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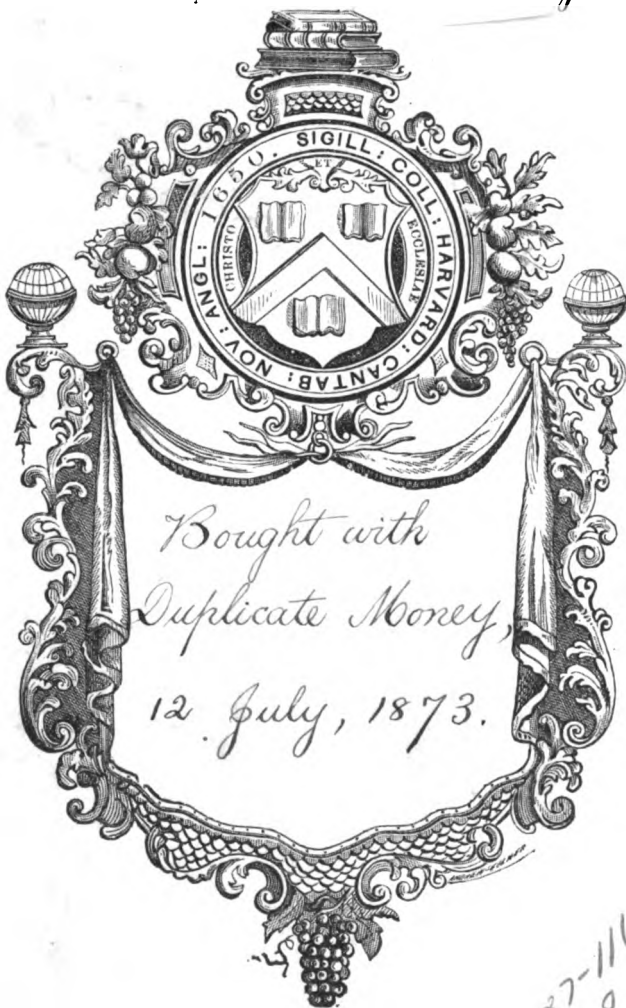
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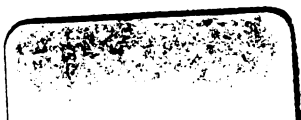
# Fraser's magazine

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June, 1874.



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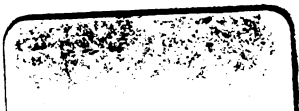


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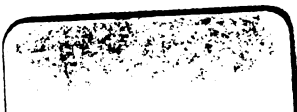


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EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

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*NEW SERIES. VOL. VII.*

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JANUARY TO JUNE 1873



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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1873.

ADDRESS BY J. A. FROUDE,

DELIVERED NOVEMBER 30, IN THE ASSOCIATION HALL, NEW YORK.

**L**ADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If my object in coming to this country was to draw attention to the Irish subject, I may so far be said to have succeeded. I have succeeded also, beyond my expectation, in eliciting a counter-statement containing the opinions of the Irish people themselves on their past history, the most complete, the most symmetrical, the most thoroughgoing which has yet been given to the world.

The successive positions taken by Father Burke have been long familiar to me, some in one book and some in another. But nowhere have so many of them been combined so artistically, and not till now have they been presented in what may be called an authoritative form. Father Burke regrets that I should have obliged him to reopen wounds which he would have preferred to have left closed. I conceive, on the other hand, that a wound is never healed so long as there is misunderstanding. England and Ireland can approach each other only on the basis of truth, and so long as Irish children are fed with the story which Father Burke has so eloquently told, so long they must regard England with eyes of utter detestation, until full atonement be made for past wrongs. If Father Burke's account is true, let England know it, look it in the face, and acknowledge it. If it be an illusion, or tissue of illusions, then

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it is equally desirable that the Irish should know it, and a bridge of solid fact be laid across the gulf that divides us.

A subject of this kind can only usefully be treated from the platform if the audience will bear their share of the burden, if they will test by reference what they hear, compare evidence, and analyse it. You will learn more from the books to which I shall refer you than you can learn from me in the time for which I shall address you. I shall myself venture to indicate the particulars where Father Burke's narration specially needs examination, and refer you to authorities. That an Irishman's view should be different from an Englishman's view is natural and inevitable; but the difference must be limited by facts, which are easily ascertainable. When they are not ascertainable elsewhere, as, for instance, when Father Burke attributes words to me which I never uttered, I shall venture to speak with authority.

I must throw off with a point of this kind. The Father says I have come to America to ask for the extraordinary verdict that England has been right in the manner in which she has treated Ireland for 700 years. Considering that I have drawn a heavier indictment against England in the course of my lectures than she will probably thank me for, considering that I have

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described the history of her connection with Ireland from the beginning as a scandal and reproach to her, I must meet this assertion with a simple denial.

No one who knows Ireland now can be satisfied with its present condition. There is an agitation for a separate Irish Parliament, which it was supposed that public sentiment in America generally approved. I think, for myself, that there are certain definite measures for Ireland's good which she could obtain more easily from the United Parliament than she could obtain them from her own. I wished to show that she had less cause than she supposed for the animosity which she entertained against England, ill as England had behaved to her; and I have said what I had to say here in the form of lectures, because it was the most likely way to attract attention.

Father Burke goes on to suggest that England is a decaying empire, that her power is broken, her arm grown feeble, the days of Macaulay's 'New Zealander' not far off, that England is afraid of the growing strength of the Irish in the United States, the eight millions of them who have come from the old country, and the fourteen millions of Irish descent. It is scarcely becoming for two British subjects to be discussing in this country whether Great Britain is in a state of decadence. England is afraid, however, and deeply afraid. She is afraid of being even driven to use again those measures of coercion

against Ireland, which have been the shame of her history. But Father Burke's figures, I confess, startled me. Of the forty-two millions of American citizens, twenty-two millions were either Irish born or of Irish descent. Was this possible? I referred to the census of 1870, and I was still more confounded. The entire number of immigrant foreigners, who were then in the United States, amounted to 5,556,566. Of these, under two millions were Irish. The entire number of children born of Irish parents was under two millions also.

Add half a million for children of the second generation, and from these figures it follows, if Father Burke is correct, that in the two last years there must have come from Ireland no less than 6,000,000 persons, or more than the entire population of the island, and that in the same two years the Irish mothers must have produced not fewer than 11,500,000 infants. I knew that their fertility was remarkable, but I was not prepared for such an astounding illustration of it.<sup>1</sup>

Still speculating on my motives, Father Burke inclines on the whole to give me credit for patriotism. He thinks I have come to speak for my own country, and he is good enough to praise me for doing so. I am grateful for the compliment, but I cannot accept it. I have come not to speak for my country, but for his. I believe that the present agitation there is likely to avert indefinitely the progress of

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<sup>1</sup> Father Burke probably meant that there were 14 millions of Irish altogether in the United States. Even so, his estimate is wildly exaggerated; I assume that he was not speaking of the Anglo-Irish or Scotch-Irish, but of the Irish proper. Of these there were in America in 1870, of natives of Ireland, 1,855,779, of children of Irish parents born in America, 1,389,433.

The children of mixed marriages are not properly Irish, nor are mixed marriages common among the Irish; but construing the phrase Irish descent widely, and allowing the same proportion to them as to other foreigners, there were in 1870 of children, one of whose parents was Irish, 385,723.

Thus of natives of Ireland and of children in the first generation, there were in all 3,630,935. It is difficult to arrive at the number of Irish children of the second gene-

improvement, that the best chance for the Irish people is to stand by the English people and demand an alteration of the land laws. I wish to see them turn their energies from the speculative to the practical.

But Father Burke considers me unfit to speak upon this subject, and for three reasons :

First, because I despise the Irish people. I despise them, do I? Then why have I made Ireland my second home? Why am I here now? Am I finding my undertaking such a pleasant one? I say that for various reasons I have a peculiar and exceptional respect and esteem for the Irish people; I mean for the worthy part of them, the peasantry, and according to my lights I am endeavouring to serve them. I say, the peasantry. For Irish demagogues and political agitators,—well, for them, yes, I confess I do feel contempt from the bottom of my soul. I rejoice that Father Burke has disclaimed all connection with them. Of all the curses which have afflicted Ireland, the demagogues have been the greatest.

But I am unfit for another reason. I have been convicted, by a citizen of Brooklyn, of inserting words of my own in letters and documents of State. Ladies and gentlemen, I have not been convicted by the citizen of Brooklyn, but I have given the citizen of Brooklyn an opportunity of convicting me if I am guilty. He has not been pleased to avail himself of it. He calls my proposal, I know not why, falla-

cious. He enquires why I will not reply directly to his own allegations. I answer first, that I cannot, for I am on one side of the Atlantic and my books and papers are on the other. I answer secondly, that if I reply to him I must reply to fifty others. I answer thirdly, that I have found by experience that controversies between parties interested in such disputes lead to no conclusion. At this moment I am supposed to be calumniating the Irish Catholics. Two or three years ago I was in trouble in England on precisely opposite ground. I had discovered a document which I conceived to relieve the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland of a charge of subserviency to Queen Elizabeth, which had long attached to them. I had discovered another, from which I published extracts, exposing an act of extreme cruelty perpetrated in the North of Ireland by one of Elizabeth's officers. Both these papers I had reason to know were extremely welcome to the Irish Catholic Prelates. They were no less unwelcome to Protestants. I was violently attacked, and I replied. The documents were looked into, up and down, but without producing conviction on either side. I, after the most careful consideration, was unable to withdraw what I had written. The Tory journals continued, and perhaps continue, to charge me with misrepresentation, and speak of me as a person whose good faith is not to be depended on.

I determined that from that time

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ration born in the United States. They must be the descendants of those who have been sufficiently long here to allow their children to be born, to grow to maturity and become parents. None of the immigrants arriving since 1850 can be included in this class; the arrival of the native Irish was inconsiderable before 1847, and in 1850 the entire number of Irish who had arrived in the United States amounted only to 988,945. The mortality among the Irish, whether as children or adults, is in advance of any other part of the population.

The most extravagant conjecture will not venture, therefore, to add more than 600,000 for the number of Irish children whose parents were born in this country. Those who have best means of judging, estimate the entire Irish race now in America at between four and five millions.

I would never place myself in such a position again.

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature falls  
Between the pass and fell incensèd points  
Of mighty opposites.

I hope I am not, strictly speaking, the baser nature. But it has been my fortune ever since I began to write on these subjects to feel the pricks of the opposing lances, and I shall continue to feel them as long as I tell the truth. My *History of England* has been composed from, perhaps, two hundred thousand documents, nine-tenths of them in difficult MS., and in half-a-dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the MSS. often tell stories which the printed versions leave concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists; I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time. I have had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, and to analyse; and have had afterwards to depend entirely on my own transcripts. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to affirm that no reference has been misplaced, and no inverted commas fallen to the wrong words. I have done my best to be exact, and no writer can undertake more. In passing from my notes to my written composition, from my composition to print, from one edition to another, the utmost care will not prevent mistakes. It often happens that half a letter is in one collection and half in another. There will be two letters from the same person, and the same place, on the same subject and on the same day. One may be among the State Papers, another in the British Museum. I will not say that passages from two such letters may not at times appear in my text as if they were one. A critic looks at the reference, finds part of what I have said and not the other, and jumps to the conclu-

sion that I have invented it. Of course I don't complain of faults of this kind being pointed out. I am obliged to anyone who will take the trouble. I do complain, that when I am doing my utmost to tell the truth I should be charged so hastily with fraud. I referred and I refer all such accusers to a competent tribunal of impartial persons, accustomed to deal with historical documents, who understand the conditions under which a work like mine can be composed, and will know, when a passage seems to be unsupported, where to look for the evidence, and where to find it. More than this I will never condescend to say on the subject of my historical veracity. It is my last word. But I will not allow that I have been convicted, as Father Burke calls it, till I have been properly tried.

Once more, Father Burke says I am unfit to speak of Ireland, because I hate the Catholic Church. I show my hatred, it appears, by holding the Church answerable for the cruelties of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day in France.

Here is what the Father says on the first of these matters: 'Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the State. If the rebels happened to be Protestants, there is no reason to father their blood upon the Catholics.'

I beg you to attend to this passage. This is the way in which modern Catholic history is composed; and you may see from it what kind of lessons children will be taught in the national schools if Catholics have the control of the text books. Father Burke himself, perhaps, only repeats what he has been taught. I suppose he never heard of the Edicts of Charles the Fifth. By those Edicts, which were issued at the opening of the

Reformation, every man convicted of holding heretical opinions was to lose his head. If he was obstinate and refused to recant, he was to be burned. Women were to be buried alive. Those who concealed heretics were liable to the same penalties as the heretics themselves. The execution of the Edicts was committed to the Episcopal Inquisition, and under them, in that one reign, the Prince of Orange, who was alive at the time, and the great Grotius, whose name alone is a guarantee against a suspicion of exaggeration, declares that not less than fifty thousand persons were put to death in cold blood. I have myself expressed a doubt whether these numbers could have been really so large; but a better judge than I am, a man totally untroubled with theological prepossessions, the historian Gibbon, considers the largest estimate to be the nearest to the truth. I don't ask you to believe me, Ladies and Gentlemen—read Grotius; read the Prince of Orange's apology; read the pages of your own Mr. Motley.

And then because the Netherlands, unable to endure those atrocities, rose in arms to drive the Spaniards out of the country, the Duke of Alva may massacre twenty thousand more of them; they are only rebels. The Church is innocent of their blood.

Father Burke, in like manner, declares the Church to be blameless for the destruction of the French Protestants. The *Te Deums* that were sung at Rome, when the news came, he says, were for the safety of the King, and not for the massacre of the Huguenots. Indeed! Then why did the infallible Pope issue a medal, on which was stamped, *Hugonotorum strages*, slaughter of the Huguenots? Why was the design on the reverse of the medal an angel with a sword, smiting the Hydra of heresy? Does Father Burke know—I suppose not—that

the murders in Paris were but the beginning of a scene of havoc, which overspread France, and lasted for nearly two months? Eighteen or nineteen thousand persons were killed in Paris on the 24th of August. By the end of September, the list was swollen to seventy thousand. Strangely incautious, infallible Pope, if he was only grateful for the safety of Charles the Ninth! For what must have been the effect of the news of the Pope's approval on the zeal of the orthodox executioners?

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I do not hate the Catholic religion. Some of the best and holiest men I have ever heard of have lived and died in the Catholic faith. But I do hate the spirit which the Church displayed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I hate the spirit which would throw a veil of sophistry over those atrocities in the nineteenth. The history of the illustrious men who fought and bled in that long desperate battle for liberty of conscience, that very liberty to which Catholics now appeal, is a sacred treasure left in charge to all succeeding generations. If we allow a legend like this of Father Burke's to overspread and cloud that glorious record, we shall be false to our trust, and through our imbecility and cowardice we may bequeath to future ages the legacy of another struggle.

Father Burke himself is for toleration—the freest and the widest. I am heartily glad of it. I wish I could feel that he was speaking for his Church as well as himself. But my mind misgives me when I read the *Syllabus*. In the same number of the *New York Tablet* from which I take his speech, I find an article condemning the admission of the Jews to the rights of citizens. When I was last in Spain there was no Protestant church allowed in the Peninsula. I used to feel that if I had the fortune to

die there, I should be buried in a field like a dog. If all that is now ended, it was not ended by the Pope and the Bishops. It was ended by the Revolution.

Nor is it very hard to be tolerant on Father Burke's terms. In his reading of history the Protestants were the chief criminals. The Catholics were innocent victims. If on those terms he is willing to forgive and forget, I for one am not. Father Burke knows the connection between confession and absolution. The first is the condition of the second. When the Catholic Church admits frankly her past faults, the world will as frankly forgive them. If she takes refuge in evasion; if she persists in throwing the blame on others who were guilty of nothing except resistance to her tyranny, the innocent blood that she shed remains upon her hands, and all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten them.

I will assume, then, that I am fit to speak on this Irish subject, and I will at once pass to it. I must be brief. I shall pass from point to point, and leave irrelevant matter on one side.

I said that Ireland was in a state of anarchy before the Norman Conquest. In other countries I said there were wars, but order was coming out of them. In Ireland I said no such tendency was visible. Father Burke answers that the Danes had caused the trouble, that the Irish had at last driven the Danes out and were settling down to peace and good government. He alludes to the Wars of the Roses, which he says left England utterly demoralised for half a century. Is he serious? Is he speaking of the England which Erasmus came to visit—which the Governments of Spain and France courted persistently as the arbiter of Europe, of the country which could adopt for its motto, *Cui adhero Præest*—I hold in my hand the balance of the European

community? Archbishop Anselm, it seems, wrote to congratulate a king of Munster on the quiet of the country. I beg any of you to turn over the leaves of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the most authoritative record of Irish history. I read in my lectures the entry for the year 1160, fourteen years before the conquest, when, according to the Father, all things were going so well. In that one year three kings were killed, besides an infinite slaughter of other people. Look for yourselves. See whether that year was exceptionally bad. If there was a few months' breathing time in such a state of things an Archbishop might well write to congratulate.

Giraldus, the Welshman, who came over soon after to see what Ireland was like, confirms substantially the account of the *Annals*. Father Burke calls him freely a liar, though he quotes him approvingly when he mentions the Irish virtues. If Giraldus is to be believed when he says the Irish were loyal to their chief, I do not know why he is not to be believed when he says they were fierce, licentious, treacherous, false, and cruel. Giraldus tells some absurd stories. The Irish books of the age are full of stories much more absurd. In the twelfth century there were extant sixty-six Lives of St. Patrick. Mr. Gibbon says of them that they must have contained at least as many thousand lies. That is a large estimate. Of those which survive, the earliest, which is very beautiful, contains few lies, or, perhaps, none. The latest, that by Jocelyn of Ferns, which has been adopted by the Bollandists, contains probably many more than a thousand lies. It is one of the most ridiculous books I ever looked into. By the side of Jocelyn, Giraldus is a rationalist. I wish you would read Giraldus' account of Ireland. It is translated; it is short, and carries about

it, in my opinion, a stamp of conceited veracity.

I go to the Norman Conquest itself, and Pope Adrian's Bull, which Father Burke still declares to be a forgery. I need hardly say that I attach no consequence to the Bull itself. I suppose the Popes of Rome have no more right over Ireland than I have over Cnba. The Popes, however, did at that time represent the general conscience. What a Pope sanctioned was usually what the intelligent part of mankind held to be right. If the Normans forged such a sanction to colour their conquest, they committed a crime which ought to be exposed. The naked facts are these:—King Henry, when he conquered Ireland, produced as his authority a Bull said to have been granted twenty years before by Pope Adrian. It is matter of history that from the date of the conquest Peter's Pence was paid regularly to Rome by Ireland. Ecclesiastical suits were referred to Rome. Continual application was made to Rome for dispensations to marry within the forbidden degrees. There was close and constant communication from that time forward between the Irish people and clergy and the Roman Court. Is it conceivable that, in the course of all this communication, the Irish should never have mentioned this forged Bull at Rome, or that if they did mention it, there should have been no enquiry and exposure? To me such a supposition is utterly inconceivable.

But the Bull, says Father Burke, is a forgery, on the face of it. The date upon it is 1154. Adrian was elected Pope on December 3, 1154. John of Salisbury, by whom the Bull was procured, did not arrive in Rome to ask for it till 1155. What clearer proof could there be? Very plausible. But forgers would scarcely have committed a blunder so simple. Father Burke's criti-

cism comes from handling tools he is imperfectly acquainted with. He is evidently ignorant that the English official year began on March 25. A paper dated February, 1154, was in reality written in February, 1155. The Popes did not use this style, but Englishmen did, and a confusion of this kind is the most natural thing in the world in the publication of a document by which England was specially affected.

But we are only at the beginning of the difficulty in which we are involved by the hypothesis of forgery. I advised Father Burke to look at a letter from a subsequent Pope to King Henry III., published by Dr. Theiner from the Vatican Archives.

I have not Dr. Theiner's book by me to refer to; I must therefore describe the letter from memory, but I have no doubt that I remember it substantially. The Irish had represented at Rome that the Normans had treated them with harshness and cruelty. They had appealed to the Pope. They had been brought under the Norman yoke, they said, by an act of his predecessor, and they begged him to interpose. What does the Pope answer? Does he say that he has looked into the Archives and can find no record of any such act of his predecessor, that it was a mistake or a fraud! He does nothing of the kind. He writes to the King of England, laying the complaints of the Irish before him. He reminds him gently of the tenour of the commission by which Adrian had sanctioned the conquest, and begs him to restrain the violence of his Norman subjects.

Once more we have a letter from Donald O'Neill, calling himself King of Ulster, to the Pope, speaking of the Normans much as Father Burke speaks of the English now; complaining specially of Pope Adrian for having, as an Englishman, sacrificed Ireland to his



countrymen. The idea that the grant was fictitious had never occurred to him. As little was the faintest suspicion entertained at Rome. The Pope, and the victims who had been sacrificed, were equally the dupes of Norman cunning and audacity. Wonderful Normans! Wonderful infallible Pope!

I must hurry on. I have no occasion to defend the Norman rule in Ireland. It was an attempt to plant the feudal system on a soil which did not agree with it, and the feudal system failed as completely as did all our other institutions which we have attempted to naturalise there. There is, however, one stereotyped illustration of Norman tyranny on which patriot orators are never weary of dilating, that I must for a moment pause to notice. Of course Father Burke could not miss it. So atrocious were the Norman laws, he tells us, that the Irish were denied the privileges of human beings. It was declared not to be felony to kill them. So stands the law; not to be denied or got over; yet there is something more to be said on that subject. I am not surprised that it did not occur to Father Burke; yet, after all, it was not the inhuman barbarism which it appears to be at the first blush.

As the Normans found they could not conquer the entire island, the counties round Dublin, the seaports and municipal towns with the adjoining districts, came to be known as the English Pale: within the Pale they established the English common law; outside the Pale, in the territories of the chiefs, there remained the Brehon or Irish law. Now felony was a word of English law entirely. Under English law, homicide was felony, and was punished by death. Under the Brehon law homicide was not felony: it was an injury for which compensation was to be made by the slayer to the

family of the slain. Every Irishman living inside the Pale was as much protected by the law as any one else. To kill him was as much felony as to kill an Englishman. But English law could not protect those who refused to live under it. Questions often rose, what was to be done when life was lost in a border scuffle or quarrel; and the Norman Parliament declined to attach more importance to the life of an outside Irishman than his own law attached to it. Father Burke quotes a case triumphantly of an Englishman who had killed an Irishman pleading the Statute, but offering in court to make compensation according to Brehon custom, and being in consequence acquitted. This exactly illustrates what I have been saying. I admit, however, and I insisted in my own lectures, that the Norman failure had been complete—that the result of the conquest was to leave the country, after three hundred years' experience, worse than before.

I pass to the modern period. Father Burke opens with an eloquent denunciation of Henry VIII., and as I have a great deal to say on points of more consequence, I leave Henry to his mercies. I will only pause out of curiosity to ask for more information about three Carthusian abbots, whom a jury refused to find guilty under the Supremacy Act, till Henry threatened, if they did not comply, to prosecute them for treason. I thought I knew the history of all the treason trials of that reign. I know of several abbots being tried and executed. I remember the story of the prior and monks of the Charterhouse, and touchingly beautiful it is. But I cannot fit on Father Burke's story to any of them. If, as I suppose, he does mean the prior and monks of the Charterhouse, the records of the trial prove conclusively that the story about the jury cannot be true.

As to Ireland at this period, I cannot make out Father Burke's position. He possesses odd little pieces of real knowledge set in a framework—since I cannot accuse him of misrepresentation—set in a framework of such singular unacquaintance with the general complexion of the times, that I have speculated much how he came by these bits of knowledge. He quotes from the State Papers. Let me tell you generally what these State Papers are. When there were no newspapers, ministers depended for their information on their correspondents, and you find in these collections letters and reports of all kinds from all sorts of people, conveying the same kind of information which you would gather out of a newspaper to-day—with the same conflict of opinions. Those relating to Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII. have been printed, and fill two large thick quarto volumes of 800 or 900 pages each. There are also four volumes of Calendars, or abstracts of papers of the reign of Elizabeth, known by the name of the Carew Collection of MSS., with long and most interesting extracts. If any of you will read these volumes, and will read at the same time the *Review of the State of Ireland* by the poet Spenser, Baron Finglas's *Breviate of Ireland*, and Sir Henry Sidney's *Correspondence*, you will not require either me or Father Burke to tell you what was the real condition of the country we are both talking about.

Meanwhile I must say a word or two. Father Burke talks with great vehemence about spoliation of lands and the expulsion of Irishmen from the homes of their fathers. There is a document, the opening document of the 'King Henry series,' which he does not seem to have studied, but which I wish you would study, for it gives a complete key to the real difficulties of Ireland, and to all the policy of the succeeding reigns.

This document is dated 1515, and is called a 'Report on the State of Ireland, with a Plan for its Reformation.' Father Burke admits that there was disorder at this time, but he says it was caused by the Anglo-Normans. Now this report explains that the real cause was that the Normans had ceased to be Normans, and had become Irish. They spoke Irish, dressed like Irish, adopted Irish habits, and laws, and customs. Father Burke cannot be ignorant that to the Geraldines in Munster and Leinster, to the Butlers in Kilkenny, to his own ancestors, the De Burghs, or Burkes, in the west, the Irish clans looked up with a feeling of loyal allegiance. As far as there was any order at all in the country, it was in the homage paid by the native race to these four families. They, and the smaller Norman barons who held under them, are spoken of in the State Papers as English in contrast to Irish. They were as much English as you Americans are English, or as Grattan and Wolf Tone were English; yet Father Burke thinks that he makes a point when he quotes a passage saying that some of these people were more troublesome than the Irish. Of course they were. Did he never hear the old phrase: *Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*—more Irish than the Irish themselves?

I want you to understand the social state of the country as this report delineates it. There were at this time sixty great Irish chiefs and thirty great Norman chiefs—each independent, each ruling by his own sword, each making war at his pleasure, and all living in precisely the same manner. Between them they kept in idleness, to do nothing but fight, about 60,000 armed men, foot and horse—the entire population being about half a million. The chiefs of this enormous body of vagabonds were maintained by an Irish custom called *coyn* and livery. Father Burke

boasts that there was no slavery in Ireland. No, but there was worse, for the wretched peasantry were obliged to supply all these people with meat, clothes, and lodging for man and horse. Coyn and livery meant not only that the chiefs' castles were to be kept supplied, but that all their fighting-people, themselves and their horses, were to live at free quarters in the peasants' homes.

It was this fighting contingent that was the cause of all the trouble. While they were allowed to plunder the people at pleasure, industry was impossible. Peace was equally impossible while there were so many men who had no occupation but war.

The problem of the English Government throughout the sixteenth century was to break the system down, to protect the peasant who was cultivating the soil, and, by stopping their enforced supplies, compel the fighting banditti to take to some other employment. Here lies the explanation of Father Burke's mistakes. When he talks of confiscation and spoliation, it was confiscation simply of the rights of robbers to plunder the poor. All sorts of plans were thought of, and ultimately tried: sometimes to use downright force, to send an English army and conquer them; sometimes to arm the peasantry, and make them protect themselves; sometimes to plant English and Scotch colonies; sometimes, where the case seemed hopeless, to send the entire race over the Shannon into Connaught, where, in closer quarters, they would be unable to find the means of supporting the fighting battalions.

I cannot go into any details here. I ask you only to satisfy yourselves, by a perusal of the report, that this was the real condition to which the country was reduced. You will then see how arduous the problem was, and be better able to form a

just opinion on the conduct which England pursued. Father Burke says nothing of it. I can hardly suppose he knew anything about it. Yet anyone who will look to the index of the State Papers and the Carew Papers, and will refer to the words 'Coyn and Livery,' will see that this Irish custom with its consequences was the one central enormity against which English effort was, however ineffectually, directed.

The Reformation of course complicated matters worse, but the social problem then as now was the real one. When I spoke of King Henry's appointment of the Earl of Kildare to the viceroyalty as an experiment of Home Rule, Father Burke asks me why Henry did not call a Parliament of the Irish chiefs. This, I admit, would have been a worse form of Home Rule. The peasant grievances would have had even less chance of a hearing than they would have from a separate Irish Parliament if it were called to-day.

I am laying down broad outlines. I must reserve my particular criticisms for a more pressing part of the story.

I notice, however, first, what Father Burke says of the Norman Irish, the Earl of Kildare, and the insurrection of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald. He says Kildare was an Englishman. He was as much an Englishman as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his descendant, or Dr. McNevin. That is to say, he was the most Irish nobleman—with the exception, perhaps, of his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond—that was to be found in the country. Father Burke says the insurrection was an English insurrection; the parties to it, with one or two exceptions, all English; that it was an English business altogether, and that the Irish were only sufferers. It was English in the sense that the associations of the United Irishmen were English, neither less nor more.

I suppose that his words were no more than a rhetorical flourish to gain an immediate point. If not, and if he really indicates the present views of the Celtic race on their history and their misfortunes, it is a new and extremely significant feature in the progress of the question. Till this time the Geraldines have been the idols of the national tradition. O'Connell used to say that the Duke of Leinster, Kildare's representative, was the natural King of Ireland. Lord Thomas has been one of the most popular Irish heroes. If all this is now to be thrown aside, I will only say here, that it is a bad return for the blood which the Geraldines and the Barons of the Pale risked and lost in the cause of Ireland and the Catholic Church. I trust, for the honour of Irish patriotism, that Father Burke is not in this instance a representative of the feelings of his people.

As to the Kildare rebellion itself, Father Burke, as usual, exaggerates. He says it desolated the whole of Munster and a great part of Leinster, and ruined half the Irish people. It scarcely touched Munster at all. It affected severely only half Leinster. The chief sufferers were the inhabitants of the Pale, and among them chiefly such of the inhabitants as were loyal to English rule. But I conclude that Father Burke is not distinguishing between the rebellion of the Kildares under Henry VIII. and the rebellion of the Desmonds under Elizabeth, and lumps them both together as a confused unity.

I will not follow him through the Reformation History. But he asks a question which I will answer. I said in my lectures that the private lives of some of the Catholic bishops, before the Reformation, were not perfectly regular. I made light of it, and I make light of it now. But, when he calls it 'a wild and unsupported asser-

tion,' I must show him that I was not speaking without book. I was thinking at the moment of Archbishop Bodkin, of Tuam, from whom the Galway Bodkins, whom Father Burke must know about, are descended. If he requires another instance I must send him back to Dr. Theiner. 'I wish he would read his Theiner. He need not be afraid; there is no heresy in it. It comes from Rome, from the very fountain of infallibility. If he will look there, he will find an account of a most reverend gentleman, which I need not stop to particularise. It will satisfy him, I think, that my assertion was less wild than he supposes.

Again, about the bishops and the oath of supremacy to King Henry. He admits eight bishops and an archbishop; when I get home I will give him the names of two or three more. But it is of no importance. He cannot show that those who did not swear made any active or prolonged opposition. Nor does he deny that the greatest of the Celtic chiefs accepted peerages from Henry, voted him King of Ireland, helped him to suppress the abbeys, and accepted the abbey-lands for themselves. But so great, it appears, was the orthodoxy of the Catholic people of Ireland that, although they never before rebelled against their chiefs, on this occasion they did rise and deposed them. Let us take the most important instance. Con O'Neill, the great O'Neill, the descendant of the Irish kings, was made by Henry, Earl of Tyrone. This O'Neill, Father Burke says, was taken by his son and clapped into gaol, where he died. A very pious son, no doubt, and moved entirely by his zeal for holy Church. The son in question was the celebrated Shan, a bastard son of Con, but 'a broth of a boy,' as they say over there, and the darling of the tribe. By tanistry, or the Irish method of election, Shan would have succeeded to the chieftainship,

but by the patent of the earldom the successor was not to be Shan, but his legitimate brother. The old Con also preferred the legitimate son. Shan had a certain respect for his father. In one of his letters, of which I have read many, he says, alluding to his own parentage, that his father, like a gentleman as he was, never denied any child that was sworn to him, but Shan was not going to lose his inheritance on that account. He conspired against Con, and, as Father Burke truly says, shut him up till he died. The legitimate brother was murdered or made away with, and Shan by these means became the O'Neill. A very natural piece of business, but I should not have described it myself as arising from devotion to the Catholic faith.

Once more (Father Burke drags it in here out of its natural place, but I will follow his own arrangement), he insists on the religious toleration which was always displayed by the Irish Catholics. There were no heresy prosecutions in Ireland. These heresy prosecutions were judicial processes, and the Irish preferred more rough and ready ways. I have no room to go into this. But Father Burke produces as a proof an act of the Celtic Catholic Irish Parliament, which met in the time of James the Second, on which I must make a short remark.

What, said the Father, was the first law which this Catholic Irish Parliament passed? 'We hereby decree that it is the law of this land of Ireland that neither now, nor ever again, shall any man be prosecuted for his religion.' 'Was not this magnificent?' he asked, and he was answered by 'tremendous cheers.'

I am very glad that he and his hearers are such complete converts to toleration. But his mind is not yet in the perfectly equitable state which I could desire. The value of the Act is diminished when we

remember that it was accompanied by two other Acts which deprived almost every Protestant in Ireland of every acre of land which he possessed. Let me remind you, ladies and gentlemen, of one or two points in the history of James II. He was meditating the restoration of Popery in England, and he took up with toleration that he might introduce Catholics, under cover of it, into high offices of State, and bribe the Protestant Nonconformists to support him. The Nonconformists knew too well what he was about, and were not to be so taken in. In like manner the Irish Parliament was throwing out a bait to the Presbyterian farmers and artisans, who had been persecuted by the Bishops of the Establishment. They also were too wary to be tempted. They knew what could happen when the Pope was in his saddle again. They held no land, and the Confiscation Acts did not touch them. But instead of joining Tyrconnell they closed the gates of Derry in his face, and built for themselves an immortal monument in the gallery of Protestant heroes.

About Elizabeth's conduct in Ireland there is not much difference of opinion between Father Burke and me. He quotes a passage of mine, some rhetorical nonsense, as I dare say it was, about the Star of Liberty, which he calls extremely eloquent, and then proceeds to cut in pieces. Before praising my style in that way I wish he would quote my words accurately. He has lopped and chopped the poor little sentence, altered words, spoilt cadences, marred the whole effect, and then given it to the world as my idea of fine writing. I am obliged to him for the compliment, but in the plucked and wretched state in which he exhibits me, I could well have dispensed with it. The fact, however, to which the passage refers, is of real importance. Elizabeth had to fight at

last with the great Catholic powers of Europe in defence of the Reformation. She was very unwilling to do it, but at last she was forced to do it, and she won the battle. Father Burke thinks he answers me by pointing to the Act of Uniformity passed in Ireland in the second year of her reign. I had myself mentioned this Act and explained why it was passed. I regretted it and called it unwise, but I added that it was not executed, and I am obliged to insist to Father Burke that this is true and that the smallest accurate acquaintance with the time will show anyone that it is true. The whole country was a prey to anarchy. The churches like all else went to ruin. But among other causes of this the most important was perhaps Elizabeth's determination that the Act of Uniformity should not be enforced. I speak of what I know. I have studied her correspondence with the viceroys. One of them, Lord Grey, being a strong Puritan, pressed to be allowed to make what he called a Mahometan conquest, to offer the people the Reformation or the sword—his complaint was that she forbade him to do it, forbade him strictly to meddle with anyone for religion who was not in rebellion against the crown.

I said and I repeat that Elizabeth meant well to the poor country, though never was the proverb better illustrated, that the road to the wrong place is paved with good intentions.

I come now to the part of the business which is of present practical consequence.

I begin with the Ulster settlement, the Protestant colonisation of the North of Ireland under James I.

Father Burke says, James I. promised that the Irish should be left in possession of their lands, that he kept his promise for four years and then broke it. The Earls of Tyrconnell and Tyrone fled from

Ireland to escape imprisonment; James then took the whole province of Ulster from the original proprietor and handed it over to settlers from England and Scotland. Promises are, I suppose, conditional on good behaviour. Many an oath had Tyrone sworn to be a loyal subject, and many an oath had he broken. Was he to be allowed to conspire for ever and remain unpunished! He fled to escape imprisonment. But why was he to be imprisoned? Because he was planning another rebellion, and he dared not remain to meet the proofs which were to be brought against him. The English took the whole province of Ulster from the Irish, so says Father Burke, and then stops. He should have gone on to say, but he does not say it, that of the two million acres of which the six confiscated counties of Ulster consist, a million and a half were given back to the Irish, and half a million only of the acres most fit for cultivation, but which the Irish left uncultivated, were retained for the colonists. It has been half a million acres for the last two centuries. The acres multiply like Falstaff's men in buckram as the myth develops.

