the pages of “*Ivanhoe*” and “*Old Mortality*” was something very like enchantment. To restore the image of times long past, and to give it its natural tone—to be, as it were, the interpreter between far distant ages—is perhaps the highest, as it is unquestionably the most difficult achievement of Fiction, and here, with but one exception, Scott is still unrivalled. Sir E. B. Lytton moves in an orbit so widely distinct, that he can hardly be called a rival, or his works be brought into comparison, but the claims of “*The Last of the Barons*” to be ranked among the most perfect examples of the historical romance, demand that timely qualification.

The highest art is that which, to superficial observers, seems to be no art at all. An actor who cannot charm his audience into forgetting that he is merely sustaining a part, breaks the illusion, and mars the whole effect of the piece. He must enter so entirely into the spirit of his author's conception, as never for an instant to betray his own personality by look or gesture, and he must so completely identify himself with the character he represents as to avoid the slightest inappropriateness of tone, and every appearance of a constrained or unnatural manner. The considerate sailor who, seeing that a confidential interview was beginning on the stage, whispered to his companion, “These chaps seem to have something to say they don't want us to hear; hadn't we better go away?” unconsciously paid the highest possible compliment to the performers; and the same power of complete identification requisite to a great actor, is as essential to the writer of narrative-

\* Sir E. B. Lytton, preface to “*Night and Morning*.”

fiction, though there is this superadded difficulty in his case, that his characters must be able to speak and act of themselves, without any of those advantages of actual representation, *quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*. All the finer touches of nature and expression which the dramatist entrusts to the interpreting skill of his actors, the novel writer must himself bestow, and by the far less vivid medium of words. Judging, then, of the Waverley novels by this, which will be acknowledged as the true test—the degree in which they succeed in setting before our eyes the living image of the times and personages described—their wonderful perfection is at once apparent. As far removed from tameness on the one hand, as extravagance on the other, they have all the interest of truth without being prosaic, and all the charm of invention without seeming improbable. In the whole range of fiction it would be impossible to mention any author, the tone of whose works is so thoroughly healthy and pure as Sir Walter Scott's. Moral conclusions are never thrust upon us in them, any more than they are in the world, but our sympathies are always on the side of right and goodness; honesty is never sacrificed for dramatic effect, nor is vice ever made fascinating. There is not a word or an allusion which can leave the shadow of a stain on the most guileless and inexperienced mind, and the untold delight which has hence been permitted to hundreds and thousands of young enthusiastic readers, is perhaps the noblest and holiest tribute to genius. Happy the author whom the wise honour, and children love! As yet, the Waverley novels stand alone; surpassing their predecessors as much in beauty of narrative and masterly completeness of invention, as in purity and morality of tone, they are scarcely less dissimilar to the present school. We are too deeply immersed in schisms and controversies, and the fierce life-and-death struggle of this "Latter-day" to produce an author with a genius equal to Walter Scott's, who would be content to devote it (even supposing, what is very problematical, that it would pay) to the production of volume after volume, with no other object but that of affording simple amusement, unspiced by satire and unflavoured by passion; intended only to produce that happy, rational, and placid kind of enjoyment which we feel in the works of the great Scotch novelist. The only author who (*longo intervallo!*) follows in the same path is Mr. James; and, unless it be in the quantity of letter-press, few will discover the resemblance between his novels and those of Scott, excepting perhaps the unhappy individuals who fill the offices of "reader" and bookbinder for Mr. Newby!

As we approach our own times, our task becomes more difficult. Every year pours forth a score or so of works which are invariably described "as the most popular of any that have appeared for many years;" and each, if it be inquired after at no very long interval, is wiped out from the recollection of booksellers and circulating libraries, and you are offered some new pretender to fame which will be as speedily forgotten. But these form no criterion of the public taste, and it will be for the inquirer of the next age to pick up on the shores of time the wrecks of the present, and point out from those fragments of our lighter literature that have had solidity enough to be preserved, the general tendency of the national mind at the present period. There is, indeed, hardly a theory, an opinion, or a crotchet, which has not been given to the world in the three-volume form. Every rank, grade, profession, and almost every trade, has been shown up or cried down, pleaded for or protested against, through the same convenient medium. Our supposed inquirer, if he took up "Tremaine," would find himself plunged into some common-place arguments against atheism; Mrs. Trollope would unveil for him the sufferings of factory boys; he would encounter a kind of political manifesto and confession of faith in the brilliant pages of "Coning-by;" "Hawkstone"—if it has not gone to the butter-shop, and enlightened Irish barrow-women before that time—"Hawkstone," if surviving, will teach him how important it was once thought to furnish a model-protestant hero with a rosary; while the large class of "serious" novels and novellettes which edify the present generation with such remarkable examples of drawing-room theology, will probably, long ere that, have vanished with the phase of mind which produced them. A few will survive, and, foremost among the authors who, less as artists than as prophets, teachers, and politicians, have sent forth their views in the guise of romance, will appear the author of "Hypatia." The ability which guides Mr. Kingsley's bold, adventurous pen, was sufficiently manifested in "Alton Locke," and the same ability, mingled with a yet more daring and wilder originality, shone in the less attractive pages of "Yeast." Vigorous, almost insolent in style, and fearlessly exposing many a varnished hypocrisy and ghastly sore both in high life and in low, these works are also the expression of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar and somewhat incoherent views upon questions moral, social and religious. In the work now before us, he has endeavoured to make history echo and confirm those opinions, and has put forth an historical character to illustrate them. But *this* "Hypatia" has failed

to do; and it affords a strong presumption against some of the author's favourite theories, that, in trying to make them fit, and to work them out in connexion with a character whose real outline, at least, is preserved to us with tolerable distinctness, he has been obliged to deviate so widely from the common probabilities of human nature, that he has produced a distorted and unnatural figure, out of all harmony with the recorded facts.

The dignity of "ambassador from the court of Truth" has ever been the true vocation of Fiction; but it must show its title to that honourable distinction by the credentials it bears; and if these be of doubtful authenticity, we naturally question the trustworthiness of the envoy. The writer of historical fiction is not less bound than the historian himself to make his version of the subject he has chosen accord strictly with fact and probability; and if he substitute his own private ideas of what *ought* to have been for what really *was*, he betrays his trust, and lends his powers to misrepresent rather than to elucidate the past. More especially is this the case when a great character is at stake; for most readers will believe a pleasant fiction rather than grope into dry historical records. So, on the authority of Shakespeare, we have all learnt to think of Richard the Third as a hideous misshapen monster; but, in fact, that monarch, though short in stature, possessed a fine and "princely countenance," and so far from being hunchbacked, was remarkable for strength and agility. Those who take up their opinions of Hypatia from Mr. Kingsley's tale, in spite of its accuracy with regard to actual facts, will imbibe a scarcely less distorted notion of the intellectual features of that martyr philosopher. Her historical existence seems to be so little known, and we have heard the question, "Who was Hypatia?" so often asked, that it may not be superfluous to give a brief sketch of her history, as it has been handed down by Socrates Scholasticus, and other later authorities.

She was the daughter of Theon, a distinguished mathematician of Alexandria, attached to the famous museum of that city, as a professor, about the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century of our era. Hypatia was instructed by her father in his own science, and afterwards studied at Athens, then celebrated for its schools of rhetoric. On her return to Alexandria, her extraordinary acquirements became the subjects of universal admiration, for, according to Socrates, "she excelled all the philosophers of that time;" and was invited to succeed her father as head of the Alexandrian school, and to teach from the same chair which had been filled by Ammonius, Hierocles, and

many others of note. Her system was eclectic, but the exact sciences formed the basis of her public teaching; and, according to Schoell, "elle introduisit la première une méthode rigoureuse dans l'enseignement de la philosophie." The letters of her friend and pupil, Synesius, the eccentric, learned, and philosophizing bishop of Ptolemais, bear ample testimony to the unbounded esteem and reverence he entertained for her. Writing to her, on the death of one of his children, he addresses her as his "Mother, sister, teacher, or whatsoever other name is honourable;" and bids his brother greet "the honoured and most beloved of God, the mistress of philosophy, and that happy company that enjoys her divine voice." In another place, in speaking of the departed greatness of Athens, he says, "In our age, Egypt is nourished by the seeds of knowledge which Hypatia sows; but once Athens was the home of wisdom." He writes to consult her respecting a book he meditated publishing; and a silver astrolabe, he presented to a brother philosopher, was made under her directions. The fame of one who was as beautiful and virtuous as she was wise, drew a crowd of hearers to her academy, and roused the jealousy of the Christians, and of their fiery bishop, Cyril, the famous Alexandrian patriarch. Besides her influence as a teacher of "the several sciences that go under the name of philosophy," Hypatia was the friend and adviser of the civil magistrates, who regularly visited her; and "on account of the grave courage of mind she gained from her learning," says Socrates, "and her modest, matron-like behaviour, she scrupled not to appear before the judges, and was not ashamed to come thus openly before men, for her extraordinary discretion made her to be both admired and respected by all." Orestes, the prefect of the city, had quarrelled irreconcilably with Cyril, and had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of some Nitrian monks, who came to Alexandria burning to avenge their spiritual ruler; and the prefect's intimacy and friendship with Hypatia (though himself a baptized Christian) being well known, she was considered as the cause of the disunion between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. A word was enough to inflame that raging fanaticism which made the monks of Nitria a terror to their neighbours; and Hypatia was doomed. During Lent, A.D. 415, the Christian mob, headed by Peter, a reader of the church, watched their opportunity, seized her, bore her away to the Cæsareium, and there put her to the barbarous death which Mr. Kingsley has described with so much dramatic and terrible reality. Such is the testimony of history.

But what do we gather from Mr. Kingsley's portrait of Hypatia? We cannot suspect Socrates, a Christian, of undue partiality towards a pagan, a woman, and a public teacher of philosophy; but, as we have seen, he represents her as no less wise than learned. Mr. Kingsley's Hypatia, on the contrary, is a being whom, if we did not pity, we should almost despise. Cold, presumptuous, and shallow, we see a pedantic dreamer and blind enthusiast, duped and guided by the base counsels of Orestes, whom she detests, and betrayed into becoming his passive tool against her conscience and her judgment, by specious reasonings and unconvincing arguments, which she is too weak to resist, and too foolish to see through. Such a being, under another aspect, Mr. Kingsley had already drawn in "Yeast;" and the principle which, in both cases, he means to illustrate, appears to us so vicious in itself and in its results, that we deem it important to point it out. According to Mr. Kingsley's system, no woman, however wise and pure, can withstand the will of any man, however base and vile. If she loves,—as in the case of Argemone,—her subjugation is total,—reason, conscience, choice, are mute and powerless; and if she hates, like Hypatia, she is equally at the mercy of the man who thinks it worth while to subdue her. Ordinary experience will not allow us to subscribe to this system, nor would we willingly believe in a doctrine which renders all our dreams of social regeneration and of higher moral influence, as women reach a better position, altogether hopeless and vain. According to a venerable rhyme:

"Nine times in ten,  
Old women are worth as much as old men!"

And the concentrated wisdom of ages which lies embalmed in those proverbial axioms should not be lightly set aside. At any rate, Mr. Kingsley does not prove his case. After imagining certain unique specimens of womanhood, whose claims to even an ordinary amount of sense and discretion are extremely doubtful, he points to these as proofs of the inevitable failure which must ensue when the "woman takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect," and requires us to be thereby convinced that intellect and womanly goodness are essentially opposed and irreconcilable; and, as an encouragement to virtue on the part of the sex generally, the heartless and unfeeling conduct of the female philosopher is put in unfavourable contrast with that of Pelagia the courtesan, who, from a life of vanity and pollution, in the most polluted city of the corruptest age of the

rotten empire, having never known what it was to resist a caprice or curb a passion, suddenly emerges, great and heroic, ready to sacrifice her life in the sublime (if mistaken) generosity of the purest and most disinterested affection. We have ceased to believe in witches and love potions, and it is time that this false and vulgar creed should also pass away. Justly may the treatment of such as Pelagia by the untried and the untempted be exposed for what it is—pharisaical uncharitableness and barbarous cruelty; but true wisdom should equally guard us against that unhallowed doctrine which denies to woman the best virtue and the purest happiness of human nature; which belies the goodness of the Creator as the giver of powers which she cannot unfold and exercise without spoiling, instead of ennobling her mission; and which consigns her helplessly to the sole guidance of passion and instinct, and cruelly assures her that *they* cannot mislead, and that, in implicit obedience to them, she will find her most blessed destiny. Mr. Kingsley makes a hot and righteous onslaught upon the "Manichæan" notions which condemn the animal nature as utterly unclean, and which would make holiness consist in forcibly stifling every natural emotion and gentler affection, and he has almost an eleventh commandment against the sin of celibacy. History shows how fearful will always be the reaction after this attempt at improving upon nature; but it also tells of the, if possible, worse consequences of the opposite extreme. The most exalted excellence is compatible with the erroneous endeavour to crucify the flesh instead of keeping it in wholesome subjection; but once teach that the appetites and passions, being natural, may therefore be indulged without check, and everything good, and fair, and lovely in the world, sinks and perishes under the blight of sensuality. We live in days when the relative position of the sexes, and the better understanding of woman's place and duties, are questions of no little moment, and, therefore it is we have recorded our protest here against a class of opinions which have their stronghold in the novel-writer's system of ethics. Let us return from this digression, to other portions of Mr. Kingsley's work, and introduce our readers to Alexandria, as it bursts on the astonished gaze of the young monk, Philammon, fresh from the desert:—

"Passing, one after another, world-old cities, now dwindled to decaying towns, and numberless canal mouths, now fast falling into ruin with the fields to which they insured fertility, under the pressure of Roman extortion and misrule, they had entered, one evening, the mouth of the great canal of Alexandria, slid easily all night across

the star-bespangled shadows of Lake Mareotis, and found themselves, when the next morning dawned, among the countless masts and noisy quays of the greatest seaport in the world. The motley crowd of foreigners, the hubbub of all dialects from the Crimea to Cadiz, the vast piles of merchandize, and heaps of wheat lying unsheltered in that rainless air, the huge bulk of the corn-ships lading for Rome, whose tall sides rose story over story, like floating palaces, above the buildings of some inner dock—these sights, and a hundred more, made the young monk think that the world did not look, at first sight, a thing to be despised. In front of heaps of fruit, fresh from the market-boats, black groups of glossy negro-slaves were basking and laughing on the quay, looking anxiously and coquettishly round in hopes of a purchaser; they evidently did not think the change from desert toil to city luxuries a change for the worse. Philammon turned away his eyes from beholding vanity; but only to meet fresh vanity wheresoever they fell. He felt crushed by the multitude of new objects, stunned by the din around, and scarcely recollected himself enough to seize the first opportunity of escaping from his dangerous companions. . . . The novel roar and whirl of the street, the perpetual stream of busy faces, the line of curricles, palanquins, laden asses, camels, elephants, which met and passed him, and squeezed him up steps and into doorways, as they threaded their way through the great Moor-gate into the ample street beyond, drove everything from his mind but wondering curiosity, and a vague, helpless dread of that great living wilderness, more terrible than any dead wilderness of sand which he had left behind. Already he longed for the repose, the silence of the Laura—for faces which knew him and smiled upon him; but it was too late to turn back now. His guide held on for more than a mile up the great main street, crossed in the centre of the city, at right angles, by one equally magnificent, at each end of which, miles away, appeared, dim and distant over the heads of the living stream of passengers, the yellow sand-hills of the desert; while, at the end of the vista in front of them gleamed the blue harbour, through a net-work of countless masts. At last they reached the quay at the opposite end of the street, and there burst upon Philammon's astonished eyes a vast semicircle of blue sea, ringed with palaces and towers. . . . The overwhelming vastness, multiplicity, and magnificence of the whole scene; the range of buildings, such as mother earth never, perhaps, carried on her lap before or since; the extraordinary variety of form—the pure Doric and Ionic of the earlier Ptolemies, the barbaric and confused gorgeousness of the later Roman, and here and there an imitation of the grand elephantine style of old Egypt, its gaudy colours relieving, while they deepened, the effect of its massive and simple outlines; the eternal repose of that great belt of stone contrasting with the restless ripple of the glittering harbour, and the busy sails which crowded out into the sea beyond, like white doves taking their flight into boundless space;—all dazzled, overpowered, saddened him. . . . This was the world. Was it not beautiful? Must not the men who made all this have been, if not great, yet—he knew not what? Surely they had great souls and noble thoughts in them! Surely

there was something godlike in being able to create such things! Not for themselves alone, too, but for a nation—for generations yet unborn. And there was the sea, and beyond it, nations of men innumerable. His imagination was dizzy with thinking of them. Were they all doomed—lost? Had God no love for them?—pp. 90-99, vol. i.

Passages of striking and vivid beauty abound in these volumes; there is a rugged strength in Mr. Kingsley's style which compensates for occasional inelegancies; but such phrases as a "four in hand," and "horses are a bore," are especially out of place in the mouth of an Alexandrian Jew, and bring us down unpleasantly to the "fast" undergraduate. The style of writing of the time, nevertheless, is admirably imitated, especially in Augustine's sermon, and in Hypatia's lecture we have allegorizing worthy of Philo, and metaphysics nearly as incomprehensible as Professor Oken's. Old Miriam, the nun-Jewess, and dealer in slave girls, is one of those half-supernatural monsters who *do* the part of mystery in stories, and carries everything before her by the help of an evil eye. In the character of her son, Raphael Aben Ezra, a deep moral is intended, but its effect is injured by being overstrained, and soliloquies, like the following, become tiresome:—

"Oh, divine æther! as Prometheus has it, and ye swift winged breezes (I wish there were any here) when will it all be over? Three and thirty years have I endured already of this Babel of knaves and fools; and with this abominable good health of mine, which wont even help me with gout or indigestion, I am likely to have three and thirty years more of it. I know nothing, and I care for nothing; and I actually can't take the trouble to prick a hole in myself, and let the very small amount of wits out, to see something really worth seeing, and try its strength at something really worth doing, if, after all, the other side of the grave does not turn out to be just as stupid as this one. . . . When will it be all over and I in Abraham's bosom—or any one else's, provided it be not a woman's?"

From this hopeful state of mind Raphael is brought back to truth and happiness by witnessing the *practical* Christianity of the prefect of one of Heraclian's routed legions, and of his daughter, Victoria, who wins his heart and becomes his wife; but the personage we were first introduced to, suddenly disappears, and the hasty process of regeneration is too much like a moral miracle. And, again, in attributing to Hypatia the hopeless ambition of restoring the old faith, and giving her nothing for her own creed but a barren riddle, Mr. Kingsley taxes our credulity too far. There is no historical foundation whatever for the supposition, and the circumstances of the case render it most improbable.

Hypatia is represented as having died young, yet she had acquired a great reputation for learning and eloquence, and one whose life must have been spent in close study, and whose writings were on subjects that imply deep mathematical knowledge, was hardly likely to have been at the same time devoted to a wild and visionary project, fifty years after the Emperor Julian had proved its futility. Such Christianity as she saw at Alexandria might well disincite her to that faith, but the impression we gather of her character from Synesius's letters is totally at variance with Mr. Kingsley's hypothesis.

The portraits of Cyril and of his regular and irregular forces of monks are admirable, and evince great knowledge of the time and of the fierce spirit of retaliation which is ever born of persecution. The chapter, "A Day in Alexandria," from which we have already quoted, is in Mr. Kingsley's best style, and vividly exemplifies the truth of Socrates's observation, that "the people of Alexandria are most especially prone to quarrels and tumults, which seldom take place without bloodshed." The party of forty Goths, whom, contrary to their wont, we find living luxuriously with a set of dancing girls, without wives, children, or wagons, will seem rather out of place to the readers of Jornandes and Procopius; but excusing the marvel of their appearance in this character at Alexandria, it must be owned that they are grand barbarians, and that the contrast they are meant to afford to the effeminate "donkey riders," is given with wonderful effect. We will conclude our notice of Mr. Kingsley's clever, eccentric, and very original book, with a specimen of Gothic small talk:—

"A few yards off lay old Wulf upon his back, his knees in the air, his hands crossed behind his head, keeping up even in his sleep a half-conscious comment of growls on the following intellectual conversation:—'Noble wine this, is it not?' 'Perfect. Who bought it for us?' 'Old Miriam bought it at some great tax-farmer's sale. The fellow was bankrupt, and Miriam said she got it for the half what it is worth.' 'Serve the penny-turning rascal right. The old vixen fox took care, I'll warrant her, to get her profit out of the bargain.' 'Never mind if she did; we can afford to pay like men, if we earn like men.' 'We shan't afford it long, at this rate,' growled Wulf. 'Then we'll go and earn more. I am tired of doing nothing.' 'People need not do nothing unless they choose,' said Goderic. 'Wulf and I had coursed fit for a king, the other morning, on the sand-hills. I had had no appetite for a week before; and I have been as sharp-set as a Danube pike ever since.' 'Coursing? what, with those long-legged, brush-tailed brutes, like a fox upon stilts, which the prefect cozened you into buying?' 'All I can say is, we put up a herd of those—what do they call them here—deer with

goat's horns!' 'Antelopes?' 'That's it; and the curs ran into them as a falcon does into a skein of ducks. Wulf and I galloped over those accursed sand-heaps till the horses stuck fast; and when they got their wind again, we found each pair of dogs with a deer down between them; and what can man want more, if he cannot get fighting? You eat them, so you need not sneer.' . . . 'I have not seen a man since I came here, except a dock-worker or two—priests and fine gentlemen they are all—and you don't call them men, surely?' 'What on earth do they do beside riding donkeys?' 'Philosophize, they say.' 'What's that?' 'I am sure I don't know; some sort of slave's quill-driving, I suppose.' 'Pelagia, do you know what philosophizing is?' 'No, and I don't care.' 'I do,' quoth Agilmund, with a look of superior wisdom. 'I saw a philosopher the other day. I'll tell you. I was walking down the great street, there, going to the harbour; and I saw a crowd of boys—men they call them here—going into a large doorway. So I asked one of them what was doing; and the fellow instead of answering me, pointed at my legs, and set all the monkeys laughing. So, I boxed his ears, and he tumbled down.' 'They all do so here if you box their ears,' said the Amal, meditatively, as if he had hit upon a great inductive law. 'Ah!' said Pelagia, looking up with her most winning smile, 'they are not such giants as you, who make a poor little woman feel like a gazelle in the lion's paw!' 'Well, it struck me that, as I spoke in Gothic, the boy might not have understood me, being a Greek. So I walked in at the door, to save questions, and see for myself. And there a fellow held out his hand—I suppose, for money; so I gave him two or three gold pieces, and a box on the ear, at which he tumbled down, of course, but seemed very well satisfied. So, I walked in.' 'And what did you see?' 'A great hall, large enough for a thousand heroes, full of these Egyptian rascals, scribbling with pencils, on tablets; and, at the farther end of it, the most beautiful woman I ever saw, with right fair hair, and blue eyes, talking, talking. I could not understand it; but the donkey-riders seemed to think it very fine. . . . not that I know what it was about, but one can see somehow, you know. So I fell asleep; and when I awoke, and came out, I met some one who understood me, and he told me that it was the famous maiden, the great philosopher.' . . . 'She must have been an Alruna maiden,' said Wulf, half to himself. 'What is an Alruna-maiden?' asked one of the girls. 'Something as like you as a salmon is like a horse-leech. Heroes, will you hear a saga?' 'If it is a cool one,' said Agilmund, 'about ice, and pine-trees, and snow-storms. I shall be roasted brown in three days more.'"

The saga is too long to quote; but we cannot miss the conversation that follows:—

"'I don't like the saga, after all. It was a great deal too like what Pelagia here says these philosophers talk about—right and wrong, and that sort of thing.' 'I don't doubt it.' 'Now, I like a really good saga, about gods and giants, and the fire-kingdoms, and the snow-kingdoms,



and the *Æsir* making men and women out of two sticks, and all that; "Ay," said the Amal, "something like nothing one ever saw in one's life, all stark mad, and topsy-turvy, like one's dreams, when one has been drunk—something grand, which you cannot understand, but which sets you thinking over it all the morning after." "I like to hear about wild beasts, and ghosts, ogres, and fire-drakes, and nicors—something that one could kill if one had a chance, as one's fathers had."

"*Hypatia*" is a brilliant example of what we have called the novel with a purpose, ably conceived and finely executed, but vitiated by the departure from actual life which the following up any special theory of the author's own is sure to occasion, if it be not founded on the closest observation and deepest knowledge of human nature. We may now take an instance of a novel without a purpose at all, unless it be the very prosaic one of filling the author's purse. This class too is numerous. The first that comes to our hand is by Miss Kavanagh, which we take up the more readily, as the writer is one who in other walks of literature has already shown both industry and ability, and therefore a new work by her afforded a reasonable prospect of amusement at least. But herein we have been somewhat disappointed. The characteristics of the aimless novel are strong in it, and in spite of an easy style and agreeable diction, "*Daisy Burns*" awakens but a languid sort of interest. In common with others of its class, it contains some eloquent passages, pretty sentiments, and a vein of amiable moral reflection, of which we quote a sample—

"Self-worship is the sin of Satan: we were never meant to be our own centre, our own hope, our own aim and divinity; there never has been a drearier prison than that which can be to itself a human heart; the other circles of hell are broad and free, compared to this narrowest of dungeons—self locked in self."

"Woe to the communion with nature that is only brooding over self, and not a mingling of the soul with the Almighty Creator of all we behold; that seeks in her loneliness none save the images of voluptuous indulgence, and leaves by unread her purer teaching! Rightly even in innocent things have we been warned to guard our senses and our hearts!"

*Daisy Burns* begins life as one of those bewitching little girls who are quite the reigning heroines at present. Such a one is the victim-bride in Mrs. Norton's melancholy tale of "*Stuart of Dunleath*." Miss Wetherell chooses sprightlier varieties of the same genus; Miss Muloch condemns the unfortunate gentleman who undertakes the perilous office of guardian in the "*Head of the Fa-*

*mily*," to a life of the most pitiable torture at the hands of one of these mischievous young ladies, whose success in dispensing heartbreak while yet in short frocks and pinafores (*militia supplet aetatem*) is quite alarming. The greater portion of Miss Kavanagh's work is taken up by the misunderstandings, differences, reconciliations, fresh quarrels and tears, forgivenesses and smiles, which go on between Miss Daisy and her young artist guardian, who, coming back from Italy and finding the pale little girl a captivating woman, is very much in love with her, and endeavours to make her understand that circumstance by expressions which seem adapted to the meanest capacity. But Daisy does not understand at all, and for a whole year poor Cornelius is subjected to a series of trials and provocations truly distressing. In the meantime, scene after scene such as this occurs: Cornelius speaks—

"Shall I tell you why I find you so very charming?" I looked up at him, and passing my arms around his neck, I smiled, as I replied: "Cornelius, it is because as a father you have reared me; because as a father you love me. What wonder then that a father should see some sort of beauty in his daughter's face?" Cornelius looked thunderstruck; then, recovering, he gave me an incredulous glance, and attempted a smile, which vanished as he met my astonished look. A burning glow overspread his features: it was not the light blush of boy or girl, called up by idle words, but the ardent fire of a manly heart's deep and passionate emotions. He untwined my arm from around his neck; he rose, his brown eyes lit, his lip trembled. At first he seemed unable to speak; at length he said—"You cannot mean it, Daisy, you cannot mean it." "Why not, Cornelius?" I asked, amazed at his manner. "Do you mean to say, that you love me as your father?" "Yes, Cornelius. . . ." "And you thought that I liked you as a father likes his child. I defy you to prove it! Since I returned from Italy, have I not done all I could to show you that your esteem, approbation, praise, and love were dearer to me than language could express? Have I not, through all our old familiarity, say, have I not mingled reserve and respect with all my tenderness? . . . I began to feel startled; what did Cornelius mean? I looked up at him and said, earnestly, 'Cornelius, I do not understand at all why you are so vexed. Pray tell me?' . . . 'The mistake into which I fell, was to think that we understand one another tacitly, Daisy. I do not love you now because I have reared you, but on your own merits, for the sake of that which you have become.'"

The artist's unromantic sister (upon one occasion, when this obtuse young lady had begged that when Cornelius "married, and had daughters, he should call one of them Daisy") speaks yet more plainly, and asks her "if she does not see she is the apple of

his eye?" But Daisy will see nothing; and although "his marriage was the only evil to which she could see no remedy," the same useful sister is obliged to say at last, "He will stay, Daisy, if you will be his wife;" and then nothing can exceed Daisy's delight and astonishment. The luckless Cornelius, however, is condemned to a little longer suspense; and by the time Daisy knows her own mind and his, she has quite exhausted the reader's patience.

The chief fault of "Daisy Burns," and one which it possesses in common with the works of some others of our female novelists, is, that it abounds too much in characters whose lives are passed in a never-ending fever of excited emotion, and whose bursts of tenderness cloy at last, from their monotonous frequency. Human nature is not so constituted as to be able to keep a never-failing fountain of tears always at work; deep passion and wild sorrow pass over us—whom do they spare?—but they are not the grand occupation of our lives, still less the chief object of them; and there is no more debilitating employment either for those who write, or those who read, than the constant dwelling upon imaginary scenes of passion and morbidly excited feeling. Miss Kavanagh has richer stores than she has drawn from in "Daisy Burns;" and she would do well to work upon a larger canvass, and study nature with closer attention.

We have adduced specimens of two classes of novels now in vogue, but we have yet to notice a third, in which the authors, though professedly taking their incidents from real life, seem to revel in scenes of fury and passion, such as, happily, real life seldom affords. Of this class is Mr. Collins's "Basil;" and as we think it one of a very objectionable school, and as this novel, like others of the same kind, has not been without its admirers, we shall state our reasons for condemning it.

The author styles it a story of modern life, and in one part of a dedicatory letter of excessive length and no small pretension, affirms that the main incident is a fact. If it be so, we must say that he does not entertain the same view of the legitimate uses of fiction as the great master in the art, whose words we have already quoted. Mr. Collins has given us nothing which can "take men from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region;" on the contrary, he has taken his tale from what we are willing to hope is, if real, a perfectly exceptional case. The incident which forms the foundation of the whole is absolutely disgusting; and it is kept so perseveringly before the eyes of the reader in all its hateful details, that all interest is destroyed in the loathing

which it occasions. We must, therefore, doubt the taste as well as the judgment of the writer who goes to such a source in order to draw "a moral lesson from those examples of error and crime;" and still less does he merit the thanks of his readers by determining, as he says, "to do justice to the intensity of his object by speaking out." There are some subjects on which it is not possible to dwell without offence; and Mr. Collins having first chosen one which could neither please nor elevate, has rather increased the displeasure it excites by his resolution to spare us no revolting details. Yet he has contrived to make these details appear improbable; and the villain of his story has been gifted with a fiend-like perseverance, which, happily for mankind, does not exist; for man becomes weary, after a time, of one passion, or one pursuit, and the less principle he has to bind him to a straight course, the more does he diverge into fresh paths, entangling himself at last in so inextricable a maze, that it is not often easy for a mere spectator to guess why such and such steps are taken which in themselves appear so imprudent. Few have observed mankind closely enough to be able to trace through all its windings the tortuous course of a man, who, having made one false step, finds himself thereby compelled to leave the path of truth and uprightness, and seldom regains it. We can, however, refer to at least one living author who has done so; and in the "Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne, the greatest of American novelists, Mr. Collins might see the mode in which "the moral lesson from examples of error and crime" ought to be drawn. There is a tale of sin, and its inevitable consequences, from which the most pure need not turn away. Mr. Collins, on the contrary, makes a woman given up to evil the heroine of his piece, and dwells on the details of animal appetite with a persistency which can serve no moral purpose, and may minister to evil passions even while professing condemnation of them. One or two of the characters are sketched with sufficient talent to show that he *could* do better; although, in his dedication, he disclaims such praise, and says he has "done his best." And we cannot, therefore, close our animadversions on his last production without begging his attention to the great aims of fiction, as an art. It matters not much whether the artist hold the pencil or the pen, the same great rules apply to both. He may simply copy nature as he sees it, and then the spectator has a pleasure proportioned to the beauty of the scene copied. He may give a noble, spirit-stirring scene, and he will raise high thoughts and great aspirations in those who contemplate it. He may

take a higher moral ground, and move to compassion by showing undeserved suffering, or, like Hogarth, read a lesson to the idle and the dissipated. He may also paint scenes of cruelty and sensuality so gross that his picture will be turned to the wall by those who do not choose to have their imagination defiled.

The novelist has a high and holy mission, for his words frequently reach ears which will hear no others, and may convey a lesson to them which the preacher would enforce in vain; he should therefore be careful that, in his selection of subjects, he chooses such as may benefit rather than deteriorate his readers. He who furnishes innocent amusement does something; he who draws a faithful picture of life, does more; but he who, whilst drawing the picture, chooses models that may elevate and improve—who, whilst using the highest art, conceals it so thoroughly as to allow the incidents to arise out of the natural sequence of events, thus carrying the moral effect at once home to the heart—has reached the highest excellence of his art, and deserves the thanks of the world. But this perfection is not attained without deep study and long preparation. The painter dissects, fills his room with models, and takes every limb and joint from the living figure, and the novelist must bestow no less pains on the details of his pen pictures. He must watch human nature in all its phases—must acquaint himself with it both morally and physiologically—must know how to weigh the relative importance of events, and the effects of the same circumstances on different dispositions; and having learnt all this, he may then use the power he has gained to the noblest purposes,—may beguile men into entertaining holier and juster thoughts than had ever before been theirs, and whilst apparently only ministering to the amusement of an idle hour, preach a sermon that may send his readers to their various walks of life with improved views and nobler aspirations. Such are the true objects of fiction as an art, such its requirements—we recommend both to the consideration of those who deem it a very easy thing to write a novel.

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ART. III.—PARTNERSHIP WITH LIMITED LIABILITY.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Investments for the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 5th July, 1850.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on the Law of Partnership.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 8th July, 1851.
3. *Money and Morals: a Book for the Times.* By John Lalor. London. 1852.
4. *Remarks on the Law of Partnership Liability.* By Lord Hobart. London. 1853.
5. *The Law of France in relation to Insolvency, Bankruptcy, Partnership, Arbitrations, and Tribunals of Commerce.* Translated from the "Codes Français." By Richard Miller, Esq. Edinburgh. 1853.
6. *The Law of Commandatory and Limited Partnership in the United States.* By Francis J. Trobat, of the Bar of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1853.

SINCE M. Guizot's labours in the field of French history, it has passed into an axiom, that the laws which a nation makes for itself are among the most trustworthy witnesses of its true position in the scale of political and social advancement. Chronicles may lie, and ballads libel, but laws are not made to deceive or to amuse. From their very nature and object they necessarily betray the habits, pursuits, opinions, and condition of the people for whom they are made. Thus, the rules which regulated the tenure and transmission of land in the days of our Edwards and Henrys proclaim at once the martial character of the nation, and the degraded state of its lower orders. The nice distinctions which our old law books expound with so much care, between disseisin, and intrusion, and abatement, and forfeiture, indicate more unerringly than any contemporary records how insecure the possessor of land then was against those numerous forms of invasion. A legal system, which submitted lawsuits to decision by ordeal and battle, and punished heresy as treason, proves, better than any other evidence, that the people among whom it prevailed had not risen above the follies of a gross superstition, or the terrors of a spiritual tyranny. So, the confiscation of shipwrecked property to the sovereign, and of intestates' effects to the church, shew, more clearly than all the crumbling ruins of gloomy keeps and solemn monasteries, that brute force and wily priestcraft triumphed over justice and the natural affections. In short, everybody is familiar with that marvellous mosaic of barbarian and mediæval life which the French statesman constructed out of the fragments of disfigured capitularies, uncouth *costumiers*, and voluminous ordonnances; and all recognize the importance of examining, before pronouncing on the character of an extinct

society, the bonds which it forged for keeping its elements together.

If the deductions which are thus drawn respecting the people who framed the laws, were legitimately applicable to the latter generations who lived under them, England would have just grounds for dreading the judgment of posterity. A remote age, judging us from our law-books alone, would certainly form a low estimate of our present social state. In what estimation, for instance, could a people be held, which lived under such institutions as our real property law, with its uses *in nubibus* or *in gremio legis*, and its deeds to lead them from their elevated or comfortable retreat; with its *que* estates and its *scintilla juris*; with its artful devices for destroying entails and dowers, and preserving contingent remainders; with, in a word, its thousand and one fantastic subtleties and scholastic *enfantillages*? What would be thought of a state which rejoiced, not in one only, but in several distinct and conflicting systems of jurisprudence—Teutonic, Romanic, Sacerdotal—enforced by an array of hostile tribunals, each recognizing and denying, contracting and extending rights and liabilities which the others denied and recognized, extended and contracted? Unfortunately, such institutions are open to grave censure, as well as to ridicule, for they are seriously oppressive and obstructive of progress. It is ridiculous, undoubtedly, that not a single acre, or humble cottage, can be safely purchased in the United Kingdom without a preliminary inquiry into its history and adventures for the previous sixty years—and not always safely then; but such an outrage on common sense is felt to be iniquitous as well as irrational, when it is recollected that the expense which it involves, hopelessly debars the poor from the best investments for their savings, and denies them the gratification of the most universal, the most natural, and the most innocent of all objects of human ambition—the possession of land.

Probably the law of partnership presents even greater confusion, and inflicts more injustice than any other branch; and its state is at the same time more discreditable to a commercial nation than even a complex judiciary, or a barbarous land code. Certainly, when the mind wanders over the catalogue of the various forms of association which are recognized in this country,—common partnerships, joint-stock companies incorporated by act of parliament or charter, registered joint-stock companies, banking companies, mining companies under the cost-book principle, provisional committees, and friendly, building, loan, and scientific societies—associations, too, which are not only all distinctly

and separately recognized by the law, but are themselves governed by different bodies of law, conferring different rights and privileges, and imposing different risks and liabilities;—it is stupified at the perverse ingenuity which has been exercised in so complicating a tolerably plain subject, or at the incapacity for generalization which has left it in that complicated state. The mass of useless rubbish, however, which cumbers this Augean stable, is but the least noxious of its evils. The perplexing diversities of the law affecting the different societies, are undoubtedly, to a certain extent, impediments to commercial pursuits, but they are not as mischievous or as directly restrictive of commercial activity and the acquisition of wealth, as the doctrine of unlimited liability which pervades it,—or rather, the insuperable obstacles which prevent, in practice, the limitation of the liability of the members of a trading association. It is, indeed, strange, that a nation so hampered should have reached such a height of material prosperity as this country has attained; but the secret of its success lies partly in this indomitable spirit of enterprise which has enabled its people to triumph over even more formidable obstacles than defective institutions, and partly to the frequent invasions which have been made upon the law. Had it been inflexibly maintained in all its integrity, either the country would not now possess those sources of wealth which have been opened by joint-stock companies, or some indirect means of undermining the law must have been resorted to, in order to meet the requirements of society—possibly by the establishment of some *imperium in imperio*, like the Court of Chancery, which sprang out of the necessity of bending the feudal law to the wants of a later age. Every chartered and every joint-stock company bears witness against the doctrine of unlimited liability; and if a census were taken of them, their very number would be found to form no inconsiderable argument against the law from which they are specially exempted.

The general principle of unlimited liability is just when applied to the acting members of a firm—that is, to those persons who not only participate in the profits of the concern, but who hold themselves out to the world as partners in it,—except when they expressly limit their liability in their dealings with the public. If two men, either personally or by agent, contract with a third to buy goods, each pledges himself to the entire performance of the agreement; and each is, in justice as well as in law, responsible, to the extent of his fortune, for the whole of the price. Nor can any private arrangement between the two for a division of the common burden justly

vary the contract, unless it be made an integral portion of it. Now, as each partner is the agent of the firm for the transaction of the business ordinarily carried on by it, all the acting partners, in appearing before the world as connected with the firm, impliedly represent each of their colleagues as the accredited agent of it; and if they do not, at the same time, announce the limitations which they have imposed upon his commission, all who deal with him are justified in measuring the extent of his authority by the extent of the usual employment of persons in his position; and that authority, according to ordinary usage and commercial convenience, empowers him to pledge the credit of his co-partners to the whole extent of their means. If he exceeds his authority, either the stranger or the partners must suffer; and it is fair that the loss should fall on the latter, as but for their neglect to put the public on their guard the unauthorised transaction would not have taken place, rather than on the former, who was guilty of neither fraud nor negligence.

Where, however, it is expressly stipulated with the third person that each of the co-contractors or partners shall be liable to pay a certain amount only for the goods, or where he knows that the person with whom he is dealing has no authority to bind the other members of the firm beyond that amount, justice and the common law alike forbid that they should be liable beyond it, or that one of them should be required to pay that part of the purchase-money which the others are unable or unwilling to pay. Whenever, therefore, such a limiting stipulation is introduced into the contract, the law produces no hardship or injustice. Sometimes such a stipulation can be easily introduced. Thus, in the business of Life, Fire, and Marine Insurances, which is conducted wholly by means of written documents, the partners can, in general, be effectually protected. Their only contracts being the policies of assurance which are effected with them, these instruments may be so framed as to bind the assured to look to the common fund of the association as the only available source of payment, and to treat the partners as not liable beyond the amounts which they have respectively agreed to contribute to that common fund. This business is at the present moment carried on by large unincorporated partnerships, without any danger to the shareholders from third persons. But this is almost the only trade in which it is possible in practice to secure the introduction into all contracts of a special provision confining the liability of the partners within certain limits; for no other trade is carried on

with the same solemnities, and consequently it may, for all practical purpose, be taken, that under our laws it is impossible to limit the liability of trading partners. As each of them is the accredited agent of the firm, he can pledge the credit of his colleagues to their last acre and last shilling, notwithstanding any mutual convention which may have been entered into originally among the members of the firm in restriction of that power, unless the person with whom he deals have notice of the restrictive regulations adopted by them. But as it is practically impossible to give a stranger that information in all cases, or to prove that he was in possession of it at the time of making the contract,—if such was the fact,—it follows that partnership with the liability of all the partners limited to the amount of their subscriptions—the principle on which our joint-stock companies, and the French anonymous societies, are conducted—cannot be carried on under the common law. Here the law is defective, not in principle but in machinery.

In imposing unlimited liability upon partners, the common law makes no distinction between acting and dormant partners; and yet a wide moral distinction exists between the two. The dormant or secret partner conceals, as his designation implies, his connexion with the firm. He lends it his money, but not his credit. As he does not proclaim himself to the world as a partner, he does not represent his acting colleagues as authorized to pledge his credit; and as it is not known that he is connected with the firm, no credit is given to it on the faith of his name. The acting partners are justly liable upon an unauthorized contract made by their co-partner, because they countenanced, by their open profession of fellowship with him, the express or tacit representation which he made to the stranger, that they had authorized the transaction; but the dormant partner can only be justly liable on the ground that he did in fact authorize the contract to a certain extent; and, therefore, should not be liable beyond that extent. It is said, indeed, that as he would have been entitled to share in the benefits of the transaction if it had proved profitable, he ought, therefore, to be equally liable with his co-partners to bear all the losses which follow from it, when the results are unfavourable: but neither justice nor legal analogy requires that the latter should be the corollary of the former proposition. Where profit arises from the transaction, all are justly entitled to share in it; because the partner who exceeded his authority, ought not to be permitted to plead his wrongful act for his own advantage;—just as a trustee who trades with a trust fund, is not allowed to appropriate the profits, at

though liable to make good all losses with interest, if his traffic proves disastrous. If it be urged that the dormant partner ought to be liable to the whole extent of his means, because he gets a dividend out of the general profits—which, it is said, are the proper fund for the payment of the creditors—it may be observed that every clerk and servant in the employment of the company should, for that reason, be equally liable, as their wages and salaries are derived from the same source. But it is surely strange that a person should be made liable to perform one contract for no better reason than that he profited by another. There are, in truth, but two grounds, in natural justice, for holding one man bound to the engagements of another—either his having authorized that other to enter into it, or his having represented him as so unauthorized. In the former case, he should be justly liable to the extent to which the contract was authorized; in the latter, to the extent of the agent's apparent authority.

The common law, however, has decided otherwise. In all transactions between the firm and other persons, it regards a dormant partner in all respects as an active one. It attributes to him powers which it is impossible for him to exercise consistently with his secret character, and imposes on him the liability to perform engagements which he never undertook, nor was ever represented or believed to have undertaken. It confers on him the power of acting as the agent of his colleagues, who have not so deputed him, and gives the creditors of the firm rights, for which they did not stipulate, upon a man of whom they perhaps never heard, and to whom they did not give, or, at all events, were not justified in giving credit. It is, therefore, impracticable under the common law to carry on trade, even as a sleeping partner, with limited liability. Here the defect lies in the principle, and not in the machinery merely.

The consequences of this state of the law are obvious. In the first place, ruin threatens all who venture to invest a shilling in a trading partnership. Mr. Commissioner Fane has expressed his belief that "one half of the misery arising from commercial transactions has arisen from the present law of partnership, and from its being practically against common sense." But the dangers to which all who engage in commerce are exposed, arise not merely from the violation of the confidence reposed in colleagues, from the neglect of directors, the fraud of managers, or the embezzlement of servants. They come quite as much from the hardly less culpable connivance and even active dishonesty of strangers, whom the law is so careful to protect. "The knowledge of the unlimited liability of the

shareholders," says Mr. Leitch, "induces a reckless system of credit being extended to the company by large capitalists, and other banking companies, who advance the money to the joint-stock\* bank, on re-discount or deposit of bills and promissory notes, in a manner that they would not advance money, if it were not for the unlimited liability of the shareholders." And yet, while making these advances on the credit of an unlimited liability, they are often aware that the shareholder, whose liability is relied upon, intended, and did all in his power to limit it. But, as Mr. Edwin Field well observes—and this is another of the bitter fruits of our present law—"There are such things as dishonest creditors as well as dishonest debtors." He adds, with perfect truth, "I believe that the extent to which dishonest and improper credit is given, is very much owing to the system of unlimited liability; because I have no doubt at all that in most of the cases of very great and mischievous credit having been given to these unlimited liability companies, it was given with full knowledge, on the part of the creditor, that the money he was lending was being improperly applied, whilst the parties whose whole fortunes were involved, had very little chance of knowing that the money was being improperly applied. They (bankers) do not mind, when they are dealing with a joint-stock company with a large share list, how bad the paper is the joint-stock company brings them; indeed, they encourage it; they treat the paper as of the second class, and ask for a higher rate of interest upon it. The manager being only interested in doing a great business, goes on making these improper discounts to a great and ruinous extent; the manager knows it very well, and so debts are run up from the facilities of obtaining credit."

In the next place, the law excludes from commerce the capital of those who are willing to risk a part but refuse to venture the whole of their wealth in it. Many a prudent man is deterred altogether from investing even the smallest sum in a partnership concern, because he is not prepared to entrust his whole fortune to the honour of his colleagues. Undoubtedly, mutual confidence to this extent is no uncommon phenomenon in this commercial country; and where the number of the firm is small, and all the members are respectable—in the commercial as well as the moral sense of the word—it is generally not misplaced. But if the number be large, or some of the members have no better security to offer for their conduct than the good opinion of their friends, it would be difficult to find any men enroll themselves in the part-

\* Without the privilege of limited liability. 43

nership who do not fall within Mr. Ludlow's category of "fools who think they can lose nothing, rogues who know they have nothing to lose and may gain all, and gamblers who will stake everything upon the cast of a die."

It would not be easy to enumerate all the evil consequences which follow from the restriction thus imposed on the union of enterprise and capital. The impolicy of maintaining such a state of law in a country which, with all deference to the poet of the white-waistcoated school, owes more to the combination of its capital and enterprise in commerce, than to its "old nobility," must strike even the most superficial thinker; but all the different injuries which it inflicts on the various classes of the community, are perhaps not as generally thought of or felt.

1. Capitalists suffer, for they are driven from an infinite variety of investments upon which, if they were not subjected to the heavy penalties of the law, they would embark their money, whether for the hope of profit or in the desire to do good. "I know," for instance, says Mr. T. C. Leitch, in his evidence before Mr. Slaney's Committee of 1851, "persons of considerable wealth who have wished to become shareholders in joint-stock banks, and who have been deterred from doing so entirely from the knowledge that they would become responsible for the whole extent of the (their ?) property; and that feeling is going on and becoming stronger daily, in consequence of seeing the frightful evils resulting where those establishments have stopped payment; from seeing, in fact, the system of unlimited credit that is so improperly extended to the managers of banks, upon the faith of the shareholders being liable to the utmost extent of their property." Mr. Slaney states, that in from sixteen to twenty towns, men had been ready to advance the money necessary for establishing lodging-houses for the humbler classes, expecting to obtain a moderate profit, but had been prevented from embarking in the undertaking entirely by the unlimited risk to which they would have been exposed. Mr. Fane, the Bankruptcy Commissioner, Mr. James Stewart, the Secretary of the Inclosure and Copyhold Commission, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Vansittart Neale, and other witnesses, adduced similar cases.

2. The middle classes who have the savings of their labour to lay out, are those by whom this inconvenience is most severely felt; for the expenses incidental to the transfer of land weighs so heavily on the purchase of small portions of it, that they cannot, following the example of the millionaire, convert their money into broad acres; and they find themselves debarred from that very species of investment, with which they have been familiar

all their lives—commerce. They are consequently often compelled to seek in foreign countries for that remunerative employment for their capital, which the law denies them at home. "Among the causes," said the late G. R. Porter, "which may have led to the employment of British capital in foreign countries, may probably be cited our law of partnership, which places at hazard the whole of a man's property for the full satisfaction of the debts and engagements of any business into which he may have embarked only a portion of his capital. . . . If, in place of simply lending money to a trading concern, to receive a fixed rate of interest, the law allowed of the embarking of any given sum in the same as a partner, drawing a proportionate share of the gains, it is scarcely to be doubted that many would do so. And it would not be simply with the object of gain to himself that a man would do this, although doubtless that object would be a leading one. He would often be desirous of combining with his own gain, the probable success in life of some relative or friend, in whose ability and character he might see reason to place confidence, and over whose conduct in life he would thus acquire a right and motive for watching."

3. This refers also to another class who suffer from the present state of the law. Many a merchant, on retiring from trade, would willingly leave a portion of his money in the hands of his partners, or of a deserving clerk, whom he wished to establish as his successor. And this is very commonly done abroad, where the law makes effectual provision for limiting the liability of a dormant partner. "When partners in mercantile houses," says M. Leone Levi, "retire from their trade, they leave generally to the principal clerk a certain amount of capital to continue, and thus a sum is left in trade; otherwise it would be employed in land, and as fixed capital." The same gentleman states, that he knows instances in his native town, Ancona, of respectable men who had been unfortunate in business, and clerks who had recommended themselves by their industry and perseverance to their employers, being assisted at first in this way, and rising to affluence. At St. Etienne, the seat of the ribbon manufactory of France, nearly one half of the present manufacturers have, according to another witness, Mr. Townsend, been started in business in this manner. "I know a large establishment of a retail house," says Mr. H. Sieber, "which has been lately established in Paris; there are three or four partners, who are very intelligent young men, knowing the business very well, and of good conduct; and having no capital they applied to different manufacturers for money," who, thanks to

the law which enabled them to limit their liability, became dormant partners of the concern, and brought into it the sum required. In England, the laws put a veto upon all such wise and benevolent projects, by denying the capitalist the power of limiting his liability. "I have heard," says Mr. Howell, "my own senior partner, Mr. Wynn Ellis, who was member for Leicester, say, he has seen many opportunities when he would have been glad to assist young men of skill and character; but the existence of that law has deterred him." "I have young men here in London," said Mr. Wilson to the Committee of 1850, "who have been trying to do business in foreign merchandise, of which I have a very good knowledge; and they cannot do so; I cannot assist them, because, if I assist them, I am liable for the whole. I know many others; I know many sisters, aunts, and widows, who would employ their money in partnerships, provided they were not liable for all that they possess." But it is unnecessary to accumulate evidence upon the subject. Daily experience shows that men shrink from assisting their friends, their relations, or their dependents, from dread of the unlimited liability in which they would be involved. In no case, indeed, does this appear more frequently than when a patentee claims the aid of a rich man's purse; and few who have had any experience in such a matter will deny the truthfulness of the following picture:—

"There has been a great deal of commiseration," says Mr. J. Duncan, 'professed towards the poor inventor. He has been oppressed by the high cost of patents; but his chief oppression has been the partnership law, which prevents him from getting any one to help him to develop his invention. He is a poor man, and therefore cannot give security to a creditor; no one will lend him money; the rate of interest offered, however high it may be, is not an attraction. But if by an alteration of the law he could allow capitalists to take an interest with him and share the profits, while their risk should be confined to the capital they embarked, there is very little doubt at all that he would frequently get assistance from capitalists; whereas, at the present moment, with the law as it stands, he is completely destroyed, and his invention is useless to him; he struggles month after month; he applies again and again to the capitalist without avail. I know it practically in two or three cases of patented inventions; especially one, where parties with capital were desirous of entering into an undertaking of great moment in Liverpool, but five or six gentlemen were deterred from doing so, all feeling the strongest objection to what each one called the cursed partnership-law."

Other witnesses, when challenged, mentioned instances within their own immediate

knowledge of useful schemes and ingenious inventions abandoned, through the insuperable obstacles which the law interposed. Who can estimate the loss to society which has been the consequence?

4. Upon the working classes, however, the law bears still more cruelly, if possible. The capitalist may complain of being driven to less profitable investments;—the clerk may justly grumble against a system which deprives him of the means of advancement;—but the labouring man is surely entitled to curse a law which not only defeats schemes undertaken by the rich for his improvement and comfort, and checks the demand for his labour, by restricting associations among the rich, but renders it impossible to utilize his own humble savings. In France, several experiments have been made by philanthropic, but shrewd tradesmen, to associate with themselves in their business the men in their employment, by allotting to them shares in the profits,—and increased gains have been the commercial result; while the benevolence which suggested the scheme has been appropriately rewarded by the improved conduct and bearing of the men. The working classes have similar, or even greater advantages, in America. Many of the girls, as well as the men, who work in the mills at Lowell, are part owners of the mills. But how can the mechanics of London, or cotton-spinners of Manchester, hope to raise themselves to a similar position in the scene of their toil?

The association of workmen among themselves is perhaps, in an economical point of view, even more important than partnerships between them and the class above them:—

"I think," says Mr. J. Stuart Mill, "there is no way in which the working classes can make so beneficial a use of their savings, both to themselves and to society, as by the formation of associations to carry on the business with which they are acquainted, and in which they are themselves engaged as workpeople, provided always that experience should show that these associations can keep together. If the experiment should succeed, I think there is much more advantage to be gained to the working classes by this than by any other mode of investing their savings. I do not speak of political or social considerations, but in a purely economical sense. When it has happened to any one—as it must have happened to most people—to have inquired, or to have known in particular cases, what portion of the price paid at a shop for an article really goes to the person who made it, and forms his remuneration, I think any one who has had occasion to make inquiries into that fact, must often have been astonished to find how small it is, and how much less a proportion the remuneration of the real labourer bears to the whole price, than would be supposed beforehand; and it is of great importance to consider what is the cause of this. Now, one thing



is very important to remember in itself, and it is important that the working classes should be aware of it; and that is, that this does not arise from the extravagant remuneration of capital. Capital, when the security is good, can be borrowed in any quantity at little more than three per cent.; and I imagine there is no co-operative association of working people who would find it their interest to allow less than that remuneration, as an inducement to any of their members, who, instead of consuming their share of the proceeds, might choose to save it, and add it to the capital of the association. Therefore, it is not from the remuneration of capital that the evil proceeds. I think it proceeds from two causes—one of them (which does not fall strictly within the limits of the inquiry which the committee is carrying on) is the very great, I may say, extravagant portion of the whole produce of the community, that now goes to mere distributors; the immense amount that is taken up by the different classes of dealers, and especially by retailers. Competition, no doubt, has some tendency to reduce this rate of remuneration; still I am afraid that, in most cases, looking at it on the whole, the effect of competition is, as in the case of the fees of professional people, rather to divide the amount among a larger number, and so diminish the share of each, than to lower the scale of what is obtained by the class generally. Another cause, more immediately connected with the present inquiry, is the difference between interest, which is low, and profits, which are high. Writers have very often set down all which is not interest, all that portion of profit which is in excess of interest, as the wages of superintendence, as Adam Smith terms it, and, in one point of view, it is properly called so. But then it should be added, that the wages of the labour of superintendence are not regulated like other wages, by demand and supply, but are in reality the subject of a sort of monopoly; because the management of the capital is a thing which no person can command except the person who has capital of his own; and therefore he is able, if he has a large capital, to obtain, in addition to interest, often a very large profit, for one-tenth part of which he could, and very often does, engage the services of some competent person to transact the whole of the labour of management, which would otherwise devolve upon himself. I do not say that this is unjust in the present state of society, for it is a necessary consequence of the law of property, and must exist while that law exists in its present form. But it is very natural that the working classes should wish to try whether they could not contrive to get this portion of the produce of their labour for themselves, so that the whole of the proceeds of an enterprise in which they were engaged might be theirs, after deducting the real remuneration of the capital they may require from others, which we know does not in general, when the security is good, much exceed three per cent. This seems to be an extremely legitimate purpose on the part of the working classes, and one that it would be desirable to carry out if it could be effected; so that the enterprises in which they would be engaged would not be conducted, as they are now, by a capitalist, hiring labourers as he wants them, but by the labourers themselves,

mental as well as manual, hiring the capital they require, at the market rate."

But such enterprises are hopeless in the present state of the law. They do not fall within the objects of the Friendly Societies Acts; and, independently of the unlimited liability of each member, other defects operate even more powerfully to deter the working classes from embarking in them—such as the absence of effectual provision for preventing or punishing the fraudulent conduct of partners, and of a cheap and expeditious tribunal for settling partnership accounts, and deciding partnership differences. The want of money and influence to procure from Parliament, or the Crown, those powers and privileges which are essential for the conduct of such schemes, puts their hopelessness in the most painful and irritating light.

The only means by which the law allows a rich man to embark a portion of his capital in trade without risking the loss of the whole of it, is by lending to the trader. As long as the relation between the man of labour and the man of money is that of debtor and creditor, the latter is protected with the most fostering care; and although the interest on his loan absorbs all the profits of the concern, he is not liable for any of its losses. This system has undoubtedly mitigated the evils which have been adverted to; but it is itself accompanied with evils of a serious character. As no covenant on the part of the trader can effectually secure to the creditor all the powers over the affairs of the trade which he would possess if he were a partner, the risk which he incurs as a lender is increased, and so, consequently, is the rate of interest which he demands. His debtor, on the other hand, is enabled to sail under false colours. He appears to be what he is not, a man of substance, and he consequently acquires a false credit in the world. After a time, it but too commonly happens that the debt and its interest crush him, after a more or less protracted struggle to bear up against them; and when those who trusted him in the hour of his apparent prosperity apply for payment, the same invisible hand which had set up the shadow, sweeps away, under a bill of sale, the whole of the substance.

Such being the chief results of the law in its present state, it is clear that some alteration is necessary to obviate them. If evils arise from the principle of unlimited liability, that principle should be modified; if they arise from the absence of means for doing in practice that which the law, in theory and good sense, recognises as every man's right to do—that is, to limit the extent to which he shall be bound to perform engagements en-

tered into by the association of which he is a member,—appropriate machinery should be provided for the purpose.

The most obvious amendment which seems to be needed is founded on the distinction already adverted to between the dormant and the active partners of a mercantile association. Although rejected by the common law, this distinction is respected by almost every other civilized people; among whom it is now well established that those members of a firm who abstain from all interference in the conduct of the partnership business, are liable to its creditors only to the extent to which they have bound themselves. Such is the law of France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Wurtemberg, Russia, Holland, Lombardy, Florence, Sardinia, Naples, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Hayti, and twenty of the states of the American Union. The French code, which may be taken as the type of all the others, recognises three species of commercial societies,—the ordinary trading firm of active partners, or partnership *en nom collectif*; the association partly of acting and partly of dormant partners, called the *Société en Commandite*; and the *Société Anonyme*, corresponding to our joint-stock corporations. The first two may be formed at pleasure, the last only by leave of the State. The partners in the first, and the acting partners in the second kind of association are responsible to the whole extent of their means for the engagements of their firm; the dormant partners of the second, like all the shareholders in the third, are not liable for losses beyond the amount which they have contributed, or have undertaken to contribute to the common fund; and after the debts are fully satisfied, the dormant partners become creditors, and prove against the residue of the estate. The protection thus thrown round a dormant partner or *commanditaire*, continues only as long as he strictly preserves his neutral character. To the *gérant*, or acting partner, is committed the exclusive direction of the partnership affairs; and so long as he conducts them in conformity with the articles of partnership, and produces the books and annual accounts to his secret associates, he is independent of them. The latter may join in the general deliberations of the society, and may state their views and give their advice—although not their votes—upon any of its transactions; but the moment they advance a step further, and do any “act of management,” they pass into the category of acting partners. In throwing off the restrictions, they lose the protection of the law, and become responsible for the debts and engagements of the firm *in solido*, that is, to the whole extent of their means. It should be added, that for the pre-

vention of frauds and other minor inconveniences which arise from secrecy, the French law requires that all partnerships, and among them, therefore, those under consideration, shall be constituted by deed or writing, and that a minute or certificate of the material particulars of the instrument, together with the name of the place or places where the business is to be carried on, shall be registered and placarded in the commercial court of the district, and published, in the course of the first fortnight in every January, in the local newspapers. The certificate must contain the names, descriptions, and places of abode of the general partners, the style of the firm, the names of those partners who are to manage the business, the date and duration of the partnership, and—where the firm consists partly of dormant partners, and is consequently a *société en commandite*—not the names, but merely the amount of the funds furnished, or to be furnished, by the *commanditaires*. The style of the firm must consist of the names of the general partners with the superaddition of the words, “and company,” which a single trader is not allowed to assume. The public is thus warned that the ostensible partners are trading with, in part at least, capital not their own; and by means of the registry, the amount secretly entrusted to them can be easily ascertained.\*

To the introduction of this simple and just principle into the law of partnership, even when guarded with the jealous requirements and formalities which the French law imposes on all partnerships, several objections, of course, have been made; for, when has any change escaped the opposition of those who love *stare super antiquas vias*? Among the first grounds of objection that meet the proposal, is the old foe of all innovation—the maxim, *quieta non movere*; and, strangely enough, this defensive weapon is wielded chiefly by a gentleman whose services in the cause of law reform have won him general respect and esteem. In his hands, indeed, the good conservative axiom assumes quite a philosophical garb; but notwithstanding its lenient aspect at a distance, its real nature cannot escape detection on closer examination.

\* We have availed ourselves, with much advantage, of Mr. Miller's terse and idiomatic translation of those parts of the French Code which bear upon this subject. His little volume, notwithstanding its unpretending character, attests an intimate acquaintance with the technicalities of Law French. If we might offer a suggestion, however, we should recommend the substitution of English for Scotch law terms in a future edition. The bar, and perhaps the public, north of the Tweed, are familiar with such terms as “pled” and “oversman;” but it costs the rest of the world an effort to discover that “pleaded” and “umpire” are meant.

"I think," says Mr. Bellenden Ker, "probably in the formation of a new system of laws, without reference to the prejudices, the habits, and the notions of persons for ages connected with trade, you might base a new system of partnership or a new system of commerce upon the principle of limited liability; but seeing that the present notion in this country for all the ordinary purposes of trade, carries with it the idea of all parties being liable *in solido*; then, unless you can show me a great advantage to arise from that change of the law, I, seeing the evil of change, should be against it." If this passage was intended to convey anything more than the truism, that change is bad unless it be a "change for the better," it proves that Mr. B. Ker would resist all alterations, because they must clash with men's notions of the existing state of things. On this ground, all attempts at purifying parliamentary constituencies should be discountenanced, because the prevalent notion of a borough election "carries with it the idea" of venality and corruption. Transition is always attended with some evils; but they are, for the most part, transitory; and if the dread of them were an obstacle to change, all improvement would be impossible. If Mr. Ker meant to assert that partnership with limited liability of the dormant partners, is so alien to the spirit of the common law, that it could not work in harmony with it, he should have recollected, first, that the principle of limited liability is recognised by our law already, and is acted upon in some cases with perfect success; secondly, that our incorporated joint-stock companies, under the régime of limited liability, work harmoniously enough with our general law; and, thirdly, that the French system has been engrafted upon the common law in the New England States of America, without having caused any inconvenience, or excited any dislike from its foreign origin.

It has been said, however, that the adoption or rejection of the principle in question should depend upon the amount of capital which happens to be in the country. "I certainly do not think," says Mr. Bellenden Ker, "in this country, where there is plenty of capital for the ordinary purposes of trade, that it would be expedient to allow of trading under limited liability; but I think in a country where capital is scarce, that it might be expedient." "I venture to think," he says elsewhere, "that the limited liability, as regards ordinary trading partnerships, or even as regards 'the aiding useful local enterprises,' is inexpedient, as I am led to believe there is always a sufficiency of capital for all ordinary local enterprises, and for the carrying out of what I suppose to be meant by local enter-

prises, viz., canals, roads, mills, &c. In a country where there is not a sufficiency of capital for such purposes, the introduction of this would be beneficial, and it is mortifying to see that no one will bring the matter before parliament as regards Ireland." "I believe," says Mr. W. Cotton, formerly Governor of the Bank of England, and a strenuous enemy of limited liability, "it may be advantageous to collect capital together for a specific object in a new country where capital is extremely valuable, and where the rate of interest is extremely high." It is difficult to meet an argument of this kind with a serious answer. If the dearth or abundance of capital were the proper test of the admissibility of the principle into any law, it would be very desirable to ascertain the precise amount, upon acquiring which, a nation ought not to be permitted to enjoy a power confessedly beneficial to them as long as they possess less than that amount. It is obvious that there was a time when it ought to have been adopted here; for this country did not always possess as much capital as Ireland now has. If it would have been a useful addition to the Druidical Code of our painted ancestors, when the tenth legion paid them its first visit, we are entitled to ask whether their Saxon, or Danish, or Norman conquerors added that fatal ounce to their capital which turned the balance against limited liability? Or, was it imported by the Crusaders, or by Sir Thomas Gresham, from foreign parts; or did James I. add this unlucky "dose" to British capital when he united the poor crown of England to the rich one of his own native land? Or, did it come from the sale of Dunkirk to the French, or from the South Sea bubble? Or, do we owe it, after all, to the first joint-stock company which obtained a charter or an act of parliament? If the expediency of trading with limited liability depended on the amount of capital in the country, the law should be so constructed as to change as often as the capital exceeded or fell short of that amount. When the monetary barometer fell, the law should point to limited liability, when it rose, to unlimited.

This principle of legislation, however, is to say the least of it, unusual; and it is difficult to discover any analogy to it except in the law of the race-course, where the stronger horse is burdened with extra weight. It is possible that in the race with other nations, we ought, in order to be more equally matched with our rivals, to submit voluntarily to some disadvantage; but, as the duties of parliament are British, and not cosmopolitan, it ought to devote its energies to securing the victory to those committed to their charge, rather than to devising how the prize might

be most equally contested. At all events, if Mr. B. Ker's principle is to be applied, it should be applied to districts and individuals as well as to states and nations. One law should be made for the poor, another for the rich; limited liability for those who have little capital, unlimited obligation for those who have plenty of it—the reverse of the present order of things.

It has been often urged, that to permit partnerships with limited liability would be to expose the public to every species of fraud. A false credit, it is said, would be obtained by parading the names of the dormant partners. But the answer is, that even if this were done, the world would still have the means of ascertaining from the newspapers, the posters, and the registries, the extent to which the *commanditaires* were interested. The credit which would be acquired by the association would be what it deserved to acquire. The ostensible trader would be known from the style of the firm, to be supported by the capital of others; and the amount of that capital would be ascertainable without difficulty. But it is said that men in narrow circumstances would subscribe for amounts which they neither had paid up nor could pay up. This objection, indeed, applies to joint-stock associations as well as to those which are carried on *en commandite*, but it is a strange one for the advocates of unlimited liability to make; for they would have the satisfaction of feeling, in the supposed case, that the liability of the dormant partners was as extensive as their means. It has been contended, also, that the system would enable rich men to trade without risk in the name of a man of straw; but the precaution of requiring a preliminary registration of the material particulars pointed out by the French code, under pain of unlimited responsibility, would prevent any such practice. If the creditor knew that there were dormant partners in the firm, he would also, but for his own fraud or wilful neglect, be acquainted with the extent of their liability: and if he were ignorant of their connection with the association, he ought, instead of complaining that they were not liable to the whole extent of their wealth, to rejoice at the unexpected discovery that men to whom he had not given credit, or looked for payment, were bound to meet his demands up to a certain point.

This last objection, indeed, might be met by comparing the present system with the proposed one, and contrasting the advantages which the latter presents with the evils which now commonly follow when a rich man sets a poor one afloat on the waves of commerce. It is often said that no necessity exists for introducing into our law the principle of limit-

ed liability, as the repeal of the Usury Laws has removed the only obstacle which prevented the union of capital with labour. No undertaking, it is alleged, that offers any prospect of success, need now perish for want of capital, as this can now be always commanded at a rate of interest proportioned to the risk incurred. But the experience of every day proves that numbers of schemes fall to the ground from want of capital. No rate of interest, however usurious, can induce its owners to lend their money on such security as is offered; and numerous instances of the failure of schemes from that cause alone were mentioned in both committees. To a certain extent, indeed, it is true that the repeal of the Usury Laws has admitted into the loan market many projects which could not formerly have raised a farthing there; but even in those cases it would be found much more advantageous to the borrower, to the lender, and to the public, that the money should be procured through the machinery of a dormant partnership than by a loan. The capitalist would be satisfied with a more moderate return for his advance, if he was made a part proprietor in the common stock, and had the right of inspecting and regulating the books, of calling the acting trader to account for his management of the business, and of restraining him from misappropriating the effects of the concern. With diminished risk, he would be willing to take a diminished rate of interest for his money; and as that interest would be payable only out of profits, the borrower would not, if the business proved a failing one, find himself called upon to pay when he was least able to do so. Instead of being oppressed in the hour of adversity by the demand of an inexorable creditor, he would be supported by the counsel of a friend; and instead of yielding to the temptation of committing some malpractice, in the vain hope of averting ruin, he would be under a wholesome restraint from stooping to any deviation from rectitude. The public, also, would gain by the arrangement; for, if bankruptcy supervened, the man whose capital had set the concern afloat, and who was the secret cause of the credit which it had obtained in the mercantile world, would be bound to pay its debts to the extent to which he had embarked his capital, instead of coming in with a mortgage or bill of sale, as he now does, and sweeping away, under a prior title, the whole of the trade effects from the grasp of the trade creditors. It appears from this comparison that the investment of money *en commandite* is, in effect, but a loan, differing from the ordinary form of loan in this respect only, viz., that it is made upon terms more advantageous and more equitable to the

contracting parties, and to the general body of creditors.

It is on the ground of fraud also that Mr. McCulloch is opposed to the French system. "Partnerships *en commandite*," he says, "may be very easily abused, or rendered a means of defrauding the public. It is quite visionary," he adds, "to imagine that the *commanditaires* can be prevented from indirectly influencing the other partners; and supposing a collusion to exist amongst them, it might be possible for them to divide large sums as profit, when, perhaps, they had really sustained a loss, and to have the books of the association so contrived, that it might be very difficult to detect the fraud. This, it is alleged, is by no means a rare occurrence in France."\*

Now, unless we much misapprehend the object of the interdiction of interference by the dormant partners, the prohibition is imposed for their own protection and not for the protection of the public. Retain your strict incognito, says the law, and you are protected. But you throw off the mask as soon as you intermeddle. You then proclaim that you are a partner;—and the very conduct which thus announces you, shows that you are an *active* partner. It is, therefore, right that you should share the fate of all active partners. The law, in truth, by prohibiting interference, merely insists that the dormant partner shall be dormant and not active. If he becomes active, he commits no fraud on the public, but merely transfers himself from one class of partners to another. He does not diminish, but increases the fund destined for the payment of the creditors. He does not abridge any of their rights, but extends his own risk.

With respect to the other frauds which Mr. McCulloch mentions, and to every other objection which is based on the surmise of fraud, it is freely admitted that *commandite* partnerships are not exempt from the imperfection which taints all human institutions. The wit of man has not yet devised any means of checkmating fraud. Indeed, human ingenuity has generally been more active in concocting than in defeating schemes of deceit.

If retaliation were argument, it might suffice to meet all such objections, by pointing out how utterly careless our law is in providing checks and securities against that evil. The purchaser of a broken-winded horse, or a brass watch-chain, finds no other redress than the soothing consolation of *caveat emptor*. The bankrupt John Smith is at liberty to trade under the style Rothschild, Baring and Company;—his unlimited responsibility being deemed a sufficient compensation to those

who have fallen into the snare of the resounding title. Half a dozen men may carry on business under the name of one, and give their creditors plenty of trouble in discovering who they are. It is not long since a plaintiff, in an action against his bankers for the balance of his account, was nonsuited, because, having in the absence of authentic information, been misled into the belief that all the present partners of the house were members of it at the date of the transaction in dispute, he had brought the action against all, instead of some only. Far from protecting the public, the common law would seem inspired with a cynical desire to expose them to the wiles of the crafty.

But those who would introduce the *commandite* system of partnership into this country, do not wish to see it turned into an engine of deceit; and, as the best preventive against all fraud, they ask that the widest publicity should be given to the dealings of all firms conducted on that principle. Whether or not it be true that credit is the soul of commerce, publicity is assuredly the soul of all well-founded credit. If men could look into each other's cash-books, and tills, and ledgers, and accounts, they would have better data than they now possess, for ascertaining the amount of credit that might be safely given. At all events, they would deal all the more readily with those who exposed their affairs to view: and the only power which the latter would lose by that course, would be the power of involving others in their misfortunes, if their business did not prosper. Upon this point we could not do better than take a leaf from the code of our neighbours, and transfer it into our own statute book. Indeed, we should be disposed to carry publicity further than they have done. Even the apparent anomaly of publishing the names of the secret partners, as well as the sums which they subscribe, would seem desirable; for the world would be thereby better enabled to judge whether the company was substantial or a bubble. The names of the dormant partners would not give the firm credit beyond the amount of their subscriptions; but they might deprive it of that amount. The precise measure of the mercantile credit of our railway companies is known to all, through the publication of their accounts: and similar conditions might be imposed on *commandite* partnerships. At present, merchants accept unlimited liability as a compensation for the secrecy which shrouds the affairs of their neighbours; but the compensation is very inadequate. The satisfaction of feeling that the uttermost farthing has been extracted from a fraudulent bankrupt, is hardly a substantial consolation to the defrauded creditor,

\* Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation (ed. 1852), p. 389.

who receives that farthing in full payment of his twenty shillings. Secrecy is often considered by mercantile men as essential to credit; but the lawyers more wisely declare it to be the mere badge of fraud.

That compulsory registration and publication of accounts would greatly impede the successful perpetration of frauds is probable; that it would prevent it altogether is not to be expected. But it would be absurd to reject the system on that account. He who refuses to allow men to form *commandite* partnerships, because, notwithstanding all precautions, some evil may follow from them, would prohibit bills of exchange, because they are sometimes the instruments of swindling—would break up the printing press, because it sometimes produces libels—would stop the traffic of our railways, because men are sometimes crushed to death by trains, or blown into the air by bursting boilers—would declare the magnet contraband, because it tempts mariners into the dangers of the deep—nay, would lay an embargo on all vessels, because storms sometimes arise and ships are wrecked. The rational course, in all cases, is to put such restraints as are practicable on evils which spring from what is good; and not to prescribe the good on account of the evil which may flow from it.

The benefits which the *commandite* system would confer on traders are, indeed, admitted by another class of objectors; but they are admitted only for the purpose of being made the ground of another objection. "I object," says Mr. W. Hawes, "to the French system on account of the advantage it affords to two or more persons trading *en commandite* over one trader conducting his own business." The schemes in which these partnerships would engage, "although in some cases generally successful," says Mr. Cotton, "would ultimately be found detrimental to the fair trader, and to men who conduct their business with prudence and discretion." The worthy bank-director may be excused for limiting the honourable distinction of "fair traders" to those who conduct mercantile affairs in good old orthodox fashion, either under the wholesome rigour of the common law, or better still, under the invigorating shelter of royal charters: but he should know that the "free traders" who are elbowing aside the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in their rude scramble for custom, are themselves calling for "fair trade," and would retort the suggestion of "unfairness" on those who enter into the lists with the magical weapons of special privileges. The "fair trader," in their acceptance of the term, is the man who is content with a fair field and no favour. The humble tradesman and his wealthy friend, who unite

in asking for limited liability, do not demand it as a special favour, but as a common right. The struggle between the rich merchant and the poor one, they say, is not fair now; and therefore they ask that each shall have liberty to call to his aid such allies as he may require. The poor trader would rectify the balance by enlisting the services of his neighbour's purse. A., who possesses skill and capital, is more than a match for B., who possesses the same skill only but no capital,—and for C., who has no skill and only the same amount of capital. B. and C., however, when united, are a match for him, but only just a match. Where then is the unfairness? If B. excels him in skill, or C. in capital, he may call to his aid fresh skill or capital. What they may do, he may do also. But surely both Mr. Cotton and Mr. Hawes should reflect that their argument against limited partnership, if worth anything, ought to have been fatal to every railway scheme that was ever brought before parliament. Mr. Hawes would have opposed the London and Birmingham Railway bill, on the ground that it afforded an undoubted advantage to a large body of moneyed men over the coach-proprietors, who conducted their business singly, or in common partnerships: and Mr. Cotton would have seconded him, because, although the line would probably pay between 5 and 10 per cent., yet it would be found detrimental to the fair traders in four-horse coaches, who had conducted their business with prudence and discretion. This sentimental tenderness for the vested interests of the fair trader is a delightful trait in one whose business is on more than a fair footing with all others in his trade; but it is out of date. It might have weighed with the "good old king," or drawn tears from the Chancellor after his own heart; but the age of Victoria is an age of iron. Equality, and go-a-head, are the state maxims of the day; and if the "fair trader" desires something inconsistent with them, he may desire it, indeed, but he will not get it.

There is another class of objections, upon which it ought surely to be unnecessary in these days to offer any comment: and yet they are so generally urged, even by thinking men, that it is necessary to examine them with a degree of detail which they do not deserve for any other reason than that they are thus countenanced by men of talent, experience, and integrity. The country is already enterprising enough, suggests Mr. J. A. Smith; the proposed change would encourage speculations, and present a temptation to the working classes to engage in trade. "It seems to me," says Mr. Ker, "that commercial undertakings would be the very worst mode in which the capital of the middle and working classes

could be invested;" and he elsewhere expresses a strong objection to "letting loose a new element of fraud and reckless speculation, and to allow it to be introduced in small doses, so as to fit the means of the humble." "It would induce parties," says Mr. Cotton, "to advance their money without due caution for speculative schemes and speculative business."

If it were worth while, it would not be difficult to prove that these views are not well founded in fact. It has, indeed, been already shown that there is abundant testimony to prove, as a fact, that *commandite* partnerships restrict rash speculation by opening more widely the door to prudent enterprises, and, as a matter of opinion,\* that commercial undertakings are among the best investments for the savings of the humbler classes of the community. But the point involved in these objections is too important in principle to be avoided by joining issue on the facts. We demur altogether to their validity in principle. Even if these gentlemen were infallible, we should deny their right to control our judgment. Under these objections lurks the same familiar spirit which once regulated the wages of labour, and the quality of manufacturers,—which afterwards "protected" native industry, and which still fixes the price of bread in Paris. The old school of political economy, which David Hume and Adam Smith were among the first to assail, and Mr. Serjeant Byles and Colonel Sibthorp the last to defend, was ridiculous and mischievous enough, with its encouragement of some trades, and its prohibitions and restrictions of others; but those who would devise or perpetuate schemes for inducing a general resort to one kind of investment which they think safe, and for throwing obstacles in the way of embarking capital in other enterprises which appear to them rash or reckless, carry the doctrine of state intervention to a much more preposterous length. The protectionists could at least plead a foolish belief that the welfare of the State was promoted by their interference: but the only excuse of Mr. Bellenden Ker, and those who agree with him, is a very injudicious interest in their neighbours' affairs.

It is readily conceded that the best founded objections, such as they are, to the *commandite* principle, spring, not from its consequences to the public, but from the injuries to which the dormant partners are exposed. If the acting partner is a rogue or a fool, disaster will overtake those who trust their capital to his management. In the choice of an honest

and able associate lies their difficulty and their danger. "The majority of limited partnerships that have failed," says M. Trolong,\* "have been wrecked by naught but the foolhardiness of their general partners." All this is perfectly true; but serious as is the peril, it is no more an objection to the introduction of *commandite* partnerships than it is to ordinary or joint-stock partnerships, which are equally exposed to it. Although a reason for the exercise of individual caution in embarking in them, it does not afford the slightest ground for proscribing the general principle. The records of the Court of Bankruptcy could furnish cases without number of the fraud of one partner effecting the ruin of all connected with his firm; but is has not yet been suggested that ordinary trading partnerships should be forbidden by act of parliament. The infamous frauds perpetrated by one notorious man upon his fellow-shareholders in joint-stock companies entrusted to his direction—frauds which, to the scandal and shame of this country, be it said, instead of consigning the culprit to Norfolk Island, have not even driven him from his seat in the legislature—have never been urged as an argument against the passing of any of the private acts which confer the privilege of limited liability. The possibility of embezzlement and breach of trust suggests the necessity of caution on the part of those who contemplate the deposit of their property in the hands of another; but is no more a reason for the prohibition of the deposit, than the chances of that embezzlement are a ground for forbidding the employment of servants.

Government has neither the mission nor the power to guide its subjects to good, or to drive them from bad investments. If, as is now universally admitted, it does not fall within its province to direct industry and capital, in the interest of the state, into any particular channel, how much more remote from its duties is it to encourage or discourage this or that employment of capital from regard to the interests of individuals? If cabinet ministers and legislators were to undertake such a task, how, it may be asked, would they set about accomplishing it? How would they distinguish, *a priori*, a good from a bad investment? How would they surmount the difficulty which Lord Brougham suggests, of defining "employments of a very speculative nature?" Who shall say, before the event, what is a "rash" or a "reckless" speculation? What is meant by those terms? Do they mean a speculation sure to be unsuccessful!

\* See Mr. J. S. Mill's opinion on this point, *sup.* p. 385.

\* *Des Societes*, No. 413, p. 383, quoted from Mr. Troubat's work on *Commandatory Partnership in the United States*.

Then interference is impossible; for ministers have no more the gift of prescience than their humbler fellow-citizens, nor have they that control over future events which gives Queen Christina such signal successes in the Madrid lottery. If, on the other hand, the words refer to those enterprises which appear to offer no reasonable prospect of a profitable return, who could undertake to determine, and how, the degree of reasonableness which should ensure them the right to a trial? The arbiters of our mercantile destinies would be compelled either to group investments into classes, and sanction or condemn them by wholesale—which is the course in effect proposed by Mr. Ker—or to devote themselves patiently to the consideration of every individual project. But how could they do justice if they pursued the former plan? Would they, for instance, follow the example of the sage Duke of Parma, who forbade his subjects to keep pigeons, and prohibited insurance companies in his dominions? Could they even declare, *à priori*, that the working of a patent, dangerous as such an enterprise frequently is to the capitalist, is a bad investment, and prohibit accordingly the advance of a sixpence upon any such project? Then, the use which Boulton and the Electric Telegraph Company made of their capital ought to have been interdicted; and the steam-engine and the telegraph would now have been ingenious, but useless toys. If they would discharge their duty conscientiously they would be bound to weigh the advantages and drawbacks of every individual investment. They would have to consider whether Tom Styles was prudent in proposing to lend his brother Dick £100, to open a butcher's shop—whether Mr. Dapper would act wisely in investing a portion of his savings in his old trade, which he was about to abandon to the active and faithful assistant who had been measuring his ribbons and praising his silks for the last twenty years—whether a tailor's shop in High Holburn would be decently remunerative—whether Doctor Humbug's "Key to the Revelations," in twenty volumes octavo, would make the fortune, or be the ruin of his publisher. Such are some of the ten thousand questions which would pour upon them daily. Even if they had the time and the capacity necessary for discussing and deciding them properly, of what avail would be their labour? If they approved of the proposed schemes, their intervention would have been unnecessary. If they disapproved, the parties would go discontentedly away, convinced that they understood their own interests better than their rulers did, and indignant at institutions which prevented them from acting according to their own views.

The danger of allowing them this liberty, indeed, is sometimes illustrated by a reference to the follies of 1845, and the sufferings which followed from them. That celebrated era of folly, however, shows how little the ruling powers of the state are fitted for the office which is claimed for them; for had they been gifted with that superior wisdom and discretion which is attributed to them, they would not have encouraged the rash and reckless speculation by every means in their power. But even if the legislature of that day had not thus shown their incapacity for distinguishing between rash and wise speculation,—and if it were conceded that it was their duty to keep men out of imprudence and mischief, the railway mania would afford no argument against the general introduction of limited liability; for, as Lord Hobart justly observes:—

"The excessive and unremunerative influx of capital into railway projects can be said to have been the effect of the concession of limited liability only because that concession was partial, and not general. By the grant of limited liability to a particular class of undertakings, all the capital which, owing to the state of the general law of partnership, was in vain seeking associative employment, would naturally be attracted to these undertakings; and as the amount of capital in this condition was out of all proportion to the dimensions of the channel which was opened for its reception, the result was an extravagant appreciation of railway shares, and a great consequent loss to the country."—p. 20.

But, assuming that the state has the duty, the right, and the power, to guide individuals in the choice of an investment, why should *commandite* partnerships be proscribed? Why is it thought that such associations would devote themselves altogether to enterprises of extreme hazard? The experience of other countries does not prove that the pursuits of *commandite* copartnerships are in general of a more speculating character than those of other mercantile associations. The ribbon manufactures of St. Etienne, and the silk shops of Paris, for instance, present no very formidable risks, and yet dormant partners find capital for their conduct. Those who are unwilling to incur the risks of unlimited liability are probably the very men who would exercise most caution in incurring even a partial loss. At all events, it is probable, or at least possible, that many who now dread mercantile investments, would embark in safe trades as dormant partners; and ought they to be denied the right of doing this because the same right might not be as judiciously exercised by others? Ought the law to prevent wise men from laying out



their money to advantage, because, with similar powers, fools would throw theirs into the sea?

Further, even if all the projects which would be promoted by *commandite* partnerships offered little hope of profit, and much fear of loss, would it not be an inestimable advantage to have such a mercantile machinery for distributing the risk? Men bent upon a dangerous enterprise should arm themselves properly. True, it is said, but the sight of the arms may suggest the enterprise. Be it so; and if the enterprise succeeds, the adventurers reap their reward, and their success is reflected in a thousand ways on those about them. If it fails, the loss falls lightly on all, instead of involving them in destruction—their inevitable fate, had they sallied forth unprotected. It would have been safer, it is retorted, to have declined the enterprise altogether, and thus have avoided all risk.

And such, indeed, is the true ground of Mr. Ker's opposition to the principle of limited liability. A man of his acute intellect could not be the dupe of such a phantom as "rash" or "reckless" speculation. His objection is not limited to the thing thus qualified, but to the thing itself. "I think," he says, "it would be very prejudicial to encourage the middle and lower classes to become speculators. . . . I have a very strong feeling that the best investment is in the three per cent. consols." But this is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole argument. To condemn speculation, is to condemn the spirit which won the Indian empire and founded states and colonies; which covers every sea with our flag, and puts every land under contribution for the supply of our wants and luxuries. To condemn it in our middle and lower classes, is to denounce commercial pursuits altogether in this country,—for the upper orders, for whom trade would be reserved as an "aristocratic privilege," have never displayed much inclination or aptitude for any speculation except in Capel Court and at Tattersall's. Commercial enterprise is the very life of the middle classes; and vain would be any attempt to destroy it. Even the common law has failed to prevent its development, although the pit-falls which it has dug for all who are carried away by it have, to some extent, kept it in check. When Englishmen will be satisfied with the tame security of the Three per Cents, their career will have been run. They will have fulfilled the task allotted to them in the great Scheme, and will be required to make way for a stronger race. Mr. Ker has seen much, no doubt, of scandalous frauds and malversations in joint-stock companies, and much waste, loss, and mismanagement among

friendly and other societies,—and he trembles, with a solicitude which does him honour, lest the humbler portion of the community should be induced to risk their saving in schemes which he does not think safe, such as "ill-conducted or fraudulently conducted hucksters' shops, &c., established on the principle of a partnership, *en commandite*." But his experience should have led him to condemn, not speculation, but fraud—to impose fetters, not on liberty, but on licence,—not on all men, but on rogues. It should have induced him to propose laws—which are much needed—for sending swindling directors to the Old Bailey instead of the Court of Chancery,—and not to recommend the maintenance of shackles on honest energy.

But the best answer to Mr. Ker's views in favour of government interference is given by Mr. Ker himself. "Do you think," asked Mr. Slaney, in 1850, "that the parliament is a better judge of the safety of investments of the middle classes than the middle classes themselves?" "I am bound," was the answer, "to think that parliament is the best judge in the world upon every subject." "That included?" asked the chairman, in evident distrust of the sincerity of the witness. "As I think," replied Mr. Ker, with logical severity, "that parliament must be the best judge on every subject, it must include that; but parliament may not always exercise its best judgment." Consequently, the investments of the middle classes should be left to the judgment, good or bad, reasonable or capricious, of queen, lords, and commons. With a very sincere respect for Mr. Bellenden Ker's judgment, we cannot but feel that he labours under the same incidental infirmity as the legislature, and that on this occasion he did not exercise very happily that quality for which he is in general justly esteemed.

Those who are carried away by the fears of "rash" speculation, may rest assured that nature has done more to keep man out of bad investments than governments or laws can do. Self-interest is a better guide than boards or councils; and it is the only guide to which men should, or, in this country, will submit. The middle and working classes, although undoubtedly grateful to all who have their welfare at heart and desire to promote their well-being, would have a right to complain of any legislation conceived in the spirit of directing or controlling them in the employment of their labor or savings. They would have a right to resent even a kindness when offered in a tone of superiority and dictation. They are grown men and not children, and self-government, not paternal government, is what they require—freedom of action, not

maternal leading-strings. If they prefer hucksters' shops to the Three per Cents, no Power has the right to control their choice. Experience alone, and not Mr. Ker, can prove whether it is wisely exercised; and though experience had proved it a hundred times, conviction, and not law, should alone make them bow to its decision. "What is wanted," says Mr. Lalor, in his eloquent and philosophical work, "is, that men shall be free, and shall find legal facilities for making every experiment which shall seem to themselves to promise profit. They are anxious to do this. They ought to have leave to do it. They will, no doubt," he adds, with perfect truth, "be often deceived. They will make mistakes and will suffer losses. With the ignorance, the rashness, and the gullibility, which is found in men, there cannot but be victims. But what great good can be bought without a price?"—p. 202.

In dealing with the objections which have been urged against the *commandite* system, we have incidentally noticed many of the advantages which might be expected to result from its introduction into our law. It is obvious that capitalists would be benefited by it, as it would enlarge the field for the employment of money. But those who would chiefly profit by the system are, undoubtedly, clerks, junior partners, inventors, poor relations, needy friends and dependents, and others, whom rich men, influenced by mixed motives of self-interest and kindness, would readily assist when they knew that they might do so with effect to the objects of their friendly interest, and without unfathomable risk to themselves. Mr. J. S. Mill, after assenting to the proposition that the system, if introduced with proper regulations and safeguards, would give additional facilities for enterprises directed by intelligence, and create additional facilities for the investments of the middle and working classes, adds: "Above all, which is very important, it would enable personal qualities to obtain in a greater degree than they can now, the advantages which the use and aid of capital affords. It would enable persons of recognised integrity and capacity for business to obtain credit, and to share more freely in the advantages which are now confined in a great degree to those who have capital of their own." "It encourages industrious habits," says Mr. Leone Levi; "and besides, it contributes to maintain a floating capital." Mr. Townsend, with whom Mr. Davis appears to agree, thinks that it has a tendency to check rash speculation, and to facilitate useful and cautious enterprise. "I think," says Mr. James Stewart, "it would be the means of bringing together two great classes, the class which has capital, of which

we know there is a very great superabundance in this country, and the class which consists of active, clever, and enterprising men who have not always capital. I think an alteration of the law in this respect would have a beneficial effect in bringing those two classes together." With honest, able, and vigilant general partners, this form of association, in the opinion of M. Troplong, is superior to all others in many respects.\*

The system has unquestionably worked well abroad. "I do not hesitate to state," writes Mr. Simpson from Amsterdam, "as the result of twenty-eight years' experience, during which time I have acted as a juriconsult and barrister, that these partnerships have produced great good and little evil, have caused less controversy than other partnerships; in only few cases have been instruments of deception; and the laws have proved sufficiently efficacious to prevent abuse." The Dutch have dried up lakes, enclosed rivers within their banks, repelled the invasions of the sea with dykes, and reclaimed waste lands, through the agency of these partnerships. In the Rhenish provinces,—and by what country is their husbandry excelled?—farming establishments are carried on by companies of the same kind. "The system of sleeping partners, '*en comandita*,' as it is legally termed, exists in Spain," says Mr. Mark, the British consul at Malaga, "and from practical experience (for upwards of twenty years), I can with safety say it acts well, and is attended with beneficial results." "On the Continent," says Mr. H. J. Enthoven, "it works admirably well; say in France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy." Mr. Leone Levi mentions that his native town, Ancona, has been lighted with gas by a similar association, and thinks that, although he has known it open to much abuse—he does not say in what respects—the system has done much good in that place, and that its introduction, with complete publicity, would be advantageous to this country. Mr. Davis, the secretary of the American legation, says, that it has worked well in Massachusetts. At St. Etienne, as already mentioned, half the ribbon manufacturers commenced life as the *gérans*, or acting partners, of *commandite* societies. In France there were in 1846-7-8, according to Mr. W. Hawes, 6864 partnerships, of which 1156 were *en comandite*; but although that gentleman discovers in this disproportion a condemnation of the system by the people among whom it prevails, it cannot but strike others as only demonstrative of what might have been expected *à priori*,—viz., that those who embark in commerce are,

\* Troubat, "The Law of Commandatory Partnership," p. 2.

in general, disposed to take an active part in the conduct of their business;—while the positive number of firms sustained by the capital of dormant partners cannot but convey the idea of numerous instances of poverty with good conduct rising to competence, and of mechanical genius and inventive faculties utilized for public and private advantage. The best proof, perhaps, of the working of the system, is the estimation in which *commandite* partnerships are held in the market; and on this subject Mr. R. B. Minturn writes from America: "Such partnerships command as much credit and general confidence as ordinary partnerships, perhaps more. There is certainty in the knowledge the community possess of the resources of such firms."

But it is not necessary to look abroad for the condemnation of the common law principle of unlimited liability. It stands condemned not only by almost every civilized nation, but by our own legislature. When large masses of capital were wanted for the execution of those gigantic works which are "the great fact" of our age, it was found that the common law doctrine was as little consistent with expediency as reconcilable with justice; and even the Eldonian school of legislation yielded to the overwhelming necessity of modifying it. But unfortunately, the subject has not met—in those circles from which we generally take our lawgivers—with that degree of attention which it merits; and whatever legislation has taken place upon it, has not been founded on philosophical views, but has proceeded entirely upon the necessities of the moment. The impossibility of carrying on, under the common law, extensive operations with large numbers of men aggregated in partnership, first struck, not our peers and M. P.'s, but our energetic speculating men of business. When towns were to be connected by canals or railways, or to be supplied with gas or water, daring spirits were not wanting to undertake the execution of such projects; but what prudent squire, what thrifty merchant, what saving tradesman, would have dared to embark in the undertaking when the right to sixpence of possible profit brought with it an immediate liability to the loss of an entire fortune? An alteration of the law was consequently felt to be an essential condition to the formation of large associations, and it was altered accordingly. But the amendment of the law fell into the hands of practical men; and the practical men, with neither taste nor commission for general legislation, were content to amend it just as far as suited their purpose, and no further. Consequently, parliament was called upon year after year to pass cart-loads of private acts, suspending the common law in particular

cases;—limiting the liability of shareholders, —empowering them to transfer their shares, —giving legal means for compelling them to contribute to the common stock the sums which they had promised,—making it practically possible to recover the company's debts from strangers,—preventing the dissolution of the copartnership by death or bankruptcy,—and making other necessary deviations from the general law. The country has been thus gradually covered with a host of privileged bodies, governed by as many special codes of law,—just as it is dotted over with hundreds of manors, in which every variety of local custom supersedes the law of the land. The only attempt which has been made towards a more general introduction of limited liability is embodied in the act of 1 Vict. c. 73, which empowers the Crown to confer, by letters patent, the privilege of limited liability on bodies associated together for trading or other purposes; but it has been productive of little benefit. The enormous price charged for the charter or patent, must necessarily have deterred all except wealthy associations. Mr. Vansittart Neale stated, in his evidence before Mr. Slaney's first committee, that the cost of procuring a royal charter for the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrial classes, amounted to 1004*l.*, of which 724*l.* were fees of office. Notwithstanding this expense, however, numerous applications are constantly made to the Board of Trade for this regal dispensation from the rigours of the common law; but although the second section of the act empowered it to confer patents on "any company or body of persons associated together for any trading or other purposes whatsoever," "the rule" of the Board, says Sir Denis Le Marchant, "has decidedly been to refuse them rather than to grant them. To grant them is merely the exceptional rule;" and he appears to have been able to bring to mind but two instances, while he was in office, in which patents were granted; one in 1848 to a society for the amelioration of landed property in Ireland—a society, if we may judge of its objects from its title, singularly entitled to whatever aid the Crown could give it in the prosecution of its Herculean task; and the other, seven years before, to the Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

This subject leads us to the only other alteration in the existing law, to which we propose to call attention in this article. The *commandite* system would limit the liability of partners who do not lend their names, or interfere in the conduct of the partnership business. But why should those who manage the affairs of the association not be also al-

lowed the means of limiting their liability? Lord Hobart objects to this. He thinks that "natural justice seems to require that any person conducting, or taking any part in the conduct of business of any kind, whether as a director of a company or managing partner. . . should be liable to the full extent of his property for the debts which may be incurred in respect of such business." But neither natural justice nor the common law denies the managing director of a concern, or any other person, the right of stipulating with the person with whom he deals, for an exemption from responsibility beyond a certain amount. The reason, however, for condemning him to unlimited liability seems to be, "that it is impossible for the other party to the engagement to know, at the time of making it, with anything like confidence, certain particulars of information;"—that is, we presume, the limits within which the managing partner professed to restrict his liability. But if the reason should fail, the doctrine which is based on it must fail also. Now, the difficulties in the way of making this information universally known, or at least universally accessible, are not insuperable. The first step would be to withdraw from the style of the firm the names of the general partners, and thus deprive it of a source of false credit. It would then become what the French code calls it, an anonymous society; and instead of being distinguished by the unmeaning, however honourable, names of Smith, Brown, and Jones, would be designated by the trade or business of the association. Notices over the doors, desks, and counters—like the notices under the Carriers' Act—and registration and advertisements in the public prints, would do the rest. The creditors of such a company would have only themselves to blame if they gave the managers credit on the faith of their unlimited responsibility. To this system, not even Mr. W. Hawes' very small objection to the *commandite* system—that "it would be long before the public understood" it—could be urged; for in every part of the country such companies are already in existence, and are familiarly known and dealt with.

But here Lord Brougham would interpose. "As for the *société anonyme*," his lordship would say, as he has already said—"I hold that to be out of the question; it is merely a small joint-stock company." And why should a small joint-stock company be out of the question? What valid objection can be drawn from the mere number of the shareholders, or the mere amount of their capital? If wealthy men may combine their hundreds and thousands together in such a company, why should not the poor be at liberty to club their single sovereigns in the same manner? If 5000 men

may associate on such terms, why should not 500, or 50, or 5, have the same liberty? And if the half-a-dozen directors of the largest company may be exempted from unlimited responsibility, why should not the one or two managers of the smallest be entitled to a similar exemption? It is not easy to understand why limited liability should be what Mr. B. Ker truly says it has hitherto been in this country—"a sort of aristocratic privilege." The idea of magnitude is associated in our minds with that of a joint-stock company, because we are unaccustomed to see small specimens of that form of association. In the New England States, however, where charters cost fewer halfpence than they do pounds in this country, "manufacturing in its broadest sense," says Mr. Davis, "that is, not only the making of cottons, and woollens, and linens, but of machinery and power," is conducted on this commercial principle. In those states, says Mr. Carey,\*

"The soil is covered with *compagnies anonymes*—chartered companies—for almost every conceivable purpose. Every town is a corporation for the management of its roads, bridges, and schools; which are, therefore, under the direct control of those who pay for them, and are, consequently, well managed. Academies and churches, lycæums and libraries, saving-fund societies and trust companies, exist in numbers proportioned to the wants of the people, and all are corporations. Every district has its local bank, of a size to suit its wants, the stock of which is owned by the small capitalists of the neighbourhood, and managed by themselves; the consequence of which is, that in no part of the world is the system of banking so perfect, so little liable to vibration in the amount of loans—the necessary effect of which is, that in none is the value of property so little affected by changes in the amount or value of the currency resulting from the movements of *their own* banking institutions. In the two states to which we have particularly referred, they are almost two hundred in number. Massachusetts, alone, offers to our view fifty-three insurance offices, of various forms, scattered through the state, and all incorporated. *Factories are incorporated, and are owned in shares; and every one that has any part in the management of their concerns, from the purchase of the raw material to the sale of the manufactured article, is a part owner*, while every one employed in them has a prospect of becoming one, by the use of prudence, exertion and economy. Charitable associations exist in large numbers, and all are incorporated. *Fishing vessels are owned in shares by those who navigate them; and the sailors of a whaling-ship depend, in a great degree, if not altogether, upon the success of the voyage for their compensation.* Every

\* In a note appended to his translation of a paper by M. Coquelin, published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for July, 1843. The passage quoted in the text is taken at second-hand from Mill's "Political Economy," vol. ii. p. 472.

master of a vessel trading in the Southern Ocean is a part owner; and the interest he possesses is a strong inducement to exertion and economy, by the aid of which the people of New England are rapidly driving out the competition of other nations for the trade of that part of the world. Wherever settled, they exhibit the same tendency to combination of action. In New York, they are the chief owners of the *lines of packet-ships, which are divided into shares, owned by the shipbuilders, the merchants, the master, and the mates*; which last generally acquire the means of becoming themselves masters, and to this is due their great success. The system is the most perfectly democratic of any in the world. *It affords to every labourer, every sailor, every operative, male or female, the prospect of advancement; and its results are precisely such as we should have reason to expect. In no part of the world are talent, industry, and prudence, so certain to be largely rewarded.*"

Our own county of Cornwall, also, affords the example of an entire population carrying on with success a most important branch of industrial enterprise in small societies, which, although in many respects rude and imperfect, possess many of the properties of incorporated companies. With the power of transferring their shares, and expelling their purser, or managing partner, and with the practice of frequent audits and constant supervision, the Cornish miners have been enabled to combine together in bodies, under the cost-book principle; and, with the aid of their little savings, have worked mines which, but for such combinations, would have been to this day unexplored.

But surely, it will be said, there ought to be a minimum number of shareholders, and a minimum amount of capital, for the constitution of a joint-stock company. It may be so; but we have been unable to discover either minimum. Should two persons, then, it will be asked, be allowed to form such a company? Why not? If five thousand dormant partners may be justly protected against unlimited liability, so may one; and if six active partners may be similarly guarded, so may one. But a joint-stock company, consisting of two persons, and with a capital of a few pounds, would be impracticable, it will be answered, it would not work. Its transactions would be *nil*, for its credit would be at zero.

Granted. And here must lie the test of the expediency or inexpediency of forming any such company. They will not be formed where it is impracticable to carry on trade by them. But who shall apply that test? The State? Such is the proposal of Mr. Bellen- den Ker. Tolerant of the views of others, notwithstanding his own predilections for the three per cents, he suggests, in his letter to the committee of 1851, a much larger concession of commercial freedom. "I continue to

think," he writes " (as I expressed in my former evidence), that the Board of Trade, or a Board having similar powers, should be authorized, under certain rules and restrictions very similar to those which exist at present at the Board of Trade, to grant charters of incorporation in some simple form to such trading partnerships as, in the opinion of the Board, can be advantageously carried on upon the principle of a joint-stock company.

Now, the system of conferring exceptional advantages directly conflicting with the general law, or partially suspending its operation, is fundamentally vicious in principle. It bears no distant resemblance to the dispensing power which used to be claimed by some of our monarchs, or to that prerogative of granting monopolies which received its first check in the reign of James I. The idea belongs to another age, and the practice should not be allowed to linger on in ours. When the country, both here and on the continent, was split up into as many little states as there were feudal chiefs, and towns lived in estrangement, sometimes in hostility, with all beyond the limits of their narrow bounds—when all men were grouped either in petty monarchies under barons and burgraves, or in petty republics, such as guilds and corporations, the latter often needed the assistance of the lord paramount, the king, against a powerful neighbour, and the assistance came generally in the shape of charters, conferring on the "good towns" special privileges and powers for their self-government and effective organization. But that state of society is happily extinct. Englishmen have ceased to live in a state of habitual warfare with each other, and they need no special aid against each other. A fair field and no favour, is the only privilege they require. They are subject to one rule and one law: and the law should be equal to all. If facilities are granted to some for carrying on trade, all have *prima facie* a right to demand similar immunities; and it is incumbent on those who concede to the few, to justify their refusal to the many. It lies on them to explain why they refuse to an association of humble mechanics or operatives, what they allow to the Great Western Railway Company and to the Bank of England. Time was when courtly favour was the source of commercial monopolies, and the love or dotage of a queen granted to Dudleys, and Essexes, and Raleighs, the exclusive privilege of selling some of the necessaries, and most of the luxuries of life; and our days have seen what parliamentary influence and weight of purse can do in procuring special exemptions. But the temper of the age does not patiently acquiesce in advantages obtained through such means, and it will not be satis-

fied with the continuance of this system unless it is to be carried on upon some sound principle.

This sound principle, it will be said, is pointed out by Mr. Bellenden Ker. Charters of incorporation should be granted, he suggests, to all trading partnerships, which, "in the opinion of the Board, can be advantageously carried on upon the principle of a joint-stock company." But no Board can be more competent to decide such a question than to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, on the wisdom or rashness of any investment. If the joint-stock principle should be applied only to large bodies of men, or to associations requiring large sums of money, a minimum must be fixed. The Joint-Stock Companies' Registration Act adopted twenty-five as the minimum number of shareholders; but who doubts that the choice of that number was purely arbitrary, and that in many cases twenty-four, or twenty-three, or seventeen, or sixteen men might advantageously carry on trade in partnership, on the same principle as twenty-five? Does the nature of the business afford any means of judging whether it can be successfully conducted on that system? If railways may be constructed, and goods carried by joint-stock companies, why should not the shareholders in Price's Candle and Groux's Soap Companies trade under limited liability? Why should not coats be made and chimneys be swept by associations similarly protected? If "manufacturing, in its broadest sense," is successfully carried on in America by corporate bodies, it might surely fare as well in England. And to whom are such questions to be referred? To a gentleman who, perhaps, never invested a shilling in trade, whom education and tastes have thrown into the career of politics, and who may have at his elbow an adviser that looks with an evil eye upon all investments except the public funds. To him the merchants, and traders, and capitalists of the greatest mercantile community of the earth are to submit their gigantic schemes, and to stand or fall by his decision. To him, also, are to flock working tailors, shoemakers, bakers, miners, labouring men, with their humble projects, backed with plenty of their and sinew, but with slender purses: and on his breath is to depend the formation or dissolution of their desired associations, and consequently the realization or disappointment of their cherished hopes. A company should not purify the Thames unless it so pleased the Minister of Commerce; but a company might set it on fire if he thought that scheme likely to be advantageously achieved on the system of limited liability. It would be his duty to consider anxiously whether a village pump in the recesses of Buckinghamshire

would pay five per cent. on the joint-stock principle, or whether needlewomen could successfully make shirts when combined together into a company. How can it be expected that any man, whatever be his talents and his powers of application, should discharge such duties as well as those who propose to embark in the speculation, and whose good opinion of it is attested by their contributions to it? No vigour of mind, no industry, however indefatigable, would be equal to the task: and the experience we have had of our Board of Trade and of the French Conseil d'Etat should teach us how it would be discharged by a dozing or obstructive official of the common order.

In a word, the interference of Government can be defended only on the plea of protecting men against themselves, or the public against them. The former ground, as we have already contended, at perhaps unnecessary length, is utterly inadmissible; and the latter object should be secured, not by special intervention, but by general law. "On general principles," says Mr. Mill, "one sees no sufficient reason why people should not be allowed to employ their capital and labour on any terms that they please, and to deal with others on any terms that they please, provided that those terms are known, and that they do not give themselves out for what they are not." The law admits the principle, indeed, but fails in providing the facilities requisite for enabling men to act upon it. It can provide them, however, and sometimes does so for the benefit of favoured persons. All that is asked is, that it will provide them for all men, and will favour all equally.

Such, then, are the two principal alterations of which the common law relating to partnership seems to stand in need: the one, constitutional,—involving a fundamental change of principle; the other, administrative merely,—that is, involving merely the provision of facilities requisite for giving practical and general effect to a principle already recognised. It may be asked, why, if the joint stock principle were adopted, we should encumber ourselves with an institution based upon an imperfect development of that principle. The answer is, that the commandite partnership presents two striking advantages over the joint-stock company,—one to the active, the other to the dormant members of a firm. Adam Smith pointed out that the want of interest in the directors of joint-stock companies was the chief objection to that form of association; and the people of this country have learned, during the last ten years, to what an extent waste, mismanagement, and every form of fraud, may be carried by those to whom they depute the management of their business.

But the dormant partners in *commandite* associations have, in the unlimited responsibility of their managers, a guarantee against the abuse of their trust, and an earnest of their zeal for the welfare of the undertaking. The active partner, also, will often prefer the *commandite* to the joint-stock principle. "Suppose," says M. Coquelin,\* "an inventor seeking for a capital to carry his invention into practice. To obtain the aid of capitalists, he must offer them a share of the anticipated benefit; they must associate themselves with him in the chances of its success. In such a case, which of the forms would he select? Not a common partnership, certainly;" for various reasons, and especially because it would often be very difficult to find a partner with capital, willing to risk his whole fortune on the success of the invention. "Neither would he select the *société anonyme*," or any other form of joint-stock company, "in which he might be superseded as manager. He would stand, in such an association, on no better footing than any other shareholder, and he might be lost in the crowd; whereas, the association existing, as it were, by and for him, the management would appear to belong to him as a matter of right. Cases occur in which a merchant or a manufacturer, without being precisely an inventor, has undeniable claims to the management of an undertaking, from the possession of the qualities peculiarly calculated to promote its success. So great, indeed," continues M. Coquelin, "is the necessity, in many cases, for the limited partnership, that it is difficult to conceive how we could dispense with or replace it."

The whole of this important branch of the law has been referred to a Royal Commission: and notwithstanding the timidity which lawyers have but too often betrayed in dealing with law reforms, the public have substantial grounds for expecting that this subject at least will now meet with a bold and searching treatment. From a Chancellor who undertook the consolidation of the statute book within a month from his acceptance of the great seal, and who, within a few months more, appointed commissioners for investigating the bankruptcy law, and the working of the county courts, as well as the law of partnership, the country may surely expect vigour and earnestness. The President of the Board of Trade, whose office must entitle him to a voice in all deliberations on the subject, gives promise of effectual aid to the cause of a thorough reform; for while his legal education has made him familiar with the defects of the law, he has not sufficiently profited by the

system to prostrate himself before its vices. Among the commissioners, also, a name or two may be recognized from which the world derives a hope that those functionaries will not proceed in their labours with a *main morte*. The French code may be recommended as their best model:—for its outline is philosophical, although some of its details may be thought insufficient or unnecessary; and if they should be tempted to yield to timid suggestions of half-measures, let them take warning from the codes of some of the American States.\* They may, perhaps, be told that the work in which they are engaged is one of concession; and they will meet with propositions for rendering the surrender useless to those for whose sake it is to be made. They will be advised to fix the maximum of profit—to restrain *commandite* and joint-stock companies from dealing with foreign countries, with distant parts of our own, and with remote agents—and to prohibit the transfer of shares, &c. &c. But it is to be hoped they will bear in mind that their duty is simply to consider what laws will best conduce to the welfare of their fellow-citizens; and not to devise how they may yield as little as possible to a clamorous enemy.

The importance of this subject, even when considered in its economical aspect, cannot be easily overrated; but its social bearings are perhaps even more important, and should not be wholly passed over. Any law which should remove the impediments which now exist to commercial association, would be in harmony with the tendencies of man's gregarious nature, and might consequently be expected, *à priori*, to promote his welfare. Roads, ships, commerce, literature, warfare even—these have been the chief instruments of civilization, and simply because they chiefly have promoted the contact of men with each other. The press, which more than any other human invention has facilitated the communication and interchange of thought,—the steam-engine, which more than any other machine has facilitated locomotion and intercourse—are, for this reason, the best gifts ever conferred by man on humanity. Even the Crusades, inspired though they were by ha-

\* In the paper referred to, *sup.* p. 407. This passage, also, is taken from Mill's "Political Economy," vol. ii. p. 469.

\* In several of the States, banking and insurance partnerships are denied the privileges of the *commandite* system. No better reason has been assigned for this exclusion than that banking and insurance are generally carried on by corporate bodies. In other words, because a particular kind of business is ordinarily carried on by societies whose managers trade under limited responsibility, the law refuses men leave to carry on the same business in bodies whose managers embark the whole of their fortune in the undertaking. The chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus was right.

ted and by every other passion of repulsion, effected immense good by the mere collision, which they caused, of the West with the East. Among these civilizers of mankind would deserve to rank a legal contrivance which brought rich and poor, high and low, wise and foolish, strong and weak, to know and to help each other. Independently of the commercial worth of industry fostered, labour abridged, enterprise encouraged, and genius rewarded;—independently of necessities cheapened, comforts augmented, luxuries put within the reach of all;—independently of the market value of knowledge increased, ideas developed, and character invigorated,—feelings of good will, sympathy, and friendship, would inevitably spring from laws which placed men in relations of mutual dependence and reciprocal benefit; and the happiness which such institutions would bring to individuals, and the strength they would give to the social fabric, are beyond all estimation. In this respect, indeed, the law might be deemed entitled to precedence over the inventions we have named, for these have mainly served the intellect, while that would call into play the moral qualities and elevate the moral nature. Friendships without number would flourish on soil now virgin or overspread with weeds. Attachments would be formed, resembling in their tenacity those ties which bound man to man in the feudal ages, but superior to them, because the sense of mutual advantage from which they sprang would not be marred by the consciousness of power on one side or the feeling of helplessness on the other. In assisting his friend with his purse, the rich man would enjoy the double gratification of aiding his neighbour and benefiting himself; and the poor one, while grateful for the aid, would have the satisfaction of knowing that his labour would repay the debt with interest.

On behalf of the working classes of the community, changes in the direction which have been above recommended are even more imperatively required. In obedience to one of the strongest of human instincts, they do, they will, and they must, congregate together: and the question is, whether the state shall suffer that instinct to operate freely, and produce good, or shall, by checking its natural tendencies, convert it into an instrument of incalculable mischief. The spirit of association, left to its own spontaneous course, would lead man on in his destined career of improvement: therefore it is that Popery anathematizes free-masonry and that the despots of the Continent prohibit public meetings,—viewing with jealousy all congregations of men, even when collected together for the worship of God. But the same spirit

warped by bad laws and bad teaching, degenerates into Socialism: and in that form it is undoubtedly spread extensively, though obscurely, among the labouring classes. Socialism is the bad fruit of a good principle. It is to association what rashness is to courage, cowardice to prudence, extravagance to generosity: and its prevalence in England seems chiefly attributable to our defective law of partnership. The operatives have learned from the middle class what vast works may be accomplished, and what countless wealth may be acquired by combination; and as the laws surround every healthy plan of co-operation with danger and difficulty, they believe that they can carry into effect among themselves the joint-stock principle, only by the realization of the fantastic, the mischievous, the impossible designs of dreamers and fanatics.

Further, by preventing the union of the richer and the poorer orders in the prosecution of enterprises for a common object, the law has operated powerfully to keep those classes separated from each other, and ignorant of each other's good qualities. But it is with the different orders of a nation as with the different nations of men. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and their little knowledge leads to the formation of prejudices and antipathies which fuller acquaintance would dissipate. At present it is impossible to deny that a morbid belief exists among the working classes, that the wealthier orders are indifferent to their well-being:\* and the consequence, says Mr. Lalor, "is this, that in the region of the most active industry, society is split into two hostile camps, and that the only tranquillity which subsists between them is that of a convenient but hollow truce, which may be broken at an instant's warning." Any law which should bring the two classes together, would terminate this unhappy and mischievous state of things, for it would remove the misconception from which it arises. It would also unteach an absurd opinion, which is likewise very general among the working classes, and to which Mr. Mill refers in a passage already cited,† that capital is extravagantly remunerated in this country. When the labouring men had the opportunity of laying out their savings in commercial investments, they would discover that the return which they obtained for it was not immoderate, or disproportioned to the share of the common profit which fell to the labourer,—and a fruitful source of agitation and discontent would

\* See, for instance, Mr. Walter Cooper's evidence, p. 597, in the appendix to the report of Mr. Slaney's first committee.

† Anta, p. 385.



thus be dried up. It is impossible to estimate all the good which they would derive from constantly mixing with those to whom superior wealth gives the advantages of a superior education and superior information, and who, free from the necessity of supplying their daily wants by daily toil, direct their time to studies removed from the sphere of immediate utility, or even to the cultivation of the ordinary accomplishments of refined society. Improvement in knowledge, in manners, and in habits of thought, would be the first results, and would be quickly followed by elevation of character, dignified bearing, and increased self-confidence and self-respect. The rich would know what virtues are concealed under a rude exterior; and they would learn, in the manly attachment and generous enthusiasm of those with whom they associated in pursuits of common advantage, what is the true meaning of that "legitimate influence of property," which is so commonly spoken of, and so imperfectly understood.

But even if all these anticipations are idle dreams—even if commercial failure must inevitably attend all enterprises conducted by the working classes among themselves, or in combination with the rich—justice and good policy equally demand that they should have the same liberty and the same facilities for forming mercantile associations as are daily conceded to those who can afford the cost of obtaining them. What the lower orders feel, says Mr. Mill, is not so much "the inequality of property, considered in itself, as the inequality consequent upon it, which unhappily exists now, namely, that those who already have property have so much greater facilities for getting more, than those who have it not have for acquiring it." This inequality must be removed; for society cannot prosper while the most exasperating of all feelings, the sense of injustice, is rankling in the breasts of the masses of the community. Be their joint-stock associations or their *commandite* partnerships successful or not, they are entitled, in principle and in justice, to form them. Perilous as they will often be, they will always be in favour with those who prefer personal independence, with the chance of rising in the social scale, to the humbler, though safer, alternative of working for fixed wages for a master. For ourselves, we concur with Mr. Mill, in thinking that it is not probable that the working classes will ever be "permanently contented with the condition of labouring for wages as their ultimate state;" and we shall ever lend them our humble aid to raise them above it.

## ART. IV.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

1. *Die Poetischen Bücher des Alten Bundes.* Erklärt von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen: bei Vanderhoeck und Ruprecht. 1836.
2. *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament. Zweite Lieferung. Hiob.* Von Ludwig Hirzel. Zweite Auflage, durchgesehen von Dr. Justus Oishausen. Leipzig. 1852.
3. *Quæstionum in Jobeidos locos versatos Specimen.* Von D. Hermannus Hupfeld. Halis Saxonum. 1853.

THE question will one day be asked, how it has been that, in spite of the high pretensions of us English to a superior reverence for the Bible, we have done so little in comparison with our continental contemporaries towards arriving at a proper understanding of it? The books standing at the head of this article form but a section of a long list which has appeared in the last few years on the Book of Job alone; and this book has not received any larger share of attention than the others, either of the Old or the New Testament. Whatever be the nature or the origin of these books (and on this point there is much difference of opinion among the Germans as among ourselves), they are all agreed, orthodox and unorthodox, that at least we should endeavour to understand them; and that no efforts can be too great, either of research or criticism, to discover their history, or elucidate their meaning.

We shall assent, doubtless, eagerly, perhaps noisily and indignantly, to so obvious a truism; but our own efforts in the same direction will not bear us out. The able men in England employ themselves in matters of a more practical character; and while we refuse to avail ourselves of what has been done elsewhere, no book, or books, which we produce on the interpretation of Scripture acquire more than a partial or an ephemeral reputation. The most important contribution to our knowledge on this subject which has been made in these recent years, is the translation of the "Library of the Fathers," by which it is about as rational to suppose that the analytical criticism of modern times can be superseded, as that the place of Herman and Dindorf could be supplied by an edition of the old scholiasts.

It is, indeed, reasonable that, as long as we are persuaded that our English theory of the Bible, as a whole, is the right one, we should shrink from contact with investigations, which, however ingenious in themselves, are based on what we know to be a false foundation. But there are some learned Germans whose orthodoxy would pass examination at

Exeter Hall; and there are many subjects, such, for instance, as the present, on which all their able men are agreed in conclusions that cannot rationally give offence to any one. For the Book of Job, analytical criticism has only served to clear up the uncertainties which have hitherto always hung about it. It is now considered to be, beyond all doubt, a genuine Hebrew original, completed by its writer almost in the form in which it now remains to us. The questions on the authenticity of the Prologue and Epilogue, which once were thought important, have given way before a more sound conception of the dramatic unity of the entire poem; and the volumes before us contain merely an inquiry into its meaning, bringing, at the same time, all the resources of modern scholarship and historical and mythological research to bear upon the obscurity of separate passages. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions—many words occurring in it, and many thoughts, not to be found elsewhere in the Bible. How difficult our translators found it may be seen by the number of words which they were obliged to insert in italics, and the doubtful renderings which they have suggested in the margin. One instance of this, in passing, we will notice in this place—it will be familiar to everyone as the passage quoted at the opening of the English burial service, and adduced as one of the doctrinal proofs of the resurrection of the body: “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter *day* upon the earth; and *though*, after my skin *worms* destroy this *body*, yet in my flesh I shall see God.” So this passage stands in the ordinary version. But the words in italics have nothing answering to them in the original—they were all added by the translators to fill out their interpretation; and for *in my flesh*, they tell us themselves in the margin that we may read (and, in fact, we ought to read, and must read) “*out of*,” or “*without*” *my flesh*. It is but to write out the verses omitting the conjectural additions, and making that one small, but vital correction, to see how frail a support is there for so large a conclusion; “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter        upon the earth; and after my skin        destroy this        ; yet without my flesh I shall see God.” If there is any doctrine of a resurrection here, it is a resurrection precisely *not* of the body, but of the spirit. And now let us only add that the word translated Redeemer is the technical expression for the “avenger of blood;” and that the second paragraph ought to be rendered—“and one to come after me (my next of kin, to whom the avenging my injuries belongs) shall stand upon my dust,” and we

shall see how much was to be done towards the mere exegesis of the text. This is an extreme instance, and no one will question the general beauty and majesty of our translation; but there are many mythical and physical allusions scattered over the poem, which, in the sixteenth century, there were positively no means of understanding; and perhaps, too, there were mental tendencies in the translators themselves which prevented them from adequately apprehending even the drift and spirit of it. The form of the story was too stringent to allow such tendencies any latitude; but they appear, from time to time, sufficiently to produce serious confusion. With these recent assistances, therefore, we propose to say something of the nature of this extraordinary book—a book of which it is to say little to call it unequalled of its kind, and which will, one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world. How it found its way into the Canon, smiting as it does through and through the most deeply-seated Jewish prejudices, is the chief difficulty about it now; to be explained only by a traditional acceptance among the sacred books, dating back from the old times of the national greatness, when the minds of the people were hewn in a larger type than was to be found among the pharisees of the great synagogue. But its authorship, its date, and its history, are alike a mystery to us; it existed at the time when the canon was composed; and this is all that we know beyond what we can gather out of the language and the contents of the poem itself.

Before going further, however, we must make room for a few remarks of a very general kind. Let it have been written when it would, it marks a period in which the religious convictions of thinking men were passing through a vast crisis; and we shall not understand it without having before us clearly something of the conditions which periods of such a kind always and necessarily exhibit.

The history of religious speculation appears in extreme outline to have been of the following kind. We may conceive mankind to have been originally launched into the universe with no knowledge either of themselves or of the scene in which they were placed; with no actual knowledge, but distinguished from the rest of the creation by a faculty of gaining knowledge; and first unconsciously, and afterwards consciously and laboriously, to have commenced that long series of experience and observation which has accumulated in thousands of years to what we now see around us. Limited on all sides by conditions which they must have felt to be none

of their own imposing, and finding everywhere forces working, over which they had no control, the fear which they would naturally entertain of these invisible and mighty agents assumed, under the direction of an idea which we may perhaps call inborn and inherent in human nature, a more generous character of reverence and awe. The laws of the outer world, as they discovered them, they regarded as the decrees, or as the immediate energies of personal beings; and as knowledge grew up among them, they looked upon it not as knowledge of nature, but of God, or the gods. All early paganism appears, on careful examination, to have arisen out of a consecration of the first rudiments of physical or speculative science. The twelve labours of Hercules are the labours of the sun, of which Hercules is an old name, through the twelve signs. Chronos, or *time*, being measured by the apparent motion of the heavens, is figured as their child; Time, the universal parent, devours its own offspring, yet is again itself in the high faith of a human soul, conscious of its power and its endurance, supposed to be baffled and dethroned by Zeus, or *life*; and so on through all the elaborate theogonies of Greece and Egypt. They are no more than real insight into real phenomena, allegorized as time went on, elaborated by fancy, or idealized by imagination, but never losing their original character.

Thus paganism, in its very nature, was expansive, self-developing, and, as Mr. Hume observed, tolerant; a new god was welcomed to the Pantheon as a new scientific discovery is welcomed by the Royal Society; and the various nations found no difficulty in interchanging their divinities—a new god either representing a new power not hitherto discovered, or one with which they were already familiar under a new name. With such a power of adaptation and enlargement, if there had been nothing more in it than this, such a system might have gone on accommodating itself to the change of times, and keeping pace with the growth of human character. Already in its later forms, as the unity of nature was more clearly observed, and the identity of it throughout the known world, the separate powers were subordinating themselves to a single supreme king; and, as the poets had originally personified the elemental forces, the thinkers were reversing the earlier process, and discovering the law under the person. Happily or unhappily, however, what they could do for themselves they could not do for the multitude. Phœbus and Aphrodite had been made too human to be allegorized. Humanized, and yet, we may say, only half humanized, retaining their purely physical nature, and without any proper moral attribute at all, these gods and goddesses remained, to

the many, examples of sensuality made beautiful; and, as soon as right and wrong came to have a meaning, it was impossible to worship any more these idealized despisers of it. The human caprices and passions which served at first to deepen the illusion, justly revenged themselves. Paganism became a lie, and perished.

In the meantime, the Jews (and perhaps some other nations, but the Jews chiefly and principally) had been moving forward along a road wholly different. Breaking early away from the gods of nature, they advanced along the line of their moral consciousness; and leaving the nations to study physics, philosophy, and art, they confined themselves to man and to human life. Their theology grew up round the knowledge of good and evil, and God, with them, was the supreme Lord of the world, who stood towards man in the relation of a ruler and a judge. Holding such a faith, to them the toleration of paganism was an impossibility; the laws of nature might be many, but the law of conduct was one; there was one law and one king; and the conditions under which He governed the world, as embodied in the Decalogue or other similar code, were looked upon as iron and inflexible certainties, unalterable revelations of the will of an unalterable Being. So far there was little in common between this process and the other; but it was identical with it in this one important feature, that moral knowledge, like physical, admitted of degrees; and the successive steps of it were only purchasable by experience. The dispensation of the law, in the language of modern theology, was not the dispensation of grace, and the nature of good and evil disclosed itself slowly as men were able to comprehend it. Thus, no system of law or articles of belief were or could be complete and exhaustive for all time. Experience accumulates; new facts are observed, new forces display themselves, and all such formulæ must necessarily be from period to period broken up and moulded afresh. And yet the steps already gained are a treasure so sacred, so liable are they at all times to be attacked by those lower and baser elements in our nature which it is their business to hold in check, that the better part of mankind have at all times practically regarded their creed as a sacred total to which nothing may be added, and from which nothing may be taken away; the suggestion of a new idea is resented as an encroachment, punished as an insidious piece of treason, and resisted by the combined forces of all common practical understandings, which know too well the value of what they have, to risk the venture upon untried change. Periods of religious transition, therefore, when the advance has been a real one, always have been violent, and pro-

bably will always continue to be so. They to whom the precious gift of fresh light has been given are called upon to exhibit their credentials as teachers in suffering for it. They, and those who oppose them, have alike a sacred cause; and the fearful spectacle arises of earnest, vehement men, contending against each other as for their own souls, in fiery struggle. Persecutions come, and martyrdoms, and religious wars; and, at last, the old faith, like the phoenix, expires upon its altar, and the new rises out of the ashes.

Such, in briefest outline, has been the history of religions, natural and moral; the first, indeed, being in no proper sense a religion at all, as we understand religion; and only assuming the character of it in the minds of great men whose moral sense *had* raised them beyond their time and country, and who, feeling the necessity of a real creed, with an effort and with indifferent success, endeavoured to express, under the systems which they found, emotions which had no proper place there.

Of the transition periods which we have described as taking place under the religion which we call moral, the first known to us is marked at its opening by the appearance of the Book of Job, the first fierce collision of the new fact with the formula which will not stretch to cover it.

The earliest phenomenon likely to be observed connected with the moral government of the world is the general one, that on the whole, as things are constituted, good men prosper and are happy, bad men fail and are miserable. The cause of such a condition is no mystery, and lies very near the surface. As soon as men combine in society, they are forced to obey certain laws under which alone society is possible, and these laws, even in their rudest form, approach the laws of conscience. To a certain extent, every one is obliged to sacrifice his private inclinations: and those who refuse to do so are punished, or are crushed. If society were perfect, the imperfect tendency would carry itself out till the two sets of laws were identical; but perfection so far has been only in Utopia, and as far as we can judge by experience hitherto, they have approximated most nearly in the simplest and most rudimentary forms of life. Under the systems which we call patriarchal, the modern distinctions between sins and crimes had no existence. All gross sins were offences against society, as it then was constituted, and wherever it was possible, were punished as being so; chicanery and those subtle advantages which the acute and unscrupulous can take over the simple, without open breach of enacted statutes, were only possible under the

complications of more artificial politics; and the oppression or injury of man by man was open, violent, obvious, and therefore easily understood. Doubtless, therefore, in such a state of things, it would, on the whole, be true to experience, that, judging merely by outward prosperity or the reverse, good and bad men would be rewarded and punished as such in this actual world; so far, that is, as the administration of such rewards and punishments was left in the power of mankind. But theology could not content itself with general tendencies. Theological propositions then, as much as now, were held to be absolute, universal, admitting of no exceptions, and explaining every phenomenon. Superficial generalizations were construed into immutable decrees; the God of this world was just and righteous, and temporal prosperity or wretchedness were dealt out by him immediately by his own will to his subjects, according to their behaviour. Thus the same disposition towards completeness which was the ruin of paganism, here, too, was found, generating the same evils; the half truth rounding itself out with falsehoods. Not only the consequence of ill actions which followed through themselves, but the accidents, as we call them, of nature, earthquakes, storms, and pestilences, were the ministers of God's justice, and struck sinners only with discriminating accuracy. That the sun should shine alike on the evil and the good was a creed too high for the early divines, or that the victims of a fallen tower were no greater offenders than their neighbours. The conceptions of such men could not pass beyond the outward temporal consequence; and, if God's hand was not there it was nowhere. We might have expected that such a theory of things could not long resist the accumulated contradictions of experience; but the same experience shows also what a marvellous power is in us of thrusting aside phenomena which interfere with our cherished convictions; and when such convictions are consecrated into a creed which it is a sacred duty to believe, experience is but like water dropping upon a rock, which wears it away, indeed, at last, but only in thousands of years. This theory was and is the central idea of the Jewish polity, the obstinate toughness of which has been the perplexity of Gentiles and Christians from the first dawn of its existence; it lingers among ourselves in our Liturgy and in the popular belief; and in spite of the emphatic censure of Him after whose name we call ourselves, is still the instant interpreter for us of any unusual calamity, a potato blight, a famine, or an epidemic: such vitality is there in a moral faith, though now, at any rate, contradicted by the experience of all

mankind, and at issue even with Christianity itself.

At what period in the world's history misgivings about it began to show themselves it is now impossible to say; it was at the close, probably, of the patriarchal period, when men who really *thought* must have found it palpably shaking under them. Indications of such misgivings are to be found in the Psalms, those especially passing under the name of Asaph; and all through Ecclesiastes there breathes a spirit of deepest and saddest scepticism. But Asaph thrusts his doubts aside, and forces himself back into his old position; and the scepticism of Ecclesiastes is confessedly that of a man who had gone wandering after enjoyment; searching after pleasures—pleasures of sense and pleasures of intellect—and who, at last, bears reluctant testimony that, by such methods, no pleasures can be found which will endure; that he had squandered the power which might have been used for better things, and had only strength remaining to tell his own sad tale as a warning to mankind. There is nothing in Ecclesiastes like the misgivings of a noble nature. The writer's own personal happiness had been all for which he had cared; he had failed, as all men gifted as he was gifted are sure to fail, and the lights of heaven had been extinguished by the disappointment with which his own spirit was clouded.

Utterly different from these, both in character and in the lesson which it teaches, is the Book of Job. Of unknown date, as we said, and unknown authorship, the language impregnated with strange idioms and strange allusions, unjewish in form, and in fiercest hostility with Judaism, it hovers like a meteor over the old Hebrew literature, in it, but not of it, compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own internal majesty, yet exerting no influence over the minds of the people, never alluded to, and scarcely ever quoted, till at last the light which it had heralded rose up full over the world in Christianity.

The conjectures which have been formed upon the date of it are so various, that they show of themselves on how slight a foundation the best of them must rest. The language is no guide, for although unquestionably of Hebrew origin, it bears no analogy to any of the other books in the Bible; while, of its external history, nothing is known at all, except that it was received into the canon at the time of the great synagogue. Ewald decides, with some confidence, that it belongs to the great prophetic period, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah. Ewald is a high authority in these matters,

and this opinion is the one which we believe is now commonly received among biblical scholars. In the absence of proof, however (and the reasons which he brings forward are really no more than conjectures), these opposite considerations may be of moment. It is only natural that at first thought we should ascribe the grandest poem in a literature to the time at which the poetry of the nation to which it belongs was generally at its best; but, on reflection, the time when the poetry of prophecy is the richest, is not likely to be favourable to compositions of another kind. The prophets wrote in an era of decrepitude, dissolution, sin, and shame, when the glory of Israel was falling round them into ruin, and their mission, glowing as they were with the ancient spirit, was to rebuke, to warn, to threaten, and to promise. Finding themselves too late to save, and only, like Cassandra, despised and disregarded, their voices rise up singing the swan song of a dying people, now falling away in the wild wailing of despondency over the shameful and desperate present, now swelling in triumphant hope that God will not leave them for ever, and in his own time will take his chosen to himself again. But such a period is an ill-occasion for searching into the broad problems of human destiny; the present is all-important and all-absorbing; and such a book as that of Job could have arisen only out of an isolation of mind, and life, and interest, which we cannot conceive of as possible.

The more it is studied, the more the conclusion forces itself upon us that, let the writer have lived when he would, in his struggle with the central falsehood of his own people's creed, he must have divorced himself from them outwardly as well as inwardly; that he travelled away into the world, and lived long, perhaps all his matured life, in exile. Everything about the book speaks of a person who had broken free from the narrow littleness of "the peculiar people." The language, as we said, is full of strange words. The hero of the poem is of strange land and parentage, a Gentile certainly, not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places—Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan, speaking of foreign things and foreign people. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem, of Jewish traditions or Jewish certainties. We look to find the three friends vindicate themselves, as they so well might have done, by appeals to the fertile annals of Israel, to the Flood, to the cities of

the plain, to the plagues of Egypt, or the thunders of Sinai. But of all this there is not a word; they are passed by as if they had no existence; and instead of them, when witnesses are required for the power of God, we have strange un-Hebrew stories of the eastern astronomic mythology, the old wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the wounded dragon, "the sweet influences of the seven stars," and the glittering fragments of the sea-snake Rahab trailing across the northern sky. Again, God is not the God of Israel, but the father of mankind; we hear nothing of a chosen people, nothing of a special revelation, nothing of peculiar privileges; and in the court of heaven there is a Satan, not the prince of this world and the enemy of God, but the angel of judgment, the accusing spirit whose mission was to walk to and fro over the earth, and carry up to heaven an account of the sins of mankind. We cannot believe that thoughts of this kind arose out of Jerusalem in the days of Josiah. In this book, if anywhere, we have the record of some ἀνήρ πολύτροπος who, like the old hero of Ithaca,

πόλλων ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστυα καὶ νόον ἔγνω  
πολλὰ δ' ὄγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθειν ἄλγεα ὄν κατὰ θυμόν  
ἀρνούμενος ψυχὴν. . . . .

but the scenes, the names, and the incidents, are all contrived as if to baffle curiosity, as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach us that it is no story of a single thing which happened once, but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it.

No reader can have failed to have been struck with the simplicity of the opening. Still, calm, and most majestic, it tells us everything which is necessary to be known in the fewest possible words. The history of Job was probably a tradition in the east; his name, like that of Priam in Greece, the symbol of fallen greatness, and his misfortunes the problem of philosophers. In keeping with the current belief, he is described as a model of excellence, the most perfect and upright man upon the earth, "and the same was the greatest man in all the east." So far, greatness and goodness had gone hand-in-hand together, as the popular theory required. The details of his character are brought out in the progress of the poem. He was "the father of the oppressed, and of those who had none to help them." When he sat as a judge in the market-places, "righteousness clothed him" there, and "his justice was a robe and a diadem." He "broke the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" and, humble in

the midst of his power, he "did not despise the cause of his manservant, or his maid-servant, when they contended with him," knowing (and amidst those old people where the multitude of mankind were regarded as the born slaves of the powerful, to be carved into eunuchs or polluted into concubines at their master's pleasure, it was no easy matter to know it), knowing "that He who had made him had made them," and one "had fashioned them both in the womb." Above all, he was the friend of the poor, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him," and he "made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Setting these characteristics of his daily life by the side of his unaffected piety, as it is described in the first chapter, we have a picture of the best man who could then be conceived; not a hard ascetic, living in haughty or cowardly isolation, but a warm figure of flesh and blood, a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom, that no room might be left for any possible Calvinistic falsehood, God himself bears the emphatic testimony, "that there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil." If such a person as this, therefore, could be made miserable, necessarily the current belief of the Jews was false to the root; and tradition furnished the fact that he had been visited by every worst calamity. How was it then to be accounted for? Out of a thousand possible explanations, the poet introduces a single one. He admits us behind the veil which covers the ways of Providence, and we hear the accusing angel charging Job with an interested piety, and of being obedient because it was his policy. "Job does not serve God for naught," he says; "strip him of his splendour, and see if he will care for God then. Humble him into poverty and wretchedness, so only we shall know what is in his heart." The cause thus introduced is itself a rebuke to the belief which, with its "rewards and punishments," immediately fostered selfishness; and the poem opens with a double action, on one side to try the question whether it is possible for man to love God disinterestedly—the issue of which trial is not foreseen or even foretold, and we watch the progress of it with an anxious and fearful interest—on the other side, to bring out in contrast to the truth which we already know, the cruel falsehood of the popular faith, to show how, instead of leading men to mercy and affection, it hardens their heart, narrows their sympathies, and enhances the trials of the sufferer, by refinements which even Satan had not anticipated. The combination of evils, as

blow falls on blow, suddenly, swiftly, and terribly, has all the appearance of a purposed visitation (as indeed it was); if ever outward incidents might with justice be interpreted as the immediate action of Providence, those which fell on Job might be so interpreted. The world turns disdainfully from the fallen in the world's way; but far worse than this, his chosen friends, wise, good, pious men, as wisdom and piety were then, without one glimpse of the true cause of his sufferings, see in them a judgment upon his secret sins. He becomes to them an illustration, and even (such are the paralogisms of men of this description) a proof of their theory "that the prosperity of the wicked is but for awhile;" and instead of the comfort and help which they might have brought him, and which in the end they were made to bring him, he is to them no more than a text for the enunciation of solemn falsehood. And even worse again, the sufferer himself had been educated in the same creed; he, too, had been taught to see the hand of God in the outward dispensation; and feeling from the bottom of his heart, that he, in his own case, was a sure contradiction of what he had learnt to believe, he himself finds his very faith in God shaken from its foundation. The worst evils which Satan had devised were distanced far by those which had been created by human folly.