They brought over Scotch and English Protestants, says Father Burke, and made them swear as they did so, that they would not employ one single Irishman or one single Catholic, nor let them come near them. Has not Father Burke omitted one small but important expression? Was it true that they were not to employ one single Irishman? Or an Irishman who refused to take the oath of allegiance? I have not examined the Charters in detail under which the separate grants were held. I will not affirm that there was no corporation which was intended to be exclusively Scotch or English. But I do know that the oath of allegiance was the general condition. Let me remind Father Burke of an Act of Parlia-

ment passed at this very time by the very men whom he accuses of this bitter enmity to the Irish. It repeals simply and for ever every law which had made a distinction between the English and Irish inhabitants of the country. It declares them all citizens of a common empire, enjoying equal laws and equal protection. It expresses a hope that thenceforward they would grow into one nation in perfect agreement, with utter oblivion of all former differences. If you doubt me, gentlemen, look into the Irish Statute Book for the reign of James the First and satisfy yourselves.

As a matter of fact it can be proved distinctly that from the date of the settlement the English and Irish did live together on these half million acres, and cultivated their land together. Their houses and fields lay side by side, they helped each other, employed each other, grew into useful social and kindly relations with one another. It was this close intimacy, this seeming friendliness, this adoption by so many of the Irish of the laws and customs of the settlers, which constituted the most painful features in the rebellion of 1641.

I pass on to that rebellion. It is by far the gravest matter with which I have to deal. It is the hinge on which later history revolves. If Father Burke's version of it is true, then we English robbed the Irish of their lands, tried to rob them of their religion, massacred them when they resisted, slandered them as guilty of a crime which was in reality our own, and took away from them as a punishment all the lands and liberties which they retained. If this be so, we owe them an instant confession of our complicated crimes and an instant reparation, such reparation as we are able to make. If it be not true, then this cause of heartburning ought to be taken away. I cannot

regret with Father Burke that this wound has been re-opened. Rather let it be probed to the bottom. Let the last drop of secreted falsehood be detected and purged out of the history. Again I must divide in two what I have to say. I must notice first, what he says of the account given by me of these things; and next, what he says himself about the facts.

For my part of the business I am obliged to say that he has studied my lectures imaginatively. He has seen there what he wished to see, or thought he saw. Unintentionally, I am well aware, but under the influence of vehement and natural emotions, he has misunderstood me in three most important particulars.

He charges me with defending the Irish Administration of the Earl of Strafford—as having come to America to ask a great, free people to endorse Strafford's despotism as just government. Unless words be taken, not to express thoughts, but to conceal them, I said that Strafford's policy in Ireland was tyrannous, cruel, and dangerous. He speaks as if the Puritan party in England and Scotland were bent on destroying the Catholics in Ireland. The commission which went from the Irish Parliament to London, to complain of Strafford, was composed jointly of Protestants and Catholics. The arraignment of Strafford was conducted by the great Puritan statesman, Pym, and I pointed out in my lectures that his administration of Ireland formed one of the most serious counts on which he was condemned. Does this look as if the complaints of Ireland could receive no attention from the Long Parliament? Does this bear out Father Burke in charging me with defending Strafford, and calling his conduct just?

Again, Father Burke accuses me of having said that the rebellion

began with massacre, as if it was a preconceived intention. In a summary of the events of the ten years, I said generally that it commenced with massacre, and so it did, when the period is reviewed as a whole; but in my account of what actually passed, I said expressly, and in the plainest words, that so far as I could make out from the contradictory evidence, I thought the Irish had not intended that there should be bloodshed at all.

Lastly, he accuses me of having called the Irish cowards, and he desires me to take the word back. I cannot take back what I never gave. Father Burke says that such words cause bad blood, and that I may one day have cause to remember them. That they cause bad blood I have reason to know already; but the words are not mine but his, and he and not I must recall them.

Not once, but again and again, with the loudest emphasis I have spoken of the notorious and splendid courage of Irishmen. What I said was this, and I will say it over again. I was asking how it was that a race whose courage was above suspicion made so poor a hand of rebellion, and I answered my question thus; that the Irish would fight only for a cause in which they really believed, and that they were too shrewd to be duped by illusions with which they allowed themselves to play. I will add that five hundred of the present Irish police, Celts and Catholics, all or most of them, enlisted in the cause of order and good government, would walk up to and walk through the largest mob which the so-called patriots could collect from the four Provinces of Ireland. If it be to call men cowards that under the severest trials the Irish display the noblest qualities which do honour to humanity when they are on the right side, then, and only

then, have I questioned the courage of Irishmen.

So much for myself—now for the facts of the rebellion. We are agreed that on the 23rd of October, 1641, there was a universal rising of the Irish race, and an attempt to expel the Protestant colonists from the country. Father Burke says the Puritan Lords Justices in Dublin knew that the rising was imminent, and deliberately allowed it to break out. I must meet him at once with a distinct denial of this. The secret correspondence of the Lords Justices, before and after the outbreak, has been happily preserved, and anything more unlike the state of their minds than the idea which Father Burke assigns to them cannot be imagined. They had no troops that they could rely upon. The country was patrolled by the fragments of the Catholic army which had been raised by Strafford and afterwards disbanded; and the Lords Justices were in the utmost terror of them. Situated as they were they would have been simply mad had they foreseen what was to happen, and purposely permitted it.

The Irish, Father Burke says, had good reason to rise. Who denies it? Certainly not I. My own words were that it was the natural penalty for past cruelties. But the Father will not have it to have been a rebellion—because he says Charles the First approved of it, or would have approved of it had he been in a position to express an opinion; and that Sir Phelim O'Neil, who headed the movement, issued a proclamation that he was acting in the king's name. That Charles had been encouraging some movement in Ireland is perfectly true, but not that of Sir Phelim O'Neil.—Sir Phelim produced a commission purporting to have been given to him by Charles and signed with the Great Seal—but



Sir Phelim confessed afterwards that the commission was forged, and that he had taken the Seal from a private deed which lay among his muniments. Of this Father Burke says nothing.

The Irish, Father Burke acknowledges, stripped the Protestant settlers of their cattle, horses, and property. Under property, I suppose, he includes their houses and their clothes, for they were turned out of doors, men, women, and children, literally naked. So far, he thinks the Irish did nothing but what they had a right to do. The property of the settlers belonged to the Irish, and they were simply taking back their own. When wild races who do not cultivate the soil come in collision with other races who do cultivate it, disputes of this kind continually arise. When the native finds his land, of which he made no use, taken from him under pretexts which he considers unjust, his eagerness to recover it grows greater as he sees it increase in value by the intruder's industry. From this point of view it is natural that he should consider not the land only, but everything that has been raised upon it, to belong to himself. But I never before heard an educated man maintain such a proposition in cool blood. Whoever may have had a right to the land, it had been bought, occupied, and tilled for thirty-six years by the settlers without a word of question on their titles. I should have thought any Irishman who has had experience in later years of landlord evictions would have recognised that the right to the property raised on the soil belonged to those who had raised it. It appears, in the Father's opinion, that the settlers and their families ought to have accepted their fate and gone away without resistance.

Father Burke says the first blood was shed by the Protestants. I should not be surprised if it was so.

Men assailed by mobs, who mean to turn them naked out of their homes, are apt at times to resist. But this is not what Father Burke means. The origin of all the after horrors, he says, was an atrocity committed by the Protestant garrison at Carrickfergus, who, before any lives had been taken by the Catholics, sallied out and destroyed three thousand Catholic Irish who had crowded together in a place called Island Maghee. This story has been examined into, and bears examination as ill as other parts of the popular version of the massacre—but apparently to no purpose. Out it comes, round, confident, and unblushing as ever. Father Burke quotes it from the Protestant historian, Leland; therefore he assumes it to be true. He pays a compliment to Protestant veracity; but Protestants are veracious only when they speak on the Catholic side. Dr. Reid, the author of the *History of the Presbyterians in Ireland*, the very best book, in my opinion, which has ever been written on these matters, shows how little Leland knew about it; yet Dr. Reid is not worth the Father's notice.

The legend, for such it is, is due to a mistake or a misprint in a single short sentence of Lord Clarendon's. The evidence that Clarendon had before him is now in Dublin, and every fibre of this Island Maghee story can be traced. First, the number of the killed is multiplied by a hundred. In revenge for some atrocious murders in the neighbourhood, the Carrickfergus garrison did attack Island Maghee, and did kill there, not three thousand persons, but thirty persons. Again, the date is wrong, and the date is all in all. To fit with the theory that it was the beginning of the mischief, it is thrown back to the beginning of November 1641. The real date was the beginning of January 1642, and in January, and

long before, the country was in flames from end to end. I wish you who are dissatisfied will at least look at what Dr. Reid says on this matter; you will find yourselves in good hands. Colonel Audley Mervyn, who was in Ireland at the time, says that, in his own county of Fermanagh, which he calls one of the best planted counties with English in the whole island, by January almost all of them had been killed. He made close enquiry, and found that not one in twenty had escaped.

Father Burke, following the usual Irish Catholic tradition, insists on a commission issued in December by the Dublin Council, to enquire into the losses of the Scotch and English settlers by plunder. Because it says nothing of massacres, he infers, *more Hibernico*, that it denies that there had been any massacre.

Unfortunately for this theory, there is a letter, dated the first of December, from the same Council to the Long Parliament, declaring that at the time when they were writing, there were 40,000 rebels in the field, who were putting to the sword men, women, and children that were Protestants, ill-using the women, dashing out the brains of the children before their parents' faces. I avoided before, and I shall avoid now, all details of this dreadful subject. If a tenth part of the sworn evidence be true, the Irish acted more like fiends than human beings. I will quote only a single page from Sir John Temple, a distinguished lawyer, who was in Dublin all the time, and describes what he saw with his own eyes. Father Burke insists on the cruelties of Sir Charles Coote, in Wicklow. Sir John Temple will show you Sir Charles Coote's provocation. There is no dispute, I must remind you, about the expulsion of the Protestant families from their homes. They were turned out literally naked in the wild October weather,

with wisps of straw or rags, to cover them, to find their way to the sea.

Listen to Sir John Temple.

'That which made the condition more formidable was the daily repair of multitudes of English that came up in troops miserably spoiled out of the North, many of good rank and quality, covered with old rags, and some without any covering but twisted straw; wives came lamenting the murder of their husbands; mothers of their children barbarously destroyed before their eyes; some so surbated as they came creeping on their knees, others frozen with cold, ready to give up the ghost in the streets; others distracted with their losses, lost also their senses. Thus was the town, within a few days after the breaking out of the rebellion, filled with these lamentable spectacles of sorrow, having no place to lay their heads, no clothing to cover their nakedness, no food to stay their hunger. To add to their miseries, the popish inhabitants refused to minister the least comfort to them. Many lay in the open streets, and others under stacks, and there miserably perished. Those of better quality, who could not frame themselves to be common beggars, crept into private places, and wasted silently away, and died without noise. I have known some that lay naked, and having clothes sent, laid them by, refusing to put them on: others would not stir to fetch themselves food, though they knew where it stood ready for them; and so, worn with misery and cruel usage, their spirit spent, their senses failing, the greatest part of the women and children thus barbarously expelled from their habitations, perished in the city of Dublin, leaving their bodies as monuments of the most inhuman cruelties used towards them.'

Do you suppose, ladies and

gentlemen, that the friends and countrymen of these poor women would have been in a very amiable humour with such scenes before them? Do you suppose that when they knew other English families within reach of the city were exposed to the same treatment, they ought to have sat still and allowed the Irish to repeat in Leinster the atrocities which they had perpetrated in the North? Coote collected a body of horse out of the fugitive men who had crowded into Dublin. The Irish were beginning the same work in an adjoining county. Coote rode into the Wicklow hills and gave them a lesson that two parties could play at murder. I do not excuse him. But the question of questions is, who began all those horrors? and what was the true extent of them?

Father Burke thinks everything, short of murder, which the Irish did to have been perfectly justifiable. I do not agree with him—but let that pass. He says a Protestant has proved that the Catholics killed only 2,100 people, and therefore it must be true. Again a compliment to a Protestant—but it is a matter on which I will not accept the mere opinion of any one man, even if he do call himself Protestant. I am sorry to say I have known many Protestants entirely unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. Sir William Petty, a very able, cool-headed, sceptical sort of man, examined all the evidence, went himself, within ten years of the events, over the scene of the massacre, and concluded, after careful consideration, that the number of Protestants killed in the first six months of the rebellion, amounted to 38,000. Clarendon and Coote give nearly the same numbers. You, who would form an independent opinion on the matter, I would advise to read (whatever else you read) Sir John Temple's history of the Rebellion, and Dr. Borlase's

history of it. Temple was, as I said, an eye-witness. Borlase's book contains in the appendix large selections from the evidence taken on oath before Commissioners at Dublin.

I shall still be met with the 'thundering English lie' argument; and so far you have but my assertion against Father Burke's. In my opinion he treats the Irish massacre precisely as he treats the Alva massacre and the St. Bartholomew's massacre. The wolf lays the blame on the lamb. But that, you may fairly say, is only my view of the question. Very well, I have a proposal to make, which I hope you will indorse; and if we work together, and if Father Burke will help, we may arrive at the truth yet.

Ireland and England will never understand each other till this story is cleared up. Now, I am fond of referring disputed questions to indifferent tribunals. An enormous body of evidence lies still half examined in Dublin. I should like a competent commission to be appointed to look over the whole matter and report a conclusion. It should consist of men whose business is to deal with evidence—*i.e.* of lawyers. I would have no clergy, Catholic or Protestant. Clergy are generally blind of one eye. I would not have men of letters or historians like myself and Father Burke; we partake of the clerical infirmities of disposition. By-the-bye, I must beg Father Burke's pardon. As a priest I have put him out of court already. I say I would have a commission of experienced lawyers, men of weight, and responsible to public opinion. Four Irish judges, for instance, might be appointed—two Catholic and two Protestant; and to give the Catholics all advantage, let Lord O'Hagan, the Catholic Irish Chancellor, be chairman. Let these five go through all the surviving memorials of the Rebellion of 1641, and tell us what it really

was. We shall then have sound ground under us, and we shall know what are and what are not the thundering lies, of which indisputably, on one side or the other, an enormous number are now afloat. I can conceive nothing which would better promote a reconciliation of England and Ireland than the report which such a commission would send in. If the heads of the Catholic Church in Ireland would combine to ask for it, I conceive that it could not be refused.

For myself I have but touched one point in twenty relating to this business where my evidence contradicts Father Burke. But I will pursue it no further. A few words will exhaust what I have to say about Cromwell. About him I cannot hope to bring Father Burke to any approach to an agreement with me. There are a few matters of fact, however, which admit of being established. Father Burke says that Cromwell meant to exterminate the Irish. I distinguish again between the industrious Irish and the idle, fighting Irish. He showed his intentions towards the peasantry a few days after his landing, for he hung two of his own troopers for stealing a hen from an old woman. Cromwell, says the Father, wound up the war by taking 80,000 men and shipping them to the sugar plantations in Barbadoes. In six years, such was the cruelty, that not twenty of them were left. 80,000 men, Father Burke! and in six years not twenty left. I have read the Thurloe Papers, where the account will be found of these shipments to Barbadoes. I can find nothing about 80,000 men there. When were they sent out, and how, and in what ships? You got these numbers where you got the millions of native Irish in America. Your figures expand and contract like the tent in the fairy tale, which would

either shrink into a walnut-shell or cover 10,000 men as the owner of it liked. Father Burke says that all the Irish Catholic landowners were sent into Connaught. Lord Clarendon says that no one was sent to Connaught who had not forfeited his life by rebellion; and next, that to send them there was the only way to save them from being killed, for they would not live in peace. If an Englishman strayed a mile from his door he was murdered, and there was such exasperation with these fighting Irish that if they had been left at home the soldiers would have destroyed them all.

Ireland was made a wilderness, says Father Burke, and that is true—but who made it so? The nine years of civil war made it so—and it could not revive in a day or in a year. If three or four thousand Irish boys and girls were sent as apprentices to the plantations, it was a kindness to send them there in the condition to which Ireland had been reduced; but when I said that fifteen years of industry brought the country to a higher state of prosperity than it had ever attained before, I am not answered when I am told that it was miserable when the settlers had been at work only for four years. I will refer Father Burke, and I will refer you, to the *Life of Clarendon*, if you wish to see what the Cromwellian settlement made of Ireland. Clarendon hated Cromwell and would allow nothing in his favour that he could help. Read it then and see which is right—Father Burke or I.

Never before had Ireland paid the expenses of its government. It was now able to settle a permanent revenue on Charles II. In 1665, when many estates were restored to Catholic owners, the difficulty was in apportioning the increased value which Puritan industry had given to those estates.

It is true that the priests were ordered by Cromwell to leave the country. Father Burke says that a fine was set on the heads of those that remained. In a sense that too is true; but in what sense? A thousand went away to Spain—of those that remained and refused to go—of those who passively stayed, and did not conceal themselves, and allowed the Government to know where they were—some were arrested and sent to Barbadoes—some were sent to the Irish Islands on the west coast, and a sum of money was allowed them for maintenance. Harsh measures. But Father Burke should be exact in his account. Those who went into the mountains and lived with the outlaws shared the outlaws' fate. They were making themselves the companions of what Englishmen call banditti—what the Irish call patriots. I don't think any way they were a good kind of patriots. It is true that a price was set on the heads of those who absolutely refused to submit. It was found too fatally successful a mode of ending with them. Father Burke quotes a passage from Major Morgan, I will quote another:—'The Irish,' he said, 'bring in their comrades' heads. Brothers and cousins cut each other's throats.'

Mr. Prendergast, the latest and most accomplished historian of these times, a man of most generous disposition and passionately Irish in his sentiments, alluding to these words of Major Morgan, makes a comment on them, which tempts me to abandon in despair the hope of understanding the Irish character.

'No wonder they betrayed each other,' he says, 'because they had no longer any public cause to maintain.'

I shall notice but one point more.

In speaking of the American revolution, I said that a more active sympathy was felt at that time for the American cause by the Pro-

testants of the North of Ireland than by the Catholics, and that more active service was done in America by the Anglo-Scotch Irish, who emigrated thither in the eighteenth century, than by the representatives of the old race. Do not think that I grudge any Irishman of any persuasion the honour of having struck a blow at their common oppressors when the opportunity offered. I was mentioning, however, what was matter of fact, and I wished to remind Americans that there is a Protestant Ireland as well as a Catholic—with which at one time they had intimate relations.

There is distinct proof that during a great part of the last century there was a continual Protestant emigration from Ireland to this country. Archbishop Boulter speaks earnestly about it in his letters, and states positively that it was an emigration of Protestants only—that it did not affect the Catholics. So grave a matter it was that it formed the subject of long and serious debates in the Irish Parliament. The Catholic emigration meanwhile was to France. A few Catholic peasants may have come to America after the Whiteboy risings in 1760, but I have seen no notice of it. Likely enough Catholic soldiers deserted from the regiments sent out from Ireland. Likely enough gallant Irish Catholic gentlemen from the French and Spanish armies may have gone over and taken service with you. I admire them all the more if they did. But after allowing all this, out of every ten Irishmen in America at the time of the Revolution there must have been nine Protestants. While as to the Catholics in Ireland (I would say no more on this subject if Father Burke had not called on me for an explanation), I can only say that while the correspondence of the viceroy expresses the deepest anxiety at the attitude of the Presbyterians, no hint is dropped

of any fear from the rest of the population. Father Burke questions my knowledge of the facts, and quotes from McNeven that there were 16,000 Irish in the American ranks. I should have thought that there had been more—but Father Burke in claiming them for the Catholics is playing with the name of Irishman.

I quoted a loyal address to George III. signed in the name of the whole body by the leading Irish Catholics. Father Burke says that, though fulsome in its tone, it contains no words about America. As he meets me with a contradiction, I can but insist that I copied the words which I read to you from the original in the State Paper Office, and I will read one or two sentences of it again. The address declares that the Catholics of Ireland abhorred the unnatural rebellion against his Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects, that they laid at his feet two million loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against his Majesty's enemies in any part of the world, that their loyalty had been always as the dial to the sun, true though not shone upon.

Father Burke is hasty in telling me that I am speaking of a matter of which I am ignorant, but I will pursue it no further, nor but for his challenge would I have returned to it. Both he and I are now in the rather ridiculous position of contending which of our respective friends were most disloyal to our own Government.

Here I must leave him. I leave untouched a large number of blots which I had marked for criticism, but if I have not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words with trying to do more;

and for the future as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns to the charge, nor any other assailant must look for further answer from me.

His own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied; but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish Saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspects of things and characters can no longer be discerned.

I believe that I have shown that this is the true state of the case, though from the state of Father Burke's mind upon the subject, he may be unaware precisely of what has happened to him.

Any way I hope that we may now part in good humour; we may differ about the past; about the present, and for practical objects, I believe we are agreed. He loves the Irish peasant, and so do I. I have been accused of having nothing practical to propose for Ireland. I have something extremely practical; I want to see the peasants taken from under the power of their landlords, and made answerable to no authority but the law. It would not be difficult to define for what offence a tenant might legally be deprived of his holding. He ought not to be dependent on the caprice of any individual man. If Father Burke and his friends will help in that way, instead of agitating for a separation from England, I would sooner find myself working with him than against him. If he will forget my supposed hatred to his religion, and will accept the hand which I hold out to him, I can assure him that the hatred of which he speaks, like some other things, has no existence except in his own imagination.



NEW EDITION OF THE PASTON LETTERS.<sup>1</sup>

**A**MONG the many services rendered to English literature by Mr. Arber in producing his series of English Reprints, not the least is his issue of the Paston Letters, under the able editorship of Mr. James Gairdner. The literary history of this famous collection is itself a curiosity. Valuable alike to the antiquary, the student of social manners, and to the historian of a period of which there are but few memorials, these Letters, after having lain almost unheeded for three centuries, excited so great an interest on their first appearance to the world in 1787, that the whole edition of the first portion published was sold within a week. Horace Walpole was delighted with them; and the King having expressed a desire to see the originals, the editor, Mr. Fenn, generously presented them to his Majesty in three volumes (being part only of the whole), for which he received the honour of knighthood. Unfortunate gift! for these three MS. volumes are not now to be found among the Library of George III. in its home in the British Museum, but have disappeared, the tradition being that 'they were last seen in the hands of Queen Charlotte, who it is supposed must have lent them to one of her ladies in attendance.' It is to be hoped, for the honour of womanly curiosity, that this supposition may one day be cleared up.

Fenn published in all four volumes, two in 1787 and two in 1789; and left, on his death in 1794, a fifth volume ready for the press, which was not, however, printed till 1823, by his nephew Mr. Serjeant Frere. By that time *all* the originals, strangely enough, were missing, even those of the fifth volume. But Fenn had (as has been lately shown) done

his work of transcribing and preparation throughout with such minute and painstaking care, that the want of the originals does not seem to have been felt, and historian after historian has made unquestioning use of the materials thus thrown open, resting on the good faith of the upright editor. And it does not seem that this confidence has been misplaced. In the *Fortnightly Review* for September 1, 1865, Mr. Herman Merivale for the first time cast doubts upon the authenticity of the Paston Letters, questioning whether they are 'entirely genuine, without adulteration by modern hands,' and making various objections to their value and truth. This not only produced in the following month a reply from Mr. Gairdner, who had made the Letters his special study, convincingly meeting doubts and objections, and explaining difficulties from the volumes as they stood, but led to the discovery shortly afterwards, in Mr. Frere's house, of the originals of Volume V. As the late Mr. J. Bruce describes, 'inclosed in a little paper case, which somehow or other Mr. Serjeant overlooked, there were in his possession these hundred and twelve papers, all arranged in perfect order, prepared with the greatest care, and marked by Sir J. Fenn with neat pencil memoranda. They were found in a box of Sir J. Fenn's,' together with about two hundred and seventy other papers. The importance of setting at rest all doubts being evident, these papers now underwent a strict examination at the hands of a Committee composed of eminent members of the Society of Antiquaries, and a close comparison with Fenn's print of them: the results of which were, on the count of their being really genuine, the

<sup>1</sup> *The Paston Letters. A New Edition.* Edited by James Gairdner, of the Public Record Office. Vol. I. Henry VI. 1422-61. Arber's Reprints, London, 1872.

strong testimony that 'a minute inspection of every one of the manuscripts, without the discovery of any single circumstance which could create a doubt, has produced in the minds of the members of the Committee the most unhesitating certainty upon this point;' and as regards Fenn's work, 'that the errors are very few, and for the most part trivial;' while the charge of interpolation or garbling was indignantly repelled by Mr. Bruce. When so much can be proved of the posthumous volume, which had not the benefit of correction by the practised eye of its editor, the inference is that the earlier volumes will be certainly not less trustworthy. On the whole, the weight of evidence and argument *before* the finding of Mr. Frere's manuscripts was in favour of the authenticity of the Paston Letters; it amounted after that discovery to a certainty, which no one at all familiar with the methods of handwriting, language, and forms of composition of older English manuscripts can withstand.<sup>2</sup>

The story does not end here. The separation of the members of this precious collection of manuscripts has been so cruel that they are found in different places; twenty letters are at the Bodleian Library in the Douce collection, two rough volumes of Fastolf and Paston manuscripts are in the great repository of the late Sir T. Phillipps (now belonging to his daughter), 'single letters, which once formed part of it, occasionally turn up at auctions, and some have been sold to foreign purchasers,' while the large number found by Mr. Frere in 1865, including the hundred and twelve originals of Volume V., are now safely deposited in the

British Museum. It is much to be wished that the whole of the known relics of the Paston Letters, as well as others that may hereafter be discovered, may sooner or later find their fitting home in the National Library.

The difficulties, then, in the way of a conscientious editor, anxious to glean all assistance from a reference to the minutiae of his originals, were great. A careful and comprehensive study of the whole of the Letters, together with a rare knowledge of the politics and the course of history of the fifteenth century, had long ago made it apparent that, while individually faithful to the manuscripts, Fenn had in many instances made errors as to their chronology, while the whole of his collection was wanting in unity and harmony of arrangement. The reason of this seems to be, as Mr. Bruce explains, that Fenn selected some letters from each chronological parcel for his first experimental publication; that for the second, he also made a further selection; and that finding still some papers of interest remaining in each parcel, he chose out one hundred and twelve of these for a last and fifth volume. Thus it is not to be wondered at if the relations of one to another are not always correct. The discovery of the box of letters at Mr. Frere's house seemed to present a good occasion for recasting the whole in a new edition, in which errors of date should be rectified, broken links joined, and to which large additions could be made, with the benefit of the increased facilities now at command for the accurate study of ancient documents.

The first volume now brought out accordingly contains nearly two hundred new letters and papers

<sup>2</sup> Those curious in the details of the history here slightly sketched are referred to the *Fortnightly Review*, First Series—Nos. viii. and xi.; Mr. Bruce's excellent paper, and the Report of the Committee of the Society of Antiquaries, both printed in *Archæologia*, vol. xii., together with the collateral testimony borne by Mr. R. Almack in a letter printed in the same volume.



given either *in extenso* or in short abstract, and dovetailed in with those reprinted from Fenn; the whole, amounting to nearly four hundred, belong to the reign of Henry VI., A.D. 1422 to 1461. Besides bringing his exact historical knowledge to bear upon the text and chronology, the editor has prefixed a valuable Introduction, in which he gives particulars as to the Paston family, and what he modestly calls 'a political survey' of the reign of Henry VI. from his marriage to the disastrous end.

In the story of the Pastons we see one of those which show that in former times, as well as in modern days, a family could rise from small beginnings, and attain by the industry, individual genius, or force of character of some of its members, to wealth, honour, and position. Known as small gentry before the days of Henry VI., the Pastons soon became of importance in their county, Norfolk, and later, in the service of their country, till having reached the peerage their line ended in 1732, in the person of the second Earl of Yarmouth. And among the family none seems to have contributed so much to build up their fortunes as the 'Good Judge,' William Paston, of the days of Henry VI., who (though we are now taught to call him by his plain title of esquire, instead of that of knight, to which he appears to have had no claim) stood high in trust and in his profession; he bought much property in the county, part of which, Oxnead, in course of time became the principal seat of the family. It adds an interest to his name to find it connected with that of Thomas Chaucer, the son of the poet, from whom he purchased the manor of Gresham. Speculation may curiously wonder whether it was in his country house here that the chief butler to Henry V. turned over those papers and relics of his immortal father out of which the Cook's Tale is supposed to have

come forth. Another Paston, Clement, was an eminent naval commander and soldier in the time of Henry VIII. and Mary. But to go back to the times of the Letters, the Judge's wife Agnes, who wrote to him the 'good tidings of the coming and the bringing home of the gentlewoman' who was to be his daughter-in-law, and who begged him to bring for the young lady 'a gown of a goodly blue, or else of a bright sanguine,' to add to her mother's gift of a goodly fur; that daughter-in-law herself, Margaret, the brave and devoted wife of John Paston for six-and-twenty years; John, the trusted adviser of Sir John Fastolf, with his own troubles in the possession of his rights; his sister Elizabeth, anxious to get married to escape the hard discipline of her mother; the able but thrifty Fastolf; all, though old friends, stand in these pages with fresh life and colour in the lineaments of portraits somewhat obscured by the mists of time.

But it is in their connection with English history, notwithstanding the assertion that 'no additions whatever to our knowledge of the politics of that most obscure age has been made through' them, that the letters and papers of the Pastons and their numerous correspondents possess an importance which increases in interest as they are studied. It is true that we gain some highly interesting glimpses into the side-walks of the history of this period from one or two other collections of letters, such as the Stonor Papers; the Shillingford correspondence in 1447-8, where the shrewd and energetic Mayor of Exeter shows us how an important suit should be conducted in high quarters, and admits us to the 'yinner chamber' of the Lord Chancellor at Lambeth if we put ourselves 'yn presse' with him; and the domestic correspondence of the Plumpton family, of Yorkshire, from 1460 to 1551, for which, however,

the editor only claims that they 'contain much that is of interest to the general reader, as leading him to an exact knowledge of the social condition of the English gentry;' but these groups of papers do not approach the Paston Letters in variety and extent, and are confined in their range of view. To appreciate the bearings of these on English history the general reader needs a sketch of the political events of the middle of the fifteenth century, into which shall be wrought, together with the great leading characters then successively treading the stage, and the great events brought about by their actions, the state of feeling among the people, and the influence which this, combined with local jealousies, had upon the fortunes of a private family like the Pastons. Such a sketch Mr. Gairdner provides, nor does he forget now and then to point out the constitutional aspects of questions that have forced themselves on his notice.

The loss of the English possessions in Normandy, the consequent unpopularity of the Duke of Suffolk, and his subsequent murder (for the account of which history is indebted to John Paston's friend Lomner), heavy taxation and general injustice, are placed in the sequence of the causes which led up to the rebellion of Jack Cade, 'a movement which we must not permit ourselves to look upon as a vulgar outbreak of the rabble,' and which is proved to have been countenanced by many of good position. The story of this movement and of its 'Captain of Kent,' and of two successive 'Captains' hitherto unnoticed by historians, with evidence of risings in different parts of the country, indicate the troublous times in which two at least of the letter writers were seriously engaged.

We have it put before us in a connected narrative how the weak-

ness of the Government and the ill-management of the revenues—which ended in the almost total loss in 1451 of the French possessions, and brought back from Ireland, to be ready to take his stand at the helm of affairs, the able and moderate Duke of York, the only man at this time who seems to have been fit to govern—were the cause of much miscarriage of justice in the country, as exemplified in the contest of John Paston with Lord Moleynes and his advisers, Tuddenham and Heydon. The riotous proceedings of Charles Nowell and his gang in Norfolk, too, were then possible, 'outrages' which we are told 'were not the works of lawless brigands,' but 'were merely the effects of party spirit.' The controversy between York and Somerset—hated for his maladministration in Normandy—in which, though York exhibited his detailed articles of accusation<sup>3</sup> against his opponent, Somerset gained the upper hand for a time, immediately precedes the extraordinary blank in our knowledge of internal affairs in 1452-3. But the royal progress which it is known the King made in that year seems to have finished with a visit to the Duke of York at Ludlow; and Sir John Fastolf, to whom William Worcester, *alias* Botoner, was secretary, is found soon after lending money to York upon the security of some of his jewellery.

Then in August 1453 came the sad illness of the King, and later those two scenes which stand out from the old records with such pathetic interest, of the Queen presenting his first-born babe to the unconscious King, and of the grave deputation from the Lords in their anxious but vain endeavour to obtain recognition: 'they could have no answer, word ne sign, and therefore, with sorrowful hearts, came their way;' scenes only equalled by the touching interviews recorded

<sup>3</sup> Now first printed, from the Cottonian MSS.

by Paston's friend Clere, when at Christmas 1454 the King recovered his faculties. The constitutional difficulties created by the imbecility of the head of the State were great, but the appointment of York as Protector in April 1454 brought something like order into the state of affairs, and a vigour unknown for years. It was soon after this that William Paston, writing to his brother in Norfolk of the intended visit of Fastolf, tells him that 'the Duke of Somerset is still in prison, in worse case than he was;' whence he was set free on the King's restoration to health, to be slain in the collision at St. Alban's, May 22, 1455.

We must not linger over the events of this unhappy period, which are worked out with care and minuteness, and upon several obscure points of which fresh light is thrown by the aid of new materials. The whole aspect of the civil war comes before us in the remarks on the claim of York to the throne. 'Though the step was undoubtedly a bold one, never perhaps was a high course of action more strongly suggested by the results of past experience. After ten miserable years of fluctuating policy, the attainted Yorkists were now for the fourth time in possession of power; but who could tell that they would not be a fourth time set aside and proclaimed as traitors? For yet a fourth time since the fall of Suffolk, England might be subjected to the odious rule of favourites under a well-intentioned king, whose word was not to be relied on.' Through the alternations of health and sickness of the King, the dissensions between the great Lords and the Queen, the misgovernment of the country at home

and abroad, the wretched days of Ludlow, Bloreheath, and Northampton, the story winds its way, telling as it goes along the hopes and fears of the Pastons and their connections. Friar Brackley writes how my Lord of York has been written to, 'to ask grace for a sheriff the next year.' Master William Worcester studies French and grumbles at his master's stinginess, every now and then giving a sly hit at political affairs, while old Sir John Fastolf is preparing to make his peace with Heaven by the foundation of a religious college at Caister after his death. With that event, which took place on the 5th of November, 1459, this volume closes, leaving the hope that the tale may be taken up in like manner with the remaining letters.

We have but space to refer to one constitutional problem touched upon, on which Mr. Gairdner's words may well at the present day be suggestive. Speaking of the relative power of the Houses of Lords and Commons, when it became necessary to form a government in place of the imbecile King, he says, 'The influence which the House of Commons has in later times acquired is a thing not directly recognised by the Constitution, but only due to the control of the national purse-strings. Strictly speaking, the House of Commons is not a legislative body at all, but only an engine for voting supplies.' How is it then that (to name no other instances) in 1455 the Commons, having presented a petition or 'grievance,' would proceed to no other business till that was complied with? In this presenting of 'petitions' lies the kernel of the matter.

L. TOULMIN SMITH.



A VISIT TO SHAMYL'S COUNTRY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1870.<sup>1</sup>

BY EDWIN RANSOM, F.R.A.S. F.R.G.S.

**A**FTER making some acquaintance with St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod, I left the latter port on August 18, 1870, with a through ticket for Petrovsk, on the Caspian. I had the services of a courier who had been twice with English travellers in Caucasus.

The right bank of the Volga is often picturesque, though never so high, broken, or wooded, as at Nijni Novgorod. The great towns at which the steamer stopped, though of course partaking of the *unkemptness* of all Russia and the Russians, possess handsome features, and promise well for the future. Astrakhan—one of the first names one learns in geography—marked so large and alone on the map, is far less in size and in interest than some of the river towns. Flat it is and sandy, among vast sand flats, which produce water-melons and cucumbers utterly innumerable for the vegetable-eating Russian.

Government may make the mountain lines of Caucasus and Ural the boundaries between Asiatic and European provinces, and cartographers may colour their maps on a similar rule, but the traveller must feel himself quite in Asia when he sees the nomade Kalmuks with their skin tents on both sides the great river, when he meets their queer, flat, featureless faces on the steamer and in the bazar at Astrakhan, and still more when he finds himself immersed in Mahometanism in Daghestan, where every feature of life and civilisation is Oriental excepting the Russian soldier and the Russian post.