The creed in which Job had believed was tried and found wanting, and, as it ever will be when the facts of experience come in contact with the inadequate formula, the true is found so mingled with the false, that they can hardly be disentangled, and are in danger of being swept away together.

A studied respect is shown, however, to this orthodoxy; even while it is arraigned for judgment. It may be doubtful whether the writer purposely intended it. He probably cared only to tell the real truth; to say for it the best which could be said, and to produce as its defenders the best and wisest men whom in his experience he had known to believe and defend it. At any rate, he represents the three friends, not as a weaker person would have represented them, as foolish, obstinate bigots, but as wise, humane, and almost great men, who, at the outset, at least, are animated only by the kindest feelings, and speak what they have to say with the most earnest conviction that it is true. Job is vehement, desperate, reckless. His language is the wild, natural outpouring of suffering. The friends, true to the eternal nature of man, are grave, solemn, and indignant, preaching their half truth, and mistaken only in supposing that it is the whole; speaking, as all such persons would speak, and

still do speak, in defending what they consider sacred truth, against the assaults of folly and scepticism. How beautiful is their first introduction:—

"Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil which was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and knew him not, they lifted up their voices and wept, and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sate down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

What a picture is there! What majestic tenderness! His wife had scoffed at his faith, bidding him leave "God and die." "His acquaintance had turned from him." He "had called his servant, and he had given him no answer." Even the children in their unconscious cruelty had gathered round and mocked him, as he lay among the ashes. But "his friends sprinkle dust towards heaven, and sit silently by him, and weep for him seven days and seven nights upon the ground." That is, they were true-hearted, truly loving, devout, religious men, and yet they with their religion were to become the instruments of the most poignant sufferings, and the sharpest temptations, which he had to endure. So it was, and is, and will be,—of such materials is this human life of ours composed.

And now, remembering the double action of the drama, the actual trial of Job, the result of which is uncertain, and the delusion of these men, which is, at the outset, certain, let us go rapidly through the dialogue. Satan's share in the temptation had already been overcome. Lying sick in the loathsome disease which had been sent upon him, his wife, in Satan's own words, had tempted Job to say, "Farewell to God," think no more of God or goodness, since this was all which came of it; and Job had told her, that she spoke as one of the foolish women. He "had received good at the hand of the Lord, and should he not receive evil!" But now, when real love and real affection appear, his heart melts in him; he loses his forced self-composure, and bursts into a passionate regret that he had ever been born. In the agony of his sufferings, hope of better things had died away. He does not complain of injustice; as yet, and before his friends have stung and wounded him, he makes no questioning of Providence,—but

why was life given to him at all, if only for this? And sick in mind and sick in body, but one wish remains to him, that death will come quickly and end all. It is a cry from the very depths of a single and simple heart. But for such simplicity and singleness his friends could not give him credit; possessed beforehand with their idea, they see in his misery only a fatal witness against him; such calamities could not have befallen a man, the justice of God would not have permitted it, unless they had been deserved. Job had sinned and he had suffered, and this wild passion was but impenitence and rebellion.

Being as certain that they were right in this opinion as they were that God himself existed, that they should speak what they felt was only natural and necessary; and their language at the outset is all which would be dictated by the tenderest sympathy. Eliphaz opens, the oldest and most important of the three, in a soft, subdued, suggestive strain, contriving in every way to spare the feelings of the sufferer, to the extreme, to which his real love will allow him. All is general, impersonal, indirect, the rule of the world, the order of Providence. He does not accuse Job, but he describes his calamities, and leaves him to gather for himself the occasion which had produced them, and then passes off, as if further to soften the blow, to the mysterious vision in which the infirmity of mortal nature had been revealed to him, the universal weakness which involved both the certainty that Job had shared in it, and the excuse for him, if he would confess and humble himself: the blessed virtue of repentance follows, and the promise that all shall be well.

This is the note on which each of the friends strikes successively, in the first of the three divisions into which the dialogue divides itself, but each with increasing peremptoriness and confidence, as Job, so far from accepting their interpretation of what had befallen him, hurls it from him in anger and disdain. Let us observe (what the Calvinists make of it they have given us no means of knowing), he will hear as little of the charges against mankind, as of charges against himself. He will not listen to the "corruption of humanity," because in the consciousness of his own innocence, he knows that it is not corrupt: he knows it, and we know it, the divine sentence upon him having been already passed. He will not acknowledge his sin, he cannot repent, for he knows not of what to repent. If he could have reflected calmly, he might have foreseen what they would say. He knew all that as well as they: it was the old story which he had learnt, and could repeat, if necessary, as well as any one: and if it had been no more than a philosophical

discussion, touching himself no more nearly than it touched his friends, he might have allowed for the tenacity of opinion in such matters, and listened to it and replied to it with equanimity. But as the proverb says, "It is ill-talking between a full man and a fasting:" and in him such equanimity would have been but Stoicism or the affectation of it, and unreal as the others' theories. Possessed with the certainty that he had not deserved what had befallen him, harassed with doubt, and worn out with pain and unkindness, he had assumed (and how natural that he should assume it), that those who loved him would not have been hasty to believe evil of him, that he had been safe in speaking to them as he really felt, and that he might look to them for something warmer and more sympathizing than such dreary eloquence. So when the revelation comes upon him of what was passing in them, he attributes it (and now he is unjust to them) to a falsehood of heart, and not to a blindness of understanding. Their sermons, so kindly intended, roll past him as a dismal mockery. They had been shocked (and how true again is this to nature) at his passionate cry for death. "Do ye reprove words?" he says, "and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind?" It was but poor friendship and narrow wisdom. He had looked to them for pity, for comfort, and love. He had longed for it as the parched caravans in the desert for the water-streams, and "his brethren had dealt deceitfully with him," as the brooks, which in the cool winter roll in a full turbid stream; "what time it waxes warm they vanish, when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The caravans of Tema looked for them, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped. They came thither and there was nothing." If for once these poor men could have trusted their hearts, if for once they could have believed that there might be "more things in heaven and earth" than were dreamt of in their philosophy—but this is the one thing which they could not do, which the theologian proper never has done or will do. And thus whatever of calmness or endurance, Job alone, on his ash-heap, might have conquered for himself, is all scattered away; and as the strong gusts of passion sweep to and fro across his heart, he pours himself out in wild fitful music, so beautiful because so true, not answering them or their speeches, but now flinging them from him in scorn, now appealing to their mercy, or turning indignantly to God; now praying for death; now in perplexity doubting whether, in some mystic way which he cannot understand, he may not, perhaps after all, really



have sinned, and praying to be shown it; and, then, staggering further into the darkness, and breaking out into upbraidings of the Power which has become so dreadful an enigma to him. "Thou inquierest after my iniquity, thou searchest after my sin, and thou knowest that I am not wicked. Why didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? Oh, that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me. Cease, let me alone. It is but a little while that I have to live. Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go, whence I shall not return to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." In what other poem in the world is there pathos so deep as this? With experience so stern as his, it was not for Job to be calm, and self-possessed, and delicate in his words. He speaks not what he knows, but what he feels; and without fear the writer allows him to throw it out all genuine as it rises, not overmuch caring how nice ears might be offended, but contented to be true to the real emotion of a genuine human heart. So the poem runs on to the end of the first answer to Zophar.

But now with admirable fitness, as the content goes forward, the relative position of the speakers begins to change. Hitherto Job only had been passionate; and his friends temperate and collected. Now, however, shocked at his obstinacy, and disappointed wholly in the result of their homilies, they stray still further from the truth in an endeavour to strengthen their position, and, as a natural consequence, visibly grow angry. To them Job's vehement and desperate speeches are damning evidence of the truth of their suspicion. Impiety is added to his first sin, and they begin to see in him a rebel against God. At first they had been contented to speak generally; and much which they had urged was partially true; now they step forward to a direct application, and formally and personally accuse himself. Here their ground is positively false; and with delicate art it is they who are now growing passionate, and wounded self-love begins to show behind their zeal for God; while in contrast to them, as there is less and less truth in what they say, Job grows more and more collected. For a time it had seemed doubtful how he would endure his trial. The light of his faith was burning feebly and unsteadily; a little more and it seemed as if it might have utterly gone out; but at last the storm was lulling; as the charges are brought personally home to him, the confidence in his own real innocence rises against them. He had before known that he was innocent, now he feels the strength which lies in it, as if God

were beginning to reveal Himself within him, to prepare the way for the after outward manifestation of Himself.

The friends, as before, repeat one another with but little difference; the sameness being of course intentional, as showing that they were not speaking for themselves, but as representatives of a prevailing opinion. Eliphaz, again, gives the note which the others follow. Hear this Calvinist of the old world. "Thy own mouth condemneth thee, and thine own lips testify against thee. What is man that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints. Yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight; how much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water!" Strange, that after all these thousands of years, we should still persist in this degrading confession, as a thing which it is impious to deny, and impious to attempt to render otherwise, when scripture itself, in language so emphatic, declares that it is a lie. Job is innocent, perfect, righteous. God Himself bears witness to it. It is Job who is found at last to have spoken truth, and the friends to have sinned in denying it. And he holds fast by his innocency, and with a generous confidence puts away the misgivings which had begun to cling to him. Among his complainings he had exclaimed, that God was remembering upon him the sins of his youth—not denying them—knowing well, that he, like others, had gone astray before he had learnt to control himself, but feeling that at least in an earthly father it is unjust to visit the faults of childhood on the matured man; feeling that he had long, long shaken them off from him, and they did not even impair the probity of his after life. But now these doubts, too, pass away in the brave certainty that God is not less just than man. As the denouncings grow louder and darker, he appeals from his narrow judges to the Supreme Tribunal, calls on God to hear him and to try his cause—and, then, in the strength of this appeal his eye grows clearer still. His sickness is mortal: he has no hope in life, and death is near, but the intense feeling that justice must and will be done, holds to him closer and closer. God may appear on earth for him; or if that be too bold a hope, and death finds him as he is—what is death, then? God will clear his memory in the place where he lived; his injuries will be righted over his grave; while for himself, like a sudden gleam of sunlight between clouds, a clear, bright hope beams up, that he too, then, in another life, if not in this, when his skin is wasted off his bones, and the worms have done their

work on the prison of his spirit, he, too, at last may then see God; may see Him, and have his pleadings heard.

With such a hope, or even the shadow of one, he turns back to the world again to look at it. Facts against which he had before closed his eyes he allows and confronts, and he sees that his own little experience is but the reflection of a law. You tell me, he seems to say, that the good are rewarded, and that the wicked are punished, that God is just, and that this is always so. Perhaps it is, or will be, but not in the way which you imagine. You have known me, you have known what my life has been; you see what I am, and it is no difficulty to you. You prefer believing that I, whom you call your friend, am a deceiver or a pretender, to admitting the possibility of the falsehood of your hypothesis. You will not listen to my assurance, and you are angry with me because I will not lie against my own soul, and acknowledge sins which I have not committed. You appeal to the course of the world in proof of your faith, and challenge me to answer you. Well, then, I accept your challenge. The world is not what you say. You have told me what you have seen of it. I will tell you what I have seen.

“Even while I remember I am afraid, and trembling taketh hold upon my flesh. Wherefore do the wicked become old, yea, and are mighty in power. Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. Their bull gendereth and faileth not; their cow calveth and casteth not her calf. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down into the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray to him?”

Will you quote the weary proverb? Will you say that “God layeth up his iniquity for his children?” (our translators have wholly lost the sense of this passage, and endeavour to make Job acknowledge what he is steadfastly denying.) Well, and what then?—What will he care? “Will his own eye see his own fall? Will he drink the wrath of the Almighty? What are the fortunes of his house to him if the number of his own months is fulfilled?” One man is good and another wicked, one is happy and another is miserable. In the great indifference of nature they share alike in the common lot. “They lie down alike in the dust, and the

worms cover them.” Ewald, and many other critics, suppose that Job was hurried away by his feelings to say all this; and that in his calmer moments he must have felt that it was untrue. It is a point on which we must decline accepting even Ewald's high authority. Even then in those old times it was beginning to be terribly true. Even then the current theory was obliged to bend to large exceptions; and what Job saw as exceptions we see round us everywhere. It was true then, it is infinitely more true now; that what is called virtue in the common sense of the word, still more that nobleness, godliness, or heroism of character in any form whatsoever, have nothing to do with this or that man's prosperity, or even happiness. The thoroughly vicious man is no doubt wretched enough; but the worldly, prudent, self-restraining man, with his five senses, which he understands how to gratify with tempered indulgence, with a conscience satisfied with the hack routine of what is called respectability, such a man feels no wretchedness; no inward uneasiness disturbs him, no desires which he cannot gratify; and this though he be the basest and most contemptible slave of his own selfishness. Providence will not interfere to punish him. Let him obey the laws under which prosperity is obtainable, and he will obtain it; let him never fear. He will obtain it, be he base or noble. Nature is indifferent; the famine, and the earthquake, and the blight, or the accident, will not discriminate to strike him. He may insure himself against those in these days of ours: with the money perhaps which a better man would have given away, and he will have his reward. He need not doubt it.

And again, it is not true, as optimists would persuade us, that such prosperity brings no real pleasure. A man with no high aspirations who thrives and makes money, and envelops himself in comforts, is as happy as such a nature can be. If unbroken satisfaction be the most blessed state for a man (and this certainly is the practical notion of happiness) he is the happiest of men. Nor are those idle phrases any truer, that the good man's goodness is a never-ceasing sunshine; that virtue is its own reward, &c., &c. If men truly virtuous care to be rewarded for it, their virtue is but a poor investment of their moral capital. Was Job so happy then on that ash-heap of his, the mark of the world's scorn, and the butt for the spiritual archery of the theologian, alone in his forlorn nakedness, like some old dreary stump which the lightning has scathed, rotting away in the wind and the rain? Happy! if happiness be indeed what we men are sent into this world to seek for, those hitherto

thought the noblest among us were the pitifullest and wretchedest. Surely it was no error in Job. It was that real insight which once was given to all the world in Christianity; however we have forgotten it now. He was learning to see that it was not in the possession of enjoyment, no, nor of happiness itself, that the difference lies between the good and the bad. True, it might be that God sometimes, even generally, gives such happiness in, gives it as what Aristotle calls an ἐπιγινόμενον τέλος, but it is no part of the terms on which He admits us to His service, still less is it the end which we may propose to ourselves on entering His service. Happiness He gives to whom He will, or leaves to the angel of nature to distribute among those who fulfil the laws upon which it depends. But to serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness, though it be with wounded feet, and bleeding brow, and hearts loaded with sorrow. Into this high faith Job is rising, treading his temptations under his feet, and finding in them a ladder on which his spirit rises. Thus he is passing further and ever further from his friends, soaring where their imaginations cannot follow him. To them he is a blasphemer whom they gaze at with awe and terror. They had charged him with sinning, on the strength of their hypothesis, and he has answered with a deliberate denial of it. Losing now all mastery over themselves, they pour out a torrent of mere extravagant invective and baseless falsehoods, which in the calmer outset they would have blushed to think of. They *know* no evil of Job, but they do not hesitate now to convert conjecture into certainty, and specify in detail the particular crimes which he must have committed. He *ought* to have committed them, and so he had; the old argument then as now,—“Is not thy wickedness great?” says Eliphaz. “Thou hast taken a pledge from thy brother for naught, and stripped the naked of their clothing; thou hast not given water to the weary, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry;” and so on through a series of mere distracted lies. But the time was past when words like these could make Job angry. Bildad follows them up with an attempt to frighten him by a picture of the power of that God whom he was blaspheming; but Job cuts short his harangue, and ends it for him in a spirit of loftiness which Bildad could not have approached; and then proudly and calmly rebukes them all, no longer in scorn and irony, but in high tranquil self-possession. “God forbid that I should justify you,” he says; “till I die I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and

will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.”

So far all has been clear, each party, with increasing confidence, having insisted on their own position, and denounced their adversaries. A difficulty now rises, which, at first sight, appears insurmountable. As the chapters are at present printed, the entire of the twenty-seventh is assigned to Job, and the verses from the eleventh to the twenty-third are in direct contradiction to all which he has maintained before, are, in fact, a concession of having been wrong from the beginning. Ewald, who, as we said above, himself refuses to allow the truth of Job's last and highest position, supposes that he is here receding from it, and confessing what an overprecipitate passion had betrayed him into denying. For many reasons, principally because we are satisfied that Job said then no more than the real fact, we cannot think Ewald right; and the concessions are too large and too inconsistent to be reconciled even with his own general theory of the poem. Another solution of the difficulty is very simple, although it is to be admitted, that it rather cuts the knot than unties it. Eliphaz and Bildad have each spoken a third time; the symmetry of the general form requires that now Zophar should speak; and the suggestion, we believe, was first made by Dr. Kennicott, that he did speak, and that the verses in question belong to him. Any one who is accustomed to MSS. will understand easily how such a mistake,—if it be one,—might have arisen. Even in Shakespeare, the speeches in the early editions are, in many instances, wrongly divided, and assigned to the wrong persons. It might have arisen from inadvertence: it might have arisen from the foolishness of some Jewish transcriber, who resolved, at all costs, to drag the book into harmony with Judaism, and make Job unsay his heresy. This view has the merit of fully clearing up the obscurity; another, however, has been suggested by Eichorn, who originally followed Kennicott, but discovered, as he supposed, a less violent hypothesis, which was equally satisfactory. He imagines the verses to be a summary by Job of his adversaries' opinions, as if he said—“Listen now; you know what the facts are as well as I, and yet you maintain this;” and then passed on with his indirect reply to it. It is possible that Eichorn may be right—at any rate, either he is right, or else Dr. Kennicott is. Certainly, Ewald is not. Taken as an account of Job's own conviction, the passage contradicts the burden of the whole poem. Passing it by, therefore, and going to what immediately follows, we arrive at what, in a human sense, is the final

climax—Job's victory and triumph. He had appealed to God, and God had not appeared; he had doubted and fought against his doubts, and, at last, had crushed them down. He, too, had been taught to look for God in outward judgments; and when his own experience had shown him his mistake, he knew not where to turn. He had been leaning on a bruised reed, and it had run into his hand, and pierced him. But as soon as in the speeches of his friends he saw it all laid down in its weakness and its false conclusions—when he saw the defenders of it wandering further and further from what he knew to be true, growing every moment, as if from a consciousness of the unsoundness of their standing ground, more violent, obstinate, and unreasonable, the scales fell more and more from his eyes—he had seen the fact that the wicked might prosper, and in learning to depend upon his innocence he had felt that the good man's support was there, if it was anywhere; and at last, with all his heart, was reconciled to it. The mystery of the outer world becomes deeper to him, but he does not any more try to understand it. The wisdom which can compass that, he knows, is not in man; though man search for it deeper and harder than the miner searches for the hidden treasures of the earth; and the wisdom which alone is possible to him, is resignation to God.

“Where, he cries, shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding. Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth said, it is not with me; and the sea said, it is not in me. It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.\* God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof [He, not man, understands the mysteries of the world which He has made]. And unto man He said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.”

Here, then, it might seem as if all was over. There is no clearer or purer faith possible for man; and Job had achieved it. His evil had turned to good; and sorrow had severed for him the last links which bound him to lower things. He had felt that he could do without happiness, that it was no longer essential, and that he could live on, and still love God, and cling to Him. But he is not described as of preternatural, or at all Titanic nature, but as very man, full of all human tenderness and susceptibility. His old life was still beautiful

\* An allusion, perhaps, to the old bird auguries. The birds, as the inhabitants of the air, were supposed to be the messengers between heaven and earth.

to him. He does not hate it, because he can renounce it; and now that the struggle is over, the battle fought and won, and his heart has flowed over in that magnificent song of victory, the note once more changes: he turns back to earth, to linger over those old departed days, with which the present is so hard a contrast; and his parable dies away in a strain of plaintive, but resigned melancholy. Once more he throws himself on God, no longer in passionate expostulation, but in pleading humility.\* And then comes (perhaps, as Ewald says, it *could not* have come before) the answer out of the whirlwind. Job had called on Him, had prayed that He might appear, that he might plead his cause with Him; and now He comes, and what will Job do? He comes not as the healing spirit in the heart of man; but, as Job had at first demanded, the outward God, the Almighty Creator of the universe, and clad in the terrors and the glory of it. Job, in his first precipitancy, had desired to reason with Him on his government. The poet, in gleaming lines, describes for an answer the universe as it then was known, the majesty and awfulness of it; and then asks whether it is this which he requires to have explained to him, or which he believes himself capable of conducting. The revelation acts on Job as the sign of the Macrocosmos on the modern Faust; but when he sinks crushed, it is not as the rebellious upstart, struck down in his pride—for he had himself, partially at least, subdued his presumption—but as a humble penitent, struggling to overcome his weak-

\* The speech of Elihu, which lies between Job's last words and God's appearance, is now decisively pronounced by Hebrew scholars not to be genuine. The most superficial reader will have been perplexed by the introduction of a speaker to whom no allusion is made, either in the prologue or the epilogue; by a long dissertation, which adds nothing to the progress of the argument; proceeding evidently on the false hypothesis of the three friends, and betraying not the faintest conception of the real cause of Job's sufferings. And the suspicions, which such an anomaly would naturally suggest, are now made certainties, by a fuller knowledge of the language, and the detection of a different hand. The interpolator has unconsciously confessed the feeling which allowed him to take so great a liberty. He, too, possessed with the old Jew theory, was unable to accept in its fulness so great a contradiction to it; and, missing the spirit of the poem, he believed that God's honour could still be vindicated in the old way. “His wrath was kindled” against the friends, because they could not answer Job; and against Job because he would not be answered; and conceiving himself “full of matter,” and “ready to burst like new bottles,” he could not contain himself, and delivered into the text a sermon on the *Theodice*, such, we suppose, as formed the current doctrine of the time in which he lived.

ness. He abhors himself for his murmurs, and "repents in dust and ashes." It will have occurred to every one that the secret which has been revealed to the reader is not, after all, revealed to Job or to his friends, and for this plain reason: the burden of the drama is not that we do, but that we do not and cannot know the mystery of the government of the world, that it is not for man to seek it, or for God to reveal it. We, the readers, are, in this one instance, admitted behind the scenes—for once, in this single case—because it was necessary to meet the received theory by a positive fact, which contradicted it. But the explanation of one case need not be the explanation of another; our business is to do what we know to be right, and ask no questions. The veil which in the Egyptian legend lay before the face of Isis, is not to be raised; and we are not to seek to penetrate secrets which are not ours.

While, however, God does not condescend to justify His ways to man, He gives judgment on the past controversy. The self-constituted pleaders for Him, the acceptors of His person, were all wrong; and Job, the passionate, vehement, scornful, misbelieving Job, he had spoken the truth; he at least had spoken facts, and they had been defending a transient theory as an everlasting truth.

"And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words to Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job; and offer for yourselves a burnt-offering. And my servant Job shall pray for you, and him will I accept. Lest I deal with you after your folly, for that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job."

One act of justice remains. Knowing, as we do, the cause of Job's sufferings, and that as soon as his trial was over, it was no longer operative, our sense of fitness could not be satisfied unless he were indemnified outwardly for his outward sufferings. Satan is defeated, and his integrity proved; and there is no reason why the general law should be interfered with, which makes good men happy; or why obvious calamities, obviously undeserved, should remain any more unremoved. Perhaps, too, a deeper lesson still lies below his restoration—something perhaps of this kind. Prosperity, enjoyment, happiness, comfort, peace, whatever be the name by which we designate that state in which life is to our own selves pleasant and delightful, as long as

they are sought or prized as things essential, so far have a tendency to disenoble our nature, and are a sign that we are still in servitude and selfishness. Only when they lie outside us, as ornaments merely to be worn or laid aside as God pleases, only then may such things be possessed with impunity. Job's heart in early times had clung to them more than he knew, but now he was purged clean, and they were restored because he had ceased to need them.

Such in outline is this wonderful poem. With the material of which it is woven we have not here been concerned, although it is so rich and pregnant, that we might with little difficulty construct out of it a complete picture of the world as then it was: its life, knowledge, arts, habits, superstitions, hopes, and fears. The subject is the problem of all mankind, and the composition embraces no less wide a range. But what we are here most interested upon, is the epoch which it marks in the progress of mankind, as the first recorded struggle of a new experience with an established orthodox belief. True, for hundreds of years, perhaps for a thousand, the superstition against which it was directed continued; when Christ came it was still in its vitality. Nay, as we saw, it is alive, or in a sort of mock life, among us at this very day. But even those who retained their imperfect belief had received into their canon a book which treated it with contumely and scorn, so irresistible was the lofty majesty of its truth.

In days like these, when we hear so much of progress, it is worth while to ask ourselves, what advances we have made further in the same direction? and once more at the risk of some repetition, let us look at the position in which this book leaves us. It had been assumed, that man if he lived a just and upright life, had a right to expect to be happy. Happiness, "his being's end and aim," was his legitimate and covenanted reward. If God therefore was just, such a man would be happy; and inasmuch as God was just, the man who was not happy had not deserved to be. There is no flaw in this argument; and if it is unsound, the fallacy can only lie in the supposed right to happiness. It is idle to talk of inward consolations. Job felt them, but they were not everything. They did not relieve the anguish of his wounds; they did not make the loss of his children, or his friends' unkindness, any the less painful to him.

The poet, indeed, restores him in the book; but in life it need not have been so. He might have died upon his ash-heap as thousands of good men have died, and will die again in misery. Happiness, therefore, is *not*

what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best which we know, to seek that and do that; and if by "virtue its own reward" be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more; then it is true and noble. But if virtue be valued, because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, then it is not noble any more, and it is turning the truth of God into a lie. Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness is no very mighty matter. If it come life will be sweet; if it do not come life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we *are*, and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives, and when justice is not done according to such standard (which will not be till the day after doomsday, and not then) self-loving men will still ask why? and find no answer. Only to those who have the heart to say, we can do without that, it is not what we ask or desire, is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks for it. Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, and fame turn to infamy; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.

Most of us, at one time or other of our lives, have known something of love—of that only pure love in which no *self* is left remaining. We have loved as children, we have loved as lovers; some of us have learnt to love a cause, a faith, a country; and what love would that be which existed only with a prudent view to after interests. Surely, there is a love which exults in the power of self-abandonment, and can glory in the privilege of suffering for what is good. *Que mon nom soit flétri, pourvu que la France soit libre*, said Danton; and those wild patriots who had trampled into scorn the faith in an immortal life in which they would be rewarded for what they were suffering, went to their graves as beds, for the dream of a people's liberty. Shall we, who would be thought reasonable men, love the living God with less heart than these poor men loved their phantom? Justice is done; the balance is not deranged. It only seems deranged, as long as we have not learnt to serve without looking to be paid for it.

Such is the theory of life which is to be found in the Book of Job; a faith which has flashed up in all times and all lands, where-

ever noble men were to be found, and which passed in Christianity into the acknowledged creed of half the world. The cross was the new symbol, the divine sufferer the great example, and mankind answered to the call, because the appeal was not to what was poor and selfish in them, but to whatever of best and bravest was in their nature. The law of reward and punishment was superseded by the law of love. Thou shalt love God and thou shalt love man; and that was not love—men knew it once—which was bought by the prospect of reward. Times are changed with us now. Thou shalt love God and thou shalt love man, in the hands of a poor Paley, are found to mean no more than, Thou shalt love thyself after an enlightened manner. And the same base tone has saturated not only our common feelings, but our Christian theologies and our Antichristian philosophies. A prudent regard to our future interests, an abstinence from present unlawful pleasures, because they will entail the loss of greater pleasure by-and-by, or perhaps be paid for with pain, this is called virtue now; and the belief that such beings as men, can be influenced by any feelings nobler or better, is smiled at as the dream of enthusiasts whose hearts have outrun their understandings. Indeed, he were but a poor lover whose devotion to his mistress lay resting on the feeling that a marriage with her would conduce to his own after comforts. That were a poor patriot who served his country for the hire which his country would give to him. And we should think but poorly of a son who thus addressed his earthly father: "Father, on whom my fortunes depend, teach me to do what pleases thee, that I, obeying thee in all things, may obtain those good things which thou hast promised to give to thy obedient children." If any of us who have lived in so poor a faith venture, by-and-by, to put in our claims, Satan will be likely to say of us (with better reason than he did of Job), "Did they serve God for naught, then? Take their reward from them, and they will curse Him to His face." If Christianity had never borne itself more nobly than this, do we suppose that those fierce Norsemen who had learnt, in the fiery war-songs of the Edda, of what stuff the hearts of heroes are composed, would have fashioned their sword-hilts into crosses, and themselves into a crusading chivalry? Let us not dishonour our great fathers with the dream of it. The Christians, like the stoics and the epicureans, would have lived their little day among the ignoble sects of an effete civilization, and would have passed off and been heard of no more. It was in another spirit that those first preachers of righteousness went out upon their warfare with evil.

They preached, not enlightened prudence, but purity, justice, goodness; holding out no promises in this world except of suffering as their great master had suffered, and rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake. And that crown of glory which they did believe to await them in a life beyond the grave, was no enjoyment of what they had surrendered in life, was not enjoyment at all in any sense which human thought or language can attach to the words; as little like it as the crown of love is like it, which the true lover looks for when at last he obtains his mistress. It was to be with Christ—to lose themselves in Him.

How all this nobleness ebbed away, and Christianity became what we know it, we are partially beginning to see. The living spirit organized for itself a body of perishable flesh: not only the real gains of real experience, but mere conjectural hypotheses current at the day for the solution of unexplained phenomena, became formulæ and articles of faith; again, as before, the living and the dead were bound together, and the seeds of decay were already planted on the birth of a constructed polity. But there was another cause allied to this, and yet different from it, which, though a law of human nature itself, seems now-a-days altogether forgotten. In the rapid and steady advance of our knowledge of material things, we are apt to believe that all our knowledge follows the same law, that it is merely generalized experience, that experience accumulates daily, and, therefore, that "progress of the species," *in all senses*, is an obvious and necessary fact. There is something which is true in this view mixed with a great deal which is false. Material knowledge, the physical and mechanical sciences, make their way from step to step, from experiment to experiment, and each advance is secured and made good, and cannot again be lost; one generation takes up the general sum of experience where the last laid it down, adds to it what it has the opportunity of adding, and leaves it with interest to the next. The successive positions, as they are gained, require nothing for the apprehension of them but an understanding ordinarily cultivated. Prejudices have to be encountered, but prejudices of opinion merely, not prejudices of conscience or prejudices of self love, like those which beset our progress in the science of morality. Here we enter upon conditions wholly different, conditions in which age differs from age, man differs from man, and even from himself, at different moments. We all have experienced times when, as we say, we should not know ourselves; some, when we fall below our average level; some, when we are lifted above it, and put on, as it were, a higher nature.

At such intervals as these last (unfortunately, with most of us, of rare occurrence), many things become clear to us, which before were hard sayings; propositions become alive which usually are but dry words. Our hearts seem purer, our motives loftier; our purposes, what we are proud to acknowledge to ourselves. And, as man is unequal to himself, so is man to his neighbour, and period to period. The entire method of action, the theories of human life which in one era prevail universally, to the next are unpractical and insane, as those of this next would have seemed mere baseness to the first, if the first could have anticipated them. One, we may suppose, holds some "greatest nobleness principle," the other some "greatest happiness principle;" and then their very systems of axioms will contradict one another; their general conceptions and their detailed interpretations, their rules, judgments, opinions, practices, will be in perpetual and endless contradiction. Our minds take shape from our hearts, and the facts of moral experience do not teach their own meaning, but submit to many readings, according to the power of eye which we bring with us.

The want of a clear perception of so important a feature about us, leads to many singular contradictions. A believer in popular Protestantism, who is also a believer in progress, ought, if he were consistent, to regard mankind as growing every day in a more and more advantageous position with respect to the trials of life; and yet if he were asked whether it is easier for him to "save his soul" in the nineteenth century than it would have been in the first or second, or whether the said soul is necessarily better worth saving, he would be perplexed for an answer. There is hardly one of us who, in childhood, has not felt like the Jews to whom Christ spoke, that if he had "lived in the days of the fathers," if he had had their advantages, he would have found duty a much easier matter; and some of us in mature life have felt that, in old Athens, or old Republican Rome, in the first ages of Christianity, in the Crusades or at the Reformation, there was a contagious atmosphere of general nobleness, in which we should have been less troubled with the little feelings which cling about us now. At any rate, it is at these rare epochs only that real additions are made to our moral knowledge. At such times new truths are, indeed, sent down among us, and, for periods longer or shorter, may be seen to exercise an ennobling influence on mankind. Perhaps what is gained on these occasions is never entirely lost. The historical monuments of their effects are at least indestructible; and, when the spirit which gave them birth re-appears, their dormant energy awakens again.

But it seems from our present experience of what, in some at least of its modern forms, Christianity has been capable of becoming, that there is no doctrine in itself so pure, but what the poorer nature which is in us can disarm and distort it, and adapt it to its own littleness. The once living spirit dries up into formulæ, and formulæ, whether of mass-sacrifice or vicarious righteousness, or "reward and punishment," are contrived ever so as to escape making over high demands on men. Some aim at dispensing with obedience altogether, and those which insist on obedience rest the obligations of it on the poorest of motives. So things go on till there is no life left at all; till, from all higher aspirations we are lowered down to the love of self after an enlightened manner; and then nothing remains but to fight the battle over again. The once beneficial truth has become, as in Job's case, a cruel and mischievous deception, and the whole question of life and its obligations must again be opened.

It is now some three centuries since the last of such reopenings. If we ask ourselves how much during this time has been actually added to the sum of our knowledge in these matters, what—in all the thousands upon thousands of sermons, and theologies, and philosophies with which Europe has been deluged—has been gained for mankind beyond what we have found in this very book of Job for instance; how far all this has advanced us in the "progress of humanity," it were hard, or rather it is easy to answer. How far we have fallen below, let Paley and the rest bear witness; but what moral question can be asked which admits now of a nobler solution than was offered two, perhaps three thousand years ago? The world has not been standing still, experience of man and life has increased, questions have multiplied on questions, while the answers of the established teachers to them have been growing every day more and more incredible. What other answers have there been? Of all the countless books which have appeared, there has been only one of enduring importance, in which an attempt is made to carry on the solution of the great problem. Job is given over into Satan's hand to be tempted; and though he shakes he does not fall. Taking the temptation of Job for his model, Goethe has similarly exposed his Faust to trial, and with him the tempter succeeds. His hero falls from sin to sin, from crime to crime; he becomes a seducer, a murderer, a betrayer, following recklessly his evil angel wherever he chooses to lead him; and yet, with all this, he never wholly forfeits our sympathy. In spite of his weakness his heart is still true to his higher nature; sick and restless, even in

the delirium of enjoyment, he always longs for something better, and he never can be brought to say of evil that it is good. And, therefore, after all, the devil is balked of his prey; in virtue of this one fact, that the evil in which he steeped himself remained to the last hateful to him, Faust is saved by the angels. . . . And this indeed, though Goethe has scarcely dealt with it satisfactorily, is a vast subject. It will be eagerly answered for the established belief, that such cases are its especial province. All men are sinners, and *it* possesses the blessed remedy for sin. But, among the countless numbers of those characters so strangely mixed among us, in which the dark and the bright fibres cross like a meshwork; characters at one moment capable of acts of heroic nobleness, at another, hurried by temptation into actions which even common men may deplore, how many are there who have never availed themselves of the conditions of reconciliation as orthodoxy proffers them, and of such men what is to be said? It was said once of a sinner that to her "much was forgiven, for she loved much." But this is language which theology has as little appropriated as the Jews could appropriate the language of Job. It cannot recognise the nobleness of the human heart. It has no balance in which to weigh the good against the evil; and when a great Burns, or a Mirabeau comes before it, it can but tremblingly count up the offences committed, and then, looking to the end, and finding its own terms not to have been complied with, it faintly mutters its anathema. Sin only it can apprehend and judge; and for the poor acts of struggling heroism, "Forasmuch as they were not done, &c., &c., it doubts not but they have the nature of sin."\*

Something of the difficulty has been met by Goethe, but it cannot be said that he has resolved it; or at least that he has furnished others with a solution which may guide their judgment. In the writer of the Book of Job there is an awful moral earnestness before which we bend as in the presence of a superior being. The orthodoxy against which he contended is not set aside or denied; he sees what truth is in it; only he sees more than it, and over it, and through it. But in Goethe, who needed it more, inasmuch as his problem was more delicate and difficult, the moral earnestness is not awful, is not even high. We cannot feel that in dealing with sin he entertains any great horror of it; he looks on it as a mistake, as undesirable, but scarcely as more. Goethe's great powers are of another kind; and this particular question, though in appearance the primary sub-

\* See the Thirteenth Article.



ject of the poem, is really only secondary. In substance Faust is more like Ecclesiastes than it is like Job, and describes rather the restlessness of a largely-gifted nature which, missing the guidance of the heart, plays experiments with life, trying knowledge, pleasure, dissipation, one after another, and hating them all; and then hating life itself as a weary, stale, flat, unprofitable mockery. The temper exhibited here will probably be perennial in the world. But the remedy for it will scarcely be more clear under other circumstances than it is at present, and lies in the disposition of the heart, and not in any propositions which can be addressed to the understanding. For that other question how rightly to estimate a human being; what constitutes a real vitiation of character, and how to distinguish, without either denying the good or making light of the evil; how to be just to the popular theories, and yet not to blind ourselves to their shallowness and injustice—that is a problem for us, for the solution of which we are at present left to our ordinary instinct, without any recognised guidance whatsoever.

Nor is this the only problem which is in the same situation. There can scarcely be a more startling contrast between fact and theory, than the conditions under which practically positions of power and influence are distributed among us, the theory of human worth which the necessities of life oblige us to act upon and the theory which we believe that we believe. As we look round among our leading men, our statesmen, our legislators, the judges on our bench, the commanders of our armies, the men to whom this English nation commits the conduct of its best interests, profane and sacred, what do we see to be the principles which guide our selection? How entirely do they lie beside and beyond the negative tests? and how little respect do we pay to the breach of this or that commandment in comparison with ability? So wholly impossible is it to apply the received opinions on such matters to practice, to treat men known to be guilty of what theology calls deadly sins, as really guilty of them, that it would almost seem we had fallen into a moral anarchy; that ability *alone* is what we regard, without any reference at all, except in glaring and outrageous cases, to moral disqualifications. It is invidious to mention names of living men; it is worse than invidious to drag out of their graves men who have gone down into them with honour, to make a point for an argument. But we know, all of us, that among the best servants of our country there have been, and there are many whose lives will not stand scrutiny by the negative tests, and who do not appear

very greatly to repent, or to have repented of their sins according to recognised methods.

Once more: among our daily or weekly confessions, which we are supposed to repeat as if we were all of us at all times in precisely the same moral condition, we are made to say that we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and to have left undone those things which we ought to have done. An earthly father to whom his children were day after day to make this acknowledgment would be apt to inquire whether they were trying to do better, whether at any rate they were endeavouring to learn; and if he were told that although they had made some faint attempts to understand the negative part of their duty, yet that of the positive part, of those things which they ought to do, they had no notions at all, and had no idea that they were under obligation to form any, he would come to rather strange conclusions about them. But really and truly, what practical notions of duty have we beyond that of abstaining from committing sins! Not to commit sin, we suppose, covers but a small part of what is expected of us. Through the entire tissue of our employments there runs a good and a bad. Bishop Butler tells us, for instance, that even of our time there is a portion which is ours, and a portion which is our neighbour's; and if we spend more of it on personal interests than our own share, we are stealing. This sounds strange doctrine: we prefer rather making vague acknowledgments, and shrink from pursuing them into detail. We say vaguely, that in all we do we should consecrate ourselves to God; and our own lips condemn us, for which among us cares to learn the way to do it? The *devoir* of a knight was understood in the courts of chivalry, the lives of heroic men, pagan and Christian, were once held up before the world as patterns of detailed imitation; and now, when such ideals are wanted more than ever, Protestantism unhappily stands with a drawn sword on the threshold of the enquiry, and tells us that it is impious. The law has been fulfilled for us in condescension to our inherent worthlessness; and our business is to appropriate another's righteousness, and not, like Titans, to be scaling heaven by profane efforts of our own. Protestants, we know very well, will cry out in tones loud enough at such a representation of their doctrines. But we know also, that unless men may feel a cheerful conviction that they can do right if they try, that they can purify themselves, can live noble and worthy lives, unless this is set before them as *the* thing which they are to do, and *can* succeed in doing, they will not waste their energies on what they know beforehand will

end in failure; and if they may not live for God they will live for themselves.

And all this while the whole complex frame of society is a meshwork of duty woven of living fibre, and the condition of its remaining sound is, that every thread of it, of its own free energy shall do what it ought. The penalties of duties neglected are to the full as terrible as those of sins committed; more terrible, perhaps, because more palpable and sure. A lord of the land, or an employer of labour, supposes that he has no duty except to keep what he calls the commandments in his own person, to go to church, and to do what he will with his own,—and Irish famines follow, and trade strikes, and chartisms, and Paris revolutions. We look for a remedy in impossible legislative enactments, and there is but one remedy which will avail, that the thing which we call public opinion learn something of the meaning of human nobleness, and demand some approximation to it. As things are we have no idea of what a human being ought to be. After the first rudimental conditions we pass at once into meaningless generalities; and with no knowledge to guide our judgment, we allow it to be guided by meaner principles; we respect money, we respect rank, we respect ability—character is as if it had no existence.

In the midst of this loud talk of progress, therefore, in which so many of us at present are agreed to believe, which is, indeed, the common meeting point of all the thousand sects into which we are split, it is with saddened feelings that we see so little of it in so large a matter. Progress there is in knowledge; and science has enabled the number of human beings capable of existing upon this earth to be indefinitely multiplied. But this is but a small triumph if the ratio of the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish, the full and the hungry, remains unaffected. And we cheat ourselves with words when we conclude out of our material splendour an advance of the race. One fruit only our mother earth offers up with pride to her maker—her human children made noble by their life upon her; and how wildly on such matters we now are wandering let this one instance serve to show. At the moment at which we write, a series of letters are appearing in the *Times* newspaper, letters evidently of a man of ability, and endorsed in large type by the authorities of Printing House Square, advocating the establishment of a free Greek State, with its centre at Constantinople, on the ground that the Greek character has at last achieved the qualities essential for the formation of a great people, and that endued as it is with the practical commercial spirit, and taking everywhere rati-

al views of life, there is no fear of a repetition from it of the follies of the age of Pericles. We should rather think there was not: and yet the writer speaks without any appearance of irony, and is saying what he obviously means.

In two things there is progress—progress in knowledge of the outward world, and progress in material wealth. This last, for the present, creates, perhaps, more evils than it relieves; but suppose this difficulty solved, suppose the wealth distributed, and every peasant living like a peer—what then? If this is all, one noble soul outweighs the whole of it. Let us follow knowledge to the outer circle of the universe, the eye will not be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Let us build our streets of gold, and they will hide as many aching hearts as hovels of straw. The well-being of mankind is not advanced a single step. Knowledge is power, and wealth is power; and harnessed, as in Plato's fable, to the chariot of the soul, and guided by wisdom, they may bear it through the circle of the stars. But left to their own guidance, or reined by a fool's hand, they may bring the poor fool to Phæton's end, and set a world on fire. One real service, and perhaps only one, knowledge alone and by itself will do for us—it can explode existing superstitions. Everything has its appointed time, superstition like the rest; and theologies, that they may not overlive the period in which they can be of advantage to mankind, are condemned, by the conditions of their being, to weave a body for themselves out of the ideas of the age of their birth; ideas which, by the advance of knowledge, are seen to be imperfect or false. We cannot any longer be told that there must be four inspired gospels—neither more nor less—because there are four winds and four elements. The chemists now count some sixty elements, ultimately, as some of them think, reducible into one; and the gospel, like the wind, may blow from every point under heaven. But effectual to destroy old superstitions, whether it is equally successful in preventing others from growing in their place, is less certain and obvious. In these days of table-turnings, mesmerisms, spirit-rappings, odyle fluids, and millenarian pamphlets selling 80,000 copies among our best educated classes, we must be allowed to doubt.

Our one efficient political science hinges on self-interest, and the uniform action of *motives* among the masses of mankind—of selfish motives reducible to system. Such philosophies and such sciences would but poorly explain the *rise* of Christianity, of Mahometanism, or of the Reformation. They belong

to ages of comparative poverty of heart, when the desires of men are limited to material things; when men are contented to labour, and eat the fruit of their labour, and then lie down and die. While such symptoms remain among us, our faith in progress may remain unshaken; but it will be a faith which, as of old, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

ART. V.—THE SCHOOL CLAIMS OF LANGUAGES.

*The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh.* By Professor Pillans. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1852.

IN an article by the Rev. Sidney Smith, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in the year 1809, and which, in his collected works, bears the title, "TOO MUCH LATIN AND GREEK," the following passage occurs:—"We are well aware that nothing very new can remain to be said upon a topic so often debated. The complaints we have to make are, at least, as old as the time of Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke; and the evil which is the subject of these complaints has certainly rather increased than diminished since the period of those two great men. A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error; and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date, that it can hardly be expected, within such limits, to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility." The four and forty years that have elapsed since these words were written have not diminished the importance, any more than they have increased the novelty of the subject. It has been ere now, and it will, doubtless, be again discussed in this Review; for we are not sanguine enough to expect any speedy, practical, or final solution of the great questions which it involves. Meantime, for the remarks we wish now to offer, we gladly take, as our starting-point, the recent work of Professor Pillans, which presents at once a temperate, clear, and, in the main, judicious theoretical defence of "classical" instruction, and an admirable practical exposition of its capabilities, when wisely used—at least in the upper classes of a school. The main body of the book is a record in detail of the writer's experience during his rectorship of the Edinburgh High School, from the year 1810 to the year 1820, when he was transferred to the Chair of Humanity—i. e., Latin, which he still holds in the uni-

versity of that city. Appended is a set of three lectures, delivered by him in advocacy of "classical" instruction. Regarding the volume as one work, we may say that it consists of three distinct, or, at least, distinguishable parts: 1st, the statement and illustration of fundamental principles of education; 2nd, the detail of various means for the efficient conduct of "classical" instruction in harmony with those great principles; 3rd, the formal defence of "classical" instruction, as pre-eminently adapted for the exercise and development of the youthful mind. As to the first part, we have little important difference of opinion to urge. The second, with which chiefly the first is interwoven, deserves, we think, the best attention of every teacher of the youth of either sex, in schools "classical," or non-classical. It is a valuable storehouse of ingenious method and fruitful suggestion, from which no discerning reader, to whom education is in any way a matter of interest, can fail to profit. Under the heads—Monitorial Discipline—Abolition of Corporal Punishments—Private Studies—Exercises in Prose—Teaching of the Alphabet—Quarterly Examinations—Geographical Discipline—Repetition by Heart—Correction of Written Exercises; and, indeed, throughout the book, teachers especially, however different their position from that of the author, will find many most useful hints,\* as well as noble thoughts, which gain weight from the consideration that, as a teacher, he exemplified what, as a writer, he commends. Appointed in his thirty-first year to the head mastership of a large school, without previous personal experience of public teaching, and with no profound scholarship, according to the Porson standard, he organized a system of discipline and instruction which, in ten years, raised the number of his pupils from 144 to 288, and which was retained almost unaltered for a quarter of a century longer by his excellent successor, Dr. Carson, who preserved its spirit, while he adopted its form. We do not scruple to ascribe much of his success to the very deficiencies, as they would commonly be regarded, which we have here noted. Hackneyed in no slavish routine, or habitual over-estimate of trifles—being no inveterate "gerund-grinder," or "hide-

\* Not the least interesting or important is his innovation in the teaching of geography. We have heard that the heir of an old Scottish family, who went from the Edinburgh High School to Spain, afterwards said to his old teacher: "I fear I have forgotten most of the Latin and Greek you taught me; but I have never crossed a river in Spain without thinking of your black board." The book, throughout, reminds us of the saying of an intelligent quaker lady, that "the two secrets of education are chalk and kindness."

bound pedant," he faced, and overcame the difficulties of his position with a rare union of sound sense, strong feeling of duty, firmness, kindliness, and tact. It was not merely an intellectual, but a moral transformation that he wrought; and to his honour be it recorded that, at a time when, on both sides of the Tweed, the rod was regarded as a quite indispensable "instructing-tool," he had the boldness to forego its use, though without assistant in so large a class, relying wholly, and, we are well pleased to add, safely on moral means. It suits, however, neither our limits nor our intentions to dwell on this record, instructive though it is. It deserves to stand in the annals of education beside Mr. Stanley's delightful account of the Rugby life of Dr. Arnold, whom it has been Professor Pillans' lot both to precede and to survive;\* and few, we think, can read it without the conviction that he has nobly earned the title of "the Scottish Arnold." Though the professor has extended more than threefold the Horatian period for the suppression of manuscript, he still seems, from his preface, to deprecate expected censure for allowing the publication of this work. When we think, however, of the good that it might have effected during the many years it has passed in obscurity, we can only regret that it has been so long delayed. Its present opportuneness, in spite of all our progress, is sufficient proof that it ought to have been published long ago.†

\* Dr. Arnold entered on his duties, as head master of Rugby School, in the year 1828, and in the thirty-third year of his age. He died in the year 1842, alas! too early for the world, though not for his own fame.

† Though this veteran educationist is the hero of his own unvarnished tale, he has not been left his own sole witness. On the 1st of June last, he was entertained at dinner by upwards of one hundred gentlemen, many of the highest professional and social rank, who had been his pupils between the years 1810 and 1820, from thirty-three to forty-three years having thus elapsed since they passed from under his care. The chairman, Mr. Neaves, the late Solicitor-General for Scotland, while he declared that "whatever share of far more than mere prosperity or success, of mental happiness and mental worth, of intellectual energy or power, is possessed by him, or his fellow-pupils, is in an eminent degree to be traced back to Mr. Pillans' admirable precepts and admirable training,"—might well add: "what we are now doing comes from us not in the mere ebullition of youthful enthusiasm, not upon the impulse of fresh recollection alone, but as the well considered, and equally well merited verdict of matured deliberation." Such a meeting, in its circumstances probably unexampled in the history of education, is the best comment on the book. The teacher declares his aims; his pupils, in their mature age, bear voluntary testimony to his success.

It is, however, with the *third* division of the work—the defence of "classical" instruction—that we are here specially concerned; and the points on which we dissent, with our reasons, will appear as we proceed. At the outset, we may say that it is not easy for an impartial person to find a *locus stundi* among those who take either side on the great question of the "classics" and their teaching. Unreasonable pretensions breed unmerited depreciation; and unjust disparagement provokes exaggerated claims. On both sides there is much with which we cannot sympathize, much that we consider unphilosophical, or irrelevant where not unsound.\*

On one hand, we would declare sincerely our reverence for the great master-pieces of antiquity; and far from wishing to banish their study from a liberal education, we hold that without it the highest liberal education must be incomplete. We are of opinion that, while all teachers of Greek and Latin ought to be acquainted with the chief modern languages, every teacher of the modern languages ought to be versed in Greek and Latin. We are glad to observe that the study of Latin, if not of Greek, is being gradually introduced into the upper classes of even young ladies' schools, and that the stronger sex is not likely to retain a monopoly

\* It is not unsuggestive to note the shifting estimate of "classics," as the point of view shifts from lapse of time, or other causes. "Julian, the Apostate, and subtlest enemy to our faith, made a decree forbidding Christians the study of ancient learning; for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us."—(Milton, *Areopag.*) Paine says, in his "Age of Reason:" "It became necessary to their purpose (the advocates of Christianity) to cut learning down to a size less dangerous to their project, and this they effected by restricting the idea of learning to the dead study of the dead languages." The Rev. Sidney Smith says something not unlike this: "There is a timid and absurd apprehension, on the part of ecclesiastical tutors, of letting out the minds of youth upon difficult and important subjects. They fancy that mental exertion must end in religious scepticism; and to preserve the principles of their pupils, they confine them to the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning."—("Edinburgh Review," 1809.) Of late, however, the Abbé Gaume, in his "*Ver Rongeur*," maintains that the ancient classics are the base alike of Christian faith and morals; and many side with him who do not hold with him in theology. What a change, from Julian to Paine, from Paine to the Abbé Gaume! So in politics as in religion. It has been objected to the "classics" that they tend to train aristocratic politicians, of the Mitford school, whose motto is, "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*;" while Bastiat, in his ingenious pamphlet, "*Baccalauréat et Socialisme*," recently endeavours to trace to the same study the prevalence of Socialistic views in France!

of a study so useful and refining.\* As regards our own sex, we would have the ancient classics taught, if not more extensively than now, at least more profitably where they are taught.

We have no sympathy with those who seem to fancy that they have sneered off the whole controversy by the contemptuous phrase, "dead languages," and whose view may be best expressed in the words of the parson's son, in Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall":—

"What can men worse for mortal brain contrive,  
Than thus a hard dead language to revive?  
Heavens! if a language once be fairly dead,  
Let it be buried, not preserved and read,  
The bane of every boy to decent station bred;  
If any good these crabbed books contain,  
Translate them well, and let them then remain;  
To one huge vault convey the useless store,  
Then lose the key, and never find it more."—  
(B. 16.)

Too many need to be reminded that the term *dead*, as applied to language, is not equivalent to lifeless or barren. It is not always true that "a living dog is better than a dead lion;" and the solemn words, "he being dead yet speaketh," are true scarcely more of the great departed than of the language he spoke or wrote. We even see no small gain in the possession of a language undefiled by the vulgarising associations,—the cant and slang and gossip of daily life.

We cannot allow that a language deserves to be studied solely on account of the "information" its writers may afford.† The study of language, besides being a very wholesome mental exercise, yields in itself a class of knowledge second to none in interest or value. Language is not only the organ of thought, the medium of communication between mind and mind; but so inseparable is word from thought, so instantaneously does

\* "There is a class of pedants who would be cut short in the estimation of the world a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the Æolic varieties of that celebrated language."—Rev. S. Smith, "Edinburgh Review," 1810.

† We are well aware that Milton has said something very like this. "Language," he says, "is but the instrument of conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only." But the question remains, what are *solid things*, and things useful to be known? In any case, "nullius in verba magistri," we claim the right to think for ourselves.

each suggest the other, that it has been forcibly contended that without *words*—not necessarily written or even spoken, but conceived—*thoughts* would be impossible. It is by no accident that the Greek *logos* expresses both. "Thought," says Plato, "is the soul's hidden speech;" and to this it has been well added, "Speech is the soul's open thought." "Language," says Mr. Carlyle, "is called the garment of thought; however, it should rather be, Language is the flesh-garment, the body of thought.\*" It is simply untrue that "words are mere arbitrary sounds invented to express ideas and emotions, and have no natural connexion with the things signified."† Language is the gradual outgrowth of our nature in obedience to profound laws of our mental constitution, to whose nature and operation the study of language is the best key; and just in proportion as it is studied, traced back to its sources, and decomposed into its elements, does the domain of the seemingly arbitrary and capricious contract, and give way before the widening empire of fixed and certain law. Just as in the physical universe, when the student loses the trace of law, he doubts not its presence, but his own power of vision. We have, assuredly, no wish to set up the study of *words* in hostility to that of *things*. It is too true that the

\* "Sartor Resartus," b. i. c. 11.

† The same writer thus proceeds: "This fact is palpably demonstrated by the difference of the words invented by different nations to express the same object, or desire. Trite and obvious as this remark is—we would add—it is not just. The more these differences are examined, the less arbitrary do they appear. "It is curious to observe," says Dr. Whately, "what different ideas originally suggested the words which now mean precisely the same thing in different languages. The word *heaven*, for instance, conveyed with it the idea of something *heaved*, or *lifted up*, as also the old word *lift*, and the German *luft*. *Cælum*, again, referred to something hollowed out, or vaulted, being derived from the Greek word *koilon*, hollow."—"English Synonymes.") Even where similar words in different languages mean opposite things, the contrast is no more arbitrary than the difference. Our sailors have corrupted the French name of a cape *Blanc Nez*, into *Blackness*, *black* and *blanc* being so closely alike in sound and appearance, if contrary in meaning; but—"lorsque l'affinité entre deux racines est établie par leur construction, mais que néanmoins leurs significations présentent une opposition dans les idées, il ne faut pas en conclure que l'affinité soit illusoire. Chacun sait que les notions mêmes du bien et du mal se touchent par quelque endroit. Ainsi on peut admettre qu'il existe une affinité réelle entre *bleich*, pâle, (Alem.); *black*, (Ang.), noir; φλογω, briller; *flagra*, brûler; Sanscrit. *blīac*, luire, resplendir, d'abord parceque tous ces mots ont pour base la racine l-k,—puis parceque tous les effets de la lumière peuvent se manifester à l'œil avec une égale intensité."—Schöbel, "Anal. Constit. de la Langue Allemande." Introduction, xvii.

latter has been unduly neglected for the sake of the former; and we would correct the evil, even while we maintain that in no mean sense words too are things. Mr. George Combe says very truly, in his first lecture on Popular Education, that a monk who has only seen a horse from the window of his cell, and who knows the different names by which the animal is called in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Italian, knows less of the animal itself than a youth trained in a stable-yard. If, then, there be any so deluded as to fancy that by the study of language any knowledge of horse-flesh may be acquired, we would earnestly dissuade them from its further prosecution, and recommend instead a course of veterinary lectures. But surely language is something more than a mere heap of names; and this argument, however strong against a Tartar who swallows the prescription with the same faith as the drug,\* is wholly powerless against the philosophical study of language—that most marvellous manifestation of the human mind. If aimed against this, as it would seem to be, and as it has been (though we do not charge the intention on this clear and able writer), it is worthy to rank with an argument which we have heard jocularly urged in support of “classical” instruction,—that it promotes honesty by teaching the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

Neither can we admit that translations can, to any important extent, fitly supersede the study of languages themselves. Where mere fact is concerned, as in physical science, translations may serve the student's purpose; but wherever *manner* enters into the question as well as *matter*,—that is, in almost every case; in poetry, fiction, oratory, even history and philosophy, in the whole range of literature,—translations can never be more to the original than a woodcut is to a picture, a substitute of some value, but only where the original is not to be obtained. Even if we were to grant Mr. Cobden's memorable assertion, that a newspaper contains more useful information, that is, “facts,” than all Thucydides; and though we were further to admit, as we do freely, that those facts may all be learned from a translation, the reasons which justify some labour for the sake of reading

\* “If the Lama doctor happen not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted: he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as though they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself, say the Tartars, comes to precisely the same thing.”—Hue's “Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China,” i. 75.

Thucydides in the original would remain intact. Were even a translation superior to the original, for that very reason it would be different; and the earnest student would not escape the duty and necessity of judging for himself. Persons who scorn the idea of reading Shakspeare in French, or Milton in German, are quite content to receive Tacitus in Murphy's version, and Homer through the medium of Pope. Besides, when the main question regards the mental discipline afforded by the very study of languages, to speak of translations is as if one were, as a substitute for the exercise of swimming, to propose conveyance in a canal-boat, or to recommend a dish of mock-turtle instead of the bracing labours of the chase.

On the other hand, we are constrained to reject as invalid not a few of the arguments employed in defence of “classical” instruction. We hear much of the great benefit which the revival of ancient literature rendered to the world in the middle ages, a benefit which has been transmitted even to our time, and which, it would seem, requires us, if we would not be ungrateful, to maintain the study of the ancient classics as thoroughly and extensively now as then. The argument may not be put precisely in this form; but it really comes to this: else, what avails the declamation about the classic sun scattering the darkness of ages, and much to a similar effect? With equal force and justice does the Rev. Sidney Smith say: “Nothing will do in the pursuit of knowledge but the blackest ingratitude; the moment we have got up the ladder, we must kick it down; as soon as we have passed over the bridge, we must let it rot; when we have got upon the shoulders of the ancients, we must look over their heads. . . . If mankind still derive advantage from classical literature, proportionate to the labour they bestow upon it, let their labour and their study proceed; but the moment we cease to read Latin and Greek for the solid utility we derive from them, it would be a very romantic application of human talents to do so from any feeling of gratitude.”\*

Again, if we grant that the study of the Greek and the Roman languages and literature ought to be maintained, and that some members of the community ought, for admitted reasons, to attain proficiency therein,†

\* “Edinburgh Review,” 1809.

† At a recent educational conference, at the Mansion House, London, Dr. Russell, head master of the Charterhouse, begged to remind Mr. S. Gurney (who had complained that young men, who spent years on Latin and Greek, at Oxford or Cambridge, “when they went on the Continent were unable to join in the most common conversation”), “that Latin and Greek were the basis of much of

it surely does not follow, by any simple and unquestionable inference, that the whole body of our "educated" youth ought to devote themselves to that study,—especially if, as is alleged, so many years of severe labour are required for their tolerable mastery,—a period, moreover, through which, from the nature of things, so few can pass, as the large majority of pupils leave school at an early and imperfect stage of "classical" attainment. If this be right, it must be justified on other and quite independent ground. And yet those two things, so widely different, are perpetually confounded. There are, in fact, four questions or theses which it is indispensable to disentangle and to keep distinct:—1st, The obligations of our modern literature to the ancient; 2nd, The importance of preserving the ancient languages and literature from neglect and oblivion; 3rd, The utility of subjecting all our youth above the lower ranks of life to a course of "classical" discipline; 4th, The utility or necessity of their devoting from six to eight years mainly to this study, exclusive of subsequent attendance on college. Too often have we occasion to observe that arguments in favour really of the first, and still oftener of the second, of these positions, are perverted to the support of the third and fourth.

Again: it seems to us that too much weight is laid on the argument in favour of an extended course of "classical" instruction, drawn from its alleged necessity for a clear insight into the grammar, and especially the etymology, of our own language. Modern English grammarians concur in thinking that the English grammar has been too long twisted and crushed into conformity with the Latin; and in the exposition of its rules more regard is now paid to the character of quite other languages, such as the Teutonic and Scandinavian, with which it has more in common. If, however, a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek be requisite for learning the origin and primitive meaning of a large number of our English words, it is not a little singular that in our "classical" schools this department of study is so generally and so sadly neglected,\* and that if we wish to

our modern English, and that, if a *body of men* were not educated with the knowledge necessary to keep these sources of our language pure, our noble English tongue would soon, in the hurry and excitement of commerce, run away into a dialect at once barbarous and irregular, to the speakers of which our great literary works would be incomprehensible."

\* On one occasion, when urging the importance of etymology on the attention of the principal of a most respectable school, we said that a boy ought not to pass through his Greek studies, without knowing the derivation of such a word as *sarcasm* (the

find pupils well instructed in the derivation of their own language, we must visit classes either in well-conducted schools for young ladies, or in non-classical schools for boys of a lower rank. Further, the same argument applies in one respect with scarcely less, and in another with still greater force, to the quite neglected study of Anglo-Saxon. In truth, a skilful teacher, especially if he himself be a good "classical" scholar, as he ought to be, needs no more than an ordinary manual of etymology to convey an ample fund of well arranged and suggestive knowledge to his pupils. What is true of Latin applies still more strongly to Greek. The Greek words in our language, which do not come to us through the Latin, are for the most part technical terms, which a very slender knowledge of a few Greek roots suffices to explain.\*

Again: we cannot grant the monopoly of *æsthetic* culture, so often claimed for the ancient classics. The very word "classics" itself is a sort of petrified expression of this fallacy. At the time when the title was bestowed, its appropriateness was beyond a doubt; but since the whole wealth of modern literature

word which occurred to us at the moment). His answer was, "I am not ashamed to confess that I myself do not know." Yet he was a superior scholar, and a man of great intelligence. An eminent Hellenist, now dead, whom he knew, in like manner did not know the derivation of *paraphernalia*. How many classical scholars are there, who could not tell the real meaning of so common a word as *squirrel*, *detest cura in proxy*, or show that *galaxy* and *lettuce* are at base one word!

\* We cannot but regard the tendency to form scientific names from Greek, instead of English elements, as a misfortune alike to our languages and to the sciences themselves. It is too late, however, to protest. Still, we are glad to see noticed in the journals a lecture on "Plain English" by Mr. Rushton—a scholar who is no pedant. We are somewhat surprised that one who—like Professor Blackie—is scholar enough to know, poet enough to feel, and orator enough to expound, the highest uses of Greek literature, should seem to lay so much stress on this to us very small matter. He says: "Were there no better reason, a scientific man in these times would be forced to learn a scantling of Greek, only that he may not look stupid when naming his own tools, and labelling the articles of his own cabinet. The student of medicine, indeed, and of natural science in all its branches, who refuses to pick up a little Greek when it is thrown in his way, can be likened only to a foolish pedestrian in a mountainous country, who, in setting out on his tour, will not spare time or money to buy a pocket compass. *When the white mist comes down on the black moor, he will wish for some safer guide home than his own eyes.*"—("Inaugural Lecture," p. 10.) Shall nothing be said of the shop and other signs, which perplex the unlearned in our public prints and places? Perhaps *Edipus* himself might be a little at fault among such hideous compounds as *Pantechnethca*, *Kosmoca-peleion*, *Panklibanon*, *Catageloseum*, and *Choretikopasi*!

has been created, the title has ceased to be exclusively applicable, and ought no longer to be exclusively applied. Of our English authors we need not speak; but when we have such writers in German as Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, Richter and Schiller; in French as Bossuet, Voltaire, Moliere, and Corneille; in Italian as Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Machiavelli:—the term “classics” ought never to be applied even to the immortal productions of Greek or Roman fame, without the word “*ancient*” prefixed, by way of a saving clause in favour of the *modern* classics, which also well deserve the name. It is wonderful how far our thoughts and acts are influenced unconsciously by mere verbal fallacies. Professor Pillans, in denouncing a fancied abandonment of “classical” instruction, which would discard from the senate the ornament of “classical” quotations, and render those already recorded a dead letter, exclaims:—“Introduce such a change in the training of our ingenuous youth, and we shall soon justify the bitterest taunts of our enemies, by degenerating, in the worst sense of the term, into a nation of shopkeepers.”—(Lect. iii. p. 63.) This burst of enthusiasm comes naturally enough from a professor, the very title of whose chair, “Humanity” (though it embraces only Latin, and not Greek, to which the title “*Literæ Humaniores*” is surely not less due), embodies the very fallacy we would resist. But in the same lecture the professor more justly remarks:—“I claim for the ancients no faultless excellence, no immeasurable superiority. The raptures which some people seem to feel in perusing Homer and Virgil, Livy and Tacitus, while they turn over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton, Hume and Robertson, with coldness and indifference, I hold to be either pure affectation, or gross self-delusion; being fully satisfied that we are in no want of models in our own English tongue, which, for depth of thought, soundness of reasoning, for truth of narrative, and what has been called the philosophy of history, *nay, even for poetical beauty, tenderness, and sublimity*, may fairly challenge comparison with the most renowned productions of antiquity.” (p. 57.) If, then, those models of “poetical beauty, tenderness, and sublimity,” which our own language affords, and which the too exclusive study of ancient models has tended to throw into unmerited neglect, were studied as they ought to be, there need be no fear of our becoming “a nation of shopkeepers,” in any sense in which that title may justly be a term of reproach. But the usual course of reasoning on this subject, is to draw a striking contrast between the expanding, elevating, and refining influences of a so-called “classic” cul-

ture, and the narrowing, depressing, and hardening tendencies of a so-called merely “utilitarian” training, from which the graces and the muses are assumed to be banished, and in which the multiplication table, Gunter's sliding rule, and lists of chemical equivalents take the place of Homer and Virgil—as if these alternatives exhausted the whole chapter of educational possibilities! To argue thus, is to endanger even a good cause by provoking hostility to its more legitimate claims. In truth, it is not merely in general literary beauty, or in the “romantic” graces, that modern literature may court the severest comparison with the ancient. Even in the charmed circle of “classic” inspiration itself, more of the divine *aura* is to be caught from such poems as the “*Laodamia*” of Wordsworth, the “*Endymion*” of Keats, the “*Orion*” of Horne, the “*Ænone*” and “*Lotos Eaters*” of Tennyson, the “*Dead Pan*” of Mrs. Browning,\* than is ever dreamed of by many a laborious searcher of lexicons and collator of various readings in “classic” texts. If the

\* The concluding stanzas of this poem are in their moral so much in harmony with our purpose, and, besides, so beautiful, that we cannot deny our readers, or ourselves, the pleasure of their quotation here:

“Earth outgrows the mythic fancies  
Sung beside her in her youth:  
And those debonaire romances  
Sound but dull beside the truth.  
Phæbus' chariot-course is run!  
Look up, poets, to the sun!  
Pan, Pan is dead.

“Truth is fair, should we forego it?  
Can we sigh right for a wrong?  
God himself is the best poet,  
And the real is his song.  
Sing his truth out fair and full,  
And secure his beautiful.  
Let Pan be dead.

“Truth is large. Our aspiration  
Scarce embraces half we be.  
Shame! to stand in His creation,  
And doubt truth's sufficiency!  
To think God's song unexcelling  
The poor tales of our own telling—  
When Pan is dead.

“What is true, and just, and honest,  
What is lovely, what is pure—  
All of praise that hath admonisht,  
All of virtue shall endure,—  
These are themes for poets' uses,  
Stirring nobler than the Muses—  
Ere Pan was dead.

“O, brave poets, keep back nothing;  
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!  
Look up Godward! speak the truth in  
Worthy song from earnest soul!  
Hold in high poetic duty,  
Truest Truth is fairest Beauty.  
Pan, Pan is dead.”



"Andromache" of Racine, and the "Cinna" of Corneille, be thought by any to be more French than Greek or Roman; of Goethe it has been said that he was more Hellenic than Teutonic, less Christian than Pagan. There is much truth, as well as beauty, in the words of Professor Blackie: "Milton, who learned from Homer, has become a Homer to us; and not to us only, but to the right-minded of the whole Christian world, he stands where Virgil stood in reference to Dante, and much more fitly. Many persons there are, in these days, who assert that the famous chorus of Aristophanes, descriptive of the clouds (*ἀέρας νεφέλαι*, &c.), is a poor specimen of the poetic art compared with Shelley's Ode on the same subject;—that John Keats, in his 'Hyperion,' sees deeper,—certainly with a more tender clearness and a severer purity—into the soul of Greek mythology, than Æolian Hesiod did in his 'Theogony;' and that Roman Horace is but a dull singer in presence of the sparkling Moore, and the combination of nice artistic touch with the most subtle and delicate sentiment in Tennyson."\* Still, however, are there too many teachers whose admiration is merely conventional, or rather traditional, and confined to what is not only foreign but old,—like that worthy Professor (Lanzi), of whom Lorenzo Benoni says:—"He was exclusive in his admiration of the classics, and he would positively work himself up to the point of weeping over '*Fons Bandusie splendidior vitro*,' while the beauties of Shakspeare and Schiller left him quite unmoved." Yet such men do but illustrate in practice the absurdity which others maintain in theory.

The argument that "classical" knowledge is the badge of "a gentleman" is already answered, so far as that much abused word is employed in any worthy sense. The "gentleman" is the man of refined and cultivated mind, from whatever sources he may have derived his culture and refinement. If it mean, however, that a smattering of Greek or Latin quotation is the conventional pass-sign among persons of a certain rank and breeding, it simply notes a fact, but furnishes no reason. If the Chocktaw tongue were studied by "our ingenuous youth," as Latin and Greek are now, doubtless a few Chocktaw phrases would be the Shibboleth indispensable for "the freedom" of their favoured society; and tuft-hunting *amateurs* of Chocktaw would not be wanting. But fashion passes, reason remains. Why appeal to the former, if the latter be not likely to give a favourable verdict? By all means let a coat

be cut after the taste of the season; but let the mind seek some more enduring model.

Nor can we allow any weight to the argument, founded on the number of men eminent in every walk of public life, who have been subjected to the "classical" system of instruction. If the great body of the youth of the upper and middle classes of a country be subjected to any system whatever, not thoroughly mischievous, it is inevitable that a portion of the youth will distinguish themselves; but, surely, it is neither fair nor logical to attribute to the system the splendid success of the rare exceptions, and to pass over in silence the dull obscurity of the mass. Under every system, in spite of every system, without any system, have great men asserted their greatness; and it would be easy, with no small show of reason, to get up against all schools a case founded on the number of highly eminent men who have received no—what is called—teaching at all. Mr. Gladstone, we hear it sometimes said of late, received a thorough "classical" education, and is an admirable chancellor of the exchequer, and a wise statesman; *ergo*, a "classical" education is the best school even for statesmanship and financial skill. That a man may be a good chancellor of the exchequer, and a good "classical" scholar, or a good musician, we do not deny; but that he is the former in virtue of his being the latter, we cannot admit. We do not think it at all derogatory to "classical" instruction to maintain that, however useful in other ways, it is rather an impediment, than a help, to the peculiar sort of capacity needed for finance. "Do not," says Mr. Gilbert in his book on Banking, "choose a clerk, because he has studied for one of the learned professions, for that is no advantage." But, even if the habits of attention and application now displayed were fostered by devotion to "classical" studies, it may still be inquired whether those same habits might not have been as well or better fostered under some other system.—better fitted, at the same time, to convey knowledge available in the actual business of life. The question is—not is the system productive of, or rather perhaps, compatible with, a certain amount of good; but is it the best system that can be adopted in this nineteenth century, for the mental development of the community at large? Is it in harmony with the wants and with the lights of the age? The fact of its having taken rise at a time when the state of knowledge was so widely different; before the creation of our modern literature—home or foreign; before the vast discoveries of modern science; before the extensive division of human pursuit to which these have led; before

\* "Inaugural Lecture in the University of Edinburgh," by J. S. Blackie, Professor of Greek, 1852.

men had our better insight into the nature and operations of the mind itself; all this is *primâ facie* a strong argument against it,—an argument too strong to be rebutted by the enumeration of a few honoured names, whose greatness the system has cherished, or, it may be, failed to crush.

A more serious and practical argument in favour of the prevailing system still remains. Professor Pillans says in his second lecture, "*It seems to have been taken for granted, in all speculative discussions of the subject, that among the various subdivisions of human knowledge through which the pupil must pass before he be accomplished for the business of life, there must be one which is to serve for the common access and high road to them all*" (p. 33). This principle (which is, in fact, Jacotot's second principle, "learn one thing thoroughly, and refer all other things to that") having been assumed, the question arises, where can such a subject be found? None such can be even suggested, we are told, except "classics" and mathematics. The latter, we are further told, is, for reasons we need not here examine, obviously unfit. "Classics," therefore, alone remain from this exhaustive process of elimination. Then follows, as in this very case, an exposition of the many advantages such a training may confer, credit being given to the "classics" for every kind of knowledge, however remote, that can possibly be attached to them, and the argument is complete. We might object that the word "classics," even in its restricted sense, means Latin and Greek, and that Latin and Greek, to our feeble understanding, are not *one* subject, but *two*. We might ask,—if two widely-different languages form one subject, would the addition of a third, or even of a fourth language, scarcely more unlike to Latin and Greek, than Latin and Greek are to each other,—make two subjects? Waving all this, however, for the present, we remark that the whole argument rests on an assumption which were we even to grant, we think we could offer a solution more comprehensive and satisfactory. But we are disposed to question the fundamental proposition itself, which, as the Professor well says, "seems to have been taken for granted." It is obvious enough that, in many respects, it is better to learn one subject thoroughly, than many subjects superficially. But it is both possible, and, in our times, necessary to learn even at schools many subjects thoroughly, as thoroughly as is compatible with the inevitable limitation of a school. The great business of education, as the Professor himself maintains, is "to bring out in orderly and healthful succession the several mental faculties, to give to each its appropriate nourishment and invigorating exercise, and to

teach the possessor the free and dexterous use of them all" (p. 17); and again: "It is the gradual development of the faculties, and their simultaneous training to healthful and vigorous exercise, that ought to constitute the main design of education" (p. 23). Now, every subject or class of subjects contributes its portion to this great end. Literature and science, languages and mathematics, all take their place within the circle of a liberal education; and analogies from the government of states, backed by quotations from Homer, in favour of monarchy, and against divided rule, prove absolutely nothing against the equal claims of those subjects each within its sphere. We readily grant that a certain "unity and uniformity" (to quote again the Professor's words) ought to pervade the whole system of instruction; and we maintain that no branch of knowledge should be left in barren isolation in a corner of the mind, but that the intimate relations and reciprocal bearings of all subjects learned are scarcely less important to be taught than the separate subjects themselves. But this end (so far as it is attainable in school, and there are chasms, as between literature and science, not easy to bridge over) is to be attained, not by the subjection of all other subjects to one, with which many must have only a very remote connexion, but by having as teachers of even the separate subjects men of general information and culture; and above all, by the wise efforts of the principal or head-master, whose special duty it is to blend and harmonise the detached portions of instruction, so that the pupil shall feel ever more and more that knowledge, however diverse in its branches, is at root one. True it is that in the after pursuits of every man, all subjects must be subordinated to that one which forms his especial calling; but not only is this subordination an affair of later life, it varies in each case; and the business of a school, we hold, is not to anticipate in any case this subordination, but to carry on as far as possible abreast the long line of general culture; and so most efficiently to prepare for the subsequent more restricted direction of the individual mind. Education might thus be compared to a pyramid, of which the base is broad, as well as the foundation deep, but whose mass narrows as it ascends, every stone in the lowest structure still giving, even to the crowning point, its portion of support. There are schools, indeed, which *profess* to guide the whole instruction of the pupil in each case with a constant reference to his future supposed vocation in after life; but for such schools we have little more respect than for those shop-like schools in which any one may purchase a few guineas' worth of languages, or of science, of geometry, or of music,

at their free option to take or leave, just as one may buy from a grocer coffee without sugar, or sugar without tea. Once more, the great purpose of a school, it appears to us, is not to fit for any special vocation in the actual world, but to supply such general culture and knowledge as are valuable—or rather invaluable—for all, whatever their vocation. The "subordination" theory now in question recognises formally this great end; but it errs in deciding alike for all what the other system seeks to decide differently for each. The former seems to us tyrannical; the latter anarchical; both we deem unwise.

Having thus partially cleared the ground, we are prepared to enter on the closer consideration of the question before us. The great subject of inquiry, be it ever clearly remembered, is not how far our modern literature and mental progress are indebted to the ancient classics—a question of purely historical interest; or even whether the system of classical instruction now prevailing do or do not produce some good results by the mental discipline to which it subjects the young, if not by the actual knowledge which it conveys—a position which needs not to be disputed: but whether, regarding the state of present knowledge and the character of the times in which we live, it be necessary or desirable that "classical" studies should absorb so large a portion of the school-years of all, or even any of our youth. On this subject, the conclusions to which our reflection and experience have led us, are—1st, that the "classics" are taught at far too early a period of life, and that hence arise at once the necessity and the unproductiveness of so vast an expenditure of time and toil—2nd, that they are taught far too indiscriminately to boys of various ranks and conditions of life. These convictions have been forced upon us by our respect alike for the other branches of instruction which "classics" have hitherto too much excluded, and for the "classics" themselves, and by our consciousness of their educational value. We cannot too carefully distinguish the ancient classics themselves and their uses, from any system of teaching which may now prevail. We object to the present system that in the great majority of cases neither the ancient languages nor literatures, certainly not the latter, are really learned; that so little knowledge of the inner life of the ancient nations, of their philosophies, their economics, of aught beyond their outward history is conveyed; that the taste for knowledge is too often destroyed by the process of its acquisition; that so few after leaving school ever voluntarily open a Latin or Greek book; that so few have any acquaintance with any authors beyond their class-

books; that even in these most have so much difficulty in reading any passage not previously learned; in short, that their study engrosses needlessly, if not uselessly, the largest portion of the whole school-life of thousands; excludes, or almost excludes, other subjects of equal or greater importance; while it does not produce, even within its own sphere, the results that might be attained by greater economy of time, a stricter selection of pupils, and a wiser distribution of the school-course.

Two leading principles will probably not be questioned—1st, that there are certain subjects which all, whether high or low, male or female, absolutely ought to learn; while other subjects, however useful or refining, being relatively less important, may not unreasonably be postponed in favour of those indispensable;—2nd, that there are certain subjects which the young mind is better fitted to appreciate and acquire than others, which may still have very great attractiveness and fitness for a mind more mature. Now, we believe that, by a happy provision of our constitution, the same range of subjects precisely answers to both those preliminary conditions; that is, that the subjects universally necessary are, in their elements, the best adapted to the young mind. Thus, the knowledge of external nature, our body itself being to the mind external, is at once the most practically necessary for all classes of society, and the most attractive to the young. It is at a much later period that the mind turns inward on itself, and *reflects* on its own consciousness. Nature does not more surely direct the child's lips to its mother's breast, than she directs the child's opening mind to observation and imitation of surrounding objects, to experiment upon them, and to the tracing of relations between them and its own being. But these same studies, for such they really are, widening their range with the child's widening faculties, are also the most necessary; or, if the phrase may be pardoned, the most indispensable, for the future lawyer as for the future mechanic, for the future ploughman as for the future prince, for the youth and for the adult of either sex. Were we even wrong, however, in our belief of this coincidence, and we have not time here to explain and justify our view, it would still be wise to adopt in the choice of subjects taught, the order which Nature dictates in the development of the child's faculties. Now the fundamental error of the present system lies in its departing in this respect from the order of Nature, and in withdrawing prematurely the attention of the young from sensible realities to abstractions,—from objects, animate or inanimate, of nature or of art, to

nouns, pronouns, and verbs. Professor Pillans tells us, indeed, in his third lecture, that "of all the faculties of the mind memory is that which admits of being earliest exercised, and trained to habits of susceptibility and retentiveness." (p. 47.) But, not to say that this is much like asserting that an echo is the earliest sound, memory is only the power of retaining and recalling impressions made upon the mind; that power, *ceteris paribus*, is proportioned to the susceptibility of impression; and that impressibility, again, depends on the affinity between the mind and the thing sought to be impressed. The liveliness of attention is thus the measure of the power of memory. It is a fallacy to regard memory as a vessel which receives and retains impartially what may happen to be poured into it: it is only what has awakened a child's interest that it remembers tenaciously, and recollects quickly; and only those impressions awaken a child's interest which are adapted to the stage and condition of its mind, which gratify, and excite while they gratify, its appetite for knowledge. Now, can it be doubted that it is external objects which most attract and fix the attention of children, and which are consequently most naturally, easily, and permanently remembered? This vast field which has been partitioned among very many sciences, for which collectively we want an adequate title, and of which we would now mention only one, though a very comprehensive, division—natural history—affords most ample materials through the longest school course for developing as well as storing the youthful understanding, and for arousing the young wonder and sense of beauty. For we hold with the staunchest advocates of "classical" training, that the mind must be trained and cultivated as well as stored. But we believe that the subjects just hinted at fulfil both conditions, and that the course of nature is the wisest for the one end as well as for the other. The mind truly "grows by what it feeds on," if the food be suited to appetite and digestion. Though we may, and indeed must, classify the sciences according to their leading characteristics, and call them sciences of observation, or of experiment, or of calculation, pure or mixed, it ought ever to be borne in mind that the division is by no means strict, and that each partakes more or less of the nature of the others; that in all observation suggests experiment or inference, while inference stimulates and guides observation. Beautiful as are the harmony and mutual dependence of the mental powers, not less beautiful are the correspondence of the outward with the inward, and the gradation and interlacing of means, whereby rising from the easy to the

difficult, from the concrete to the abstract, from the individual to the general, from the physical to the metaphysical, the faculties are enabled to give and to receive mutual aid. But this beautiful progression of culture, the steps of which we cannot here attempt to trace, which Nature has ordained, and for which she has so abundantly provided, is either never begun farther than by chance, or it is rudely broken off from the moment the pupil crosses the threshold of an ordinary "classical" school.\* Professor Pillans complains that evils arising from injudicious "classical" instruction are charged upon "classical" instruction itself; but in the strictures he makes in his first lecture on school teaching of the natural sciences, he seems to us to fall into precisely the same error, and to a much more serious extent. He speaks contemptuously of "excursions to the flowery fields of natural history and elementary physics;" "a chaos of ill-assorted facts in the memory;" "this kind of pastime;" "a top-dressing of facts;" "ministering to a vain and idle curiosity;" and throughout assumes that the natural sciences are not to be systematically and seriously taught and learned, but are to be made from time to time the subject of flashy lectures, which require from the pupil no mental exercise beyond a languid and intermittent attention, which cease to interest so soon as they cease to amuse, and which leave no trace behind but mental bewilderment, and false conceit of knowledge. This style of remark may be very effective against certain unfortunate educational experiments which the professor has in view, but it has no application whatever to the real teaching of the elements of such science to the young, as exemplified in many schools of sufficient standing to give value to their experience. The professor most justly says: "The pupil should not be tempted to take all upon trust on the *ipsi dixit* of a lecturer, but put through such a course of mental gymnastics as should enable him to climb the tree and gather the ripe fruit for himself, rather than have it tossed into his lap in an indigestible state by another. (Lect. i. p. 22.) But this doctrine is true of all teaching or of none; and the judicious teacher of natural science, far from recognising in it the con-

\* We once saw a boy in the lowest form of a "classical" school flogged for asking his neighbour, if he thought that the sun's rays, in a burning-glass, would set fire to gunpowder! Compare with this the following:—"On the texture, colour, names, and uses of the silk, half silk, and linen garments of antiquity, see the profound, diffuse, and obscure researches of the great Salmasius, who was ignorant of the most common trades of Dijon, or Leyden."—Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," &c. a. 40.

demnation of his efforts, will gladly accept it as a fair statement of his aims. A recent reviewer, adopting a widely different order of objection, says: "The physical sciences dry up the soul of the spiritual system; and, unless we wish to begin life as animated fossils, the less we have of them up to the age of sixteen the better." The apprehension here expressed can have no grounds except where the physical sciences are taught at once exclusively and badly. We are very far, however, from maintaining that this branch of school instruction has as yet been reduced to a perfect method. Very much remains to be done to digest the comparative results of recent experience, and to elaborate therefrom a system neither too technical nor too superficial, progressive in its arrangement, and comprehensive in its scope.\*

But it will be said: Surely, language, too, claims an early place in a child's studies, both for its own sake, and as a mental discipline. In the early stages of instruction, however, language, just in proportion as it is needed, is learned unconsciously, and is an instrument for acquiring other knowledge, rather than to be regarded as itself a branch of knowledge. Doubtless, a time comes when language must be looked at as an outward thing, be made a subject of actual study, be examined and taken to pieces, and its structure explained and traced to its principles. But this time is far too generally anticipated even as regards the child's own mother tongue. "Grammar," it has been said by Horne Tooke, and the saying is worthy of him, "is among the first things taught, but the latest understood." Even when this time may be admitted to be fully come, the mother-tongue not only suffices, but is the natural and best medium for the inculcation of all the principles of general grammar, in so far as they are fit or useful for a child to learn. It is a terrible aggravation of the difficulty

\* The following passage from Mr. Faraday's recent letter on Table-turning cannot be too often quoted:—"By the great body—I mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect—who refer the results to electricity and magnetism—yet know nothing of the laws of these forces—or to attraction, yet shew no phenomena of pure attractive power—or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved round the leg of a table—or to some unrecognised physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient—or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of their action. *I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.*"—*Athenæum*, 2nd July, 1858, p. 801.

and the distastefulness of a foreign tongue, to make it, at the very outset, the vehicle of any grammatical instruction not peculiar to itself. The basis must be laid in the vernacular, and on that must be erected the standard for future comparison with other tongues. One result of the too early initiation into the mysteries of Latin, has been the undue neglect of English as a means of instruction in grammar and in the philosophy of speech; and hence it is in non-classical schools for either sex that we must seek examples of the rich uses to which it may be turned. But it will be further argued that the study of a language cannot be carried on efficiently without a second, or even a third, language, wherewith the mother-tongue, so unconsciously learned, may be compared, and whereby it may be illustrated. We readily grant that this is true in the more advanced stages of the study; and further, that the more unlike (within limits) those other languages are to the mother-tongue, the greater is the advantage. But this single consideration of unlikeness on which the advocates of early "classical" teaching so strongly insist, is clearly not sufficient to determine the choice of a language for comparison or contrast. No one has yet suggested the study of Chinese as an admirable means of mental discipline for the young. Other considerations, then, come into view in deciding the selection. Of these may be stated three which are perhaps the most important: first, the utility of the languages themselves to the future man in the intercourse of life; second, the value of the literature locked up in the stranger tongues; third, the degree of their etymological relation to the mother-tongue,—an advantage not incompatible with that arising from diversities of construction and of idiom.

If tried by the first of these tests, it will not be denied that French, German, or Italian, but especially the two former, bear the palm over Latin and Greek. No one who has travelled on the Continent can have failed to deplore, even if he do not, in his own person, exemplify, the neglect of modern languages in the training of his countrymen, a neglect which shuts them out from innumerable occasions of pleasure and improvement. Correspondence by letter is alike precluded; and all conversation with foreigners who may visit this country reduced to the baldest chit-chat.\*

\* At the Educational Conference before referred to, Mr. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, said that he "had been recently much impressed with observations made by two of the highest personages in the realm. One of those distinguished personages had expressed his sense of the value of our public

It may be true that as yet the French are, as a nation, below even our level in this respect,\* but assuredly, for one Englishman who can speak or even understand German, there are at least ten Germans who understand and can speak English, and possess, besides, a respectable knowledge of its literature. The great Exhibition of 1851, among its many good results, has been of eminent service in calling attention to our great national deficiency in this respect, and in stimulating efforts for its removal. Whether this can be effected without a most serious inroad on our "classical" systems we shall inquire hereafter. In any case, though many would go beyond, few will gainsay the declaration of Sir Robert Kane, "That the interchange of ideas with the contemporaneous world is as of much importance as the preservation of the ideas of the past; and that the tongues which men now speak are those which men should learn to understand."†

If tried by the *second test*, the question is, doubtless, of somewhat more difficult decision. It is not to be decided by comparative estimates of their respective masterpieces, or master-minds. Whom among the moderns shall we weigh against Homer and Plato? Whom among the ancients against Goethe and Jean Paul? Nor is it easier to balance accurately, *en masse*, the literatures, say, of Germany and France against those of Greece and Rome. Without any disparagement of the ancient literature, however, we may maintain, on the whole, the superiority of the modern. In so far as the modern may have caught inspiration from the ancient, all honour to the "classic" tongues that they have so greatly helped to make the modern literatures richer than their own. "They have laboured, and

schools, in forming that type-character—an English gentleman; but added a desire, that the modern languages, and a more extended acquaintance with science, might be inculcated. Another personage, *still more illustrious*, had honoured him, on the same occasion, by observing that, having often the most distinguished persons in the realm at his table, along with equally distinguished foreigners, it was absolutely mortifying to find that the former were not able to open their mouths in conversation during the whole evening." (Hear, hear, and *cheers*.) Groans would have been more appropriate.

\* "Le Français qui passe pour bien élevé connaît peu les autres peuples, leurs mœurs et leurs institutions; il est étranger à leur langage, et c'est pour nous une grande cause d'infériorité, car nous avons ainsi moins de facilité pour nous approprier leurs découvertes et leurs progrès, qu'ils n'en ont pour s'emparer des nôtres."—Michel Chevalier (ex-Professor of Political Economy in the Collège de France), "Lettres sur l'Organisation de Travail." 1848.

† "Inaugural Address," at opening of Queen's College, Cork, 1849.

we have entered into their labours;" and though the servile imitation of ancient models may have done much to stunt or to distort modern talent (we will not say genius, which is ever original and fresh), the stimulus and the direction which "the grand old masters" have transmitted to modern European Literature of every tongue, ought ever gratefully to be acknowledged, even while we exalt the new above the old. As Chrysoloras said of Constantinople and the parent of Rome: "The perfection of the copy still redounds to the honour of the original; and the parents are delighted to be renewed, or even excelled, by the superior merit of their children."\* But the modern literature is not a mere copy of the ancient: it has a stamp and flavour of its own; in the multifarious and ever-changing phases of our social state, it has assumed a corresponding diversity and flexibility; and while the ancient literatures are now fixed and limited, the modern are ever progressive, becoming more abundant and more various with lapsing years. The former are as a lake, beautiful, but motionless and unchanging; the latter are as a river, which, swelled as it advances by tributaries on either hand, rolls on in ever more majestic volume. The spirit of the old has permeated our modern literatures, and can never perish, even were we to cease from its study. But neglect of the new cuts us off from the ever-flowing stream of contemporaneous thought and life, fed, too, as it is from distant fountains in the ancient hills.

As regards the *third test*: not to say that there is relationship between brothers, as well as between son and father, between cousins as well as between grandmother and grandson, it may be affirmed that mere chronological order cannot be allowed to rule the course of our linguistic studies. Few indeed would be disposed to follow whither this sole principle would lead. A river may be traced from its mouth to its source as pleasantly and as profitably as from its source to its mouth. It is as improving a discipline to trace French into Latin as Latin into French; just as we usually, in "classical" schools, trace Latin upwards into Greek, in so far as Latin words may be derived from Greek,—not Greek downwards into Latin. But to look into the matter more closely. A large portion of our language is derived to us from Latin, while a larger portion (how much larger is a subject of dispute) comes from the Teutonic, principally the Anglo-Saxon, as it is called. Leaving out of view this latter portion,

\* Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," &c., ch. lxxvii.

with which Latin is not concerned, by far the greater part of the former comes to us through the French. Now it seems even more natural, as we must of necessity begin with English, to trace back our words through French to Latin, than to leap over French, returning to it only after we have learned Latin.\* It is true that Latin well prepares the way for the study of French, which, as Professor Pillan says, is, in common with "the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese,—the more immediate descendants of the Latin,—little else than a corruption of the parent stock, altered in shape, and frittered down in the parts, but the same in substance."—(p. 60.) But it is equally true that a knowledge of French, or of any of the cognate tongues, greatly facilitates the acquisition of Latin; and we cannot think that the historical order of precedence is sufficient to outweigh the many solid reasons for placing the modern languages before the ancient in the order of study. As to German, the case is still stronger; for there neither Latin nor Greek is of much more service than any one language must always be in the study of any other. To delay the study of German, therefore, till Latin and Greek, either or both, have been acquired, is simply to lose time, without any of that advantage which is plausibly, we think delusively, urged in favour of the postponing the study of French

\* "Benjamin Franklin, who had only one year's instruction in Latin, when very young, acknowledges that he afterwards neglected that language entirely; but having in manhood gained an acquaintance with French, Italian, and Spanish, he was surprised, he says, to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that he understood it better than he had imagined. He adds: 'I would offer to the consideration of those who superintend the education of youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian and Latin. For though, after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages, and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life.'"—"Autobiography," edited by Sparkes, c. 7. "Marcel on Language," vol. i. p. 131. 1852. We have not time to characterize this work as it deserves. In spite of its title, it is one of the most comprehensive treatises on the whole subject of education that have ever appeared in English. So far as we have read it (for it has only fallen into our hands very recently), we consider it as judicious as it is comprehensive. We were surprised, however, to fall on the following sentence in a work like this:—"Two years' study of Greek would then suffice, as that language is not so difficult (!) nor its literature so extensive (!) as the Latin."—Vol. ii. p. 307.

to that of Latin. It may truly be added, that the pupil who has mastered the inflexions and syntax of German, has acquired a power which will help to render his after progress in Latin or Greek at once easy and rapid. It is so common to throw together, under one common title of "classic tongues," the languages of Greece and Rome, that one is ever apt to lose sight of the vast differences between them in their structures, their sources, and consequently in their relations to our mother-tongue, and to the other languages of Europe. If, however, we have disposed of the claims of Latin, no argument whatever is necessary as regards Greek; for in the case neither of German nor of French,—of the modern Teutonic nor of the Romanic Tongues—can it put in any claim to precedence such as may be pleaded, in the case of the latter at least, in favour of Latin; unless, indeed, its advocates insist, as some scholars do, not without force, that the study of Greek should precede that of Latin itself—a notion which, however just, is too far at variance with long established and universally-prevailing customs to need discussion here, though it deserves notice as showing that existing plans are not unassailable on their own ground, and with their own weapons.

We are of opinion, then, that as regards whether their utility in the intercourse of life,—the wealth of the literature which they contain,—or their etymological relationship to the mother-tongue,—the modern languages, and especially French and German, ought, in all school studies, to precede the ancient languages of Greece and Rome. Their superior utility cannot be denied; the value of their literary and scientific contents, already greater, is in rapid and continual increase; and our language being of twofold origin—Latin and Teutonic—French serves admirably to illustrate the former part, and German the latter; while their unlikeness to each other prevents confusion in the learner's mind.

But the argument is by no means exhausted here. Various as are the contrivances and helps in teaching languages, it may be said that there are two chief methods—one by dictionary and grammar, as Latin and Greek are usually taught; the other by oral communication, somewhat as the child learns its own language, the voice being encouraged to imitate and repeat the sounds which the ear receives, and the mind gradually apprehending their meaning more and more fully as experience extends or limits their use. It may not be desirable that either method should wholly supersede the other in the learning of a foreign language; and probably

the best course is a judicious blending of the two in varying proportions, according to the circumstances of the case. But there can be no doubt which is the more suitable for the young. Accordingly, the experiment has sometimes been made, and with great success, as in the case of Montaigne, to teach a child Latin by surrounding it with attendants who could speak that language. But this method, which will be admitted to be commonly impracticable with Greek or Latin, is much more easily realized in the case of French or German; the correct pronunciation and the free use of which in speech could be acquired (up to the measure of his growth) from his teacher, at an age much earlier than that at which any use of dictionary or grammar would be beneficial, if possible. At a much more advanced stage, the pupil would be well prepared to enter on the study first of Latin, and afterwards of Greek, in the teaching of which the former method, or that least suited to the young, can solely, or almost solely, be employed.

Again, every teacher, especially of the younger divisions of a "classical" school, knows well that not the least of his difficulties is to meet the ever-recurring question—"What is the use of all this Latin?"—a question which, even if the pupil seldom ventures to propose it openly, is, nevertheless, ever present to his mind; and so long as it is unanswered (and answered it never can be to his satisfaction), checks all effort, and makes him an unwilling learner. Nor is it to the dull, but rather to the acute and inquiring pupil, that this *cui bono*\* difficulty chiefly presents itself. The incorrigibly stupid boy, or the boy hopelessly confused, to whom (in the phrase of Mr. Dickens) "whether twenty Romuluses make one Remus; hic, hæc, hoc, is troy weight; or three times four is Taurus, a bull, are open questions," may plod on doggedly through the mist—"no questions asked;" but the intelligent boy, who likes to know "the why and the wherefore" of everything he does, seeks vainly to be enlightened on this head. Hence in great measure the need for violent artificial incentives, and for degrading punishment in schools. In the case of the modern languages, however, no such doubt or misgiving is likely to occur; if it do, it is easily dispelled, and a cordial co-operation takes the place of a reluctant or unsteady obedience—

\* Not unresisting when that cursed Greek  
Asks so much time for words that none will  
speak."

\* The phrase *cui bono*, which properly means, for whose benefit (V. Cicero, Pro Milone, c. 12), is so universally used to mean for what benefit, that we suppose we may follow the crowd.

Another argument is suggested by Professor Pillans' own preface to his *Eclogæ Curtiana*, which commences thus:—"The works commonly called the Latin Classics" (and the same remark holds true of the Greek) "were all composed by men, and mainly intended for adults of their own sex. In the literature of ancient Rome, that is now extant, there is nothing which was written expressly for the young—no author, or class of authors, corresponding to our Barbauld, and Edgeworths, and Marceta, who wrote books adapted to the earlier stages of the human understanding, with the view of assisting in the development, and directing the application of the youthful faculties. Hence arises the difficulty of finding compositions fit to be read and expounded in beginning a course of classical learning; and hence also the obligation which every conscientious teacher feels himself under of selecting, as far as he can, what may be at once level to the comprehension, and not inconsistent with the purity of the youthful mind." We cannot follow the professor through his amusing exposure of the absurdity and utter unfitness of the compilations, which, under such titles as *Delictus*, *Lectiones*, *Selectæ*, &c., are commonly used in the lower divisions of "classical" schools. While, however, we cordially concur with him in the severity of those strictures, we would remark that, in the case of the modern languages, the difficulty is quite of the opposite kind, and arises from the very abundance of excellent juvenile works—books for children, and yet not childish books, from which selections may be made.

Again, much more thorough proficiency is both attainable and desirable in the modern than in the ancient languages; and yet we act as if the reverse were the fact. While the test of knowledge of the modern languages is much more frequent and severe than it can usually be in Greek or Latin, we have far too low an estimate of what constitutes a real acquaintance with them. It is not enough to be able to read ordinary books with tolerable facility, and a vague notion of their meaning, or to carry on fragmentary conversations about the weather, or the dishes at a dinner-table. Fluency both in writing and speaking on subjects grave and various; a full appreciation of the genius and idiosyncrasy of the language, as well as accuracy in its details; an extensive knowledge of its literature; a feeling of being at home in it, if we may so speak,—are acquirements which, while they richly repay the labour that they cost, are unattainable except by long years of study and continuous practice. The spasmodic efforts of a few months, under strong pressure, may do much; but it is by steady



moderate exertion, year after year, that we best become familiar with a language. Without any painful sense of drudgery, it grows gradually upon us, and becomes "part and parcel" of our mental being. With a language, as with a friend, intimacy is eminently the work of time. Do freedom and skill in the use of our own knowledge "come by nature," or are they "the gift of fortune"? From the earliest to the latest year of the school-course, there is need, as well as room, for progressive exercise in modern tongues. It is scarcely desirable, besides, that French and German, however dissimilar, should, any more than Latin and Greek, be commenced precisely at the same time; and this fact is an additional reason why the language, whichever it may be, that is first begun, should be begun early. Still further, though we have spoken solely of French and German, far be it from us to exclude from a later period of the school-course Italian, or any other language that may be thought important or practicable.

It is often said, however, that the thorough grammatical "drilling" in Latin and Greek to which a boy is subjected in the early years of his school-course—the parsing of words, the analysis of the construction of sentences, the comparison of idioms and methods of expression—form an unequalled mental training, and that not merely as a preparation for the more advanced study of the "classic" authors, but wholly apart from any subsequent practical application. In reply, we would ask,—1st, Is not an equally thorough "drilling" possible in French and German? 2d, If possible, would it not be productive of equally good results? To these questions we have never seen or heard any negative reply which was not opposed alike to reason and to fact, so far as experience has been attainable in this matter. We do not hesitate to affirm that, in so far as thorough "drilling" in all the departments of grammar tends to sharpen the faculties, to fix the attention, to strengthen the memory, or to produce any other intellectual advantage, the result would follow equally, *in equally able hands*, whether the subject-language be French or Latin, Greek or German. We wish our limits would enable us to quote at length an admirable passage, in which Professor Pillans dwells on the kind and amount of mental exercise afforded by the analysis of one of Livy's sentences, so long, so complicated, and involved (page 50). We admit all that he affirms; but we would observe that it applies solely to the later stages of the school-course, in which alone such an exercise is practicable, and from which we do not wish to have it banished. Besides, if the genius of our own language forbids constructions so involved

and inverted (though the analysis, grammatical and logical, in truth the same, of English sentences, affords an exercise, alas! too much neglected), themes not dissimilar, if less difficult, may be found, if not in French, at least in German. So is it with all the other advantages which the professor proceeds to enumerate in evidence of the utility of "classic" studies: "The allusions to manners, customs, laws; institutions, civil, military, and religious; geographical allusions; the fitting of the several parts into a whole, and connecting the several links in the chain of ideas, whether the work under examination be that of an orator, a poet, or a historian; the comparison of parallel passages either from the same writer or from other writers of the same or of different age, country, or language; written exercises, abstracts, and translations; excursions into the field of general criticism." All this is within the means, nay the duty, of every teacher, be the language of his textbook ancient or modern. A teacher who deserves the name is not like the *cicerone* of an old castle or cathedral, who can tell his story only in one order, and who, if interrupted by a question, must return to the beginning of his droning task; he must be able to turn his knowledge many ways, throw it on the instant into very various shapes, combine and illustrate and enforce it with all but endless diversity of association. Such a teacher (though he may not adopt to the letter Jacotot's third principle, *Tout est en tout*, or believe that all possible knowledge may be educed from the *Telemaque* of Fenelon) will not confine himself to the language which is his main subject, ancient or modern; but suiting his lessons to the stage of his pupils' progress, and to the time at his disposal, will point attention to the facts of other languages, and by these illustrate his teaching in the way whether of difference or of resemblance. It is natural that men who have devoted their lives to the study and the teaching of one subject, and who have long been accustomed to view all things in relation to it, should have acquired great facility and dexterity in associating with it all sorts of knowledge. But they err, and the error is honourable to their modesty in ascribing to the subject much that is really due to themselves. Given an Arnold or a Pillans (the magnitude of the postulate does not affect the conditions of the question), it is of quite secondary importance what language they make the basis of their teaching. Whether it be Greek or German, French or Latin, English or Italian, such men will not fail to edify and delight their pupils with the same clearness in explaining, the same skill in combining and grouping, the same felicity in

illustration. As teachers, however, of the most advanced classes, we would rather widen than change their sphere. The ancient classics would not be worse but better taught in the highest forms, did the pupil receive a more general culture in his early course; and, were even a larger part of the elementary teaching of the "classics" left to those masters who are qualified to conduct the highest, it would be largely to the pupils' gain.

It is often said, however, and here we quote the Rev. Sidney Smith, that "the two ancient languages are, as mere inventions, as pieces of mechanism, incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe: their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, majesty, and harmony of its compounds, and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them, merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous."\* We are disposed as little to admit this sweeping declaration of the inferiority of the modern European languages, as to demur to the praise here bestowed on Greek. But were it just, it has no real bearing on the question now before us, which involves precedence, not exclusion. It may be our misfortune that the languages most important for us to learn are not so beautiful as some others; but we must accept the fact, if such it be. If the ancient languages surpass the modern in beauty—and surely it will not be denied by any that the modern have points of superiority as well as of inferiority—by all means let the superiority be indicated by comparative notices during the study of the modern languages themselves, and by a more thorough study of the ancient at a later time. From such comparisons, on whichever side lies the superiority, only good can result.

We have sought in vain through these lectures for a single sentence on the school claims of the modern languages in comparison with the ancient, though we find many paragraphs in which we might read "French and

\* But Southey, who was a better judge of both ancient and modern languages than the Rev. S. Smith, says: "They may talk as they will of the dead languages; our auxiliary verbs give us a power which the ancients, with all their varieties of mood and inflections of tenses, never could attain. 'It must be written in a book,' said I, encouraged by her manner (she had previously said *ought*). 'The mood was the same, the tense was the same; but the gradation of meaning was marked in a way which a Greek or Latin grammarian might have envied as well as admired.'"—"The Doctor," c. 7. "Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

German" for "Greek and Latin," without any further change being needed. We turn, then, to "Four Lectures on the Advantages of a Classical Education, as an Auxiliary to a Commercial Education," by the Rev. Joseph Angus, which a few years ago gained one of the Beaufoys prizes for the best set of lectures on the subject. Of the four lectures, exactly seven lines are devoted to this question. We may, therefore, transcribe the whole passage without serious encroachment on our space:—"Modern languages are too like our own in their characteristic features to call forth and exercise the faculties in the same way; while the fact that the classical languages are now unchangeable, that they contain enough for the purpose, and not too much, point them out as most suitable for thus disciplining and strengthening the mind of our youth" (Lect. iii., p. 42.) We have already noticed sufficiently the consideration of unlikeness; and without arguing as to the exact comparative degree of likeness or unlikeness, we content ourselves with affirming that French and German are so far unlike our language and each other as to furnish abundant matter of comparative illustration. There are innumerable points of difference on which to fasten useful and miscellaneous philological disquisitions. The assertion that "the classical languages contain enough for the purpose and not too much" (especially if we connect it with the former that they differ more from our language than do the modern), is one with which we confess our inability to grapple. What is the precise limit between enough and too much? How is it proved or proveable that "the classical languages" contain just enough, while the modern languages contain too much? If it be not meant that the modern languages contain too much, what is it to the question between them and the ancient, that the latter contain just enough? But the argument of *unchangeableness* is so common a fallacy that it merits a brief notice. It is a mere truism to affirm that the "classic" tongues are "now," that is, henceforward, unchangeable, while the modern tongues are liable to future change; but changes which have not yet occurred are clearly no more to us than changes which never can occur. A language at any given point of its history is just as much fixed as the "classic" tongues are now, that is, as they were when they ceased to be spoken.\* Our own language, for example, is to us at this moment some-

\* We must crave the forgiveness of Professor Blackie for so far yielding to custom as to speak of Greek as a *dead* language. He says: "This vulgar notion, like many others, has grown out of pedantic prejudice, and is supported by sheer ignorance;" and again—"The present practice of teaching Greek in our schools and colleges altogether as a

thing equally fixed, whether it shall be exactly the same, or widely different a century hence. On the other hand, the "classic" tongues, no more than any modern language, are free from the changes which time has wrought in everything human. Is there no change in the Latin tongue perceptible in Tacitus or Juvenal as compared with Ennius or Plautus? Is the difference much less than that between Chaucer and Cowper? If there be still a classic standard of good Latinity among scholars, so that they can at once distinguish an archaism or a neologism, is there not a similar standard of good "classic" English, or French, or German, at any point of those nations' progress, for example, at this day? Have our educated neighbours across the Channel any difficulty in determining that such or such a phrase which an Englishman may use "is not French," though with their characteristic politeness they may soften down the correction by adding, "but it deserves to be?" If it be said that the travels of at least the young pupil are confined within the middle zone of "classic" or Augustan Latin, and that he has little concern with the barbarisms of an earlier, or the corruptions of a later, age; so is it precisely with every modern tongue, especially at school. We read Goldsmith, not Gower; Fenelon, not even Montaigne; Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," not the "Lay of the Niebelungen." Besides, there are other changes than those which time introduces. Place, also, has its influence, combined with time, or apart; and when we think of Greek with its Æolic, Doric, Ionic, and Attic dialects, all of which, and especially the latter two, require the careful attention of even the youthful scholar, we can scarcely escape the conclusion that *unchangeableness*, in any practical sense, is not one of the recommendations of the "classic" tongues.

Now that we have stated at some length our reasons for demanding in favour of modern languages precedence over the ancient in the school course, we may consider the obstacles to the recognition of their claims to a position superior, or even equal, to that now held by the ancient. First and chief comes the organization of our "classical" seminaries, which is, with rare exception, based on a quite exorbitant estimate of the value of "classical" compared with all other

dead language, can be regarded only as a great scholastic mistake; and it may be confidently affirmed by any person who has reflected on the method of nature in teaching languages, that more Greek will be learned by three months' well-directed study at Athens, where it is spoken, than by three years' devotion to the language under the influence of our common scholastic and academic appliances in this country.—Pp. 71 & 81, "The Pronunciation of Greek." 1852.

instruction. We have already spoken of the "subordination" theory; let us see how it works in practice. Not long ago, we heard a zealous and high-minded teacher, a man of considerable intelligence as well as scholarship, the head master of a classical school of some repute, maintain that two-thirds of the school-time must be devoted to the "classical" department of the course. Let us see what this arrangement involves: we do not think the case at all exceptional. Admitting that ancient geography and history, with Greek and Roman antiquities, come strictly within the "classical" department, let us ask what branches remain which either come, or ought to come, within the programme of every good school:—1, English Language and Literature; 2, Modern History; 3, Modern Geography (if the last two subjects be said to form part of the "classical" teaching, we ask, 1st, by what right are they to be "credited" to "classics?" 2nd, why should the modern be taught as an adjunct to the ancient, and not *versa vice*, as Dr. Parr says the phrase should be?) 4, French; 5, German; 6, Writing; 7, Arithmetic; 8, Geometry; 9, Algebra (not to name any other than those three divisions of the wide range of mathematics); 10, Natural History; 11, Elements of Physical Science (though this subject, too, might fairly be subdivided; think of Chemistry alone!); 12, Human Physiology (a subject so important as to merit separate mention); 13, Social Economy (which, like human physiology, is now taught most efficiently in the Birkbeck schools in and near London, and which cannot much longer be neglected in any); 14, The Elements of Mental Philosophy; 15, Vocal Music; 16, Drawing.\* In this list, which we do not offer as in any sense complete, there appears no subject either unimportant or unfit for the study of the youth of our upper and middle classes; few which are not fast being introduced into the schools for the children of the lower classes; none which, for one or other reason,

\* We have recently observed in the journals an advertisement for a teacher of drawing, in the High School of Edinburgh—an innovation due, no doubt, to the rector, Dr. Schmitz, whose eminence as a classical scholar is not his sole claim to respect. But the lessons will, of course, be given out of school hours; the class will, of course, be optional, and at an extra charge; and, of course, it will not succeed. It will probably share the fate of the lectures on physical science, which were introduced into that seminary on the school-holiday, some years ago, and which were speedily abandoned by the projectors, but previously by the pupils. It avails little, we think, that some half-dozen boys learn drawing within, instead of without, the walls of the school. What is wanted is, that all the pupils should learn, as a regular part of their school course, as in many schools that we know. Still, we suppose, a beginning must be made.

does not deserve attention as much as "classics" themselves. Yet all these subjects are left to struggle and scramble for the crumbs of time which may fall from the "classic" table. Every day adds to the store of things to be known, and to the necessity for knowing them; every day renders time more valuable, as the field of labour widens; but time must be saved from anything but "classics;" they at least have none to spare. Have they not already given up a third of their right? They will not listen to further proposals of "short-time." But, reduce the list as we may, we still ask, if two-thirds of the whole school-time be necessary to impart a satisfactory training in Latin and Greek, how is it possible that French and German can be satisfactorily learned in we know not what fraction of a third of the time, and that, be it added, during only a portion of the school-period? Surely, surely, if too much time be not devoted to the ancient tongues, too little is reserved for the modern, especially if we remember what has been already said as to the more perfect mastery of them, which is both attainable and needful to be attained, as well as the greater length of time which is accordingly required. In point of fact, never have we seen a "classical" school in whose upper forms (we speak of the most advanced boys who are too often taken by "a discerning public" as samples of their whole class) the knowledge of either tongue was not widely disproportionate to the extent and accuracy of attainment in Greek and Latin. A minute acquaintance with the subtle distinctions of the one has ever contrasted painfully with a confused and blundering superficiality in the other, except, indeed, where little real progress has been made in either. Be the teacher's talent and industry what they may—even if the principal do not sneer (and we have known such a case), but cordially encourage—so long as the most prominent place, the longest time, and the highest rewards (the "scholarship prizes," as they are sometimes called) are assigned to the ancient tongues, it is impossible that the modern can secure from the pupils the respect and studious attention which are indispensable for their acquisition. The undue exaltation of the one involves the undue depression of the other. In some schools, again, modern languages, instead of being regarded as a constituent portion of the course, are made optional and "extras," as it is called, in time and in charge. We have heard of one such school, numbering some four hundred boys, in which there were four students of German, or exactly one per cent.

But it is said, and we quote, in substance, the same authority to which we have just

referred, that "education consists of two parts—instruction and training; it being the office of the former to impart knowledge, and of the latter to impart mental discipline. It is only the latter that in strictness deserves the name of education; and while all other subjects—a slight exception being made in favour of mathematics" (though the very title might suggest a more liberal and Platonic estimate)\*—"belong to the instructional division, it is the classical course alone which ranks as educational. Both must, doubtless, be carried on side by side; but still a decided predominance must be awarded to the latter." It seems to us that this is a mischievous perversion of a distinction which, in itself, has been long and universally admitted to be just. In the *first* place, it is, in truth, a theoretical distinction, and one which regards the *ends* and the *method* much more than the *means* of education. A subject may be studied either for its practical uses, or as a discipline; but every subject or set of subjects brings, in one or other direction, in greater or less degree, its advantage as an exercise of mind. Is the study of arithmetic, for example, when properly taught, less a mental exercise in its peculiar way because its lessons are of practical service in daily life? Is utility sufficient to exclude a subject from the category of "educational" influences? This were an error akin to that of ancient political and economic writers who made productive industry the doom of the slave, idleness the honourable badge of the free man. Let us take a case. A merchant ought, on one hand, to discharge his business duties, and, on the other, to preserve his health by bodily exercise. But, if his business itself require him to walk ten or twelve miles a day, is he to be told that this walking cannot be counted as exercise, and that he must walk other ten or twelve miles for the sake of exercise, and for that alone? We declare our inability to see wherein this supposed case differs from the theory which would range on one side the practically useful, and on the other the educational, and build high and broad between them a partition wall.

But, in the *second* place,—granting that subjects differ greatly in the degree, as well as in the kind of their educational influence,

\* "Doctors differ." Dr. Whewell says: "No education can be considered as liberal which does not cultivate the *faculty of reason* and the *faculty of language*, one of which is cultivated by the study of *mathematics*, and the other by the study of the *classics*. To allow the student to omit one of these is to leave him half educated."—"Principles of English University Education." Here *reason* is affirmed to be cultivated, not by classics, but by mathematics.

that that subject is entitled to the highest place which exercises in the best way the greatest number of our mental powers, and that neither physical science, nor, as Professor Pillans tells us, mathematics can claim to take the lead, from want of power equally to develop and harmoniously to combine the majority of our faculties of mind, while yet some one subject *must* predominate,—we most strenuously contend that it is not to the “classics,” that is to the languages and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, but to language and literature at large that this predominance is justly due. This, it seems to us, is the true answer to the question which the professor raises; this is the true solution of the difficulty—on the “predominance” theory—to which we before adverted. A part has been too long allowed to usurp the rank and the honour due only to the whole. In the infancy of modern literatures all literature was represented, and nobly too, by the ancient classics; the one was co-extensive—nay, identical with the other, but now the position is widely changed; the relative proportions of the ancient and the modern literatures are precisely reversed; still the ancient asserts its old prerogative; it would “lay its ineffectual finger on the spoke of time;” it refuses to believe that the child has grown into a man.\* “In the hopeful meantime” (to use a phrase of Mr. Dickens), the native tongue is neglected, the fellow-tongues of Europe are but superficially taught, and at odds and ends of time. Far be it from us to divorce the new from the old; we would give to each a place, gladly acknowledging that each is beautiful in its season. To exclude either, is to condemn the higher study of literature to partiality and incompleteness; still, each must take place according to its relative importance, that being determined by the widest comparison of things, not as they were three, four, or even a hundred years ago, but as they are now. If comparison must be instituted, we maintain that there is no advantage, *intellectual, moral, or æsthetic*, that the study of the ancient languages can confer, which may not to an almost if not strictly equal degree, be derived from the

\* If it be allowed to enliven a serious subject by a humorous illustration, we may say that the position of the ancient towards the modern languages, reminds us forcibly of an anecdote told by the late Principal Baird, of the Assembly Schools in the Highlands of Scotland. Old and young were gathered together—alike in ignorance and in desire to learn, however unlike in years. On one of his visits, the principal observing a little boy crying at the foot of the class, asked him what was the matter. He replied, in a voice broken by sobs, “I have trappit (corrected) my grannie (grandmother), and she winna (will not) let me up;” i.e., take her place!

study of the modern, while the modern yield peculiar advantages, to which the ancient can make no claim.

To what we have already said of the *intellectual* advantages alleged to follow from the usual course of “classical” instruction, we have nothing to add.

We pass hastily over the *moral* aspect of the question. Not that we deem it of light importance, but the subject is too extensive for full discussion here, and we have no wish to echo the outcry which has been raised against the “classics” on this ground. Suffice it to say, that whatever lessons of virtue and of nobleness an earnest and a discerning teacher may draw from the precepts of ancient literature, or from the examples of ancient history,—and they are not few,—not even equality to the modern in this respect can possibly be claimed. Were it otherwise, Christianity would indeed have done little for the world. On the other hand, while the moral harvest of antiquity is scantier, and too often of a coarser grain, the tares are more abundant. A stricter selection and a care more anxious are, therefore, needful; for the mental torpor, which is a sevenfold shield against good, is a poor protection against evil; and what teacher, who cares for the heart and the soul, as well as the head of his pupils, has not been dismayed to mark with how prompt avidity precocious vice seizes on what is congenial to itself!

We have already said somewhat of the comparative excellence of the ancient and of the modern literature, from an *æsthetic* point of view. But the question must be narrowed and looked at in relation to the youthful mind, as well as in connexion with prevailing practice. It can scarcely be denied that the modern literature contains more than the ancient of what is at once beautiful, and level to the comprehension, and apt to the sympathies of youth. The reading of the ancient classics is, accordingly, best deferred to an age later than that at which works of equal merit in modern languages can be read with profit and enjoyment. The reading of any books before the taste is sufficiently developed for their just appreciation can serve only to make the subject tedious, the pupil dull and apathetic. “Persons,” says Professor Blackie, “are often sent to study the classical languages, and to read the works of the highest classics, at an age when it is impossible even for clever boys—not to mention the slow majority—to read them with intelligence and sympathy.”\* We have too much respect for Homer, and Virgil, and Horace,

\* On the “Studying and Teaching of Languages.”

to believe that an immature mind can appreciate their excellence.\* Neither do we think that early and engrossing study of the rudiments of Latin and Greek tends to make the mind either early or healthfully mature. Whatever else the system may do it does not quicken appreciation, or develop taste. If men of poetic genius, like Scott, and Byron, and Lamartine, have recorded their inability in after life to divest the ancient classics of the associations of ennui, satiety, and disgust caused by their premature study, can it reasonably be hoped, that boys of mere ordinary capacity will be more successful? The perception of beauty is quenched in the stupor of irksome drudgery; and like Tarpeia beneath the bracelets of the Roman soldiery, even talent is crushed under a mass of ornament and wealth, of which it feels only the weight. To school-boys it is the sting, and not the honey, that proclaims the Attic bee!

But the exaggerated estimate of "classics," which now prevails, is not the sole obstacle in the way, though to that every other may ultimately be traced back. Not to speak of the pride, the self-interest, the indolence, the force of habit, the general *vis inertiae* which resist all innovation, and which unconsciously do good service to some extent, by preventing ill considered change, no slight difficulty is the present want of teachers qualified as they ought to be. The practice of long years has raised up hundreds, perhaps thousands, of respectable "classical" teachers; while in this country no *body* of well qualified teachers of the modern languages as yet exist. The demand, however, would very soon create the supply; and should the English people once begin to think that a ballad of Schiller, or a tragedy of Racine, may furnish to a wise teacher as good a text for exposition, and critical disquisition, and for every kind of collateral information, as an ode of Horace, or a comedy of Terence, teachers would, doubtless, be found with the knowledge and skill required. We have the high authority of Dr. Arnold in favour of teaching French and German in schools by means of the ordinary school teachers;† and though we

\* „If the dead have any cognizance of posthumous fame, one would think it must abate somewhat of the pleasure with which Virgil and Ovid regard their earthly immortality, when they see to what base purposes their productions are applied. That their verses should be administered to boys in regular doses, as lessons or impositions, and some dim conception of their meaning whipt into the tail when it has failed to penetrate the head, cannot be just the sort of homage to their genius which they anticipated, or desired.”—Southey. "The Doctor." p. i. c. 13.

† For his doubts and difficulties on this subject, however, see "Life," c. iii. p. 107. Note. Edition in one volume. 1846.

cannot here go into details of school-management, we may briefly hint that regular lessons from natives of France and Germany, to as great an extent as are anywhere given now, might be advantageously superadded to the ordinary class-teaching, so that pronunciation, or rather accent, as well as grammatical structure, might receive due attention. In France, after the year 1855, a thorough knowledge of German and English will be imperatively required in every teacher of a certain grade.\* Have we not in this country Germans, who are principals of school, who, in mastery of English, in both writing and speech, and skill in teaching English, may bear comparison with Englishmen themselves? In this case, as in most others, "where there's a will, there's a way."

A question of great practical importance still remains. Can the "classics" be taught efficiently, if delayed to a later period of the school-course, precedence being given to the modern languages? We do not hesitate to reply, that the efficiency would be increased not diminished, by the delay. It is, doubtless, a paradox to contend that the time may be abridged, and yet the result not lessened, but augmented; but every one knows how much more can be effected by the well-directed energy of a day, especially when the mind is somewhat mature, than by the half-hearted dawdling of a week, especially in earlier and more careless life. If this seem to any inconsistent with what we have before said about long time being required for attaining perfect familiarity with a modern language, let them remember what we have also said first about the greater fitness of modern languages for early study, and secondly, about the quite different manner and kind of proficiency which, in a modern language, is both to be desired and to be obtained. We do not conceal our conviction, that even in the higher teaching of "classics" in school, there must be a wiser direction of the pupils' energies than now prevails; that, for example the painful composition of Latin and Greek verses (such as they are) ought to be wholly left to college; and that the same thing holds true, to a less extent, of even prose composition, the time thus saved being much

\* So loathsome is the mass of moral putridity which now floats on the stagnant surface of French politics, that it is cheering to see any sign of educational progress. We are patriotic enough to believe that a more general knowledge of the English language, and, through that, of the English literature, history, and constitution, might have saved that great nation from much past suffering and present humiliation. Be that as it may, nations seem to us more likely to realize unity, as well as progress, by the study of each other's languages, than by their common study of any one, and that an ancient language.

more profitably employed in a more extended, but not less careful, study of the "classic" authors. But on the whole, it is not the higher "classic" teaching that ought to be curtailed; it is the rudimental drudgery that ought to be abridged and condensed by better methods, and above all by waiting nature's time. It is the early age at which "classical" studies are begun, that—rendering the work at once tedious and unprofitable—necessitates so terrible an expenditure of time, and prevents their successful prosecution. Difficulties which are now surmounted, if at all, with infinite labour and many tears; details which are now mastered, if at all, by children who can have so little comprehension of their meaning and purpose, and so little motive to mental effort, would afford only an easy and a pleasant exercise to minds more mature and better prepared.

The "classics" have been too long worshipped as an Ortygian goddess, at whose shrine boys must be whipped that they may learn fortitude and patience. Difficulty is still too much wilfully preserved, as if there were any real danger of difficulties running short, after we have done all that can be done to facilitate the pupil's progress. "Can aversion be the parent of memory—impediment of perfection?" "Where," as it has been pertinently asked, "is the love of difficulty to end? Why not leave a boy to compose his own dictionary and grammar? Are there difficulties enough in the old way of learning languages? Would it be better if the difficulties were doubled, and thirty years given to languages instead of fifteen?"\* The prejudice against labour-saving, or rather labour-shifting, methods in instruction, is akin to that against machinery in manufactures. We do not find that human labour is superseded; it is only better directed; men work as hard as ever—only they produce ten times more. We would advocate no dispensing with the pupil's own exertion, and no cramming at the expense of digestion. But, surely, there never can be any lack of exercises well fitted at once to increase his knowledge, and to brace his mental sinews, by labour suited to his strength. If his work be easier, he must work the more. So far as our own observation has gone, we can confidently affirm that a youth of average ability, previously well trained, with faculties whetted not blunted, by the knowledge he has acquired, and especially if he be familiar with one or two modern languages besides his own with their principles as well as practice, will, from the age of fourteen, or say thirteen, to that of sixteen, learn more of "classics"

better and more easily, than another can between the years of eight and fourteen,—wanting, as he must do, the necessary preparation and maturity of mind. We know that we are not alone in this conviction; and that it is shared by not a few "classical" teachers, who yet strive faithfully to make the best of the present system. Let us hear the evidence borne before a Committee of the House of Commons, by the late Dr. J. H. Jerrard, formerly classical lecturer at the University of Cambridge, since principal of Bristol College, and more recently classical examiner in the London University,—surely no mean authority. We regret that the whole passage is too long for quotation here.

"I am strongly opposed," he says, "to what I conceive to be a most false application of a true principle—namely, making children learn Latin at a very early period of life, particularly in the way in which it is ordinarily taught, through the medium of technical grammar. This, instead of naturally and healthfully exercising the verbal memory of a child, tends to overload it with a weight of barbarous terms, all explanations of which imply a power of abstraction quite beyond his years. . . . Many persons, who have proved themselves to be possessed of great abilities, have informed me that they looked back actually with horror at the intellectual drudgery of their early school-boy days; and that they imbibed at that time a disgust of all knowledge, which they afterwards found it very hard to get over, in consequence of being forced to work at what they could not comprehend. . . My experience at Bristol College has convinced me, that *even looking no further than to the mere acquisition of the learned languages*, that object may best be attained by deferring the commencement of them till at least ten years of age. Such of my pupils as had not begun till then, have almost uniformly overtaken, or even passed, at fourteen or fifteen, those who had started at seven. I must say, that in fixing upon ten as the earliest age at which they can commence with us, I am by no means convinced in my own mind that it is best for them to begin so young; but I have drawn the line there, in order to meet, as far as I could, the popular prejudice upon this subject. Judging from several instances which have come under my own observation, *I am strongly inclined to believe that twelve, or even fourteen, would be a better period for commencing Latin.*"\*

No other explanation do we need of the sad disproportion, even where no incompetency on the teacher's part can be alleged,

\* A similar opinion was expressed before the same committee by Mr. James Simpson, whose writings, and still more whose lectures, have greatly helped to diffuse rational notions, and to awaken interest in education. See his "Philosophy of Education." With his views regarding the living languages, however, we regret that, for reasons that need not be here repeated, we cannot quite concur.—Even since this note was written, Mr. Simpson has ceased from his labours! "*Sublatum ex oculis querimus invidi!*"

\* Rev. Sidney Smith, "Edinburgh Review," 1826.

between the time consumed and the result accomplished, in the early school-years. But, if the result be unsatisfactory as regards those who prolong their school studies sufficiently to enter on the perusal of the higher authors, and to obtain a glimpse, however faint, of the purpose and the reward of their previous toils, how fares it with those

“Quos

Abstulit atra (?) dies, et munere mersit acerbo,”

with the great majority who are removed early from school to enter on the serious business of life, or to begin an arduous process of strictly professional training. Four or five of the most precious years of life—those years on the use of which turn mainly the future character and destiny—have been spent chiefly in declining, and conjugating, and parsing, and scanning, and translating into very meagre English a little Latin, and less Greek. The pupil,—we should say the successful pupil,—has accumulated a considerable store of “vocables:” \* he can defy reproach as to his genders, numbers, and cases, tenses and moods; he is expert in distinguishing *cado* from *cædo*, *cecidi* from *cecid*, *quæror* from *queror*: immaculate in the quantities of Latin syllables and the Latin rules therefore; impeccable in the augments and reduplications of the Greek verb; and he moves serenely amidst the most anomalous inflexions. We will not deny that all this “drilling” has its modicum of use, though we repeat that we cannot see why a like drilling in French or German should not be equally productive; but are we to be seriously told that, even if “classical” studies go no further, and the whole be forgotten of what has so laboriously been acquired—this is an adequate preparation,—we will not say for the duties of life, but for the training of mind and heart which is to form the future man, and to fit for those various duties? Knickerbocker tells of a man who, having resolved to leap over a hill, took a race of three miles to gain impetus for the leap; but who, being quite exhausted by this preliminary exertion, on arriving at the foot of the hill sat down to rest, and afterwards walked over it quietly at his leisure. But he did walk over it. To make the story quite applicable to this case, he ought not to have walked either over it, or even round it, but have gone off abruptly to right or left. We would avoid unfairness. Let us not leave out of sight the lessons in

writing, in arithmetic, in geometry or algebra, in history or geography, modern or ancient, that may have been given in the intervals of time. But how much more, and how many greater things have been omitted? English has been left almost to chance; the modern languages, if even begun, have been most imperfectly learned; drawing and vocal music wholly neglected; the physical sciences, whether of observation or experiment, are quite unknown; the mind is a blank on subjects so important as the structure of the human body, the nature and action of the mental powers, and the laws of social economy, which, it has been practically proved, have as much interest for the young as they have value throughout life; though many (so thick is our darkness) will not be able to suppress a smile at the bare notion of such things being taught at school.\* Still more, the faculties neither of observation, nor of reflection, nor of taste, have been quickened and strengthened by their appropriate exercise. The instruction would almost seem to have been arranged so as to touch, at the fewest possible points, the great circle of human life and duty. It is often said that still a foundation has been laid; but it is a foundation not adapted in either extent, or form, or materials, to the proposed superstructure. And, in the case to which we now especially refer, “it is a foundation,” to quote the Rev. Sidney Smith, “so far above ground,

\* The classification of sciences with a view to education, is no easy task. We subjoin two recent attempts, either of which has its own merit, though they differ so widely:—“He (man) would look round him upon the world without, and the thought would arise in his mind—‘Where am I?’ He would contemplate himself, his form so curious, his feelings so strange and various; he would ask—‘What am I?’ Then reflection would begin to stir within him, and reviewing the world without and within, and pondering upon the mystery of existence, he would exclaim—‘Why am I?’ And the replies to these three questions compose the entire circle of human knowledge, developed in its natural order.”—“The Advocate, his Training,” &c. By W. Cox. vol. i. 1852. “The topics usually embraced in the better class of primary schools may be reduced to four: First, the knowledge and application of signs, which includes the capacity of reading, writing, and spelling correctly, and of indicating numbers by their proper symbols; secondly, the knowledge of facts, under which may be included geography and astronomy, natural history, and the history of mankind, particularly in our own country; thirdly, the knowledge of abstract relations, and of fixed or arbitrary laws, to which we may refer the principal points in the science of mathematics and of grammar. And lastly, the inculcation of sentiment, which embraces reading (in the higher sense), poetry, music, together with moral and religious education.”—General Report of Mr. Morell, one of Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools for 1848–9. Vol. ii. p. 467. The whole passage, in its connexion, is much too valuable to deserve a grave in “a blue book.”

\* We observe that the professor apologises for the use of this word, as not being found in Johnson’s Dictionary, or acknowledged south of the Tweed. It is in Walker’s Dictionary, however, if not in Johnson’s. It occurs several times in Southey’s “Doctor.”



that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it.\* Time, which is the wealth of the young, has been exhausted in building the substructions. We do not, however, expect those of but moderate means to live in the unfinished, unroofed ground-floor of a stately palace, but in houses suited to their means, weather-tight and comfortable, and not without their fitting ornament. And so the classes for whom a few years' schooling is the utmost they can attain, ought not to be deluded and mocked with the rudiments of "classical" instruction, which they can never carry onward to utility and enjoyment, but to acquire a solid groundwork of practical, useful knowledge, a work quite compatible (as, we trust, has been abundantly shown) with the development of refined taste and feeling.

The evil is beginning to be acknowledged; or rather, the difficulty of maintaining the system intact is beginning to be felt; and various modifications have been suggested. In some schools, two divisions—a classical and a practical, commonly called the "commercial"—have been instituted from the first stage, and maintained throughout; one school being thus, in fact, made into two, which coincide, perhaps, in a few points. It is not necessary that we should dwell on the defects of this plan, which is, indeed, a virtual abandonment of the whole "classical" ground in the case of all but those who have some special reason for "classical" study. It leaves the "classical" student where he was; it cuts off the "commercial" from "classics" altogether; and it deprives both of the advantage of a joint training. In other schools, after all the pupils have been subjected, for a certain number of years, to the "classical" routine, a division is made between those who wish to carry on further their "classical" studies, and those who wish to confine their attention to the scientific or commercial branches of the course, the previous training being thus, in the case of the pupils of the second division, as we believe, virtually thrown away. It is the obstinate adherence to the practice of beginning the "classical" instruction so early which gives form to both those sorts of schools. In the former, it is this supposed necessity for an early commencement that separates, throughout the whole course, those who do learn from classics from those who do not; in the latter, it is this that inflicts on one half of the school (probably more) the serious loss of much of their early training, the seed having been sown, though the harvest is never to be reaped. If "classics" were delayed entirely to the more advanced school-stage, the pupils would be taught together,

\* "Edinburgh Review," 1809.

in their earlier years, all those subjects which are of common importance to all, whatever be their destination in life: the structure and literature of their own language, its sources and history, with continual *practice* in English composition; the French and German languages, with abundant exercise in both writing, speaking, and *hearing*, as well as reading; the various branches of mathematics; the elements of physical science,—in short, all the subjects which are now taught in any—or which ought to be taught in every—respectable school. Every pupil would thus, even in the earlier portion of the school-course, receive a valuable mental training, and make substantial acquisitions, which he could turn to account alike in the further prosecution of his studies in any direction, or in the business of the world, should necessity unfortunately require his premature removal from school. An elementary knowledge of the natural sciences renders every field-walk profitable as well as pleasant, and "the snowball gathers as it rolls." In their knowledge of modern tongues, especially, all would have acquired an instrument of ever fresh attainment, from literature current as well as past, and from association with living men. The interesting and truly valuable, but less useful and important, study of the ancient languages and literatures would be reserved for those who should have the blessed privilege of a prolongation of their school-course. Our complaint was twofold; that the "classics" were taught too early and too indiscriminately. By the same simple means both objections are removed. The postponement of "classical" studies would virtually settle the question—who ought to learn "classics." The answer is: those whose means enable, or whose prospects require, them to remain at school during the later years of the course. All would learn together, or alike, the things needful for all; the favoured minority alone would learn later those things needful, useful, or possible, for them alone. In this way, if fewer persons were taught the elements of "classics," more would learn their use; if fewer learned the letter, more would imbibe the spirit. In this

\* One of the leading Manchester journals, in a recent article on the Owen's College, recently founded in that city, says of the accomplished principal, Mr. Scott: "His prelections on comparative grammar and English literature are most valuable, and ought to be attended by those who desire to know something of the structure and history of their own language, and to be able to write a letter with more accuracy than is displayed by not a few whose worldly position is evidently higher than their educational attainments." Surely this is not the summit of Manchester literary ambition! Is this the business of a college, or of a primary school?

way, those who should still learn classics, would have the immense advantage of not having sacrificed, for their sake, things much more important, while those who should not, might well congratulate themselves on having acquired much valuable knowledge, and excellent mental training to boot, in exchange for a pittance of Latin and Greek, fast forgotten, and, to them, almost useless while remembered. Nor is this plan the less worthy of consideration because it would powerfully tend to promote, in the earlier course, a greater mingling of ranks than is now possible in schools, public or private,—and without sacrificing the interest of any to that of others, nay, to the great and mutual benefit of all.

The "favoured minority," however, of which we have spoken, would not be small. All destined to "the three learned professions," as they are called, would learn "classics" as now. To these would be added all, we trust, who aim at the fourth learned profession (may the presumption be forgiven!)—the *educational*. For we would fain hope that ere long teaching will be regarded as a distinct profession, second in dignity to none; and that, as we have now teachers for the lower classes well trained and specially trained, we shall bye-and-bye have well and specially trained teachers for the middle and upper classes also. Teaching will not always be a sort of house of refuge for the incompetent or unfortunate of other callings, or a preserve for the priesthood, callow or full-fledged. The "stickit minister" will not always be the stick-like dominie; nor will successful teachers always look forward to deaneries or bishoprics as their fit reward. The school must cease to be a hall of waiting for expectant parsons, or a workshop for piecing out a scant clerical income. As the Archbishop of Canterbury is no longer chancellor of the exchequer, so teaching and preaching (with its allied duties) must, some time or other, take separate courses, each having its separate honours, as well as duties and qualifications, and each claiming for itself the undivided devotion of a life. The editorial profession, too, may not impossibly come to be regarded as a worthy aim for a noble ambition, and as deserving, for its own sake, the highest literary, if not scientific, training. There is, further, a class, ever, we trust, increasing in this country, of youth, whose parents are rich enough to be able to afford, and enlightened enough to desire, for their sons, the richest mental culture, not instead of, but supplementary to, the solid, practical, and sensibly useful knowledge which, as the first necessity, all men ought undoubtedly to possess. To sum up all in the words of Professor Pillans:—

"Though the number of persons subjected to this higher species of discipline be comparatively limited, yet in that small part of the whole mass of the population are contained the surest hopes of the nation—the true aristocracy of every civilized community. It is the fund upon which the country must draw for its legislators, its divines, its public teachers, its physicians, its gentry, its nobility. They constitute that least numerous, but most influential class of persons, who impress their character on the age they live in, of whom what is called good society is composed, and on whom the community at large depends both for embellishment and for impulse."—(Lect. i. p. 13.)