Near most of the Caspian ports

the sea is shallow and open, so that anchorage is impossible in windy weather. From Astrakhan all merchandise and passengers are conveyed some 70 miles across the delta between the river steamers and the sea steamers in vessels of lighter draught. Besides this natural detriment to Astrakhan as an entrepôt, any bad weather on the Caspian hinders commerce and restricts the navigation season, which begins among the ice-floes in May, and ends in autumn through shortness of water, fogs, or frost. A railway between the two seas from Poti to Tiflis and the good harbour of Baku will be an incalculable help to the commerce between East and West.

Tartars, Armenians, and Persians are numerous in Astrakhan. If the former continue successful in effecting a cross with the Georgians, may we not hope for fewer of the tiny eyes and almost imperceptible noses, and more of such high qualities as mark the Kazan Tartars in the offices and hotels of St. Petersburg and Moscow? Since Persia ruled the countries west of the Caspian, the snivelling Persian merchant tracks the steps of trade, and the sturdy Persian labourer finds employ where the less able Russian or the less willing native often grumble and starve.

The voyage from Astrakhan to the sea steamer is most tedious. During the night the fiery tail of sparks from the chimney of the tug steamer leads the way, and the day reveals nothing but boundless swamps with banks of reeds. Pelicans, cormorants, and other sea-fowl occasionally pass; an outlying

<sup>1</sup> In this paper foreign words are spelt nearly as pronounced; for the vowels the unvarying usage of German and Italian pronunciation is intended. The letter 'c' is not adopted, being an expletive, and its sound generally uncertain.

island station requires a lengthy call; and then we steer for a speck on the horizon which in the course of time proves to be the *Prince Constantine*, a good paddle-steamer of perhaps 700 tons, which after some four hours' work receives her cargo. A glorious night on a gently rolling sea was followed by a fresh morning. The traveller from Russia looks out for the first sign of mountains—at the foot of brown craggy hills lie the white houses, the barracks and the pier of Petrovsk. The time of year was recommendable rather for convenience and health than with regard to the aspects of nature. Probably every part of the Russian dominions needs all of 'May' it can get to give it a charm to the Western visitor. I found throughout Southern Russia the steppe and all but the highest uplands alike brown and bare and void of the picturesque; but on the other hand the weather was for three months never unfriendly, and the roads and rivers never *inconvenables*. Petrovsk is mostly modern. The new harbour ought to become very useful, being the only one north of Baku; but from the style of progress in works and in trade the engineer may well be glad of all the compliments he gets. After looking over two neat old forts and a fine new lighthouse, I was anxious to be on the way to Temir-khan-shura, the capital of the district, there to present an introduction to the governor, and to learn what sort of a journey I could make to Tiflis. (I had utterly failed in seeking information about Daghestan, excepting from Ussher's *London to Persepolis*.) A *diligence*—a sort of omnibus—was assigned as a favour (instead of the renowned little boat on four wheels—*telega*—the representative vehicle of the Russian post, which figures in every English book on Russia), and the anticipated experience of 'urging the inevitable *paraclodnaia* over the interminable

steppe' was deferred. The horn blew loud, and the four horses abreast galloped off.

For the first stage the route skirted the foot of the hills, their shadows then varied by a finely-clouded sky. To the right was a boundless level—the steppe. The driver goes where are the fewest inequalities in the ground, and where a track is made in the dried herbage. After passing some cultivated patches of the ungracious looking soil, Kumkurtale is approached. It is about fourteen miles from Petrovsk, and on a cliff overlooking the stream which flows down from 'Shura. The houses are all of mud—as in many Eastern countries—solid and durable as the 'cob' of Devonshire. Some corn was being gathered in small stacks by the homes or on their roofs; in another place oxen drawing a chair on wheels were being urged round the thickly-strewn threshing-floor. With a fresh team a start was soon made, and novelties drew attention on either hand. The road here turned down into the valley, following it right up into the mountain country, stumbling along and across the rugged river bed. Here was a walled vineyard with its 'tower' in the corner, there a field of maize, a corn field, or a garden, with the life-giving irrigation, showing the native thrift of the sons of the soil. After an hour's jolting a plateau is reached, which commands striking panoramas of the peaky, rocky hills, and valleys which mark the approach to this 'mountain-land'—Dagh-estan. Sandstone is the prevailing formation, and sometimes very picturesque. A village—*ául*—is passed every few miles, and one learns often to recognise its presence by the cemetery-hill, with its crowd of rude monuments and high upright stones, which may catch the eye long before the flat brown tops of the snugly-set houses. The

countenances and style of the people are the greatest contrast to either Russian or Kalmuk, recalling one's ideal of a race of mountaineers. One may feel it almost an honour to be looked at by the grand large eyes of the boys. Long strings of carts are passed on the road, the drivers generally wearing the massive cone of white, black or brown sheepskin—the hat of the Caucasians. The last *ául* before reaching the town is perhaps as picturesquely placed as any in Daghestan, the old Tartar keep overhanging its village and its gardens; barest hills around, on which the sun is just setting, and one wonders what an evening was like up in that tower fifty years ago, when the levelling Christian Russ had not placed his foot on the land, and when feud and fight were the life of the people. Again the horn is blown, and we are impelled at the utmost speed of Russian etiquette, through the fortifications of the Russian town, up a street which seems a mixture of tree-trunks, dried mud, and stones. Here it may be indeed well to try to make some virtue of the necessity of taking things as one finds them. The traveller's position in a *diligence* is really like that of 'a pea in a rattle.' He learns to *hold on* as the victim of the Russian post must do, especially when leaving or nearing a station.

In the darkness we turn out at the Hotel *Gúnib*—the chief tavern of the town—kept by an Armenian, as is usual in Caucasian countries; and the darkness inside renders an entry a matter of time. On reaching the first floor—where are generally the principal rooms, the chambers, billiard-room and dining-room—we find some little glass petroleum lamps (the same that do duty in doors and out anywhere within a thousand miles this side of the oil wells of Baku). Presently a waiter opens the tall, creaky, Russian-like doors of the better apartments; by

'strong representations' we obtain some leather mattresses to mitigate the boarded bedsteads or couches, which with a few stools are the sole furniture. Earthenware may be borrowed as a favour, though the Russian ablutions are usually done out of doors, the water being poured on the hands Oriental-wise. Thirty miles of very unaccustomed shaking indisposed one to criticise long or severely the circumstances of the new quarters.

The next morning was sunny, and I soon turned out to see if there might be anything pleasing or interesting in the little capital of Northern Daghestan. *Temir-khan-shura* numbers about two thousand souls, and a similar number of soldiers were stationed there under canvas on a hill-side. The residence of Prince *George-adzi*, the governor, the summer house of Prince *Melikov*, and the extensive barracks, are stone-built, white-washed, and roofed with the Russian sheet-iron or tiles. Nearly all the other buildings are entirely wooden (unless the roofs be in some cases thatched), painted white and green, or more often unpainted. The streets are quite unpaved, excepting *à la corduroy* near the town gates, with white lamp posts at the corners, and relieved by rows of Lombardy poplars. My servant ascertained that the governor was on a tour of inspection in his district, but was expected home in two or three days.

This delay was vexing. Though *Gúnib*—the celebrated stronghold of Shamyl—was my proximate object, I was dependent on Prince *George-adzi* for information and letters to help me to make such journey to *Tifis* as might promise most of interest. And so necessity, added to courtesy, caused a stay of four days before making further progress towards the great mountains. In one of the chief shops were a few comestibles, doubtless supposed to be choice

samples of Western civilisation—most prominent being the ubiquitous and representative 'Reading Biscuits.' The inevitable 'photographer,' here as in almost every other town announced on a large board, was unable to supply any views of landscape or building. German though he generally is in Caucasus, I never, except at Tiflis, could obtain the pictures the traveller usually likes to gather *en route*. Most evenings there was good billiard playing at the hotel between the officers, natives especially.

The country around 'Shura was hilly and broken, brown and treeless. On the north side of the town the river rushes at the foot of high sandstone cliffs, on the crest of which are some old forts. Not far off is a Russian cemetery, containing the damaged tombs of several officers. One evening we spent with a German settler in the valley, where he has a very good orchard and a mill, besides a brewery. From the aspect of things in general, I did not wonder at his expressing a wish to sell out and leave the country, though his motives might be more social than commercial, for he assured us the goodwill of his beer-houses in the town was no trifle. His ale hardly reached the standard of the bright, light, fragrant 'Astrakhanski pivo,' which is the emulation of brewers and drinkers in East Caucasus.

On Saturday, August 15 (O.S.), I witnessed the service of the last day of the Feast of the Assumption. The first day I had spent among the throng of worshippers at the many churches and shrines at 'Holy Trinity,' near Moscow. Here, on the outskirts as it were of the Russian Church and the Russian realm, the observances were fully attended. The church is prominent, placed in the midst of a square, and is coloured over outside with red ochre. It was crowded, and the memorial and symbolical

adjuncts of the altar were nearly obscured by dense incense. The next morning the market-place in the native quarter was alive with peasants of all sorts and ages, dealing chiefly in fruits and corn. I bargained for some different kinds of grapes at about a penny a pound, and found them fairly good.

My last evening at 'Shura was spent most profitably with a distinguished officer stationed there for a short time, I believe, for scientific purposes. He was a Finn—had been in Chodsko's expedition in Armenia, and was one of those who mounted Ararat—so apparently felt entitled to speak jauntily of climbers with whom he feared scientific observations were a secondary matter. He had been colouring maps of a great part of Caucasus, to distinguish the many tribes (some of which are limited to a single village), and the varied dialects and different languages current between the Caspian and Black Seas. He was a real philologist—knew English, too, though, like several Russians, especially ladies, he would not talk it, through ignorance of our pronunciation. The governor I found gracious, as Russian officers are always represented to be. He did not speak French, so my interpreter-servant from Moscow was required as a medium. He advised the frequented route from Gunib to Vladikavkaz and Tiflis, rather than straight over the high mountains by Telav, and gave me letters to all the authorities on the way. He assigned as escort and interpreter as far as Gunib a brave officer of the native militia—Abdullah—lately high in the service of Shamyl. I went to the post-office and gave a letter to the master—the last I could post before reaching the capital—its address required in Russian as well as English, that it might be read and registered.

Late in the afternoon we rode out of Temir-khan-shura, and for

fourteen miles rode slowly southwards, mostly in the shades of a serene evening. The roar of grasshoppers alone disturbed the stillness. We soon left the Caspian road which leads to Derbem, and on our way passed some large villages; one of them, they said, more populous than the town. The religious exercises of our leader caused more than one protracted delay. His Mahometanism I may observe was Sunni, the Shia forms of the faith are nearly confined to the coast and other districts formerly under Persian rule. About nine o'clock we turned into the Government house at Jengutai, and the dirty divan in the chief room was assigned for my repose. The journey was resumed by starlight. Passing out of the village a cemetery was on either hand, and in each was a cluster of the people awaiting the dawn in attitudes of devotion. I was afterwards repeatedly impressed with this practice, and more than once noticed the like observance also with Russians on ship-board.

The country was not poor, the soil being very light and not shallow, and generally cropped with maize and buckwheat. Villages lined the route at short intervals—winding between the houses in these *áuls* was sometimes not easy or agreeable. The people and animals were turning out for the day—the men and women appear generally to share the work—then they were reaping the barley, stacking it, or laying out the bundles on a threshing-floor; in other directions they were to be heard urging the cattle at plough. The road throughout to Gunib was in course of improvement: bridges, little and big, being built, pretty thoroughly too. The old route of eighty-four miles from 'Shura (described by Mr. Ussher in his *London to Persepolis in 1863*) will be rather shortened. Mine was of some fifty-eight miles, leading through the mountain gorges.

We left the road, taking a long steep climb, from the summit of which is a very extensive view of the 'Shura hill country. The south side overlooked a very deep set *ául*—Aimyaki. For the descent it was quite necessary to dismount, and my horse, once in the village, soon led the way to a house, which proved to be Abdullah's home. There I was soon occupied in clearing a plate of small raw hen eggs, and was the subject of much regard by children on neighbouring roofs, and by the host's two little ones. Putting my spectacles on the boy, he went off with them to his mother, who was preparing a repast which she and Abdullah produced with the graceful manners characteristic of the Mussulmans of the country. An hour in the quiet and in the dark was afterwards refreshing. I found a 'siesta' was usual after dinner with all classes in Caucasus—Russian and native. This Abdullah received from the late Emperor one of the (re-captured) Russian flags which Shamyl had taken. The great conflict seemed very recent, and one could hardly imagine the best part of the men we see having been deadly enemies to Russia, and now even acting as showmen in Shamyl's head-quarters.

The mountains here were of chalk and limestone, the strata rising towards the south, as I have heard does Daghestan generally, the *steeps* being on the *south* side of the main range, overhanging Kakhetia. The exit from Aimyaki is through a strange, lofty, jagged 'gate.' We followed a brook for perhaps four miles, having often a thousand feet of precipice on each side, and sometimes the space at top as narrow as the river bed along which we made our way. The rock formation, I thought, rendered the scenery more striking than the similar gorges in Switzerland, Tyrol, and North Dovrefield—more broken, rocky, and ridgy. Before reaching



the main valley of the Kazikoisu, a *contretemps* caused some diversion, the path being covered with water through a miller making extra 'pen.' Where the cliffs were four or five yards apart all was water for more than twice that distance. The lad who had charge of the horses went first, and the 'yukha' (baggage horse) next—that missed footing on the narrow path where the water was not two feet deep, and threatened soon to submerge itself. However, Abdullah managed to get it through without my baggage being seriously wetted. I went next, and my horse tumbled, but soon scrambled out. The horses revenged themselves in a fashion by treading down the banks of the miller's dam in cross-fined it.

Passing through a considerable *ául*—Gergebil—where maize was growing in great luxuriance, with plenty of trees and crops, we crossed the Kazikoisu by a strong bridge, the river running far below, confined by the rock strata to a precisely straight course for several hundred feet. The valley seemed filled with hills of boulder, covered or tufted with grass. As the road approaches the mountain on the other side the valley, it passes vast piles of this boulder deposit. The latter seems packed along the north side of the mountain, the strata of which rises vertically from one to two thousand feet above the bed of the Karakoisu—the Gunib stream. The road through the mighty defile of this river is in a notch perhaps half-way up the cliff. The sides are often too abrupt to allow a view of the water: they vary from fifty feet to a mile in distance from the towering crags opposite. After a broad valley the mountains again close in on the road. The latter ascends considerably to where the stream coming down from Gunib is spanned by a light iron lattice bridge which carries the road to Khunzakh.

Thence the white house of the governor at Gunib is visible, high on a prominent crag. The main direction of the road is nearly straight, and also level, though the actual distance is nearly trebled by the incessant windings caused by gullies and lateral valleys. An officer *en route* from St. Petersburg to Gunib kept company for an hour or two. He had left 'Shura that morning, and on his way had had a ducking in the mill-stream. His white pony held on its way better than our caravan, at the waddling trot which is liked in this country. Daylight was gone long ere we reached the bridge which introduces to the zigzags of Gunib. Many lights on the mountain side had shown where we were, and gradually we found ourselves among them.

The governor's reception was most cordial, and the apologies profuse for a disarrangement of the establishment caused by the preparations for the visit of the Viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, then on a progress through Daghestan. I found myself violating a maxim of Russian travel—never to be just before or after a great man; and afterwards on the post road I was two or three times hindered for hours through the horses being requisitioned for the imperial *cortége*. I was soon desired to join a few officers who were invited to sup with a general of engineers. The latter was on a tour of inspection of the barracks and other military works in the district. The party was a pleasant one, for all could speak French or German, and the engineer had lately been on an expedition to the country east of the Caspian. He had visited the high, bare Balkan hills, and produced his sketch book and notes. The new Russian *colonia* there, Krasnovodsk, is costly, for there is very little in the neighbourhood to support it, but it is hoped it will be

useful in the Government system of Western Turkestan. A special steamer maintains the communication with Baku on the opposite coast.

Next morning I was conducted, by two handsome officers of the mounted native militia, around Gunib. The town is on the side of the mountain mass which bears the name, and at the only point which is not precipitous, and therefore accessible. Above the town are yet more zigzags, and the road is generally supported by walls or arches. The barracks and upper fortifications seemed considerable, for the force stationed there was a battalion (1,000 men). The fastness of Gunib is about 33 miles round, and the objection to it as a fortress is its extent. The interior is much depressed, and a deep gorge carries off the numerous streams towards the town. This rent appears water-worn in places, and at a height which struck me as far above the possible level of any glut which could now be furnished by the surrounding slopes. Shamył's dismantled village is in the midst of the uplands. His house is tenanted to keep it up; it is similar to all other houses in the country, but has a noticeable little watch tower and stone gateway. Here two stupid, ugly children, dressed in loose blue cloths like the women, took hold of me, and, besides two ugly black sheep with the fat tails, were the only signs of life. From this house Shamył went down the valley to meet his conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, in a birchwood by the road within sight of his home. An open building, its roof supported by eight pillars, and perhaps four yards square, covers the spot where formally ended Shamył's twenty-seven years' war against Russia. A stone on which the Viceroy sat bears the date of the chieftain's submission—  
4 P.M. August 26, 1859.

We followed for a few miles the

windings of a road, in course of construction, up to a newly made tunnel: a route which materially shortens the distance from Gunib town to Karadakh, the next garrison fort on the west. The Russian soldiers on the work were numerous, digging, stone-breaking, and building. They had extemporised huts from the haycocks. They were just then at their mid-day chief meal, which was, as elsewhere, vegetable broth, with coarse bread and a shred of meat. The outer end of the tunnel suddenly reveals one of the wildest and grandest prospects in the country, and overlooks a very deep and precipitous valley, the descent to which is by many zigzags. At the governor's to dinner, besides his wife, a cultivated lady from Georgia, and her elder children, were the supper party of the previous evening. Gunib is a 'crack' station, but living is costly. I noticed many officers there. It is a sanatorium for invalided members of the Government services. The rocks are apt to be loose, and the ways in the town are very irregular, and dangerous in the dark; several soldiers get thrown down or crushed in the course of a year.

The Russian soldiers are always at work, at least in Caucasus. Here they seemed to do everything. Their clothes are well worn and patched; uniforms are not always worn in Caucasus—sometimes an officer's old white coat is donned instead of the grey—but always the cap and long boot, without which a man is hardly a Russian. A plateau in the midst of the town is useful for drill. It was formerly fortified, and a curious collection of field pieces and other artillery, native, Russian, and Persian, is now set out by the church. The latter building is a first and principal consideration with the Russian at home or abroad, and on effecting an occupation the conqueror or colonist has been said

to declare, 'We never give up consecrated ground'!

The next day I rode and strolled about the long slopes of pasture, and mounted to the crest, which rises almost like the edge of a saucer. The wild flowers were yet more plentiful than before, though I did not *recognise* any which are not familiar in Bedfordshire. The rainy season here is in the three months which end in July, so the vegetation was fresher than in the same latitude in the Pyrenees. The grasshoppers were countless and noisy, brilliant green, black and red, yellow, and yellow-green. On and off for an hour or two my attention was taken by a kind of broken network over the sky—immense flights of cranes coming from the Caspian southward. The panorama from Gunib is very extensive and very impressive. Down below the wonderful precipices on the southern edge were the tiny fields of the fertile valley, the pairs of oxen just discernible drawing their loads. A large part of the main range of East Caucasus was visible, with patches of snow on the higher parts only. Countless great summits jagged the southern horizon, but neither the extreme right nor left revealed the longed-for peak of Shebulos or Basardjusi. Between was spread a chaos of mountain land, cleft irregularly, and presenting no marked ridges or open valleys. The northward prospect from Gunib shows how the country breaks down towards the steppe—the Tshetshnian forests shading its limits in that direction—forests connected with woeful memories of slaughtered columns of invaders. The commanding heights immediately to the east I had hoped to climb, while waiting a few days for an expected good chance of striking across the wild high country straight for Tiflis; but being taken with a diarrhoea, I gave a day to rest, and another vainly to laudanum,

then started westward one evening for Karadakh, *via* the tunnel and the valley below it I had looked into. The country to the south has been little visited, even by Russians. I was told it would be difficult and dangerous to cross it, except in quiet weather, and with a full supply of food and of covering, there being little population, and the tracks tedious and rocky in the extreme. The charms of the route I afterwards took combine varieties of forest and cultivated vegetation, with crags and steeps probably nearly equal in scale to those of the undescribed districts.

Taking leave of my bountiful entertainers, I quitted their mansion and traversed the great mountain of Gunib for the last time, descending on the contrary side to the town by the new exit to the deep valley. For several versts we took a doubtful course along a stony little river bed, sometimes nearly grown up with bushes, while the evening shades soon confined the view. It became too dark to distinguish the coal-seams in the cliff, which the Russians work by adits. We could have no communication with our guide, he, like other natives, knowing no speech but that of his congeners; and we found ourselves bitterly deceived by a six hours' ride having been described as consisting of as many miles, the latter being indeed barely the length of the direct line. The moon rising on the left revealed in front a cliff of some 600 or 800 feet, with a narrow rift in the direction of our march. At the bottom of this was the stream, and utter darkness. Some soldiers—Finns—sleeping on huts at the entrance of the passage, recommended us to stay there; but as they said the fort was but three versts beyond, I went on. My timid courier, whose breeding was of Homburg, Baden, and Paris, abhorred such

journeying; and his dislike of my tour was nearly equalled by his dislike of the taste that chose its pleasure in such a country. We dismounted, and splashed along the bed of the stream in the dark for nearly a quarter of a mile. The top of the ravine was straighter and narrower than the bottom. The view looking out at each end was very striking. It was eleven before the Karadagh fort was reached farther down the valley, and I was vexed to be obliged to call up the officer in charge. After some delay he kindly prepared us lodging and supper. The host was a devout old peasant soldier of thirty-five years' service, who had been promoted repeatedly in consequence of bravery in the Crimean war. Such honour has been unusual in the Russian army, the full flock of nobility being largely dependent on the State for 'relief' in the form of appointments. Almost every evening of my journey I could follow in the first conversation enquiries as to what we each were, our route, and about the events and probabilities of the war. Now I had to interrupt this, for, not knowing if the remaining thirty versts to Khunzakh might prove ninety, I was determined on rest without delay, and an early start.

The morning rose fresh, bright, and hot. Forward the valley was wider and a little cultivated. After miles of laborious zigzags the road emerges on a very elevated poor pasturage, where were pretty little sheep and goats of all colours. In a depression lay the large new fortress, barracks, and village of Khunzakh. The mountains around were bare and wild: though the strata were broken, they offered no striking feature excepting one square solitary mass rising from a valley on the left, which had caught my eye all the morning. The valleys of this country are probably between five and seven thousand feet above

the sea-level, and the heights not often three thousand feet above them. Many soldiers were at the unfinished works building and banking; several were dousing in the pools and waterfalls of a torrent close by.

Here again the governor and his lady proved assiduous and cordial entertainers, and I was glad of rest. The table was supplied by some variety of meats, as well as of fruits and vegetables. Besides household decorations, I was struck with ornamental cups, plates, and sticks carved from a red root, and bearing designs in imbedded silver points. The long day's journey hence was by a toilsome route, and one on which travellers are occasionally molested. I was favoured with the company of a young officer, lieutenant to the governor of Botlikh, the next lodging place. He was a Mahometan, belonging to one of the old territorial families of this the country of the Avars. He had been in the military academy at St. Petersburg, and his intelligence and polish, in addition to his general appearance, gave one the impression of a cultivated genial German. I was again and again struck with a superiority in the Tartar blood of Kazan, in the few old Tartar families of Poland, and in the Tartar and other stocks in East Caucasus, all of them retaining more or less strictly their ancient faith and worship, thanks to the restrictive jealousy which the Russian State so wisely bears towards its Church.

We journeyed for some hours on the elevated pasture land, not unfrequently crossing rills and streams which support the herbage for numbers of sheep and horses. The herdsman, whether on foot or on horseback, is a curious object in the Caucasian landscape; his bourka like a conical roof obscuring the man, or perhaps supporting his 'chimney-pot' — the massive upright cylindrical hat of sheepskin. This bourka is his one

protection against cold and wet; a stiff round cloak made of a thick coat of cow's hair, felted on the inner side. It is made similarly to the woollen felt for tents (the kubitkas of the Tartars), which is a quarter of an inch or more thick, and almost impervious to heat, cold, or damp. The best bourkas are made in this neighbourhood, and the price at a fair is about twenty shillings. I afterwards noticed many loads of them *en route* for the towns of the steppe.

Curiosity led me to enter a little mill which stood by the way. It was a mud box, perhaps six feet in height and width, the length being rather greater; the water entering on one side, a dashing mill race coming from under it on the other, and some dust of the trade marking the doorway. The 'honest miller' was represented by two children—they shovelled barley into the hollowed tree-stem from which the stones were supplied; the meal descended into a similar trough, out of which the sacks were filled, and then put ready for the farmer's donkey. The little mill stones were apparently just above the primitive turbine or radial water-wheel, which was under the floor, a single shaft sufficing, while the water, conducted down a steep enclosed spout, impelled the spokes of the wheel by its velocity.

The day wore on as we passed the abrupt bare brows which overlook the next large valley. We sought rest in a village below; and unpinning the door of a good cottage, we found a tidy, shady room. The occupants were away; there were earthen bottles on the floor, and a table, in the drawer of which were a Koran and a Mecca passport, common signs of a Moslem home. We started on down steep chalky crags to the bank of the river—a *kara koisu* they called it—and a *black water* it was, opaque with the washings of its upper

course. A grassy orchard of peach, apple, and vine was an agreeable and refreshing resting place for the delayed midday meal. After much time was lost in waiting for the needed relay of horses, we followed a good road up the left bank of the river for many miles. Crowds of natives were passed; many were returning from their meadows with asses loaded with hay, the slight burden being placed in panniers or in a capacious frame which bestrode the little beast like a letter W. The sun set behind mountains to the right, and thunder and lightning threatened in front, deepening the frowns of a most wild and precipitous defile. The mountains here are *very* abrupt, and the dangerousness of the road, which hardly finds its broken way, often at a height of 100 or 200 feet above the stream, renders the journey more striking.

Before reaching the village of Tlokh some curious salt works are passed. Saline streams issue from the foot of the mountain, and are caught in earth pans or tanks (for filtration and evaporation) just before entering the river. They extend for a quarter of a mile along the side of the road. Wending through the rugged little village we suddenly mounted in single file one of Shamyl's bridges, a fragile structure of fir trees. Each course of logs jutted endwise beyond the preceding one, and, successively overhanging the abyss from either side, slanted upwards towards the apex, where a rather doubtful bond was maintained between the unwilling timbers. Soon after this we reached a place where the road had fallen, so had to make a round by a large village (Enkhelli) set on a rocky declivity. The way through the place was under houses and rock, for near 300 yards of dark passages. Emerging, strong moonlight showed the very broad, stony bed of a torrent which was to be

crossed. The Karasu was last crossed by an English-made iron bridge near the abandoned fatal fever-stricken fort of Preobrajenski. Some of Shamyl's vast mountain wall is here observable. It was constructed of loose stones only, and about the height of a man; its wandering course sometimes marked by a little embrasure or rude battery.

We pulled up at the governor's house at Botlikh by nine o'clock, and received a good supper and quarters. It was sultry. I paced the stone terrace of the mansion for some time waiting for the yukha, which was belated, and watching the lightning playing over the bare mountains in front. As my course was now northward toward the steppe, and Tiflis was behind me, I wanted to push on and get over the détour. My kind conductor of the previous day started us in the morning with two old native militia, Jesus and Mahomet. The latter proved chatty—not that we knew Russian, but we very often exchanged looks and signs, and sometimes sweetmeats. It is interesting to try to convey feelings, ideas, and facts without using the tongue, and surely in no part of the world is it so necessary as in this polyglot land, where a native can hardly make himself understood when he has crossed a mountain or followed a stream for twenty miles.

Winding and climbing up for some hours, we left the walnut trees and cornfields far below. Before finishing the ascent we were caught in a heavy rain cloud. I took refuge in a haycock; the escort untied their bourkas from their saddles, and unfolding them quietly awaited the sunshine, which was fitting over the slopes before us. We had rich views of valley, mountains, and clouds. The little broken plain of Botlikh is very picturesque, and I should think very fruitful. The temperature

was much lower at top; the bright green, grassy, rolling hills, and soon a bright blue lake—the first and almost the only one I saw during my whole tour—were refreshing to mind and body after bare hill-sides and confined valleys. My watch has been useful in lonely situations to tell the time for midday prayers. This day the halt was with several herdsmen, who were minding their cattle, sheep, or horses. My nag lost a stirrup in rolling on the soft grass, and the search for it prolonged our delay. We again ascended green slopes, and on a ridge perhaps more than 7,000 feet high were for some minutes in biting wind and rain. Getting under the clouds another valley opened before us, with fields of corn, which our horses were eager to taste, and, beyond, a village of the usual sort, with a large tower in the middle. The latter is generally square in this country, and in height from twenty to fifty feet. A few more versts and we were glad to find comfort in the white tents of the little camp set just above the second Forelno lake. The name is from the trout (forel), which is taken by line. The captain in charge was a Pole, and so we were heartily entertained. Outside, dismal silent mists alternated with driving rains.

The next day was the last of mountain and horseback in Daghestan—no more ascending. The kind Pole and his aide, a captain of engineers, accompanied us for two or three hours along the irregular rocky shore of the lake, which was perhaps as beautiful as it could be without tree or bush; then on the line of a new road to Viden, which they were constructing. Natives were at work with the soldiers, and the task was in many parts laborious and tedious. We witnessed one blasting and the echo, and were afterwards several times unpleasantly near to the flying fragments

from explosions far above. All the processes and stages of road-making (blasting, digging, levelling, and metalling) were witnessed, for all the day's journey was along the new route, and often bad enough. Where the work required was slight the way seemed finished, but where the mountain side presented a precipice there was merely a notch, perhaps hardly so wide as the horse's body. On the open uplands people were chopping the herbage, which here included a great variety of not very esculent growths. They were screaming and chanting as though to the eagles, and always ready to talk with the passer-by. Then at last came the view of the distant steppe, and in the foreground of the grand prospect were charming great green slopes, studded with bushes and trees. A long steep descent among mountain ash, acacia, and sycamore, led to a warm wooded valley, which traverses the great forest border of Daghestan, here about twenty-five miles wide. Four miles farther, across meadows, by the side of a rippling stream, lay Viden. This place consists of a strong white wall, enclosing a square of mud, trees, and houses—stagnant ditches surround the dwellings, and after what we had heard of fever in more auspicious places, I did not much relish a night in what appeared, from the recent rains, like an enclosed marsh.

The next day's journey of forty miles, mostly level, was interesting for little save as a contrast with what we had passed before. The mode of travelling was by veritable *paracloednaia*, the rudest little waggon with a bit of hay for protection in the jolts. (The vehicle is 'telega,' the mode of travelling, or the 'turn-out' itself,

is termed either '*paracloednaia*,' or if, as usual, drawn by three horses, '*troika*.) The destination was Grosnai, a fortified town and Russian settlement on the road between the Caspian Sea and Vladikavkaz. The Viden valley is clothed throughout with foliage, and the windings of the route sometimes lead through a sultry wood, with dense undergrowth, soon opening again on a prospect enhanced by river and rocks. Each verst is marked by a burnt tree, and there yet remain some of the sentry stations perched on a scaffold perhaps ten yards high. The forenoon halt for breakfast was at the foot of Arsinoe, where the valley debouches on the plain. Southward some mountain snows gleamed in the sun. Yellow hollyhocks were splendid among the brushwood of the open country. There were filberts and hops, the largest I ever saw, and the wilderness was made up of elders and a spiny bush with large yellow berries.

A few miles before Grosnai we heard the roar of water, and found ourselves near an expanse of rocks and stones—the bed of the Argon—an indefinite width, but doubtless often covered for half a mile. We crossed with some difficulty; there were three streams, the last nearly a yard deep. In the deepest part some buffaloes, drawing a heavy cartload with some people a-top, were stubbornly enjoying the water, as, indeed, they are apt to under such circumstances. We crossed the river Sunsha by a large bridge, and after a long drive through the ragged-looking town, found some very fair quarters in an inn kept by a Jew. He was attentive, and appeared more to advantage on a week day than on Sabbath,<sup>2</sup> which was the morrow, and which he observed by an extra ex-

<sup>2</sup> Curious that Russia is the only Christian country where the Jew finds his designation of the seventh day current. The first day is 'Resurrection,' the seventh 'Sabbath,' the rest of the week numbered.

hilaration of wodka. We also left on that day, and perhaps he was the less agreeable from objecting on principle to parting with customers on the day of rest.

Here we really did encounter the stir caused by the imperial progress, the Grand Duke Michael, Viceroy of Caucasia, being expected at Grosnai next morning. The first thing in preparing for a journey by the Russian post is the 'padarojnia,' or order for horses, for there is trouble and delay in getting it, excepting in small places. My servant was occupied for hours in vainly seeking the needed authorities; they were away, or inaccessible. The chief of the governor's staff, a mighty German, was kind, but hopeless of our getting on even if we found horses for the first stage. He promptly and precisely gave us the news of Sedan, which (my courier being a German) made us both for the time almost indifferent to our difficulties. I repeatedly found the best news of the war from the German officers in the Russian service, who had direct telegrams frequently.

The next morning rose clear and hot. All—natives and Russians—were agog, and absorbed with the imminent advent of their ruler. I had walked through part of the dreary town—dreary because, Russian-like, it seemed spread over the greatest possible space—and having passed the northern gate and its draw-bridge, was strolling among the waiting groups and the soldiers, and the forty or fifty horses which were brought in readiness to gallop off with the *cortége*. Sundry ranks of Cossack cavalry were there to give effect to the reception, arrayed in their full uniform, the long black coats trimmed with red, blue, or white. Soon after the expected time six carriages, each drawn by five or six horses, tore through the town, and pulled up abruptly, followed by the Grosnai staff. The

Grand Duke alighted, and received several papers. Romanov-like, he is large, dignified, and pleasing. He wore then the plain white linen coat and flat cap of the 'service.' Many were the salutations, while music added to the rather singular effect of the scene. Horses were soon changed, and all dashed off into the plain. Through the courteous attention of the German officer, padarojnia and horses too were soon at the inn, and early in the afternoon we had succeeded in making two stages towards Vladikavkaz. Then we were caught, two other parties being already in the same fix; and from the clearance of post and other horses which were used or retained along the imperial route for draught and display, it was absurd for travellers to be even impatient.

The village was, like most others on the route, well planted, mostly with poplar and acacia, and surrounded by a quadrangle of mud wall, capped with the common *chevaux de frise* of thorn bushes pegged down on the inside. I amused myself for the first time with spelling out the entries in the postmaster's journal, which is attached by string and seal to its desk. After a wait which seemed less weary to the Russians than to the Englishman, a 'fare' arrived from the westward; and we succeeded by a little money and a little self-assertiveness in getting the starost, or master of the station, to give us at once the returning vehicle. The post rules do not allow travellers to use a team, except after it has been a certain time in the stable. As several stages forward were farmed by the same man, we paid in advance, taking a receipt, which amounted to a 'through ticket.' Not the least advantage of this was the avoidance of the need of carrying change. The currency required in post journeys in the Russian dominions being one-ruble notes and copper (even



the recent debased small silver being scarce in some districts), the quantity used of the latter is great; indeed, I have repeatedly started in the morning with as much as a pound's worth of five-kopeck pieces, and before paying the last stage of a long day's travel feared lest I might have to part with a rouble (2s. 6d.) to cover a few odd kopecks in the charge. With three white horses we careered over the dry light soil and the dust-covered weeds. The country was uninteresting, meagrely cultivated, though a stanitza or village of a thousand or two people occurred every four or six miles.

The Sunsha was in the plain to the left, and to the right a low range of hills formed the horizon. The golden 'hunter's' moon rose exactly behind us ere the long stage was ended, and when the journey was resumed its disk, then silvery, was just in our faces. The post-master was in that objective mood to which enforced laziness and other ungenial circumstances frequently reduce his illiterate class. The tendering influence of a quarter rouble in acknowledgment for the candle and hot water for tea soon brought him to, and also insured horses before dawn. The Russian post-house affords rooms with wooden benches or couches. All provisions are carried, but fire and water can generally be had for a gratuity. For the last stage or two the mountains were in full view, many bold peaks clothed in snow. Afterwards the significant Russian churches rose in the foreground, Vladikavkaz seemed interminable, but passing one rambling street after another, we reached 'Gostinitsa Noitaki'—an hotel well kept by a Greek named Noitaki. After being really blackened by the prairie dust a wash was not a short business, and it behoved a stranger to turn out in his 'best,' considering the bevies of smart people who were

doing honour to a high day. There was a muster of troops and much music.