And here we take our leave of the professor and his book. It has been our endeavour to make known to our readers the value of the work, even while we contest some of its positions. Between the professor and us, we are inclined to think, that the difference of opinion is really less than it appears. Not many persons are better qualified than he to appreciate the literary value of modern languages; and no one has exposed more boldly the abuses and short comings of our "classical" schools. We may wish that his pleading for the "classics" had been less special; but we admit absolutely most of what he urges in their favour, though our admiration is probably more temperate, and, practically, much less exclusive. If it be true, as we have been told, that when asked sometimes what he taught in his class, he would, after mentioning various subjects, add, by way of supplement—"and a little Latin," it is not surprising that we decline to ascribe the whole, or the main efficacy of his teaching, to the "little Latin," to which, as to a nucleus, it was attached. Besides, as it is of the higher classes in school that he has chiefly spoken, and as we have declared our reluctance to deprive those classes of the benefits of "classical" instruction, the question is reduced to this very narrow compass—how, on the whole, can those benefits best be realized? In this controversy, the warmest admirer of the "classics" may side with us. But, in any case, if we accept the professor's concluding simile, and grant that "classical" learning is in education the "*Corinthian capital*," or "*graceful shaft*," he must not blame us if we reject its claim to be regarded also as the *base*.

We can now touch but lightly some considerations with which we would conclude. In very many of the schools for the children of the lower classes, such an amount and such a variety of knowledge are now communicated, with such an admirable discipline of the understanding, of the powers whether of observing or of reasoning, as well as of the taste for what is beautiful in literature and art, that the middle and upper classes must

take serious heed lest their sons be sadly beaten in the educational and social race. It would be indeed a national calamity, if those who should be the leaders of social progress were dwindling into literary *dilettanti*, while sound knowledge, clear and vigorous thought, and practical sagacity, were left the exclusive portion of the comparatively poor. Yet we must confess it is in this direction that our thoughts tend when we compare our "higher" with our "lower" schools. We rejoice in progress, wherever it may be made; and most where it is most needed. But greater advantages bring greater responsibilities; and here, it seems to us, it is the owner of the one talent that puts it out to usury, and converts it into ten; it is the owner of the five talents that wraps them in a napkin, and buries them in the ground.

Woman's education, again, is fast ceasing to be the tawdry, flimsy, superficial thing it once was. Our young ladies' schools now embrace so many subjects which were heretofore confined to boys, and are producing results so excellent in the way of solid acquirement, without any sacrifice of "accomplishment," which used to be their staple, that here, too, comparison with our boys' "classical" schools is not often or much to the advantage of the latter. Superiority in "classical" attainment will be but a poor compensation for inferiority in most beside; and even this distinction future years may do much to lessen.

From both those sorts of school our upper-schools for boys are slowly borrowing. Some subjects are now being gradually introduced which formerly were confined to schools for the gentler sex,—for example, vocal music and drawing; or which have too long been almost abandoned to lower schools for boys, such as physical science, and especially, perhaps, natural history. A greater saving of time is thus more than ever necessary. Without this, a mere extension of the school programme can do little good, but much harm. It may unsettle and cripple what exists, without any equivalent gain from what is new. The multiplication of subjects to be taught, without a proportionate redistribution of all the school hours, can only bewilder the pupil, and retard, if not prevent, his progress in any one direction. Look at the case, then, from what point and in what light we may, we come ever to the same result; the necessity of a wiser arrangement of our "classical" studies in upper schools, in order, were there no other reason, to effect the quite indispensable economy of time. On the one side, the physical sciences, and on the other the modern languages, have their several wedges inserted into the "classical system." Both must

be driven home. Of the former, we say nothing here. Their claim to a higher place in the schools of this country has found an advocacy alike energetic and judicious. It is the latter with which we are here concerned. Their claims can be treated only in one or other of three ways:—1st, As is usually done, they may be postponed till near the completion of the "classical" course; 2nd, As is now sometimes done, they may be taught more or less simultaneously with the "classics," the latter however being always begun from the very first moment of the school-course. Strict simultaneousness may be said to be impossible. As it is undesirable to begin two languages together, *e. g.*, Latin and Greek, it is more so to begin three by adding French, still more to begin four by adding German to the former three; 3rd, As we recommend, they may take precedence of classics, be carried on throughout the whole duration of the school-course, while classics are wholly deferred to its more advanced stage. We need not recur to the reasons already given against the first and second, and in favour of the third of those solutions. We have said enough, we trust, to enable the candid and impartial to judge for themselves.

We have hinted that such a change as is here proposed would not be unacceptable to many teachers, to whose ability the present system owes much of what vitality it has. In public schools, however, teachers are bound by the law, and long established practice, of their foundation; in private schools, teachers must sail with the stream of general opinion and habit. Teachers of the former class grow tired (no wonder) of ineffectual attempts to change what defies their efforts, and sink down into a round of routine labour. Teachers of the latter class cannot afford to try experiments, which might be ruinous, and let well alone. Home prejudices are too strong. If the gifted Thomas cannot decline *penna*, a feather (or *pen*, as the grammars wrongly call it), while the neighbouring and less gifted Walter, who attends some other school, can blunder his way through Virgil, with the fond mamma or proud papa of Master Thomas no amount of solid acquirement will weigh against this *ignotum pro magifico*: they cannot, and they will not wait. From teachers of neither kind do we expect any speedy or effectual reform. Even if they are wholly averse to change, they are less to be blamed than pitied. They are themselves the victims of the system which it is their doom to carry on. Nor is it surprising that they estimate too highly what alone they know. So excellent is knowledge of every kind, that in general it is only what a man does not possess that he is likely to despise. With

what he does possess, the danger is quite the other way. Here were a cause well worthy of the interposition of the merchants and manufacturers of our large towns whose interest it surely is to have a truly liberal education provided for their sons. But, alas! many have but a low notion of what constitutes education. With many, reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and book-keeping, form an ample *quadrivium*. "With these," it is sometimes said, "I have made my way in the world, and so must my son. He has, besides, my capital to back him. Bookish tastes only spoil a man for business." Others copy their "superiors," and, "regardless of expense," resolve that their sons also "shall have Latin and Greek, too, with the best." Ignorant contempt, and ignorant admiration, of the classics are alike to be deplored. Others, again, not without some countervailing disadvantages, send their sons to Germany in search of advantages too rarely to be found here. But by too many parents of every kind the age of fourteen is regarded as the very latest age at which "business" ought to be commenced. An error not more common than pernicious! It is not a little strange that proprietary schools should have so generally copied the very errors which they were, in some measure, established to remove. Minor improvements they may have; but too often their leading aim is identical with that of the older foundations, with which they carry on a rivalry that ought from the outset to have been resolutely declined. Their masters must, of course, be graduates of one, or other university; and they, also of course, can teach only what they know. Still, common sense must work its way amidst all the quackery, and conventionalism, and cant, of our British education. Light is breaking in. There will be a time, doubtless, of patching, and mending, and putting new wine into old bottles, preliminary to the inevitable change. "Classical" schools will be made to move on, though it be with their face turned, not eagerly forward to the future, but regretfully backward to the past.\* Come the ultimate solution how and when it may, we feel assured that our prevailing system of "classical" instruction is doomed, and cannot, in its integrity, much longer be upheld.

\* Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton represents Frank Hazledean as "cursing his Eton education that had neglected, for languages spoken by the dead, of which he had learned little, those still in use among the living, of which he had learned naught." "My Novel," vol. iii. p. 137. The prizes given by Prince Albert for proficiency in the modern languages have since, we believe, not been without effect at Eton.

ART. VI.—GERMAN MYSTICISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*Angelus Silesius, eine literar-historische Untersuchung.* Von Dr. August Kahlert. (Angelus Silesius, an historico-literary Inquiry.) Breslau. 1853.

IN the earlier half of the seventeenth century, Silesia was, above all other districts, the seat of polemical warfare. The religion of that period generally was not distinguished by a predominance of Christian love, and a pretty good stock of theological hatred might have been gleaned anywhere. But Silesia had the peculiar facility for keeping up religious discord, that the discordant parties were packed close together, so that difference necessarily implied collision. Comparing small things with great—that is to say, the intolerance of the nineteenth century with that of the seventeenth—the contentions of Silesia, compared with those of the rest of Europe, were as the squabbles of a country town compared with the varieties of a large metropolis.

In the first place, there was the good substantial hatred between Catholic and Protestant to begin with. Upon this was raised a superstructure of detestation, no less intense between the followers of Luther and those of the Swiss reformers. In our degenerate, unwarlike age, the followers of a Calvinistic preacher look up to Luther as their proper patriarch; the great doctrine of "salvation by faith alone" is the common tie which unites "Evangelicals" in general against Papists, Unitarians, and *high-and-dry* moral-discourse men of the Church of England. But it was not so in the seventeenth century. Then the distinctions, now called trivial, between the Lutherans and the Calvinists were such as to cause important political difficulties. Nor was the difference merely doctrinal. The Lutherans were the most *respectable* party among the Anti-catholic Germans. They alone had been recognized when the religious troubles of Germany in the reign of Charles V. were settled by the Treaty of Passau in 1552, so that while they were admitted to the same privileges, civil and religious, as their Catholic fellow-citizens, all other sects were excluded. Thus in the period which followed the Treaty of Passau and preceded the Thirty Years' War, the Augsburg Confession, which embodied the Lutheran belief, stood as a kind of second-class orthodoxy, with all the respectability of state-sanction. That this respectability now degenerated into dryness and empty formalism, was a phenomenon by no means peculiar to the Lutheran Church in particular.

In this state of things the Calvinists of Silesia formed the undermost party. They were the heterodox, the followers of new-fangled notions, the shakers of quiet belief, who from some inscrutable design of Providence were numerous and active notwithstanding. They were not satisfied with disbelieving the doctrine of "Consubstantiation" in private, but they tried to propagate their disbelief with the most provoking assiduity. It was of little moment that a man dared not openly profess his adhesion to Calvinistic tenets, when every opportunity was taken to smuggle heresy even into the city schools in the shape of school-books. And this was done under the very nose of a severe censorship. The Catholics had their printing presses, in certain appointed towns, and the Lutherans had theirs in other towns, and each of them was under the immediate inspection of the chief preacher of the spot, who exercised his office with all vigilance. In putting down Calvinism they could both unite, and doubtless many a worthy Silesian citizen, in the year 1600, thought that if people were but satisfied with the Catechism of Trent and the Augsburg Confession, without inquiring further, the perfection of theological comfort would be obtained.

There is always in Protestantism a section which is determined to stop, and a section which is determined to move on. The Catholic Church, which denies the right of private judgment, enjoys at any rate the possibility of a perpetual peace;—but Protestantism, which was based on the admission of the right of private judgment, always has an element of restlessness in its very bosom. There will ever be a party blessed with worldly opulence, and so immersed in the affairs of practical life, as to have little leisure for philosophical inquiry, who will like to see theology in a settled state, and there will always be a party, with whom love of truth, zeal for inquiry, or religious fervour, outweighs every other consideration. With a Protestant of the former class, "private judgment" is a mere unexercised privilege, to be compared with the vote of a freeholder who is too lazy to go to the polling-booth; while with a Protestant of the latter class, private conviction, whether it agrees or not with the establishment of which he is a member, will be essential to his very existence. As soon as the convictions of such a man no longer harmonize with those of a constituted sect, a certain uneasiness arises, which it is very difficult to overcome, consistently with the principles of Protestantism. The Catholic, from the summit of the only "true Church," looks down exultingly on a phe-

nomenon of this kind, and tells the would-be-quiet Protestant that such aberrations are the inevitable consequences of admitting that fruitful source of heresy—the right of private judgment. The quiet Protestant—good man!—scarcely knows what to think of it. He is sure that his erring brother is going too far, and yet he does not exactly know how to stop him. He would fain believe that the mischief arises only from a private "want of judgment," but perhaps the wanderer argues too well to favour this supposition. One resource is still left—dropping all reasoning about the subject, he can still hate heartily—and, avoiding subtle distinctions, sum up all the causes of his disapproval, in the one word "Socinian," or "Neologist,"—words, which uttered under such circumstances, are by no means required to bear a precise signification.

At the particular period and place, which we have now more immediately in view, the hard word used to embrace heresy in general seems to have been "Calvinism." Yes, we grieve to record it, the most orthodox and rigid of Protestant sects, so famed for the acuteness with which it detects and the severity with which it judges the slightest deviation from the narrow Augustinian path, once had the mortification of seeing its awful name bestowed on all those—(we quote Dr. Kalbert's words)—"who pursued every independent inquiry into the nature of the Christian religion, or only endeavoured to examine anew, or to put a new interpretation on certain propositions of the Ausburg Confession." This is a large category, large enough to comprise every sort and shade of abomination, and in the present case it included the members of that invincible sect, which identifying itself with no church or country, springs up in the bosom of every church and every country, and the members of which are sometimes worshipped as saints, sometimes burned as unbelievers. To every visible church the Mystics—for they constitute the sect to which we refer—are a perpetual puzzle. The peculiarity which is common to them all—whether they be Catholic or Protestant—nay, whether they be Christian or Mahometan—is the result of an extremely religious temperament, and yet no sooner does it find a voice, than it lays itself open to a charge of infidelity, if not of Atheism. When Dr. Henry More attacked the famous German Theosophist Jacob Böhme (or, as he was improperly called, "Behmen"), he gave him the name of the fanatic Atheist.

The friends and adherents of Jacob Böhme were among the Silesian mystics. There

are, doubtless, very few of our readers who have not heard the name of Jacob *Behmen*, and, doubtless, also very few who know anything of him beyond his name. Reverenced by a party of religious enthusiasts in the seventeenth century, he was treated as an absurd maniac in the eighteenth by the cold theologians of the Mosheim school, though he still had a select body of admirers even in our own country, at the head of whom may be placed the estimable William Law. The more modern German philosophers have dug him out of the dust which had collected over him, and he now holds a respectable rank, not only as a religious enthusiast, but as a speculative thinker of boldness and originality.

William Law's English edition of Jacob Böhme, in four volumes quarto, with curious plates which open backwards and forwards, being constructed precisely like the tricks of a pantomime, and show the mystical doctrine of regeneration by an ingenious sort of hocus-pocus, is, at first sight, a very attractive book to those who love oddity for oddity's sake. To the generality of English readers, however, the good old theosophist does not improve on closer acquaintance. The pictures, which are not by him, but are peculiar to the English edition, are far more intelligible than the text which they illustrate, while the hardness of the text frequently seems to rise not so much from theological profundity as from a want of coherence in the author, and still more from a strange admixture of alchemy and Cabalism. When passages of the following kind are not uncommon, a work is not pleasant reading:—

“Understand rightly the manner of the existence of the *Mercurius*. The word MER is first, the strong, tart, harsh attraction; for in that word (or syllable *mer*) expressed by the tongue, you understand that it jars from the harshness, and you understand also that the bitter sting is in it; for the word MER is harsh and trembling, and every word is formed from its power or virtue, and expresses whatever the power or virtue does or suffers. You may understand that the word (or syllable) CU signifies the willing or unquietness of the sting, which makes that the harshness is not at peace, but heaves and rises up; for that syllable thrusts itself forthwith the virtue (or breath) from the heart or out of the mouth, &c., &c.”—*The Three Principles*.

We are in no want of materials to construct a satisfactory and tolerably intelligible account of Böhme's views in considerable detail, but such an attempt would be far from our present purpose. We will, however, quote his account of his own enlightenment,

since this is a good illustration of mysticism in general:—

“I never desired to know anything of the divine mystery, much less understood I the way to seek and find it. I knew nothing of it, as it is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself therein from the wrathful anger of God and the violent assaults of the devil. And I besought the Lord earnestly for his holy spirit and his grace, that he would be pleased to bless and guide me in him, and take that away from me which turned me from him; and I resigned myself wholly to him, that I might not live to my own will, but his, and that he only might lead and direct me, to the end I might be his child in his son Jesus. In this my earnest Christian seeking and desire (wherein I suffered many a shrewd repulse, but at last resolved rather to put myself in hazard than give over and leave off) the gate was opened to me, that in one quarter of an hour I saw and heard more than if I had been many years together at a university, at which I exceedingly admired, and thereupon turned my praise to God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all Beings, the Byss\* and the Abyss, and the eternal generation of the Holy Trinity, the Descent and Original of the world, and of all creation through the Divine Wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely, the divine, angelical, and paradisaical; and the dark world, the original of the nature to the fire; and then, thirdly, the external and visible world, being a procreative or external birth from both the internal and spiritual worlds. And I saw and knew the whole uniting essence in the evil and the good, and the original and existence of each of them; and likewise how the fruitful bearing womb of eternity brought forth. So that I did not only greatly wonder at it, but did also exceedingly rejoice.”

With Jacob Böhme himself that immediate communication with the Deity, which is the grand foundation of all mysticism, was always accompanied by a reference to positive Christianity. The early part of the above quotation, for instance, might almost have been written by John Bunyan; and it is not till he states the nature of his revelation that a specific difference between him and any other saint is manifest.

But while Jacob Böhme was a positive Christian, at least in his language, there are passages to prove that he did not at heart sympathise strongly with any existing sect. Though he was, at least in his youth, a regular church-goer, he was soon persecuted as a heretic by the Lutheran clergy; and there is a sentence in his writings which is to the effect, that a Christian *may* indeed go to

\* This odd word is formed from the Greek *βυθος*, employed in a similar sense by the Valentinian Gnostics.

church, but should take care not to identify himself with the particular tenets.

And herein lies the danger of mysticism to every religious establishment. The religion of the mystic consists in his immediate communication with God, who is to him either a source of science, as to Jacob Böhme, or merely of a moral change, as in the Spanish monk, Michael de Molinos, the originator of the Quietists several years afterwards; and this communication with the Deity being established, the value of ecclesiastical forms, and of the historical part of religion, becomes exceedingly doubtful. It is not by an adherence to a prescribed ceremonial, or by a belief in an historical event, that the mystic attains his state of beatitude, but by the negation of his own individuality, and his absorption into the Deity. The fact that he thinks with his heart, not with his head, chiefly distinguishes him from the disciple of Spinoza. The Spinozist, by a series of deductions in geometrical form, arrives at the conclusion, that there is only one substance; the mystic, in an ecstasy of seraphic love, merges all specific difference in the essence of his Deity. Leibnitz clearly saw the affinity, when he said in his "Considerations sur la Doctrine d'un Esprit Universel :"—

"Many persons have believed, and believe to this day, that there is only one spirit which is universal, and which animates all the universe and all its parts, each according to its own peculiar structure and organization, just as the same blast of air produces different sounds from the various pipes of an organ. Spinoza, who only admits a single substance, is not far removed from the doctrine of a sole universal spirit, and it seems that Molinos, and some other modern Quietists, as well as a certain author, named J. Angelus Silesius, who wrote before Molinos, and whose works have been lately reprinted, have embraced this opinion of the Sabbath, or repose of souls in God."

That this sort of non-sectarian religion should have found a fruitful soil in Silesia was natural enough. Not only was the commanding genius and alluring eccentricity of the inspired shoemaker, Jacob Böhme, sufficient to produce a large number of disciples, but the contest between religious sects is, to some minds, such a revolting spectacle, that they readily flee to an internal peace to escape the storm without. A dry thinker, who does not sympathize with any one of the contending parties, may look down upon the strife with self-satisfied contempt; but the man in whom the religious sentiment exists as an essential element of his nature cannot be contented with cold scepticism, and to such a man mysticism offers a refuge, appealing as it does to religious fervour, and deny-

ing or ignoring religious differences. Silesia, the great land of theosophy, was the birth-place of Angelus Silesius—a poet who may be called the Martial of mysticism.

According to the narrative which Dr. Kahlert, of Breslau, has compiled with great diligence and acumen, John Scheffler was born at Breslau, in the year 1624. His father, who was a Polish refugee, was a member of the Lutheran church, and he himself was educated at the Elizabeth Gynnasium, where he gave early indications of practical talent. His school-fellow, Andreas Scultetus (properly Schultz), whose name is still respected by the students of that not very inviting branch of literature—the German poetry of the Opitz-period—rushed early into print; but Scheffler, as if to give an earnest of his internal tendency, contented himself with manuscript, shewing his productions to a chosen few. In 1643, he was matriculated as a student in the university of Strasburg; and in 1647, the acute investigator of his biography may find him at Amsterdam, though why he went thither is not so clear. Important, nevertheless, is the fact that, while at Leyden, he was on terms of close intimacy with good Abraham von Franckenberg, a Silesian patron of mysticism, who, shunning controversial theology, loved mathematics, and medicine, and physical science, (such as it was,) and, above all, loved the writings of Jacob Böhme, with whom he had the honour to become acquainted in 1624 (the year of the sage's death), and a copy of whose works he took to Amsterdam. The Amsterdam edition of Böhme's works, it should be known, is the *editio princeps*, to which other editions are referred; and this is prefaced by a biography, written by this same Abraham von Franckenberg.

The zealous Abraham was, evidently, a sort of rallying point to the holders of strange doctrines in Holland; and we may fancy that he held *réunions* something like those which the famous French mystic, Anne Bourignon, held long afterwards. Students of the Cabala, Millenarians—in fact, every one who believed in something not to be found in the creed of the majority, found favour in his eyes, though he was little esteemed among the orthodox. As for his own creed, it seems to have been contained in those famous lines which his departed teacher, Böhme, once wrote in an album :—

"Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit,  
Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,  
Der ist befreit in allem Streit."

A maxim thus translated by some English mystic, perhaps Law himself :—

"Whose Time and Ever are all one,  
His soul's at rest, his warfare's done."

Nor could a better mystical motto be devised. Here is the sinking of the definite into the indefinite strongly recommended, and the freedom from all contest at full is the reward. In fact, with the jingle of the German words—that jingle which Martin Luther would like—it is, in its way, a little gem; and if Jacob Böhme had always expressed himself with equal clearness, his works would have been more attractive.

That these famous lines were well known to John Scheffler there is no doubt; for when Franckenberg died, in 1652, he wrote a poem, which is given entire in Dr. Kahlert's biography, and the four concluding lines of which are almost a paraphrase of Böhme's motto.

"Who takes time without time, and sorrow without sorrow,  
To-day as yesterday, and as to-day to-morrow.  
Who values all alike, while yet in time shall be  
A dweller in the state of blest eternity."

Dr. Kahlert calls attention to the fact that, in this poem, which is full of religious fervour, there is not a single allusion to positive Christianity, but that the sole themes are the love of God, and the contempt for worldly possessions.

Before the death of Franckenberg both he and his friend Scheffler had returned to their own Silesia, the latter having, in the meanwhile, graduated as a doctor of medicine at Padua, and obtained the post of court physician to Sylvius Nimrod, Duke of Wurtemberg, who had recently acquired, by marriage, the principality of Oels. This new prince of Oels was a fine specimen of a "serious" Lutheran of the day. He founded a pietistical order, the members of which were bound to abstain from dancing, banqueting, gaming, &c., and gave it the imposing title of the "Order of the Death's head," said title being selected for the purpose of edifying mankind by keeping a perpetual "memento mori" before them. The "Calvinist" Scheffler (in the broad sense of the word) had no great chance of a peaceful life at the severe Lutheran court; he only held his office for three years, and, in 1653, we find him turning Roman Catholic. The cause of this step seems to be veiled in the same mystery as that of his previous journey to Holland. We can say, however, at any rate, that when he did become a Catholic, there was no mistake about his calling. Violent as a polemic writer, he drew upon him the violence of the Protestants, and the remainder of his life was passed, more or less, in a squabble.

The controversies of Scheffler, the polemic

divine, we do not intend to follow. Our business on this occasion is merely with Scheffler the mystical poet,—or, as he called himself, "Angelus Silesius,"—nay, merely with one of his books, the "Cherubinischer Wandersmann," for though he wrote several other religious works, it is this which gives him that distinctive character which makes him the spiritual kinsman of Böhme and Molinos. We have already styled him the "Martial of the mystics." The "Cherubinischer Wandersmann" is, in fact, a collection of theosophic epigrams, to which, probably, no precise parallel could be found in the compass of literature. Religious poems were pre-eminently abundant in Germany at the time he wrote; indeed, a survey of the German poetry at the time of the Thirty Years' War would almost induce one to think that fighting and psalm-singing were the two chief pursuits of life throughout the entire country. Epigrams, too, spiced with worldly wisdom, were also in vernacular existence. But the combination of the theological with the epigrammatic seems to have been peculiar to Angelus, and another mystical Silesian (cited by Dr. Kahlert), named Czepeko, and to have answered its purpose exceedingly well; for while the extreme brevity of Scheffler's enunciations of doctrine appealed with an irresistible charm to short memories; there was something in the jingling Alexandrine, then prevalent in Germany, and akin to the old "Nibelungenlied" measure, which pleasantly tickled the ear. The epigrams were, to be sure, 1500 in number, but then a single epigram was rarely above two lines long, and as they were for the most part pregnant with meaning, he who committed one to memory before breakfast, had matter for reflection to last him all the day long.

We cannot fall into raptures about the poetical merit of the "Cherubic Wanderer," which, in spite of the evident facility with which Angelus wrote verse, we might often rank with that of such inspired strains as—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise;"

but, as an exposition of mysticism, in the purest sense of the word, we do not know where we should find a better book. We do not mean that Angelus was not a poet,—on the contrary, he has left a song about the spring which might worthily find a place in any anthology, and even in these epigrams there is often a fervour which shows the possibility, if not the fact, of a poetical source. But when a man is labouring to set forth his paradoxical views, and to combine contending attributes, we must not be surprised if the



use occasionally puts on a hard countenance. Scheffler, who writes in verse, has evidently less flow about him than Böhme, who wrote in prose. Diffuseness was no bug-bear to honest Jacob, but he dashed on whithersoever his exuberant fancy, or his biblical reminiscences, or his alchemical erudition, or his big thoughts might lead him, little caring for the comfort of the reader who was to follow him in his eccentricities. Angelus, on the other hand, was much more cognate to Spinoza. His creed was mystical, but he wished at once to express it with geometrical precision and epigrammatic point. There is not an axiom in Spinoza's first book of ethics, that Angelus Silesius could not have converted into a distich, without any detriment to its perspicuity.

Through this combination of thoroughly mystical views with remarkable clearness of expression, the "Cherubic Wanderer" will always command a certain amount of attractiveness, while more ponderous enthusiasts repose on the book-shelves. Angelus is one of the very few cotemporaries of Opitz who still have a living value, and certainly his short, vigorous aphorisms, stand out in singular contrast amid the flatness and dulness with which they are surrounded. His name, and even his peculiarities were, as we have seen, familiar to Leibnitz, and though he was almost forgotten in the pre-revolutionary part of the eighteenth century—that era of prosaic rationalism—he has since found admirers in the most distant regions of literature. Hegel and Frederic Schlegel both united in admiring the old Silesian poet, and Arthur Schopenhauer, who respects little that is European in religion, devoutly quotes the old-fashioned epigrams of the "Cherubic Wanderer" as oracles of theological truth.

Dr. Kahlert has done much towards the appreciation of Angelus Silesius, by selecting and arranging such of the epigrams as give the most definite notion of the author's views. For clear as the little poems are in themselves, their order, as they stand in the "Cherubic Wanderer," is the reverse of systematic; they seem, indeed, to have been written down at isolated moments of reflection, and to have been retained in their usual places, having neither the sequence resulting from continuous thought, nor that which is produced by careful re-arrangement.

When these epigrams are properly digested, it is easy to extract from them a complete enchiridion of mystical theology. In the first place, the deity of Angelus Silesius is that absolute being with contrary attributes, which may, with almost equal propriety, be called an absolute nothing,—that residuum which is found when every distinctive quality is abstracted, and which is the profound ob-

ject of adoration among so many oriental races.

"God never yet has been, nor will he ever be,  
But still before the world, and after it is He."

"No work is done by God, and no repose he  
knows,  
His rest his labour is, his labour his repose."

"Lovest thou *something*, man, so is thy love as  
naught,  
God is not this, or that—let *something* be un-  
sought."\*

"What God is, no one knows; nor spirit nor  
light is He,  
Nor happiness, nor One, nor e'en Divinity.  
Nor mind, love, goodness, will, nor intellect all-  
seeing,  
Nor thing, nor naught, nor soul, nor yet essential  
being,  
He is what I and thou, may vainly strive to learn,  
Until to Gods like him, we worldly creatures  
turn."

The world itself is eternal, according to Scheffler's view, and it is only the particular modifications of it that are transient. It is, moreover, undefined, and hence it is absurd to confine it within geometrical limits:—

"As little as by thee, the world of God is found,  
So little is the world, as thou believest, round."

"Eternity and time—time and eternity  
Are in themselves alike—their difference lies in  
thee."

"'Tis thou thyself mak'st time—the clockwork is  
thy sense,  
If thou but stopp'st the spring, the time will  
vanish hence."

"You think the world will fade? The world will  
not decay,  
The darkness of the world alone is swept away."

Here we are plainly in the region of the old Eleatics. Abstract Being is the only real entity, and all else is but a changeable illusion. Probably Scheffler himself, taught in theological schools, had assumed at once that God is one thing and the world another; but the reader of Spinoza will perceive at a glance, that the two batches of epigrams cited above, treat both of the same one substance, to which we may indifferently give the name of God and the world. So certain is it that that attempt to flee from the

\* The original will show that this strange distich is correctly translated:—

"Mensch so du etwas liebst, so liebst du nichts  
fürwahr,  
Gott ist nicht diess und dass, drum lass das  
Etwas gar."

worldly, which marks the saintly character, has a tendency to identify itself with Pantheism.

The perfection of man, in Scheffler's system, is to become one with the Deity, as he hints in the longest of the epigrams we have quoted. As an earthly individual, man is simply contemptible, and he is to strive not to be a better man, but actually to become a god. Nor is this a mere unattainable goal held up to stimulate to spiritual exertion, but it lies within the human capacity.

"Nay, what dost thou desire, when all depends on thee,  
Thou canst both heaven and hell, nay, countless angels be."

Indeed, it is nothing but a man's own self that hinders him from soaring into absolute divinity.

"The world contains thee not—the world itself art thou,  
Which in and through thyself so firmly binds thee now."

As for salvation being obtained by a belief in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, as an historical event, Angelus Silesius repels the idea almost with indignation:—

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem is born,  
But not in thee thyself,—thy soul will be forlorn."

"The cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,  
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Nay, more than this, he does not even attach pre-eminent importance to the crucifixion itself:—

"Think'st thou that God first died upon the cross?—not so,  
He let himself be slain in Abel long ago."

This sort of doctrine must have been a grievous offence to the Lutherans of Scheffler's day, with whom a dry admission of certain doctrinal and historical propositions was the *ne plus ultra* of orthodoxy. He admits that the death of Christ worked out the salvation of man, but it is not so easy to see how this accords with the rest of the system. At all events, the crucifixion does not accomplish much, unless the believer also raises himself into a state of divine contemplation, and abjures all selfish interest in the transient things of the world. Startling as Scheffler's epigrams may appear, the exaltation of the doctrine of regeneration above the necessity for historical belief was the grand

bond of union between the mystics of all ages. It is in the negation of self that regeneration consists, or, as Spinoza might say, the negation of the accident and the acknowledgment of the substance alone.

As a pendant to the above-cited epigrams of Angelus Silesius, we may give an extract from the work of another student of Böhme, the Rev. William Law, for a more perfect identity of doctrine (setting aside the last epigram) cannot be conceived:—

"There is and can be but one true religion for the fallen soul, and that is the dying to self, to nature, and to creature, and a turning with all the will, the desire, the delight of the soul to God. Sacrifices, oblations, prayers, praises, rites and ceremonies, without this are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals . . . nay, zeal and constancy, and warmth and fervour in the performance of those religious practices is not the matter, for nature and self-love can do all this. But these religious practices are then only parts of true religion, when they mean nothing, seek nothing, but to keep up a continual dying to self and all worldly things, and turn all the will, desire, and delight of the soul to God alone. Lastly, there is and can be only one salvation for the fallen soul, and that is heaven open again in the soul, by the birth of such a life, light, and spirit as is born in angels. For Adam was created to possess that heaven from which the angels fell; but nothing can enter into heaven but the angelic life, which is born of heaven. The loss of this angelic life was the fall of Adam, or that death which he died on the day he eat of the earthly fruit; therefore, the regeneration or new birth of his first angelic life is the only one salvation of the fallen soul. Ask not, therefore, whether we are saved by faith or works, for we are saved by neither of them. Faith and works are at first only preparatory to the new birth; afterwards they are the genuine fruits and effects of it. But the new birth or life from heaven; the new creature called Christ in us, is the only one salvation of the fallen soul."

Now William Law was a man of indubitable piety—a high churchman, and in these days would probably have been a Puseyite. Still, who does not see in the above extract—which, extract though it be, contains a complete confession of doctrine—the possible destruction of every visible church? The rites and ceremonies are nothing, and the historical facts are nothing, the new birth is everything; nay, though the author professes to set forth the one true religion, the historical Christ is not so much as named, for the "Christ within us" is avowedly no more than the "new creature,"—that is, the soul in its regenerate state. The confession is a broad outline, which may be filled up with the historical figures of any religion you please,—it is as liberal as Pope's Universal Prayer, which is equally applicable to "Jehovah, Jove, or

Lord," but its liberality with regard to the various sects will be rather that of general contempt than of large sympathy.

In some of his aphorisms, Scheffler went so far that he afterwards became frightened at his own utterances; for it should be observed that though the "Cherubic Wanderer" did not make its appearance till after his conversion to Catholicism, it had its origin at different periods of his life, and the first book was clearly written in the days when Böhme stood high in his estimation. The terrible aphorisms are these:

"Not for a moment God could without me endure,

But if I cease to be, then he to cease is sure."\*

"I am as great as God—he is as small as I,  
He cannot o'er me be, nor I beneath him lie."†

"I am as rich as God, there is no grain of dust,  
But (man! believe me well), partake with him  
I must."‡

As a good Catholic, Scheffler writes a weak explanation, saying that these epigrams do not mean this or that—naming the only thing they possibly can mean, but something perfectly harmless. Such explanations are to be ranked with the little protest often appended, by the philosophers in Catholic countries, to the end of their treatises, that if any of the preceding matter is against the principles of the Church, it is to be considered null and void. In the sentences just quoted we can see nothing but mysticism, pushed to its extreme result. After the individual has stripped off all his individuality, what does he contemplate at last but his own consciousness?—a sublime non-entity, with precisely the same attributes, or rather, non-attributes, that have previously been assigned to God and the world. The mystic, in a state of perfection, is his own deity,—so that the deity and his new self are controvertible terms, of which the same things, or nothings, can be predicated. If the epigrams previously quoted referred to the Absolute Substance of Spinoza, the last three obviously belong to the Absolute Ego of Fichte—that is, if we translate the language of mysticism into the language of philosophy. And, as Frederic Schlegel observed long ago,

\* Ich weiss dass ohne mich Gott nicht ein Nun  
kann leben  
Werd ich zu nicht, er muss von Noth den Geist  
aufgeben.

† Ich bin so gross als Gott, er ist als ich so klein  
Er kann nicht über mich—ich unter ihm nicht  
seyn.

‡ Ich bin so reich als Gott, es kann kein Stäublein  
seyn,  
Das ich—Mensch glaube mir—mit Ihm nicht  
hab' gemein.

nothing is more possible than to translate Spinoza into Fichte.

Taking up Scheffler as we have done, as an exponent of the Silesian mysticism of the nineteenth century, we do not, as we have said, follow him through those of his works which are, in this respect, less significant. We would briefly mention that a sort of idyllic epic, illustrating the love of the soul for Christ, and a poem in five books on the awful subjects of death, the last judgment, the damnation of the wicked, and the happiness of the righteous, are among the most celebrated. In them the old spirit of abstract mysticism is completely defunct. The tale of Psyche is meretriciously tricked out with heathen ornaments, after the bad state of the times, and the pains and delights of a future state are depicted in a tone of the vulgarest materialism. When we read of the New Jerusalem such stuff as this—

"The windows are of rock crystal,  
And polish'd very bright,  
The window-frames are silver all,  
Adorned with gems of light;  
The chambers, too, are hung around  
With handsome tapestrie,  
And there are choicest pictures found  
Which do one good to see,"

we can only hold up our hands, and say: "Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!"

There is one subject which we do not dwell upon, and that is, the conversion of Scheffler to the Roman Catholic Church. We have lightly passed it over, because it would lead us beyond our prescribed limits, not because it is foreign to the subject of mysticism. On the contrary, Scheffler, after rejecting Böhme as a teacher, has expressly said that the study of his works was one of the causes of his becoming a Catholic, and during the romantic period of German literature at the beginning of the present century, similar changes were too numerous to be ascribed to individual idiosyncrasy. The transition from the most negative to the most positive of religions, might be flippantly explained by the old adage, which declares that "extremes meet," but we would go deeper to solve the tendency of mysticism, to a union with the "only true Church." At present, wishing, as Coleridge recommends, to leave a sting behind, we would simply call attention to the facts, that the Catholic Church formally recognises an ascetic and contemplative state, which is foreign to the genius of Protestantism, and—what is more important—that it does not refer to an historical event as the means of salvation, but to something which is perpetually present—the Sacrifice of the Mass.

## ART. VII.—THE UNIVERSAL POSTULATE.

1. *The works of Thomas Reid, D. D., with Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations.* By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Mac-lachlan and Stewart. Edinburgh. 1846.
2. *System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.* By John Stuart Mill. Third Edition. London: John W. Parker. 1851.
3. *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences.* By William Whewell, D.D., F.R.S. Two volumes. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
4. *The Works of George Berkeley, D. D., Bishop of Cloyne.* Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M. Two volumes. London: Tegg. 1843.
5. *A Treatise on Human Nature.* By David Hume. Two volumes. London. 1817.
6. *Critic of Pure Reason.* Translated from the Original of Immanuel Kant, by Francis Haywood. Second edition. London: William Pickering. 1848.\*
7. *Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, M.A. Oxford: William Graham. 1851.

HAVE we not cause to think that there exists some unestablished principle of reasoning—some principle which, though instinctively acted upon, is not entered amongst our logical canons? That men should have constructed so many systems of thought which we hold to be irrational, yet cannot satisfactorily refute, is strong ground for suspecting this. The possibility of defending theories so utterly at variance with universal belief as Idealism and Scepticism, and the doctrines of Fichte and Hegel, implies one of two things; either that there is some fundamental flaw in the modes of argument pursued, or that reason necessarily leads to unreasonable conclusions. Can there be any doubt which of these is the more probable? It is much easier to suppose that particular thinkings are incidentally fallacious, than that all thinking is essentially fallacious.

The fact that even in those who draw these incongruous inferences the intellect unceasingly protests against them, would alone be good ground for assuming that its laws have been broken. The "natural propensity," as Hume styles it, to take a realist view of things, is one which no man ever rids himself of by proving Realism logically false. When we remember that in all other cases valid deductions eventually become beliefs—that though erroneous preconceptions may for a time shut the door on them, yet increasing knowledge by and by reverses this proceeding—when we remember this, it seems more likely that the incredible deductions of meta-

physicians should be vicious than that they should form the only exceptions.

Regard the philosopher objectively. It is not clear that the faculties he is now employing in reasoning about consciousness and ideas are the same faculties with which in childhood he drew his simplest inferences? Must not the action of these faculties follow, throughout, the same law? Must not the results of their action be therefore congruous? And when they are not congruous, does not the fact indicate something abnormal—some nonconformity with the laws of their action—some error, as we say?

Indeed, on looking at the matter in the abstract, the logical impossibility of these theories that conflict with universal belief becomes manifest. For clearly, unless we can transcend consciousness, all metaphysics can be nothing but an analysis of our knowledge by means of our knowledge—an inquiry by our intelligence into the decisions of our intelligence. We cannot carry on such an inquiry without taking for granted the trustworthiness of our intelligence. How then can we legitimately end in proving something at variance with our primary beliefs, and so proving our intelligence fundamentally untrustworthy? Intelligence cannot prove its own invalidity, because it must postulate its own validity in doing this.

There seems ample ground, then, for thinking that some logical vice underlies the incredible conclusions which metaphysicians arrive at—a vice manifestly both deep-seated and prevalent; and one that is therefore worth seeking out with wider views than the refutation of the conclusions themselves.

§ 2. Certain, however, as seems the existence of some fallacy, a distinct identification of it has been found by no means easy. Right as Reid may have been in his conviction, he cannot be said to have demonstrated that he was so. His "Inquiry into the Human Mind" contains no disproof of scepticism, but is little more than an elaborate protest against it. Whilst now and again raising the hope that he is about to expose some fundamental error in his opponent's argument, he constantly disappoints by ending with another emphatic condemnation of the conclusion it leads to. "An absurdity too gross to merit confutation"—"palpable absurdities" which "with the adepts pass for profound discoveries"—"to reason against any of these kinds of evidence (of the senses, memory, &c.) is absurd"—such are the expressions with which he commonly winds up a paragraph; expressions that fall harmlessly on the sceptic who admits the seeming ridiculousness of his inferences, but asks how they can be untrue if logically drawn. In his

later work, the "Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man," Reid still beats the air. He continues to assume all that scepticism calls in question. In the chapter on "Principles taken for granted," he says:—"I perceive figure, colour, hardness, softness, motion, resistance, and such like things. But these are qualities, and must necessarily be in something that is figured, coloured, hard or soft, that moves or resists. . . . We do not give the name of mind to thought, reason, or desire; but to that being which thinks, which reasons, which desires." Thus he adopts as premises what Hume rejects as conclusions. He finds no common ground on which he and the doubter alike stand, and standing on which they may try their strength; but having thrown down his gage, he remains outside the lists, and merely hurls at his opponent an occasional sarcasm. Regarded as contributions to psychology, his "Essays" have much merit; but as constituting an answer to scepticism, they have none.

In the Dissertation appended to his edition of Reid's works, Sir William Hamilton places the Common-sense Philosophy on a more satisfactory footing. But though by the systematic coherence he gives to its doctrines, he makes it look more tenable, he does not render it criticism-proof. Unfortunately, some of his main positions are open to objection. Amongst the self-evident propositions with which he sets out, are these.

"Consciousness is to be presumed trustworthy until proved mendacious."

"The mendacity of consciousness is proved, if its data, immediately in themselves, or immediately in their necessary consequences, be shown to stand in mutual contradiction."

Now a sceptic might very properly argue that this test is worthless. For as the steps by which consciousness is to be proved mendacious are themselves states of consciousness, and as they must be assumed trustworthy in the act of proving that consciousness is not so, the process results in assuming the trustworthiness of particular states of consciousness, to prove the mendacity of consciousness in general. Or to apply the test specifically—Let it be shown that two data of consciousness stand in contradiction. Then consciousness is mendacious. But if consciousness is mendacious, then the consciousness of this contradiction is mendacious. Then consciousness is trustworthy. And so on for ever.

Doubtless this merely goes to show that the mendacity of consciousness cannot be proved; and does not therefore diminish its credibility. But it is nevertheless true, that the offer of a valueless guarantee lays open to cavil that which it is put forward to insure.

A much more serious objection, however,

may be raised to the proposition, on which turns the whole defence of Common Sense *versus* Scepticism. Sir William Hamilton says:—"In the act of sensible perception I am conscious of two things;—of *myself* as the *perceiving subject*, and of an external reality in relation to my sense as the *object perceived*. \* \* \* \* each of these is apprehended equally and at once in the *same indivisible energy*;" or as he elsewhere phrases it—"in the same indivisible moment of intuition."

Now this alleged simultaneity in our consciousness of subject and object, on which Sir William Hamilton relies for his proof of Realism, will not only be disputed by many, as not being uniformly confirmed by their experience, but there would be no sufficient warrant for his conclusions, did experience invariably endorse his premiss. At a future stage of the argument, we propose to adduce evidence countenancing the belief, that in the act of perception our consciousness of subject and object is *not* simultaneous; but even were there no such evidence, this *apparent* simultaneity would be inadequate proof of *real* simultaneity.

For it must be remembered, that states of consciousness which originally occurred in distinct succession do by constant association come to follow one another so rapidly as to seem inseparable, and that in virtue of this law we ultimately unite a whole group of perceptions so instantaneously, that they appear as one perception. On looking at a book, we seem to take in all its leading properties "in the same indivisible energy." We cannot detect any lapse of time between our recognition of the book as a whole and our recognition of the parts we see; yet it is universally admitted, that the unseen sides of the book are *inferred* from the seen sides. We cannot detect any lapse of time between our recognition of the solidity of the book and our recognition of its colour and extension: yet it is universally admitted, that the solidity is *inferred* from these. And as all inferred ideas must come after those from which they are inferred, it is clear that we do not recognise the various properties of the book simultaneously, though we seem to do so. Were apparent simultaneity in the acts of consciousness a proof of real simultaneity, nothing would be clearer than that we perceive an object and its distance from us "in the same indivisible moment of intuition;" for it is impossible to distinguish any interval between these perceptions. Yet no fact in psychology is better established than this,—that the perception of a thing's distance is *subsequent* to the perception of the thing itself—is a *deduction* from the mode in which the thing affects

us; and that the apparent simultaneity is in truth a succession too rapid for detection.

Hence, as there is no obvious reason why the apparent simultaneity in our consciousness of subject and object may not be of like nature, the position that subject and object are apprehended "in the same indivisible moment of intuition," cannot be considered unquestionable; and is consequently not a fit basis for a refutation of scepticism. Some other first principle must be found.

§ 3. When we try to reduce the genesis of our knowledge to scientific ordination, and when to this end we search for the fundamental fact—the fact on which all knowledge depends, we meet the difficulty that there are several facts apparently answering to this description. Personal existence, the existence of ideas, of consciousness, of beliefs—these look equally primordial. Each seems to pre-suppose one or more of the others; and yet each in turn may be assigned with some plausibility as the basis of the others. Personal existence may be held the most certain fact of all. Yet it may be argued that personal existence is merely a belief; and that the existence of beliefs is, therefore, more certain than personal existence. To which again there is the reply that a belief implies something believed, and that this something believed must be antecedent to, and more certain than, the belief. All things are resolvable into ideas, is another position for which much may be said. But this position is liable to the criticism that ideas pre-suppose something to take cognizance of them—a consciousness; and that all ideas being states of consciousness, the existence of consciousness must be prior to the existence of ideas. In rejoinder to which it is urged, that we become conscious only by the reception of ideas; and hence that there must be an idea before there can be consciousness. If it be said that ideas and consciousness must be classed amongst beliefs—that we have no other proof of their existence than that we believe them to exist—there comes the answer that beliefs are themselves ideas or states of consciousness; and this again may be met by saying that the conclusion that beliefs are states of consciousness is itself a belief. Thus we are driven from one position to another, only that we may relinquish that for a third; until there appears no alternative but to assume these facts to be equally fundamental—to lie on the same plane; either as mutually dependent facts, or as different aspects of the same fact.

On carefully reconsidering the matter, however, we may perceive that be the genesis of these facts simultaneous or successive, and if

successive whatever be the order, there is still one of them which being unavoidably taken for granted, in every process of thought, must necessarily have priority of the others; namely, *belief*. Every logical act of the intellect is a predication—is an assertion that something *is*; and this is what we call belief. Each major premiss is a belief; each minor premiss is a belief; each conclusion is a belief. An argument is a series of dependent beliefs. Hence all connected thought being made up of beliefs, it is clear that be the propositions it embodies what they may—be they even the existence of consciousness, of ideas, of personality—they must be less certain than the existence of beliefs.

Or to state the matter in another form,—Belief is the recognition of existence, is a knowing of the existent from the non-existent. All our reasoning is a distinguishing of truth from error—of that which exists from that which does not. Consequently upon the reality of the distinction we make between that which is and that which is not; or, in other words, on the reality of belief depends the possibility of reasoning. We may deny all other things, and yet leave our logical forms intact. But deny beliefs, and not only do the things about which we argue disappear, argument itself disappears. Now the thing which being abolished carries everything else with it must be the fundamental thing.

It may seem very clear that in order of genesis, belief is not primary, but secondary. It may be plausibly urged that it is a particular state of the *ego*, and must therefore exist subsequently to the *ego*; or that it is a complex idea, dependent upon, and arising out of, simple ideas; or that it is not an idea at all, but a peculiarity in certain of our ideas. But cogent as may be the arguments brought in support of these propositions, they cannot touch the conclusion above drawn. For each of these propositions is itself a belief; and each of the reasons given in proof of it is a belief. Dig down as deep as we may, we can never get to anything more fundamental; seeing that the deepest thing we reach becomes a belief at the moment of its disclosure, and for logical purposes can never be anything else. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that all our beliefs are predications concerning pre-existing things—sensations, ideas, consciousness; let it be granted that until these exist there can be no predications about them, no beliefs; let it be granted that in reasoning or in forming beliefs we as it were look down upon and inspect these sensations and ideas, and observe certain of their properties, which we could not do unless they were previously there,—let all this be granted, it

nevertheless remains true, that as the reasoning faculty can deal with no facts until they are cognized by it, as until they are cognized by it they are to it non-existent, it follows that in being cognized, that is, in becoming beliefs, they begin to exist relatively to our reason. Whether really pre-existent or not, they can have no logical pre-existence; since the being perceived to exist is the being believed.

Hence belief is the fact which to our intellects is antecedent to, and inclusive of, all other facts. It is the form in which every fact must present itself to us, and therefore underlies every fact. It alone of all things cannot be denied without direct self-contradiction. The propositions—there is no consciousness, there are no ideas, there is no personal identity, may be absurd; but they are not immediately self-destructive. To say, however, there is no belief, is to utter a belief which denies itself—is to draw a distinction between that which is and that which is not, and at the same time to say that we do not distinguish between that which is and that which is not.

Belief, then, being the ultimate fact which we can never transcend, there next come the questions—How do we class our beliefs? Why do we consider certain of our beliefs more trustworthy than others? What is the peculiarity of those beliefs which we never question, and to which all the rest of our beliefs defer?

To give any psychological answer—to discuss Hume's theory of belief or any other would be beside the argument. No concrete analysis of belief is possible without taking for granted ideas, or consciousness, or personal identity; and to do this would be to involve in our desired test of credibility the very theories it is proposed to test by it. At present our assumptions are limited to three—existence, its correlative non-existence, and a cognition of the difference, that is—belief. The problem is to find a canon of belief without assuming anything further. For if in classing our beliefs according to their degrees of validity, some fourth thing should be taken for granted, the existence of such degrees of validity could have no greater certainty than the existence of this fourth thing.

Existence, non-existence, and belief, being thus the terms to which we are confined, there is clearly no alternative but to distinguish amongst our beliefs by qualities expressible in the other two terms. At first sight this appears hopeless; for whilst there can be existent beliefs, there cannot be non-existent beliefs. But though it seems paradoxical to say so, we may, by the union of the two terms existence and non-existence, obtain a third

which describes the nature of some of our beliefs as contrasted with others. Here at least is the only possible classification—that into beliefs of which existence alone can be predicated, and beliefs of which partly existence and partly non-existence can be predicated—beliefs that *invariably exist*, and beliefs that *do not invariably exist*. That this division really corresponds with our experience scarcely needs saying. All know that, on the one hand, they have beliefs which are constant and which no mental effort can for a moment rid them of; whilst on the other they have beliefs which are not only changed by evidence but which can be temporarily suppressed by the imagination.

To say that as a corollary from this, the invariable existence of a belief is our final test of certainty—to say that where there are conflicting propositions, one of which corresponds to an invariably existent belief whilst the other does not, we must adopt the one that so corresponds, is needless—is in fact a truism. For an invariably existent belief is, by virtue of its being one, incapable of being replaced by any other. It is not that we *ought* to adopt that belief, but that we can do nothing else. In saying that it is invariably existent we say that there is no alternative belief.

That its invariable existence is the ultimate guarantee assignable for any belief, is indeed a conclusion which may be otherwise arrived at. For when we assign for any belief, a deeper belief on which it rests—when a warrant for some belief A, we cite some fundamental belief B which involves it, and say that we hold the belief A because it is implied in the belief B, it is manifest that the validity of the warrant depends upon the validity of the belief that B *does* involve A; and for this belief we have no other reason to assign but that it exists. So that supposing we knew the belief B to possess *absolute* truth; it could never give to the consequent belief A any higher guarantee than this of invariable existence; seeing that we can produce no higher guarantee for our belief that the one involves the other.

Or perhaps the fact may be more clearly shown thus:—If we assign as a reason for any belief the belief on which it rests, and then assign for that belief an anterior one, and so on continuously, it is clear that we must eventually come to the end of the series—must arrive at some primordial belief of which no proof can be given. This remains true, whatever theory we hold respecting the origin of our knowledge. For if we say that all knowledge is organized experience, and that, in assigning one belief in proof of another, we are simply assigning a wider expe-

rience in proof of a narrower, it is clear that we cannot continue to assign wider and wider experiences in proof of each other, without arriving finally at the widest. As our experience had a beginning, it follows that, in tracing it backwards, we must ultimately come to our first or deepest experience—an experience which has no other to rest upon. Similarly with the hypothesis of fundamental ideas. An analytical examination of beliefs must eventually bring us down to these; and for these the hypothesis itself implies that no reason is assignable. Hence, whether our lowest beliefs be innate or derived from experience, it is equally clear that, as they do not admit of proof, we can but say that they invariably exist. And whilst this fact of their invariable existence is alone our warrant for them, it at the same time expresses the necessity we are under of holding them.

It results, then, from all that has been said, first, that the existence of beliefs is the fundamental fact: and second, that beliefs which invariably exist are those which, both rationally and of necessity, we must adopt.

§ 4. The controversy that has lately been carried on respecting the nature and origin of necessary truths presents a fit field for initiating this doctrine.

In his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," Dr. Whewell defines necessary truths as "those in which we not only learn that the proposition is true, but see that it *must be* true; in which the negation of the truth is not only false, but impossible; in which we cannot, even by an effort of imagination, or in a supposition, conceive the reverse of that which is asserted." Or, to quote the abridged form to which Mr. Mill, in his criticism, reduces it—"A necessary truth is a proposition the negation of which is not only false but inconceivable."

The first thing to be said of this definition is, that it includes many other truths than those called "necessary." His personal existence is a truth which every man can cite this warrant for. To his consciousness it is a truth of which the negation is inconceivable. That he *might* not exist he can conceive well enough; but that he *does* not exist he finds it impossible to conceive. The pain felt on plunging the hand into scalding water, is a pain which the sufferer cannot, "by an effort of imagination," conceive non-existent. Were the existence of the pain a truth of which the negation was conceivable, he would quickly conceive the negation, and thus rid himself of the pain. But so convenient a mode of obtaining relief, the sufferer finds, to his cost, impracticable. Unless, therefore, the propositions—"I exist," "I feel pain," and others like them, be classed as necessary

truths, the definition will not hold. Doubtless there is a wide difference between the universal truths which Dr. Whewell has in view, and the particular truths here instanced; but the difference is not that implied in his definition.

This fact, that the truths of immediate perception have the same warrant as the so-called necessary truths, is quite in harmony with, and, indeed, serves to confirm, the arguments which Mr. Mill brings forward to disprove the alleged *à priori* character of these necessary truths. But whilst quite agreeing with him in the belief that axioms are simply "our earliest inductions from experience," it is possible to differ from him widely as to the worth of the test of inconceivableness. In attacking the theory we think he has needlessly undervalued the witness. He says:—

"I cannot but wonder that so much stress should be laid on the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is ample experience to show that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself; but is, in truth, very much an affair of accident, and depends on the past history and habits of our own minds. . . . When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never, in any one instance, either seen or thought of them separately, there is, by the primary law of association, an increasing difficulty, which may, in the end, become insuperable, if conceiving the two things apart. . . . There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science: instances in which the most instructed men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which everybody now knows to be true."—"System of Logic," pp. 265, 266.

And he then proceeds to give sundry illustrations, showing this dependence of conceivability upon experience—illustrations, however, which, as will hereafter be shown, are not altogether unobjectionable.

Granting, nevertheless, that the evidence assigned affords sufficient disproof of the doctrine that truths of which the negation is inconceivable are *à priori*, it does not really warrant Mr. Mill's inference that it is absurd "to reject a proposition as impossible on no other ground than its inconceivableness;" however much it may seem to warrant him. For the facts cited simply go to show that men have mistaken for inconceivable things some things which were not inconceivable—a species of error which, if it vitiates the test of inconceivableness, must similarly vitiate all tests whatever. We consider an inference logically drawn from an established



premiss to be true. Yet, in millions of cases, men have been wrong in the inferences they have thought thus drawn. Do we, therefore, argue that it is absurd to consider an inference true "on no other ground" than that it is logically drawn from an established premiss? No; we say that though men may have taken for logical inferences, inferences that were not logical, there nevertheless are logical inferences, and that we are justified in assuming the truth of what seem to us such, until better instructed. Similarly, though men may have thought some things inconceivable which were not so, there may still be inconceivable things; and the inability to conceive the negation of a thing, may still be our best warrant for believing it.

Granting the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position, that, during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception, wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that, by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them; it may still be argued that as, at any time, the best warrant men can have for a belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the inconceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of. Though occasionally it may prove an imperfect test, yet as our most certain beliefs are capable of no better, to doubt any one belief because we have no higher guarantee for it is really to doubt all beliefs.

Or to state the case in another form—If all our knowledge is derived from experience, then our notions of *possible* and *impossible* are derived from experience. Possible means—not at variance with our experience; impossible means—wholly at variance with our experience. Clearly, unless we possess fundamental ideas, or can gain a knowledge of things in themselves, no logical process can give to the notion, *impossible*, any larger meaning than this. But if, at any time, the inability of men to conceive the negation of a given proposition simply proves that their experience, up to that time, has, without exception, confirmed such proposition; then when they assert that its untruth is impossible, they really assert no more than when they assert that its negation is inconceivable. If, subsequently, it turn out that the proposition is untrue; and if it be therefore argued that men should not have held its untruth impossible because inconceivable, we reply, that to say this, is to condemn the use of the word impossible altogether. If the inconceivability of a thing be considered insufficient warrant for asserting its impossibility, it is im-

plied that there can exist a sufficient warrant; but such warrant, whatever its kind, must be originally derived from experience; and if further experience may invalidate the warrant of inconceivableness, further experience may invalidate *any* warrant on which we assert impossibility. Therefore, we should call nothing impossible.

It is, indeed, surprising that so acute a critic as Mr. Mill should not have seen that his own analysis supplies the best justification of this test of inconceivableness. What is the object of any such test? To insure a correspondence between subjective beliefs and objective facts. Well, objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is a register of these objective facts; and the inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. Even were this all, it is not clear how, if every truth is primarily inductive, any better test of truth could exist. But it must be remembered that whilst many of these facts, impressing themselves upon us, are occasional; whilst others again are very general; some are universal and unchanging. These universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; whilst the others are not certain to do this, and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negation is still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities in our experience disable us from conceiving the negations of them; then answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognize, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivableness must correspond to objective impossibility. Further experience will produce correspondence where it may not yet exist; and we may expect the correspondence to become ultimately complete. In nearly all cases this test of inconceivableness must be valid now; and where it is not, it still expresses the net result of our experience thus far; which is the most that any test can do.

But the inconsistency into which Mr. Mill has here fallen, is most clearly seen in the second of his two chapters on "Demonstration and Necessary Truths."

He admits in this, the validity of proof by a *reductio ad absurdum*. But what is a *re-*

*ductio ad absurdum* unless a reduction to inconceivableness? And why, if inconceivableness be in other cases an insufficient ground for rejecting a proposition as impossible, is it a sufficient ground in this case?

Again, calling in question the necessity commonly ascribed to the deductive sciences, he says:—

“The results of these sciences are indeed necessary, in the sense of necessarily following from certain first principles, called axioms and definitions; of being certainly true, if these axioms and definitions are so. But their claim to the character of necessity in any sense beyond this . . . must depend on the previous establishment of such a claim in favour of the definitions and axioms themselves.”—Chapter vi.

Or, as he previously expresses the same view:—

“The only sense in which necessity can be ascribed to the conclusions of any scientific investigation, is that of necessarily following from some assumption which, by the conditions of the inquiry, is not to be questioned.”—Chapter v.

Here, and throughout the whole of his argument, Mr. Mill assumes that there is something more certain in a demonstration than in anything else—some necessary truth in the steps of our reasoning, which is not possessed by the axioms they start from. How can this assumption be justified? In each successive syllogism the dependence of the conclusion upon its premises is a truth of which we have no other proof than the inconceivability of the negation. Unless our perception of logical truth is *a priori*, which Mr. Mill will not contend, it too, like our perceptions of mathematical truth, has been gained from experience. In the one case, as in the other, we have simply an induction, with which no fact has, to our knowledge, ever conflicted. And if this be an insufficient warrant for asserting the necessity of the one order of truth, it is an insufficient warrant for asserting the necessity of the other.

How complete is the parallelism may indeed be best proved from Mr. Mill's own admissions. In an earlier chapter he has very clearly shown that by analysis of the syllogism we arrive at “a fundamental principle, or rather two principles, *strikingly resembling the axioms of mathematics*. The first, which is the principle of affirmative syllogisms, is, that things which coexist with the same thing, coexist with one another. The second is the principle of negative syllogisms, and is to this effect: that a thing which coexists with another thing, with which other a third thing does not coexist, is not coexistent with that third thing.” Elsewhere, if we remember

rightly, he points out the remarkable analogy between the logical axiom—things which coexist with the same thing, coexist with one another—and the mathematical axiom—things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Analogous, however, as they are, and similarly derived as they must be, Mr. Mill claims for the first a necessity which he denies to the last. When, as above, he asserts that the deductive sciences are not necessary, save “in the sense of *necessarily following* from certain first principles called axioms and definitions, of being *certainly true if* those axioms and definitions are so”—he assumes that whilst the mathematical axioms possess only hypothetical truth, this logical axiom involved in every step of the demonstration possesses absolute truth—that whilst the inconceivability of its negation is an imperfect guarantee for the one, it is a perfect guarantee for the other. Evidently this is an untenable position. Unless it can be shown that this truth—things which coexist with the same thing coexist with each other—has some higher warrant than the inconceivability of its negation (which cannot be shown), it must be admitted that axioms and demonstration stand on the same footing, and that if necessity be denied to the one, it must be denied to the other; and, indeed, to all things whatever.

Of objections to the test of inconceivability it remains only to notice the one pointed out by Sir William Hamilton in his edition of Reid (p. 377). In proof that inconceivability is not a criterion of impossibility, he cites the fact, that “we can neither conceive, on the one hand, an ultimate minimum of space or time; nor can we, on the other, conceive their infinite divisibility. In like manner, we cannot conceive the absolute commencement of time, nor the utmost limit of space, and are yet equally unable to conceive them without any commencement or limit.” The implication being, that as there must be either minimum or no minimum, limit or no limit, one of the two inconceivable things must in each case be true. Exception might be taken to this argument on several grounds; on the ground that space and time are not strictly conceivable things at all in the sense that other things are; on the ground that the alleged inconceivableness of a minimum or a limit is not really of the same nature as those with which it is classed—is not due to an arrest of the conceptive power, but a baffling of it—is not an inability to get rid of a certain conception, but an inability to form any conception. Moreover, it might be urged that there is no true parallelism between these cases in which both alternatives are alike inconceivable, and all other cases, in

which one alternative is conceivable and the other not. Passing over these points, however, and granting, as has already been granted, that conceivableness depends on experience, and that hence, in respect to all things beyond the measure of our faculties it must ever remain an inapplicable test—granting all this, we say, Sir William Hamilton's argument may still be met. He says that inconceivability is no criterion of impossibility. Why? Because, of two propositions, one of which must be true, it proves both impossible—it proves that space cannot have a limit, because a limit is inconceivable, and yet that it must have a limit, because unlimited space is inconceivable; it proves, therefore, that space has a limit and has no limit, which is absurd. How absurd? Absurd, because "it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be." But how do we *know* that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be? what is our criterion of *this* impossibility? Can Sir William Hamilton assign any other than this same inconceivability? If not, his argument is self-destructive; seeing that he assumes the validity of the test in proving its invalidity.

§ 5. A right comprehension of this matter will now, however, be readily arrived at on recalling the propositions awhile since established; namely, that the existence of beliefs is the fundamental fact, and that beliefs which invariably exist are those which both rationally and of necessity we must adopt. For when, to the fact that the invariable existence of a belief is the deepest warrant we can have for it, we add the further fact that we consider those beliefs true of which the negations are inconceivable, it becomes at once obvious that *the inconceivability of its negation is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not.*

Instinctively we recognise the truth above demonstrated, that its invariable existence is the ultimate authority for any belief; or rather, we yield to the rigorous necessity of holding any belief that does invariably exist: the fact that it invariably exists being the obverse of the fact that there is no alternative belief. But how do we ascertain that a given belief is invariably existent—that we *have* no alternative belief? Evidently we can do this only by trying to make such belief non-existent—by trying to put some other belief in its place; or, in other words—*by trying to conceive the negation of it.* When, failing by any mental effort to make it disappear, even for a moment, we say that nothing else is conceivable, and that it is therefore unquestionably true, we practically say that it is true because it is a belief which invariably exists.

What we mean by this word, true—whether we express by it an assumed correspondence between some objective fact and our subjective state, or whether it really implies nothing more than the continued existence of the belief to which it has applied, it would be out of place here to inquire. At present we have to consider the contents of the intellect solely as a system of beliefs, with a view to determine their relative validity. We have seen that beliefs must be their own sureties—that an indestructible belief can have no other warrant than its indestructibility; and what we have just found is, that the inconceivableness of its negation is simply an experimental proof of its indestructibility.

It results then that for our primary beliefs, the fact of invariable existence tested by an abortive effort to cause non-existence, is the only reason assignable. If in justifying those of our beliefs which rest upon other beliefs we must ultimately come down to this as the foundation of the series, it follows that all beliefs not based upon other beliefs must rest directly on this foundation. Such we find to be the case. The truths of immediate consciousness have no other warrant. For the proposition "I am," no one who utters it can find any proof but the invariable existence of his belief in it. And that he cannot for an instant displace this belief by any other—cannot conceive otherwise—is the only proof he can give of its invariable existence. So, too, is it with sensations. When cold, we cannot get rid of our belief in the feeling of coldness as long as that feeling continues—cannot while cold conceive that we are warm. Such belief, though not invariably existent in an absolute sense, is so in a relative one: it exists as long as the sensation exists. Whilst the proposition remains true, the negation of it remains inconceivable. Hence, properly understood, the belief in a sensation has the same warrant as belief in personal existence. In each case the belief invariably exists whilst its subject-matter exists—in the sensation whilst the sensation continues, in personal existence whilst personal existence continues.

And here we may recognise the real distinction between those universal truths which Dr. Whewell has supposed to stand alone in the inconceivableness of their negations, and those particular truths which we find to have the same guarantee. It is in the prevalence of the subject-matter that the difference consists. Whilst looking at the sun a man can no more conceive that he is then looking into darkness, than he can conceive the part greater than the whole. How then does the belief—this is sun-light, differ in nature from the belief—the whole is greater than its part?

Simply thus; that in the one instance the antecedents of the conviction are present only on special occasions, whilst in the other they are present on all occasions. In either case subject the mind to the required antecedents, and no belief save the appropriate one is conceivable. But whilst in the first case only a single object serves for antecedent, in the other any object, real or imagined, serves for antecedent.

Not only, however, is the invariable existence of a belief our sole warrant for every truth of immediate consciousness, and for every primary generalization of the truths of immediate consciousness—every axiom, but it is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematization of the process by which we indirectly obtain this warrant for beliefs that do not directly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested, or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief with a belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exists.

To prevent misapprehension on the part of those who have not much considered the matter, it may be well, as we have yet spoken only of beliefs which invariably exist, to contrast them with a belief which, though strong, does not invariably exist; especially as in doing this we shall have an opportunity of clearing up the seeming confusion which some may have perceived in the last few pages between beliefs and conceptions—a seeming confusion which the abstract nature of the argument has hitherto forbidden us to notice.

We commonly regard the belief that the sun will rise to-morrow as a constant one. It may, however, for an interval be destroyed. We find that by an effort of imagination, as we call it, that the sun may be supposed to explode, burn out, or in some way be prevented from appearing to-morrow; and during the time in which we are figuring to ourselves the non-appearance of the sun to-morrow, the belief that he will appear is non-existent. It is very true that this belief is quickly reproduced; but it is none the less true that it is temporarily annihilated. Possibly, indeed, it may be alleged that the belief is never really absent, but that it remains even whilst we are conceiving the event to be otherwise. This, however, is an illusion consequent upon our habit of using words without fully realizing their meanings, and so

mistaking verbal propositions for real ones. On taking care that our thoughts duly respond to the expressions, we shall find that the belief in the sun's rising to-morrow consists in a mental representation of the occurrence of certain phenomena at a certain time. And if so, it is clear that we cannot conceive the event otherwise—cannot represent to ourselves the non-occurrence of the phenomena, without abolishing the representation of their occurrence; that is, without abolishing the belief. Though in common language we speak of a belief as something separate from the conception to which it relates, yet on analysis we find that we simply express by it a certain property of such conception—*its persistence*. When after given antecedents there arises a state of consciousness which we can change with very little effort, we have a weak belief; when the state of consciousness is one which we can change with difficulty, we call the belief a strong one; when it is one which we find ourselves utterly unable to change, we consider it a belief of the highest order. As then in each of these classes the belief is not a something more than the state of consciousness, but merely expresses its persistence, it follows that in no case can the state of consciousness be changed, even temporarily, without the belief becoming non-existent for a corresponding period. The belief being the persistence, the persistence cannot be destroyed without the belief being destroyed. And hence the rationale of testing the invariable existence of a belief in a given proposition by the inconceivableness of its negation; seeing that the effort to conceive the negation of the proposition is the effort to change the state of consciousness which arises after certain antecedents; and could this be done—could the persistence of the state of consciousness be broken—the belief would be proved to be not invariably existent.\*

Dismissing, however, all psychological explanations, which are allowable here only as being needed to meet a psychological objection, and returning to the purely abstract view of the matter, we see—first, that belief is fundamental, and that the invariable existence of a belief is our highest warrant for it;

\* The reader must be warned against the confusion that may arise from the double sense in which the word belief is commonly employed, and in which we, too, have been obliged to employ it. Men habitually express a belief in a thing, and at other times they call the thing believed, a belief. We have given the word two parallel meanings; using it in the one case to describe the *persistence* of a state of consciousness, and in the other a *persistent state of consciousness*. The context will, in each case, show in which sense it is to be understood.

second, that we can ascertain the invariable existence of a belief only as we ascertain the invariable existence of anything else, by observing whether under any circumstances it is absent from the place in which it occurs; third, that the effort to conceive the negation of a belief is the looking in the place in which it occurs (viz., after its antecedents), and observing whether there are any occasions on which it is absent, or can be made absent; and fourth, that when we fail to find such occasions—when we perceive that the negation of the belief is inconceivable—we have all possible warrant for asserting the invariability of its existence; and, in asserting this, we express alike our logical justification of it, and the inexorable necessity we are under of holding it. Mean what we may by the word truth, we have no choice but to hold that a belief which is proved, by the inconceivableness of its negation, to invariably exist, is true. We have seen that this is the assumption on which every conclusion whatever ultimately rests. We have no other guarantee for the reality of consciousness, of sensations, of personal existence; we have no other guarantee for any axiom; we have no other guarantee for any step in a demonstration. Hence, as being taken for granted in every act of the understanding, it must be regarded as the Universal Postulate.