This town—the 'Key of the Caucasus'—occupies both banks of the Terek, where it issues from the Dariel pass into the open country. It is at equal distances from the two seas, and has a large share of the traffic passing from one to the other, as well as of the intercourse between Russia proper and Transcaucasia, the Dariel being in point of fact almost the only road between Europe and Asia. Vladikavkaz is obviously important as a military position, and is the head-quarters of a large force, which, with its officers and other Government attachés, imparts some gaiety and bustle to the place. Parallel with the river is a boulevard a mile long; the Government buildings in it are handsome, and many other structures of brick are rising, including a theatre. The Terek is often a dangerous neighbour, although its sides are rocky; it has destroyed several bridges, and is spanned now by a good iron one, and by another, a mile lower, of wood. When not in clouds the mountains yield an imposing view from hence, and the river rattling over its stony bed brings a cooler air towards the plains.

I was so lucky as to find a Northamptonshire gentleman and his family, from whom I learnt much, chatting in English too as I did not again for many weeks. He is a Government architect, and showed me photographs of baths and other buildings he had erected, both at Piatigorsk and Vladikavkaz. Among the callers at his house I was struck with the juxtaposition of a true Georgian beauty and a young Polish Mussulman—the very finest eyebrows, nose, and complexion, facing the plain, intelligent visage, and small dark features of the Tartar pedigree.

For company and economy my

ourier sought some one with whom I could agree to share a good tarantas for the hundred and thirty miles hence to Tiflis. An old colonel was found lodging on the side of the boulevard opposite to Noitaki's who was waiting for some one to join him. He had a carriage, and its wheels were being re-tyred, for they had come direct from Vologda, and previously from Archangel! His family were at the Caucasian capital, and he was naturally anxious to finish his ride. I was ready to appreciate the roomy, easy accommodation of the tarantas, after roughing it in the telega of the ordinary traveller. The former is a capacious and hooded body, with room to lie down in, and placed on two long bearers, which are not too thick to allow of some spring. The ends of these rest on the axles. Such is the vehicle of those who travel far, and who can afford to lay out from 30*l.* to 60*l.* at the commencement of the journey. By that arrangement baggage has not to be changed at the post stations, the small charge at every stage for the use of the telega is avoided, and a private bed is secured for that rest which, whether travelling by night or not, to all but the toughest is needful in a week's journey, and indispensable in a Siberian continuous post journey of thirty days and nights. The charge for horses is the same whether supplied to the private tarantas or the telega of the post service, unless, indeed, the stage be hard or hilly, when the postmaster adds to the team, and the owner of a big carriage has to pay extra though the pace, perhaps, be a walking one, and he himself walk too. The private carriage, as in other European countries, bears a charge at the toll-bars, which occur on the better roads.

We trotted out of Vladikavkaz by a good chaussée, which, with the grand station-houses, was

chiefly the work of the late Prince Voronzov. The shadows were lengthening and gloom slowly enveloped the massive heights as we drew near them. The Terek was on the left, and before reaching the first station we found the road washed away by it, so the horses had to make their way for some distance over the wide waste of stones which the torrent often suddenly includes in its dreary domain. Lars, the second station, is closely surrounded by the mountains. We stayed the night there; the house and the stables were handsome, well built of hewn stone, and spacious. Besides the reasonable fittings to a room of sound windows and floor, we found chairs and tables and good wooden couches, on which one's rugs and pillows may be appreciated even better than in a tarantas. The style of the route seemed to indicate an approach to the capital (different, indeed, I afterwards found were the three other routes from east, south, and west, to Tiflis). The horses, however, we understood, have been a constant exception; overworked and underfed, they were a disgrace to the post. Five were attached to the carriage next morning; on whipping them up at starting they fell at once in a heap, and eventually seemed but able to draw the vehicle without us.

The scene grew more grand where the road crosses to the right bank of the river, and rises for once to some height above it. Putting aside the extravagant language of Ker Porter, and also of more recent travellers, these renowned 'Caucasian gates' reminded me of the Finstermüntz. Here was the Dariel defile, and the Russian fortress appeared crouching among the mighty piles of mountain, which seemed to close the way both behind and before. The tumbling of the Terek, fresh from glaciers and snows, was the only sound. We were nearly five

thousand feet above the sea, and the nearer heights seemed at a similar distance from us. Before Kasbek station was in sight, a brilliant snow-top suddenly caught the eye through a cleft on the right, the veritable summit which Englishmen had been the first to reach, and it was from that station that Mr. Freshfield's party had started for their celebrated ascent of the mountain two years before.

The better view from the station itself was clouded, and the weather became dull as we passed the Krestovya Gora (Cross Mountain), the received boundary between Europe and Asia, and the watershed between the Terek and the Aragva. Trotting down a long series of zigzags, we made a sort of Splügen descent to the Georgian valley. The old local names, full of consonants, were samples of the hard-to-be-pronounced language of the country, and culminated in the perhaps unsurpassed monosyllable Mtskhet, the last station before Tiflis.

More population, mown grass fields, and a large breadth of tillage, were a contrast to rough uplands and their wild people, to half-cultivated steppe with untidy natives or Kozak colonists. The afternoon's ride was picturesque; basalt cliffs rose from the river, and there were neat úls overhung with trees and surrounded with little fresh corn-stacks. The evening shed a golden and then a rosy glow on the wooded slopes which farther on encircled Pasanur. Behind our quarters, there was a specimen of the ancient Georgian fortress church, with the short conical roof of masonry. In another direction stood a brand new wooden Russian church, its bright colours staring at every comer. A rugged street was lined with cabarets and shanties.

The scenery of the next day was less interesting, the hills lower, and the country generally brushy.

The ride was stopped at Mtskhet with the news that nineteen post-horse orders (*padarojnias*) were waiting already; so, instead of reaching Tiflis soon after noon, we dawdled nine hours at the post-house and finished the journey in pitch dark, entering the city at midnight.

At Mtskhet it rained so as to prevent my seeing anything of the curious village (quondam capital of Georgian princes) or of the rather inviting ruins of an ancient castle on the hill which rose from the opposite bank of the Kúr. This stream, descending from the west, passes close by the post-house, near to which it joins the Aragva, then proceeds to Tiflis, and eventually reaches the Caspian. I killed time in watching the travellers, their baggage and equipages, and sometimes succeeded in passing a few remarks, many being educated men, officers of a regiment then *en route* from a camp in the southeast to Vladikavkaz. The drain on the stables of the post was great, and the trains of *impedimenta* which we had met belonging to this force had almost blocked the road, especially when a wheel was off, that common occurrence in Russia.

Later in the evening came the process of shifting the mails from one waggon to another. Well, our turn came at last, sure enough, five horses at a good trot. We could see nothing except that there was nothing particular to be seen. At the end of a long stage we gradually found ourselves in a wide Russian street, with petroleum lamps glimmering across it; very long it was, but a short turn at the end of it brought us to the 'Hotel Europe.' There was the very best of quarters, bed and board. Host and hostess Barberon made everything satisfactory, though it was after midnight.

## SOME CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

**MARKHAM.**—I was struck by a remark of yours the other day, Benison, as to the irreconcilably various opinions held on certain points by men of superior intelligence; and set about in my mind to recollect examples, especially in the department of literary judgments, and I have lately spent two wet mornings in the library hunting up some estimates of famous men and famous works, the estimators being also of note. Most of these are from diaries, letters, or conversations, and doubtless express real convictions.

*Benison.* Will you give us the pleasure of hearing the result of your researches? It is a rather interesting subject.

*Markham.* I have only taken such examples as lay ready to hand. If you and Frank are willing to listen, I will read you some of my notes; and you must stop me when you have had enough. First I opened our old friend Pepys. Since his *Diary* was decyphered from its shorthand and published (as he never dreamed it would be) we think of Samuel as a droll gossippy creature, but he bore a very different aspect in the eyes of his daily associates. Evelyn describes him as 'a philosopher of the severest morality.' He was in the best company of his time, loved music and books, and collected a fine library. He was a great frequenter of the theatres and a critical observer of dramatic and histrionic art. Well, on the 1st of March, 1661, Mr. Pepys saw *Romeo and Juliet*<sup>1</sup> 'the first time it was ever acted'—in his time, I suppose—'but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do.' 'September 29, 1662—To the King's Theatre, where

we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' 'January 6, 1662-3—To the Duke's House, and there saw *Twelfth Night* acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day.'

*Benison.* Pepys was certainly sensitive to visible beauty, and also to music; to poetry not at all. Shakespeare's fame seems to have made no sort of impression on him.

*Frank.* We must remember, however, that most if not all of these that Samuel saw were *adaptations*, not correct versions.

*Markham.* He had a somewhat better opinion of *Macbeth*. 'November 5, 1664—To the Duke's House to see *Macbeth*, a pretty good play, but admirably acted.' 'August 20, 1666—To Deptford by water, reading *Othello*, *Moor of Venice* [this, doubtless, was the original], which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing.' The bustling play which Pepys so much admired was translated or imitated from Calderon, by one Sir George Tuke, and is in the twelfth volume of Dodley's *Old Plays*. April 15, 1667, he saw at the King's House '*The Change of Crownes*, a play of Ned Howard's, the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious.' August 15, he was at the same theatre, and saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 'which did not please me at all, in no part of it.' '*The Taming of a Shrew* hath some very good pieces in it, but is generally a mean play.' (April 8, 1667.) Later (November 1) he

<sup>1</sup> Pepys, 5th edition, 4 vols. London, 1854.

calls it 'a silly play.' *The Tempest* he finds (November 6, 1667) 'the most innocent play that ever I saw;' and adds, 'The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.' To do Samuel justice, he was 'mightily pleased' with *Hamlet* (August 31, 1668); 'but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted.'

*Frank.* It is pleasant to part with our friendly Diarist on good terms. How persistently, by the way, Shakespeare held and continues to hold his place on the boards amid all vicissitudes, literary and social. This very year, in rivalry with burlesque, realistic comedy, and *opéra bouffe*, he has drawn large audiences in London.

*Markham.* Whenever an actor appears who is ambitious of the highest things in his art, he must necessarily turn to Shakespeare.

*Benison.* That double star, called Beaumont and Fletcher, has long ago set from the stage. It is curious to remember that there were hundreds of dramas produced in the age of Elizabeth and James, no few of them equally, or almost equally, successful with Shakespeare's; many written by men of really remarkable powers; and that not a single one of all these plays has survived in the modern theatre.

*Frank.* Might not one except *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* of Massinger?

*Benison.* That is revived, rarely and with long intervals, to give some vehement actor a chance of playing Sir Giles Overreach. *The Duchess of Malfy* and perhaps one or two other old plays have been mounted in our time for a few nights, but excited no interest save as curiosities.

*Markham.* But there have been fluctuations in taste; in Pepys's time, and not in Pepys's opinion merely, the star of Shakespeare was by no means counted the brightest of the dramatic firma-

ment. I have a note here from Dryden, which comes in pat. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, he says that Beaumont and Fletcher 'had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure.' 'I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection.' 'Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better.' . . . Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.'

*Frank.* It is very comforting, sir, to find the best holding up its head, like an island mountain amid the deluge of nonsense and stupidity, which seems to form public opinion.

*Benison.* The nonsense and stupidity are only the scum on the top. It is plain that public opinion, or rather say the general soul of mankind, has, in the long run, proved to be a better judge of the comparative merits of plays than Dryden or Beaumont.

*Markham.* I have sometimes thought that old Ben's *Silent Woman* would still please if well managed, and *The Fox*, too, perhaps. They have more backbone in them (*pace* our great critic) than anything of Beaumont and Fletcher's. But now, with your leave, I'll go on a century, and pass from Pepys

to Doctor Johnson and Horace Walpole.

*Frank.* Who by no means formed a pair.

*Markham.* Very far from it. Both, however, are notables in literary history, and men of undoubted acuteness. The Doctor's opinion of Milton's sonnets is pretty well known—those 'soul-animating strains, alas! too few,' as Wordsworth estimated them. Miss Hannah More wondered that Milton could write 'such poor sonnets.' Johnson said, 'Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.'<sup>2</sup>

Take another British classic. 'Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author.'<sup>3</sup> 'He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. . . . I wondered to hear him say of *Gulliver's Travels*, "When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest!"'<sup>4</sup>

Gray was also one of the great Doctor's antipathies. 'He attacked Gray, calling him "a dull fellow." BOSWELL: "I understand he was reserved and might appear dull in company, but surely he was not dull in poetry?" JOHNSON: "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great."<sup>5</sup>

Nor did Sterne fare much better. 'It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London—JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I am told, has had engagements for three months." GOLD-SMITH: "And a very dull fellow." JOHNSON: "Why, no, sir"<sup>6</sup> [1773]. 'Nothing odd will last long. *Tristram*

*Shandy* did not last.'<sup>7</sup> 'She (Miss Monckton) insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about, "that is, dearest, because you are a dunce."<sup>8</sup>

His opinion of the Old Ballads, in which Bishop Percy threw open a new region of English poetry, was abundantly contemptuous.

*Benison.* It must be owned there were a good many blunders to be scored against old Samuel—a professed critic, too, who might have been expected to hold an even balance. Speaking of Johnson and poetry, I never can hold the Doctor excused for the collection usually entitled *Johnson's Poets*.

*Frank.* He did not select the authors.

*Benison.* No, but he allowed his name to be attached to the work, and there it remains, giving as much authorisation as it can to a set of volumes including much that is paltry and worthless, and much that is foul. It was one of the books that I ferretted out as a boy from my father's shelves; and many of the included 'poets' would certainly never have found their way thither but for the Doctor's *imprimatur*.

*Markham.* He says himself, in a memorandum referring to the *Lives*, 'Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety.'<sup>9</sup>

*Benison.* I remember he pooh-pooh'd objections made to some of Prior's poems; but Prior at least was clever. On the whole, he evidently allowed the booksellers to take their own way in the selection of 'Poets,' and did not hold himself responsible for the work as a whole—but responsible he was.

<sup>2</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Illustrated Library, iv. 207.

<sup>3</sup> ii. 207.

<sup>4</sup> ii. 212.

<sup>5</sup> ii. 145.

<sup>6</sup> ii. 287.

<sup>7</sup> iv. 82.

<sup>8</sup> ii. 48.

<sup>9</sup> iv. 31.

*Markham.* In a measure, certainly.

*Frank.* The work as a collection is obsolete, is it not?

*Benison.* I believe so, and many of the individual writers would now be utterly and justly forgotten but for Johnson's *Lives*. But you have some more extracts for us.

*Markham.* Yes. The opinions of Horace Walpole, an acute man and fond of books, of his predecessors and contemporaries are often curious enough. Every one of the writers whom we are accustomed to recognise as the unquestionable stars of that time he held in more or less contempt. And remember that Horace collected, selected, and most carefully revised and touched up that famous series of Letters of his. There is nothing hasty or unconsidered. 'What play' (he writes to Lady Ossory, March 27, 1773), 'makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed! So she does, that is, the Muse. She is dragged up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic. The heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably.'<sup>10</sup> Of the same comedy he writes to Mr. Mason:—'It is the lowest of all farces. . . . But what disgusts me most is, that, though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural, or marks any character at all.'<sup>11</sup> He thus notices the author's death:—'Dr. Goldsmith is dead. . . . The poor soul had some-

times parts, though never common sense.'<sup>12</sup>

Dr. Johnson's name always put Walpole into a bad humour. 'Let Dr. Johnson please this age with the fustian of his style and the meanness of his spirit; both are good and great enough for the taste and practice predominant.'<sup>13</sup> 'Leave the Johnsons and Macphersons to worry one another for the diversion of a rabble that desires and deserves no better sport.'<sup>14</sup> 'I have not Dr. Johnson's *Lives*. I made a conscience of not buying them. . . . criticisms I despise.'<sup>15</sup> 'The tasteless pedant . . . Dr. Johnson has indubitably neither taste nor ear, criterion of judgment, but his old women's prejudices; where they are wanting he has no rule at all.'<sup>16</sup> 'Sir Joshua Reynolds has lent me Dr. Johnson's *Life of Pope*. . . . It is a most trumpery performance, and stuffed with all his crabbed phrases and vulgarisms, and much trash as anecdotes. . . . Was poor good sense ever so unmercifully overlaid by a babbling old woman? How was it possible to marshal words so ridiculously? He seems to have read the ancients with no view but of pilfering polysyllables, utterly insensible to the graces of their simplicity, and these are called standards of biography!'<sup>17</sup> ' . . . Yet he [Johnson] has other motives than lucre: prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry, are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper.'<sup>18</sup> On the Doctor's manners Horry comments thus mildly:—'I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says.'<sup>19</sup> Of Dr.

<sup>10</sup> v. 453.  
<sup>11</sup> vii. 508.

<sup>12</sup> v. 467.  
<sup>13</sup> viii. 10.

<sup>14</sup> vi. 73.  
<sup>15</sup> viii. 27.

<sup>16</sup> vi. 109.  
<sup>17</sup> viii. 150.

<sup>18</sup> vi. 193.  
<sup>19</sup> vi. 302.

Johnson's *Prayers* he writes:—' See what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust? One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one's eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered who even suspected his own madness. One seems to be reading the diary of an old alms-woman; and in fact his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too.'<sup>20</sup>

'Boswell's book is the story of a mountebank and his zany.'<sup>21</sup> 'A jakanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.'<sup>22</sup> 'Signora Piozzi's book is not likely to gratify her expectation of renown. There is a Dr. Walcot, a burlesque bard, who had ridiculed highly and most deservedly another of Johnson's biographic zanies, one Boswell; he has already advertised an *Eclogue between Bozzi and Piozzi*; and indeed there is ample matter. The Signora talks of her Doctor's expanded mind, and has contributed her mite to show that never mind was narrower. In fact, the poor man is to be pitied; he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humour. . . . What will posterity think of us, when it reads what an idol we adored?'<sup>23</sup> 'She and Boswell and their hero are the joke of the public.'<sup>24</sup>

Walpole's chief poets were Dryden, Pope, Gray, and—the Reverend William Mason, 'a poet if ever there was one.'<sup>25</sup> He also had a great admiration for Mr. Anstey.<sup>26</sup> He desires the acquaintance, he says, of the author of the *Bath Guide*

[Anstey] and the author of the *Heroic Epistle* [Mason], adding, 'I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words and sold it for a pension.'<sup>27</sup> Mr. Mason's acquaintance he had the privilege of, and kept up a profuse exchange of compliments with that great writer ('Your writings will be standards,'<sup>28</sup> 'Divine lines,'<sup>29</sup> 'Your immortal fame,'<sup>30</sup> &c. &c.). Mr. Mason was not only an immortal poet, but a connoisseur of the first water in the arts of painting and music. Here, by the bye, is his judgment of a certain musical composer of that day: 'As to Giardini, look you, if I did not think better of him than I do of Handel, my little shoemaker would not have had the benefit he will have (I hope) from the labour of my brain [Mr. M. had been writing an opera-book, *Sappho*, and Giardini, whoever he was, was to furnish the music]. Let Handel's music vibrate on the tough drum of royal ears; I am for none of it.'<sup>31</sup>

'Somebody,' says Walpole, 'I fancy Dr. Percy, has produced a dismal, dull ballad, called *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, and given it for one of the Bristol Poems, called Rowley's, but it is a still worse counterfeit than those that were first sent to me.'<sup>32</sup> This was one of Chatterton's productions, but after the boy's miserable death had made a stir, Walpole thought 'poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius,'<sup>33</sup> and denied that he had had any hand in discouraging him.

To turn to the stage. We are accustomed to think of Garrick as

<sup>20</sup> ix. 11.<sup>21</sup> vi. 375.<sup>22</sup> vii. 456.<sup>23</sup> ix. 25.<sup>24</sup> ii. 12.<sup>25</sup> vii. 26.<sup>26</sup> ix. 45.<sup>27</sup> v. 458.<sup>28</sup> v. 389.<sup>29</sup> ix. 48.<sup>30</sup> vii. 121.<sup>31</sup> vi. 447.<sup>32</sup> ix. 49.<sup>33</sup> vii. 84.



a good actor, but Walpole loses no opportunity to sneer at him. 'He has complained of Mdme. Le Texier for thinking of bringing over Cailand, the French actor, in the Opéra Comique, as a mortal prejudice to his reputation; and no doubt would be glad of an Act of Parliament that should prohibit there ever being a good actor again in any country or century.'<sup>34</sup> Being asked to meet David at a friend's house, Walpole writes, 'Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery.'<sup>35</sup> Of Mrs. Siddons he writes (in 1782, after seeing her as Isabella in *The Fatal Marriage*), 'What I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous, but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil, and remember every accent of the former in the very same part.'<sup>36</sup>

*Frank.* Johnson, I remember, though always friendly to his old townsfellow and schoolfellow, Davy, said many contemptuous things of him.

*Benison.* Perhaps rather of the art of acting. He certainly thought Garrick superior to almost all other actors. Johnson was a good deal about the theatres at one period of his life, and, as we know, wrote a play and several prologues and epilogues, yet he settled into a conviction of the paltriness of acting.

*Frank.* As Goethe seems to have done.

*Benison.* The Doctor says, for example, that a boy of ten years old could be easily taught to say 'To be

or not to be' as well as Garrick. But pray go on.

*Markham.* Neither Sterne nor Sheridan pleased Master Walpole a bit. 'Tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes.'<sup>37</sup> 'I have read Sheridan's *Critic*, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation.'<sup>38</sup>

And now let me lump in some of his notions of more distant literary worthies.<sup>39</sup> He was going to make 'a bower' at his toy-villa of Strawberry Hill, and consulting authorities. 'I am almost afraid (he says) I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawling stanzas to get at a picture.'<sup>40</sup> Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* are 'a lump of mineral from which Dryden extracted all the gold, and converted [it] into beautiful medals.'<sup>41</sup> 'Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting: in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam.'<sup>42</sup> 'Montagne's *Travels*, which I have been reading; and if I was tired of the *Essays*, what must one be of these! What signifies what a man thought who never thought of anything but himself? and what signifies what a man did who never did anything?'<sup>43</sup> 'There is a new *Timon of Athens*, altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvelously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it.'<sup>44</sup>

*Frank.* It is to be hoped that neither Dante nor Shakespeare will suffer permanently from the contempt of Horace Walpole.

*Benison.* Nor Johnson and Goldsmith, for that matter. One moral of the whole subject before us is—not that we are to despise criticism and opinion, but that the

<sup>34</sup> vi. 416.

<sup>35</sup> vii. 291.

<sup>36</sup> viii. 235.

<sup>37</sup> vi. 303.

<sup>38</sup> 18 to 22.

<sup>39</sup> vi. 92.

<sup>40</sup> viii. 295.

<sup>41</sup> iv. 330.

<sup>42</sup> v. 356.

<sup>43</sup> v. 91.

<sup>44</sup> vi. 201.

criticisms and opinions of even very clever men are often extremely mistaken. The comfort is, as Frank said, that good things do, somehow, get recognised sooner or later, and are joyfully treasured as the heritage of the human race.

*Frank.* Take away *Boswell's Johnson*—‘the story of a mountebank and his zany’—and what a gap were left in English literature!

*Markham.* Do you remember what Byron said of Horace Walpole? Here it is, in the preface to *Marino Faliero*—‘He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may.’

*Frank.* A comical judgment, truly, if sincere!

*Benison.* I believe Byron had a deep insincerity of character, which ran into everything he wrote, said, or did.

*Markham.* And now listen to Coleridge's opinion on this same ‘tragedy of the highest order.’ ‘The *Mysterious Mother* is the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it.’

*Frank.* Decided difference of opinion! By the way, it is Byron's distinction among English poets to have been in the habit of speaking slightly of Shakespeare and of Milton, who (he observed) ‘have had their rise, and they will have their decline.’<sup>46</sup>

*Markham.* Let us return to Coleridge. Talking of Goethe's *Faust*, after explaining that he himself had long before planned a very similar drama (only much better) with

Michael Scott for hero, he praises several of the scenes, but adds, ‘There is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat.’ Moreover, much of it is ‘vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous.’

*Frank.* By my troth, these be very bitter words!

*Markham.* Coleridge's estimate of Gibbon's great work is remarkable. After accusing him of ‘sacrificing all truth and reality,’ he goes on to say:—‘Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical, and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between: in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter of Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog: figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discoloured; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*! Was there ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of

<sup>46</sup> Letter on Bowles's *Scriptures*, note. *Life*, §c. 1839, p. 696.

the decline or fall of that empire.' After some further strictures, Coleridge ends thus:—'The true key to the declension of the Roman Empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words: the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation.'

*Frank.* Coleridge's two words are not so decisively clear as one could wish. The 'key' sticks in the lock. But his criticism on Gibbon certainly gives food for thought.

*Benison.* Gibbon, however, completed a great book, and has left it to the world, to read, criticise, do what they will or can with; whereas Coleridge dreamed of writing many great books, and wrote none. He is but a king of shreds and patches.

*Markham.* Even 'the Lakers' did not always admire each other. 'Coleridge's ballad of *The Ancient Mariner* (says Southey) is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw.' And now, if you are not tired out, I will finish with some specimens of criticism on works of the last generation which (whatever differences of opinion may still be afloat concerning them) enjoy at present a wide and high reputation. The articles on Wordsworth and Keats are famous in their way, but the *ipsissima verba* are not generally familiar. Take a few from Jeffrey's review of *The Excursion* (*Edinburgh Review*, November 1814).

'This will never do. . . . The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we presume, is now manifestly hopeless; and we give him up as altogether incurable and beyond the power of criticism, . . . a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, . . . "strained raptures and fantastical sublimities"—a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms.'

In the next number, I see, is a review of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*,

beginning, 'Here is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel.'

*Frank.* One must own that much of the *Excursion* is very prosaic; but that does not, of course, justify the tone of this review.

*Markham.* And here is the *Quarterly Review*, January 1819, on *The Revolt of Islam*. 'Mr. Shelley, indeed, is an unsparing imitator.' 'As a whole it is insupportably dull.' 'With minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, anything is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will make one more at whatever risk, and they end commonly, like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients, till, in an unlucky moment, they take fire, and he is blown up by the explosion.' 'A man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself. . . . finally he sinks like lead to the bottom, and is forgotten. So it is now in part, so shortly will it be entirely with Mr. Shelley:—if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we *now* know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text.'

Now a few flowers of criticism from Mr. Gifford's review of *Endymion*, a poem, in the *Quarterly Review*, April 1818. 'Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a hap-sody'. . . . 'The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.' 'At first it appeared to us that Mr. Keats had been amusing himself, and wearing out his readers with an immeasurable game at *bouts-rimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have

already hinted, has no meaning.' The reviewer ends thus: 'But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte. If anyone should be bold enough to purchase this "Poetic Romance," and so much more patient than ourselves as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavour to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers.'

*Benison.* You remember Byron's kind remarks on the same subject? In a letter from Ravenna, October 20, 1820, he writes, 'There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them.' 'Why don't they review and praise Solomon's *Guide to Health*? it is better sense, and as much poetry as Johnny Keats's.' 'No more Keats, I entreat, flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.'

*Markham.* The *Quarterly* in March 1828 had another generous and appreciative article beginning—"Our readers have probably forgotten all about "*Endymion*, a Poem," and the other works of this young man [Mr. John Keats], and the all but universal roar of laughter with which they were received some ten or twelve years ago.'

But now enough. Only I should like to read you just one thing more, which is less known, and presents, perhaps, the extreme example of literary misjudgment, by a man of true literary genius—Thomas De Quincey's elaborate review of Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, in the *London Magazine* for August and September 1824. 'Not the basest of Egyptian superstition, not Titania under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, ever shaped to themselves an

idol more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe.' A blow or two from a few vigorous understandings will demolish the 'puny fabric of babyhouses of Mr. Goethe.' For the style of Goethe 'we profess no respect,' but it is much degraded in the translation, on which the reviewer expends many choice epithets of contempt. The work is 'totally without interest as a novel,' and abounds with 'overpowering abominations.' 'Thus we have made Mr. Von Goethe's novel speak for itself. And whatever impression it may leave on the reader's mind, let it be charged upon the composer. If that impression is one of entire disgust, let it not be forgotten that it belongs exclusively to Mr. Goethe.'

The reviewer is annoyed to think that some discussion may still be necessary before Mr. Goethe is allowed to drop finally into oblivion.

*Benison.* You have not quoted any of Professor Wilson's trenchant *Blackwoodisms* against 'the Cockney School.'

*Markham.* It did not seem worth while. All the bragging and bullying has long ceased to have any meaning.

*Frank.* And 'Maga's' own pet poets, where are they?

*Benison.* Let echo answer. You might easily, Markham, bring together some specimens of misapplied eulogy—of praise loud and lavish, given (and not by foolish or insincere voices) to names and works which proved to have no sort of stability. Meanwhile, many thanks for your Curiosities.

Frank here, whom I half suspect of a tendency to authorship, may take a hint not to care too much for censure or praise, but do his work well, be it little or great, and, as Schiller says: *werfe es schweigend in die unendliche Zeit*, —'cast it silently into everlasting time.'

## THORWALDSEN IN COPENHAGEN AND IN ROME.

THE writer in a recent art-tour to the North of Europe promised himself the pleasure of making in Copenhagen a more intimate acquaintance with Thorwaldsen than had been practicable in Rome or in any other capital. And yet the works of the Danish sculptor are widely diffused. Travellers know full well the monument to Pius VII. in St. Peter's; on the Lake of Como it is usual for tourists to take a boat to the villa where is seen the Triumph of Alexander, at Lucerne the Lion to the Swiss guards is known as well as the lake itself, in Stuttgart is shown the monument to Schiller, in Mayence the figure of Gutenberg, in Munich the noble equestrian statue of Maximilian. England too is in possession of famous or notorious works, such as the Jason, the Byron, not to mention others. Still, only in Copenhagen can the Phidias of the North be fully understood: in that city within the Royal Palace, the Frauen Kirche, and the Thorwaldsen Museum, are gathered the rich harvests of a long and fruitful life.

On entering Denmark there is little in the aspect of nature or in the character of the people which can be said to be in keeping with the genius of Thorwaldsen. This small peninsula of sandhills is about the last place in which a classic revival could have been looked for. On reaching the Great or the Little Belt, the traveller seems to have come to the end of all things; art is nowhere, and Nature herself is reduced to extremity. The land holds its footing on precarious tenure; the sea, which is seldom out of sight, makes inroad on the shore, small hillocks are sown with grass which binds the shifting sands together, and flat marshy tracts grow scanty corn, or are turned into market-gardens. Nor does Denmark fur-

nish the physical materials for the sculptor's art: in the whole of Scandinavia indeed there is scarcely a bit of stone which Apollo or Venus would care to be carved in. The huge granite boulders scattered on the road to Copenhagen, migrated from the north long ago as strangers and pilgrims. These antediluvian monsters, which travelled on the backs of glaciers, have consanguinity with Thor and Odin, and the race of northern giants, but possess little in common with the ideal types of Greece or Italy. Neither are the Danes themselves a race with any near relationship to undraped gods and goddesses. The rude climate of the North imposes thick covering of fur: hard conflict with unkind Nature induces a character stern and brave; a struggle to sustain a bare existence precludes luxuries. There would appear, in short, no room and little need for classic or ideal art among a people whom stern necessity has made plodding and plebeian, simple and frugal.

Thorwaldsen, born in Copenhagen in 1770, was, like some other sculptors who have gained celebrity, of humble origin. His father was by trade a carver in wood. Chantry, it may be remembered, also commenced as a wood-carver. Likewise, by curious coincidence, Gibson at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, and a year afterwards was cutting ornamental work for household furniture. Many American sculptors, too, are of humble birth and limited education. Young Thorwaldsen followed his father's calling; he carved heads for ships in the Royal Dockyard, and received some education at the cost of the State. His first entrance into the sphere of art proper seems to have been when he translated pictures into wooden bas-reliefs. It

may here be of interest to know that for centuries there had subsisted in the North of Europe a school of wood-carvers; not merely a few scattered men occupied on figure-heads for the ships which sail from Copenhagen and other ports of the Baltic—a handicraft which, as we have seen, yielded but a precarious livelihood to the old and the young Thorwaldsen—but a considerable body of artisans, or artists in wood, who went to the primæval pine forests of Norway, Sweden and Northern Russia, felled timber, sawed planks, carved barge-boards, lintels, and rude but picturesque furniture for wooden houses and wooden churches.

The history of art throughout the world, whether on the banks of the Nile, of the Tigris and Euphrates, in the states of Ancient Greece, or in Rome, is indissolubly identified with the materials found on the spot. Granite, sand-stone, brick-clays, marbles, have severally determined in no small degree the specific form of national arts. The granite and primary rocks which bound the iron coasts of Scandinavia are too difficult of workmanship to enter largely into the constructive or plastic arts. Hence, resource has naturally been had to the pine forests. The International Exhibition of Paris proved how wood-carving is turned to secular as well as to sacred uses throughout Scandinavia; and the Exhibition at St. Petersburg in 1870, both in its structure and contents, gave further illustration to an art which, if rude and primitive, has claim to nationality. The traveller in these latitudes finds himself not in 'the stone period' or 'the iron period,' but in what may be termed 'the wood period.' Villages are of wood, churches are of wood, and when he enters a museum such as that of 'Northern Antiquities' in Christiania, he discovers the historic basis, in a long line of descent, for this art

born of the forest. At least as far back as the thirteenth century, are doors from churches and chairs from houses, carved with dragons, runic knots, and other grotesque devices known to Northern antiquaries.

This slight digression may be brought within the argument by one or two brief remarks. First that Thorwaldsen was true to the lineage of Scandinavian art so long as he carved, like his forefathers, in wood. Secondly, that the ambitious Dane, when he migrated to Italy and began to carve in Carrara marble, surrendered a large part of his nationality. Thirdly, that the style of Thorwaldsen in some degree remained as it had begun, 'wooden:' that Apollos, Graces, and other newly-made acquaintances, from Olympus and Parnassus, even when chiselled in finest marble, never quite threw off the stiffness and awkwardness of the wooden figure-heads carved in the Dockyard of Copenhagen.

The story of the young Dane is soon told. Thorwaldsen, at the age of eleven, entered as a free student the Academy of Arts at Copenhagen; at seventeen he gained the small silver medal, at nineteen the large silver medal; at twenty-one he won the small gold medal, at twenty-three the large gold medal. During this somewhat brilliant career, the youth's talents attracted attention; in fact, a subscription was raised, and the Danish Academy, which to this day gives generous aid to art and its professors, conferred a pension on the sculptor of promise, who was about to bring unexampled distinction on his native city. That city, when the boy Thorwaldsen walked through its streets, wore a widely different aspect from the Copenhagen which now meets the traveller's eye. It had not been devastated by the great fire; it had not been destroyed by the English fleet. Old Copenhagen was not spoiled; yet new Copenhagen had not arisen

as one of the chief art capitals in Europe. The palace of Christiansborg was not built; into the castle of Rosenborg had not been gathered the memorials of the Danish kings; the Museum of Northern Antiquities was scarcely begun; the Classic, Christian, and Ethnological collections were still scattered, or did not exist at all; the foundation was not laid of the new Frauen Kirche, now famous for Thorwaldsen's 'Christ and Apostles;' and of course the crowning pride of the nation's art treasures, the Thorwaldsen Museum, had scarcely a potential existence even in the imagination of the sculptor whose embryo genius must have been almost as unknown to himself as to the world at large. Copenhagen evidently had in those days few charms for Thorwaldsen. She failed to inspire him with patriotism. He left the city of his birth in 1796 with but little regret; love of country was not awakened till the weight of years warned the artist to prepare for himself a sepulchre among his people.

Thorwaldsen became severed in a double sense from the land of his birth: firstly by change of domicile, secondly by the adoption of a style classic, and therefore foreign. Yet we were scarcely aware, before we examined on the spot the history of Northern art and academies during the second half of last century, how strong was the bias towards classic art given to Thorwaldsen in his early training. The so-called national movement had not set in. At the present moment there exists what is called the national party, animated by the idea that Scandinavia, including of course Denmark, ought to break loose from allegiance to classic and Italian schools, in order to fashion for itself an art true to humanity and to nature in northern latitudes. We incline to think that the best hope for the future lies in this direction. The

school of Scandinavia in its present phase is of peasant origin; painters are for the most part the sons of sailors, fishermen, and tillers of the soil. We shall have to regret in the sequel that Thorwaldsen did not cherish with affection the Norse spirit. The special point, however, is that the young sculptor, while studying in the Academy of Copenhagen, was not taught any legitimate national art, but a bastard classic art. The French school, as represented by Poussin, Lebrun, David, and others, is identified with the rise of the arts in the capitals of Copenhagen and Stockholm. In Sweden appeared contemporaneously with Thorwaldsen three sculptors of high renown—Sergel, Byström, and Fogelberg—artists who, in the majority of their works, showed themselves servile disciples of the prevailing classicism. In Denmark, also, the sculptor Wiedewelt gave currency to the widespread revival which, having been animated by the discoveries in Pompeii and Herculaneum, was strengthened through the teachings of Winckelmann. Thus the path wherein Thorwaldsen trod became from the very first clearly defined.