§ 6. An appeal to this Universal Postulate as an absolute warrant for any conviction may still, however, be objected to, on the ground that as it has on past occasions proved an insufficient warrant, it may prove so again. Beliefs that once were shown by the inconceivableness of their negations to invariably exist, have since been found untrue. And as beliefs that now possess this character may some day share the same fate, the test is clearly not an infallible one.

There is, doubtless, force in this argument, though not so much as at first appears. As we hinted when commenting on his position, the evidence cited by Mr. Mill, to show that inconceivable things may yet be true, is not strictly applicable evidence. There is a wide difference in nature between the cases in which the test has been found fallacious, and those in which we may regard it as trustworthy—a difference arising from the relative complexities of the conceptions involved. When, on receiving a sensation, the subject of it finding himself unable to conceive that he is not receiving it, asserts that he is receiving it, it is clear that he deals only with one state of consciousness of which he simply recognises the continued existence. On the other hand, those Greek philosophers referred to by Mr. Mill, who "could not credit the

existence of antipodes," who "were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upwards instead of downwards," and who, therefore, denied that there could be men on the other side of the earth—were dealing with many states of consciousness and with the connexions between them. There entered into their proposition the concepts, earth, man, distance, position, force, and the various relations of these to each other. Evidently, then, these cases differ so widely, that what may be a legitimate test in the first, may be an illegitimate one in the second. We must distinguish between those appeals to the Universal Postulate in which the act of thought is *decomposable*, and those in which it is *undecomposable*. In proportion as the number of concepts which a proposition involves is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase; and will do this because the formation of the belief is separable into many steps, each of which involves the postulate.

And here, indeed, we get hold of the clue which leads us out of this logical maze. Let it be granted, that a belief which invariably exists, though the most certain possible to us, is yet not necessarily true. Let it be granted, that either from insufficient experience, or from non-agreement between the subjective and the objective, the inconceivable and the impossible may not correspond even within our mental range. Let it be granted, that for the validity even of a single undecomposable act of thought, the Universal Postulate is an imperfect warrant. Let all this, we say, be granted. Still, be the test fallible or not, the probability of error in any inference will increase in proportion to the number of times the truth of the test has been assumed in arriving at it. If the postulate be uniformly valid, it must yet happen, that as we are liable to mental lapsus, we shall occasionally think we have its warrant when we have not; and in each case the chances of our having done this will vary directly as the number of times we have claimed its warrant. If the postulate be not uniformly valid, then a further source of error is introduced, the effects of which vary in the same ratio. Hence, on either supposition, it follows that that must be the most certain conclusion, at which, starting from the postulate itself, we arrive by the fewest assumptions of the postulate.

We instinctively recognise this fact in our ordinary modes of proof. We hold it more certain that 2 and 2 make 4, than that 5 + 7 + 6 + 9 + 8 make 35. We find that every fresh assumption of the postulate involves some risk of error; and, indeed, where the calculation is extremely intricate, and the

assumptions therefore extremely numerous, our experience teaches us that the probability that there has been a wrong assumption is greater than the probability that there has not. So too in argument. We lose faith in a long series of steps, however logical they may seem, unless we can test the inference by appeal to fact—that is, *unless we can get at the inference by a single use of the postulate.*

Do we not here then discern a rigorous test of the relative validity of conflicting conclusions? Not only as judged instinctively, but as judged by a fundamental logic, *that must be the most certain conclusion which involves the postulate the fewest times.* We find that under any circumstances—whether the postulate be uniformly true or not—this must hold good. Here, therefore, we have a method of ascertaining the respective values of all inferences.

Let us by the help of this method examine some of the leading systems of philosophy.

§ 7. The Idealism of Berkeley, in common with all kindred systems of thought, is obviously, when regarded from our present stand-point, open to the criticism that it consists of a series of propositions, no one of which possesses greater certainty than the single proposition which it sets out to disprove. Not to rest in this general statement of the objection, however, let us consider its application in detail.

It is an awkward fact, that Idealism cannot state its case without assuming Realism by the way. Erase from its argument all terms implying the objective reality of things, and its argument falls to pieces. Instance in illustration of this passage from the first of Berkeley's Dialogues.

"*Philonous.* Then, as to sounds, what must we think of them? Are they accidents really inherent in external bodies, or not?"

"*Hylas.* That they adhere not in the sonorous bodies, is plain from hence; because a bell, struck in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, sends forth no sound. The air, therefore, must be thought the subject of sound.

"*Phil.* What reason is there for that, Hylas?"

"*Hyl.* Because, when any motion is raised in the air, we perceive a sound, greater or lesser, in proportion to the air's motion; but, without some motion in the air, we never hear any sound at all.

"*Phil.* And granting that we never hear a sound but when some motion is produced in the air, yet I do not see how you can infer, from thence, that the sound itself is in the air."

If now we demur to the many obvious assumptions of Realism which this reasoning involves, and insist on Berkeley re-stating it, without taking for granted anything save the existence of mind and ideas, he cannot do so. Let the words that stand for objective realities be supposed to stand for our ideas of them,

and the argument becomes meaningless. If it be said that these objective realities are but hypothetically assumed for the purpose of meeting an opponent, it is replied that this cannot be, for Berkeley's reasonings are in truth his justification of Idealism to his own mind; and if he could justify Idealism to his own mind without making these assumptions, he could show us the way. How, then, can his argument be valid? An assumption may be legitimate if the reasoning based on it, by bringing out a result congruous with known truths, prove the assumption true. But what if the reasoning prove the assumption false, whilst the very terms of its reasoning presuppose its truth? We do, indeed, in mathematics assume a certain number to be the answer to a given question, and on this assumption legitimately base an argument which, by ending in an absurdity, disproves the assumption. In such case, however, the successive steps do not become possible only by the truth of the number assumed; for they may be as well gone through with any other number. But if the argument ended in proving that there was no such thing as number, it would do what Berkeley's argument does. It would base upon a thing's existence the proof of its non-existence.

This reasoning in dialogue offers, indeed, great facilities for gaining a victory. When you can put into an adversary's mouth just such replies and admissions as suit your purpose, there is little difficulty in reaching the desired conclusion. Throughout the discussion, *Hylas* repeatedly assents to things which on his opponent's own principles he should not have assented to. Thus, shortly after the outset, *Philonous*, with the view of proving the purely subjective character of heat, obtains from *Hylas* the admission, that an "intense degree of heat is a very great pain." He then asks—"Is your material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?" to which *Hylas* replies—"It is senseless, without doubt." "It cannot, therefore, be the subject of pain," continues *Philonous*. "By no means," rejoins *Hylas*. And *Philonous* then goes on to argue, that as an intense heat is a pain, and as a pain cannot exist in a senseless material substance, it follows that an intense heat can exist only in a perceiving mind. But what right has *Hylas* to make the answers he does? The argument sets out with the position that sensible things are the only things we certainly know; these sensible things are defined as "the things we immediately perceive by the senses;" and *Philonous*, resolutely ignoring everything else, says:—"Whatever other qualities, therefore, you speak of, as distinct from these, I know nothing of them." Had

*Hylas*, as he should have done, taken the same ground, the dialogue would have run thus:—

*Phil.* Is material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?

*Hyl.* I cannot say.

*Phil.* How do you mean you cannot say.

*Hyl.* I mean that, like you, "I know nothing" of any qualities of bodies save those I immediately perceive by the senses; and I cannot immediately perceive by the senses whether material substance is senseless or not.

*Phil.* But you do not doubt that it is senseless?

*Hyl.* Yes; in the same way that you doubt my external reality—doubt whether I am anything more than one of your ideas. Did we not, at the beginning, Philonous, distinguish between things known immediately and things known mediately?

*Phil.* Yes.

*Hyl.* Did you not make me admit that sensations are the only sensible things; that is, the only things immediately perceived; and that I cannot know the causes of these sensations immediately, but can only know them mediately by reasoning?

*Phil.* I did.

*Hyl.* And your whole argument is an attempt to show that these things which I know mediately—these things, whose existence I infer as the cause of my sensations, do not exist at all.

*Phil.* True.

*Hyl.* How, then, can you put any trust in my reply, when I either say that matter is sensitive, or that it is not sensitive? The only sensitiveness that I can immediately perceive is my own.

*Phil.* You know that I am sensitive.

*Hyl.* Yes, but how? I see you turn when spoken to, and shrink when burned; from such facts, joined with my personal experiences, I infer that you are sensitive as I am; and if you must have an answer to your question, I infer that matter is not sensitive, because it shows no such signs.

*Phil.* Well.

*Hyl.* Well! do you not see that if you adopt this answer your whole reasoning is vitiated? You set out to disprove a certain portion of my mediate knowledge. To do this, you now ask from me another portion of my mediate knowledge, as you have already asked several, and will, I suppose, ask more. You are combining these many portions of mediate knowledge, and will draw from them a conclusion; and this conclusion—this piece of doubly mediate knowledge, you will, I suppose, offer to me in place of the immediate knowledge you will disprove. Certainly I

shall reject it. I demand that every link in your argument shall consist of *immediate* knowledge. If but one of them is an inference, and not a thing "immediately perceived by sense," I shall say that your conclusion has the same uncertainty with this that you combat, plus the uncertainty attendant on all argument. Nay, indeed, were every step in your demonstration a piece of immediate knowledge, I should argue that as the inference you drew was but mediate knowledge, it could have no greater warrant than the adverse one. As it is, however, your inference, as judged by your own principles, has incomparably less warrant.

Space permitting, it might be argued at length that Berkeley confounds the *having a sensation* with the *knowledge of having a sensation*. Unconsciously doing homage to the principle that the fewer times the Universal Postulate is assumed, the more certain is the conclusion, he professes to recognise that only which is immediately perceived—that which involves but one assumption of the postulate, and declines to recognise the mediate perceptions which involve it more than once. Yet what he starts with as primary and unquestionable facts belong to this last class. Whilst the reception of a sensation may be a simple undecomposable mental act, to observe the reception of a sensation is decidedly a composite one. The knowledge of having a sensation, so far from being an act of immediate consciousness, presupposes a much involved process. It presupposes a synthesis of those ideas constituting the notion of personal identity, and then a recollection of how that personal identity has just been affected. Or, to state the position in another form—It is impossible for any one to know he has a sensation without self-consciousness becoming an element of his thought. Self-consciousness, however, can never be known immediately, but only by recollection. No one can be conscious of what he is, but only of what he *was* a moment since. That which thinks can never be the object of direct contemplation, seeing that to be this it must become that which is thought of, not that which thinks. It is impossible to be at the same time that which regards and that which is regarded. We never can be *literally* self-conscious, but can only know at each instant what we were the instant before; and can but *infer* present existence from the cognition of existence just past. And if self-consciousness cannot be immediate knowledge, nothing can be immediate knowledge into which self-consciousness enters as one concept. Therefore, the knowledge of having sensations cannot be immediate knowledge. Were the consciousness of sensations the same thing as the consciousness

of receiving sensations, Berkeley's first step would be unassailable. As it is, however, the assumption on which his whole argument rests is open to the same criticism that he himself passes on the adverse assumption; namely, that it is not a perception, but a synthesis of perceptions.

But the true answer to Idealism—the answer of which the foregoing must be regarded as adumbrations—is involved in the answer to Scepticism, to which let us now turn.

§ 8. Hume's doubts as to the validity of reason, should have led him not to a state of suspense, but to an entire rejection of all his conclusions. Such a course might be proved logically necessary, even from his own point of view. Let us, however, suppose him to be in possession of the views above advanced, and then observe the course his scepticism must take.

"I doubt whether my subjective beliefs have any objective basis; that is, when I have an impression, I have no proof that there is anything external causing it, that is, though I cannot for a moment rid myself of the belief that there is something, yet there may be nothing. But how do I know that there may be nothing?"

"Reason tells me so."

"But if, when I say—'It is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be,' I say so because I have an invariably existent belief to that effect—a belief proved to invariably exist by my inability to conceive its negation; and if, when I draw a conclusion from this logical aphorism, I do so by saying that if the aphorism be true, I have a similarly indestructible belief that my deduction is true; then it follows that all my reasoning consists in concluding those things to be true in which I have an indestructible belief—a belief proved indestructible by my inability to conceive its negation."

"But I have just this kind of belief in an external world. Now that I am looking at the table, I find that by no effort, however violent, can I conceive that the table is an impression in me and not a thing outside of me. I can make a verbal proposition to that effect, but I am quite incapable of making my thoughts respond to it. Whilst looking *away* from the table, I can vaguely conceive that the fact *might be* so; but whilst looking *at* the table, I feel it utterly impossible to conceive that the fact *is* so."

"Evidently, then, my conviction that there is an external world has the same warrant as every step in my argument has—is simply arrived at by an *argument of one step*."

"Hence to conclude that there is no proof of an external world is to reason my way to

the conclusion that reason is fallacious. But if reason be fallacious, then the reasoning by which I prove the fallacy of reason is itself fallacious. Then reason is not fallacious. Then its inferences respecting the fallacy of reason are true. And so on perpetually."

"It results, therefore, from my position, that it is impossible to decide whether reason is fallacious or not fallacious."

"Be it which it may, however, it is clear that my scepticism is not logically justifiable. If reason be not fallacious, then is the single-stepped argument which proves the existence of objects, valid. If it be fallacious, then it is manifestly impossible to shake an argument of one step by an argument of many steps."

Leaving general statements of the case, and setting ourselves to consider it fundamentally, we find that the whole question at issue resolves itself into this—Which is the more certain, the existence of objects or the existence of impressions and ideas? Possibly some of the foregoing considerations may have led the reader to suspect that Philosophy has after all given a wrong answer to this question. If so, they will have prepared the way for an examination into the relative validity of our beliefs in subjective and objective things, as tested by the number of times the Universal Postulate is assumed in arriving at each belief respectively. And, to avoid reasoning in a circle, he will see the propriety of sweeping his mind clear of hypotheses, so that, freed from all disturbing influences, it may be brought to bear afresh upon the facts.

Having as far as possible done this, let him contemplate an object—this book, for instance. Resolutely refraining from theorizing, let him now say what he finds. He finds that his consciousness is filled with the existence of the book. Does there enter into this state of his consciousness any notion about sensations? No; he finds that such notion, so far from being contained in his consciousness, has to be fetched from elsewhere, to the manifest disturbance of his then state of consciousness. Does he perceive that the thing he is conscious of is an image of the book? Not at all; so little does his consciousness know of any image, that it is only by remembering his metaphysical readings that he can suppose such image to exist. So long as he refuses to translate the facts into any hypothesis, he feels that he is conscious of the book, and not of an impression of the book—of an objective thing, and not of a subjective thing. He feels that the sole content of his consciousness is the book considered as an external reality. He feels that this recognition of the book as an external reality is a simple indivisible act. Whether originally separable into premisses and inference or not (a question which he ma-



nifestly cannot here entertain), he feels that this act is undecomposable. And, lastly, he feels that, do what he will, he cannot reverse this act—he cannot, whilst contemplating the book, believe that it is non-existent—he cannot conceive that where he sees it there is nothing. Hence, whilst he continues looking at the book, his belief in it as an external reality possesses the highest validity possible. It has the direct guarantee of the Universal Postulate; and it assumes the Universal Postulate *only once*.

Possibly he will object that though his belief apparently involves but one assumption of the postulate, it really involves two—that he not only postulates the object, but that in doing so he postulates himself. Doubtless if his thought is—"I know the book exists," he postulates himself as well as the object. But his primary thought is simply—"The book exists;" and his own being is no more postulated in that thought than it is in these words which express it. Sir William Hamilton does indeed assert that we are conscious of a subject and object "in the same indivisible moment of intuition;" but as was hinted in passing, this assertion will not be uniformly assented to; and it here becomes needful to assign reasons for dissenting from it.

Under ordinary circumstances, the time during which any one state of consciousness continues uninterrupted is so brief that it is impossible to distinctly identify it. These words, though successively occupying the reader's mind as symbols, are yet so instantaneously followed by their meanings that their symbolism passes unobserved. Moreover, whilst recognising and interrupting them his mind is rapidly taking note of other things—of the paper they are printed on, of his hands, of other parts of his body within view, of the sensations that periodically lead him to change his posture, and of the sounds and movements going on around him. Manifestly were there no other evidence it might, on the other hand, be argued as before, that some of the phenomena thus rapidly succeeding one another must be very liable to be mistaken for simultaneous ones; whilst, on the other hand, it might be reasonably inferred that as the more observable facts of consciousness form a series, so do the less observable ones; and that strictly no two things can be present to consciousness at the same instant, or known "in the same indivisible moment of intuition."

When we turn from ordinary circumstances to extraordinary ones we obtain sufficiently clear indications of the fact that the consciousness of objective existence is accompanied by an unconsciousness of objective existence. Let the thing perceived be a very astonishing one,

and the observer becomes perceptibly oblivious of himself. Our ordinary language recognises this fact. We say of such a one that he is *absorbed* in contemplation, *lost* in wonder, *as forgotten* himself; and we describe him as afterwards *returning* to himself, *recollecting* himself. From a deeply interested spectator who is so far possessed by his perception as not to hear what is said to him, up to the stupified victim of an impending catastrophe, may be seen all grades of this state. Under this last and extreme degree of it persons are killed, from the inability to recover their self-consciousness in time to avoid danger. Even those who, in such cases, are not completely paralyzed, manifest much the same mental state; for it frequently happens that they are wounded without knowing it, and they are generally surprised to hear afterwards what they did whilst in peril—a fact proving that their actions were automatic rather than conscious. Probably most on being reminded of these truths will be able to recall the perceptible period, during which a startling sight or sound occupies consciousness to the exclusion of the idea of self; and all who do this will see that an ordinary perception as well as an extraordinary one, must, while it lasts, exclude the idea of self, but that it lasts too short a time to admit of the exclusion being observed.

The strongest reason, however, for asserting that the subject is not postulated in perceiving an object, is, that the subject can be known only by regarding itself as an object. All notion of self consists either in the impressions of self received through the senses and in recollections and combinations of them (in which case there can be no notion of self when the first perception is perceived); or else it is an assumed something by which these impressions &c. are contemplated, but which, as it cannot contemplate itself directly, can know itself only by contemplating its past acts—can know itself only by the objective registry which it has just left of itself. On either hypothesis self can be known only as an object. Hence, to say that consciousness of subject and object is simultaneous is to say that in perceiving one object we necessarily perceive another object; which seems alike a gratuitous and an improbable assumption.

Thus there is good ground for the belief that the cognition of the *non-ego* does not involve a simultaneous cognition of the *ego*—ground which is strengthened by the remembrance that we can express cognition of objective being in words that involve no assertion of subjective being (the book exists), which we could not do did the one conception involve the other—and ground yet further strengthened by the consideration that we can perfectly well conceive an object to remain in

existence after our own annihilation, which it would be impossible to do if the cognition of subject and object were simultaneous and consequently inseparable. Further inquiry therefore serves to confirm, rather than to shake, the direct verdict of consciousness—that the cognition of an object as an external reality is an undecomposable mental act involving the Universal Postulate once only.

Turn we now to the hypotheses which serve as fulcra for the attempted overthrow of Realism, beginning, as we may properly do, with Hypothetical Realism—the comparatively unassuming one from which the others have sprung, but whose parentage they have in their high pretensions found it convenient to ignore.

No one can form any conception of the representative hypothesis without abandoning his first centre of consciousness, in which he is simply percipient, and taking up another position, from which to inspect the act of percipience. A spectator gazing at a fire is simply conscious of the fire; if you tell him he cannot know the fire, but merely his sensation of a fire, he can realize your meaning only by regarding both the fire and himself as objects, and observing how the one affects the other. What now is involved in this proceeding? He postulates the fire; he postulates himself; and he postulates the relation between these. In his original state of percipience, not only does his cognition of the fire seem immediate and undecomposable, but he cannot even conceive that it may be a compound cognition, without going much out of his way to do so. Whereas in this state to which you bring him, not only does the alleged representative cognition seem at once decomposable into three things, but he cannot even conceive it without the three things. In the one case he cannot by any effort use the postulate more than once; in the other, he cannot by any effort avoid using it three times.

Thus too is it with Absolute Idealism. Idealism assumes that minds are entities, that ideas are entities, and that ideas exist in minds. Even supposing that it has the guarantee of the Universal Postulate for each of these, yet, as involving them all, its proposition has three times the liability to error possessed by the proposition it sets out to disprove. Let it be granted that its belief—mind is an entity—is a belief proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist (which is not the fact; for mind is conceivable as not an entity, but a *process*); let it be granted that it has the like authority for the belief—ideas are entities (which is not the fact; for ideas are conceivable as *phases of the process*, mind); and let it be granted, that for its belief—ideas exist in mind, it has

this same highest warrant (which is not the fact; for it is conceivable that ideas are not in mind but *are* mind)—let it be granted, we say, that each of these beliefs is indisputable, still, Idealism stands in the position of being unable to frame its hypothesis without thrice making an assumption which the adverse hypothesis makes but once.

At first sight, the scepticism of Hume, by not asserting the existence of mind, escapes this difficulty. But the escape is apparent only. In reality, Hume makes even more assumptions than Berkeley does. He sets out by saying, that our perceptions resolve themselves into *impressions* and *ideas*; and on this division all his reasoning hinges. Obviously, did he merely postulate these two things, the foundation of his argument would be less certain than the undecomposable belief he calls in question. But he artfully postulates more than two things without seeming to do so. For what is contained in the concept—an impression? Translate the word into thought, and there are manifestly involved a thing impressing and a thing impressed. It is impossible to attach any idea to the word save by the help of these other ideas. Without contending at length, as we might, that our conception of things impressing and things impressed are gained by seeing bodies act upon each other, and that we cannot realize these conceptions without assuming the objectivity of such bodies—without dwelling upon the illegitimacy of an argument which assumes that there are impressions, and then goes on to show that there are neither things impressing nor things impressed, and which thus taking the *abstract* for its fulcrum, proposes to overset the *concrete* from which it is abstracted,—without dwelling upon this, it suffices our present purpose to remark, that unless Hume postulates the three things—the impression, the impressing, and the impressed, his reasoning is meaningless from the very beginning. Unless its constituent words are the signs of thoughts, an argument is a mere game of symbols. Refrain from rendering your terms into ideas, and you may reach any conclusion whatever. The whole is equal to its part, is a proposition that may be quite comfortably entertained so long as neither wholes nor parts are imagined. If, then, Hume's argument claim to be anything more than a string of logical forms containing no substance, its first term—an impression, must be used only as the representative of a definite concept; and no such definite concept can be formed without two other things—the impressing and the impressed—being involved. The existence of ideas being further involved as an essential part of Hume's premises, it results that (saying nothing about the assumed

relation between impressions and ideas) he postulates four things to the one thing postulated by Realism.

So that, even did these idealist, sceptical, and other kindred theories require no long chains of syllogisms to get from their premises to conclusions at variance with Realism—were their conclusions immediately, instead of remotely, consequent on the premisses—they would still be placed in the dilemma that their respective assumptions are three and four times more liable to error than the assumption they dispute.

As a last resort it will perhaps be urged, that the proposition of Realism is still an inference, and not an intuition—that our notion of the externality of things is not immediate, but involves a synthesis. The first reply is, that we cannot possibly *know* that our notion of their externality is a synthesis, with anything like the certainty with which we can know that their externality is real. As the reasoning employed to prove the synthetic nature of the realistic belief, is itself a synthesis of a highly complicated kind, whilst the synthesis of Realism is one of the simplest possible—so simple as to have become organic—it follows that any such objection to Realism is, like its many kindred ones, self-destructive; it repeatedly assumes the validity of that whose validity it questions. The second reply is, that all knowledge whatever involves synthesis; and that no metaphysical hypothesis can be framed without a more complex synthesis than that required by Realism. Instance the proposition—Ideas exist in mind. Here are three syntheses. An idea is a general word applicable to any state of consciousness, and, as we see in the child, comes to have a meaning only after the putting together of many experiences. Mind is a synthesis of states of consciousness—is a thing we can form no notion of without *re-membering*, *re-collecting* some of our mental acts. Every conception of relation is a synthesis—that of inclusion being one. The child is enabled to recognise one thing as *in* another, by a series of observations similar to, and simultaneous with, those that teach it the externality of things; and until these observations have been generalized, the proposition that ideas are *in* minds must be unthinkable. Thus, then, each of the words *idea*, *in*, *mind*, involves a synthesis; and the proposition—Ideas exist in minds, is a synthesis of syntheses. Passing from the assumptions of Idealism to its argument, it might be shown that each of its syllogisms is a synthesis of syntheses; and that its conclusion, reached by putting together many syllogisms, is a synthesis of syntheses of syntheses. Instead, then, of the realistic belief being objectionable

on the ground of its synthetic nature, its superiority is, that it is less open to this objection than any other belief which can be framed.

The grossly fallacious character of every metaphysical doctrine at variance with ordinary credence, and of the scepticism which forms the logical outcome common to them all, will, however, from our present standpoint, be most vividly perceived on considering the general aspect and pretension of their arguments, or rather of the sceptical argument regarded as a type of the class. For, granting the sceptic his premisses, and making no objection to his reasoning, what is the sum total of his achievement? Simply this; that by a long and involved series of steps he brings Realism's belief in the existence of objects to a *reductio ad absurdum*. But his conclusion that objects do not exist, Realism brings to a *reductio ad absurdum* by a single step. At best, then, he does but offer a many-stepped *reductio ad absurdum* in place of a single-stepped one. What, now, is the worth of such an offer? If the *reductio ad absurdum* afford valid proof, the belief of Realism is true. If it do not afford valid proof, what becomes of the sceptic's argument? Awkward as this dilemma looks, it will appear worse on remembering that every one of the many syllogisms by which scepticism reaches its goal, tacitly assumes the validity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. Not only where Hume from time to time says, "For 'tis evident," and "'tis impossible to conceive," &c., but in every successive sentence, in everything he asserts, in everything he denies, he takes for granted the infallibility of the realist's test. He cannot move a single step on the way to his own conclusion, without postulating that which disproves his conclusion.

Scepticism, then, is reducible to this extreme predicament—that the assumption on which it founds its argument is less certain than the assumption it sets out to disprove; that each of the many steps in its argument is less certain (as involving a more complex synthesis) than the single step of the adverse argument; and that it cannot take any one of these many steps without endorsing that adverse argument.

§ 9. It is curious to see a doctrine which positively contradicts our primary inferences chosen as a refuge from another doctrine which simply doubts them. In the philosophy of Kant, however, this is done. Scepticism merely questions all things, and professes to decisively affirm nothing. Kantism, in anxiety to escape it, decisively affirms things contrary to universal belief. That Space and Time are "forms of sensibility" or "subjec-

tive conditions of thought" that have no objective basis, is as repugnant to common sense as any proposition that can be framed. And to adopt this proposition instead of the one that we have no sufficient evidence of any objective existence, seems to be a preference of the greater evil to the less.

Of the general criticisms that may be passed upon the hypothesis that Space and Time are conditions or forms of the *ego*, impressed by it on the *non-ego* in the act of perception, one is, that it gratuitously entails difficulties to avoid what are not difficulties. For if, in congruity with the ordinary belief, we suppose the *non-ego* to exist under certain universal conditions or forms, it will obviously follow that in being impressed upon the *ego* the *non-ego* must carry its universal conditions or forms along with it, and must generate in the *ego* corresponding conditions or forms that will be also universal. The facts, therefore, are quite explicable on the supposition that all knowledge is from experience. If, on the other hand, to explain these facts, it be assumed that the conditions belong to the *ego*, and the materials to the *non-ego*, it results that the *non-ego* is unconditioned. But unconditioned existence is inconceivable. Consequently, it becomes impossible to conceive that there can be any *non-ego* at all. If it be replied that the hypothesis itself involves that we cannot conceive anything without impressing our own forms of thought upon it, and that therefore an unconditioned *non-ego* is by the hypothesis inconceivable, even though existent, the rejoinder is, that an existence of which we have no evidence, which we cannot conceive, and which it is impossible that we should conceive, is an existence we have as strong a warrant for denying as we have for denying anything.

On turning from the abstract to the concrete, this gratuitous making of difficulties is still more clearly seen. The fact on which Kant bases his assertion, that Space is a subjective form and not an objective reality—the fact, namely, that we can conceive the annihilation of bodies, but cannot conceive the annihilation of space—is a fact quite comprehensible on the hypothesis that all knowledge is from without. We know Space simply as an ability to contain things. Whatever other idea of it we seem to have is nothing more than a synthesis of our experiences of this ability; and may be decomposed into such experiences. We can form no notion of Space without imagining dimensions. Our conceptions of it are made by abstracting from bodies their lengths and breadths, and putting these together by themselves in a more or less distinct way; and evidently the conceptions thus formed can be essentially

nothing but conceptions of an ability to contain bodies having such lengths and breadths. The further conceptions we gain by the focal adjustments of the eyes, and by the motions of the body and limbs, are manifestly built upon this; and when analyzed yield nothing more than this. If, then, we know Space simply as an ability to contain things, the fact that we cannot conceive its annihilation, is quite accountable on the experience-hypothesis. Bodies we can conceive annihilated, because by evaporation, and by burning, we have seen them annihilated—annihilated, that is, to the senses. But the ability to contain bodies we cannot conceive annihilated because we have never known it absent. In all our experience that ability has remained constant; and hence the conception of it is similarly constant in our minds. Evidently, then, our powerlessness to conceive the non-existence of Space requires no such hypothesis as that of Kant for its explanation. And we are, therefore, not obliged to take to the anomaly which that hypothesis presents; namely, that though Space is a property of the *ego*, yet we cannot conceive it to disappear when the *ego* disappears.

Were it only that the experience-hypothesis explains all that the Kantian hypothesis is invented to explain, and does this without involving us in such insurmountable difficulties, its superiority would be sufficiently marked. But it does more. It accounts for a certain peculiarity in our conceptions of Space, which the Kantian hypothesis does not account for; this peculiarity being, that every conception of Space which can be formed by a single mental act is limited to such portion of Space as we can have experience of at one time. Let any one attempt to form an idea of the whole surrounding sphere of Space simultaneously, and he will find it impossible to do so. When standing upright, he can very well conceive the hemisphere of Space extending in front of him; but he cannot in the same act of thought include the hemisphere of Space that is behind. On watching his mind, he will perceive that to think of the Space that is behind, he must become unconscious of the Space that is in front. If to get rid of all perturbing circumstances, he mentally abolishes the Earth and all objects, and supposes himself in an infinite void, he will still find that the infinity at any moment occupying his imagination is the infinity extending on one side of him, and never the infinity on both sides. Now the Kantian hypothesis not only leaves this fact unaccounted for, but is at variance with it; for if Space be a form of thought, our conception of it should be simple, total, uniform, and altogether unrelated to external per-

ception. Whereas, the experience hypothesis not only accounts for it, but involves it, as an inevitable deduction; for if all knowledge is from without, the conception which we can by one act form of Space cannot exceed the perception which one act can give us of it. To the first theory the fact is an obstacle: to the second it is a confirmation.

Passing from these general criticisms to the fundamental criticism, the first thing to be noticed is, that Kant does involuntary homage to the Universal Postulate in assigning grounds for his dogma. Not to dwell upon the fact that his whole argument turns upon the existence of Space and Time, and that for the belief in their existence the Universal Postulate is his sole warrant; and only observing, by the way, that the distinction he draws between these and other things, hinges entirely upon conceivableness, we go on to remark, that he *infers* from our inability to conceive the annihilation of Space and Time, conjoined with our ability to conceive the annihilation of all other things—he *infers* from these facts, that Space and Time are receptivities, subjective conditions and not objective realities. We can conceive bodies non-existent: we cannot conceive Time and Space non-existent: *therefore*, Time and Space are forms of thought. What now is the worth of his “therefore”? At the best merely this; that given these premisses, there arises an indestructible belief in this conclusion. Our conceptions of Time and Space comporting themselves thus, the inference that they are subjective follows as a belief proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist. Only reminding the reader that, as above shown, it does *not* thus follow; it is here to be observed, that, granting his whole position, Kant has no higher guarantee for his inference than the Universal Postulate. The thing *must* be so, he says; and the entire meaning of this “must” is, that no other thing can be conceived.

Having by implication assumed the validity of this canon of belief, whose warrant he wrongly supposes himself to have, what does Kant do? He forthwith asserts that which this canon denies, and denies that which this canon asserts. The subjectivity of Time and Space being, he alleges, irresistible as an *inference*, he insists on it as a *fact*; and to receive it as a fact involves two impossibilities—the forming of concepts of Time and Space as subjective forms, and the abolition of the concept of Time and Space as objective realities. The truth is, that Kant's proposition is both positively unthinkable in itself, and immediately involves a positively unthinkable consequence.

Consider, first, the thing affirmed—that

Time and Space are subjective conditions of thought, or properties of the *ego*. Is it possible to construct any concept answering to these words? or are they not simply groups of signs which seem to contain a notion, but really contain none? An attempt to construct the notion will quickly show that the last is the fact. Think of Space, of the thing, that is, not of the word. Now think of self, of that which is conscious. And then, having clearly realized these concepts, put the two together, and conceive the one as a property of the other. What results? Nothing but a conflict of two thoughts that cannot be united. It would be as practicable to imagine a round square. What, then, is the worth of the proposition? As Mr. Mansel, himself a Kantist, says in his “Prolegomena Logica:”—

“A form of words uniting attributes not presentable in an intuition is not the sign of a thought, but of the negation of all thinking. Conception must thus be carefully distinguished, as well from mere imagination as from a mere understanding of the meaning of words. Combinations of attributes logically impossible may be expressed in language perfectly intelligible. There is no difficulty in understanding the meaning of the phrase *bilinear figure*, or *iron-gold*. The language is intelligible, though the object is inconceivable.”

If this be true, Kant's proposition is empty sound. If, as Sir William Hamilton says, those propositions only are conceivable of which subject and predicate are capable of *unity of representation*, then is the subjectivity of Space inconceivable; for it is impossible to bring the two notions, *Space* and *property of ego*, into unity of representation.

Such being the character of the proposition affirmed, consider now the character of the proposition which is by implication denied; viz., that Time and Space are objective realities. The negation of this proposition is as inconceivable as the affirmation of the other. Neither Kant nor any one else ever rid himself of the belief in the externality of Space. That conception of it which he describes as incapable of annihilation is the conception of it as an external *non-ego*; and if this non-annihilability of the conception be appealed to as having any significance at all, it signifies the validity of the conception in its totality. In short, the belief in Space as an objective reality is a belief proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, and is therefore a belief having the highest possible certitude. And the same is manifestly true of Time.

See then the position in which Kant stands. He assumes, that from our inability to annihilate Space and Time in thought, the infer-

ence that they are subjective necessarily follows—follows as an inference, whose negation is inconceivable. But the inference that they are subjective involves two inconceivable things. Kant's proceeding, then, is essentially an assertion of two inconceivabilities in place of one. Recognising by implication the Universal Postulate, he, out of professed submission to its authority, straightway twice denies its authority. He chooses a double impossibility to escape from a single one. Granting his assumption, therefore, his proposition is indefensible; and when his assumption proves to be unwarrantable—when, as we have seen, the inference which he thinks necessary turns out to be not necessary—the accumulated absurdity of his position becomes strikingly apparent.

The systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, are manifestly open to parallel criticisms—criticisms, however, which, as being substantially repetitions of the foregoing, it is needless here to detail.

§ 10. Do we not thus, then, reach the desired reconciliation between Philosophy and Common Sense? We have seen, first, that the existence of beliefs is, in so far as our reasoning faculties are concerned, the fundamental fact; next, that beliefs which invariably exist are those which, both logically and of necessity, we must adopt; further, that those are invariably existent beliefs of which we cannot conceive the negations; and lastly, that whether beliefs having this warrant be infallible or not, it must equally happen that the fewer times we assume the validity of such warrant in reaching any conclusion, the more certain must that conclusion be. These positions being granted, it inevitably results, as we have found, that the current belief in objects as external independent entities has a higher guarantee than any other belief whatever—that our cognition of existence considered as noumenal has a certainty which no cognition of existence, considered as phenomenal, can ever approach; or, in other words, that, judged logically as well as instinctively, Realism is the only rational creed, and that all adverse creeds are self-destructive.

From our present point of view, not only does the seeming discordance between the verdicts of abstract and practical reason wholly disappear, but their verdicts explain each other. On the one hand, the extreme vividness and unconquerable strength of our common-sense convictions correspond with the extreme brevity of the process by which each of them is arrived at; or, in other words, with the single assumption of the Universal Postulate which each of them involves. On

the other hand, the shadowy and unconvincing character of metaphysical inferences corresponds with the extreme complexity of the arguments by which they are drawn; that is, with the numerous assumptions of the Universal Postulate they severally imply. Thus our involuntary adhesion to the first, and our inability to hold the last, answer to their respective claims as measured by the fundamental test of credibility. The instinct justifies the logic: the logic accounts for the instinct. It was hinted at the outset, that an inquiry into our knowledge by means of our knowledge must, if rightly conducted, be consistent in its results—that the analysis of Philosophy must agree with the synthesis of Common Sense. This we now find to be the fact; not simply as shown in the coincidence of their conclusions, but as further shown in the rationale afforded by the one of the confidence felt by the other.

Here, too, we may remark, the identity of the illusion common to all metaphysical reasonings; the illusions, namely, that our cognition of logical necessity has a higher certainty than our cognition of anything else. Not recognizing the fact, that for the validity of every step in an argument, we have no better guarantee than we have for an intuition of sense, but assuming, on the contrary, that whilst our simple perceptions of external existences are fallible, our complex perceptions of internal co-existences are infallible—assuming this, men have sought to reach by reasoning a knowledge that transcends ordinary knowledge. That it is possible by a chain of syllogisms to gain a conviction more positive than any conviction immediately derived from the senses, is the assumption which every metaphysical argument tacitly makes. The endeavour by one school to establish an Ontology, and the assertion by another, that we cannot prove the existence of noumena, alike take it for granted that demonstration has a validity exceeding that of intuition. To Common Sense, standing steadfastly on a given spot, the first says that there is a series of steps by which that spot may be arrived at; the second says that there is no such series; but they agree in saying, that until a series of steps has been gone through, Common Sense cannot stand on that spot at all. This superstition in mental dynamics has a curious analogy to a current superstition in physical dynamics. Much as the mechanic, familiar with the effects of levers, wheels, and pulleys, has come to attribute to them intrinsic powers, the metaphysician, struck with the result achieved through logical forms, ascribes a virtue to the forms themselves; and

as the one hopes by an arrangement of these levers, wheels, and pulleys, to generate force, so does the other hope by some logical combination to evolve certainty. In both cases, however, the result is directly the reverse. As every additional part of a mechanical apparatus entails a loss of force, so does every syllogism entail a loss of certainty. As no machine can produce an effect equivalent to the moving power, so no argument can establish a conclusion equally certain with that primary knowledge from which all argument is derived.

It remains but to notice Scepticism's last refuge; namely, the position that we can never truly know that things are as they seem; and that whilst it may be impossible for us to think of them as otherwise, yet they may be otherwise. This position we shall find to be as logically inadmissible as it is practically unthinkable. For one of two things must be true of it: it must either admit of no justification by reason, or it must admit of some justification. If it admits of no justification by reason, then it amounts to a tacit negation of all reason. It posits that as possible which by its own admission can be entertained not as a conceivable proposition, but only as a verbally intelligible one; and if it be allowable, without assigning grounds, to do this in the present case, it is allowable to do it in any case; whence it will follow that every conclusion can be met by a counter conclusion which may be posited as possible; and all conclusions being thus rendered worthless, intelligence is abolished. If, on the other hand, reasons in justification of the position be assigned—if it be alleged that we cannot know that things are as they seem *because* we cannot transcend consciousness—then there is at once taken for granted the validity of that test whose validity is called in question. The Universal Postulate is assumed and denied in the same breath. As it has been more than once shown, the invariably existent belief, which is our warrant for asserting the reality of Matter, Space, and Time, is likewise our warrant, and our sole warrant, for every *because*; and to assume the trustworthiness of this warrant in the one case for the purpose of proving its trustworthiness in the other, is the climax of absurdity. Evidently, then, we cannot rationally entertain a thought at variance with these primary dicta of consciousness. It is impossible for us to take a single step towards invalidating them without committing a logical suicide.

#### ART. VIII.—THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

*The Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South.* By David Urquhart. Second edition. London: Trübner and Co. 1853.

A VAST subject here lies before us, treated by a man of original mind, who has diligently amassed and systematized information which slips through the fingers of other men. Though we find him to be full of paradox, always obscure, often illogical, sometimes unjust even to extravagance, yet he sees things which most of us entirely overlook, and he may be an aid toward truth to all who will wisely use him. Mr. Urquhart has the merit of having first raised a clear and loud protest in favour of municipal, as distinguished from parliamentary institution, and of having pointed to these as the preservative of freedom in Greece, even while she was pressed down under Turkish domination. The history of Spain and France in the last quarter of a century, and the recent revelations from Hungary, have made the whole topic of local as opposed to centralized executive and legislative rights more familiar to the English public. Mr. Urquhart's political creed seems to be wholly based on this.

With him, *constitution* is "a hated name," which he unwillingly applies to the Provincial Diets of Denmark. His admiration of local freedom makes him sympathize with Hungary and with Turkey. Possibly, we may add, the same cause leads to his intense aversion for the Russian despotism which during the time of Ivan IV. radically destroyed, from the barbarism of the people, those municipal institutions which have lifted all other people out of barbarism. Be this as it may, we do not say that he hates Russia too cordially. We believe with him, that her fraud and force is the vastest and deepest fountain of misery to all Europe, although we know not how to attribute to Russian intrigue either omniscience or omnipotence.

Let a reasoner take what theory he please as to the causes, the facts and mode of Russian encroachment are such, that even the unreasoning multitude may justly be excited to attention, and may call upon their rulers for a total change of proceeding. The growth of a great inland royalty into an empire over neighbouring foreigners by direct war and conquest, is an alarming, but an intelligible phenomenon. When it assumes the same old-fashioned shape as that of the Ottoman power three centuries ago, all are forewarned and forearmed. But such a power acted only from without: its position was that of pure hostility, and it was met by the universal systematic combination of all continental

Christendom. Yet the dangers from it were comparatively superficial. No Ottoman ambassadors resided in the cities of Christendom: no Ottoman parties were formed in the parliaments and cabinets: no Ottoman intermarriages entangled our dynasties, nor was Ottoman gold lavished in diplomacy, or on the Christian press. Much less could the Mussulman make his conquests by aid of Christian allies. He did not trust his own Christian subjects in his armies, and had no active aid, except occasionally from injured refugees. No great Christian governments won provinces and awarded kingdoms to him by their arms or their diplomacy. In all these points lies the formidable nature of the Russian power. Since Peter the Great, her frontier has advanced by many hundred miles in the direction of Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople; but her more dangerous force is exerted *within* these capitals and their provinces, and upon more distant cabinets. She has torn Poland into pieces by aid of Prussia and Austria, and appropriated to herself by far the greater part of the spoil. She has secretly allied with France, to enable her to wrest Finland from Sweden. Her influence has set up Prussia, as a power with straggling dominions not rightfully hers, and coveted by France, so as to force Prussia to lean upon the support of St. Petersburg. By intermarriages she has cemented her union with the throne of Berlin, and obtained near pretensions to that of Denmark. Her intrigues stimulated the insurrection of the Greeks against the Sultan. She has obtained by treaty the title of "protector" of the Christian in Moldavia and Wallachia. She continues to foment every discontent in Turkey, as formerly in Poland. Under the specious doctrine of Pan Slavism, her emissaries act on the foolish ambition of the ruder Slavonian populations, whether beneath the sway of Austria or of Turkey. With unsparing lavishness she organizes and supplies her diplomatic agents, who are a fixed and trained force, aiming ceaselessly from one quarter of a century to another at definite ends, from which the mind of the administration has never occasion or motive to veer or waver. This diplomacy is almost wholly secret; secret treaties, differing from those public and avowed, are a part of the systematic agency. It is notorious that Alexander and Napoleon, at the peace of Tilsit (June, 1807), added secret articles to the public treaty, which was ostensibly between Russia, France, and Prussia. By these articles Russia allowed France to seize upon Denmark and its fleet, while France allowed Russia to get Finland, on condition of Russia closing her ports against England. In the next year,

by the secret treaty of Erfurt, the Czar is believed to have been permitted to appropriate the Trans-Danubian provinces of Turkey, and Napoleon to invade Spain. No one can for a moment suppose that these are singular and rare cases.\* Despotism can keep their own counsel: their treaties do not need the ratification of parliaments, and are not the less valid for their stealthiness. By a long course of consistent audacity, the Russian power has not only pushed its frontier to the sides of Germany, and converted the Black Sea and the Baltic into Russian lakes, but has at last made Austria, as well as Prussia, dependent upon the Czar, by helping the Austrian dynasty against the nation which had been its strength,—Hungary. No sooner is this achieved, than Russia hastens simultaneously to the twofold object of seizing the keys of the Baltic and the keys of the Black Sea; the former by the protocol of June, 1850, and treaty of May, 1852, to both of which the signature of England is appended, the latter by a daring invasion of the Danubian principalities, as preliminary to a Turkish war.

It is not difficult, in retrospect, to see how these results have been facilitated. Much has depended on the circumstance, that Russia entered European politics in so late a stage. For the last four centuries European action has been based, on the one hand, in the rivalry of France, England, and the House of Hapsburg, in its German and Spanish branches; and, on the other, in the rivalry of the Romish and the Protestant religions. Until the Treaty of Vienna had been signed, France appeared to all her immediate neighbours—and eminently to England—as the only enemy in the world. For nearly a century after the death of Peter the Great, Western Europe regarded Russia with more of scorn than alarm, as a half barbarous power, as a useful ally upon occasions, and a harmless enemy. During the great French war, England rejoiced in the growing strength of Russia. In 1806, Mr. Fox as Foreign Secretary, though eminently representing that party in England which was less hostile to France, plainly declared to Napoleon, that "the British government would conclude no peace except in concert with the Emperor of Russia." About the same time, the influence

\* But recently, it is stated that Prince Menchikoff tried to impose a secret treaty on the Sultan, with the impudent threat of war if he dared to reveal it. Mr. Urquhart tells us of a secret treaty concocted *against* Russia by the other powers, during the congress of Vienna; but that Russia, ever vigilant, got scent of it, and effected the escape of Napoleon from Elba, in order to make herself necessary to the allies. Unfortunately he does not indicate his sources of knowledge.



of Sebastiani, French ambassador at Constantinople, so alarmed England, that she saw with pleasure a quarrel rise between the Sultan and the Czar; and no sooner did Turkey seek to France as her ally, than England declared war, and (still in 1806) sent Admiral Duckworth to pass the Dardanelles, and threaten the bombardment of Constantinople. The Sultan forced our Admiral to a precipitate and ignominious flight; but meanwhile Russia reaped a harvest of power by a successful campaign on the Danube. Thus, in 1806, she was helped onward by England. In 1807 and 1808 she in turn gained goodwill and concessions from France; and in the latter part of the war, Austria and Prussia naturally believed that their only permanent safety against France lay in the support of Russia.

In 1812 (observes Mr. Urquhart, p. 293), "Turkey had the opportunity of recovering all the ground she had lost; but England, who only thought of the war with France, induced her to sign the treaty of Bucharest. By it Russia got possession of nearly a half of Moldavia, and reached the Pruth." In the general peace, so eager were we to gratify Russia, that we not only acquiesced in her third partition of Poland, and invasion of the crown of the fragmentary Poland which remained; but in order to evade the necessity of her restoring Finland to Sweden, we violently—by a threat of war within forty-eight hours—rent away Norway from Denmark, and bestowed it as "recompence" on Sweden. With such a state of European feeling no occult causes of Russian exaltation are needed.

But this is not all. During the very period of Russian encroachment, England herself had also become, beyond the limits of Europe, an encroaching, usurping, imperial power; and our crown and parliament, however disdainful of a lowborn Corsican upstart, were full of sympathy for imperial dynasties, and insincere in the support of popular liberties, by which alone Austria and Prussia could have been strengthened. George the Third had made war against the just liberties of our American colonies, and the equal rights of Ireland to England. In India, the arms of the Company had won, and the British Crown had accepted, an unrightful despotism over a foreign people, who were wholly unreconciled to our rapacity, exclusiveness, and ignorance. To a cabinet thus wielding irresponsible power over its foreign dependencies, secret diplomacy was natural and necessary; nor have we been able to evade the consequence, that we are liable to lose by the incapacity or vacillation of our ministers whatever advantages are hardly

earned by war. Here we touch more closely on Mr. Urquhart's immediate topic. He believes that England is no exception to the statement, that Russia has a spy and an agent in every cabinet; but before admitting, on mere circumstantial evidence, so odious an imputation against any individual, we must surely consider whether existing notorious causes do not suffice for the results. We despise the folly of Spaniards, who, with raw levies, insisted on fighting pitched battles against French veteran armies and generals; yet our diplomatists commit the very same fatuity, in engaging with those of Russia. Each minister in turn deludes himself, as a youth in a gambling-house, who ventures to play against old hands. Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen may indeed think it insulting to be told that they are *incompetent* to match Russian astuteness; but, in truth, this is not a mere personal question—it rises out of the whole position of an English ministry, who fight unarmed against the armed. Our crown and its ministers have the initiative of war, and peace, and treaties; but they cannot get the sinews of war without parliament, nor carry on a war which exceeds one campaign without the goodwill of the nation. Russian ministers are not thus hampered. With our cabinets, the most important function of parliament consists in making and unmaking ministers; and since the secrecy maintained renders it impossible for the nation to understand foreign affairs until they have taken the broad aspect of war, parliament feels no interest in any of the more distant consequences of foreign diplomacy. If our minister blockades Athens, or Naples, in however just a quarrel, he annoys our merchants severely, and himself suffers from their enmity; but if he were to sign away the Sound and the Dardanelles to an infant son of the Czar, the English nation would be unmoved, because the mischiefs of such a treaty are only in distant prospect. As in art it is the judges who in the long run form the taste of the artist, so in politics. If the nation and parliament is necessarily shortsighted, ministers who are responsible to Parliament become shortsighted also. The minister who wisely provides for the not distant future at the expense of some immediate sacrifice, expects the violent opposition of many, and little hearty support; but the minister who can scrape cleverly through each year as it comes, with specious immediate prosperity bought by future evils, is the hero of the day and the true practical man. Exposed to such a position, an English foreign secretary fights a most unfair battle against a Russian. The latter can set all the Stock Exchange on him, write disagreeable articles in hostile newspapers, and put words into the

mouths of parliamentary opponents; and, where parties are balanced and ministers weak, the foreign ambassador may often have it in his power to displace the foreign secretary, if he be reluctant to obey commands. In such a crisis Lord Palmerston appears to have been in 1850—not according to Mr. Urquhart only, but according to a calm and favouring criticism, recorded in our own pages (April, 1852, p. 580):—“Lord Palmerston, *attacked in his ministerial entrenchments in Downing Street*, no doubt thought it wisest to counterbalance his anti-Russianism on the Danube and the Bosphorus by acceding to Russia’s views, for the re-constitution of Denmark.”

Not substantially different is the following statement, quoted by Mr. Urquhart from a protest (Mannheim, 1852) attributed to *Heinrich von Gagern*. (Urquhart, p. 256):—

“In consequence of England’s intervention against Greece, and . . . the extent to which England, under Lord Palmerston’s guidance, carried its support to Englishmen in foreign parts, the Russian ambassador in London had, in solemn indignation, announced his expected recall. At the same time, Lord Palmerston’s foreign policy had been in parliament submitted to severe criticism. . . . Some diplomatic access, to assuage the Tories, and an apparent reconciliation with Russia, was necessary to Lord Palmerston, if he wanted to remain at the helm. The accession of Lord Palmerston to that Protocol was the first desideratum; and Lord Palmerston, under the circumstances, had declared himself ready to sign. Thereon, Brunnow preferred to accept the satisfaction demanded by Russia, in the shape of the signature of the Protocol by the English minister, in preference to his departure from London.”

Let it be remembered, that the English ambassador at Constantinople has no parliament, no public oppositionists, no free press, to set at work against the Russian minister there, if he resists the interests of England. The contest, therefore, is wholly unequal. *Our* ministers have no other weapons against theirs, but (at best) words of truth and justice whispered in secret conclaves and hidden despatches: *they* wield against our ministers all the formidable apparatus of hostile faction, with secret service-money of unlimited amount, whether to buy venal talents, to work the presses, to incite legal proceedings, to hire spies, to support the saloons of fascinating ladies, or to assist political friends in a scrape. Their ministers are irremovable by any outcry which ours might raise against them; our ministries, having an ever uncertain tenure of power, cannot afford to make enemies.

Moreover, as war is a disease to England, but an acceptable exercise to Russia, our min-

ister cannot retaliate with advantage the trick of withdrawing an ambassador and threatening a breach of amity. But, worst of all, England collectively has *no fixed will or aims* in regard to continental affairs. Every possible English ministry indeed *wishes* that (in Europe) every person, class, functionary, and monarch would be moderate, reasonable, and satisfied with things as they are. But so soon as to abide by the old state becomes quite impossible, through new violence in some quarter, we no longer have any defined or consistent will, or even wish, as to the state. No man sees this more keenly than Mr. Urquhart; and all England needs to take it deeply to heart. “England” (says he, p. xliv), “having *tremendous power and no policy*, the gravest events must hinge upon the temperaments of the individuals cast by accidents into determining posts: *it is upon these accidents that Russia makes her game*.” He means,\* for instance, that Russia successfully strove to procure the return of Lord Stratford as ambassador to Constantinople, because his temperament is exactly what suits her there,—viz., he is honestly anti-Russian in desires, and will never be charged with collusion; yet he is so *cautious*, that he will always check that enthusiasm of the Turks, which is the only thing feared by Russia. Her mode of displacing an ambassador, is, by making it believed that he is her friend: her mode of securing that Lord Stratford should return, was by affecting joy that she had got rid of him.

Again, at p. 243, Urquhart says:—

“A government that has an object is so entirely master of those which have none, that it can work with the most trifling means. . . . As well expect that a man by natural intuition should be able to lay down a railway, as that a European statesman should be able to cope with a Russian diplomatist.”

Mr. Urquhart’s book is too full of matter for us even to analyze throughout, much less could we afford space to criticize it in all parts, even if we had the means of bringing to the test many of his very novel statements and peculiarly rare information. Yet we must mention the parts of the book in detail. Its extreme cheapness enables every one to buy it, who is at all competent to read it: in truth, it is to be regretted that he adopts so elliptical a style, that the book does not tell its

\* Mr. Fox, in 1806, probably did not need to be prompted by foreign intrigue; but it is no uncharitable belief that Russian astuteness knew how to play on the vanity and aristocratic foibles of Lord Castlereagh, on the too credulous honesty of Canning and of Lord Durham, as well as on the political necessities of Lord Palmerston.

own tale. Much subsidiary information is often needed to make it intelligible.

After the ample Prefaces, he proceeds first to the subject of SPAIN: the chapter was written in 1846. He maintains that the French invasion of Spain in 1823, to put *down* the Constitution, and the Anglo-French interventions from 1834 onward to put *up* the constitutional party in Spain,—were alike brought about by the machinations of Russia, whose sole aim is to embroil Western Europe, and prevent any fixed settlement there, which would leave the Western Powers at leisure to oppose her enterprizes in the East.

In regard to 1823, Mr. Urquhart's evidence is direct. The proceedings at the Congress of Verona are narrated by the French Plenipotentiary Chateaubriand, who distinctly represents Austria and Prussia as lukewarm, England vehemently hostile, and Russia as energetically favourable, to the French invasion of Spain. In the opinion of Mr. Urquhart, Chateaubriand was the tool of Russia; and this seems pretty clear, without imputing to him corrupt motives. The paradoxical assertion is, that all France disliked the invasion. The quotations which he makes from Chateaubriand show that the French chambers and the prime minister Villele were averse to the war, but (p. 46) *the royalists and the army favourable*; this removes the paradox in which Mr. Urquhart delights. Russia was the support in the back-ground undoubtedly, and Russia probably originated the plan; but she was not the only one to gain by its success.

In 1834 Lord Palmerston effected the Quadruple Treaty, between England, France, Portugal, and Queen Isabella of Spain, for securing the throne of Spain to the "constitutional queen," against the absolutist Don Carlos. Mr. Urquhart holds that the "Constitutionalist" faction of Spain was despotism in disguise, and that we ought never to have intermeddled; that Louis Philippe was from the beginning unwilling, that Lord Palmerston enforced his consent (p. 70) by making it the *condition* of that British alliance, which was then necessary to his safety. Hence the alliance was one of uneasy constraint, irritating to France. The utter uselessness of this Spanish intervention, though successful in its object, is certainly a proof that Lord Palmerston selected his aim unwisely; but, allowing that Russia profits by every blunder which our statesmen make, we must add in strong words, that Mr. Urquhart adduces no particle of evidence to justify his dreadful accusation, that Lord Palmerston was purposely (that is, treasonably) playing into the hands of Russia. When he pretends to quote,

as in p. 71, what *might*\* be to the point, he gives neither date nor reference, so that it is impossible to verify and interpret the quotation.

The second part is concerning HUNGARY. Here our materials are ample and authentic; no one needs to go wrong, as to any main point; and accordingly Mr. Urquhart here shows both his blindness and his clearness of sight. By a strange blinking at numerous public facts, and by adding errors of his own, he turns the war into a "romance," Kossuth into a weak and blind politician, and all his countrymen into brave simpletons.† At the same time, he adduces from the Blue Book itself, and from the records of parliament, a series of facts, the importance of which the reader will feel, when we concisely rehearse them. They reveal astoundingly the impotence of our ablest diplomatists.

In April, 1848, King Ferdinand V. made solemn oath to the series of reforms, which were to be the new charter of Hungary.

\* "Lord Palmerston is satisfied with the declarations and conduct of Russia." But *when* was this said! and to *what*?

† Page 84. "Narrated of some former time, would not the tale discredit history! Might not the existence of Kossuth and Görgey be denied, with more show of reason than that of Python and Chimæra! *Their motives defy, their achievements surpass scrutiny and possibility.*" True, as told by Urquhart! In this very page he jumps from the drawn battle of Kápolna (in February), to Kossuth's order to Görgey to push hard on Vienna (in April), and omits all note of time, and seven great victories gained by the Hungarians in the month of March. In page 86, he is amazed that the Hungarian government would not allow Dembinski to invade Galicia, and meet the Russians out of Hungary. Kossuth has publicly stated why this was not done. *He had no arms* to give to the Gallicians; and to incite insurrection there, was judged, under these circumstances, to be an inhumanity. Two modes of action were possible; to spread the war was one. The other—to concentrate the armies—was the more cautious; and would have succeeded but for Görgey's treachery. Urquhart wrongly states Hungarian public opinion concerning Görgey (p. 85); but Kossuth never had an opportunity of displacing him *without danger of having to imprison a hundred officers, and reorganize the whole staff, while the enemy was at hand*, except when the moment came of swearing fidelity to the revolution after the deposition of the Hapsburgs. If Görgey had refused the oath, he would have ejected himself. He has now himself printed, that he deliberately took the oath, intending to violate it ("My Life and Acts in Hungary," vol. ii. pp. 67, 68). Kossuth knew him to be jealous, malignant, untractable, but *thought he had a soldier's honour, and a Hungaria's pride*; and hereby lost the only moment for displacing him. In the whole of March, Görgey's ostensible public conduct was excellent; and all imagined him to deserve high credit for the great victories of that month, until his own book revealed that the strategy was no more Görgey's than the execution.—See Kmety's pamphlet on this topic.

In June, the marauding violences of the Serbs began, stirred up and conducted (as soon afterwards appeared) by imperial officers. In June, also, a Russian army entered Moldavia. On Sept. 1st, in answer to a question from Lord D. C. Stuart, Lord Palmerston assured the house that *the Russian army had entered at the request of the Prince of Moldavia, only to maintain the quiet of the provinces, and without orders from St. Petersburg: that the corps was not large, and its stay would be temporary.* This reply silenced farther inquiry, but it seems to have been false throughout. The Hospodar did not want the army, but the Austrian cabinet did. It was not sent to quell the disorder in Moldavia, but to overthrow order in Transylvania. Undoubtedly then it was sent by orders from St. Petersburg. The corps was large enough, and stayed long enough, to be very formidable to a peaceable neighbour. When Lord Palmerston asserted that no orders had been sent from St. Petersburg, he could not speak with authority, except from a Russian source. Hence, in this avowal, he manifestly became a Russian mouthpiece. And to this it seems, the English Parliament, when seeking to repress Russian encroachments, is expected to bow!

Parliament was prorogued on September 5th. Jellachich, still disavowed in Vienna, crossed the Drave on September 9th. He was defeated by the Hungarians September 29th. In consequence, on October 3rd, a royal rescript proclaimed a suspension of all the Hungarian institutions, and declared the traitor Jellachich dictator of Hungary. The insurrection of Vienna was the consequence. It was suppressed by the opening of November: but the king had qualms of conscience against commanding the invasion of Hungary, so the Camarilla forced him to abdicate (half-witted as he was), and Francis Joseph\* was called to the throne, December 2nd, by an authority foreign to Hungary. On this followed the invasion of Hungary by Prince Windischgrätz. Then came Bem's successes in Transylvania, and the first Russian invasion: but before February was ended, he had driven out Russians and Austrians together. Such were the events of the five or six months during which the English Parliament was not sitting, and during which the ministry was entrusted to watch over the interests of the country and the public law

\* In announcing it, Lord Ponsonby said he had forewarned Lord Palmerston of it, and it was no surprise. It appears, then, that English influence might have been used to prevent this unconstitutional act, so ruinous to the moral influences of royalty, and to its whole future.

of Europe, What does Lord Palmerston in this interval? Does he remonstrate with Russia for her falsehood and breach of neutrality, or with Austria for her public lawlessness? Nowhere that appears. But he writes to Sir Stratford Canning\* on November 7th, intimating his knowledge that the Russian army in Moldavia is intended to march into Hungary. On December 11th, he received a letter from Kossuth's agent in London, begging to be allowed to expound the whole Hungarian question, and reminding him that in Rakotzy's war (1705-1712) Great Britain mediated between Hungary and Austria. Lord Eddisbury replies in Lord Palmerston's name, that the British government has no knowledge of Hungary but as part of the Austrian empire: and Lord Palmerston forthwith *despatches to Vienna a copy of this correspondence!* Why? to recommend himself to the goodwill of Austria. We will suppose so; but clearly its effect was to assure the lawless cabinet that they might carry out their schemes of crushing the Hungarian constitution without fear of offending England. On February 4th, Sir Stratford Canning writes, that the Hungarians seem to be victorious in Transylvania, and the Russian interference may turn out an awkward affair. Lord Palmerston hastens to reply (February 26th) that "*undoubtedly*" the passage of the Russian troops was "an infraction of the Porte's neutrality, and was a fit subject of remonstrance on the part of the Porte." Such is the total result of Lord Palmerston's activity, in that stage of affairs in which alone he might have arrested the mischief by words.

On March 16th, 1849, Pulszky, in London, laid before Lord Palmerston a despatch from Kossuth at Debreczin (dated February 24th), solemnly calling on England to interfere against Russia's breach of the law of nations, and Austria's perjury and cruelties. It is printed in the Blue Book, but without a reply. The great Hungarian victories follow, which cannot be wholly kept secret, in spite of the false bulletins of Austria, and the stupid credulity of Lord Ponsonby. The intention of Russia to interfere becomes notorious; our ambassador and envoy in Turkey ask instructions; and Lord Palmerston, to solve all difficulties, relies upon the Russian ambassador! On the 24th of April, he gives official assurance to Sir Stratford Canning,† *on the*

\* This we know only from a despatch of Lord Ponsonby's (November 20th), which quotes a part of it. The letter itself is suppressed. The Blue-book is thus always *ex parte*.

† In reply to an anxious letter of Sir Stratford's, dated April 5th, which, by allusion, informs us, that

authority of Baron Brunnow, that "it is not the intention of the Emperor of Russia to take any part in the Hungarian war." This positive statement, it seems, was thought enough to remove all Sir Stratford's anxieties. Yet surely the noble lord must have remembered, that on September 1st, he had been deceived into a public falsehood by a similar credulity; and we know that Lord Ponsonby had told him the truth as early as November 20th. Early in May, Pulszky laid before Lord Palmerston Kossuth's solicitation that England would give a dynasty to Hungary. No reply was vouchsafed, and it is doubtful whether the Queen of England was informed of the request, so deeply interesting to the stability of the royal power. The fact itself is suppressed in the Blue Book, and became first known to the public by Kossuth's speech at Mr. Henry's, near Manchester. On May 1st, the Russian intervention had been announced in the *Vienna Gazette*. Yet, on May 16th, a letter from our envoy at St. Petersburg might seem to be a revelation to Lord Palmerston; for, although it put no question whatever, he writes back, that, much as he *regrets* this interference of Russia, he has *nothing to say about it!* He does not even complain of Baron Brunnow's falsehood; or, if he did, he (for some reason) does not dare to show the public\* that he did.

In several despatches, Sir Stratford renews his lamentations that the Sultan's neutrality is compromised, and on May 20th, states that he had urged the Sultan to uphold it more efficiently. Lord Palmerston calmly replies, on the 2nd of July—

"Her Majesty's Government entirely approve the language which you describe yourself to have held to the Porte, with the view of inducing it to maintain a strict neutrality. . . The Porte ought, for its own sake, to maintain and assert the neutrality of the Turkish territory, as far as it is able to do so without coming into hostile collision with its stronger neighbours.

"I am, &c.,  
PALMERSTON."

Was ever anything more imbecile? Do we need a clever, energetic, experienced statesman, to write such despatches? The Czar sends his armies into the Turkish provinces; his ambassador falsely tells the English minister that they were not sent by the Czar, but were called in by the Turkish viceroy. Russia makes the provinces her fortress and focus

France and England have striven in vain to "inspire moderation" into Russia, apparently by gentle and wise advice at Constantinople.

\* Only a short extract of this letter is allowed to see the light in the Blue-book.

of war, from June 1848 to June 1849; Sir Stratford is not alarmed at the breach of neutrality until the Hungarians show their strength: he then exhorts the Porte to do something *efficient*. Lord Palmerston applauds this, *provided that* Russian lawlessness can be restrained without encountering Russian hostility! He is surely a convert to the doctrine of Mr. Charles Gilpin the Quaker, which he read out to the merriment of the House of Commons; that armed battalions can be repelled by meek expostulations and Christian submission.

At this moment Turkey had power\* to establish Hungary, overthrow Austria, and shake Russia to her centre: what then could she not have done, aided by English countenance? But (from whatever cause) Lord Palmerston held back the hands of Turkey, advising her to maintain her neutrality *only* by words, and *not* by acts! Was Aberdeen already prime minister?

Meanwhile, the Hungarian victories over the perjured and atrocious Hapsburgs had blazed across the whole world, and the sympathy of the English people made it inconvenient for the ministry to be thought wholly apathetic. At length, on the 21st of July, 1849, Lord Palmerston speaks his celebrated Hungarian speech—single sentences of which, if they had been written to the Austrian cabinet in November, would in all probability have averted the dethronement of Ferdinand and the impious invasion of Hungary.† All England infers the character of the noble lord's despatches‡ from his speech; his popu-

\* By merely giving arms to the Hungarians, Turkey could have ensured that not a battalion of the Russian armies in Hungary should escape, while the Turks blocked up the passes. Russia had already put out her whole disposable strength, as Lord Palmerston knew and states; yet he bids Turkey to endure what he says is *undoubtedly an infraction of her neutrality* rather than provoke her stronger neighbour! Is Kossuth to blame, in counting England among the powers whose intrigue caused the fall of Hungary?

† Indeed, not the least remarkable point in this speech is, that it is better suited to the date of November than of July; for it totally ignores the Russian interference. When England, in December, refused to mediate, because the struggle between Austria and Hungary was a domestic one, Kossuth made sure that we should bestir ourselves in earnest when Russia had violently compromised the neutrality of Turkey, and was piratically invading Hungary. But England's ablest foreign minister does not regard this as needing even a passing allusion, where it ought to have been the main subject. In fact, its heading in Hansard is, "Russian Invasion of Hungary."

‡ That this is a false inference, and that the suppressed despatches are not more vigorous than those printed, we know from the violent offence which the modest and tame letter of August 1, 1849, gave to Schwarzenberg, as also from the despatch of December, 1848, referred to above.

larity rises; liberal M.P.'s present Lady Palmerston with his picture. Lord Fitzwilliam and others lay before him a memorial in favour of Hungary. Meanwhile, Görgey's treason and the armies of Russia work the ruin of the rightful cause, and finally, on the 1st of August, Lord Palmerston writes a despatch to Vienna, offering to "mediate," if Austria desires it!

Mr. Urquhart, commenting on the great speech of July 21st, justly ridicules its practical jist,—

"In the *present state* of the matter, her Majesty's Government have not thought that any opportunity has AS YET presented itself, that could enable them to make any *official communication*," &c.

AS YET! That is, he would not interfere, by advice or mediation, *until* Hungary was at the mercy of her enemies. This is intelligible from a partisan of despotism; unintelligible from one who knows that the cause of Hungary was just, and avows that the conduct of Austria was *suicidal*,—to the advantage of Russia alone. And this, when a Russell was prime minister!

Let the reader reflect, that such is the conduct of our very cleverest diplomatist, whose name through the whole world is identified with constitutionalism, and who is supposed to be the most liberal foreign secretary obtainable by Queen Victoria. With such facts before us, we pardon Mr. Urquhart's uncharitableness. For ourselves, we do *not* believe Mr. Urquhart's theory: the Syrian war (strangely omitted by him) seems to us to refute it. Whatever the demerits of that war, the minister who plunged into it, to the sore displeasure of France, was plainly running all risks to keep out Russia from Turkey.