Thorwaldsen reached Rome on March 8, 1797, and so important was the event in his life's history that he was accustomed to say, 'I was born on the 8th of March, 1797; before that day I did not exist.' Goethe only a year before had written, 'A true new birth dates from the day I entered Rome.' John Gibson, who migrated southwards twenty years later, had like reason to date his intellectual birth from his arrival in Italy. It is interesting to read in the autobiography of the sculptor whom we would venture to call England's Thorwaldsen, the following acknowledgment:—'One of the great advantages I derived from residing in Rome was the listening to conversations on art, not only

between Canova and Thorwaldsen, but between artists of talent from all countries.' The careers of Thorwaldsen and of Gibson from first to last run in parallel lines; the styles of Canova, of Flaxman, and of Wyatt, on the contrary, present variety rather than unity.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Winckelmann and Mengs in the Vatican had mastered the antique; Goethe had published his *Italian Tour*; Niebuhr and Bunsen had helped to place the history of Rome on a sound critical basis; within the same period had arisen a school of Christian art led by Cornelius and Overbeck; and during this self-same half-century lived and worked in friendship, or under wholesome rivalry, Canova the Italian, Thorwaldsen the Dane, and Flaxman, Wyatt, and Gibson, Englishmen. Thorwaldsen was modelling 'Mercury,' 'Venus,' and the 'Three Graces;' Frederick Schlegel was writing laudatory criticisms on the Christian art of Cornelius and Overbeck; while the poet Shelley, wandering about the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, composed *Prometheus Unbound*.

Thorwaldsen, however, had to endure much before he reached to an equality with the great men of his times. On his first arrival in Rome, what chiefly struck the people to whom he carried introductions was his profound ignorance. One of his kind friends wrote that the young Dane was so ignorant as to be unqualified to receive the benefits which Rome could offer. The aspiring youth seems to have commenced his studies in Rome pretty much at the point at which they had left off in Copenhagen. Having from the first, as we have seen, addicted himself to the antique, he naturally began by making copies from the master-works in the Vati-

can and the Capitol. He took the studio Flaxman had occupied; he lived among historic traditions, and fell into art usages. But the lives of sculptors in Rome repeat themselves. Thus Thorwaldsen suffered the fate common to most artists who come to Italy to seek fortune—he fell into pecuniary difficulties. Also, like other young sculptors, he commenced by modeling a figure as the first pledge of his ability. 'Have you seen Thorwaldsen's "Jason?"' was then the question passed on from studios to cafés, just as now the talk may be about the first effort of some travelling student from the London Academy. Canova was at that time umpire of disputed merit; and Canova pronounced the 'Jason' 'new in style and grand in manner.' And yet, though a seal was thus set on the sculptor's talent, the work did not sell. Driven to despair, Thorwaldsen determined to return to Denmark. His baggage was packed, but by chance, when he was about to start, a flaw appeared in his passport. The delay of a day was the making of his fortune for life. Thomas Hope, the rich English patron, entered the young sculptor's studio, and gave a commission for the 'Jason' on the spot. From that moment Thorwaldsen had more orders than he could execute. And yet the new 'Jason' was little more than a compilation from the old Apollo.

We have sometimes in Rome wondered how artists who scarcely knew a Greek letter by sight, who could barely read a line of a Latin author, were yet living, thinking, and working in the spirit of classic art. But there on the spot, the passion for the antique seems contagious. Moreover, one of the most ready means of access to the thought of classic times is through antique marbles. John Gibson was accustomed, in the Caffè Greco, to lay down the doctrine dogmatically that



Phidias and others received inspiration from the Greek philosophers and poets. So, in fact, it has been in all times. The artist, with cunning hand, gives embodiment to the best and most beautiful ideas which float, as it were, in the atmosphere of his time and country. Thorwaldsen was doubtless in great measure the product of his age—an age which did not call new forms out of the great storehouse of nature, but revived old forms, the wrecks of an old world, treasured in museums. He who has spent his mornings in the Vatican or on the Capitol, who has wandered through the streets of Pompeii, or studied for days among antique remains in the Neapolitan Museum, will understand how Thorwaldsen and Gibson became imbued—or shall we not rather say inspired?—by classic art. Moreover, minds of artistic intuition take fire readily; they pass speedily from a state of torpor; an electric spark leaps from the dead marble to the living brain, so that the dead and the living have one life, and the old Greek speaks through young Dane or Englishman.

Thorwaldsen was classic because his days were cast in the midst of a classic revival, and in him that revival received its truest exponent. Coming from Copenhagen an uneducated youth, in Rome he grew into the greatest sculptor of his times; the improvisatrice Rosa Taddei, declaiming on the 'progress of sculpture,' won applause when she exclaimed, 'Si c'est en Danemark que Thorwaldsen est né à la vie, c'est en Italie qu'il est né à l'art.' During a long sojourn in Rome, the famous sculptor enjoyed intercourse with Niebuhr, Bunsen, Canova, Cornelius, Horace Vernet, Mendelssohn—in short, with men of all parties who had become conspicuous by talent and position. Yet though tolerant of all, he was identified, as we have seen, with the classicists. We hear of a

friendly company assembled at the house of Bunsen, close by the Palatine Hill. It was midnight, and the planet 'Jupiter sparkled in the sky as if he were looking down on his own Tarpeian rock. We were drinking healths,' writes Niebuhr. 'I said to Thorwaldsen, "Let us drink to old Jupiter." "With my whole heart," Thorwaldsen replied, in a voice full of emotion. Some were startled.' The simple Scandinavian scarcely realised all that might be implied; he had a grand indifference to the conflicting claims of the gods; on change of domicile he easily transferred his faith from Odin and Thor to Jupiter and Apollo.

Lessing, Winckelmann, Mengs, Goethe, even Madame de Staël, helped to prepare the mind of Europe for that classic revival which subsists—at least, in the art of sculpture—down to our own days. Frederick Schlegel, one of the earliest champions of that opposing Gothic and Christian movement which has changed the aspect of architecture and painting within the present century, made sculpture the one exception to his teachings. The German critic admits that the Greeks in the plastic arts 'reached an eminence which we can scarcely hope to equal, much less surpass.' He further writes that a chief 'aim of the sculptor's genius appears to be to represent a classical figure in such a manner that it might even be taken for an antique, like Thorwaldsen's Mercury, which appears as if girded with a sword only the more imperatively to announce to hundreds of modern statues their impending and inevitable doom.' In fulfilment of this prophecy, uttered in 1819, we may say that the Mercury lives, and will live, while it were well if many marble figures, then and now produced by the score, could be broken up to mend the roads. Critics a century ago, devoting themselves to a strict and

close study of antique art, purged the schools of Michael Angelo and Bernini from mannered grossness and impertinent frivolity. Lessing, in the 'Laocoön,' lays down the principles which govern the purer styles of Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, Wyatt, and Gibson.

The Phidias of Denmark was never inspired by the spirit of Gothic art; in the Thorwaldsen Museum we do not recall a figure which speaks in the strong accents of Scandinavia. On the other hand, 'Jason,' 'Venus,' 'The Graces,' 'Mercury,' 'Adonis,' and 'Love Triumphant,' might almost pass for works of the time of Pericles, or rather perhaps of Hadrian. It is scarcely needful, even in these realistic and naturalistic days, to defend a sculptor for the choice of subjects far removed from actual life. It might be urged, in accordance with the teachings of the critics we have named, that it is the function and the privilege of the ideal sculptor to raise the mind above the level of common nature. 'True,' wrote Mrs. Jameson, 'the gods of Hellas have paled before a diviner light; the great Pan is dead. But we have all some abstract notions of power, beauty, love, joy, song, haunting our minds and illuminating the realities of life; and if it be the especial province of sculpture to represent these in forms, where shall we find any more perfect and intelligible expression for them than the beautiful impersonations the Greeks have left us?'

Goethe, writing from Rome ten years before the arrival of Thorwaldsen, raises the question which lies at the root of all ideal sculpture, a question asked again and again, both by critics and artists, how the Greeks 'evolved from the human form their system of divine types, which is so perfect and complete that neither any leading character nor any intermediate shade or transition is wanting.' 'For my part,'

writes Goethe, 'I cannot withhold the conjecture that the Greeks proceeded according to the same laws that Nature works by, and which I am endeavouring to discover.' Raphael had somewhat the same thought when, after deploring the paucity of beautiful women, he says that, 'to paint a beautiful figure he must see others more beautiful, and that he had striven hard to attain within his mind a certain ideal.' Some such ideal, either latent in Nature or patent in Greek art, was the constant pursuit of Thorwaldsen and of Gibson. The search after beauty was with both the main purpose of long and laborious lives. Gibson started with the maxim that the Greeks were always right; he was known to say that in commencing a figure he asked himself what the Greeks would under the circumstances have done. Thorwaldsen, in practice at least, conformed to the same principle. The writer once heard Gibson describe his method when at work on the 'Bacchus.' 'I chose,' he said, 'three of the finest male models in Rome, and when the figure was somewhat advanced a female model was also engaged, because the Greeks usually threw into Bacchus female traits.' This anecdote indicates that Gibson, like Goethe, had faith in high generic types, existent not only in old Greek art, but in living nature. Gibson would not admit that he neglected nature, and yet it may be safely affirmed that he never went to nature without Phidias at his elbow. That Thorwaldsen worked on like principles may be proved by his procedure when modelling his 'Venus.' We are told that no less than thirty models were used over the period of three years devoted to this faultless work. Thorwaldsen's Venus is the highest embodiment of the Goddess of Beauty since the time of the Greeks. Canova's Venus and Gibson's Venus

are inferior works. The union of conception is complete—the thirty models are blended into one goddess—a figure which seems not the compilation of years, but the instantaneous issue of the artist's brain. Accidents and blemishes are thrown out; here, in short, the generic form of Greek art and the typical form of actual nature prove identical. This and other of the sculptor's ideal figures fulfil the conditions under which individual forms may assume godlike aspect. The Greeks said Winckelmann ascended from heroes to gods 'rather by subtraction than by addition; that is to say, by the gradual abstraction of all those parts which even in nature are sharply and strongly expressed until the shape becomes refined to such a degree, that only the spirit within appears to have brought the outward form into being.'

In the study of past or of contemporary art, it adds lively personal interest to learn how a sculptor or painter catches his ideas, and in what way he works from a primal conception to an ultimate conclusion. Anecdotes are told which show how Thorwaldsen got at his subjects, and how he matured his treatments. Sometimes he worked from the antique, and made living nature subordinate and accessory; but occasionally nature came to him direct and almost unasked; also, at rare intervals art conceptions flashed across his imagination, and the ideas, when once conceived, were thrown speedily into clay. Thus it is related, how that felicitous composition which obtains popular currency throughout Europe, the bas-relief of 'Night,' was conceived in sleepless hours and modelled in the morning. In this instance, at all events, speed involved no immaturity. Thorwaldsen beyond doubt was overtaxed; he took commissions wholesale, as a manufacturer rather than as an artist. Still

genius it is hard to extinguish, especially when access to nature is not cut off. Thorwaldsen, too, had acquired the wholesome habit of revising his sketches and of maturing his compositions; he placed himself in the position of a severe critic on his own creations; a figure he did not like he would destroy; or else would go on working till in good degree he approached his ideal. His resources and expedients, as usually happens with men highly endowed, were many; his modes of procedure changed with the occasion; in advanced life, when with diminished power he became oppressed by commissions, at the time in fact when with impartial indifference were modelled Hercules and the Twelve Apostles, he fell into mechanical and routine methods. Such is the usual fate of artists, who, having been tried in the school of adversity, forsake, when success comes, the narrow way for that broad road which leads through prosperity to destruction. But Thorwaldsen in his young, ardent, and truth-seeking days, showed himself, as we have seen, at once the severe student of the antique and the simple child of nature. Accordingly he was found humble, cautious, addicted to self-examination. Even when, in advanced years, he made studies for the Christ now in the Frauen Kirche, Copenhagen, his conscience would not allow him to shirk duty. Gibson, who of all the men we have known was the most deliberate, he touched, retouched, and finished almost to a fault. On the other hand, Crawford and some other American sculptors sketched as rapidly and carelessly in the clay, as artists draw in pencil, or with pen for an illustrated newspaper. Thorwaldsen in some measure reconciled the two extremes, he was swift or slow according to the mood or the occasion. His Christ is scarcely less carefully thought out than the

central head in Leonardo's 'Last Supper.' Like the Christ in Holman Hunt's 'Finding in the Temple,' it was studied at first without drapery, and yet the action, which is admitted to be fine and felicitous, flashed upon the artist in a moment. It is related that on a certain evening as Thorwaldsen was leaving his studio with a friend he suddenly arrested his steps, placed himself in front of the Christ, and there remained without uttering a word. One arm as modelled in the clay was raised, the other extended. Suddenly the artist advanced with firm step, as when a person has come to a strong resolve. Thorwaldsen seized the two arms, and by an energetic movement brought down both equally; he then retreated four or five steps, and exclaimed, 'Sec, that is my Christ; there it is, and so it shall remain.'

Our sculptor in his work showed much versatility. The Thorwaldsen Museum, Copenhagen, proves him a man prolific, ready in resource, varied in style. The subjects range from mythologic to naturalistic, and thence to spiritual or Christian. The treatments in like manner comprise the classic, the poetic, and the picturesque. As a portrait sculptor, Thorwaldsen was not always successful; indeed the figure of Lord Byron which ultimately finds a resting-place at Cambridge, is notoriously a failure. His lordship, it is said, at once affected a strange aspect; 'Keep yourself tranquil,' exclaimed Thorwaldsen, 'pray do not assume an expression so desolate.' 'That aspect,' replied Byron, 'is habitual to my features.' Byron never liked the head because it did injustice to his melancholy. The plaster cast for the Byron statue now in Copenhagen is very badly modelled, the style of execution is common. Mrs. Jameson denounces the work as 'feeble, almost ignoble, and without likeness or character.' The monument

to Schiller is scarcely more successful; the figure is wooden and stolid, and without play or movement. The sculptor's heads, though strongly pronounced, are often hard, they lack the softness of flesh; his hands, however, seldom fail in form, action, or expression. Fortunately there are portrait-statues which redeem the artist's credit. Pius VII. for example is earnest, quiet, impressive. The monument to Gutenberg assumes an aspect more picturesque; the figure has strong individuality; the costume, freed from academic affectation, corresponds to the dress of the times; the whole treatment is broad, and yet in parts sufficiently detailed. With like vigour and fidelity did the sculptor throw off his own figure, chisel and mallet in hand. In looking at this stalwart frame, grand in coronal development, broad in shoulders, massive and strong, we seem for once to recognise Thorwaldsen as of the old Scandinavian stock; it is said, indeed, that in his veins flowed the fiery blood of the sea-kings; certainly his head and frame are as little Italian as Albert Dürer's. Again, for an equestrian statue, Thorwaldsen has few rivals—that of Prince Poniatowsky possesses dignity, repose, power. The essential simplicity of the artist's style was indeed seldom marred by affectation; the forms, if overmuch generalised, are not forced from nature's quiet mean. Maximilian I. in Munich is, with the exception of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, the finest equestrian statue set up in Europe in modern times; it has more fire and movement than Chantrey's effigy of George IV. in Trafalgar Square, more simplicity and fidelity than Marochetti's Carlo Alberto in Turin.

Thorwaldsen, like Gibson, proved himself the true artist by living in and for his art. Human life, general society, even incidents in the public streets, all ministered to art.

The writer used to notice with what avidity Gibson seized on everything that could be thrown into a statue or bas-relief; he remembers one morning on the way from the Caffè Greco to the studio, how the sculptor turned round and watched out of sight a pair of noble horses in high action. Such swift movement Gibson gave to the well-known bas-reliefs of 'Phaeton' and 'The Hours.' The writer also recalls an evening in Gibson's rooms, Miss Hosmer and Mr. Penry Williams being of the small company assembled to look through the sculptor's sketch-books, which gave abundant proof that it had been Gibson's habit to note down, with a hand graceful and delicate as Flaxman's, any incidents in daily life which might serve for transfer to marble. The Thorwaldsen Museum bears witness that the prolific Dane was scarcely less observant of passing events. Raphael it is said took up the head of a cask, as the readiest material at hand for an impromptu sketch of a mother and child seated by the wayside; and thus originated the circular picture known as 'La Seggiola.' In like manner Thorwaldsen took advantage of a picturesque figure seated in the Corso; he sketched on the spot the happy action which is reproduced in his famous 'Mercury.' Another of his most charming conceptions, 'The Young Shepherd,' was suggested by the momentary attitude of a young shepherd of the Campagna. The writer remembers, in Florence, to have conversed with Mr. Power, then made famous by 'The Greek Slave,' on the difficulty in these latter days, when so much has been attempted both by ancients and moderns, of finding for a figure a new attitude. 'The Mercury' and 'The Young Shepherd' have the unusual merit of being in motive altogether novel. They wear the ease and the freshness of nature, and yet, be it observed, the art

brought to bear has raised the compositions above the level of common nature. Of the 'Mercury' Mrs. Jameson says, 'Nothing can exceed the quiet grace of the attitude, and the youthful, god-like beauty of the form.' The sculptor has imbued a fine type in nature with the spirit of the antique: the figure, in fact, bears out the remark of Goethe already quoted, that the Greeks worked by the laws whereby Nature works. Such laws partake of the eternal and the immutable, hence high creations in art pertain not to the present or to the past only, but to all time.

Thorwaldsen eventually became so confident of his power, so confirmed in his method, so certain of his result, as to work without nature. The reader may be shocked to learn that when in 1819 the dying Lion, since cut in the living rock at Lucerne, was modelled, the sculptor had never seen a lion. Thorwaldsen took his lion not from nature, but from antique marbles; the proceeding is wholly indefensible, yet the result turned out well, and the reason has been already indicated. The Greeks worked as Nature works. The Greeks, as Gibson used to say, are always right; right not invariably as to matters of fact or of detail, but, what is more to the purpose, right in art treatment. In Lucerne we have always been disappointed with the colossal monarch of the forest: the Swiss artist who executed the work spoilt the design. The other day when the writer came upon the original model in Copenhagen he was amazed at its grandeur. The agony of the wounded beast is not pushed beyond the moderation imposed upon art. Thorwaldsen, though perhaps not so much ashamed as he ought to have been when he evolved a lion out of his inner consciousness, eagerly repaired his want of knowledge on the first opportunity. Lions came to Rome,

and he made their personal acquaintance. In the year 1831 he modelled 'Love on the Lion.' He had a pretty, playful, and pictorial way of composing animals with figures, though none of his groups have attracted equal attention with Danneker's 'Ariadne on the Panther,' known in Frankfort to all travellers.

On the arrival of the Ægina Marbles in Italy, the Danish sculptor, as the best authority on classic art, was entrusted with their restoration. A large plot of ground near the Corso had been rented, so that the figures might be arranged in the order in which they originally stood in the pediments. The whole task occupied a year. These marbles, severe and sometimes archaic in style, were not without influence on Thorwaldsen. The Caryatides near the King's throne, in the palace of Christiansborg, are after the Ægina manner; and how strictly the modern Danish sculptor was able to adapt himself to a Phidian or pre-Phidian art, is known by the faultless restoration of the Greek Caryatid in the Nuovo Braccio of the Vatican. Between this severe kind of work and the romantic style dominant in the 'Graces' and the 'Venus,' there is as wide an interval as between Phidias and Canova. In fact, at certain moments the vigorous Dane sought to emulate the emasculate Venetian. Fortunately, his innate strength saved him from servitude to a contemporary who must ever rank as his inferior—at least in manliness, sincerity, and simplicity. It is the distinction, in fact, of Thorwaldsen that he stood aloof from the graceful but debilitated romanticism which has proved the bane of modern Italian schools and their several derivatives throughout Europe. He thus occupies a position differing from, if not superior to, that of Schwanthaler, of Pradier, and of Wyatt. And yet he passes occasion-

ally from treatments strictly classic to styles picturesque and naturalistic. In fact, when modelling that charming little bas-relief, 'Cupid Mending Nets,' he absolutely descends into *genre*. After the same style must also be accounted 'The Sale of Cupids,' borrowed from a well-known wall-painting discovered in Pompeii.

Thorwaldsen was fearless; he never hesitated or halted half-way. Thus, in the vexed question of modern costume, he sought for no compromise. Occasionally, however, he allowed himself a classic subterfuge, as in the figure of Schiller. But mostly he took a matter-of-fact and common-sense view of portrait sculpture. Gibson, on the contrary, was so committed to uncompromising classicism, that he has been known to justify the use of antique costume by appeal to one of his failures, the portrait statue of Sir Robert Peel in Westminster Abbey. The writer remembers the verbal account given by his friend of an interview with the committee who sat in judgment on the figure: 'I have made,' said Gibson, 'the head the best possible likeness of the man; but I cannot adopt the modern costume. A statesman should be robed as an ancient Greek.' But Thorwaldsen, in the figure of Gutenberg, as well as in his own portrait statue, adopted, without compromise or subterfuge, the actual dress of the day. It must be confessed that more is thus gained than is lost. Indeed, in a portrait statue, ideality must be accounted a mistake; what is wanted is not ideality, but character and individuality. On the other hand, in mythological, allegorical, and poetic subjects, classic costume is appropriate. Thorwaldsen was convinced of this obvious distinction, and adapted his practice accordingly.

This versatile Dane had yet another development in the direc-

tion of bas-relief. We have seen that his first entrance into art was by way of translation of pictures into carvings in wood. We also know that throughout Scandinavia there existed from the olden time a school of surface decoration which, though rarely extending beyond grotesque dragons and floral and foliate arabesques, had attained to a true art treatment. Somehow, at any rate, it happened that Thorwaldsen contracted a passion for bas-relief—a habit cultivated in common with the greatest of his contemporaries, John Gibson. But, again, in this department, we are compelled to temper praise with blame. The Daue, brought up in the ways of a wood-carver in the Dockyard of Copenhagen, found it by no means easy to throw off the manufacturing habit once contracted. Thus he turned out wholesale to order 'The Triumph of Alexander' in the space of three months, a composition which, though subsequently revised, still retains, even in the marble frieze, as seen by the writer last summer in the palace of Christiansborg, not a few crudities and solecisms. In the Museum of Copenhagen the number of these pictures in marble is amazing. Some may fall below criticism, yet the average merit is high. As usual, the styles are varied; they pass from the classic to the romantic, and thence to the naturalistic down into *genre*. Little short of perfect are 'Alexander induced by Thais to burn Persepolis,' 'Cupid and Bacchus,' 'Cupid and Psyche,' 'Love Caressing a Swan,' and, last but not least, that most popular of bas-reliefs, 'The Night.' The claims of Thorwaldsen as a Christian sculptor may be best considered on his return to Copenhagen.

Thorwaldsen's generosity, like Gibson's, expanded chiefly within the sphere of his art. He spent a considerable sum on the pictures and classic remains which he

bestowed on his native city; and his time, even when most pressed with work, was placed at the service of young artists who could profit by his counsel. Gibson pays to his senior in the profession the following tribute:—

It is time for me to acknowledge the great obligations I owe to the late Cavaliere Thorwaldsen. He, like Canova, was most generous in his kindness to young artists, visiting all who requested his advice. I profited greatly by the knowledge which this splendid sculptor had of his art. On every occasion when I was modelling a new work he came to me, and corrected whatever he thought amiss. I also often went to his studio and contemplated his glorious works, always in the noblest style, full of pure and severe simplicity. His studio was a safe school for the young, and was the resort of artists and lovers of art from all nations. The old man's person can never be forgotten by those who saw him. Tall and strong: he never lost a tooth in his life: he was most venerable-looking. His kind countenance was marked with hard thinking, his eyes were grey, and his white locks lay upon his broad shoulders. At great assemblies his breast was covered with orders.

Gibson, under the date of December 4, 1841, again writes:—

On Sunday morning I went to Thorwaldsen, not having seen him for weeks. He was ill. After waiting a little I was told by the maid to proceed on. I had never seen a maid-servant there before, and as I went through the rooms, I observed order and cleanliness which were equally as strange. The Baroness von Stampe met me—Thorwaldsen's countrywoman—who had come from Copenhagen with him. She conducted me to his bedroom, where she sat at her needlework. 'Ha! I am so glad to see you,' said he, giving me both hands. Nothing could be more benign. We sat down, three together—the Baroness, the old Cavalier, and myself. There was not only reform in all the rooms, but the old man himself was made new. A new green velvet cap, beautifully worked and ornamented—a superb dressing-gown—Turkish slippers—his large person—strong deep expression—his silvery hair—his glittering gold earrings—he looked like a grandee of Persia; no longer the careless, clay-bedaubed Thorwaldsen in the midst of confusion. What meddling creatures women are! thought I. 'Gibson,' said he,

'I am ill, and these doctors torment my life out. Here is a blister on my breast, and one on my arm, you see. I have no patience with them. Illness is come now upon me. Ha! it is old age!' He dropped his head, closed his fist, compressed his lips, and there was a dead silence.

Thorwaldsen was then aged 71, and had but two more years to live. Gibson had reached the age of 50. Canova had been dead 20 years.

A comparison suggested more than once in the preceding pages between Thorwaldsen and Gibson may be made in a few words. The style of each, as we have seen, was strictly based on the classic, yet with a difference. Gibson was, among all the men whom the writer has known, distinguished by singleness of aim; he set before him an ideal which could only be approached slowly, reverently. The patient persistence with which he matured a conception and perfected a figure is almost without parallel. With singular strength of will, even with obstinacy, he pursued the one mission of his life—that of reviving Greek art in its purity, beauty, and perfection. The memory of this true artist is dear to the writer. Pursuing the comparison between the two contemporaries, it may be said that Thorwaldsen carried out a conception with less singleness of aim, with less consistency, with less strictness in the elimination of foreign elements and conflicting accidents. In the generalising faculty he was the inferior, just as in the individualising power he was the superior. Gibson was more of the Greek, Thorwaldsen more of the Tenton. The Dane, as we have seen, was prolific in creation; he had the versatility and universality which attach to genius. On the whole it is hard to pronounce either sculptor superior or inferior to the other; each was strong in turns and in his own way. Thus Gibson's Cupid is superior to

Thorwaldsen's Cupid; on the other hand Thorwaldsen's Venus is superior to Gibson's Venus. The Hunter of the one and the Mercury of the other have about equal rank. Passing to the sphere of Christian sculpture, there is little to choose between the two masters. With indifference to creeds, and under the one endeavour to attain a beauty without taint, and a truth without alloy, were approached in impartial spirit, Jehovah and Jupiter, the Christian Christ and the Pagan Apollo. One day a lady entered the Welshman's studio when a Christian bas-relief was on view. 'You see, madam,' said Gibson, 'I can do justice to a Christian subject, though I do not go to church.' In like manner Thorwaldsen when asked how he, as an indifferentist, could expect to succeed in Christian art, replied: 'Have I not modelled the gods of Greece? and yet I do not believe in them.' But the final verdict is that Gibson and Thorwaldsen are not at their best, nor within their appropriate sphere, when they essay Christian art.

The styles of Thorwaldsen and of Canova lie almost too widely severed to admit of comparison. The art of Canova may be said to resemble modern Italian melodies, the music of Bellini or Verdi; his figures dance on tiptoe, his draperies float lightly to the graceful movement of swelling limbs, his execution is soft, his sentiment romantic to extreme. The style of Thorwaldsen is comparatively harsh, even his 'Graces' lack grace, his lines of composition are sometimes unrhythmical, his execution is distinguished by vigour rather than by delicacy.

The writer knew Rome when Gibson was the last survivor of an illustrious company: Canova, Thorwaldsen, Wyatt, had been taken away, Gibson alone remained, and to him seemed committed the old traditions, which to the last he



guarded faithfully. With slow, firm voice he was accustomed to insist on the absolute perfection of Greek art, and in listening to his earnest teaching the mind reverted to the day when Thorwaldsen was animated by a like faith. Thorwaldsen, it is said, used to walk through the Vatican as one lost in reverie; present time was not, the historic past became to him present. Had Thorwaldsen and Gibson not forsaken their native lands, their art probably would never have commanded the attention of Europe. They both loved Rome; they could not be induced to live or labour elsewhere. Thorwaldsen and Gibson became such fixtures in Rome as to be almost immovable bodily or mentally.

Thorwaldsen visited his native city more than once. He had left Copenhagen in poverty and obscurity—he returned crowned with honours. On re-entering the city of his birth he was fêted; the horses were taken from his carriage; subsequently he was appointed Councillor of State; the Court made things pleasant for him. Still he seems never to have been quite comfortable while severed from his associations in Italy. His better half was left behind so long as his works and other *roba* remained in Rome. Thorwaldsen returned once more to Italy, but at length a frigate sent by the Danish Government carried the sculptor with all his belongings to the city which, his cradle once, was soon to be his grave. Copenhagen honours Thorwaldsen's genius. The royal palace of Christiansborg, which has an extent and magnificence more in keeping with a first-rate power than with a diminutive kingdom, is proud in the possession of the famous bas-relief 'The Triumph of Alexander;' the Frauen Kirche, by the presence of 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' has become a place of pilgrimage; while the Thor-

waldsen Museum stands as the most impressive memorial erected to any one man in modern times.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is almost too well known to need lengthened description. The structure raised by the commune of Copenhagen with the aid of public subscription, is solid and sombre as best befits a sculpture gallery, and it is fitly made massive and shadowy as an Etruscan sepulchre, for the court-yard in the centre holds the ashes of the sculptor. The design both inside and outside is, like the majority of the public buildings in Copenhagen, heavy, uninviting, and common-place. Yet the interior has the one merit of showing sculpture to advantage; the walls coloured deep maroon throw into relief the plaster or marble of the figures, and the floors laid with a rough geometric mosaic comport well with the plain and substantial character of the structure. The Museum as a whole is well arranged; indeed the Danes have a faculty for organisation; in no city are art treasures better disposed or systematised than in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen during his lifetime was consulted by the Government on these matters, and especially as to the best means of diffusing taste among the people. As to the Museum, the Government of late years, though actuated by the best intentions, have fallen into error. Commissions are from time to time given to ill-trained and necessitous artists to execute in marble figures which Thorwaldsen bequeathed to his country only in plaster, hence the vigorous Dane has been made responsible for much impotent handling. Accordingly, French sculptors, when they visit Copenhagen, ask whether this weak, awkward manipulation can be the work of Thorwaldsen.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is in more senses than one the creation

of Thorwaldsen himself. The building was commenced in his lifetime; he manifested personal interest in its progress, and he made sure the bequest to his country of his models and art collections. It is related how Thorwaldsen, on reaching Copenhagen in 1841, immediately repaired to the building, how he ran through the chambers with enthusiasm till he reached the central court, where he arrested his steps suddenly. Standing on the spot which was soon to be his sepulchre, he bent down his head and remained for some moments in silent meditation. Speedily, however, the soul of the artist revived within him; he lived once more in the midst of his works. And now Thorwaldsen is gone, these his creations abide. The visitor enters as it were a populous solitude, he is in the presence of an august assembly, and in the silence of the cool sepulchral chambers these solemn figures seem to speak; they tell of a life of lofty aim, of unceasing effort, of a labour that never relented, of a steadfastness of purpose that seldom fell short of the goal. The writer has known the studios or the collected works of Tenerani, Gibson, and Wyatt in Rome; of Schwanthaler in Munich; of Rauch in Berlin, of Chantrey in Oxford; but as a memorial to a devoted, laborious life, the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen transcends all parallel collections.

The Frauen Kirche, like the Museum, is in architectural keeping with the sculpture it enshrines. Thorwaldsen after the fire which destroyed the old structure was consulted as to the design for the new church. He suggested that the figures and bas-reliefs throughout should embody in a connected series the life of Christ. The idea has been consistently and impressively carried out; on either side of the nave stand the Twelve Apostles, and at the communion table Christ,

with outstretched arms, looks benignly on the people. The architecture, though poor as poor can be, has one merit in common with that of the Museum, that it does not militate against Thorwaldsen's statues. Furthermore, the general aspect of the whole interior—architecture and sculpture combined—may be commended for its simplicity—a simplicity no doubt favoured, if not imposed, by the Lutheran faith. One point is specially worthy of observation: that whereas in any Roman Catholic church dedicated to the Virgin, the chief altar would be reserved to the 'Queen of Heaven;' here, in Lutheran Denmark, the Madonna scarcely finds a place anywhere. Christ in the sight of the people reigns in His Church, undisputed King. On the whole we incline to think that Protestantism has nowhere obtained a more cognate art-manifestation than in the famous Frauen Kirche of Copenhagen.

Thorwaldsen's position as a Christian sculptor has been stoutly contested. In Rome 'the Pietists,' or 'Nazarenes,' as they were called, led by Overbeck, put themselves, as a matter of course, in deadly antagonism to Thorwaldsen as chief of the classic or pagan propagandists. This hostility found full vent when Cardinal Gonsalvi, on the death of Canova, handed over to Thorwaldsen, an alien in blood and religion, the monument to Pius VII., in St. Peter's. This tomb, even after material emendations in the original design, has not been considered a master work. Thorwaldsen's position, then, as a Christian sculptor, rests mainly on the works executed for the Frauen Kirche. On approaching the church the pediment is found to be occupied by the Preaching of St. John. The Baptist is here rightly modelled not as an ideal but as an actual man, and his hearers are evidently gathered from

the common people. Thorwaldsen makes no attempt to elevate his subject: the style is animated and picturesque, homely and unpretending. On entering the church it becomes evident that Thorwaldsen has striven to clothe the Twelve Apostles in Christian dignity and quietude. Raphael may have been his exemplar; indeed, one or more of these Apostles might claim a place in the cartoons. It is said that Thorwaldsen, oppressed by commissions, found time to work in the marble only on the St. Peter and St. Paul, the two figures that hold the place of honour next to the Saviour. These Twelve Apostles it were in Copenhagen sacrilege to speak against, yet they are far from divine in any sense of the word. By the Sea of Galilee they never walked; they are clad as Roman senators or Greek philosophers: they may have been disciples of Socrates but not of Christ. Yet the Saviour commands reverence. The figure, from an art point of view, does not belong to the early Christian period; it does not correspond to types in the Catacombs, or in the Mosaics of Ravenna and Rome: it pertains rather to the style of Da Vinci and Raphael. The Saviour, with outstretched arms, invites all to come unto Him who are weary and heavy laden; the Apostles stand among the people as when their Master taught and fed the multitude. The other day, as we listened to the singing of a hymn by a crowded congregation within this church, Christ and the Twelve seemed present. Yet the marble lived not, the figures did not speak,

so true is it that sculpture is a silent art, an art which rests in high abstraction, removed from the actuality and the turmoil of life.

Into this church, one day in the month of March 1844, the body of Thorwaldsen was borne, and solemnly and silently did the figures of Christ and the Twelve Apostles look down upon the coffin when lowered to the grave. The venerable sculptor had died suddenly, full of years as of honours, and his townsfolk determined to give him distinguished burial. The body lay in state in the hall of the Academy, surrounded by classic master works; the face was uncovered, the head crowned with laurels. On the coffin-lid had been traced the portrait-statue, mallet in hand, now in the Museum; upon the black pall rested the sculptor's chisel.

When walking the other day along streets the gayest and busiest in Copenhagen, our thoughts naturally reverted to the funeral *cortège* which a quarter of a century before had been borne by artists, accompanied by singers, to the door of the Frauen Kirche. The body remained four years in the church awaiting the completion of the final sepulchre. Now in the Thorwaldsen Museum all that is mortal of the great sculptor rests, surrounded by his life's labours, and twice or oftener in each week the doors of the Museum are thrown open, and the people from town and country come in crowds to visit the grave of the dead, and to look on the works by which Thorwaldsen remains as a living presence in the city of his birth.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



## OF ALIENATION.

WHAT are the main characteristics of human life in advancing years?

There are several, which would be better away.

The natural thing, as one goes on through life, is to be going downhill. We are leaving behind us our better days. We grow less warm-hearted and more crusty: less confiding and more suspicious: less cheerful and hopeful. It is with us as we know it to be with certain of our humbler fellow-creatures. How much less amiable a being is your stiff old dog of twelve years, rheumatic, fretful, listless, snappish, not to be touched without risk of a bite, than the gay, playful, frisking, sweet-tempered creature he used to be! That humbler life runs its course faster than we run ours, but the course is the same. I look at my unamiable fellow-creature, and think There is what I shall be.

But a distinction must be sharply made, which is oftentimes not made. This is the distinction between passing moods which come of little physical causes and which go quite away, and the downhill progress which is vital, essential, and ir-retraceable. Dyspepsia and nerve-weariness may for a day or a week simulate the confirmed despondency and testiness which will come when the machinery is breaking down finally. We must distinguish between the passing summer-cloud, and the drear December. There are people who begin too soon to regard themselves as old: to watch for the signs of age, and to claim its unamiable prerogatives. It is not so with others. I find it stated in Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, that the judge and Edinburgh reviewer at a certain period came to the conclusion that he must, in some sense, make up his mind that he had become an old

man. Looking to the top of the page, I read, *Æt.* 70. I rapidly recall a well-known assertion of Moses: and think Lord Jeffrey was not a day too early in coming to that conclusion. But one has known those who very soon after forty, think of themselves as old. Now at that period, it will not do to yield to the invasion of impatience, irritability, despondency. It is merely that you have got for the time into what golf-players call a *bunker*: and you must get out again. Some day you may get into the bunker, and abide.

Before going on to the main topic to be thought of, let a word be said of a tendency much to be guarded against, which comes with advancing years. It is the tendency to be less kind and helpful to other people than you have been heretofore. I do not mean merely through lessening softness of heart: but for a more tangible reason. You are a fortunate mortal indeed, if, as your life lengthens, you do not find that you here and there receive an evil return for much kindness you have shown to others. Some man, whom you have helped in many ways, who has many times eaten your salt, to advance whose ends you have taken much trouble in ways most unpleasant to yourself, turns upon you and disappoints you sadly at some testing time. Some such man, under no special pressure of temptation, proves himself both malignant and untruthful. Personal offence you readily forgive and forget: but doings which indicate character cannot be forgotten. If a man have told a manifest falsehood once, it must be long before you trust him any more. And, thus disappointed in people you have known, you will be aware of the temptation to look suspiciously on new-comers: to resolve that you

shall not waste kindness on those who will by and by turn upon you. For we are too apt to take the worst we have known, for our samples of the race.

Of course, unless you are to allow yourself to settle down into misanthropy, you must strive against all this. If you look diligently, you will commonly discern some excuse for the wrong-doing which disappointed you. I do not mean that you ought to persuade yourself that the wrong was right: but that you should admit pleas in mitigation of judgment. And you ought to remember a most certain fact, which is practically forgotten on a hundred occasions: to wit, that in dealing with human nature you are dealing with imperfect and warped material, and you must make the best of the crooked stick and not expect that it will act as if straight. It is human to go wrong, as we all learnt in our Latin Grammar: yet we all tend sometimes to be not merely angry but surprised when we find that the fact is so.

Then, progressing through life, the flavour of all things grows fainter. They have not the keen relish they used to have. And when we make believe very much, and try to keep up the dear old way, this will sometimes make us bitterly feel that we are practising upon ourselves a transparent delusion. Let the name of Christmas be said: it will suggest many things. The truth is, we use up our capacities. Our moral senses get indurated and blunted. And the only way to save our capacities is not to use them. As sure as they are used, they must wear out. It is singular to see, now and then, an example of unused capacities of feeling abiding in their first freshness in people who are old. An aged bachelor, marrying late, finds a fresh delight in his children's ways which looks strange to a man

who married at a normal period of his life, and who has got quite accustomed to all this. I defy any mortal to be always in a rapture with what you have about you every day. But over all these notes of advancing life, let one be named, which in the writer's judgment is its main characteristic: It is Alienation.

You come to care little for things and people for whom you used to care much. When one stops, in the pilgrimage, for a little while, and tries to estimate the situation, and to think how it is with one, many (I believe) would say that here is the thing which most strikes them.

Did we sometimes wonder, as children, if we should ever come not to care at all for our native scenes? Did we not, as boys and girls, look at the trees and fields we knew, and the little river, and wonder if we should live to have been for years far away from them; and yet not care? Did we wonder if we should come at last not to care for our father and mother, and our little brothers and sisters: to be separated from them for months and years and not mind? A characteristic of advancing years, I fear, is a growing selfishness: a shrivelling up of all the real interests of life into the narrow compass of one's own personality. Not indeed in all cases, but in many cases it is so. I remark how men with large families do not mind a bit though their children are scattered, far away. I used to wonder how they bore it, the severance of the little circle, the lessening confidence as the little creatures grew older: I wonder yet. But it seems plain that there are men and women, not bad men and women either as the world goes, who, if their own worldly comforts are provided for, do not care at all about their children. Sore and humbling alienation!

The inferior animals are devoted to their young ones with an affection which transcends human devotion, so long as the young ones need their affection. When the young ones come not to need them any longer, they come not to care at all for those young ones: even not to recognise them as such. This morning, being in a Highland glen, I heard from the hill on the other side of the river, a piteous and heart-broken bleating of many sheep. Their lambs had been taken away from them. What an amount of misery was on that heathery hill! It is very strange and perplexing to think how these poor creatures are not only, like us, sensitive to physical pain from material causes, but know spiritual sorrow, coming through the affections. I have always felt that the argument for immortality, drawn from the immateriality of that in us which thinks and feels, is just as good to prove the immortality of the soul of a dog or a sheep, as of the soul of a man. And I have often wished that one could look into the heart of some suffering animal, not enduring pain but enduring sorrow, and understand what it is like. As the desolate bleatings went on all day, it was sad to think that the poor creatures must just get over their sorrow. They would never see their lambs again. And in a few days they would not miss them. Just the like you may see, many times, in human beings. The human being gets over things more slowly, but just as entirely. The mother that carefully wrapped up a lock of her little boy's hair, and kept it amid her treasures, possibly after five and twenty years, the boy being grown up and having married some one she did not like, develops into the unrelenting persecutor: of her son. The little boy that goes away to school, homesick and heart-broken, lives to outgrow all that tenderness of feeling,—not a sham

cynic, which is silly, but a real one, which is hateful. Brothers, once always together in lessons and in play, are set down in life far apart, and get out of the way of writing to one another, and become little other than strangers. A lad goes out from his home, away to another country, to make his way in life: how bitter a price we pay in partings for our Indian empire! But year after year goes over: and he lives on in the distant place, with a life quite severed from the old life of home: the short perfunctory letters showing sadly to the ageing parent's heart what a severance time and space have made. I remember how as a boy I used to wonder that a jocular puffy old gentleman could live on quite jovially, while one boy was in India, another in New Zealand, another in Jamaica. I thought of rosy little faces, with curly hair, gathering at the father's knee by the winter fire-side to hear a story; not trusted for an hour out of sight: running to their mother with every little trouble. While the fact was of hard worldly countenances with the big moustache and the grizzling hair and the indurated heart: of men who, coming home, would have found father and mother a bore, and treated them with thinly disguised impatience: of souls introduced into a region of new cares and thoughts, of which parents knew nothing, and of which they never would be told. The rift must come, must widen with advancing time: Not more really were the sheep and their lambs separated, than parents and children, in most cases, by sad necessity must be. And it used to seem to me stranger still, when news came to the parents in Scotland that their boy had died, far away: when one asked how many years had passed since they saw him last, and was told eight, ten, fifteen years. How little they knew what the man was like that

died ! The son they knew had died out of this world long before : and there was a hard-featured stranger in his place, engaged in some business of which they understood little, and perhaps with a great household of children of whom the old parents at home hardly knew the names. Death had barely increased the alienation which continuing life had made. Let us think, whose little ones are still around us, of our boys, far away, walking in streets we never saw, coming and sitting down by firesides quite strange to us : It is humbling, but it is true, that we are alienated from our children almost as the inferior animals from their young. We have sense to see how sad the fact is, and we strive against it in divers ways : but the fact is there.

You may not like to admit it, but you are alienated from anyone when you are able to go out and in, and get through your day's work, he being absent and you not missing him. *That* is alienation. And if so, how much of it there is in this world ! We can do without almost anybody. We have all frequently met a fellow-creature who could do without anybody except himself. The affections that cling to parents and home die in some folk, very early. And there are those who think they have got rid of a somewhat discreditable weakness, when these dwindle and go. There is something touching and pleasant, when we find men remain unsophisticated in this respect, even to advanced years : and even when sufficiently world-hardened in many respects. Nothing in Brougham's life gives one so kindly an idea of his heart, as the fact that when away from her, in London, he wrote a letter to his mother every day. Savage reviewer, demagogue (not in a bad sense), Member for Yorkshire, counsel in a host of great causes and some historical ones, swaying by pure force the House

of Commons, Lord Chancellor, still the day never passed on which the expected letter did not go, did not come. Those who when another Scotch Chancellor died, malignantly vilified him before he was cold in his grave, did not (it is to be hoped) know anything of Lord Campbell unless by rumour : did not (surely) know how through his early struggles, and his first years at the Bar, and on till he was burdened with the work and care of the Attorney-General, he wrote regular and long letters to the good old minister of Cupar, setting out in minute detail how it was faring with his absent son. The rising lawyer had risen no higher when his father died : but it would have been just the same (if it could have been) when he was Chief Justice. And, to go to a different kind of man, Dr. James Hamilton (whose Life is worth reading), amid a good deal that was narrow there was the loveable about the letters he wrote, till he died a man of fifty-three, to *My dear Mamma*. One feels that it would have seemed like a breaking away from the dear old ways of childhood, to have varied the manner in which the young lad at College began his first letters home.

Thinking of the inevitable, or all but inevitable, alienation of parents and children, one is not thinking of savage brutes, like Mr. Thackeray's Osborne, nor of proud men like Mr. Dickens' Dombey, nor of heartless monsters like the latter author's Sir John Chester, nor of utter devils like Lord Crabs : not of men one has known, who cut off their sons with a shilling because of some offence to inordinate vanity ; or who declared, in place of aiding a child in distress, that he had made his bed and must lie on it : one is thinking of fairly decent folk, not bad, only passably selfish, passably heartless, indifferent honest : to whom *out of sight*, by the necessity of the case, is *out of*

mind; and who might just as well fight against the law of gravitation as against the law of their nature. Think of change in social place: and the change in the relations between people which it makes. When one has known of a poor cottager and his wife, pinching themselves blue to send their clever boy to a Scotch University and push him forward into the Church, it was sad to think of the estrangement which was sure to follow the success of all their hard toils and schemes. Even when the son is a worthy fellow, what a severance that dear-bought education must make: and when he gets a living, and finds himself among a new set of associates, and perhaps makes a respectable marriage, the old parents will seldom see him: and it will be with a vague, blank sense of disappointment when they do. Then he may not be a worthy fellow, but a heartless humbug: who designedly draws off from the poor old pair who did everything for him, and bids his mother not to recognise him when she meets him in the street with any of his genteel friends. I hate the word *genteel*: but it is the right word here. I have known such an animal, coming home for a few days' visit, upbraid his poor old mother for not sufficiently polishing his boots: and superciliously smile at her ignorance of his meaning when he bade her take away his clothes and brush them.

I don't say whose fault it was, or whether it was anybody's fault, but it always grated on one painfully to hear of old John McLiver working for his eighteen pence a day, an old labouring man, when his son, not seen by him for many a day and year, was known to fame as Sir Colin Campbell and then as Lord Clyde. That eminent man was unlucky in the matter of names. To the name of Campbell he had no more right than I have: and his title was taken from the

name of a river with which he had nothing earthly to do. Perhaps it would have been so awkward for the Field-Marshal to have walked into the old labourer's cottage, perhaps father and son would have found so little in common, that it may have been wise in the peer, instead of going to see his father, to send a little money now and then to the parish minister to be applied to the increase of his comforts. No doubt Berkeley Square, and the little island in the Hebrides, were not five hundred, but five hundred millions of miles apart. All I say is, that as a young man, it pained one's heart to know that utter alienation. Never was a huge ram, with great curling horns, more estranged from the sheep it was taken from as a trembling little lamb six years before, amid piteous bleatings on either part, than (by the very nature of things) was F.M. Lord Clyde from old John McLiver. If I were such an old John, I would rather my son did not become so great. For then, in my failing days, he would cheer me by kind words and looks (better than the five pound note sent to the minister to give me by instalments): he would be by me when I breathe my last, and he would lay my poor weary head in the grave.

This special estrangement which comes of social difference exists, and is felt, even where it is continually and heartily fought against. My friend Smith tells me that he well knew a certain man, who, rising from the humblest origin, had attained great wealth and standing; and who, by and by, made a great marriage. To the marriage feast his old father was brought, who had been a labouring man through a long life, till his rich son made him comfortable in his last years. The tie of filial affection was unbroken: and the rich man (who was a good man) was proud and not ashamed of having made his own way: so the homely



old working man was presented amid the gathering of grand folk. But one felt the alienation was there, when the big friends, at home with the son, and desiring to be most kind to the father, yet gazed upon the father as a curious old phenomenon. And the poor old father himself was not at his ease with his changed son.

Turning over a new leaf in life, you know how misty the old life soon grows. One forgets, as a reality, the former way of life, entering upon the new. It must be a strange feeling, I think, for a man to find himself Primate of the Anglican Church, who was born and brought up in another communion. Does Archbishop Tait cherish any distinct recollection of his years in the Church of Scotland, which he indeed left, but in which his fathers lived and died? Does he not find it awkward to speak (if English people do so speak) of the *Church of our fathers*? Does he remember, seated in state on the throne in Canterbury Cathedral, the hideous but costly St. Stephen's at Edinburgh where he used to go as boy and lad? It is curious for one who is himself a Scotchman to look at the good prelate, and listen to him; and track out the old thing whence he rose: the occasional breaking forth of the abandoned Scotch accent, and manifold further traces of Scotch training in his youth. A Scot, no matter how denationalised, no matter how Anglified, can never escape detection by a fellow-countryman. And it is very amusing when one finds a Scot, speaking by terrible effort with a much more English accent than any Englishman, here and there betray the old Adam, by some awfully Doric word. Easily could the writer give wonderful examples of what he describes. But it would not do. And it shall not be done.

My friend Smith recently related to me certain facts, indicating how far he was alienated from the associations of his youth. He informed me that he sat next his old sweetheart in a railway carriage for a hundred miles, and did not know her at all. He saw a fat middle-aged matron, with a red face: but nothing remained there of the airy sylph of dancing-school days. He did not find out who she was, till some one told him at the journey's end. Smith was no more than thirty-nine. But as he communicated this information, his visage was rueful, and he shook his head from side to side several times as though there were something in it to shake. He plainly thought that he was very old.

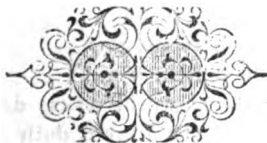
Most readers will know how they have forgot old school companions, and even old College friends. At school, many boys sort themselves in pairs, by elective affinity. Two boys are chums: always together in the playground: standing shoulder to shoulder against the world. At least it used to be so. Do we sometimes wonder, in graver years, if an old friend remembers us: if he is living yet? At College, one is so far sophisticated, that there is rarely the warm attachment of schoolboy days. Yet there were great friends too: twenty, five and twenty years ago! But young men are bad letter-writers: they are set in life far apart: letters gradually cease: there is a kind thought now and then; but the rift has grown a river. People grow worldly of spirit, too: and frightened. If one had the chance to go and call for an old friend, unseen for a quarter of a century, whose home is six hundred miles off; should not one hesitate whether to go? One does not know what reception one might meet. A sharp face might look at you, not without the suspicion that you designed to borrow money. Which you would not get.

It is a touching proof how not many years may sever old and fast friends, which you may find in Keble's Life: in the record how Newman and he met at Keble's door, and neither recognised the other. Newman tells us he did not know Keble, and Keble asked Newman who he was: which question he answered by presenting his card. I think it was not ten years since they last had met. It is very sad and strange.

There are many more things one would wish to say: but in treating such a subject there is a temptation to go too much to personal experience. And that must not be. So let me tear up some notes I had made, of other things to be said, and behold them consume away in this little fire. Let it be said, summing up matters, that looking at even a hale well-preserved gray-headed old individual, the thing I cannot help thinking of him just at present is, how time and change have gradually alienated him from old things and old associates: self-centred him: left a great chasm all around him: isolated him: left no one really near him: left him alone. If his wife is dead, or if he were never married, he is lonely as though in the midst of the great Atlantic. His professional friends

and his club friends may like him well enough: but who is fool enough to fancy that club friends and professional friends will care much when he dies? There is in truth a gulf between you and such. His children are remote, even though dwelling in the same house. His own youth, and early manhood, and the main toils and interests of his life, have receded into dim distance, and look spectral there. Life tends to converge upon himself, and his own physical comforts: and it is very wretched to come to that. Wherefore, my friends, let us keep close together! It is a blessing to have some one so near you, that you may tell (sure of attentive sympathy) all you do, all you wish and fear, all you think, in so far as words suffice to tell *that*. And from such a one you will hear the same. It is not selfishness or egotism that prompts such confidence: it is the desire to counterwork that increasing alienation, which in the latter years tends to estrange us from others, to throw us in upon ourselves, to make us quite alone. Keep as near as you will, there is still an inevitable space between: a certain distance between you and your best friends in this world.

A. K. H. B.



## BRAMBLEBERRIES.

9. Great Morning strikes the earth once more,  
 And kindles up the wave,  
 As many and many a time before,—  
 And am I still a slave?  
 Come! let me date my years anew;  
 This day is virgin white;  
 By heav'n, I will not reindue  
 The rags of overnight!  
 I was a king by birth, and who  
 Is rebel to my right?  
 None but myself, myself alone:  
 Conquer myself, I take my throne!

10. To plan a wise life little pains doth ask:  
 To live one wise day, troublesome the task.  
 —Yet why so hard? What is it thwarts me still?  
 A tainted memory, a divided will,  
 A weak and wavering faith, which, for mere shows  
 And shams of things, forsakes the truth it knows.

11. Think you that words can save? that even thought,  
 Knowledge, or theoretic faith, does aught?  
 Truth into character by act is wrought.  
 Your life, the life that you have lived, not sham'd,  
 Is *you*; in that alone you're saved or damn'd.

12. Glory of life—deep tenderness,—  
 Enigma of the human soul!  
 Set in this wondrous world whose dress  
 Is beauty, whilst the heav'n doth roll  
 Its myriad suns around; where love  
 Sports in the constant shade of death,  
 Fond memory sighs, hope looks above,  
 And sorrow clings to faith;—  
 Life, all made up of hints and moods and fine transitions,  
 Great secrets murmur'd low, pure joys in fleeting visions!

13. Almighty Lord, if day by day  
From Thee I further move away,  
O let me die to-night, I pray!

Yet no: this pray'r is idle breath.  
I understand not life or death,  
Nor how man's course continueth.

Swept in a wide and trackless curve,  
Tho' seeming more and more to swerve,  
An orbit it may still preserve.

I will not seek to live or die;  
Do as Thou wilt, I'll ask not why.  
Keep hold of me—content am I.

O Father! grant that day by day  
My soul to Thee may tend alway.  
Recall it quickly when astray.  
I hear Thee: hear me when I pray!



## SHAFTESBURY'S CHARACTERISTICS.

THE third Lord Shaftesbury is one of the many writers who enjoy a kind of suspended vitality. His volumes are allowed to slumber peacefully on the shelves of dusty libraries till some curious student of English literature takes them down for a cursory perusal. Though generally mentioned respectfully, he has been dragged deeper into oblivion by two or three heavy weights. Besides certain intrinsic faults of style to be presently noticed, he has been partly injured by the evil reputation which he shares with the English Deists. Their orthodox opponents succeeded in inflicting upon those writers a fate worse than refutation. The Deists were not only pilloried for their heterodoxy, but indelibly branded with the fatal inscription 'dullness.' The charge, to say the truth, was not ill-deserved; and though Shaftesbury is in many respects a writer of a higher order than Toland, Tindal, or Collins, he cannot be acquitted of that most heinous of literary offences. Attempts, however, have lately been made to resuscitate him. His works have recently been republished in England, and a vigorous German author, Dr. Spicker, has appealed against the verdict which would consign him finally to the worms and the moths. To an English student there is something rather surprising, and not a little flattering, in this German enthusiasm. We are astonished to see how much can be elicited by dexterous hands from these almost forgotten volumes. A countryman of Kant and Hegel, and one, too, familiar with the intricacies of that portentous philosophical literature which Englishmen, even whilst they sneer, regard for the most part with mysterious awe, can still discover lessons worth studying in a second-rate English author of Queen Anne's

time. To understand him properly, it is necessary, in Dr. Spicker's judgment (so, at least, we may infer from the form of his book), to cast a preliminary glance over the history of religion and philosophy, to study the views of Paul and Aquinas, and Kant and Spinoza, and Schleiermacher and Strauss, and to plunge into speculations about the soul, about being and not-being, and the proofs of the existence of God and a future life. When thus duly prepared, we may form an estimate of Shaftesbury's writings, and then we may draw certain conclusions as to the nature of the Hebrew genius, the true use of the Bible, the difference between the ideal and the historical Christ, the religious problems of the future, and the Archimedean point of philosophy. With Dr. Spicker's reflections upon these deep topics we need at present have no concern. We may, perhaps, feel a certain giddiness when we see so many reflections evolved from so comparatively trifling a source. We resemble the fisherman in the *Arabian Nights*; we have been keeping our genie locked up between his smoke-dried covers; and behold! at the touch of this magician's hand, he rises in a vast cloud of philosophy till his head reaches the skies and his shadow covers the earth. Would not Shaftesbury, we are apt to ask, have been rather surprised had he known what boundless potentialities of speculation were germinating in his pages? May not his German commentator, indeed, be slyly laughing at us in his sleeve, and making of poor Shaftesbury a mere stalking-horse under whose cover to bring down game whose very existence was unsuspected by his author? In fact, we think that on some occasions Dr. Spicker has confused a little the treasures which he found

with those which he brought. He has given additional fullness of meaning to Shaftesbury's vague hints and inconclusive snatches at thought; and though he may be personally conscious of the difference between the germ and the full development, his readers may find it difficult to detect the real Shaftesbury thus overlaid with modern theory. Yet Dr. Spicker brings high authorities for attributing some greater value to Shaftesbury than we generally allow. Hettner, for example, calls him one of the most important phenomena of the eighteenth century. Not only the English, he says, but all the greatest minds of the period—Leibnitz, Voltaire, Diderot, Lessing, Mendelssohn, Wieland, and Herder—drew the richest nourishment from his pages; and he extends to all his writings Herder's enthusiastic description of *The Moralists* as a dialogue almost worthy of Grecian antiquity in form, and far superior to it in contents. Have we, indeed, been entertaining an angel unawares? Dr. Spicker, of course, quotes the old example of Shakespeare, and once more assures us that we never recognised the value of our national poet until his significance was fully revealed to us by German critics. There is, however, a marked difference between the cases. Shakespeare, though our German friends may choose to forget it, was the object of our national adoration long before he became the idol of the whole world. Our enthusiasm was almost as unqualified in the days of Garrick and Johnson as now, and Pope reveals what was the popular creed even in his day, when he speaks of

Shakespeare, whom you and every play-house bill

Style the divine, the matchless, what you will.

The Germans did not originate our faith; they enabled us, at most, to

give a reason for it. But if Shaftesbury is to be raised to a lofty place in our Walhalla, the enthusiasm has to be created as well as explained. In such questions the *vox populi* is very nearly infallible. When critics declare that an author does not deserve the neglect which he receives, the admission of the fact is generally more significant than the protest. When, as sometimes happens, we find a man being still refuted a century after his death, we may be pretty sure that he said something worth notice; and, inversely, when we find that nobody cares to refute him, it is tolerably safe to assume that he had no genuine vitality.

In considering, however, the value of this appeal against the verdict of posterity, we must admit that there are certain reasons, besides his intrinsic want of merit, which may account in some measure for his neglect. They are reasons, too, which are more likely to repel a native than a foreign reader. The feeling of annoyance which generally causes a student to put down the *Characteristics* with a certain impatience is more or less due to defects, which would be less perceptible to a German, especially to a German endowed with the natural robustness of literary appetite. Shaftesbury suffered under two delusions, which are unfortunately very common amongst authors. He believed himself to possess a sense of humour and a specially fine critical taste. Whenever he tries to be facetious he is intolerable; he reminds one of that painful jocosity which is sometimes assumed by a grave professor, who fancies, with perfect truth, that his audience is inclined to yawn, and argues, in most unfortunate conflict with the truth, that such heavy gambols as he can manage will rouse them to the smiling point. The result is generally depressing. Yet Shaftesbury

is less annoying when he is writhing his grave face into a contorted grimace than when the muse, whom he is in the habit of invoking, permits him to get upon stilts. His rhapsodies then are truly dismal, though they are probably improved when they are translated into German. One awkward peculiarity must disappear in the process. His prose, at excited moments, becomes a kind of breccia of blank verse. Bishop Berkeley ridicules him by printing a fragment of the *Soliloquy* in this form; and by leaving out a word or two at intervals it does, in fact, very fairly represent the metre which did duty for blank verse in the reign of Dryden and Pope. Here, for example, is a fragment taken pretty much at random from *The Moralists*—'Or shall we mind the poets when they sing thy tragedy, Prometheus, who with thy stol'n celestial fire, mixed with vile clay, didst mock heaven's countenance, and in abusive likeness of the immortals madest the compound man, that wretched mortal, ill to himself and cause of ill to all?' No English critic can witness his native language tortured into this hideous parody of verse without disgust. Shaftesbury's classicism too often reminds us of the contemporary statues in which George I. and his like appear masquerading in the costumes of Roman emperors. His English prose is to the magnificent roll and varied cadences of Jeremy Taylor or Milton or Sir Thomas Browne what Congreve's versification in the *Mourning Bride* is to the exquisite melody of Massinger, Fletcher, or Shakespeare. No philosophising can persuade us out of our ears, and Shaftesbury's mouthing is simply detestable. The phenomenon is the more curious when we remember that he prided himself on his exquisite taste, and was a contemporary of Swift and Addison. But the defect goes much deeper than

is indicated by these occasional lapses into a kind of disjointed ambuling. Herder, as we have seen, admires his *Platonic Dialogues*: we prefer the judgment of Mackintosh, a favourable critic, who admits his performance to be 'heavy and languid,' and we may add that the excuse made for him on the ground that modern manners are unsuitable to this form of composition must be balanced by the recollection that, in spite of these difficulties, Berkeley was almost at the same time composing dialogues which are amongst the most perfect modern examples of the style. The difference between the two, from a purely artistic point of view, is as great in all other respects as is the difference between Shaftesbury's lumbering phraseology and Berkeley's admirably lucid English. Shaftesbury's desire to affect a certain gentlemanlike levity, and to avoid a pedantic adherence to system, makes him a singularly difficult writer to follow. He is never content with expressing his meaning plainly and directly. It must be introduced to us with all manner of affected airs and graces; the different parts of his argument, instead of being fitted into a logical framework, must be separated by discursive remarks upon things in general; they must be made acceptable by a plentiful effusion of rhetoric; we must be amused by digressions and covert allusions, and be seduced into our conclusions by ingeniously contrived and roundabout methods of approaching the subject. A skilful writer of a dialogue conceals his plan, but never forgets it; and if it be stripped of the external form, we find beneath a sinewy and well-compact system of reasoning. But Shaftesbury introduces real confusion by way of effectually concealing his purpose; and when we get rid of the tiresome personages who thrust their eloquence upon us, we discover an argument torn to

shreds and patches, and needing entire rearrangement before we can catch his drift. Dr. Spicker, who does not speak of these defects, has applied the proper remedy by reducing Shaftesbury's scattered utterances under logical heads, and brings out a far more definite and coherent meaning than would be discovered by any but a very attentive reader. Shaftesbury, in short, is deficient in the cardinal virtues of clearness and order; and the consequence is that, working upon abstruse topics, he tries the patience of his readers beyond all ordinary bearing. Perhaps this is a sufficient reason for the neglect which has overtaken him, for the writers are few and fortunate who have succeeded in reaching posterity without the charm of a beautiful style. Are we further justified in assuming, on the strength of the common maxim, that the style indicates the man, and throwing him aside without further notice, or is there really some solid value in a writer who undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence upon English thought, and, as we see, has found such wide acceptance in foreign countries?

The best mode of answering that question would probably be to examine Shaftesbury's writings in rather closer connection with his historical position in English literature than has been done by Dr. Spicker. Without enquiring what sermons may be preached from the texts which he supplies, we may ask what the real man actually thought, and how he came to think it. In regard to the first question we have at least ample materials. Shaftesbury, in spite of his desultory mode of exposition, had a distinct theory about the universe, and has managed to expound it sufficiently, though circuitously, in the *Characteristics*.

That book is a collection of essays published within the few years

preceding his death. The first of these, the *Letter on Enthusiasm*, gives Shaftesbury's view of the religious movements of his day. The doctrine which it contains, with some of its applications to moral philosophy and to literary criticism (the connection, as will presently appear, is characteristic), is expounded in the essay called *Sensus Communis*, and in the *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*. The essay on *Virtue*, of which an imperfect copy had been published by Toland, is the most systematic statement of his views on morality; the *Moralists, a Rhapsody*, is a kind of appendix to it, with an amplification of some of his conclusions. The *Miscellaneous Reflections* form a running commentary on all the preceding essays; and the *Choice of Hercules*, which completes the collection, is an æsthetic dissertation, which may be compared to Lessing's *Laocœon*. The coincidence in thought is exhibited by Dr. Spicker, and De Quincey has prefaced his translation of Lessing's essay by a parallel between the two writers. As we shall not again refer to this subject, it will be enough to say that Shaftesbury deserves credit for anticipating the views of his more distinguished successor, though he has little to say which is worth the attention of any modern reader.

The remainder of his writings all turn more or less upon the great question of the theory of morals and their relation to religion, and it is as the representative of a particular theory of moral philosophy that Shaftesbury is chiefly remembered in England. His fame, even in that province of speculation, has become rather dim. Professor Bain, in his recent *Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, exiles him to a humble footnote; yet he exerted a very powerful influence upon Butler, Hutcheson, and other English moralists; and



for that, if for no other reason, his views deserve some attention. They will be best expounded by starting from the consideration of the influences which chiefly contributed to his intellectual development.

Shaftesbury, it need hardly be said, was by birth and education a fitting representative of the Whig aristocracy in its palmiest period. The grandson of Achatophel, and brought up under the influence of Locke, he imbibed from his cradle the prejudices of the party which triumphed in the Revolution of 1688. During his political life, though short and interrupted by ill-health, he was a supporter of the Revolution principles, and if he diverged from his party he professed to diverge from them by adhering more consistently to their essential doctrines. He accepted the Whig shibboleth of those days; he was in favour of short parliaments, opposed to standing armies, and ready to exclude all pensioners from seats in the House of Commons. Above all he shared the Whig antipathy to the High Church principles of the day. The whole party from Aterbury to Sacheverell was utterly hateful to him. The Church of England had been deprived by the Revolution of the power of persecution, but it still retained exclusive privileges. Dissenters, though not liable to punishment, were not admitted to full citizenship. Sound Churchmen, though compelled to accept toleration, clung all the more anxiously to the remnants of their old supremacy. To all such claims Shaftesbury was radically opposed. He was not indeed, as without an anachronism he could not have been, opposed to a State Church. On the contrary, he regarded it as a valuable institution, but valuable not as justifying the pretensions of priests, but as tying their hands. He held substantially the opinion which is common amongst a very

large body of laymen at the present day. A Church, in strict subordination to the power of the laity, is an admirable machinery for keeping priestly vagaries within bounds. With a contemptuous irony he professes (*Mis. V. § 3*) his 'steady orthodoxy, resignation, and entire submission to the truly Christian and Catholic doctrines of our holy Church, as by law established.' He held in the popular phrase that the Thirty-nine Articles were articles of peace; that is to say, that they were useful to make controversialists hold their tongues, though it would be quite another thing if one were asked to believe them. For their own sakes, he loved Dissenters as little as Churchmen, and despised them more; his ideal was an era of general indifference, in which the ignorant might be provided with dogmas for their amusement, and wise men smile at them in secret. The doctrines of all theologians, in fact, were infinitely contemptible in the eyes of cultivated persons; but the attempt to get rid of them would cause a great deal of useless disturbance. The best plan was to keep the old institution in peace and quiet, and to allow it to die as quietly as might be.

In all this there was nothing peculiar to Shaftesbury, nor even to Shaftesbury's era. So far he might have been an ordinary representative of the great Revolution families, who, when their position was once secure, were content with keeping things tolerably quiet so long as they could divide places and profit. He might have drunk to the glorious and immortal memory of our deliverer, and have become a candidate for office under Godolphin or Harley. Circumstances, however, led to his imbibing doctrines of a less commonplace character. He remained a member of the English aristocracy—at a time, it must be added, when the English aristocracy not only go-

verned the country, but was qualified to govern by a more liberal spirit than that which animated the class immediately below it. But in him the English aristocrat was covered by a polish derived from a peculiar training. At an early age he had been sent to Winchester. The proverbial generosity and high spirit of an English public school exhibited itself by making the place too hot to hold him, as some retribution for the sins of his grandfather. Perhaps he had to learn the meaning of 'tunding.' He had already acquired a familiarity with the classical languages by the same method as Montagne, under the guidance of a learned lady, a Mrs. Birch, and was able to enjoy reading Greek and Latin literature instead of having small doses of grammar pressed upon him by scholastic drillmasters. At a later period he made one of those continental tours from which young men of promise and position must sometimes have derived a training rather different from that which falls to the lot of the modern tourist. In Italy he learnt to have a taste, and his writings are coloured, and sometimes to an unpleasant degree, by the peculiar phraseology of the artistic connoisseur. In Holland he made the acquaintance of the leaders of European criticism, Bayle and Leclerc. He learnt that England was not the whole world, and discovered that the orthodox dogmas did not entirely satisfy the demands of the enquiring minds of the time. He acquired, in short, certain cosmopolitan tendencies. 'Our best policy and breeding,' he complains (*Mis.* III. ch. i.), 'is, it seems, to look abroad as little as possible; contract our views within the narrowest possible compass, and despise all knowledge, learning, and manners which are not of home growth.' Had the term been popularised in his day, he would have complained of the Philistine tendencies of his

countrymen, and insisted upon that unfortunate provincialism which is characteristic even of our best writers. He has little hopes, he tells us (*Mis.* III. ch. i.), of being relished by any of his countrymen, except 'those who delight in the open and free commerce of the world, and are rejoiced to gather views and receive light from every quarter.' He is always insisting upon the importance of cultivating a refined taste, as the sole guide in art and philosophy. 'To philosophise in a just signification is but to carry good breeding a step higher' (*ib.*). 'The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.' The person who has thoroughly learnt this lesson is called, in his old-fashioned dialect, the 'virtuoso;' and the various phrases in which he expounds his doctrines may be translated into modern language, by saying that he is a prophet of culture, a believer in 'Geist,' and a constant preacher of the advantages of sweetness and light. In short, Lord Shaftesbury was the Matthew Arnold of Queen Anne's reign. Mr. Arnold, indeed, possesses what Shaftesbury only imagined himself to possess—an elegant style; and the modern representative of the school would be unworthy of his predecessor if he had not profited by the later triumphs of modern thought. Yet, making allowance for the difference of their surroundings, the analogy is as close as could be wished, and may serve to render Shaftesbury's opinions more intelligible to modern readers.

Imagine, then, Mr. Arnold transplanted backwards for a century and a half. In what way would he regard the contemporary currents of thought? The answer will give a rough approximation to Lord Shaftesbury's views, though, of course, it would be unfair to insist

too strongly upon the resemblance, and we may, without any help from such indirect methods, interrogate Shaftesbury himself.