If Lord Palmerston were a traitor, it would be a terrible fact, but it would be an isolated one in England, and really a *smaller calamity than we are actually suffering*. Our ablest men cannot extricate us from the tyranny of routine, and from the power of foreign despotism over our ministries through our domestic factions, until secret diplomacy is renounced. Secresy is what makes our Indian empire an evil tyranny, and secresy makes our ministers coadjutors of tyranny in Europe. As we said above, while the nation and parliament is shortsighted, responsible ministers cannot afford to be longsighted. There are only two possible remedies:—one is, to make the ministry irremovable by parliament, as in despotic countries, and *as in the United States of America*: the other is to make the judge (parliament) as enlightened

as the culprits (the ministry), by enforcing the unmutated and immediate publication of every official communication to a foreign power. Even so, a free state is at disadvantage against a despot, who can always employ agencies within its bosom to embarrass its ministries by domestic faction. Russia plays this game in the United States; but, as the nation and government there know their own aim—freedom—if possible, republican,—American ambassadors show a very different energy from those of England, who no longer has any aim but an impossible absurdity,—viz., to keep people quiet and contented with the government of men who have violated every moral law, and have no single claim, moral or legal, to reverence or obedience. A ministry which is aiming at a chimaera, is perpetually stultifying itself, and is then too ashamed of its own folly to be angry with the power which has duped it.

Hence it is, that when Palmerston has signed the Protocol of June, 1850, and Malmesbury the treaty of May, 1852; which prospectively ensure the acquisition of the whole of DENMARK undiminished as an appanage to the Russian dynasty, and endanger its becoming an actual inheritance of the Russian crown, Lord Clarendon comes forward to defend the honour of English diplomacy, and declares, that "the Emperor of Russia had acceded to the London treaty, settling the Danish succession, without bringing forward the slightest *undue* pretension." A very cheap avowal; yet it is flatly called "false" in Berlin. It is quite impossible for us to enter on this enormously complicated Danish question, which Mr. Urquhart expounds at length. He indeed powerfully takes up the subject from an earlier point, viz., that *we ought to make no new treaties with those who break the old ones*. We have protested against the violation of the Treaty of Vienna in Cracow; our minister has authoritatively announced two other violations in regard to the quarantine and navigation of the Danube:—

"When Catherine II. proposed a new treaty to Kien Lung, his Manchu Majesty replied, 'Let her learn first to observe the old.' But, alas! when she turns her face to the setting sun, she catches no Tartars."—p. 251.

When Kossuth was in America, he again and again announced an impending attack of Russia on the TURKISH empire. On May 26th, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, he assigned it as his main reason for hastening back to Europe; yet English statesmen and publicists have been quite surprised, and have exclaimed (what Cicero declares so disgraceful), *Who*

would have thought it? So long ago as in 1774, the Austrian internuncio at Constantinople, Baron Thugut, in a despatch to his court, discussed the problem of dividing the dominions of the Sultan. Russia (says he) has only to make a descent on Constantinople from her ports on the Black Sea, to manage the outbreak of a Greek conspiracy, and so occupy the capital. The Sultan will have to fly into the depth of Asia. Russia will not grudge to Austria the possession of Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, *because* the inhabitants are Mussulmans and Greek Christians; of whom the former would follow the Sultan into Asia, and the latter "would always be faithless to Austria, and occasion her new troubles." An amiable argument! However, the united force of Austria and Russia is now, far less than then, to be dreaded by Turkey, provided only that English and French intrigue can be pushed aside. The Greeks\* have no real influence, whatever G. D. P. and other Philhellenes may assert or wish. They are shopkeepers, merchants, and professional men; a most valuable element of society, but not the men whom the peasantry will follow. They are dispersed in the cities, and do not exceed one million. If every Mussulman were killed by lightning, and foreign powers stood aloof, the dominion of Turkey would not be won by the milder and more intelligent Greeks, but by the Servians and Wallacks, and other rude races. In an argument with Mr. Cobden, we should have to prove that the rule of the Turk in Constantinople is more to be desired by us than that of Russia. Mr. Urquhart alleges, that the mutual hostilities of the races of Turkey are such, that if the Ottomans did not exist, European statesmen would want to *invent* them. But, without plunging into long discussions, it is certain that every possible English ministry wishes Russia to be kept out of Constantinople. It is, therefore, instructive to consider how we have helped her forward, and to remember that our present statesmen are men liable to the same shortsightedness as their predecessors.

How we attacked the Sultan in 1806, to the benefit of Russia, was above remarked. Mr. Canning, in 1823, was incapable of being seduced by the Congress of Verona, in re-

\* The tools and dupes of Russia confound the members of the Greek church with the men of Greek race, and call them thirteen millions. The Czar pretends they are closely allied with his people, and the rightful object of his protection. The attachment of Russians, Wallacks, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Albanians, and Greeks, is *perhaps* as close as that of Spaniards, French, Austrians, Poles, and Italians; a precious basis of union! Mr. Urquhart, indeed, represents the Russian church as in violent official opposition to the "genuine" Greek church.

gard to Spain: he was equally proof against all blandishments of Russia in the matter of Turkey (as Pozzo di Borgo avows), yet in the treaty of London\* he was over-reached by Russia. She had withdrawn her ambassador from Turkey ever since 1821, and had mainly incited the Greek insurrection. France sympathized intensely with the Greeks, yet was aware of Russian ambition. England, France, Austria, and Prussia, held consultations about the affairs of Turkey, without Russia; and the Greeks, annoyed at her pretensions over them, asked England to mediate. Mr. Canning preferred to mediate in company with Russia and France. The end was, that we destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, nobody knows by whose order. Meanwhile, Russia for some years had been feeling the pulse of all the powers, to learn how they would act, if she declared war on Turkey. Prince Czartoryski has now been able to give these secret despatches to the world. The piratical destruction of the Turkish fleet roused the spirit of the Sultan, and put him in temporary hostility with all the mediators. Russia seized the moment to declare war, (while still a mediator!) and imposed on the Sultan the treaty of Adrianople, after a campaign of very doubtful success. Such were the results of the treaty of London. Of it Mr. Urquhart says, p. 310:—

"A forced mediation is a war in disguise. England determines to mediate; but instead of communicating with the parties, she communicates with the government obnoxious to both, and which actually was on the point of rupture with one of them. This communication is secret. Having concerted measures, they apply not even then to the parties, but to another foreign power. This is a *conspiracy!*"

Mr. Canning, who thus played into the hands of Russia, was, in Mr. Urquhart's judgment, a thoroughly honest man, and a man of genius. If the treaty of London had been Palmerston's work, to what motives would he have ascribed it?

Words quoted by him concerning the war of 1828, from the most celebrated Russian diplomatist of that day, are of great interest.

"If the Sultan" (says Pozzo di Borgo, confidentially addressing his chief), "has been enabled to offer us so determined and regular a resistance, whilst he had scarcely drawn together the elements of his new plan, how formidable should we have found him had he had time to give it more solidity."

\* Mr. Urquhart gives (pp. 330-334) two remarkable contemporary letters concerning this whole affair, from Baron von Frokesch, president of the Germanic diet.

In fact, as with Poland, so with Turkey ; the great fear of Russia was, lest internal reform should give them strength, and in each case this has incited her to war. The great advances made by the Turks in the whole mechanism of administration during the last twenty-five years were assigned by Kossuth as one cause urging Russia to make her attack before it was too late. Another was, her desire to profit by the alarm felt by England for France. When Russia was meditating to enter the Principalities, the two powers could have co-operated too speedily for Russian intrigue to harm them. Our tergiversation has lost the moment. In the next spring, if Louis Napoleon should dare to act against Russia, she will take good care that an insurrection breaks out in Paris (for she will have too much at stake to shrink from the chances of republican fervour),—and England may have so many alarms near home as to be but a feeble ally in the Black Sea. We believe there will be a war, perhaps before these lines appear. The Sultan knows he must be devoured piecemeal, unless he accepts all risks. He will not be alone now, as in 1828. England and France, who were then in suspended hostility to *him*, will be at least in suspended hostility against *Russia*. He has now Circassia assuredly by his side, Persia probably. If, as is to be expected, Austria joins his enemy, or even continues to threaten Turkey, the Sultan will have no choice but to rouse and arm Hungary, upon which, if not before, America may be expected to join him, whether as a community, or by suspending her neutrality laws in his favour. Unless Constantinople should be carried by a *coup-de-main*, the war may presently threaten the existence, not of the Ottoman, but of the Russian empire ; for neither Poland nor Finland will be still, if it last but for a few months.

Our Russo-ministerialist journalists tell the public that Turkey *cannot* stand ; and talk of the tremendous dangers which *we* should incur by firing a shot against Russia. Undoubtedly the danger is immense of overthrowing the Colossus of European despotism. To strike at Russia a blow hard enough to force her to be just, will disable her from assisting Austria, and will bring to the ground that perfidious power by the hands of her own subjects. Nicholas is hitherto allowed to go rampant in *disorder*, because he is the mainstay of *order* in Europe ! But unless we mistake, English indignation will be kindled, ere long, with a fierceness proportioned to the confidence which he has abused, and our very Tories will feel that this lawlessness must be quelled at any price. At least we hope so, for the good fame of our

country, and for its own security from retributive tumult.

In fine, we can only notice that the last division of Mr. Urquhart's book, concerning the Danube and Black Sea, the commerce of Turkey, &c., abounds with interesting and important matter. He can write with remarkable beauty, and is certainly a man of genius. So much the more do we regret, that he often mars his own work by inordinate conciseness, which is neither forcible nor elegant when it becomes incoherent.

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#### ART. IX.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter ; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

#### Theology and Church Polity.

DR. GODWIN'S "Lectures on Atheism" having been for some time out of print, he has again delivered and republished them on occasion of the secularist controversy in Bradford. Having exhibited atheism as based on doubtful speculations, as out of harmony with nature, and forbidding in its moral aspects, the lecturer analyses various sceptical theories, and then advances to his own argument from man's physical structure, from its relation to the external world, and from the larger relation of the earth to the general system of which it forms a part. Dr. Godwin is a man of too much information not to have invested the discussion, taken in this form, with considerable popu-

<sup>1</sup> "The Philosophy of Atheism, examined and compared with Christianity." By the Rev. B. Godwin, D.D. Hall, Virtue, & Co., Paternoster-row.



lar interest. He enters, in the usual manner, upon questions as to man's formation, which have lately arisen before public attention, describes the attributes and the government of God, and concludes with a carefully drawn contrast between atheism and the religion of Christ. In such a controversy, the known candour and benevolence of the lecturer could not fail to secure for his opinions a degree of attention in harmony with that respect in which his high character is generally and deservedly held. Without by any means endorsing every sentiment of the lectures, we are happy to believe that publications upon this subject, conducted in such a manner, must prove an unmixed benefit in regard to public instruction.

In the new edition of the "Phases of Faith," just issued, in Chapman's Library for the People, is given a reply to the "Eclipse of Faith," which we shall always regard as an example of extreme forbearance, to be accounted for only by the consideration of Mr. Newman's profound sense of responsibility as a leader of public opinion. It is, indeed, hard to believe that orthodoxy has fallen so far as to have welcomed in its defence a book which a few calm words of truth suffice to convict of dishonesty.

An addition has been made in the fifth chapter upon the supposed miraculous spread of Christianity, and on the exaggeration of its moral influence upon Europe. This is particularly illustrated in a full discussion as to the New Testament view of slavery. There is also an added chapter upon the personal character of Jesus, written in especial reply to the doctrine that in him has been revealed the complete image of moral perfection, so that, at least in this respect, the divine nature became manifest in the flesh. Mr. Newman very naturally protests against being challenged to prove imperfections in one of whom, nevertheless, to say that he was without fault, would be to make him cease to be human. In face of the difficulty, before the crowd who worship at the very name of Jesus, and whom it is the author's desire not to exasperate, but to teach, he enters upon the examination of the public pretensions of Christ, and of the manner in which they were supported. We know scarcely anything of the private life of Jesus, so that no ground lies open for research, excepting that into which the inquiry is made—an in-

quiry to which it is obvious that historic revelation must be at all times exposed, though few persons possess either the courage or the conscious critical skill resolutely and calmly to pursue it. As to the result to which the discussion leads, it may be wise not to anticipate the reader's judgment. Mr. Newman has opened the question upon a platform unfamiliar to English thought, but one on which it must be yet often debated. No person, at least, will question either the ability or the earnest purpose with which the opening has been made.

"A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible" can only be noticed as an attempt to illustrate the Swedenborgian theory of spiritual interpretations, a method which solves all difficulties in Scripture, by throwing over the whole book that mystic light into which the rational eye cannot penetrate. For example, when it is said that the rod of Moses was turned into blood, the meaning is that truth was sensualized; the sending of frogs meant reasoning from false principles; and the plague of locusts that "falses seized upon the natural mind." Enoch was the first to collect revelations into a doctrinal form, and the statement that "God took him," is not to be understood to describe his translation to heaven without dying, but that "God took him under his special guidance and directed him in the performance of the work." There seem to be persons yet living who find light in this curious direction.

The two first volumes of Chapman's quarterly series have been issued: one of them contains the "Discourses" of Mr. Parker, to be afterwards noticed; the other, a second edition of Mr. Newman's "History of the Hebrew Monarchy from the time of Samuel to the Captivity."<sup>4</sup> It is the object of this work to apply to the Jewish records the rules of that sounder criticism by which modern historical studies are distinguished; perhaps the most popular service rendered by this valuable work will be found in the light which it often throws upon the obscure pages of Hebrew prophecy. Mr. Chapman purposes in this new series to publish, by subscription, four volumes in the year, of which the subject will be theology, philosophy, biblical criticism, and the history of opinion. The names of Feuerbach, Ewald, Newman, Parker, and Mackay, sufficiently indicate the high charac-

<sup>3</sup> "A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible." By the Rev. E. D. Rendell. London: F. Pitman, Paternoster-row.

<sup>4</sup> "A History of the Hebrew Monarchy." By F. W. Newman. London. Chapman's "Quarterly Series."

<sup>1</sup> "Phases of Faith." By F. W. Newman. Second Edition. London. Chapman's "Library for the People."

ter which it is intended that these quarterly publications shall bear.

Mr. Wilson has issued the two first parts of his new "Bible,"\* giving the authorized text with a body of really useful notes. The second part brings us to the end of Leviticus. In the introductory sections to this edition much valuable information is given in a form of easy comprehension, while, by aid of the notes, the reader is enabled to judge for himself as to what the Scriptures really are—precisely the point upon the Christian world is so extremely ignorant.

"The Religion of the Heart"† is a manual of aspiration, faith, and duty, conceived in the spirit of natural piety. It contains what may be called devotional services for varied occasions, meditations upon the duties of life, and short essays upon many subjects of constant interest to human thought; for example, on the conscience, on pleasure and pain, and the rewards and penalties of duty. The latter half of the volume is occupied with a discourse upon the chief writings, ancient and modern, which may be regarded as of a religious and moral character—giving extracts from Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, M. Aurelius, St. Francis de Sales, Whichcote, Shaftesbury, St. Pierre, Emerson, Richter, Professor Nichol, and others; the whole designed to form a kind of guide to a course of moral and devout reading. It is the object of the book to supply one of those needs of the popular mind which the speculative rationalism is apt to neglect—to aid in the culture of sound habits, and of reasonable religious affection. If the time has not yet arrived for the matured ritual of natural religion, the present endeavour will at least be regarded as a suggestion and help in that direction.

Members of parliament have been heard to confess ignorance as to what Dissenters mean by "Separation of Church and State;" and, generally speaking, the House of Commons does not distinguish itself in its debates on ecclesiastical affairs. If the country is as ill-informed as its representatives, Mr. Allen's book on "State Churches and the Kingdom of Christ"‡ should prove of great service. Beyond a few obvious aspects of the question—of tithe rent-charge, which must be paid, of church-rates, which may be sometimes outvoted, of incongruous war-chaplains, and of

unnecessary bishops in the House of Lords—the popular notion upon this matter rarely extends. When the period shall arrive for the needed radical reform, and for the establishment, upon a basis of justice, of the State's relations with the religion of the people, legislators will be astonished at the vast amount of work to be done, and the country in discovering with how large a mass of iniquity it has for so long a time foolishly borne.

The first portion of the essay on state churches sets forth the usual nonconformist views as to the simplicity and spirituality of the kingdom of Christ—a kingdom which, according to the New Testament, should owe its extension and support to its mild spirit of charity rather than to the arm of the civil power. The author attributes to the church and state alliance all the evils which, in the name of religion, have been inflicted upon Christendom. In order to demonstrate this, he gives in detail an account of tithes, church-rates, and other ecclesiastical charges, sketches, somewhat at length, the history of the Anglican, Irish, Scotch, and colonial churches; describes the establishment and influence of the papal authority; narrates the various persecutions carried on in the name of established churches; and adds some remark upon liturgies, priestly rites, festivals, and sacraments—upon nearly every topic, indeed, on which the society of which he is a member dissents from the orthodox Christian world.

The essay is to be recommended as a depository of information which many persons will find useful; not infallible as to either dates or history, but written with evident care, and in a tone of gentle reproach, which must be highly satisfactory to those who prefer that manner. It must be understood to form a sketch of church ordinances, made with the view of showing to what lengths of wordliness and folly the Christian community has been led by its leaning upon the "arm of flesh." As an argument against church establishments it goes too far, and proceeds along too discursively, to have much weight with the public. The question will not be determined—no question of the kind ever has been—upon the simple ground of appeal to the Scriptures and to reason; the less likely is it to be so if people are induced to believe with Mr. Allen, that the same guidance of reason and Holy Writ can only lead them to adopt the opinions and discipline of the Society of Friends. He argues, for example, against religious endowments of any description—quite a different question from that of patronage by the state; and enters his protest against prayer-books, organs, church architecture, clergies and clerical distinctions, wars, and oaths, the exclusion of wo-

\* "The Holy Bible, authorised version, with Notes, Critical, Practical, and Devotional." Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson, M. A. London: J. Chapman.

† "The Religion of the Heart: a Manual of Faith and Duty." By Leigh Hunt. London: J. Chapman.

‡ "State Churches and the Kingdom of Christ." By John Allen. London: W. & F. Cash, Bishopsgate-street.]

men from the ministry, and against a small crowd of terms, names of time and titles, an example of fanatic pedantry which we regret to see intruded in so grave a discussion.

The same subject, from another point of view, is illustrated by Mr. Madden, in his "Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola." He agrees with the previous writer in the idea that a state of poverty is the most wholesome for the church, which cannot safely be trusted with civil power or wealth. This gentleman appears to be an independent thinker; we have studied his book with equal care and interest. He says, that "Italy no longer affords a safe locality for the independence of a church of a truly Christian spiritual character," and recommends the transfer of the papal seat to Jerusalem, or some other alike sacred spot in Palestine, and that the primate shall be supported there by voluntary supplies from all the Catholic churches in the world. Our author evidently expects that the Pope will not find his second return to Rome so easy as the first. He cannot avoid giving a hard word to Mazzini, with some injustice, since, through the instrumentality of that gentleman, the Pope might have been settled by this time in Jerusalem, but for a state interference on his behalf, which Mr. Madden must, of course, condemn. It is evident that the most spiritual Catholic can hate with a perfect hatred the despisers of his church, and assume the haughty and defiant air of a man of the world, who will not have his absurdities put down with the thin, but sharp laughter of unbelievers.

Mr. Madden no more confines himself to his subject than the writer before mentioned. He dedicates his book to Mr. Gladstone, and devotes one chapter to the argument, occasionally referring to it in other places. This is all that he attempts in relation to state churches, his great point being rather to show that the church should be kept poor—which it may easily be, as it was in Scotland, while yet in alliance with the state. Such appears to have been the opinion of Savonarola: though we can see no propriety in the representation that he died for uttering it: much less can he be adduced as the antagonist of alliance between the state and the church, since, as Mr. Madden believes, he was subjected to persecution by the reigning Pope in revenge for his having instigated the invasion of that pontiff's government by Charles VIII. His predictions chiefly related to this civil interference in the affairs of the church; the French monarch was to effect the spiritual reform,

and the prophet became angry with him because he failed to accomplish, by the scourge of war, that object, and would not even depose the reigning anti-Christ, his enemy. On the other hand, he augmented his own troubles by interference in the politics of the republic which he had been mainly instrumental in establishing. He made Florence an example of Mr. Gladstone's theory in practice—a fatal example, as it turned out; and he has become in history a warning rather than a model, as Mr. Madden would fain represent him.

The life of Savonarola is well worth attention, though it can have little to do with any argument about state churches; and Mr. Madden deserves the highest praise for his research, enabling the reader to form a more correct judgment of this great reformer than it has hitherto been easy to attain. Like Mr. Allen, however, he is not always careful about dates, looks steadfastly at everything from his one point of view, and has the ill habit of pronouncing his opinion upon every question that happens to be named, giving, likewise, a whole history of each. The two volumes are filled with such little essays, of which the following titles may give some idea:—*Essay on the Italian Republics, especially that of Florence; On Monasteries and Religious Orders, particularly on the Convent of St. Marc; On the Scholastic Philosophy; On Monts de Pieté; On Cardinals; On Trial by Ordeal; On the Use of the Classics in Schools; On Supernatural Illuminations; On Saints being lifted from their knees in prayer*—which our author believes to have really occurred to the Saint of Florence; *On the Powers of the Papacy; On Persecutions; On the Infallibility of the Pope; a short essay on Genius; and another on Art; and in the appendix, a sketch of Lucretia Borgia and her family.* Bad as the author's style often is, these, for the most part antiquarian essays, merit attention. But it seems a little absurd to throw this incongruous collection into the biography of a single man, under the title of a book illustrative of the connexion between Church and State.

### *Philosophy.*

To Mr. Morell is to be awarded the praise of having successfully laboured in the revival of metaphysical studies, properly so called, in this country. The four lectures on "The Philosophical Tendencies of the Age," form-

\* "The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State connexion." By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. London: Newby, Welbeck-street.

\* "The Philosophical Tendencies of the Age." By J. D. Morell, A.M. People's Edition. London: Theobald, Paternoster-row.

ing, as he says, a kind of complement to his "History of Modern Philosophy," were delivered before large audiences at Edinburgh and Glasgow: we are glad to receive his promise of a new work upon the relation between "Philosophy and Religion." We regret to learn that even this gentleman, a man of chivalrous honour, and, as a pure student, devout in the worship of truth, has not been allowed to escape the malignant censure of orthodox weakness. With what surprise an honest soul encounters for the first time this kind of foul play, may be read in the following passage from his preface.—"I feel a moral indignation at being charged with 'insinuation' and 'subtlety;' and that too by persons who in all probability never knew what it was to avow in their lives a sentiment contrary to those for which they are praised and rewarded by public opinion."

Defining philosophy to be the "science of first principles," the lectures proceed to answer this question:—"What is the ultimate ground of appeal for the validity of human knowledge? Is it to be found in the testimony of sense, or in the individual reason? Is truth the sole offspring of a divine tradition, or may it not be seen in the universal consciousness of mankind? These four theories Mr. Morell examines. The first is Positivism, developed most fully in the system of Auguste Comte, a theory of the universe which the lecturer strenuously opposes, as utterly failing to embrace the whole phenomena of either nature or man, as contented with a result unsatisfactory to the spirit panting after universal truth, as compelled in the ultimate resort to fall back upon a law beyond the reach of its own speculation, while this law of sociology upon which it relies is not verified in the history of humanity. However confusedly in early ages may have grown up together theology, metaphysics, and the teachings of sense, neither of these elements has been found to absorb the others, whatever may have taken place in the minds of the positive philosophers. Mr. Morell is careful to show that these objections are not directed against the inductive method in science, which, being itself a result of first principles in human nature, does not pretend to compass and limit the entire domain of thought.

Positivism, therefore, Mr. Morell holds to be a simple negation of philosophy, possessed of no means for reducing into unity the multiplied facts of sensation with which alone it consents to deal, and subject always to the obvious objection which carries all its observed facts to be tested and put to use upon the threshing floor of the reason. The second theory, that of Individualism, Mr. Morell ad-

mits to have great force as against positivism on the one hand, and traditionalism on the other, both of which he finds to rest ultimately upon appeals to the reason. Sensation is nothing without a judgment, and the judgment must decide upon all questions of tradition. The theory of Traditionalism receives an easy and full examination, all authority of parent and priest being shown to rest upon documentary evidence, itself requiring some other living authority for its interpretation. There is a supposed residuum of catholic truth, which, coming down by tradition, has been imagined to have received no attaint from the fierce breath of controversy. What this may be it is not easy to ascertain, but Mr. Morell claims it as belonging rather to his own scheme of "Philosophy by common consent," proving that it owes its whole force not to the fact of issuing from objective tradition, but to its exhibiting the subjective consciousness of humanity.

His own idea the lecturer develops thus: "Humanity has a divine purpose to accomplish. Its own progress depends upon the regular growth of ideas—ideas thus evolved in the general consciousness it is the business of philosophy to mould into clear, logical form, acknowledging this common consciousness of mankind for its final ground of truth." Eclecticism, in the ordinary meaning, this system ought not to be called: that name, however, it is likely to retain—and the disciples of it need not complain; it indicates, if it does not describe them. But a person may do full justice to the universal consciousness, and yet not take it for his final appeal. He may employ it to correct his own, without holding it of superior value. Mr. Morell objects to individualism, that it can only decide infallible questions of formal character placed before the understanding; but, in truth, admitting to the full the doctrine of universal intuitive judgments, the individual reason can only take them for new facts with which to deal, and must still ultimately decide for itself upon their consistency and truth. It does not claim to find within itself the sole source of light, it judges of the experience of others by its own, it aids its own by theirs; sensation, tradition, or intuition, fall equally within its grasp. Mr. Morell has perhaps hardly shown that, with all its obstructions and errors, the individual reason can find, in the vagueness of common consciousness, an authority greater than its own as the final test of truth. We should willingly quote from these lectures many passages which indicate the cultivated and penetrating intellect of the writer, passages of great beauty and force. We can only add that, in his "Philosophy of Progress," the author con-

ceives himself to have found the *via media* between blind servility on the one hand to authority of tradition, and subjection on the other to the pride of rationalism, which he thinks to be not sufficiently aware how incapable it is of "furnishing any real material of holy thought," the true aim of philosophy being this—to "bring into scientific form the spiritual life which, coming direct from God, permeates the religious consciousness of mankind at large."

Dr. Hickok<sup>10</sup> begins with a brief sketch of what he denominates objective and subjective theories of morals, but without indicating which of them answers the question as to what constitutes right, and which the very different one as to how we may discover what is right or wrong. Moral philosophers have too often confounded the two distinct things, the reason and the test of right: perhaps it might be not far wrong to say, that the objective theories attempt to solve the one problem, the subjective the other; at least by help of this suggestion the classification might be rendered more natural and just. The subjective theories, as might be expected, very closely resemble each other; they find somewhere in man's constitution the test of morality. We can only regard the rule of morals which Dr. Hickok maintains as being a modification of these theories. It is stated thus: "when the man sees himself to be just what the spiritual excellency of his being demands that he should be, he has, in the contemplation of this worthiness, at once his virtue and reward." "This worthiness is no revelation from without, but a necessary truth seen in the spirituality of his own being from within." This definition has the air of Cudworth's doctrine, but in truth holds nearer relation to the "moral approbation" of Dr. T. Brown.

The book treats first of "pure morality;" secondly, of "positive authority." Under the first is given a statement of the personal and relative duties, of the duties to nature and to God. The second regards civil government, the divine government, and family government. The aim of pure morality is personal worthiness for its own sake, that of civil government freedom, that of the divine government piety; family government has for its object to develop both freedom and piety, and serves as a kind of preparatory school, training the character in the virtues of "legality" to the civil administration, and "loyalty" to the divine.

We find much excellent remark in the earlier portion of the book; in the latter

part the author dogmatizes upon definitions which many persons might see reason to dispute. He defers entirely to the divine authority of the Scriptures, from which he extensively quotes; and finds place in his system for a full justification of the scheme of grace discovered to mankind in the Gospel. In this view he supplies a desideratum—a very welcome service to many—but with what success we do not feel called upon to say, not discerning its relevancy to a discussion of pure philosophy.

#### *Political and Social Science.*

Mr. F. W. Newman's "Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects,"<sup>11</sup> appears as part of Chapman's Library for the People. To those who have read any of the writings of this author, we need hardly say that the wrongs which mark the course of this imperial house are neither hidden nor excused in this book: indignant denunciation flames through its pages. The House of Hapsburg is tracked through crimes from its rise in 1273 to the close of the late Hungarian war; and, unhappily, a chapter is filled with the acts or omissions by which England has contributed more or less to its success. Our present understanding with Austria on the Turkish question, if not exactly cordial, may perhaps serve to make us forget, for the moment, eight centuries of misdoing: we can hardly imagine, however, that habits are so quickly changed, as that the forgetfulness should be long continued. Mr. Newman's little book is, therefore, not yet out of date. The inquiry suggested by such an exhibition of wrongs is this: how happens it that imperial unrighteousness should have enjoyed in this case so long a success? In common life, and by ordinary rules, a policy like this would have broken down and have been forgotten long ago. What is the secret of its life? But we can only now stay to suggest the question; the answers which our readers will supply for themselves will be various, as each is disposed to look preferentially to sociologic, diplomatic, or military causes for the relative strength of governments, and the permanence of states. But we cannot refrain from saying, that the long duration of a dishonest dynasty says little for the real morality or intelligence of the peoples ruled by it.

The visit of Kossuth to America has produced three agreeable and useful volumes of

<sup>10</sup> "A System of Moral Science." By Laurens P. Hickok, D.D. London: John Chapman.

<sup>11</sup> "The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects." By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1858.

travels from his companions, M. and Mde. Pulsky, under the title of "White, Red, Black;"<sup>11</sup> and although sufficient care is taken to show, despite the *Times* and *Daily News*, that the progress of the Hungarian Governor through the Western Republics was no failure, and although we necessarily have much of the clang of bells, the boom of artillery, the hubbub of sounds, and the aches of hand-shaking, yet the volumes are fraught with important and well-selected matter relating to America itself. The writers must have read and reflected much to have become able to see thus correctly a country and people so different from those they left under the despotisms of Eastern Europe. We scarcely know where to find a better epitome of the opinions, interests, parties, governments, resources, habits, and tendencies of the great Transatlantic people.

A thick pamphlet, by Mr. Arthur Symonds, discusses the "Organization of the Civil Service."<sup>12</sup> Considering the mass of business transacted in England which depends on concerted action, it is astonishing that so little seems to be known or thought of the principles of organization. Not only in government, but in our great public companies, an office too frequently is little more than a number of persons turned into a room, some with great salaries and some with small, to get through the business as well as they can. The organization is not much more than a mere gradation of authority, instead of being a repartition of the work amongst the workers, according to its constituent kinds, under the control of set principles, and directed in all its parts to one object, by the harmonizing control of one head. The consequence of this mal-organization is embarrassment amongst the sincere and earnest, ample opportunity for indulged inefficiency in the indifferent and idle, confusion, disappointment, and failure in the objects of the office (unless those objects happen to be of a nature to cover any amount of loss), and, consequently, discredit and vexation to any chief of an office who is not as bad as the worst of his subordinates. The "obstruction of public business" is sure to take place in proportion as this state of things exists; and the object of Mr. Symonds is to remove the causes of obstruction by means of a scientific distribution of the work. This he attempts

with a minuteness of prevision worthy of an engineer's specification or a French *ordonnance*; and we need not go so far as to approve every item of his details before we arrive at a conviction that he has laid a master's hand on a master evil. If the views he has enunciated should ever be extensively and intelligently adopted, some part of the remarkable difference of effect between corporate action (whether joint-stock or government), and that of individuals, will be got rid of, although much of it, from the nature of the case, must always remain.

Although it does not fall within the scope of the book under notice, it perhaps ought to be remarked in this connexion, that much of the chronic controversy of the times really turns on the question between official and popular action in matters of government. The man of office, and of professional avocation, whether judge, secretary, clerk, counsel, or any other, looks down on the man who, engaged in the full-tide business of life, does not understand, as he does, the questions with which the official is absorbed. The whole of human life, with him, should be dressed to a line by science,—the science of the offices. On the other hand, the man of business finds that the acts and determinations of the man in office do not fit the actual facts of life, with the feelings and habits those facts engender,—a discrepancy arising from the circumstance that the man in office is, in great measure, excluded by his position from the influence of those facts, and can only draw his conclusions from an artificial world, built up by himself in his own imagination, out of such materials as chance to come to him. Hence perpetual discontents; and the discrepancy does not come to an end, because the man of office, with all his disadvantages, is really an aid indispensable to the man of active life. In England we have long had a remedy for this difficulty in some departments of government; we have parliaments and juries where the popular is associated with the official, to the great advantage of both, and to the stability of the system. But while we really need and might easily accomplish large extensions of the principle, we have those amongst us who would sacrifice the jury to the science of the lawyers, just as the despots of the continent cannot endure that parliaments should interfere with the wisdom of a ministry.

There is no reason in all this, however, for coldness towards Mr. Symonds' proposed reforms. What must be done, ought to be done well; and we have to seek a remedy for extreme officialism, not in weak or badly managed offices, but in a due limitation, by public opinion, of the matters with which go-

<sup>11</sup> "White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States, during the visit of their Guest." By Francis and Thereza Pulsky. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

<sup>12</sup> "Papers relative to the Obstruction of Public Business and the Organization of the Civil Service." By Arthur Symonds, Esq. Printed for private circulation.

vernment should interfere. A strong government, within due limits of action, is the desideratum; but for our government to be relatively strong, especially in these days of intelligence, it needs great internal reforms.

Mr. Lucas gives us a lecture of great beauty on the influence of history on social progress.<sup>14</sup> The fact of a progress, he says, could only be learned from the long accumulations of events which form the world's history, and, therefore, the convictions drawn from its history could only be modern. Many attempts have been made to revive the past, such as those of Julian, of Rienzi, of the New England Pilgrims, of the English Puritans, and of the early French Revolutionists. But these all misunderstood their models, some of them egregiously so; and if they had not, the models themselves were suitable only to their own times, and were entirely inapplicable to those into which they were imported,—times in some respect or other altered by the general advance. From this inapplicability came failures, and thence contemporary vengeance; but the motive being pure, and the action heroic, subsequent times have lauded those whom the powers of the day, king or noble, vilified or destroyed. Even these mistaken men have helped that general progress which we all now recognize,—which is really promoted by every attempt in its favour, whether or not apparently successful, or even rightly devised, and to which we ought all to contribute,—but whose laws it is not yet easy to comprehend, and few of us are able to explain.

Some time ago, but subsequently to the Great Exhibition, the Society of Arts offered a prize for an Essay on Mechanics' Institutes. The book of Mr. Hole, which obtained it,<sup>15</sup> contains a large amount of information, and many valuable suggestions, written in an earnest spirit. He tells us, that Mechanics' Institutes generally have failed of their original design, that they have become places rather of recreation than study, that this is owing, in great measure, to the deficiency of early education in our working classes, and that the remedy is to be found in a better adaptation of the institutions to the actual wants of

the parts of the population for whom they were intended, and in greater efficiency of teaching and closeness of study in the classes. All this, of course, leads to questions of management, support, affiliation of separate institutions, and organizing of the whole under the form of a National Industrial University. Without sharing all his views, and especially dissenting from his proposal that these institutions should get a *Regium Donum*, we heartily commend a book so well adapted to promote practical measures for the improvement of our people.

Mr. Lovett, earnestly desirous of advancing the interests of society, has produced, in a small volume,<sup>16</sup> a system of Social and Political Morality. Judged with scientific strictness it seems open to rough treatment; but as a practical manual it will probably do service. A sensible dialogue between master and man,<sup>17</sup> on kindred subjects, is well worth reading and distribution. It is by Mr. Henry Booth of Liverpool, well known for his share in establishing the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and for his long occupation of the secretaryship of its gigantic offspring, the London and North-Western. Political economy, and the moralities flowing from it, are here put in an intelligible and attractive form.

India has supplied its quota of books, or rather pamphlets. Mr. Silk Buckingham<sup>18</sup> proposes a plan for the government of that country, which consists in the immediate use of the name of the crown,—the appointment of a single minister for India in England, with no other council than the permanent official staff,—the abolition of the East India Company,—twenty-five members for India in the House of Commons, chosen by *European constituencies*, from Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Agra, and the Punjab,—the vesting of the local government of India in a viceroy, with a council, having legislative powers, as well as an advisory interference in administration, composed of twenty members, equally divided between Europeans and natives, and chosen by the same constituencies as the members of parliament, together with the natives in government employment, not below certain ranks. To these are added, of

<sup>14</sup> "History as a Condition of Social Progress. A Lecture delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Bristol, April 11, 1853." By Samuel Lucas, M.A., late of Queen's College, Oxon, Barrister-at-law. London: Murray. 1853.

<sup>15</sup> "An Essay on the History and Management of Literary, Scientific and Mechanics' Institutions." By James Hole, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions. Published under the sanction of the Society of Arts. London: Longman & Co. 1853.

<sup>16</sup> "Social and Political Morality." By William Lovett. London: Simpkin & Co. 1853.

<sup>17</sup> "Master and Man: a Dialogue, in which are discussed some of the important questions affecting the Social Condition of the Industrious Classes." By Henry Booth, Esq. London: John Chapman. 1853.

<sup>18</sup> "Plan for the Future Government of India." By James Silk Buckingham. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1853.

course, suggestions on minor points. It is, however, remarkable, that Mr. Buckingham confines his electoral powers to Europeans or Europeanized natives, and we wonder it did not strike him that the facts which induced him to do so, go far to account both for our quarrels in India and success in them, although he contents himself with denouncing our progress wholesale as unmitigated conquest and robbery.

Mr. Henry Lushington<sup>18</sup> gives us a smartly written answer to the various attacks made by "Young India" on the East India Company, a pamphlet amongst the best, if not the best on that side of the question. In style and temper it is excellent, in matter as good as the case can supply.

The origin of the Burmese war is discussed by Mr. Cobden<sup>19</sup> in a pamphlet, of which the pre-title, "How Wars are got up in India,"—seems to us the most objectionable part. This assumption that a war is a purpose to be brought about, in conformity to a cherished course of action, is too serious to be put forward before at least some proof is placed in the reader's hand. It is, however, an error into which a large portion of the philanthropic class of our public men often fall, to take it for granted, that in all contests with barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples, Englishmen are always and invariably in the wrong. We are bad enough at the best, without the illogical aggravation of taking it for granted that we do nothing but evil. The obvious unfairness of such a starting point prevents, in many cases, the investigations by the public mind, through which substantial disgrace would be brought on real cases of guilt; and even more commonly it remits such cases to the region of squabble, where the two sides are equally marked by bitterness, unscrupulousness, and pertinacity, whether of attack or defence.

Mr. Cobden, from the parliamentary papers, traces the war not so much to the injury originally alleged against the Burmese, as to a supposed ceremonial slight; which slight, to make his title good, he must suppose was willingly laid hold of to "get up" the war. We have ourselves too much doubt of the justice of the war, or rather of the judgment and prudence of the officer who permitted the arrogance of the Burmese to precipitate it, to permit us to defend the case against Mr. Cobden on its general issue; but we have

<sup>18</sup> "The Double Government: the Civil Service and the India Reform Agitation." By Henry Lushington, Author of "A Great Country's Little Wars." London: Allen & Co. 1853.

<sup>19</sup> "How Wars are got up in India: the Origin of the Burmese War." By Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. London: W. & F. Cash. 1853.

seen too much of the evil of false arguments, although they may chance to lead, as they often do, to true results, to be quite willing to let them pass when they seem to support, but really endanger, what we take to be truth.

### History.

The papers of Sir Hudson Lowe form the basis of three volumes,<sup>20</sup> which have great historical interest, if not importance. A minute detail of the petty cares and occupations that made up the sum of Napoleon's life at St. Helena must at all times, by suggesting startling contrasts, and a rough kind of melodramatic moral that grasps the imaginations of the multitude, stand upon one of the best-thumbed leaves in the world's history. The French witnesses—fellow exiles of the emperor—have given their version of all that they saw; but, even apart from their prejudices, it is natural that they should have misconceived the spirit or the meaning of a great deal that took place about them. The papers of Sir Hudson Lowe were looked for as the fit and necessary complement to the accounts given by Montholon and Las Cases. Those being edited, there would exist complete materials for the use of historians who should hereafter desire to form accurate opinions for themselves, or to work out minute details for their readers. Poets and painters have been busy on the subject of Napoleon at St. Helena: historians would know how, with so much detail at their command, to appeal more effectively than either to the common mind. That good result might have ensued from the publication of the Lowe papers, Mr. Forsyth aiding much; but Mr. Forsyth has aided little. The subject of Napoleon at St. Helena has fired his imagination, or ambition, and the materials which he should have issued for the use of others, as a conscientious editor, he has unwisely chosen to consume in the manufacture of a work that gives him rank as but a very poor historian. The late Sir Harris Nicolas, to whom these papers were first entrusted, was arranging everything that had historical value in a series of documents that would have occupied eight or nine octavos. Mr. Forsyth committed an error in judgment, that will be regretted by students of history for the next century or two, when he changed his predecessor's plans.

Sir Hudson Lowe, as quoted by Mr. Forsyth, in one of the most tantalizing parts of

<sup>20</sup> "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena: from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents, not before made public." By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," &c. 3 vols. Murray.



his preface, says,—“There are perhaps few, if any, public administrations of any kind, of which the records are so full and complete, as those of my government at St. Helena. There is not only a detailed correspondence, addressed to the proper department of his Majesty’s government, reporting the occurrences of almost every day during the five years that Napoleon Bonaparte remained under my custody, but the greater part of the conversations held with Bonaparte himself, or with his followers, was immediately noted down.”

Mr. Forsyth had also, he tells us, access to “a vast number of original despatches of Earl Bathurst, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies while Napoleon was at St. Helena, and to the originals, or copies, of every important document connected with the subject.” Why might we not, through Mr. Forsyth’s good offices, have ourselves read “every important document?”

We have made the preceding exceptions to Mr. Forsyth’s work on the highest grounds only, bearing in mind the satisfaction due, not to the general reader, but to the interests of history. Those interests, it should be said, are not entirely set aside, for Mr. Forsyth’s pages contain many documents, and statements drawn from documents, which have their own great and substantial value. There is, on the other hand, nothing left to be wished for, by the reader who desires a book that can be travelled over pleasantly and smoothly, to whom books are matters of amusement, not of study—fruits eaten at leisure, not seeds drilled into the mind during hours of toil.

Without intending still to complain, we must add, that his history, considered as a fruit, must be accounted ripe on one side only. Sir Hudson Lowe gets all the sun; Napoleon and his friends are quite thrown into the shade. This fact is not to the discredit of the book, but only of its title-page, upon which it ought to have been described as the story of “Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena,” with the troubles and trials there endured by that much-suffering governor. There is an oddity which throughout strikes the reader in the relative positions held by Sir Hudson and Napoleon in the book—Sir Hudson the plagued, Napoleon the plager; and it perfectly proves the good faith in which Mr. Forsyth has digested into his history Sir Hudson’s own impressions and opinions. He has evidently read all the unedited Lowe papers, and has so thoroughly assimilated the material provided for him, that he reveals all Sir Hudson’s weaknesses and errors as clearly and naturally as that gallant soldier himself would have revealed them had he been his own biographer. Men often betray their own weakness when

they think they are displaying strength; but of these volumes it is a rare and curious characteristic, that in them one man displays all the failings of another, while he is as blind to them as if they were his own. This defect is indirectly a great merit of the book, for it enables any man to come by a round-about, yet obvious path, at the right conclusion, which he has not been allowed to reach by a direct way.

That is a conclusion, we regret to say, in no way creditable to this country. The book carries us beyond the chills that arose between Napoleon and Sir Hudson—one, a narrow-minded man of genius; the other, a narrow-minded man, of no genius at all. Sir Hudson’s path was shrivelled by the rigidity of his military cortex. As a man, in all private relations, he was most estimable, proper flesh and marrow; but as a soldier he was purely pith and bark. Like a holly-bush, he took the form into which he was cut and trimmed. If the reader of this history—a mere indifferent looker-on—becomes exasperated by the prickly formality of the official, and wearies of the incessant strictness with which an honourable officer, over-anxious about the great trust committed to him, acts up to his instructions, surely Napoleon, who felt acutely every jar thus inflicted on his sensitive and restless temper, had a right to fret and to complain. Frenchmen, who can do ill-deeds with a good grace, were unable to comprehend the utter want of tact which was the great defect in Sir Hudson Lowe as governor of St. Helena. He was a careful and upright officer, who followed his instructions to the letter; and when he had done that, felt that there was nothing more to be demanded of him. For nine in ten of all the duties to which British officers are commonly appointed, he was the fit man, but he was not the fit man for so delicate a trust as the care of the person of Napoleon. Mr. Forsyth quotes, in a note, a communication from Colonel Jackson to himself, in which Sir Hudson Lowe is characterized as “a man possessing little of what is called *manner*—no man had less of that—but he was full of kindness, liberality, and consideration for the feelings of others.” Throughout Mr. Forsyth’s book we find the narrative supporting this impression. Napoleon expected the new governor with satisfaction. “I should like,” he said, “to talk over many things with Sir Hudson Lowe; he is a soldier, and has served. He was with Blucher; besides, he commanded the Corsican regiment, and knows many of my friends and acquaintance.” Yet Sir Hudson’s fatal want of manner caused Napoleon, at the first interview, to conceive a strong dislike towards him. He ordered, we are told, a cup of coffee, that had stood between Sir Hudson and himself, to be thrown out of the win-

dow because "Sir Hudson's face had turned it sour." The few interviews that took place between the governor and the great exile all ended distressingly. Sir Hudson was too imperturbable; Napoleon lost his temper, and invariably afterwards regretted that he had not known how to control himself. Once, when Sir Hudson had departed, after bearing insolence with a calmness far more irritating than any natural expressions of annoyance could have been, or any generous expostulation, Napoleon expressly ascribed his own irritation to the provoking coolness of his antagonist. At the end of an interview with his prisoner, when, after an insolent speech, a hot word would have been only wholesome, Sir Hudson himself thus chronicles the conversation to his government:—"He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, 'You make me smile, sir.' 'How smile, sir?' he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and looking at me, added—'I say what I think.' 'Yes, sir,' I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt; and looking at him—'you force me to *smile*; your misconception of my character, and the rudeness of your manners, excite my *pity*. I wish you good day; and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation. The admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat." The italics in that passage are Sir Hudson's.

We have been led by the importance of this book, and of the topic it reopens, to trespass much upon the narrow space just now at our disposal, in expressing the impression it has made upon us. We can only allude now to one other point brought very prominently forward in these papers—we fear that it would have been even more prominent in the whole series of documents as arranged by Sir Harris Nicolas—the mean spirit of espionage established at St. Helena by the Tory government of that time. O'Meara, the surgeon, who is shown to have been an unprincipled man, with the connivance of the government at home, carried not merely a double, but a triple face; he was one thing to Napoleon, another to Sir Hudson, and another to the Admiralty board. He sent home papers that assumed the character of secret reports in the form of letters to Mr. Finlaison, through which the Admiralty had the advantage of a private spy; but upon Napoleon and his friends the espionage was in reality a public system. Every act that was seen, every word that was heard, was written down and sent to England. Sir Hudson Lowe was bound to have that done, and is not blameable for having done it. The publication of these papers quite removes

any stains that may have been cast on Sir Hudson's character as a soldier and a gentleman; but, though Mr. Forsyth does not seem to have expected that result, it has assured and deepened the impression formerly existing of the injudicious treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena. By its uncertainties have been removed, and though the truth made evident is not a welcome one to Englishmen, yet, since it is a truth, we must be glad that it is now so perfectly established.

#### Travels.

From Napoleon at St. Helena we turn to Mrs. Meredith in Van Diemen's Land,<sup>1</sup>—a lady who bears cheerfully all the discomforts of a life at the Antipodes. Napoleon, if he had possessed her temper, would have felt quite snug in his last retreat. After a comparatively short experience in New South Wales, which formed the subject of a charming book, Mrs. Meredith, nine years ago, sailed with her husband to Van Diemen's Land, and there she has lived ever since, one of the happiest and most accomplished of Tasmanians. The description of her "Home" there is in every respect the most delightful work that has yet been written upon Van Diemen's Land. It depicts the colony as seen by cheerful eyes in pleasant colours. It points out the great freshness and beauty of its scenery compared with that of New South Wales, and its comparatively English character; it bears generous and earnest testimony to the good behaviour of the convict population; touches with good-natured satire on the gentilities and weaknesses of the esquire colonists, their wives and daughters, but speaks of all such matters not with an affectation of contempt, but with the geniality of one who is on good terms of fellowship with all her race. It is a charming home book, though it speaks home feeling from afar over the water. Three or four changes of abode, and two unsettlements of her husband's plan of life, involving journeys from one end of the island to another, seem to have disturbed Mrs. Meredith's home feeling much less than it is disturbed in English families by three or four changes of a servant. Where she and baby were—she began home in Tasmania with an infant—there was the domestic spirit ever safe and sound. The narrative, in so far as it is personal, is for all these reasons exceedingly delightful. A true heart and a quick wit make Mrs. Meredith a capital narrator. We consent to be interested, when her little home party halts in a long jolt over a forest road to light a fire by the way, and make a

<sup>1</sup> "My Home in Tasmania during Seven Years." By Mrs. Charles Meredith. 2 vols. Murray.

little food for baby; or when the same small traveller is tucked up in a roadside inn upon the table. Then again, Mrs. Meredith is not a woman who can see no farther than her hearthstone; she has cultivated tastes; can describe, and does describe, most gracefully and accurately, the chief natural productions of Tasmania; and illustrates her pages with such pleasant sketches as would do credit to the pencil of many a professed artist. Her accounts of the pet animals by which her home has been enlivened, among which we may especially name the history of a pet opossum, are instructive and excessively amusing.

The book contains also a number of stories about the old black population and their terrible deeds, taken from the experience of Mr. Meredith; very interesting in their way, and calculated very much to heighten the wonder of the reader at the fact that those wild, vindictive men, after the local government had waged to no purpose an extensive war against them, were all brought into Hobarton, and shipped out of the way of the settlers by a single man, one of the thousands with that *nominis umbra* Robinson. He was a bricklayer who, with his wife, went unarmed among the savages, and by some unknown means brought them all to town, and made them voluntary exiles to another island. That man was, indeed, a greater wonder than the piper in the fairy tale who made the children follow him. If he be still alive he might save the four powers a great deal of trouble by getting all the Russian troops out of the principalities. That done, there would be no lack of occupation for any genius that takes a bent so useful. In every country there are natives who are nuisances, and whose removal would be looked upon as a great blessing. Happy day it will be when we have only to call "Jack Robinson," and they are gone. The day, we fear, will not be our day; Robinson must, for the present, be accounted one of the peculiar blessings of Tasmania.

#### *Fine Arts.*

Next best to a Robinson is a Ruskin, who, in his own department of Fine Art, labours heartily to entice out of the midst of us all that is barbarous in taste. Mr. Ruskin may not himself be a model of good taste—we do not think he is—but he puts mind, not memory, into his judgment; for opinions he does not say by rote what has been said by respectable authorities before him,—he lets his brain work, judges for himself, and does not care whom his own notion contradicts. A man cannot do that without forming strong opinions, and being forced violently into a good many overbold antagonisms. In the

second volume of "The Stones of Venice," fancifully called "The Sea Stories," Mr. Ruskin writes as forcibly as ever, says many true and wise things, which, if not new, are at least not often to be heard in these days, and runs, as quiet people are disposed to think now and then, into very great extravagances. We would infinitely rather that it should be so, than that Mr. Ruskin should abate a little of his boldness or his eloquence, and settle down into the respectable writer who knows how, by cunning in his craft, to make things pleasant to all parties. Confusion is perpetuated while men are afraid to speak out boldly what they hold to be the truth on any subject. In taste as in theology, there is too much exclusiveness and too much dread of being thought heretical by the majority of people, who are in both cases almost equally obliged to adopt other men's opinions or hold none. Mr. Ruskin is a Wesley in his way, and good will come of all his energetic preaching, though there may be but half of it with which we can agree. His second volume of the "Stones of Venice" begins in a strain of mournful grandeur, with a word-picture of the place itself. It forms a brief and thoughtful chapter, suggesting at the same time an image and a reverie upon it large enough to fill the reader's mind, and bring him in the right spirit to minute contemplation of Venetian buildings. Scrutiny then properly begins with the Duomo of Torcello. It was from Torcello that, more than a thousand years ago, fugitives first went to the islands on which Venice stands. The church of Torcello, variously strengthened and re-created in its parts, has now stood for nine centuries. It was built by exiles from Altinum, after the burning of their own town. The absence of external ornament upon it, and "the massy stone shutters," writes Mr. Ruskin, "cause the whole building rather to resemble a refuge from Alpine storms than the cathedral of a populous city; and, internally, the two solemn mosaics of the eastern and western extremities,—one representing the Last Judgment, and the other the Madonna, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless,—and the noble range of pillars which enclose the space between, terminated by the high throne for the pastor and the semicircular raised seat for the superior clergy, are expressive at once of the deep sorrow and the sacred courage of men who had no home left them upon earth, but who looked for one to come,—of men 'persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed.'" The same cathedral Mr. Ruskin again admires for the universal fitness of its style, inasmuch as "the actual condition

" "The Stones of Venice." By John Ruskin. Vol. II. The Sea Stories. Smith, Elder, & Co.

of the exiles who built the cathedral of Torcello is exactly typical of the spiritual condition which every Christian ought to recognise in himself, a state of homelessness on earth, except so far as he can make the Most High his habitation." In this spirit of acute and ingenious criticism, putting life into the stones, Mr. Ruskin discusses also the mother church of San Donato, at Murano, St. Mark's and the Byzantine palaces at Venice. The discussion of the Gothic buildings is then prefaced by a shrewd and elaborate article, in which is considered at great length the nature of Gothic. This precedes the chapters on the Gothic palaces and on the Ducal Palace. A third volume, now at press, will conclude the whole work, with an account of the Early Roman and Grottesque Renaissance.

#### *Fiction.*

From cathedrals and old palaces, we come to other works of fancy, even novels. There is "Bleak House,"<sup>13</sup> just now more famous than the Duomo of Torcello; it may be even the better work of the two; mind against mind, perhaps there has gone more feeling and more thought to its construction. All the English world is critic of it; we need say but little therefore of its character. There are chapters in it that may be taken as the maturest and best things ever written by their author. All that relates to that type of a class, the poor street outcast, "Jo," is told with the most exquisite skill and feeling, and will be remembered always as one of the choice things that do honour to our literature. The whole work is full of humour and pathos, yet there are defects in it that are as obvious as its beauties. The tone of the plot is more than usually melodramatic, and it is cumbered in its progress by some people with whom we are not glad to have met. The early decease of Mr. Krook, by any calamity, even by spontaneous combustion, was most welcome. The Smallweeds blot the pages of the book wherever they appear. Except in the first well-contrived scene with Lady Dedlock, Mr. Guppy appears only as a bad farce character; and even Esther Summerson fatigues us by the pains she takes to show how wonderfully good she is, and how unconscious of her goodness. Few works written of late by Mr. Dickens have given so much opportunity to make exception against this point and that, yet in none that he has ever written does there appear so great a maturity of power; it abounds in pictures wrought out with the most masterly care and finish, it appeals in turn to almost every emotion, and, barring the pur-

poseless disgust excited by the Smallweeds, turns every thought suggested in it towards what is good and pure and noble. They who find fault with "Bleak House," and they must be many, can only quarrel with it as with what they love.

There has been published recently a little novel in one volume, by Mr. Charles Reade,<sup>14</sup> that ought to be quarrelled with very much; but it is a little thing, and we have taken it to our hearts. It is abominably faulty, full of wilfulness and affectation, but we give our hand to it. For us it has no faults. The little novel is called "Christie Johnstone." Christie is a young Newhaven fishwife, as true a Newhaven girl as it is a true countess who rages, or a true peasant woman who is beaten, in the "Diable à Quatre" at the Opera. She is a theatre heroine, yet she is a character not less dramatic than theatrical. Mr. Reade won his first laurels as part author of "Maske and Faces." "Christie Johnstone" is even a better thing than that most admirable little drama. It is full of animal spirits, wit, life, piquancy, and provocation. Nothing more natural was ever shown behind the footlights. The story is well-contrived, the incidents, which we have no right here to disclose, are finely wrought; much of the humour, and one highly elaborated incident, being at the same time of the most sterling quality, and showing a power that, if sustained, would ensure for its author lasting fame. We have said all this of a novel curiously faulty, and can only beg that all who have been puzzled by this definition of it, will get the one volume and read it for themselves, so that they also may be delighted and perplexed. The delight will greatly overbalance the perplexity.

If novel-readers are the idle, novel-writers are surely the busy in the land. In literature, as in life, there never is a lack of fiction. We are disposed to confess that we are idle enough to have read another novel which, in another way, has given us great satisfaction. It is entitled "The Twin Sisters,"<sup>15</sup> and its only fault is the welcome one of want of craft. It reads like—we do not know that it is—a first work, written with that genuine solicitude and satisfaction remembered by writers who, among the pleasures they enjoyed when they were innocent, have worn the pen down to the stump, linking it with their hoops and cricket bats, their daisies and green fields. There is a want of skill shown in the conduct of the plot to its close, which perhaps will make the third volume less effective than the other two, but the whole work is very fresh,

<sup>13</sup> "Bleak House." By Charles Dickens. Bradbury & Evans.

<sup>14</sup> "Christie Johnstone." By Charles Reade, Esq. Bentley.

<sup>15</sup> "The Twin Sisters." 3 vols. John Chapman.

unforced, and unaffected. The characters of the Twin Sisters are remarkably well drawn, the one actuated by a good impulse, growing, with a slowness and sureness nicely marked through the hard teachings of life, into principle; the other actuated more and more by passion, as the troubles of the world collect about her. The novel is written in a very sound and wholesome spirit, there is an air of womanly purity about it,—its thoughts are pure and its ideals pure. Uncle Jos and his sister belong to the real sort of good people, and there are no characters in the novel better than nature. Amy, the heroine, is not the lady of the novelists, but a true woman, the expanding of whose mind we watch as the tale proceeds, who has her errors and her honest little woman's prejudices; who makes mistakes and heartily regrets them; who loves like a woman, but in a practical and natural, not sentimental way;—a woman with a character, which is well marked by the author without resort to the vulgar artifice of exaggerating some one peculiarity. The amiable old governess, Miss Parker, is another pleasant sketch, an unaffected little portrait, altogether free from caricature. There are several other well and quietly portrayed characters developed in the book, which is throughout simple and genuine, adulterated with no kind of clap-trap,—one that we hope we may be permitted to define as a good home-made novel.

There has been published recently another book of fiction, having the same unaffected manner, and the same purity of tone,—a volume of short tales by Mrs. Newton Crosland,\* a lady who devotes her pen only to good uses, and who has written many little things, over which women, and men too, might spend bits of their leisure pleasantly and well. Her book, last published, is a reprint, in a cheap form, of little tales and sketches which had appeared in shady corners of our dense and ever-growing forest of periodicals; it is called by the author, for that reason, "Stray Leaves from Shady Places." They deserve to have the sun upon them. They are not dead leaves, but they have stem and root to them, and they are full of wholesome juices. Mrs. Crosland's quiet little book is gentle, true-hearted, and womanly. We think, therefore, that from our wives and daughters—why not, then, from us?—it merits welcome.

\* "Stray Leaves from Shady Places." By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Routledge.

## ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

### Theology.

THE publication of discourses<sup>1</sup> such as Mr. Parker seems to be in the ordinary habit of delivering, is likely to prove of great advantage in rendering popular the sounder views of religion already familiar to thinking men. He possesses the faculty of detail, and is able therefore to command a degree of sympathy never given to mere abstract statement and reasoning. The generality of men, cautious of untrodden ways, demand to have their imagination familiarized with the results towards which it is proposed to lead them; they cannot follow an abstract guidance, but refer themselves to some book or chart of manners, to some delineation or some example of what they desire to become. Mr. Parker, with an eloquence which would lose nothing of its real strength by some additional carefulness, somewhat roughly, perhaps, at times, yet always with point and force, appeals to the feeling in which men delight, while pointing out to the judgment the way of life which thousands at this day are blindly and hopelessly seeking.

The method of these discourses is practical, addressing their argument to common sense. Atheism and the popular theology are exhibited in their repulsive relations to common life, while from the better conception of divine things, of which the writer is a chief apostle, there is shown to arise in natural development the tranquil security of religious trust, guidance, and comfort in all social duty, and the clear hope of the world to come. Three lectures are devoted to these forms of thought, as exhibiting a theory of the universe; three in relation to practical life. Then follows a beautiful sermon on Immortality, a single extract from which will suffice to show the manner and the thought of this powerful writer:—

"At the grave the atheist and the theological Christian look each other in the face; one has laid away his daughter for annihilation; he is the father of nothing; the other has buried his son in eternal torment, the father of a devil's victim! What comfort has the one from nothing, the other from hell? Human nature tells both, 'It is a lie: atheism is here a lie; the popular theology is there another lie.' Yes, it is a lie; eternal morning follows the night. A rainbow scarfs the shoulders of every cloud, weeping its rain away to become flowers on land and pearls at sea. Life rises out of the grave; the soul cannot be held by festering flesh. Absolute religion puts this ghastly theology to everlasting rest. The Infinite Master will mercifully chasten, heal and

<sup>1</sup> "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology." By Theodore Parker. London: Chapman's "Quarterly Series."

bles even the prodigal whom death surprised impenitent.

"But conscious of the infinite perfection of God, with the consciousness of immortality in my heart, all this time I smile through my tears, as death conveys in his arms, one by one, the dear ones from my side. I see them go up like fabled Elijah in his car of flame. I see their track of light across the sky, and I am contented—I am glad. I also shall presently journey in the same chariot of fire, and sit down again beside the dear ones who have gone before!"

We recommend to the earnest attention of the querulous, impracticable scepticism of our time, three essays on Providence which follow, in which the author exhibits some real facts about pain and evil which the spoiled temper of disappointed philosophy is too prone to forget. The volume begins with "some thoughts on the condition of Christendom," and at the end are two discourses, which will be read with pleasure by those who feel interest in Mr. Parker's career as a minister of religion. Though the composition of an American author, we owe the publication of this admirable volume to the enterprise of an English publisher, who has enriched it with a portrait of the author. One other quotation, for its equal beauty and force, must be given from the second lecture on "Providence;" the author has just alluded to the labours of men like Bacon, Newton, La Place, and Humboldt, in physical science:—

"And what a world of harmonious beauty it is, as seen by the material eye, and then reflected in the educated mind of these philosophers! But when some man, with mind greater than the greatest of these, shall gather into his more affluent consciousness a corresponding knowledge of the world of animals and men; shall devise the new instruments of a higher science; write in more than mathematic poetry the principia of this sensitive universe, the laws that govern life in time and space, magnificently setting forth the fair mechanics of the world, its metaphysic laws, whose ultimate resultant is lovelier beauty and harmony of a yet sweeter accord; and grouping to a harmonious whole this other Kosmos of vital and personal forces, painting in words this white Amazonian lily of bliss floating on the river of God; why, what a wealth of wisdom, of justice, of love and holiness will it not reveal in the mind of the infinite God, Father and Mother of all that are! Then, by the inductive mode alone, without deduction from the idea of God, but only by the study of facts and history, shall men prove—what I can only postulate—the perfect workmanship of God."

"Regeneration" is the title of a short and pleasing treatise which will be more welcome to many persons than the sharp-ringing speech of Theodore Parker, but which we accept as

<sup>1</sup> "Regeneration." By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

one of the many examples of the strong influence exerted by such men as he upon the religious denominations. Mr. Sears is eminently spiritualist, though, in his belief in miraculous revelation, Unitarian; he is familiar with nature in its laws, with religion in evangelical experiences; he replies to certain views of Emerson while catching his spirit; and writes with the pure poetry of Nathaniel Hawthorne, though simply developing a doctrine of theology.

He believes of our nature that it is corrupt; that we possess what he foolishly calls "transmissive dispositions and proclivities to evil," by law of natural descent. This law he justifies as the necessary method of progress for humanity. He then illustrates the work of the Holy Spirit in counteraction of the "proclive" tendency, showing that the same spirit is at work in all men, but in the "regenerate" most complete. His doctrine of development is therefore not pure. He does not believe that the innate goodness of humanity conquers the hereditary evil, but that itself comes directly from above. The third part shows "the nature of regeneration and the means by which it is accomplished." It may excite surprise that a writer of such elevated sentiment, with views of the Supreme Being so orderly and just, and of human nature so generally in harmony with the scheme of divine law manifested in the facts of experience, should regard as necessary any outward and irregular revelation. He admits that God was in Christ in perhaps nearly the entire sense attributed to that expression by the liberal party of the orthodox; in his view of the atonement occurs a like approximation to theirs. We shall be glad to learn that his book is extensively read. It is calculated, under the protecting shade of their own attachments, to win many from the crazed errors of dogmatism.

The following remarks are characteristic of the generally excellent style and spirit of the book:—

"Hence the first essential work of reform is in separate individual minds. We may besiege our social evils from without with ever so much of noise and shouting, but since they are but our inward and perverted life putting out into leaf and flower, we might tear away the leaves and flowers only to be produced again. Not that reform should not be preached, and Christianity faithfully applied to all outward abuses. But the prime duty of every man, not only to himself and God, but to his race, is self-purification, so that his nature shall be receptive of angelic affections, and transmit them as the best inheritance to the coming time. He is no true reformer who does not study, as in the fear of God, the laws of his own existence, both psychological and physical, and conform to them as laws that are sacred and divine, deeming the transmission of evil tendencies as

the foulest wrong which he can inflict upon his kind. They have done the most for the race whose inheritance to it is a pure and lofty manhood, and from whom the sacred stream of being comes down unpolluted and strong. By such a transmigration of souls, they become immortal on the earth, and they are abroad on errands of goodness while their bodies smoulder in the cerements of the grave."

Our next book is a manual of Unitarian doctrine,<sup>3</sup> though not so represented on the title-page. It discusses, nearly in the usual manner, the questions of the Trinity and the atonement, but in a spirit of extreme candour, and with an evident desire to avoid giving offence. On the point of retribution by eternal punishment, which forms the topic of the last lecture, the author is undecided. He says in one place, "We do not know but that we may separate ourselves so far from God as to make our return impossible." Presently afterwards, he adds, speaking of the Father, "No one of his creatures will ever be beyond the reach of his infinite pity;" a much more sensible remark, and one more obviously just. There is one lecture upon regeneration, which describes it apparently as the result of pure natural development, though presently introducing a necessity for supernatural help, somewhat confusing to the uninitiated.

"The Bible in the Counting-house" is the title of a book, containing ten lectures, addressed to the merchants of Philadelphia. They are written in a style plain and vigorous, and are, upon the whole, well adapted for usefulness. The author exhibits the commercial character in its relations of various kinds, in its immense responsibilities and great temptations; discourses upon speculation and bankruptcy, the necessity of culture, both for the intellect and the affections, and the especial advantages of the day of rest. He is justly severe upon many sophisms of conventional morality, and those tricks of trade by which men, "hasting to be rich," fall into a snare. Unfortunately for the general purpose at which the writer aims, he finds his own advice upon a system of theology little calculated to add force to his remarks. The cool-headed merchant, who is informed that the most exalted honour in his dealings is not to be accepted in the sight of heaven without evangelic faith and experience, will be likely to attach little value to Dr. Boardman's moral counsel. It is a great misfortune that so much solid instruction required to be seasoned with a mixture of the very doctrines which, more than any other influence, have

encouraged those neglects and sophisms under which commercial intercourse has acquired its proverbially immoral character.

### Political and Social Science.

Strange as it may appear, we are beginning to receive from America books which, admitting the insufficiency or asserting the errors of the principles on which the fathers of the republic based their action, seek other foundations of political organization and power. Whatever the intentions of the authors, or the conclusions to which they themselves would limit the use of their own premisses, it is nevertheless true that any European despot may now draw from the great Western Republic quite enough of a certain kind of political science to support a strictly logical defence of himself and his system.

Amongst these books, Mr. Warner's<sup>4</sup> professes, first, to define liberty, and then to apply the definition in the form of discussions on liberty of place,—of pleasure-seeking,—of business,—of trade,—and of conscience: the same definition is lastly applied to the department of politics.

Other definitions of liberty being first rejected, that of the author is as follows: "I would say, it is the power of doing, free of human hindrance, whatsoever God's laws permit." On the face of it, the first part of this definition seems unobjectionable; but, in the very next paragraph, this "power of doing" is expressly distinguished from the power of "trying to do;" and it is emphatically placed in the definition in the sense of succeeding, to the exclusion of the sense of absence of hindrance from endeavouring. We doubt whether any man could adhere to this definition of liberty through an entire system of thought; certainly our author has not succeeded in doing so. But if it could be so adhered to, and were to be applied to questions of government, as he designs, it would follow both that no man is free who does not succeed in all his innocent designs, and that no government is free which does not provide for the success of all its subjects. If this be so, then there is nothing to prevent government from being pushed into every detail of life by the everrecurring complaints of those who do not succeed, and the end must be to bring everything to a state of unmixed communism.

It is true, Mr. Warner often pursues a line of remark which really assumes a very different idea of liberty. Thus, at p. 24, he says, "There must be no *will* over us but *God and the laws*. Where this is the case, and the

<sup>3</sup> "Discourses upon the Unity of God, and other Subjects." By W. J. Eliot, Junr. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

<sup>4</sup> "The Bible in the Counting-House; a Course of Lectures to Merchants." By H. A. Boardman, D.D. London: Trübner & Co.

<sup>5</sup> "The Liberties of America." By H. W. Warner, of New York. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1853. [Dated from New York, and printed in America.]

rulers are but the administrators of a settled legal economy, so as to be feared by evil doers and by none else, the citizen, relieved of the intolerable burden of standing for ever on the look-out at once against wrongs from above and around him, from government and his fellow-men, is *free* for positive employment, *free* to cultivate the soil, to manufacture its products," &c. &c. And so also in other places. Here is nothing whatever of success, but only of effort—not of "doing" in our author's sense, but only of "trying to do." But although the passages are frequent in which the sounder sense is predominant, yet the principle originally assumed comes to the surface, more or less, to the last, and does all its harm by formally letting in just as much as Mr. Warner, or any government on earth, good or bad, shall choose to believe or to say is requisite for the "success" of the governed. The whole question of government is thus theoretically given up to the confusion into which unrestrained and most unthinking practice has ever brought it.