His first two treatises give us his view of contemporary theologians. The *Letter concerning Enthusiasm* was provoked by the strange performances of the French prophets, who were holding revivals and working miracles in London amidst an unbelieving population. The old spirit of Puritanism was at its very lowest ebb. The generation of Dissenters which had produced Baxter and Bunyan had passed away; that which was to produce Wesley and Whitefield was still in its cradles. Nothing remained but a grovelling superstition, unlovely in its manifestations, and ridiculous to the cultivated intellect of the time. Shaftesbury speaks of their performances as a Saturday Reviewer might speak of an American camp-meeting. Their supposed miracles are explained by the natural contagion of an excited crowd of fanatics. 'No wonder if the blaze rises of a sudden; when innumerable eyes glow with the passion, and heaving breasts are labouring with inspiration; when not the aspect only, but the very breath and exhalations of men are infectious, and the inspiring disease imparts itself by immediate transpiration.' (*Enthusiasm*, § 6.) For such a disease there is one complete panacea. Ridicule is the proper remedy for fanaticism. Persecution would fan the flame. These charlatans would be grateful if we would only be so obliging as to break their bones for them 'after their (the French) country fashion, blow up their zeal, and stir afresh the coals of persecution.' (*Ib.* § 3.) We have had the good sense instead of burning them to make them the subject of a 'puppet-show at Bart'lemy fair' (*ib.*); and Shaftesbury ventures to suggest that if the Jews had shown their malice seven-

teen centuries before, not by crucifixion, but by 'such puppet-shows as at this hour the Papists are acting' (*ib.*), they would have done much more harm to our religion.

The evil which lay at the bottom of these displays was that delusion to which our ancestors gave the name of enthusiasm. In appropriating that word exclusively to its nobler meaning, we have lost something, though the change is significant of some desirable changes; for, in truth, enthusiasm, as Shaftesbury defines it, is an ugly phenomenon. 'Inspiration,' he says, 'is a real feeling of the Divine presence, and enthusiasm a false one' (*ib.* § 7), to which he adds significantly that the passions aroused are much alike in the two cases. To mistake our own impulses for the immediate dictates of our Creator is indeed a grievous blunder, and when the mistake is made by a passionate and ignorant fanatic, it is especially offensive to the man of culture. Shaftesbury, however, is careful to point out that enthusiasm was not confined to ignorant Dissenters. It supplied also the leverage by which the imposing hierarchy of Rome forced their dominion upon an unenlightened world. Enthusiasm may appeal to the senses as well as the spirit. With the marvellous skill which wise men have admired, even whilst revolted by its results, the priests of that august and venerable Church succeeded in turning to account all the weaknesses of mankind. Instead of opposing the torrent, they ingeniously forced it into their service. To provide for enthusiasm of the loftier kind, they allowed 'their mysticks to write and teach in the most rapturous and seraphic strains.' (*Mis.* II. ch. 2.) To the vulgar they appealed by temples, statues, paintings, vestments, and all the gorgeous pomp of ritual. Allowing a full career to all the thaumaturgical juggleries of monks and wandering friars, they also per-

mitted 'ingenious writers' to call these wonders in question 'in a civil manner.' No wonder, he exclaims, if Rome, the seat of a monarchy resting on foundations laid so deep in human nature, appeals to this day to the imagination of all spectators, though some are charmed into a desire for reunion, whilst others conceive a deadly hatred for all priestly dominion.

Shaftesbury, of course, belongs to the latter category. For this, as for its twin form of enthusiasm, he still had recourse to the remedy of ridicule. He maintained as a general principle, and thereby bitterly offended many solemn theologians, that railery was the test of truth. Truth, he says, 'may bear all lights' (*Wit and Humour*, Pt. I. § 1), and one of the principal lights is cast by ridicule. He compresses into this axiom the theory practically exemplified by the Deists and their pupil, Voltaire, and he gives the best defence that can be made. Satire, we know, is the art of saying everything in a country where it is forbidden to say anything. Ridicule is the natural retort to tyranny. 'Tis the persecuting spirit that has raised the bantering one.' (*Ib.* § 4.) The doctrine should, perhaps, be qualified. When men are sufficiently in earnest to fight for their creeds, they are too much in earnest for laughter. It is at a later period, when the prestige has survived the power, when priests bluster but cannot burn, when heterodoxy is still wicked but no longer criminal, that satire may fairly come into play. The dogmas whose foundations have been sapped by reason, and are still balanced in unstable equilibrium, can be toppled over by the shafts of ridicule. Its use is not possible till freedom of discussion is allowed, and not becoming when free discussion has produced its natural fruit of setting all disputants on equal terms. Ridicule clears the air, and disperses

the mists of preconceived prejudice. When they have once vanished, the satirist should give place to the calm logician. Shaftesbury, though an advocate of the use of ridicule, was, as we have said, very unskilful in its application; nor is he to be reckoned amongst the Deists who made an unscrupulous use of this rather questionable weapon. He does not aim at justifying scoffers, but rather desiderates that calm frame of mind which is appropriate to the cultivated critic. In his own dialect, he is in favour of 'good humour' rather than of a mocking humour. 'Good humour is not only the best security against enthusiasm,' he tells us, 'but the best foundation of piety and true religion.' (*Enthusiasm*, § 3.) Good humour is, in fact, the disposition natural to the philosopher when enthusiasm has been exorcised from religion. Shaftesbury's ideal, as we shall presently see, is a placid and contented attitude of thought, resting on a profound conviction that everything is for the best, and a perception of the deep underlying harmonies which pervade the world. The sour fanatic and the bigoted priests are at the opposite poles of disturbance, whilst he dwells in the temperate latitudes of serene contemplation. He shares with the Deists, and, indeed, with all the ablest thinkers of his time, with Locke and Clarke, as well as with Collins and Tindal, the fundamental dogma of the rationalists, the necessity of freedom of discussion; but he wishes for freedom, not to enable him to attack the established creeds, but to adapt the intellectual atmosphere to a gradual spread of philosophical sentiment.

This tendency of Shaftesbury distinguishes him from the ordinary Deist. The difference of his temper is indeed so marked that Mr. Hunt (*Religious Thought in England*, Vol. II. pp. 342 *seq.*) scruples to reckon him amongst them. Mr. Hunt

is, it seems to me, unnecessarily anxious to defend the Deists in general from the charge of Deism. It matters little whether Shaftesbury cared to veneer his rationalism with Christian phraseology or not. As a matter of fact, I believe him to have been consciously a Deist; and a comparison of the passages brought together by Dr. Spicker will, I think, establish the charge, if it must be called a charge. Nothing, however, could be farther from his intention than to adopt an attitude of unequivocal hostility to that vague body of amiable doctrine which was then maintained by the latitudinarian divines, and which, in our days, is reflected in what is called 'unsectarian Christianity.' It suited his purpose very well; and so long as priests were well under the heel of the secular power, why trouble oneself too much about their harmless crotchets? At one place he sets himself to prove three points: first, that 'wit and humour are corroborative of religion and promotive of true faith;' secondly, that they have been used by 'the holy founders of religion;' and thirdly, that 'we have, in the main, a witty and good humoured religion.' (*Mis.* II. ch. 3.) He passes with suspicious lightness over the proof of the last head; but the phrase, 'in the main,' is evidently intended to exclude a vast body of doctrine which generally passed for orthodox, but which, in his opinion, was the product of splenetic fanaticism. So long, however, as religion makes no unpleasant demands upon him, he will not quarrel with its clauses. He 'speaks with contempt of the mockery of modern miracles and inspiration;' he regards them all as 'mere imposture or delusion;' on the miracles of past ages he resigns his judgment to his superiors, and on all occasions 'submits most willingly, and with full confidence and trust, to the opinions by law established.' (*Mis.* II.

ch. 2.) It would be hard to speak more plainly. A miracle which happened 1700 years ago hurt nobody; but any pretence to discovering Divine action in the modern world must be rejected with contempt as so much imposture. He is quite ready to take off his hat to the official idols of the day; but it is on condition of their keeping themselves quiet, and working no more miracles. The dogma that miracles have ceased is the best guard against modern fanatics and sectaries; and our belief must rest not upon signs and wonders, but on the recognition of uniform order throughout the universe. —

With such views, the chief temptation to shock the sensibilities of orthodox writers was afforded by the Jews. The bare mention of that barbarous and enthusiastic race was enough to startle every Deist, open or concealed, out of his propriety. They were the type of everything that was hateful in his eyes, and their language was immovably associated with the most recent outbreaks of enthusiasm. The idol of the Puritans was the bugbear of the Deists. Shaftesbury hated them with the hatred of Voltaire. When writing as a literary critic, his examples of subjects totally unsuitable for poetic treatment are taken from Scripture history. No poet, as the friend of Bayle naturally thinks, could make David interesting. 'Such are some human hearts that they can hardly find the least sympathy with that only one which had the character of being after the pattern of the Almighty.' (*Advice to an Author*, Pt. III. § 3.) When writing as a novelist, again, he illustrates the bad influences of superstition as opposed to genuine religion from the same fertile source. If there is anything, he says, in a system of worship 'which teaches men treachery, ingratitude, or cruelty, by Divine warrant, or under colour and

pretence of any present or future good to mankind; if there be anything which teaches how to persecute their friends through love; or to torment captives of war in sport; or to offer human sacrifice, or to torment, macerate, or mangle themselves, in a religious zeal, before their God; or to commit any sort of barbarity or brutality, as amiable or becoming, such practices, whether sanctioned by custom or religion, must remain 'horrid depravity.' (*Virtue*, Book I. Pt. II. § 3.) A deity, he presently adds, who is furious and revengeful, who punishes those who have not sinned, who encourages deceit and treachery, and is partial to a few, will generate similar vices among his worshippers. (*Ib.* Pt. IV. § 2.) The reference to the Jews in these passages, sufficiently plain in itself, is more explicitly pointed in his subsequent writings. The remark upon human sacrifices, for example, is explained by reference to the story of Abraham and Isaac (*Mis.* II. ch. 3), and the origin of enthusiasm is discovered in priest-ridden Egypt, whence it was derived by the servile imitation of the Jews. Shaftesbury was certainly a Theist; but it is equally plain that he was not a worshipper of Jehovah. Whether the form of belief which is generated by purifying Christianity of its Judaising and Romanising elements may fairly be called Deism, is a question of no great importance; whatever its proper name, it would roughly describe Shaftesbury's religious theories.

Meanwhile, Shaftesbury was anxious to reconstruct as well as to destroy, or at any rate to save from the wrecks of the old creed enough to make a tolerable refuge for the cultivated human soul. Suppose, he says, that we had 'lived in Asia at the time when the Magi, by an egregious imposture, had got possession of the empire;' imagine

that their many cheats and abuses had made them justly hateful; but imagine further that they had endeavoured to recommend themselves by establishing the best possible moral maxims: what would be the right course to pursue? (*Wit and Humour*, Pt. II. § 1.) Would you try to destroy both the Magi and their doctrines; to repudiate every moral and religious principle, every natural and social affection, and make men, as much as possible, wolves to each other? That, he says, was the course pursued by Hobbes, who, both in politics and religion, went on the principle of 'magophony,' or indiscriminate slaughter of his opponents. The reaction against old opinions was carried by that great thinker, the man who did more than any other to stimulate English thought during the century which followed his death, to an extravagant excess. Shaftesbury had been profoundly influenced by Hobbes's chief opponents, the Cambridge Platonists, and even wrote a preface to a volume of sermons published by Whichcot, one of their number. His ambition was to confine the destructive agency represented by Hobbes within due limits, and to preserve what was good in the old creed whilst sympathising with the assault upon the 'Magi,' who had made their own profit out of the perversions of the religious instinct. But how was this desirable object to be accomplished? The writers who in that age corresponded to the modern Broad Churchmen affected a kind of metaphysical theology. Clarke, the ablest rationalist amongst the clergy, formed his system from the fragments of Des Cartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz. Clarke occupied towards them the same position which Dean Mansel occupied towards recent German metaphysicians. He hoped to soften down their philosophy sufficiently to press it into the service of Chris-

tianity. His chief book aims at being a kind of theological Euclid, starting from certain primary axioms as to matter, force, and causation, and proving the existence and attributes of God as Euclid proves the relations between the sides and angles of a triangle. Should Shaftesbury associate himself with writers of this class? His cosmopolitan training told him that their day was already past. Then, as more recently in Germany, metaphysicians had erected a vast tower of Babel, intending to scale heaven from earth. Like the work of the ancient labourers on the plains of Shinar, their ambitious edifice was all falling to ruins, and its sole result had been to create a jargon detestable to all intelligent men. Shaftesbury uniformly speaks of metaphysics with a bitter contempt. The study represented to him nothing but a set of barren formulæ fitted only for the pedants of the schools. Their doctrines were, in the German phrase, a mere *Hirngespinnst*—a flimsy cobweb of the brain. The philosophers are 'a sort of moonblind wits, who, though very acute and able in their way, may be said to renounce daylight and extinguish, in a manner, the bright visible outside world, by allowing us to know nothing besides what we can prove, by strict and formal demonstration.' (*Mis.* IV. ch. 2.) He ridicules the philosophical speculations about 'formation of ideas, their compositions, comparisons, agreement and disagreement.' (*Soliloquy*, Pt. IV. § 1.) Philosophy, in his sense, is nothing but the study of happiness (*Moralists*, III. ch. 3), and all these discussions as to substances, entities, and the eternal and immutable value of things, and pre-established harmonies, and occasional causes, and primary and secondary qualities, are so much empty sound. 'The most ingenious way of becoming foolish,' as he very truly says, 'is

by a system' (*Soliloquy*, Pt. III. § 1); and, in truth, the systems then existing were rapidly going the way of many that had preceded and of many that were to follow them. But should Shaftesbury follow the thinkers who were preparing their downfall, such as his own preceptor Locke, or endeavour to anticipate Berkeley and Hume? From any such attempt he was precluded both by his opposition to purely sceptical speculation, and by a want of metaphysical acuteness. The first is shown by his condemnation of Locke, and the second by the fact that whilst repudiating the metaphysical theorists, he really takes from them the central support of his own doctrines.

Thus far we have traced Shaftesbury by his antipathies. Representing the objects of his enmity by modern names, we might compare him to a modern thinker who should be opposed to Mr. Mill's experiential philosophy, to Dean Mansel's adaptation of German metaphysics, to Dr. Newman's Catholicism, and to Mr. Spurgeon's Protestantism; who should agree with Bishop Colenso's attacks on the letter of the Bible, but think them painfully wanting in breadth of view; and who should have been deeply influenced by the teaching of Coleridge, and yet have cast it off as too reactionary in spirit. Substitute for those names Locke, Clarke, Bossuet, the French prophets, Collins and Cudworth, and we have a very fair repetition of Shaftesbury's position. The resemblance between the state of opinion then and now is probably the cause of the interest still attached by Dr. Spicker to Shaftesbury's teachings.

The deluge is rising higher than of old; and the ark in which later metaphysicians promised to save a select few shows ominously symptoms of foundering altogether.

Whilst it is yet time, cannot we put together some raft from the floating wreck, which may in time bring us to the new and happier world?

Shaftesbury's first effort was to cast overboard certain Jonahs in the shape of dogmatic divines. To be less metaphorical, he endeavoured to render morality independent of the old theology. He opposes new theories to the theological conceptions of the universe, of human nature, and of motives to virtue. A belief in God is indeed an essential part of his system; but the God whom He worships is hardly the God of Christians, any more than He is the God of the Jews. The belief in justice must, as he urges, precede the belief in a just God. (*Virtue*, Book I. Pt. III. § 2.) Theism follows from morality, not morality from Theism. And thus 'religion' (by which he means a belief in God) 'is capable of doing great good or great harm, and Atheism nothing positive in either way.' A belief in a bad deity will produce bad worshippers, as a belief in a good deity produces good ones. Atheism, indeed, implies an unhealthy frame of mind, for it means a belief that we are 'living in a distracted universe,' which can produce in us no emotions of reverence and love, and thus it tends to embitter the temper and impair 'the very principle of virtue, natural and kind affection.' (*Ib.* Pt. III. § 3.) A belief in God, on the other hand, means with Shaftesbury a perception of harmonious order, and a mind in unison with the system of which it forms a part. Atheism is the discordant, and Theism the harmonious, utterance given out by our nature according as it is or is not in tune with the general order.

If at times he uses language which would fit into an orthodox sermon about a 'personal God' (see

*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 3), he more frequently seems to draw his inspiration from Spinoza.

At the bottom of all Shaftesbury's eloquence lies the doctrine of optimism, which he shares with Leibnitz, 'Whatever is, is right,' as Pope expressed the lesson which he perhaps learnt from Shaftesbury, or in the phrase of Pangloss, 'Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.' He opens the *Enquiry into Virtue* by arguing that there is no real ill in the universe. All that is apparently ill is the mere effect of our ignorance. The weakness of the human infant, for example, is the cause of parental affection; and all philanthropical influences are founded on the wants of man. 'What can be happier than such a deficiency as is the occasion of so much good?' (*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 4.) If there be a supremely good and all-ruling Mind, runs his argument, there can be nothing intrinsically bad. An inversion of the logic would correspond more accurately to his state of mind. He believes in God because he will not believe in the reality of evil. The Deity gives him the leverage of repelling all ill from the world. Christians, it is sometimes said, are forced to believe in a Devil as the antithesis of the good principle; they require a scapegoat to bear the responsibility of our sins. Shaftesbury abolishes the Devil and sin together. He refuses to look at the dark side of things, and declares it to be mere illusion.

In conformity with this view, he expends all his eloquence upon the marvellous beauties of the universe. We can perceive, he says, a universal frame of things, dimly indeed, and yet clearly enough to throw us into ecstasies of adoration. He invokes the Muses, and sings prose hymns to nature in the attempt to expand the words of Dryden's hymn:—



From harmony. from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began,

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

Harmony is Shaftesbury's catchword. On that text he is never tired of dilating. If in the general current of harmony there are some discords, they are to be resolved into a fuller harmony as our intelligence rises. If we complain of anything useless in nature, we are like men on board a ship in harbour, and ignorant of its purpose, who might complain of the masts and sails as useless encumbrances. He dwells, however, less upon metaphors of this kind, which suggest Paley's view of the Almighty as a supreme artificer, than upon the general order and harmony (for that word is never far from his lips) perceptible throughout the universe. God, we may almost say, is the harmony, though he does not explicitly adopt Pantheism. Theocles, the expounder of his theory in *The Moralists*, sets forth this view in a set hymn to nature, which, in spite of its formalities and old-fashioned defects of style, is at times really eloquent. 'O mighty nature!' he exclaims, 'wise substitute of Providence, empowered creatress! Oh, thou empowering Deity, supreme Creator! thee I invoke and thee alone adore! To thee this solitude, this place, these rural meditations are sacred; whilst thus inspired with harmony of thought, though unconfined by words and in loose numbers, I sing of nature's order in created things, and celebrate the beauties which revolve in thee, the source and principle of all beauty and perfection.' There is beauty in the laws of matter, in sense and thought, in the noble universe, in earth, air, water, light, in the animal creation and in natural scenery. (*Moralists*, Pt. III. § 1.) Pope or Wordsworth—for the two have some points in common—may ex-

pound his views in rhetorical verse and in lofty poetry. We need not pursue him into details.

From the conception thus expounded, all Shaftesbury's views of morality and religion may be easily deduced. His quarrel with the theologians of his day rests on far deeper grounds than any mere quarrel about Hebrew legends or Christian miracles. His objection to belief in the letter of Scripture is a corollary from his theory, not its foundation. We need not enquire whether the charges which he brings against divines are founded on a misapprehension of the true spirit of Christianity, or whether upon the accidental or the essential doctrines. To one great school of divinity, at any rate, he is wholly opposed. He charges the divines, in substance, with blaspheming God, the universe, and man. They blaspheme God because they represent Him as angry with His creatures, as punishing the innocent for the guilty, and appeased by the sufferings of the virtuous. They blaspheme the universe because, in their zeal to 'miraculise everything,' they rest the proof of theology rather upon the interruptions to order than upon order itself. (*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 4.) They paint the world in the darkest colours in order to throw a future world into relief, and thus, as Bolingbroke afterwards put it, the divines are in tacit alliance with the Atheists. Make the universe a scene of hideous chaos, and is not the inference that there is no God more legitimate than the inference that a God exists to provide compensation somewhere? Shaftesbury's view may be compared with Butler's, whose writings bear many traces of his influence. Shaftesbury, like Butler, insists upon the necessity of regarding the universe as a half-understood scheme. We cannot, he says, understand the part without a competent knowledge of the whole. The spider is made for the fly, and

the fly for the spider. The web and the wing are united to each other. To understand the leaf we must go to the root. (*Virtue*, Pt. II. § 1.) Every naturalist must understand the organisation in order to explain the organs. (*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 4.) But in Butler's view, the world of sense is imperfect and unintelligible except as a preparation for a future world. Earth is the ante-room to heaven and hell. It is the seed-plot of the harvest that can only be reaped in eternity. If man, to adopt Shaftesbury's familiar illustration, is the fly, the Devil is the spider. In Shaftesbury's view, on the other hand, there is no Devil and no spider beyond the limits of the universe. The world is a complete whole in itself. The harmony is perfect without the chorus of the angels. The planets sing as they shine, 'the hand that made us is Divine;' but they do not require the interpretation of a supernatural revelation. The Divinity, he thought, had been exiled from the universe, and it was his purpose to reclaim for the world around us the treasures of beauty which divines had removed to heaven.

But, most of all, divines had blasphemed man. The dogmas which assert the corruption of our nature are radically opposed to Shaftesbury's theory. Here, again, the same delusion was to be encountered. In their zeal to vindicate God, the divines had pronounced all our own qualities to be essentially vile. They had given our virtues to God, and left to us merely the refuse of selfishness and sensuality. This is the explanation from another side of his doctrine of enthusiasm. You call your own impulses Divine inspiration, he says in effect, when they are essentially human. With an affectation of self-abasement you are really indulging in blasphemous arrogance. The delusions from which you suffer are the natural effect of the misconception.

God has endowed man with his virtuous as well as with his indifferent and his vicious impulses. By arbitrarily dividing humanity, you fall into abject superstition, for you are as apt to make your God out of the vicious as of the virtuous qualities. This doctrine brings Shaftesbury into collision with the whole theory of future rewards and punishments. He believes, indeed, in an immaterial soul; and he does not explicitly deny the existence of a hell, or, at least, he does not deny that a belief in hell has its advantages—for the vulgar. But he labours energetically to show that hopes and fears of a future state are so far from being the proper motive to virtue, that they are rather destructive of its essential character. Not only may such weapons be pressed into the service of an evil deity, but they are radically immoral. The man who obeys the law under threats is no better than the man who breaks it when at liberty. 'There is no more of rectitude, piety or sanctity in a creature thus reformed than there is of meekness or gentleness in a tiger strongly chained, or innocence and sobriety in a monkey under the discipline of the whip.' The greater the obedience, the greater the morality. The habit of acting from such motives strengthens self-love, and discourages the disinterested love of God for His own sake. (*Virtue*, Book I. Pt. III. § 3.) In short, 'the excellence of the object, not the reward or punishment, should be our motive,' though, where the higher motive is inadequate, the lower may be judiciously brought in aid. (*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 3.) 'A devil and a hell,' as he elsewhere puts it, 'may prevail where a gaol and gallows are thought insufficient;' but such motives, he is careful to add, are suitable to the vulgar, not to the 'liberal, polished, and refined part of mankind,' who are apt to show that they

hold such 'pious narrations to be indeed no better than children's tales or the amusement of the mere vulgar.' (*Mis.* III. ch. 2.) Hell, in short, is a mere outpost on the frontiers of virtue, erected by judicious persons to restrain the vulgar and keep us from actual desertion, but not an animating and essential part of the internal discipline. It need not be pointed out how far this diverges from Butler's theory of our present life as a 'probationary state.'

Shaftesbury's theory of virtue brought him into collision, not merely with the divines, but with some of their bitterest opponents. The doctrine of hell, in the hands of vulgar expositors, implies a belief in the utter selfishness of mankind. We are essentially vicious 'tigers' or 'monkeys,' to be kept in awe by the chain and the whip. The cynics of the time, of whom Mandeville was the most prominent representative, accepted this theory of human nature, whilst abolishing the doctrine founded upon it. In their view, expanded into a philosophy by Hobbes, the arch-enemy, and crystallised into maxims by Rochefoucauld, man was selfish, and all his virtues mere modifications of selfishness. Mandeville tried to show that public spirit, honour, chastity, and benevolence were simply vices in disguise. They were not the less useful because founded on hypocrisy, but they were mere hollow shows. Shaftesbury's attack upon this doctrine was that which chiefly commended him to his contemporaries. They would accept even a Deist as an ally against a deadlier enemy. The term 'moral sense,' which he invented to explain his doctrines, was turned to account by his successors. Hutcheson worked up the theory with little alteration into an elaborate system. In Butler the moral sense is transformed into a conscience, a word more appropriate to his theological conceptions. Hartley tried

to explain the moral faculty by the laws of association, and Adam Smith by resolving it into sympathy. In one shape or another it played an important part in the controversies of the century. For, in fact, when the old supports of morality were falling into decay, men naturally attached supreme importance to a bold assertion of the truth, that benevolence is not a coldblooded calculation of our private interests. Shaftesbury was the leader in the struggle against that grovelling form of utilitarianism. Without tracing the connection of ideas more elaborately, it is enough to refer to the passage in which Shaftesbury gives his own view most pointedly. His writings are everywhere full of the same doctrine. Should anyone ask me, he says, why I would avoid being nasty when nobody was present, I should think him a very nasty gentleman to ask the question. If he insisted, I should reply, Because I have a nose. If he continued, What if you could not smell? I should reply that I would not see myself nasty. But if it was in the dark? 'Why, even then, though I had neither nose nor eyes, my sense of the matter would still be the same: my nature would rise at the thoughts of what was sordid; or if it did not, I should have a wretched nature indeed, and hate myself for a beast.'

Our hatred to vice, in short, is a primitive instinct. Shaftesbury, indeed, is rather apt to cut the knot. As he summarily denies the existence of evil, he is almost inclined to deny the real existence of vicious propensities; and he rather shirks than satisfactorily answers the difficulty arising from the possible collision between interest and virtue. He declares roundly that it does not exist. 'To be wicked or vicious is to be miserable;' and 'every vicious action must be self-injurious and ill.' Why, then, one is disposed to ask,

is virtue so bold? But, indeed, to be an optimist one must learn the lesson of how to shut one's eyes.

Shaftesbury's theory, however, falls in with his general system. What, after all, is this moral sense of which he speaks? What are the special actions which it approves? How do we know that its approval is final? What is the criterion of morality, and what the sanctions which, in fact, oblige us to obey its dictates? To some of these questions Shaftesbury gives a sufficiently vague reply, but his main answer cannot be doubtful. The moral sense is merely a particular case of that sense by which we perceive the all-pervading harmony. That harmony, as revealed to our imagination, produces the sense of the beautiful; as partially apprehended by our reason it produces philosophy; and as intellect, in the workings of human nature, it gives rise to the moral sense.

The æsthetic and the moral perceptions are the same, the only difference being in the object to which they are applied. 'Beauty and good, with you, Theocles,' he says, 'are still one and the same.' (*Moralists*, Pt. III. § 2.) Or, as he says elsewhere, 'What is beautiful is harmonious and proportionable; what is harmonious and proportionable is true; and what is at once both beautiful and true, is of consequence agreeable and good.' (*Mis.* III. ch. 2.) It would be superfluous to trace the association of Shaftesbury's ideal from the classical moralists, who were his favourite study, or from their interpreters, the Cambridge Platonists. One consequence follows, from which Shaftesbury does not shrink. If the good and the beautiful are the same, the faculty of moral approbation is the same faculty which judges of the fine arts. We recognise a hero as we recognise a poet or a painter. And thus Shaftesbury's last word is, Cultivate

your taste. Criticism is of surpassing importance in his eyes, because criticism is the art of forming accurate judgments, whether of religion, or art, or morality. He divides human passions into the natural affections, which lead to the good of the public; the 'self-affections, which lead only to the good of the private;' and those which, as simply injurious, may be called the 'unnatural affections.' (*Virtue*, Pt. I. § 3.) To eliminate the last, and to establish a just harmony between the others, is the problem of the moralist; and he will judge of the harmonious development of a man as a critic would judge of the harmony of a painting or a piece of music. Man, again, can be fully understood only as part of the great human family. He will be in harmony with his race when so developed as to contribute in the greatest degree to the general harmony. He is a member of a vast choir, and must beat out his part in the general music. Hence he dwells chiefly on the development of the benevolent emotions, though explicitly admitting that they may be sometimes developed in excess. The love of humanity, however, must be the ruling passion. He meets the objection—one often made to Comte—that one may love the individual but not the species, which is 'too metaphysical an object' (*Moralists*, II. § 1), by maintaining that to be a 'friend to anyone in particular it is necessary to be first a friend to mankind.' (*Ib.* § 2.) He has been in love, he says, with the people of ancient Rome in many ways, but specially under the symbol of 'a beautiful youth called the Genius of the People.' Make such a figure of mankind or nature, and he will regard it with equal affection. (*Moralists*, Pt. II. § 2.) The answer is the hymn to nature, already quoted.

Amongst various comments upon

Shaftesbury, this part of his system was selected for special attack. The moralists, generally known as the Intellectual school, maintained that it made all morality arbitrary. Price, for example, in his system of morality, argues that as there is no disputing about tastes, a moral theory which rests upon taste would allow of an infinite variety of fluctuating standards. Shaftesbury had anticipated and endeavoured to refute the objection. He declared that the maxims drawn from political theories as to the balance of power were 'as evident as those in mathematics' (*Wit and Humour*, Pt. III. § 1), and inferred that moral maxims founded on a proper theory of the balance of passions would be equally capable of rigid demonstration. The harmony of which he spoke had an objective reality, and did not reside in the ear of the hearer. The cultivation of the moral sense was necessary to enable us to catch its Divine notes; but the judgment of all cultivated observers would ultimately be the same. If a writer on music were to say that the rule of harmony was caprice, he would be ridiculous. 'Harmony is harmony by nature, let men judge ever so ridiculously of music.' Symmetry and proportion are equally founded in nature, 'let men's fancy prove ever so barbarous or their fashions ever so Gothic in their architecture, sculpture, or other designing art. 'Tis the same case where life and manners are concerned. Virtue has the same fixed standard. The same numbers, harmony and proportion, will have place in morals; and are discoverable in the character and affections of mankind; in which are laid the just foundations of our art and science, superior to every other of human practice and comprehension.' (*Soliloquy*, Pt. III. § 3.) Shaftesbury is in his own language, a 'realist' in his Theism and his morality. Virtue is a reality, and

can be discovered by all who will go through the necessary process of self-culture.

Of Shaftesbury's theories, false or true, it may safely be said that they were of high value as protests against the materialising tendencies of his age. It was good that men should have a loftier theory of religion put before them than that which made heaven and hell the sole motive powers, and aspired to erect a trained and deliberate selfishness into the place of all the virtues. If his explanations were not satisfactory, they helped to raise men above the teaching of the metaphysicians and the cynics. The two theories which were in possession of the field when he wrote, appeared to imply that morality was a branch of pure mathematics or of mechanics. Neither would bear inspection, and both sanctioned the selfishness of the prevailing theological dogmas. Shaftesbury's protest was needed, and the spirit of his practical morality was elevated if rather wanting in force. In spite of his confused and pedantic style, there struggle to light in his pages many indications of a really noble spirit, a wide cultivation, and a sympathy with the chief intellectual currents of his time.

And yet it is not to be denied that there is something flimsy in his speculations. They crumble in our hands. When we would come to close quarters with him he withdraws, like a Homeric god, into a cloud of rather unsubstantial eloquence. He has been accused, and, in spite of Dr. Spicker's protest, I think truly accused, of what may be called superfine philosophy. His morality is meant for the cultivated gentleman and 'virtuoso,' not for the ordinary man at death-grips with the evils of the world. He calmly leaves hell for the vulgar, and holds in a new sense that such a place should not be mentioned

to ears polite. He would so far approve the sentiment about God thinking twice before damning a person of quality, that he would certainly consider such a measure superfluous. Cultivation of the taste is a very excellent thing, but not quite applicable to ploughmen and sempstresses. Yet the ploughmen and the sempstresses require the aids of religion as much as their neighbours; and, indeed, a morality which abandons the task of reaching the poor and ignorant is but poor stuff at bottom. When Shaftesbury contemptuously turned over the vulgar to be kept in order by threats of hell, he was in fact abandoning the real power over mankind to the priests, whom he despised, but who knew how to work that terrible machinery. Underlying this weakness, however, there is, as Dr. Spicker well proves, a far deeper one. Optimism is a very pleasant theory, but it cannot be made to work. *Candide* will get the better of Pangloss when their theories are tested by experience. There are hideous things in the world which cannot be hid from sight or left out of our account in drawing up schemes of morality. Poverty and starvation and disease may be blessings in disguise, but the disguise will last our time. To say that they are not real evils, is useless for Shaftesbury's purpose. We have to assume their reality, whether

or not we may be able to discover some day that they are ultimately mere shams. Nobody in grief or serious temptation would be influenced by Shaftesbury's plausible philosophising. To the statement that there cannot be evil, they reply only too confidently there is. To bear up against it, and to fight our way to a better state of things, is our great duty in this world; and we shall not overcome our enemies by blandly denying their existence. The error into which Shaftesbury falls is something like the ordinary misconceptions of Berkeley's theory. Because there is said to be no such thing as substance, we are to knock our heads against a post. Because there is no cure for evil in Shaftesbury's metaphysical system, we are to act in this world of hard facts as if it were a mere fancy. It is better to take things as they are, and make the best of them without vain repinings in an equally vain attempt to retreat into a dreamland of philosophy.

To complete, however, the view of Shaftesbury's influence on his time, and to detect the causes of its failure and success, it would be necessary to consider the theories of some of his opponents. The most complete antithesis to Shaftesbury was Mandeville; and on a future occasion we may endeavour to draw his portrait by way of pendant to that of his noble antagonist.

L. S.



## A SKETCH OF M. THIERS.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS was born at Marseilles, April 16, 1797. His mother, whose family, once wealthy by commerce, had fallen into poverty, was married to a mechanic, a locksmith by trade. M. Thiers thus began life without any adventitious aid from fortune, either of birth or purse. He has become an historian of celebrity; he has taken the foremost rank in politics as well as in literature. Amongst the numberless decorations and titles of honour held by him at various times, are those of President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of the Interior, Member of the French Academy, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and, at the last, to crown his life, we see him in his present exalted position. We must acknowledge that this man, who began his career without a penny piece, with no name, in person of mean appearance, without a patron or friends, owes more to himself than to fortune. Nature's gifts to him were great talents, and no less ambition, indomitable force of will, and great tenacity of purpose. Young Thiers commenced his education at the imperial *lycée* of Marseilles, having won a scholarship, and being partly assisted by his maternal relatives. Here he worked hard until the age of eighteen, when in 1815 he went up to Aix to study law. At Aix he formed a friendship, continued through life, with M. Mignet, who, like himself, had come up to Aix from the imperial *lycée* at Avignon, and whose name, as an historian and publicist, rivals that of his more politically famous fellow-student. Both the youths, while studying the *Digest* and the *Civil Code* for their examinations, gave themselves up with ardour to the pursuit of

literature, philosophy, history, and politics. Thiers soon became the leader of a party amongst the students, and at their meetings used to denounce in violent language the Government of the Restoration, was for ever 'spouting' against it, and rehearsing the glorious memory of the Republic and of the Empire. In this way he got into disgrace with the professors, who loved peace and quiet, and became an abomination in the eyes of the commissary of police, while his comrades adored him.

In spite, however, of all opposition, he carried off the prize for eloquence: and a good story is told of the way in which he won it. Young Thiers sent in an essay for a prize offered by the Academy of Aix; his name, however, was divulged, and the learned Areopagites, rather than assign the prize to the little Jacobin, which his efforts had entitled him to, determined to postpone the adjudication of the prize to the following year. At the time appointed the manuscript of M. Thiers reappeared, but meanwhile an essay had come from Paris which distanced all the others, and gained the crown, while that of M. Thiers was placed second. Great was the grief of the Academicians of Bouches-du-Rhône when, on unsealing the motto of the laureate from Paris, it was found to belong to M. Thiers, who had maliciously amused himself with mystifying the honourable Academicians by treating the subject of the prize from another point of view, having his manuscript copied by a strange hand, and forwarding it to Paris, whence it was sent to Aix. He thus won both the prize and the *proxime accessit*.

Having donned the legal robe, M. Thiers soon saw that, in a town

where name and connections had much to do with the success of a man, it would be difficult for him to emerge from the obscurity in which he happened to have been born. He therefore determined to seek his fortune in Paris, whither M. Miguet accompanied him, and the comrades arrived there rich enough in talents and hope, but with a very light purse. An eyewitness thus describes their modest apartment. 'I climbed up to the top of a dingy *hôtel garni*, situate at the end of the dark and dirty passage Montesquieu, which is one of the most populous and noisy quarters of Paris. Having reached the fourth storey, I opened the door of a little smoky room, the furniture of which consisted of a small chest of drawers, a wooden bedstead, with white dimity curtains, two chairs, and a little black table, very shaky on its legs.'