But, much more: liberty is here restricted to the doing "whatsoever God's laws permit." Now, there can be no doubt that God's laws, in some sense, come into the operation and practice of liberty whether we will or no; for the very evils against which law is made and liberty is to be defended, are breaches of God's law as embodied in the constitution and arrangements of the universe about us. But to say that a government is at liberty to take these into account *in their quality of God's law*, and not exclusively as matters of human observation, feeling, and concern, is to subject again, by American authority, all affairs of conviction and conscience to that human jurisdiction from which we believed they had well nigh escaped where Anglo-Saxon liberty prevails. Nothing more is required to afford an easy justification for any repression of thought, however stern or desolating, and for every persecution, however bitter. The dragonnades of France, and the alternate persecutions of England, were founded on precisely this principle. Spain uses it to-day in defence of her intolerance. What Mohammedanism and Hindooism did with it we all know. But according to a fair, and, indeed, inevitable use of Mr. Warner's principle, there was no violation of liberty by any of these; for they did not interfere with what they understood to be in conformity with "God's law." We might have hoped that Americans, writing on such a subject, would have remembered that their principles would have an application beyond the boundaries of New England.

After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Warner's book often attempts to apply the sanctions of law to

details of morals: it is full of minor matters, as well as of unhesitating adoptions of what we have learned in England to consider the characteristics of an exploded legislation. His "Liberty of Conscience" is not much more than liberty to believe, as he himself believes, and to do as he does; the Jew, the seventh-day Baptist, and the Unitarian, get little favour from him; and the man who dares to question the dogmatic authority of the Bible in its full extent, must come to England for his liberty of speech if not of thought, if Mr. Warner rule. "Liberty of Trade" is a liberty of interferences; and the regulation by law of the commissions of auctioneers and agents which he suggests, is only a sample of the extensions to which the adoption of his views must lead. He seems to wish for a law wherever he sees a matter not to his own mind; and there seems to be no limit either in his system or his book which should hinder every action of human life from becoming an affair of Government. After all the warnings on this subject of which the world is full, it is strange to find such a book produced on American soil.

Mr. R. Hildreth, the author of a very valuable History of the United States, produces another of these reactionary books.\* He gives up entirely the "Metaphysical Theory of Natural Human Equality," and charges it with "anarchical logical results." That is, he says it leads to the conclusion that, were men as equal amongst themselves as the principle assumes them to be, there would be no government at all; for there would be no motive on any side for submission. But it is obvious that here an equality of *right*, which is all that the principle was ever intended to assert, is changed by Mr. Hildreth into an equality of *power*; although it is expressly against the consequences of an inequality of power that every political theory professes to provide in favour of the equality of right. Starting, however, from the point made by this perversion, our author seeks to ascertain the actual forces of the nature of motives which produce the equilibrium of governments; and in so far as he attempts an induction of the nature of government from observed facts, we cannot but welcome his production as a great advance on the theories of government which have produced so many changes, with so little real improvement, during the last seventy years, and which are for the most part mere artificial sciences, raised as any

\* "Theory of Politics: an Inquiry into the Foundations of Governments, and the Causes and Progress of Political Revolutions." By Richard Hildreth, author of "The United States of America," &c. London: Clarke, Seeton, & Co.; New York, Harper & Brothers. [No date.]



others might be, from certain postulates, without much reference to realities.

The primary elements of power, or intrinsic sources of inequality, are enumerated as muscular strength,—skill, dexterity, or art,—sagacity,—force of will,—knowledge,—eloquence,—and virtue. Those described as of the second order are wealth,—traditionary respect,—the idea of property in power,—the influence of mystical ideas,—combination, and aggregation. The motives which act immediately to produce the political equilibrium, or the existence and stability of the government, are stated to be the “pleasure of superiority” or “ambition” on one side,—and on the other “fears,” “admiration,” and “the idea of the moral duty of obedience.” Now, whatever merit or accuracy this may have as a description of the actual state of the case as far as it goes, it is plainly just as much an analysis of the sources of all other influence or power, as of those of the influence or power of government. Wherever ten men are associated, for whatever purpose, with whatever understanding, and under whatever sanctions, the superiority which one or more will soon manifest and exercise over the others, must have the same sources, and will have, in every case, the greater part of the same sources, as are here assigned to political power or government; and this book, which offers us “a theory of politics,” leaves the most important questions relating to government as much in the dark as ever. We are not shown what is the relation of government to human life and growth in general, what to the individual man, what to the other forces which actuate society and change the character of its elements; we have no intimation of the proportion which government does or ought to bear to the whole of the influences operating on the individual or the mass; of what is the just extent or limitation of its operation or objects. The most that is given us is an analysis of the causes which change the form of governments, and all beyond that is left pretty much as it was found.

It is remarkable, moreover, that this scheme of politics is constructed without the admission of anything in the nature of rights—that is, without formally recognizing the existence of anything which a man ought to be, or to do, or to possess, independent of, or in opposition to the will of any of his fellows, or all of them. Everything seems to depend on motives to which the notion of an inherent right of any kind is not necessary. It is only as men fear or admire, or think they ought to submit, that government or changes in government take place; and a man has no claim to be what he is or ought to be in himself, for

he is and can be in politics only what the circumstances arising from the motives of his fellows may make him. Just as Mr. Warner makes liberty the result of law, not merely in its practical existence, but in its intimate and rightful nature, so Mr. Hildreth makes government the result of circumstances, without any reference to supreme objects, dear to men, for the sake of which it exists.

It is only a legitimate deduction from these principles (and it is the author's own deductions, p. 8), that might prove the right. No doubt might,—success,—permanence,—prove the fact that the government, in any particular case, is that which results from the condition of the people and the state of things at the time, all taken together. But the most this affords us is an important explanation of the fact, and not what Mr. Hildreth takes it for, such a moral justification in every possible case as is implied in the use of the word “right.” If we admit our author's view, there is no disposition which is not justified, *in morals as well as in law*, by the mere fact of its existence; nor can any man have a right in any case to complain of its worst acts, for in those acts it only follows the ascertained bent of its nature, and the justification of its existence justifies also the acts which follow from it.

It is true that this theory also maintains that a man is morally bound to use political power wisely, justly, and benevolently, as he ought to use wealth or talents, or any other advantages. But then, in effect, it also maintains that the possession of the power, and even the mode of its acquisition, being only the resultant of previous and independent facts, is not a matter to which moral qualities of any kind can be attributed. If it had contented itself with showing that a man, a party, or a dominant race, *may* possibly be blameless in the possession of despotic power, we should have fully agreed with it; but its necessary conclusion is, that he or it *must* be blameless by the very force of the facts, and the only question left is as to the use of the power.

Let us test the theories we have just examined. The authors of both are energetic, and, we believe, sincere opponents of slavery. At the end of the second volume of M. and Mde. “Pulsky's White, Red, Black,” noticed elsewhere, is Chancellor Harper's “Vindication of Slavery.” In this document the famous declaration, that “all men are born free and equal,” and that “man has been endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” are set aside by a show of argu-

ment, and declared to be venerable only from their associations; and moreover, "the peculiar institution" is defended as a right, not merely explained as a fact, by means of that very inequality which Mr. Hildreth's theory alleges as the moral title of every kind of government which may happen to spring from it. What can Mr. Hildreth have to reply *on principle*? What more can he say, than that the power of the master, legitimate in itself, is abused? If he says that the power of the slave-owner is of such a nature that, in a vast majority of cases, it necessarily is most abused, and therefore it ought to cease, we say the same of political despotism; and then the dogma, that might makes right, comes equally to an end on both sides. Mr. Warner excludes slavery from his system merely by means of the assertion that it is not according to God's law that any man should be foolish enough to consent to be deprived of the disposal of himself, and that the state ought to prevent him from doing so—that is, ought to prevent slavery. But Chancellor Harper insists that man has a right, by God's law, to consent to his own slavery, and to that of his children; and where, in Mr. Warner's theory, is the principle which shall decide between them?

No doubt both these authors would warmly repudiate the consequences we draw from their principles; but principles, once let loose, are not at the beck of their first propounders. They will carry their own consequences in spite of any purposes or wishes which attended their birth; and if we have not much misapprehended those of the books under notice, we can hardly have mistaken the deductions from them, of which not a few will avail themselves.

We have, indeed, no disposition to look otherwise than hopefully on any attempts in America to get beyond the mere formulæ of freedom, which have agitated and embarrassed the last two generations with so little proportionate advantage; and so much mischievous nonsense has been spoken, to practical consequence, under cover of the "Declaration of Independence," and the "Fourth of July," that we do not wonder at inquirers in America wandering somewhat wildly in their efforts to find some better and safer explanation of political phenomena than those formulæ, taken alone, afford. But we cannot help seeing that such attempts as the present tend little to real advance. Instead of admitting the truth on one hand, and the insufficiency on the other, of the principles of their fathers, and then going on to ascertain what was required to make up the true system of which those principles should form a just and necessary part, these writers strike into

paths which, more or less new, as to America, only lead back to the worn out fallacies of Europe.

Our duty done, we are now at liberty, notwithstanding all we have said, to recommend both books, particularly the latter, to the political inquirer. They will well repay his labour, if he read with due independence and caution, and take care to separate the valuable truths they incidentally present from the mass of their fundamental errors.

A sufficient answer to "Chancellor Harper's Vindication of Slavery," and, indeed, to all attempts of the kind, is supplied by the tale of "Solomon Northup,"<sup>7</sup> a free-coloured citizen of New York, entrapped, carried off, and held to slavery for twelve years. This narrative, almost as exciting as "Uncle Tom," has the special advantage of adducing name, place, and time for every fact. The only way for the southern men to parry its effect is to show that its statements are false. Until that is done, arguments in favour of slavery are perfectly useless. The common feeling of humanity is roused by such a tale to a pitch beyond any power of logic to repress it.

A small volume,<sup>8</sup> ascribed, we believe correctly, to Mr. Charles Norton, son of the eminent theologian, Mr. Andrews Norton, contains a review of the ultra-democratic and high socialistic doctrines, which, in 1848 and 1849, were, we are told, destined to change the face of Europe at least, and which certainly, in 1853, may be admitted to have originated great changes not confined to Europe, though scarcely of the character predicted. *Solvitur ambulando*—the insoluble problem is working itself its answer, by emigration; and the labourer, the late drug in all European markets, is either seeking his true exchangeable value in Californian and Australian gold-fields abroad, or demanding it in strikes at home.

Meantime, on the eastern seaboard of America, difficulties we have begun to think chimerical, have been attracting some notice. The great ports are naturally crowded with an immigrant population, which is often slow and timid to move on to the west, and which may well appeal, meantime, to the unjaded sympathies of a people living under a social condition, in these respects superior to any known in Europe. Mendicity societies, and model-lodgings, home-missions, and refuges

<sup>7</sup> "Twelve Years a Slave: Narrative of Solomon Northup, a citizen of New York, kidnapped in Washington City in 1841, and rescued in 1853, from a Cotton Plantation, near the Red River, in Louisiana." Auburn: Derby & Miller. Buffalo: Derby, Orton & Mulligan. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1853.

<sup>8</sup> "Considerations on some Recent Social Theories." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853.

for the destitute, are names and things with which our transatlantic kinsmen in New York and Boston are beginning to feel familiar. With our pauper population we have exported also our eleemosynary expedients. Mr. Norton's book is written in a singularly temperate and dispassionate tone; and although he falls into Mr. Warner's error about "God's law," he happily avoids, in his practical conclusions, the mistakes into which that error might well have led him. He appears to have examined pretty carefully the statistics relating to the experiments in co-operative association, which, at one time, were so numerous, and were said to be so successful in Paris. Nor is he unacquainted with our own similar movements in England. Such efforts appear rather to have his sympathy than his faith. The old methods of charity, and the despised remedies of personal relief, are those which he seems to recur to in the end with most satisfaction. And assuredly public and private charity in a land where each individual human being (Mr. Norton belongs, it must be remembered, to one of the virtuous commonwealths of New England) may feel that his worth as such is recognised, is a thing far different from that which has to be tendered and received in countries where the sight of extreme social contrasts turns the patience which would submit to hardships into burning resentment against injustice. These great exhibitions, we hope, will not be repeated in the New World. The sound democratic sense of the common people of America will, we trust, be long successful in resisting the insidious approaches of an European quasi-aristocracy, whose sole titles would be some historic totals of dollars, and whose highest virtues those of getting and spending.

The last chapter of this little volume may be recommended to those who judge of American feeling, on subjects of national aggrandizement, by what they read in the newspapers. Americans may naturally find in the virtues of their popular system of government a justification for its extension, which they may conceive Czars and East India directors scarcely to possess for *their* acts of annexation. Yet there are many—this book proves, at any rate, that there are some—who, for the sake of their own country's welfare, would be disinclined to accept overtures, were such made, from the half-caste Spaniards of Mexico, or the semi-savages of the Sandwich Islands, for admission to the franchises of the Union.

### History.

Mr. Jared Sparks,\* to whose labours Ame-

rican historians will ever be indebted, has followed up his edition of "Washington's Correspondence," with four volumes containing the letters of eminent men addressed to Washington during the Revolution. It will be remembered that, in editing the former set of documents, Mr. Sparks committed an error which provoked serious animadversions from Lord Mahon, and led to a controversy which ended by establishing the general, and, we believe, just impression, that Mr. Sparks, though a veteran student, holding deservedly the highest character both in his own country and in this, had, to a certain extent, allowed the feeling of the American to predominate over the feeling of the scholar, and omitted some passages, and polished others, in the mistaken belief that Washington would make a better figure if his letters were in some degree revised. Many of the omissions Mr. Sparks justified as fairly and simply intended to avoid unnecessary repetition; others, however, were attempts to improve brusque, off-hand, or familiar sayings, as by the polite conversion of "Old Put" into "General Putnam,"—which weakened the character of the correspondence, and very much diminished its historic value. We do not idly revive the recollection of the controversy raised on this account, we advert to it only because we owe it to Mr. Sparks to say, that in this important supplement to Washington's letters, the first error of judgment, if not quite acknowledged, is abandoned, that all letters in these volumes are printed without verbal alteration or omission, and that there is nothing whatever to detract from their very great historical importance. They are edited most conscientiously and ably; they contain the right number of necessary notes; and they are indexed, both by a classified reference to the letters under the names of their respective writers, and by general index of all points of history discussed in them, with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. If Mr. Sparks was before too jealous for the reputation of a hero who was in no need of such solicitude, and if, by such patriotic tenderness, he lost some of the honour due to his own labours, the lost ground is much more than recovered by the volumes now before us.

The Correspondence of the Revolution now given to the world supplies, indeed, in the best way, historical material of first rate importance. It enables us to penetrate below the surface of the deeds done, and to see the motives, ways and means that lay under the

being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the time of his taking the Command of the Army, to the end of his Presidency." Edited from the Original Manuscripts. By Jared Sparks. 4 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

\* "Correspondence of the American Revolution;

doing of them. Here we have letters to General Washington from all the chiefs of the army at all stages of the war, detailing the private history of military operations, difficulties with troops, trouble in getting lead or powder, with the reason why this attempt was made or that abandoned. There are letters from the governors of states, showing in what way each co-operated in the patriotic struggle; letters from private members, or the President of Congress; letters from men in private stations, placing in Washington's hands ideas that had occurred to them, and that had seemed likely to be useful to their country; letters familiar, letters flattering (including the request for leave to dedicate to him an epic poem on the Conquest of Canaan), and letters formal. Characters of all kinds speak to the world for ever through these volumes the exact feelings that aroused and maintained one of the most eventful struggles upon record, and the impression left after a reading of the whole body of letters, tends, in the highest degree, to the honour of America. There is a righteous earnestness, by which every one who writes seems to be prompted, and although we may believe that, to a certain extent, the tone of the whole correspondence is raised by the fact that it was addressed throughout to a high-minded man, before whom even the mean would seek to hide their meanness, still the genuineness of the sentiments expressed is too manifest to be often doubted. There can be no doubt about such writing as this. It is the beginning of a letter signed Joseph Hawley, dated from Watertown, in June, of the year 1776:

"GENERAL WASHINGTON,

"The most important matters are soon to be decided by arms. Unhappy it is for the Massachusetts, and, I fear, for the whole continent, that, at this season, we have a large and numerous Assembly. More than one half of the House are new members. Their decisions are most afflictively slow, when everything calls for the utmost ardour and despatch. The Lord have mercy on us! This colony, I imagine, will raise the men required by Congress before snow falls, but in no season for the relief of either New York or Canada.

"Pray, sir, consider what is to be done. It is my clear opinion that there will not be a single company move in this colony, for either of those places, these three weeks. I know, sir, it will vex you; but your Excellency will not be alone in the vexation. My soul, at times, is ready to die within me at the delays; at others, my blood to press out at the pores of my body. But what shall be the expedients?" &c., &c.

We should add, that Mr. Sparks has appended to these important volumes, sets of letters, addressed by actors in the American war of independence to each other, and not

specially to Washington, in illustration of the military operations in Canada, in Virginia and South Carolina, and on Hudson's River, and of the operations of the northern army.

While the Americans are, as a body, diligently making public all the details that throw light upon the first grand event in a national history, destined to become, in due time, perhaps the most important in the world, there are, happily, not a few able men who, in each several state, are engaged upon the examination and collection of its records. So near to our own time was the occurrence of events from which the Americans will date the outset of their history, that it is still possible to collect not only written records, but much oral testimony, bearing in a very interesting way upon it. The first pioneers of the west are not all dead; the very first log cabins that were built among the Indians, where there are now thriving towns of white men, are not yet all broken to pieces. The written records left by the first settlers in various parts of the Union—letters, journals, and county records—are still to be collected in great numbers by the antiquary, if he may be called an antiquary who dives into the beginnings of a history that was all future a hundred years ago. To men like Dr. Ramsey, who, after long antiquarian study of this kind, has collected, and just published, at Charleston, the "Annals of Tennessee,"<sup>10</sup> unstinted applause is due. Without good local histories, general history can be only vague and shadowy. Dr. Ramsey, as he tells us, and as the fulness and minuteness of his narrative attest, has procured verbal narratives from the old settlers who survive, has examined papers left by others who are dead, and has endeavoured to recover every memorandum, bearing on the history of Tennessee, that it was possible to drag out of obscurity. In the loft of an out-of-the-way cabin he discovered many of the official papers of the State of Franklin; in another he found the lost constitution of the proposed State of Frankland. In the garret of an empty house at Knoxville, he found an old trunk which contained an important prize—the papers of Governor Sevier. How much the prompt diligence of patriotic antiquaries is required, may be gathered from one illustrative fact that we cite, as one among a thousand. Less than seventy years ago, the proceedings of the State of Franklin never were printed, because there was no printing-press nearer than Richmond or Charleston, and it was customary to appoint some person

<sup>10</sup> "The Annals of Tennessee to the end of the Eighteenth Century, comprising its settlement as the Watanga Association, from 1769 to 1777, &c., &c." By J. G. M. Ramsey, A.M., M.D., &c., &c. Charleston: John Russell.

who read aloud all recent enactments in the hearing of the people, at the first militia training that took place, and after the rise of the General Assembly. Dr. Ramsey's "Anna's of Tennessee" begin with purely Indian times, and relate the history of the soil now named Tennessee through all social and political changes down to the end of the last century.

### Travel.

Mr. Schoolcraft's account of his travel and adventure in the region of the Ozark mountains<sup>11</sup> of Missouri and Arkansas, five-and-thirty years ago, have almost the character of Annals, since they convey a graphic picture of a portion of the country under conditions that have undergone great change. Mr. Schoolcraft is well known to mineralogists, and has a considerable scientific reputation. He has a strong and cheerful mind within a crippled body, and the spirit of the journal of his mountain tour, written in younger days, is not a whit cooled by the revision it has lately undergone in final preparation for the press. Parts of the journal did at the time indirectly come to light, and were reprinted in England by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Collection of Voyages and Travels* (1821). The volume now published is full of such incident and adventure among bears, Indians, or hunters, as might be expected in the story of a vigorous man's travel among mountains, then on the very verge of western civilization. A higher interest connected with the narrative is Mr. Schoolcraft's careful and original tracing of the track of De Soto and the Spanish cavaliers west of the Mississippi. Its highest interest lies, however, in the naturalist spirit that pervades it, in the passing notices of the geology and mineralogy of the district traversed, and in the appendix on the mines of the Missouri. This essay, which is a reprint, precedes a variety of other notices possessing much historical or scientific interest, sufficiently connected with the main subject to form a series of appendices which are, in fact, equal in importance to the book itself.

## ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.\*

### History.

THE literature of any nation is but the re-

<sup>11</sup> "Scenes and Adventures in the Semi-Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas, which were first discovered by De Soto, in 1541." By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

\* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

flex of its life, and an abundant literature without a rich national life, is like a magic mirror thronged with spectral unrealities. The power of some mighty conjuror may for a moment (as in the Goethe and Schiller period in Germany) call forth upon its surface a dazzling prospect, but it is sure to vanish quickly and leave darkness behind. The darkness has indeed, in the case of Germany, never been complete, for its literature was not national but cosmopolitan,—still it cannot be denied that after the flash of that bright, sudden morning had passed away, it did for a long time present rather a cloudy and discouraging aspect. From many indications, however, we are induced to hope that its period of decline is past, and that its future growth will be more vigorous, because less forced and exotic in its character than in its so-called golden age. In the "General History of Commerce,"<sup>1</sup> we have a work worthy of its best days, comprehensive in its views, philosophical in spirit, learned, yet wholly free from any touch of pedantry, and by its style recommending to cultivated readers of every class a subject that has usually been made repulsive and technical. There is nothing in which the philosophy of history is more deeply concerned than in tracing the course taken by human activity in this, one of its main directions, and on the whole, though in commerce the great motive power is avowedly the love of gain, its history furnishes matter for more satisfactory reflection than the records of warfare, of politics, or what is called religion.

The true principle of trade, it has been said, is to seek your own lawful profit, while at the same time benefiting others; and this is, perhaps, the best that has yet been found to operate extensively among the mass of mankind. Doubtless there have been in every age a few great spirits actuated by the higher and purer one of seeking the good of others, even with sacrifice of their own, but these have always moved high above the ordinary level of humanity. The world at large has not yet worked out in practice anything better than the principle of trade, and well would it be for the world if it had never acted on anything worse. Often enough the actuating principle has been to seek one's own profit with total disregard of the rights of others, or even to their manifest injury. The author of the *History* now before us is a man of business, as well as of letters, and he has not filled his pages with masses of statistical tables and figures, on which, severe as they look, there is often as little reliance to be placed as on the merest figures of rhetoric;

<sup>1</sup> "Allgemeine Geschichte des Wethandels." Von H. Scherer. Vol. I. Leipzig: Schulze. 1852.

and though well acquainted with whatever has been written on the subject, he has derived his materials principally from an extensive course of actual experience in business, acquired during long residence in some of the principal commercial cities of Europe, and in his present position on the Exchange of Trieste.

This experience will, however, be more available in the subsequent volumes of his work, which will treat of the commerce of modern times, than in the present, which describes its birth and progress from the earliest ages to the sixteenth century. That of the antique world can be drawn only in general outlines, and the materials are but scanty, since the most commercial nations of antiquity, the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, have left no record of their proceedings. Even in its most flourishing period, which M. Scherer gives as from the sixth to the third century before the Christian era, it was limited in its extent not only by the limitation in the number of consumers in a state of society in which the masses had scarcely any wants, but also by the similarity of climate and production in the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean Sea, its chief theatre. With the decay of Greece sank also her commerce and her industry, and world-commanding Rome absorbed the wealth and trade of subject nations in unproductive generalization. The active competition that had existed amongst a number of free though small states, entirely disappeared. What commerce continued to exist with remote countries consisted not as now in contributions to the necessities, and raw material for the industrial occupation of the most numerous classes of the community, but in mere articles of luxury for the rich—gold, pearls, diamonds, silk stuffs, slaves, wild animals for the circus, and other things that had value only for them.

At the period of the invasion of the northern tribes, the destruction of commercial relations, as of most ancient forms of life, was complete, the threads were entirely broken, and seven hundred years after the Christian era, the commerce of the world was in no more advanced condition than at the same period before it. Only articles of the first and rudest necessity for food and clothing were produced in Europe, and these were mostly consumed by the producers. In quantity and quality of production Europe was immeasurably inferior to Asia.

Soon after this, the sun of commercial prosperity was shining in full glory over the countries ruled by the Arabs. Their immense territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Himalayas, and the deserts of Central Asia, and from Lower Italy to the Niger and the Nile, comprehended such a variety of soil and

climate, that even without any special encouragement, trade and industry would spring up of itself, and the precepts of Mahomet were expressly favourable to the occupations of the manufacturer and the merchant. Bagdad, the metropolis of the Arab empire, and the residence of the religious and political head of the state, became a focus of trade and manufactures, as well as of art and science.

The second portion of M. Scherer's volume treats of the commerce of the Byzantines, of the Italian Republics, of the Netherlands, and of Germany, concluding with the discovery of America, the commencement of a new commercial epoch.

In the chapters devoted to the early commerce of the Germans, many English readers will be surprised to find that before the Roman time, beyond the great primeval forest of Germany, said to be sixty days' journey across, there existed on the coasts of the Baltic what we may call a commercial community, which remained entirely independent of Roman invasion and Roman influence. This was a branch of the great Slavonic family, called by the Germans Wends; a cultivated people, with fixed habitations and towns, and settled political and social arrangements, carrying on active commerce in the waters of the Baltic, and practising agriculture and many of the industrial arts, having, for instance, large iron works and metal foundries. Old chronicles boast of the richness of the soil in the country of the Wends, and tell of the luxury and enjoyment in which they lived. From the sixth to the ninth century, they appear to have possessed the entire commerce of the north of Europe, England included. As the emporia of their trade are named Schleswig, Rügen, Stargard, and especially Vineta, a town whose very site is now uncertain, though probably it is to be sought on the island of Usedom, near Rügen. This was the mart of all the surrounding people of the Baltic; three hundred large vessels, we are told, constantly found room in its harbours, and goods of all kinds were brought here for barter. The productions of the East, and of India, found their way thither by caravans from the Caspian Sea. An active corn trade to Scandinavia was carried on from the fertile countries of Pomerania; and the fisheries of the Wends, there is reason to believe, included even that of the whale. The herring seems before the beginning of the thirteenth century to have been found only in the Baltic.

The origin of the civilization of this remarkable people is extremely obscure. One thing at least is certain—namely, that the Romans had no share in it; for between their settlements on the Rhine and the Danube, and the seaports of the Wends, there lay the

great forest wilderness of Germany; and the only attempt which they made to penetrate into its interior ended in the annihilating defeat of Varus.

For the almost total disappearance of a people that had attained this amount of progress various reasons may be given; amongst which, one of the chief was the destructive effect of the fierce crusades carried on against them as pagans, in which those who did not fall under the exterminating attacks of Henry the Lion of Bavaria, Albert the Bear of Brandenburg, and other ferocious Christians, became mingled with their German conquerors, and subject to the Teutonic knights, under whose rule much of their commercial prosperity revived, though their national existence was extinct. It may be doubted whether the Hanseatic League, the mightiest of all the commercial associations which form the most important feature of European history in the thirteenth century, would have risen so rapidly to so great a height, had it not been in a great measure built on their foundations.

A few scattered remnants of these Wends might be found lingering in various obscure spots down to the latter half of the last century; but the Prussian government has endeavoured to efface the peculiarities of language and custom that separated them from their German neighbours.\*

From trade, which has at least for its direct object the supply of the wants of the body, we pass, by a not unnatural transition, to literature, which ministers to those of the mind. The history of the world, without that of literature, Lord Bacon tells us, is "like the statue of Polyphemus without its eye—that part is wanting that best shows the life and spirit of the person."

M. Julian Schmidt, in his "History of German National Literature in the Nineteenth Century,"<sup>†</sup> has taken up the subject about where Gervinus left it—namely, at the period of the death of Schiller, when, bright as it looked, it had a hectic aspect which spoke of premature decay.

A sort of anti-pre-Raphaelitism was in the ascendant—the ideal was everywhere opposed to the real; and not the ideal that might have arisen naturally out of the instincts, the traditions, the religious and moral antecedents of the nation, but one that had been artificially produced out of the study and admiration of classical antiquity. "The ideal," says

\* We have since found that, only about three miles from Berlin there is (or was, a few years ago) a village inhabited by Wends, who go daily to market with their produce. Though they speak no German, they easily make themselves understood by Poles and Russians.

<sup>†</sup> "Geschichte der Deutschen National Literatur im 19ten Jahrhundert." Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig. 1853.

Mr. Schmidt, "was sought for in catholicism and heathenism, among Greeks and Indians, in the myths of barbarous tribes, in physical science, in the chemist's laboratory;" everywhere, in short, but in nature and reality, as it existed beneath whatever artificial incrustation, in Germany and in the time that lay before them. In excuse for such a mistake it must be admitted, that there was seldom a time when the crusts lay thicker than at the commencement of that Goethe and Schiller period; with methodistical narrowness on the one hand, induced by two centuries and a half of dull Lutheranism, and frivolous mimicry of the French on the other,—lifeless conventionality and dreary stupidity everywhere,—this idolatrous worship of the beautiful as manifested in Greek art was perhaps natural reaction. But this union of Greek and Christian culture in the poetry of the time (especially in that of Schiller) was destined, like all unions between different species, to remain barren.

In some acute and eloquent introductory chapters, the author describes the influence of this classic enthusiasm, and of the Kantian philosophy, the subsequent rise of the Romantic school, and the different aspects it assumed in Germany, France, and England. He then passes in review the most noteworthy writers, classifying them rather according to their spiritual affinities than to their merely chronological succession. He does not propose to furnish a mere literary compendium, but to show the mutual action and reaction taking place between society and literature; and he therefore pauses from time to time, as in the chapters on the Influence of the War of Liberation, of Natural Philosophy and Mysticism, to take a survey of their respective positions at successive periods.

It would not be difficult, did our plan admit of extracts, to cite some specimens of excellent criticism, though we should not always be disposed to give unqualified assent to the decisions of the author on the merits of individual writers.

To Heinrich Zschokke, for instance, certainly one of the best novelists that Germany has produced, he does very scant justice, and dismisses him in a few lines; while to Tieck, whose genius was not of the first order, he devotes above thirty pages. It is curious also that he mentions the former as a Swiss, though he was born and educated in Germany, was of German parentage, and did not enter Switzerland till he was five and twenty years of age.

"Contributions to Italian History," is a collection of essays and geographic sketches,

\* "Beiträge zur Italienische Geschichte." Von Alfred von Reumont. Berlin: Decker. 1853.

giving the results of apparently extensive reading on the subject announced by the title. Like every opening into Italian mediæval history, they show us many scenes of violence and blood, exhibited on so small a theatre, that we are involuntarily reminded of the revelations of the gas microscope—there is the same teeming life and preternatural activity, the same fierce animosities, and incessant mutual destruction.

The author, who has passed many years in Italy in an official capacity, states himself to have derived his literary inspiration from the works of Leopold Ranke; and he appears to have acquired something of the coldly neutral tone which lessens so much the effect of the great historical talents and wonderful industry of research that distinguish his model. One of the most interesting of the contributions is that of which the title promises least—"Italian Diplomats and Diplomatic Relations."

"A diplomatist," in the memorable saying of Sir Henry Wotton (quoted by M. Von Reumont), "is a clever man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country," and we are quite willing to accept this as a generic definition; but the Italian, and especially the Venetian diplomatists, have also done good service to history and the world in general by the reports they have left of the condition of the countries they visited, and their masterly series of historical portraits, most of which exhibit, at the same time, the keenest appreciation of character and the most admirable skill in conveying the results of observation; curious, too, is the perfect coolness and scientific indifference with which characters and actions of the greatest atrocity are described by them. Here, for example, is a sketch of Pope Alexander the Sixth, and his hopeful son:—

"Pope Alexander," says Paolo Capello, "is now in his seventieth year, but he seems to grow younger every day. He never suffers any care to disturb his rest at night. He is cheerful by nature, and does whatever is for his own advantage. All his thoughts are directed to making his children great; he troubles himself about nothing else. . . . The Duke of Valence (Cæsar Borgia), his son, the Pope, loves as much as he fears. He is seven-and-twenty years old, tall, finely-made, and with a handsome face, handsomer than king Ferrandino (of Naples). In an enclosed space near St. Peter's Church, he, fighting on horseback, killed six wild bulls; one of them he struck the head off at one blow, which appeared to the Romans a great thing. He is liberal to profusion, which the Pope does not like to see. Under the very mantle of the Pope he killed his favourite, Messer Pierotto, so that the blood spurted in his face. His brother, the Duke of Gondia, he murdered also, and had the body thrown into the Tiber; and every morning there are found in Rome four or five murdered men, among them bishops and prelates; so that the whole city

trembles before the duke. Formerly, Madonna Lucrezia (the Pope's daughter) was very high in favour, and the Pope presented Sermoneta to her; but the duke took it away from her again, saying she was a woman, and could not maintain it. If he lives, he will be one of the greatest warriors in Italy."

This amiable youth is mentioned by his Holiness, writing to Louis the Twelfth, as *delectum filium ducem Valentinesem quo nihil carius habemus*. Of Clement the Seventh, Cosmo di Medici, Philip the Second of Spain, Queen Mary of England, Elizabeth, and others, we have striking likenesses.

Some amusing details are furnished by M. Reumont, concerning the payment of ambassadors in former days. We hear, indeed, now as then, continual complaints of the inadequacy of wages, and of ambassadors being ruined by unavoidable expenses. But whilst, in our time, there are always plenty of candidates for these onerous and ill-paid duties, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries people were mostly desirous of evading the honour. The Council of Venice had to enforce its appointments by threats of a heavy fine and punishment, in case of refusal. Nothing but a severe illness was admitted as an excuse. In 1360, it was ordained that any one refusing to go when he was chosen ambassador, should be incapable of holding any office for a year. In Florence, the same difficulty was felt—not very surprising, considering the rates of salary. Boccaccio, who was sent to Avignon in 1365, was allowed but two golden florins a day; one Jacopo Salviati, in 1401, but four, though he had to keep seven horses; and an ambassador, sent a few years after him, who was required to keep ten horses, only five, though his services were furthermore acknowledged by a present of thirty ells of crimson velvet. Macchiavelli, also, makes bitter, and, as it appears from the Florentine archives, well-founded complaints of his miserable pay.

Many of these curiosities of literature might be selected from these volumes, but, as a whole, it cannot be denied that they are somewhat dull.

### Biography.

The biography of the late Professor Paulus,\* of Heidelberg, is entitled to something more than the bare mention which, on account of its late arrival, was all we could afford it in our last. Not merely as a man of profound learning, and as the founder of an important though now effete school of biblical criticism, is he specially entitled to notice in this Review, but as a free, earnest, and unwearied

\* "Heinrich Eberhard Paulus und seine Zeit." Von Karl Alexander Freiherrn von Reuchlin Meldegg. Stuttgart. 1853.



seeker after truth, who, in theology, politics, history, philosophy, in all affairs of life, and in every department of knowledge to which he applied himself during his long and laborious career, maintained, with unshaken fidelity, the rights of conscience and of sincere, enlightened conviction, over the blind and suicidal submission to mere arbitrary authority. To strive for conviction in all things, and to remain in unswerving allegiance to a conviction once gained, was his motto alike in learning and in teaching, in thought and in action; and he acknowledged no grounds for granting to theology alone the equivocal privilege of being irrational with impunity. It appeared to him a sufficient reason for the rejection of a dogma, that, by its incomprehensibility, and the contradictions it involved, it tended to darken and stupify the minds of those who held it.

The present volume comprises the period between the birth of Paulus, in 1761, and his appointment to the professorship at Heidelberg in 1810. His biographer, Baron von Meldegg, has enjoyed the most ample opportunities for the execution of his task, having been for twenty years associated with his subject in the most intimate friendship, and subsequently entrusted with every material for the purpose, including a mass of correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Herder, the two Schlegels, Lavater, Fichte, Alexander von Humboldt, and other of the most distinguished men of his time, a "Journal of Travels in England, France, Holland, and Germany, in the years 1787-1788," and numerous papers and documents illustrative of the inward and outward life of Paulus, as well as of the state of society in Germany at various periods, the earlier being now removed from our own by nearly a century. Curious, especially, is the glimpse we get of the little state of Wurtemberg, at that time about half its present extent. Its then ruler, Duke Charles, had succeeded his father while yet a child, and, at the recommendation of Frederick the Great of Prussia, had been by the Emperor declared of age, and capable of taking the reins into his own hands, at the mature age of sixteen. His conduct as a ruler showed, in a striking light, the sagacity of the recommendation. The most boundless indulgence in all kinds of pleasure appeared to be the sole purpose of his government. Masquerades, operas, hunts, festivities of all sorts, followed each other in never-ending succession. We hear of a birthday festival (in 1763) in which the carousal was kept up for fourteen days, and three hundred persons of the highest rank were entertained "with the finest and daintiest of food and drinks." Immense sums were paid to Italian singers, to French dancers, and to beauties of all nations. At one of the

hunts the peasants were ordered to drive in, for the entertainment of the duke's guests, 121 large stags, 61 wild boars, 3000 hairs, and other game to the amount of 5218 head. Of course the duke's expenditure for all these gay doings far exceeded the amount of revenue that could by any possible means be wrung or squeezed out of his minikin territory, and then his highness had nothing for it but to sell himself and his German subjects to the French, from whom, in the course of four years, he received no less than a million and a half of *livres*. In 1787, also, he "sold to Holland several regiments, which were shipped off to Africa like negro-slaves."

To make amends, however, for these little aberrations in public life, the princeling and his successors kept up their dignity in private in the most edifying manner, speaking even to their ministers with the contemptuous pronoun "*er*;" and so carefully economizing their civilities to subjects as to throw them into fits of almost incredulous rapture by a shake of the hand, or a "Good morning" bestowed on some rare and solemn occasion. The shoemakers of Stuttgart, we are told, were fairly out of their wits with joy, and long held their heads high above all other craftsmen, in consequence of the duke having been known to address one of their guild as "Sir." Our limits will of course not permit us to follow the incidents of the biography, but there is one which we must mention, not only because it was, in all probability, an important turning-point in the mental development of Paulus, but also as affording a hint "to parents and guardians" not altogether unnecessary in these days of pseudo-spiritualism. Wordsworth has a poem entitled, "How lying may be taught;" but Paulus the Elder seems to have adopted a still more effectual method of imparting instruction in that important branch of useful knowledge. He had suffered the affliction of the loss, at rather an early age, of a beloved wife; and praying by her dead body for some sign to confirm his hopes of her immortality, the corpse, according to his statement, miraculously raised itself into an upright position in answer to his prayer—a proof which he seems to have considered entirely satisfactory. This was but the beginning of a whole series of supernatural appearances vouchsafed by the Saviour for his especial behoof, and ghost-seeing became a regular habit of the family. Little Heinrich, who at first could not be brought to admit the reality of these spiritual manifestations, at last fell into the fashion, and even set up visions of his own. As he noticed that nothing pleased his father better than an account of the visit of a ghost, or of some vision or spectral apparition, he one day,

during his father's absence on a journey, invented a narrative of the kind, illustrating it with a sketch of the Almighty seated on his throne, with Paulus the Elder and his deceased wife in a place of honour, attired in the usual celestial costume of white robes and golden crowns.

This vision, as he called it, was duly entered in a book kept for the purpose of recording these marvels, and called the "Vision Book." It was received by his father on his return with applause and undoubting faith, and so the boy naturally went on having visions, and seeing angels and devils at a great rate, till he fortunately became shocked at his own lies; and, though only nine years old, had the strength of mind, without any outward check, to stop short in the evil course, and refuse to see any more. The native vigor and uprightness of character thus early displayed was never falsified in after-life.

It will not be supposed that one who followed unhesitatingly the light of clear reason withersoever it might lead him, fixing his eyes on that only, could avoid stumbling against many obstacles on the road; and accordingly we find, that after his appointment to the Theological Faculty at Jena, he became involved in many polemical disputes, and was exposed to serious accusations on the ground of non-orthodoxy, the particulars of which, as well as his correspondence with Lavater, on the so-called rational explanations of the miracles of the New Testament, are given by Baron von Meldegg at great length.

With Herder for president of the Upper Consistory, and Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar for arbitrator of the dispute, however, the consequences of departure from correct Lutheranism were not likely to be very serious; and accordingly we find that the storm raised against him was soon conjured to rest.

### Travels.

The harvest of travels is unusually abundant this quarter, and of fair average quality. South African Sketches<sup>a</sup> is a plain matter-of-fact sort of account of the Cape country, by one who has resided long enough in it to amass a considerable amount of information, which he communicates in a simple and straightforward manner. A more attractive book might have been produced from the same materials, but it is one well worth the attention of those who desire a real acquaintance with the subject, rather than mere literary recreation.

<sup>a</sup> "Süd Africanische Skizzen." Von Eduard Kretschmar. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1853.

Dr. Kretschmar resided seven years on the Elephant river, in the Western country, as district physician; made several long journeys through regions beyond the limits of the colony; passed two years on the Snowy Mountains; several years more in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caffirs; and, finally, a considerable time in Cape Town. So long an absence from his country may well establish a claim to indulgence for some deficiency in mere graces of style, especially as its somewhat rough plainness does not prevent the author from often bringing before us a very vivid picture of the scenes with which he is so familiar. Here is a sketch of the life of the Dutch Boor of the Cape, for instance:—

"A more sleepy life than that of the Cape farmer can hardly be imagined. The moment he is out of bed he sticks a pipe in his mouth, sits down, takes his left foot in his right hand, and smokes perhaps a dozen pipes, one after another. Then he loiters down to the cattle-kraal, and halloos for Piet, Jan, &c., the shepherds, who, like master like man, are smoking and chewing in their huts till the *daas*, or master, makes his appearance. Then the cattle are counted and driven away to the pasture, and all is quiet again. Ploughing and harvest-time give him something to do for a little while, and when these are over, he has no notion how to kill the day. He has but three books—the Bible, a hymn-book, and the almanack. 'All other books are nonsense,' the pastor tells him. 'More than is in these three books no Christian man needs to know.' But he knows the almanack by heart, and he can't sing psalms all day, so he takes his foot in his hand again, and smokes twelve more pipes, and then he eats, and sleeps, and smokes, and spits again; and then—for one must have a little variety—he sharpens a penknife on the sole of his shoe, and cuts with it little bits of wood—an interesting occupation, with which the Boor can amuse himself for hours."

The female of this intelligent and interesting animal, of course passes her time in a no less pleasant and lively manner, and twelve hours of sleep, and eleven hours of sitting still on a chair, encourage so much her natural tendency to plumpness, that she becomes at last a mere pile of flesh, and is usually carried off by dropsy.

The chapters on the Missionary Settlements of Southern Africa we earnestly recommend to the attention of all who are in the habit of expending on these undertakings resources that might be, to say the least, bestowed with much less questionable benefit nearer home. The account also of some circumstances that occurred just before the commencement of the Caffir war, may help to explain its long continuance. For several years, it appears, considerable discontent had existed among the Boors, on account of some imaginary, and some real

grievances, for which they had vainly endeavoured to obtain redress from the Colonial Government; and in 1836, a body of five thousand of them resolved to leave their homes, and take up their abode beyond the limits of the colony; some crossing the Gariep, others going north-eastward, and others again towards Port Natal, not then supposed to be included in the English territory. As their emigration could not be effected without great loss (some farms, that were afterwards sold for a thousand pounds, were exchanged for a waggon, worth about forty), it is evident the grievances of the emigrants were, in their own eyes at least, of a serious nature. They assembled at first in a camp just beyond the frontier line, and their leader forwarded to Cape Town an account of the step they had taken, "in order to avoid being drawn into a rebellious contest with the government." They then departed into the wilderness, and after suffering terribly at different times, from the attacks of the savages, but exhibiting the most heroic courage in defence of their families and their property, finally settled in three parties, and constituted themselves into three small republican communities, politically independent, but closely united by common interests and common feelings. The Caffirs, from whom they had purchased large tracts of land, and who by this time were pretty well acquainted with the determined character of the men they had to deal with, gradually fell into peaceable relations with them. In the course of a few years, the affairs of the little settlement began to assume an orderly appearance. Houses had been built, land cultivated, schools and churches established, and the families who had arrived, almost in a state of beggary, once more saw a fair prospect opening before them. But now the attention of the merchants of Cape Town was drawn to the active trade the emigrants were beginning to carry on with the interior, and it was discovered that Port Natal had always belonged to the British Colony; also that the little republic beyond the north-eastern frontier was setting too dangerous an example to the unruly savages of the surrounding country to be left to itself; these districts were therefore forthwith annexed, the settlers in them declared British subjects, and an armed force was got ready to support the claim.

The Boors, who had purchased their independence at the cost of such heavy sacrifices, and who had, after years of suffering, at length struggled, unaided, through their difficulties, were embittered to the highest degree by this demand, and openly resisted it. What followed is too well known to need repetition here; but the obstinate dura-

tion of a war, at first deemed so insignificant becomes less a matter of surprise, when we see how completely the British dominion was a kingdom divided against itself. The colony of Port Natal, apart from certain little drawbacks,—such as rivers swarming with alligators, gigantic serpents, poisonous reptiles of all kinds, and thickets full of panthers and lions,—appears, from Dr. Kretzschmar's account, to offer considerable advantages to emigrants. Although warmer than the Cape country, it is most abundantly supplied with water, more than a hundred rivers falling into the sea between it and the St. John's—a distance of scarcely two degrees. The soil is a rich, deep black mould, and extraordinarily fertile. Maize grows to such a height, that a horseman, rising in his stirrups, cannot see over the plantation. Coffee, sugar, and tea,—the banana and the date, and all other tropical fruits that have been tried,—flourish in the highest perfection; and cotton is already a chief article of export for the infant settlement.

"Naples and Sicily in 1850,"\* is a volume of selections from a series of letters from various parts of Italy, which have already appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This circumstance will, in some measure, afford the gauge of the author's political opinions, or, at all events, free him from any suspicion of overcharging the sins of the Neapolitan government. In this confidence, let us look at what he says of the state of Sicily. Formerly the most fruitful country in Europe, and the granary of Italy, it now does not produce corn enough for its own consumption, but has to import it from Calabria. Over a great part of the country there is no other means of communication than by mules and bridle-paths; districts in which large cities flourished are now a silent and desolate wilderness; roads, which formerly existed, have been interrupted—in some places by accidents, such as the carrying away of a bridge by a flood; and no official person has been found inclined to take on himself so much of public duty as to see to its repair, though the inhabitants, suffering greatly by the loss, would gladly pay for the restoration. As long as there remains a ledge a foot broad, along which a mule can scramble, the means of communication are thought good enough. Between Sciacca and Girgenti, a great part of the way lies through morasses, sandy dunes, bogs, and rivers which travellers must ford. Scarcely any of the streams furnish a regular and moderate supply of water, their beds being, as in quite wild countries, sometimes dry, and sometimes filled with rushing tor-

\* "Neapel und Sicilien im Jahre 1850." Von Adolph Helferich. Leipzig, 1858.

rents, which sweep everything before them. Whole districts are becoming sterile, from the gradual disappearance of the trees, which the ignorance of the people induces them to consider unwholesome, and productive of fever. This increasing scarcity of wood is also highly injurious to the sulphur works, which have often to obtain their supplies from Calabria; and when the cargoes arrive, the wood has to be carried on the backs of asses to its place of destination. It is scarcely necessary to say that the few so-called schools are, throughout Naples and Sicily, in the most miserable condition. In one which M. Helferich accidentally came upon, the gentleman who officiated as schoolmaster was, at the same time, carrying on his probably more profitable trade of a cobbler, sitting at his door with the boot to be repaired in his hand, while his scholars, a row of little boys of from six to eight years old, were ranged against a wall on the opposite side of the narrow lane. In one article, however, the government is extremely liberal to the Sicilians: immediately after the revolution a cargo of no less than 1400 fresh priests was dispatched to the island, many of them among the most stupidly ignorant and depraved of their class. In the magnificent harbour of Syracuse, where thousands of vessels of the largest size could find safe and convenient anchorage, there were lying scarcely a dozen little skiffs; the town was swarming with soldiers, and the seamen were begging in the streets. In Messina, the streets burnt down in 1848 remain in precisely the same state; and no hand has been stirred to restore the villages that were laid in ashes. Of Calabria, General Strongoli himself stated, in the Chamber of Peers, that its condition was (in 1849) entirely that of a country relapsing into barbarism. The peasants no longer respected the rights of property; the land could hardly be cultivated for the banditti; whoever possessed any capital was exposed to continual plunder—his cattle was driven away; and if he refused to comply with the most outrageous demands, he was sure to see, soon after, his house and farm-buildings in flames.

Thus has "order" been restored in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

"Travels in Mexico," by M. Carl Heller, contains the account of two journeys, the first by Vera Cruz and Puebla to Mexico, the second through Yucatan, Tobasco, and Chiapas. The object of these journeys, for which the means were furnished by the Royal Horticultural Society of Vienna, was principally the formation of a collection of living plants; and in pursuit of these the author was led frequently to forsake the beaten track, and pene-

trate into remote solitudes of forest and mountain; though he scarcely appears to have been possessed of either the moral or physical qualities that would have enabled him to make the most of such opportunities. His health suffered considerably, and his mind is evidently not of the hardy frame to which difficulties act mostly as a stimulus; though it is but just to remember, that the kind of difficulties he had to contend with, in the scantness and occasional failure of his pecuniary resources, are, of all others, the most depressing.

He landed at Vera Cruz, and adds his testimony to that of many other travellers, as to the unfavourable position of the town. Its houses rise naked and unsheltered from a joyless waste; it suffers greatly from want of water, as well as from mosquitoes, and other venomous insects, and from yellow fever. "Almost any other spot on the coast would have been preferable."

On this *Tierra Caliente* M. Heller made but a short stay, proceeding almost immediately to the *Tierra Templada*, the region of oaks, &c., which rises rapidly to a height of 8000 feet above the sea level, and is described as of boundless fertility and enchanting beauty. Here, at a place called *Mirador*, he made his first considerable halt, at a settlement recently founded by two of his German countrymen, Messrs. Satorius and Carl Stein, who rule over an industrious and peaceful little community of about 300 Indians, living in scattered wooden cottages, and mostly employed in raising sugar and making rum.

The two German families enjoy the distinction of occupying stone houses; and they have established—besides a *tienda*, or shop, where the produce of the surrounding country may be exchanged for other goods—a weekly market, to which the productions of the *Tierra Fria*, or high-lying, cold region, as well as those of the *Tierra Caliente*, find their way. Apples and pears and salad make their appearance here beside oranges, plantains, and bananas; and along with salt, maize, rice, poultry, eggs, and Spanish pepper. The appearance and costume of the people are as various as their wares, and M. Heller frequently visited the market for the sake of the opportunity it afforded him of hearing the Aztec language. It often happened, however, that the Indians remained after the market was over, and spent the greater part, or even the whole, of their little earnings in brandy. Drinking and gambling, a vice most inveterate in the Mexicans, appear, indeed, in general to make sad inroads on the *Paradisaical* innocence even of the most secluded village; and the Catholic religion—or what here passes for it—with its numerous, often somewhat heathenish-looking festivals, rather

<sup>1</sup> "Reisen in Mexico in den Jahren 1845-8." Von Carl B. Heller. Leipzig: Englemaas. 1853.

encourages than restrains these vices. Of anything that could claim to be called Christianity, M. Heller is of opinion the Indians mostly know as little as they did before the conquests of the Spaniards.

At the celebration of the *Purissima Concepcion de Nuestra Senora*, the author witnessed, in addition to the masks, fiddles and fandangos, a wild dance with knives, that reminded him of the war-dances of their North American brethren.

For the furtherance of his botanical researches, M. Heller took up his abode, Robinson Crusoe fashion, in a little hut, made for him by the Indians, of trunks of young trees, and hung inside with matting; but, finding some difficulty in the cooking department, since, as he says, he "had no cookery-book, and had to trust to his own ideas," he afterwards took a servant. On his return from Mexico, he had the misfortune to lose his baggage (which had been sent on before him) by the attack of a band of robbers.

Of the present condition of Mexico we have but a melancholy picture. Its outward splendour, indeed—its long, straight streets, magnificent squares and colonnades, luxurious shops, cafés, carriages and horses—no traveller, not previously acquainted with it from description, could dream of finding in such a country. And, on the other hand, one who had reached it merely by the high-road from Vera Cruz, over Xalapa and Puebla, would form a very inadequate conception of the state of the country of which it is the capital. But even in a material point of view, the city is falling to decay, as no improvements or repairs are ever made, and its moral aspect is described as still worse:—

"I regret to be obliged to say, that there could not perhaps be found a city more thoroughly corrupt to the very bottom than Mexico. Heavily as the hand of Spain formerly rested on it, prejudicial as was the selfishness of the mother country to native industry, there yet reigned in her day some kind of law and order. Now, there is no law but that of force. The town swarms with thieves, and no day passes in which several dead bodies are not found in the streets."

It may be mentioned as a point in the author's favour, that he was for a considerable time a prisoner of the Secret Police in St. Petersburg, on account of his views "not appearing to harmonize with those of the Russian government."

### Poetry.

"Epic Poems from the Persian," is, we believe, the first attempt that has been made

\* "Epische Dichtungen aus dem Persischen des Ferdusi." Von Adolf Friedrich von Schach. Berlin: Herz. 1856.

to introduce to European readers so considerable a portion of the works of the "Paradisaical one."

We have here few of the "taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," that characterize Persian Poetry in its more corrupt age, but stirring tales, told with almost Homeric force and simplicity. They have much less of an exotic character than might have been expected, or, as the translator has in a more stately manner expressed it—

"As the forms of Ferdusi advance towards us through the glimmering distance of the past, we hear well-known voices, and see beloved features; the great images from our own world of tradition cast dark shadows across the sunny plains of Iran, we hear between the solemn rustle of the oriental palm, the roar of the northern waterfall," &c.

The first of these metrical tales, that of "Sal and Rudabe" (the progenitors of the renowned Persian hero, Rustem), is a love story, a sort of Eastern "Romeo and Juliet," though ending not tragically, but in a highly satisfactory manner, with a grand wedding-feast and all manner of felicity. "The Fall of Sigawusch" is in a higher strain, and for passion, character, dramatic power, and pathos, will bear comparison with the noblest poetical productions of any age or country.

The merits of this, and some of the other poems here given, have taken us at least by surprise, and the volumes will form a valuable addition to the stock of spirited and admirable translations in which German literature is already so rich. In this instance the task has been facilitated by the well-known resemblance existing between the Persian and ancient Teutonic, especially in an equal facility in forming compound words. Leibnitz asserted that there were whole verses of Persian poets that would be quite intelligible to a German knowing no language but his own; though this, we believe, is rather overstating the matter.

Although not perhaps falling strictly within our province, we take the opportunity of mentioning an edition of "Faust," lately published, with elaborate grammatical and critical annotations, as a work nearly indispensable to the student, and valuable even to the ripe scholar in German literature, assisting him to a thorough understanding and appreciation of one of its noblest productions, and affording an admirable æsthetic study. The book is an example of great skill and labour worthily bestowed. The very copious notes contain a complete literal translation, as well as an excellent critical commentary; and

\* "Faust, a Tragedy. By J. G. von Goethe; with Notes Grammatical, Philological, and Exegetical." By Falek Le Bahn, Ph. Dr. Longman & Co. 1856.

from the remarkably clear type and handsome form in which it is printed, the eye is not in the slightest degree distressed by the references. The explanatory notes are not only useful, but from the numerous illustrations which they bring to bear upon the passage in question, exceedingly amusing.

ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.\*

It appears that for some time past various persons have expressed a desire to see the philosophical views of M. Victor Cousin brought into something like a brief and accessible form, to have a sort of philosophical confession of faith. The learned professor has long been heard discussing metaphysics, Greek, Scotch and German. He has long had at his fingers' ends the names of Plato, Proclus, Reid, and Kant; and all that he has said during many years of eclectic wandering has been agreeable enough. At last, however, some curious soul puts the question, "What comes of all this?" and this question M. Victor Cousin benevolently consents to answer.

Fortunately he has not to look far in order to fulfil his kind intentions. He recollects that certain old lectures, which he delivered somewhere between 1815 and 1821 will answer the purpose admirably. Though old in date they are new to the public, for when they were first delivered they did not stray beyond the precincts of the Parisian *Quartier Latin*; and when they were afterwards published, it was in a collection too huge to be presented to those general readers who might not choose to devote a large portion of their lives to the study of M. Cousin's theories. They are, therefore, now picked out from the large mass, and after "severe correction" are pressed into a neat little volume, entitled "*Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.*" No title could be more attractive! Here we have the subjects of the three great divisions of philosophy,—metaphysics, aesthetics, and ethics, all heralded forth in the title-page of one small book. A prospectus inaugurates the publication, by declaring that it contains a "regular refutation of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and of materialism in general." No wonder if the public should be curious. We are reminded of the ejaculation of Lord Bolingbroke's literary

\* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, and Mr. D. Nutt.

<sup>1</sup> "*Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.*" Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris. 1858.

executor, Mallet, when, on the day that was to give the "posthumous works" to the world, he took out his watch, and said, "In half an hour Christianity will tremble." On this occasion, however, the exultation is, or seems to be, on the other side; and we may fancy M. Didier, the publisher, exclaiming, "In half an hour materialism will quake!"

There is evidently a large party in France ashamed of the great names of French literature; otherwise we should not find professed hostility to the eighteenth century—the period of those great men—so often used as a bookseller's clap-trap. Materialists at heart, the French every now and then show a restless anxiety to get rid of the charge of materialism; and it is to accommodate this feeling that the prospectus to M. Cousin's book is composed. The public is told not that it will find new truths, but that it will find something opposite to the eighteenth century, and the something must be good, as a matter of course. The materialists will all be converted into—what?—into good eclectics of the Cousin school.

Eclecticism is at bottom a good-natured doctrine. It opens its arms wide to everybody, though it embraces no one with great ardour. The eclectic of society has a complacent smile for all he meets, and is always willing to find out a good quality in an acquaintance under the most unfavourable circumstances. So long as eclecticism is confined to a mere social creed that there is "good in everything," and merely teaches us to pass over little foibles in the hope of discovering greater virtues, there is no fault to be found with it.

But when eclecticism comes forward as a scientific principle, we have a right to regard it with suspicion. Either certain results belong to certain premises, or they do not. If they do, there is, of course, no eclecticism in the matter; if they do not, we ought, at least, to take care that they are not inconsistent with the premises at first laid down; and this, we fear, is not always the case with the eclecticism of M. Cousin.

Even when the doctrine is judiciously and carefully employed, eclecticism can but represent an imperfect state of science. Granted that two thinkers on the same broad subject, starting at different points, may elicit different truths, the eclectic who assembles these truths together, and shows us that one set does not exclude the other, is entitled to the thanks of mankind so far as he goes; but the instinctive desire for unity which is felt by every scientific mind, at once suggests the desirability of a higher position—namely, of a broader system, that shall combine both sets of truths, not into a mere aggregate, but into an organic whole. The German

theory, that the various systems of philosophy are all expressions of one true philosophy, and that at the culminating point of science all essential peculiarities will be retained, while all accidental differences will vanish, aims at something higher than mere eclecticism.

Now, after duly weighing M. Cousin's lectures on "Le Vrai," we can only come to the conclusion, that the eclecticism of which he boasts that he is its inventor, is nothing more than a system of going over different theories, and picking out just what suits you, and no more. The investigator under this system does not appear to us to be working by what Lord Bacon calls a "dry light," but to be rather seeking for something that he himself wants, than for the necessary consequences of any premises whatever. Thus we will suppose that a metaphysical philosopher wants to stand well with the non-metaphysical professors of natural science in England or France. He knows very well that the only theory for which these have any practical regard is that of Locke; and therefore he sets out as a decided "Lockite," deducing all knowledge from experience. But Lockism has been found to lead to materialism and "eighteenth-century-ism;" and these are things to be avoided. Kant's system, which would establish a number of universal principles not to be derived from the world of sense, is ready at hand, if an independence of mind from matter is needed; and accordingly our empiricist becomes, to a certain extent, a Kantist. However, his German preceptor soon leaves him in the lurch, and after stocking him with a little parcel of universal principles, diminishes the value of the articles, by telling him that they are not applicable beyond the bounds of experience; and that as for proving the existence of a Deity, or the immortality of a soul, the case is utterly hopeless! This is provoking enough. Our inquirer, who had hoped to stand well with those mild theists, who form the main body of the respectably religious world throughout civilized Europe, finds that he does not fare much better with his "Kant's Critique" than he fared formerly with his "Locke's Essay." Luckily, he recollects the existence of a certain old French philosopher, named Descartes, who was fortunate enough to live before the eighteenth century, and who employed with great success in his day the old ontological demonstration of the existence of a God. This is just what was wanted; and, moreover, when our investigator is a Frenchman, there is this advantage in the name of Descartes, that it gives a sort of national aspect to the whole edifice. Retaining, therefore, the universal principles as established by Kant,

he abandons that philosopher's refutation of the ontological proof, and fixes them all in an absolute substance, to which he gives the name of God. Universal principles are inherent in the Deity, and it is by divine light we see them. This is as much as the religious world can expect from a philosopher. But lo! danger has arisen on another side. Our ingenious eclectic recollects that he has to keep well with the common-sense party; and that if there is one thing that the common-sense party dislikes more than another, it is mysticism. Just as "Atheism" is the bugbear in one portion of the intellectual world, so is "mysticism" in the other. Now it is possible that this notion of seeing things in God, which approximates the newly compounded theory to that of Malebranche, may look like mysticism, and hence its merit is issued forth under protest. Our eclectic, therefore, now declares that he is utterly opposed to that belief in an immediate communication with the Deity, which is the essence of mysticism; and that although he is as firm a theist as any good Catholic or Protestant could desire, he is only so by the way of reason. In fact, he is satisfied with the old-fashioned theism, as it existed before the day of Hume and Kant, and as it exists now in a thousand shallow books which "serious" people think profitable reading; and thus his system is complete. He has obtained a Deity which, although it is not the Deity worshipped by any church, or acknowledged by any profound modern thinker—though it is a mere *ens rationis*, unapproachable and unlovable, will satisfy hosts of worthy folks that the scepticism of the eighteenth century has received its mortal wound.

We candidly confess, that in the new book on "Le Vrai," &c., we can see nothing but the result of such a proceeding as we have just described, and that, according to our view of the case, the eclectic investigator we have imagined is exactly represented by M. Victor Cousin. The parts of the scheme taken from various systems are evidently brought together, because it is *expedient* so to do, not because there is a scientific necessity for the combination. For those persons who think that they ought to read a little philosophy in the course of their lives, and then take leave of it for ever, M. Cousin's book will do well enough. If he is not profound himself, he gives a slight notion of what profound thinkers have said before him, and he is always agreeable and always clear—that is to say, clear to those to whose minds his assertions do not suggest speculative difficulties. But for the sincere, earnest thinker, with whom the search after truth is a holy vocation, and who having been, at some part of his life, lured into the mazes of

metaphysical science, wishes either to establish ontology, like most of the Germans, or to get rid of it, with M. Comte, we can hardly conceive a more unprofitable volume.

Another contribution to philosophy is a collection of short *Résumés*<sup>2</sup> by M. Lezaud, accompanied by a few original meditations. The meditations are less important than the *Résumés* which, like Joseph Surface's geographical screen, are convenient enough for those who want to find anything in a hurry. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" is, by a process of condensation, reduced within the limits of one hundred ordinary Parisian pages, and Helvetius and Rousseau—Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero—are treated after a similar fashion. However, the real student of the philosophers in question might do something even better than running over M. Lezaud's book. He might write such *résumés* himself, and—keep them in his own desk.

A book that has excited considerable interest during the last few weeks is an account of the Insurrection in China by MM. Callery and Yvan,<sup>3</sup>—the former an interpreter of the Chinese language, the latter an accomplished and amusing traveller. Circumstances have been as favourable as possible for rendering this history generally attractive. China is a country of the highest interest to England from commercial reasons, and China is moreover shaken by a revolution, which, while it invites the attention of "business-men" by causing a complete stagnation of trade, incites the curiosity of the world in general by the mystery in which it is enveloped; not only this, the revolution is also seasoned with a particular spice for the Exeter-Hall palate, through the circumstance that something like Christian Protestantism is mixed up with the movement. However, MM. Callery and Yvan have not relied on circumstances alone; they have worked up a number of facts, that existed in a fragmentary and repulsive form, into a continuous and interesting narrative, to which they have given a local colouring, only to be obtained from residence in a country and intercourse with its inhabitants. Their zeal to be amusing has now and then led them a little into French frivolity, but for this the ordinary reader will feel rather grateful than otherwise.

A complete translation of the work has been made by Mr. John Oxenford, who, in a supplementary chapter, brought the narrative down to the end of last August, and briefly criticised the facts of the insurrection as communicated by MM. Callery and Yvan, and

<sup>1</sup> "Résumés Philosophiques." Par P. L. Lezaud. Paris. 1853.

<sup>2</sup> "L'Insurrection en Chine." Par MM. Callery et Yvan. Paris. 1853.

more recently by Mr. Meadows, the Chinese interpreter, who accompanied Sir George Bonham, the British Plenipotentiary, in his expedition to Nankin.

However, in spite of the vivacity and acuteness of MM. Callery and Yvan, the more solemn inquiries of Mr. Meadows, and the historical criticism of Mr. Oxenford, the Chinese insurrection is still a very dark affair. Even the existence of Tièn-tè, the supposed descendant of the Chinese dynasty of the Mings, which is to be set up in the place of the usurping Tartars, is at this moment a matter of doubt and discussion. MM. Callery and Yvan believe him to be the life and soul of the insurrectionary movement, still in his full vigour. Mr. Meadows, who conversed with two or three insurrectionary chiefs at Nankin on the subject, is of opinion that he died some time ago. Mr. Oxenford, from a comparison between these discordant statements, elicits the hypothesis, that although he has been the ostensible head of the enterprise, he has really been a mere pageant in the hands of a superior power; and, lastly, the writer of an elaborate letter in the London *Athenæum* considers him a mere myth.

The splendid haze which is spread over Tièn-tè, but which, nevertheless, does not prevent him from having a very definite portrait in MM. Callery and Yvan's frontispiece, affords an opportunity for what Socrates calls a rich banquet of disputation. When the point at issue will be settled we know not, but in the meanwhile certain professors of theology, who would brand with opprobrious names all who will not gulp down a huge mass of uncriticised history without hesitation or discussion, may receive a useful lesson from the debate. If, with a whole machinery of printing presses, resident interpreters, and speedy communication, we are unable to decide whether the alleged chief of an important insurrection, which is going on at this very moment, is an actual personage or not, how shall we venture to assert that we have a knowledge, too certain for doubt, of events that occurred in an obscure nook of Asia eighteen hundred years ago? We grant that, in the case of this insurrection, the peculiar regulations of the Chinese Empire cause a special difficulty in the way of inquiry, for which a comparison could not be found in countries governed on less exclusive principles. But assuredly, no barrier placed by Tartar or Chinese jealousy against the encroachments of European curiosity, can be compared with that barrier of obscurity caused by the interval of eighteen centuries, and the absence of all writers, who might be to the earliest ages of the Church what Thucydides was to the times of the Peloponnesian War.



Tièn-tè, then, is a very uncertain personage, floating between supremacy, insignificance, and nothingness. But with all the obscurity of the narrative respecting him, we think we can get this much from the whole affair, that the orthodox Protestants who have felt their hearts leap at the thought that a new crop of fellow believers has sprung up spontaneously in China, will find themselves grievously disappointed by the confessions of faith which have come to hand. That the Chinese insurgents have embodied in their creed the leading peculiarities of the Jewish and Christian dispensations is past a doubt, but they have superadded so much of their own, that there is no body of heretics mentioned throughout the entire history of the Christian church with whom any sect of orthodox Protestants—ay, or heterodox Protestants either—could not sooner combine, than with these newly manifested disciples of Gutzlaff. Thus, while the divine mission of Jesus is recognised by the insurgents, it is a still more important article of their faith, that there is another Messiah, a "younger brother of Jesus," now actually existing in the person of one of the chiefs, who has given himself the title of Tai-Ping-Wang, or "king grand pacificator." This article is a most formidable stumbling-block. In the event of a religious conference, the very first thing which the European Protestants would require, would be an abdication of his Messiahship by Tai-Ping; and as that semi-celestial personage is too strong to be bullied—for if not first, he seems at any rate to be second in the enterprise—this Messiahship is the very last thing he would dream of giving up. In fact, this Chinese Protestantism, according to present accounts, is a mere "sham."

King Joseph, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte,\* is raised to an eminence not previously accorded to him, through the publication of a large collection of memoirs and correspondence by M. du Cassé, to whom the materials have been furnished by Joseph's grandson, the prince of Marignano. This work will occupy eight volumes, and comprise eight

hundred letters from Napoleon previously unpublished, twelve hundred from Joseph, and several hundred more from eminent persons of the day, all reduced into systematic order by the editor, who has steered a middle course between a thorough reconstruction of his mass of materials, and a publication of them just as they stood. The first volume, which is all that has yet appeared, brings down the history to the commencement of 1806, and comprises an historical fragment written by Joseph himself. Like most biographers and editors, M. du Cassé is an enthusiastic panegyrist of his hero, who, he thinks, was unduly eclipsed by the surpassing fame of his brother; and in a short biographical notice, which he has written as a sort of preface, endows him with every virtue, public and private. Altogether the book looks like an elaborate compliment to the reigning dynasty in France. The world will perhaps smile at the hint, that the surpassing fame of Napoleon was rather detrimental than advantageous to the glory of his brothers.

The picturesque portions of De Saussure's works, selected from the rest, have been formed into a separate volume, entitled, "*Voyages dans les Alpes.*" De Saussure is celebrated to the general world for his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1787, but in the scientific world he is honourably remembered as one of the most ardent students of geology, at a time when that science was in its infancy, for he died in 1799. He never attempted to form a system, but he was indefatigable in making observations and recording his results, while his talent as a word-painter of the beauties of Alpine scenery is almost as much extolled as the careful enthusiasm with which he explored the secrets of nature. The little volume now before us is intended rather for the general than the scientific public, the descriptive parts of M. de Saussure's travels being retained at full length, while the geological *minutiae* are omitted. It might have been appropriately dedicated to Mr. Albert Smith.

\* "*Voyages dans les Alpes, Partie Pittoresque des Ouvrages de H. B. de Saussure.*" Seconde édition, augmentée, &c. Paris. 1853.

\* "*Mémoires et Correspondance, Politique et Militaire, du Roi Joseph.*" Paris. 1853.







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