The poor provincial lawyer, obscure and unknown, did not waste his time in waiting, with crossed arms, for fortune to come to him. In the beginning of 1825, during the Villèle Ministry, M. Manuel, the Liberal orator, was expelled from the Chamber. M. Thiers, the ambitious plebeian, saw at a glance the part to take up under an aristocratic Government, and at once called on M. Manuel, who, like himself, was from the South. M. Thiers was received with open arms, and introduced to M. Laffitte, and placed on the list of writers for the *Constitutionnel*. M. Thiers understood how to turn the opportunity to account. Eminently gifted by nature for polemics, he became noted for the power and boldness of his pen, and the young journalist soon obtained the entry to the houses of the chiefs of the Opposition, MM. Laffitte, Casimir Périer, De Flahault, the Baron Louis, and M. de Talleyrand, the last-named by no means a man easy of access, but

who quickly divined the powers of the young Southerner.

M. Thiers to his marvellous facility of style joined a wonderful memory, a prodigious fluency, and no less powers of quick comprehension. He found time, in the midst of his work for the daily press, to make visits, talk with everybody, hear everything, and to store up for meditation and study the fruit of his conversations with the principal actors in the revolutionary drama; men who had formerly sat in the Legislative Assembly, or at the Council of the Five Hundred, or had been Members of the Corps Législatif, or of the Tribunate, Girondins, Montagnards, old generals of the Empire, diplomates, financiers, men of the pen, men of the sword, men of brains, men of physical force. Such were the various men with whom M. Thiers daily conversed, questioning one, button-holding another, giving an ear to all; and then he would go home, weave up the broken fragments, and, spending the night over the pages of the *Moniteur*, add another leaf to his *History of the Revolution*. This work, which placed M. Thiers, at least temporarily, in the first rank of literature, is dedicated to the glorification of one of the greatest events that have occurred in the world. The pictures of men of the day, the financial and political studies, are always striking. The military part is treated with a clearness of strategical exposition and firmness of handling wonderful for a man who had never seen fire, and the descriptions of the campaigns in Italy are, in the opinion of competent judges, real *chefs-d'œuvre*. On the other hand, many think the work has a fundamental taint, the result of the variety of impressions the author received on his mind. M. Thiers starts from a fatalistic point of view; he admires a man so long as



he is successful, and an institution until it crumbles away and falls to the ground. With M. Thiers he who wins is always right, he who loses always wrong. It is a system of complete indifference—the apotheosis of success.

About this period M. Thiers was introduced, through a poor bookseller, by name Schubarth, to the great lord and millionaire of the publishing world, the Baron Cotta. The Baron conceived an enthusiastic admiration for M. Thiers, and showed his sympathy in the practical form of a present of a share in the *Constitutionnel* paper, at that time of considerable value. Now M. Thiers descended from his fourth floor and became the dandy, frequented Tortoni's, and rode in the Bois de Boulogne.

By and by M. Thiers became dissatisfied with the threadbare, monotonous Voltaireism of the *Constitutionnel*. He thought this organ of old-fashioned Liberalism behind the times, and that something younger and more democratic was wanted. In 1828 M. Thiers started the *National*, under the financial patronage of the leading men in the Chamber, being assisted by M. Armand Carrel and the cleverest men of the most advanced party. Now commenced that fierce attack which M. Thiers ably and perseveringly led against the Government of the Restoration. Day after day M. Thiers mounted the breach and fought M. Polignac; he harassed the Minister unceasingly; he blamed him for what he did and for what he did not do, giving him neither credit nor quarter. The result was the Ordinances of July, the reconstruction of the Chamber of Deputies, and the barricades on the morning of the 26th of July, 1830. All the journalists met at the office of the *National*. M. Thiers was at his post; a collective protest was drawn up, to which he was the

first to attach his name—an act of undoubted courage, as all who signed did so at the risk of their heads. On the 27th of July the people also made their protest in the streets by the barricades, and signed it with musket shots. M. Thiers, probably thinking that the pen was the only arm he could wield with advantage, went away to take a stroll beneath the oaks at Montmorency, and re-entered Paris on the 29th, when the fighting was over. The story goes that Montmorency being not a great way from Neuilly, M. Thiers made a little excursion in that direction during the three days.

On the establishment of the Government of the 9th of August—that of Louis Philippe—M. Thiers was named a Privy Councillor, and discharged the duties, though without the title, of General Secretary of Finance, under the Baron Louis. It was not long before the Ministry of July, which was made up of incompatible elements, fell to pieces. One section desired to advance, another to remain *in statu quo*; this party urged repressive measures, that propagandism. The Liberals carried the day, and M. Laffitte became President of the Council. It has been alleged that about this time the King offered the Portfolio of Finance to the young Privy Councillor, and that he refused it on the ground of his youth, not wishing to become Minister before his time. The fact requires confirmation. Be it as it may, M. Thiers now received the official title of Under Secretary of State, and, under M. Laffitte, supported one of the most terrible financial crises France had known.

M. Laffitte being absorbed with the functions pertaining to the President of the Council, the Administration of Finance was actually directed by M. Thiers, who showed, by his writings upon Law's system,

that he had studied the subject deeply.

M. Thiers was at this time named Deputy for the town of Aix, and made his *début* as a speaker in the Chambers, but was received with strong marks of general disfavour. Saturated with the memories of the Convention, M. Thiers posed himself à la Danton, and made use of 'tall talk.' 'He would save Poland; he would pass the Rhine, and democratise the world!' These warlike ideas frightened the timid, and his turgid delivery fatigued everybody. On the fall of M. Laffitte, M. Casimir Périer became Minister (March 15, 1831), and his policy was the direct contrary to that of his predecessor. The Opposition, which rallied round M. Laffitte, expected to count M. Thiers in their ranks, but his first speech was a virulent attack upon their programme. This sudden transformation wounded M. Laffitte deeply, embarrassed his party, and astonished everybody. The friends of M. Thiers explained the *brusque* change on the plea of patriotism:— 'M. Thiers had thought it his duty to sacrifice personal convictions, friendship, and sympathy, that France might have repose.' Henceforth there was a marked coolness between the ex-President of the Council of the 5th of November and the ally of the Ministry of the 15th of March.

Throughout the session M. Thiers the innovator cared for no more novelties; M. Thiers the martialist and propagandist abhorred both war and propagandism, while he loudly proclaimed the necessity of fusion and peace.

When the question of an hereditary peerage came on, M. Thiers alone defended it, for the Government, fearing the strength of the Opposition, gave way. On this occasion M. Thiers altered his style of speaking; from an orator he became a

politician; his former gesticulation and bombast were changed for a style simple, lively, and rapid, that succeeded marvellously. The hereditary peerage was lost, but M. Thiers rose to a level with the best speakers in the House, and he has known how to maintain his position.

Casimir Périer died shortly after this, and on October 11, 1831, M. Thiers arrived at last at the Ministry of the Interior, Marshal Soult being President. The position of the Government was very alarming. La Vendée was in a blaze. Belgium was threatened. Irritation was universal. M. Thiers without hesitation turned towards the West, as the point of greatest danger. The Duchess of Berri was arrested and the civil war extinguished. Then the Government, by a bold stroke, seized the citadel of Antwerp, and assured the tranquillity of Belgium. The session opened, and on the strength of these two acts the Ministry of October 11 obtained a large majority in the Chambers.

M. Thiers, disgusted, it is said, by the police business attached to the Ministry of the Interior, exchanged it for the portfolio of Commerce and Public Works. He began in his new post by asking for a credit of 100 millions of francs to carry out great works of public utility. The credit was granted; the statue of Napoleon was replaced on its column, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile was completed, the works at the Madeleine were actively prosecuted, the palace of the Quai d'Orsay was raised, the roads were put into repair, the canals cleared, thousands of workmen were employed, and Industry began to raise her head.

The storm, however, soon gathered again. In the beginning of 1834 signs of violent agitation by the Republican party induced the Government to bring forward the law against associations. M. Thiers

gave it his strenuous support, not merely as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent principle for the benefit of public order and safety. Being considered the most active and energetic of the Ministers, he was soon restored to his old post of Minister of the Interior. A few days later the insurrection broke out at Lyons and at Paris. M. Thiers now had occasion to show true physical bravery, for Captain Rey and young Armand de Vareilles were shot at his side at the barricades, by bullets aimed at the Minister. The insurrection was quelled. When the trials came on, M. Thiers, at the council board, opposed the interposition of the Chamber of Peers as inopportune and mischievous, but consented to bow to the decision of the majority. Soon grave discussions arose in the Cabinet of October 11. Marshal Soult and M. Thiers descended to gross personalities, and fell to disputing instead of discussing. The old hero of Toulouse ended by applying a coarse epithet to his young colleague, much to the gratification of the latter, and the Marshal retired. Marshal Gérard was called upon to take his place, but, finding himself in direct opposition to M. Thiers on the amnesty question, he also retired. M. Thiers, not yet daring to aspire to the Presidency, and unable to find a President, sent in his own resignation.

Then followed the comedy of the Bassano Ministry, which lasted three days. At last Marshal Mortier devoted himself, and M. Thiers took back again the portfolio of the Interior.

When the session of 1835 opened, the amnesty question reappeared, M. Thiers still opposing it as before. A few days later he took part in a wholly peaceful ceremony, being admitted a member of the French Academy.

Marshal Mortier soon wearied of playing a mere nominal part as

President, and resigned. A fresh *imbroglio* followed. M. Guizot would not have M. Thiers for President. M. Thiers would not have M. de Broglie, and like Achilles retired to his tent, but ended by accepting M. de Broglie. M. Thiers was at the side of the King when Fieschi's infernal machine exploded at the *fêtes* of July. Grave results followed this unhappy occurrence. The Chambers were called together. New laws, brought forward in September, restricting the functions of juries and the freedom of the press, were carried by a large majority; and these strong measures were supported by M. Thiers.

By and by the struggle between M. Thiers and M. Guizot waxed hotter, and the latter retired together with M. de Broglie. M. Thiers then became Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council. Suddenly matters became serious in Spain. The question of intervention was raised at the council board. M. Thiers, desiring intervention, found himself in direct opposition to the Crown, and acting independently sent in his resignation. Then the Ministry of April 15, with Count Molé as President, was formed. M. Thiers during the recess made a pleasure tour in Italy, and having kissed the Pope's toe, returned laden with Roman medals, mediæval caskets, and arguments for the Left Centre.

Presently the storm rose against the Ministry, and about the middle of 1838 the Coalition was formed. Men of the most opposed parties abjured their mutual resentments, and joined together to fight side by side for the moment, but afterwards to dispute about the victory. Thus the Ministry of the 15th of April fell, and for two months *doctrinaires*, men of the Right Centre, men of the *tiers-parti*, men of the Left Centre, grasped at the Ministerial *bâton*, and wasted their strength in

combinations which proved abortive as soon as they were conceived.

M. Thiers, who led the Coalition, became the temporary idol of that very Opposition press he had just before treated so badly. He was unable to form a Cabinet by himself, and would not accept Marshal Soult as President except on the condition of holding the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, which his old colleague of October 11 refused to grant. Put forward as a candidate for the Presidency, M. Thiers found himself stranded. The events of May 12 soon solved the crisis, and M. Thiers, after sitting on the Ministerial bench for seven years, found himself back again in the Opposition, a simple deputy, without office, as at the dawn of the Revolution, and nearer to M. Laffitte than he had been since Casimir Périer was Minister. But though without office he was still the most eloquent man after his manner, and a centre of attraction. A clever writer<sup>1</sup> thus describes him in the House at this period:—

On entering the Chamber of Deputies on a parliamentary field day, we may see in the tribune a little man in a state of violent agitation. His head is only just visible above the marble rail that tops the narrow cage from whence each speaker in his turn perorates. The face that belongs to that head is a very plain one, and as it were hung behind a huge pair of spectacles, but the features are lively, mobile, expressive, and original. Now, while we wait for the school-room buzz of the deputies to subside, let us look at the shape of the mouth. The lips, thin, capricious, sneering like Voltaire's, are in continual play with a smile that is delicate, sarcastic, and inquisitorial in the extreme. At last the Honourable House subsides into silence; the orator begins to speak; listen, or if your organisation is delicate and musical, stop your ears at first and open them by degrees, for the voice you will hear is one of those shrill, scolding, stridulous voices that would make a Lablache faint or a Rubini shudder. It is a dubious, abnormal,

epicene-kind of a voice, neither masculine nor feminine, perhaps rather of the neuter gender, and smacks strongly of a provincial accent; and yet this little man of no appearance, no position, and with such a voice, is none other than M. Thiers, one of the most eminent men of the day, one of the most powerful orators in the House. That shrill, squeaking voice utters words which are always heard with favour, and are often applauded with frantic enthusiasm. From that nasal larynx flows out a speech clear as crystal, rapid as thought, weighty and concise as meditation.

M. Thiers did not, however, remain long out of office; he became Minister of Foreign Affairs in March 1840, but yielded the place to M. Guizot in October of the same year. In 1842, as chief of the Left Centre, M. Thiers supported in a powerful speech the law for excluding the Duchess of Orleans. In 1845 he urged the adoption of measures for preventing the extension of the order of Jesuits in France, and they were expelled again as in 1831. During these and the following years M. Thiers was chiefly occupied in his library, and contributed to the press. In 1847 appeared an article in the *Constitutionnel*, in which he declared that 'he was on the side of the Revolution and would never betray it.' The fall of the Monarchy was now close at hand, and on the prohibition of the intended reform banquet, February 21, 1848, M. Guizot being impeached and resigning, the King called upon M. Thiers, but he was unable to stem the revolutionary torrent, and Louis Philippe abdicated. On December 10, 1848, M. Thiers voted for Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic. Upon the *coup d'état*, when the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, M. Thiers, with Changarnier and others, was arrested; he was afterwards conducted to Frankfort, and remained out of France until August 1852,

<sup>1</sup> *Galerie des Contemporains illustres*, par Un Homme de Rien.

when it was intimated to him that he might return. Availing himself of the permission he returned home, and occupied himself in his literary labours.

In 1863 MM. Thiers, Ollivier and Favre were elected deputies on the Opposition side of the House, and M. Thiers took a very active part in the discussions on the various questions brought before the House, and in 1867 he made his famous

oration on 'the foreign policy of France.'

Of the part M. Thiers has played since the fall of the Empire we have not now to speak, our object has been to trace rapidly his earlier life. His celebrated journey to the European Courts, his acts since he became President of France, are they not written in the daily pages of the papers?

S.



## ON PRISONS.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS  
HELD IN LONDON FROM JULY 3 TO 13, 1872.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR WALTER CROFTON, C.B.

ON the evening of July 3, 1872, there assembled at the Middle Temple Hall a large and important gathering to hear the opening address of the Earl of Carnarvon, the President of the International Prison Congress.

Official and other delegates from Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Mexico, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Saxony, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and from the United States were there; and representatives from India, from our Colonies, and of the magistracy of the United Kingdom were there also.

The idea of this great and important Congress—the World's Congress, as its organiser, Dr. Wines, of the United States, has somewhere termed it—originated in America. Congress, approving the proposal, authorised the President to appoint a Commissioner to visit Europe for the purpose of giving effect to it, and General Grant placed the Commission in the hands of Dr. Wines. No person could have executed that very difficult commission better, and very few so well. His mission to various Continental States in 1871 met with the highest, the warmest support, the results most abundantly illustrating that this encouragement was not merely an encouragement of words, but of deeds, involving as it did each State in considerable trouble and some expenditure.

The proposal seemed, indeed, to be most timely, for all nations, in a greater or lesser degree, considered their treatment of criminals to be in an incomplete and tentative

state. Some were on the eve of erecting prisons which would be governed in their construction by the prison system it would be advisable to adopt. Others desired to know whether a system of progressive classification of criminals could be safely and advantageously introduced, and how far it could be applied consistently with different nationalities.

Considering the vast importance to humanity of this great social question, it is well to find the warm and active interest evinced by various Governments with regard to it—for it was not always so.

In England we need not look back far to find the treatment of our criminals erring through excessive severity and brutalising conduct. Under such a system, if system it can be called, we manufactured criminals, and reaped the sure and very sad results. Subsequently, with the reaction which was the inevitable consequence of such a state of things, we erred, and deeply erred, on the side of excessive lenity. In either case we worked without a principle, dealing in a fragmentary manner with a very grave and comprehensive question. What stronger testimony need be adduced to confirm this statement than the fact that it is only recently we have realised the necessity by legislation of firmly controlling the criminal classes, and attacking crime and its haunts at the root?

To return to the President's address on the evening of July 3—an evening which will not be very easily forgotten by those present at the meeting—Lord Carnarvon, whose experience on this subject as Chairman of the Committee of the

House of Lords on Prison Discipline, and for many years as Chairman of Quarter Sessions and Chairman of Visiting Justices to the Gaols in Hampshire, gives to his opinion considerable weight, indicated the course which he assumed the Congress would follow in its discussions, and gave a brief history of the treatment of our criminals in England.

He said—' I shall not overstate my case if I say that here in England we have, in spite of many interruptions, errors, and failures of purpose, entered into a period of general, though gradual, improvement.

' Three measures, indeed, of considerable magnitude for the repression of crime have been enacted during the last eight years—the Penal Servitude Act of 1864, which was the result of the Penal Servitude Commission; the Prisons Act of 1865, which was the result of the House of Lords' Committee on Prison Discipline, of which I had the honour to be Chairman; and the Habitual Criminals Acts of 1869 and 1871, which were the result of the cessation of transportation, and the gradual conviction that somehow means must be found or made for dealing with a large body of professional criminals growing every year into more formidable proportions amidst all the difficulties of an old and wealthy and artificial society. Certainly our prisons are not now what they were when Howard first began his task, nor do they deserve the name of palaces, as they were, I think, once called by Voltaire. They have passed through the extremes of undue harshness and undue leniency; and they are approaching, though they have only in individual instances reached, that middle and wholesome condition where health and life are cared for, where all facilities for moral and religious im-

provement are given, but where labour is exacted from all, and where a disagreeable sense of personal restraint and real punishment is brought home to each offender.

' Finally, under the Prevention of Crime Act of 1871, which embodied and amended the Habitual Criminals Act of 1869, some important measures have been adopted to weaken, if they have failed to break up, that large class which follows crime as a trade, and which—at all times a cause of trouble and grievous expense to the community—becomes a source of grave danger in seasons of popular disturbance. Re-convictions for felony receive a heavier punishment; receivers of stolen goods are brought, or are intended to be brought, under the severer action of the law; a registration of habitual criminals and the use of photography have been attempted, though I doubt whether in the most effectual manner. The police are enabled to deal with previously convicted offenders against whom there is reasonable cause of suspicion; supervision, formerly nominal, has been made more real by enforcing a monthly report of the license holder to the police; and lastly, though this provision seems capable of improvement, it is now possible to affect in some measure the spring-head and supply of crime itself by sending to industrial schools the children of women who have been twice convicted, provided that they are left without visible means of subsistence, or are without proper guardianship. These, doubtless, are improvements, and it is possible that they may be carried yet further.'

With reference to progressive classification, he states—' Such inducements to amendment may be promoted, and their results will be best tested by a well-considered system of classification, under which

the quantity and quality of labour are regulated, and the upward progress of the prisoner (who himself becomes the arbiter of his own fate) through each class in succession may be accelerated by industry and good conduct. I believe that there are few natures upon which the gradual substitution of lighter for heavier work, the concession of small privileges for good conduct, and, above all, the sense that the duration or character of their punishment depends in a considerable measure upon themselves and their own exertions, will not exercise a wholesome effect. But let it always be remembered that good conduct means neither promises nor professions of feeling, nor even a mere passive compliance with prison rules; it means actual industry, of which some evidence can be given, and, if possible, voluntary industry over and above the prescribed task. Such a result, though hard to be secured in cases of short sentences, is not impossible.'

After describing the progressive classification (which is governed by 'marks') in the convict system, the President stated 'that in smaller gaols, with short sentenced prisoners, privileges of an almost nominal value may be made to have an almost equal effect: for men are influenced by the wants and circumstances of the moment, and things which in a state of personal freedom are of small account, become in prison of the highest moment.' With regard to the 'mark' system, he said—'I need hardly add to those who have studied these questions that the best and most proved machinery for giving effect to these ideas is a scale of marks, which may be made as simple for small as it can be brought to a high degree of elaboration for large prisons. The opposition to this system, which many of us may remember when it was first introduced in Ireland, and afterwards was applied in England,

has now passed away; its value is fully recognised, and it is at last understood that under no method can the prisoners' work be more effectually measured, or the diligence and fairness of the prison officers more accurately tested.'

On July 4 the discussions commenced; the arrangements, order of papers, &c., having been previously settled by the International Committee.

Very important and interesting papers were read to the Congress, and elicited some very profitable discussion. It was a cause of regret to many, and especially to the representatives of the English magistracy present, that on several subjects of considerable importance sufficient time was not allowed for their discussion, or even for the full explanations which were required to remove much misapprehension of our English practice which appeared to exist in the minds of our Continental and American friends.

This was especially the case with regard to the subject of corporal punishment, introduced by M. Stevens, of Belgium, and of prison labour, by Mr. Frederick Hill.

It is impossible to deny that the general feeling of the Congress was extremely hostile both to the infliction of corporal punishment, and to some of the statutory requirements of hard labour, viz. the crank, treadmill, and shot drill. As indicative of this feeling, M. D'Alinge, the delegate from Saxony, to whom the Congress was indebted for much useful information, has written two letters to the *Times* within the last few weeks, stating 'that he had been deeply pained by what he had witnessed in some departments of our penal institutions,' and found it necessary to point 'to the remaining old barbarities which in our beautiful country still discredit the laws of justice and the authority of punishment.'

Ladies and gentlemen, in discuss-



ing this question, spoke as if these were our ordinary forms of punishment and of work, and most charitably hoped that the necessity for such treatment would no longer be apparent to us now we had adopted compulsory education. But how stand the facts?

Corporal punishment is retained as a very exceptional, and not an ordinary form of punishment, and is never resorted to save in cases in which a most brutalised nature has been evinced by the offender, and then only by magisterial order, which must be supported by medical approval. Those conversant with the ordinary practice of visiting justices of gaols, before ordering the infliction of corporal punishment, will be amazed at some of the opinions expressed in the Congress, pleading for the abolition of the power, lest it should be abused. With regard to this subject, the President said, 'One word more on prison punishments. Where there is an intractable disposition, which breaks out in acts of insubordination and violence, the employment of corporal punishment becomes sometimes necessary. It is a resource to be used sparingly and cautiously, never without medical sanction, and always with discrimination, both as to the cases and individuals. But under such conditions I hold it to be an invaluable resource. Within my own experience, I can scarcely recall the instance where it has failed in the desired effect, or where there was room for the slightest doubt as to the expediency of the order.'

There is no person, whose opinion would be entitled to weight, who would in this country advocate the indiscriminate use of corporal punishment. On the other hand, there would be very few, with practical experience, but would desire the retention of the power, to be applicable only to those exceptional and brutalised natures which

are unfortunately at times found in our gaols. It is believed, and rightly believed, that the retention of the power prevents, in many cases, the necessity for its exercise.

It should be clearly understood that the punishments of solitude, and privation of diet, have in this country, under medical authority, their limits, and that we do not admit the use of such punishments as the shower bath, collars, &c.

In the course of discussion, Dr. Mouat, who was for many years the Inspector-General of Prisons in Bengal, pointed out that he had found, in several instances, the retention of the power of inflicting corporal punishment had been the means of preventing murder.

General Pilsbury, of the United States, the able and humane Governor of Albany Prison, whose experience of fifty years and his own estimable qualities give to his opinion considerable weight, made a statement to the same effect; and, had time permitted, these opinions would have been abundantly confirmed by the magistrates and governors of gaols present at the meeting.

Very much misapprehension also prevailed with regard to 'penal labour.' It seemed to be the impression that it was confined by statute to the crank, shot drill, and the treadmill. This is not the case; it is optional with the magistracy to adopt these forms of labour, or others (some of which are indicated in the statute 19th cl. 28 and 29 Vic. cap. 126) calculated to secure hard bodily labour. Mr. Hibbert, M.P. for Oldham, and Secretary of the Local Government Board, made this explanation to the Congress, and as Chairman of the Visiting Justices at Salford Borough Gaol showed that, although the treadmill was used at the commencement of sentences of hard labour, the industrial profits of the gaol exceeded those of any other county

or borough gaol in the United Kingdom.

The fact being, that in Salford Gaol and in several others, 'penal labour' has been placed in its proper order, leading by good conduct to 'industrial labour,' which is thereby associated in the mind of the criminal with privilege, a very important portion of his training, when it is considered how necessary it is that he should learn to like work. Members of the Congress were justified in deprecating the practice pursued in many of the gaols which they had visited, in restricting the work to 'penal labour,' such as the tread-wheel, shot drill, &c. Nothing could be more detrimental to amendment, or be more fatal to the promotion of habits of true industry, than such an absence of system and motive power to improvement.

But we cannot accept such a procedure as an approved type of prison treatment in this country.

In inviting the attention of the magistracy to the Prisons Act 1865, the Home Secretary pointed out how industry and good behaviour could be stimulated under good and systematic arrangements—showing that progressive classification, even seven years since, was expected to be the result of a course which he was enabled to suggest, but had not power to direct. We can, however, fortunately point to several gaols in which the intention of the Government has been carried out.

In turning to the convict establishments, which, from being under the sole control of the Government, may be considered as directly representing its views upon prison discipline, we find the system based upon progressive classification, with the strongest motive power to amend, existing in its different stages.

It will be seen, from what has been stated, that the practices in some gaols which have been complained of by members of the Congress cannot be recognised as the prison

system of the country, but as the result of the great power given to gaol authorities under the Prisons Act 1865. We must accept this as a blot in our procedure, and trust that, either by an early amendment of the statute, or by other very obvious means, both uniformity of treatment and progressive classification will very soon be made imperative.

But, in pleading guilty to this blot, which, it is to be hoped, will soon be removed, we have reason, as a nation, to be proud of the comprehensive manner in which we deal with our criminal classes as a whole; and it is submitted that a due consideration of our principles of procedure will show that the whole course is tempered with humanity, whilst due protection to the community is at the same time afforded.

The late Count Cavour, in a minute on the Irish convict system, recorded 'that, in his opinion, it was the only efficacious means of discountenancing vice and crime, by encouraging, through means purely philanthropic, the reform of the criminal without, however, holding from him his punishment.'

The treatment of our criminals in this country, if carefully considered as a whole, is now entitled to equal approval.

We administer punishment as being exemplary, and, if placed in its proper order, as being both deterrent and reformatory to the criminal himself.

We offer, in our progressive classification, the strongest inducement to amend, and in the process we use such motive powers as will best secure that end.

We do not enfeeble or crush the will of the criminal by lengthened isolation, but endeavour so to mould, and then to co-operate with it, as to utilise it in a new and a better form for the great battle of life which must be fought on liberation. As it is of little use to train him

for honest employment if it is closed against him, we prepare him for release, and by our Prisoners Aid Societies, now numbering thirty-six, we further his obtaining employment.

Reports were read to the Congress by Mr. Murray Browne, the Honorary Secretary to the Metropolitan Discharged Prisoners Relief Committee, and by Mr. Ranken, the Honorary Secretary of the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society at Charing Cross, which deals specially with those who have been in the convict establishments.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the results shown by these gentlemen, and it may be stated that, in addition to the aids already mentioned, there are three female refuges in connection with the English convict establishments, which very materially assist in placing the deserving in employment, and Mrs. Meredith's Prisoners Aid Society.

The Act 25 and 26 Vic. c. 44 not only sanctions the giving aid to discharged prisoners, but renders the formation of societies for the purpose comparatively easy.

By the legislation of recent years we have at last realised the necessity of stamping out habitual crime as a pestilence, and so, under the Habitual Criminals Act of 1869, and the Prevention of Crime Act of 1871, the criminal now finds, on his liberation, that the facilities which formerly prevailed for the commission of crime no longer exist; he is now convinced that he cannot pursue crime with impunity, and that, if he still persists in following it, the vocation will be one of the utmost hazard. The State is thus following up its prison training by protecting the criminal against himself, and lessening his temptations by legislation so far as is practicable.

Registration of criminals, photography, and police supervision have conduced to this end; and those only can fully realise the advantages which have accrued therefrom who had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the immunity of the criminal classes which until lately existed.

The public are in very general accord that Mr. Bruce, the present Home Secretary, has given us good measures in the statutes which have been named, but not many are in a position to feel their full value, and know from how much we have been saved by such timely legislation.

'Police supervision' has not been, as was anticipated by some persons a few years since, abused; it is used, and in the real interests of the criminal as well as of the public.

Concurrently with other information of great value given to the Congress by the eminent men who were present, we learnt with satisfaction that Germany had introduced a new Penal Code which had taken effect from January 1, 1872,<sup>1</sup> and in it we find that, analogous to the system of ticket-of-leave, the Penal Code admits of a provisional liberation of the convict on the presumption that he is a fit person to return to society—that prisoners sentenced to longer terms of imprisonment may be provisionally set at liberty, if they have conducted themselves well during three-fourths of the term of imprisonment, not being less than one year. We also learn the pains taken by the Government to secure a careful and considerate supervision by the police, for the instructions declare 'the necessity which exists for a careful discrimination of the different classes of criminals, and mention that from misguided supervision reformation becomes frequently impossible.' The Minister exhorts the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. E. Zimmermann. (Trübner & Co.)

police 'to direct all their powers to the fulfilment of his desire, that they may not, by untimely and inconsiderate exercise of supervision, throw any impediments in the way of released prisoners striving to secure an honest livelihood.'

It must be extremely gratifying to those who have long advocated a well-regulated 'police supervision,' to find Germany proceeding on the lines which, first laid down in Ireland, have since been followed with such advantage in Great Britain.

There was much interesting information on the Belgian system of prison discipline given to the Congress by M. Stevens, the Inspector of Prisons in Belgium, and there can be little doubt that, considered merely as a system of discipline within the prison, it has several recommendations.

Many experienced persons have seen these prisons, and most highly commend their appearance and order; but it will be observed, by what has been stated, that in our treatment of criminals we aim at a more comprehensive scheme than their mere prison discipline, and that in furtherance of this end we desire not only to give them corrective discipline, and to keep them orderly and cleanly, but, so far as may be possible, to make their treatment and tests of improvement of a natural description.

We endeavour to smooth their passage to an honest life by inducing persons to offer them employment, and we try to make them fit for it.

Artificial treatment would in this country entirely fail to attain this end; it is undeniable that under it prison offences might be diminished, and the responsibilities of management would assuredly be lessened, but this is only one element in the consideration of a grave social question, which we have been called

upon to solve under very considerable difficulties.

There were many interesting and most instructive papers read to the Congress on the discipline and industries of prisons, and reformatory and industrial schools, which have just been published in the volume of *Transactions*.<sup>2</sup>

It is certain that we are now proceeding on principles which have satisfactorily stood the test of information collected in a manner not possible in any country which does not register and supervise its criminals, and place them under disabilities. It is obviously worse than useless to compare and draw conclusions from statistics collected from different data, for they would entirely mislead the public; and this point is especially worthy of the consideration of the International Statistical Committee appointed to meet in Brussels during next September.

Under the strongest and most reliable test which has yet been applied in any country in order to obtain information of liberated criminals, we find that, notwithstanding the increase of our population, and the improved machinery for the detection of offenders, serious crime has very materially decreased; we shall be, therefore, wise in proceeding according to the principles which have been laid down by the Government, and have been approved by the highest and most experienced authorities upon this subject.

At the same time, in developing these principles, there will be from time to time many improvements to make, the value of which can only be shown by experience. Although approving the general plan of our procedure, it cannot by any means be asserted that our labour in prisons is not capable of improvement, or that our education in these

<sup>2</sup> *Transactions, International Penitentiary Congress.* (Longmans & Co.)

establishments is given in the best and most intelligible form.

Progressive classification has still to be improved and extended, and must be made imperative upon all gaol authorities. Repeated re-convictions with short sentences must no longer be practicable. The children of habitual criminals must be systematically taken from their parents under cl. 14 of the Prevention of Crime Act, and placed in industrial schools. Public prosecutors must be appointed. When these and some other matters have been attended to, the framework of principles laid down by legislation and authority will have been to some extent satisfactorily filled up.

The resolutions adopted by the Congress were in brief these:—

The establishment of a progressive classification of prisoners in all gaols; that hope should be constantly sustained in the minds of prisoners by a system of rewards for good conduct and industry—whether in the shape of a diminution of sentence, a participation in earnings, a gradual withdrawal of restraint, or an enlargement of privilege.

That all disciplinary punishments that inflict unnecessary pain or humiliation should be abolished; and the penalties should, so far as possible, be the diminution of ordinary comforts, the forfeiture of some privilege, or of a part of the progress made towards liberation. Moral forces and motives should, in fact, be relied on, so far as is consistent with the due maintenance of discipline, and physical force should be employed only in the last necessity. The true principle is to place the prisoner—who must be taught that he has sinned against society, and owes reparation—in a position of stern adversity, from which he must work his own way out by his own exer-

tions. To impel a prisoner to this self-exertion should be the aim of a system of prison discipline which can never be truly reformatory unless it succeeds in gaining the will of the convict.

That if a sound system of prison discipline be desirable, it is no less expedient that the prisoner, on his discharge, should be systematically aided to obtain employment, and to return permanently to the ranks of honest and productive industry. For this purpose a more comprehensive system than has yet been brought to bear seems to be desirable.

Attention is also called in the Report to the importance of preventive agencies, such as industrial schools.

It has been the object of the writer of this paper to endeavour, so far as space would permit, to correct the misapprehension upon certain points which prevailed in the minds of many members of the International Prison Congress;<sup>3</sup> and to show by extracts from the address of the President, and by other statements referring to the subject, that the prison system of this country, as approved by the State, is, so far as its legal authority at present extends, in accord with the resolutions of the Executive Committee of the International Prison Congress. But, at the same time, in consequence of the want of power of the central authority to direct uniformity of treatment in local gaols, the principles approved and acted on in the establishments under the control of the Government are in some of the county and borough gaols in different stages of development, whilst in others, unfavourably commented on by members of the Congress, their development has, unfortunately, not even yet been attempted.

<sup>3</sup> These points are to be brought under the consideration of the Prison Congress at Baltimore, U.S., on January 21, 1873, and also before a meeting to be convened early in the year at the rooms of the Social Science Association in London.

## DULWICH COLLEGE.

THE ancient and picturesque foundation of God's Gift in Dulwich is about to undergo one of those inevitable transformations, which, however well adapted to the changed requirements of our times, can scarcely be regarded without a faint regret. The publication of a new scheme by the Endowed Schools Commissioners for the reorganisation and future administration of this great charity seems to furnish a fitting occasion for recalling attention to Edward Alleyn's original designs, to the manner in which they have been practically realised, and to the nature of those larger and more ambitious objects to which it is now proposed to apply his benevolent gift.

The period of Edward Alleyn's life covers the golden age of our national drama. Born in 1566, his 60 years included much of the life of Spenser, Sidney, Dekker, Webster, and Massinger, and nearly the whole of that of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Bacon, and Jonson. Coveting no name in literature, he yet appears to have been on terms of honourable friendship with some of the greatest writers of his day, and to have done much to redeem the profession of a player from the traditional discredit which still clung to it, even though the performances of bear-wards, minstrels, and players of vain interludes were being fast historic drama, and by a noble literature. Except Shakespeare, Alleyn is the only contemporary actor who is known to have made a fortune by the theatre; and the rapidity with which he added field to field, and sought after new investments, is a striking proof of the favour with which the English public welcomed the development of their national drama, and rewarded its professors. Besides setting up almshouses and minor

charities elsewhere, he contrived to purchase, at a cost of nearly 9,000*l.*, the manor of Dulwich and adjacent properties, and on it to establish as his most enduring monument his College of God's Gift. He had been much impressed with a visit he paid to the foundation of Thomas Sutton at the Charter-house, and desired to emulate his deeds. With how much care and affection he set about this task, and framed the statutes for the future administration of the College; how thankfully he welcomed the Lord Chancellor Bacon, Mr. Inigo Jones, and many other notables to the religious services and banquet with which he distinguished the great day of his life, that of the opening of the new College in September 1619; how calmly he and his wife betook themselves for the remnant of their days to the shelter of the new home they had thus created for others; occasionally recreating themselves, in memory of old times, with the performance of a play by the boys of the school; how they subjected themselves to the same rules and lived the same life as the recipients of their bounty, may all be read in the curious narrative which the zeal of Mr. Collier and of the Shakespeare Society has pieced together from the fragmentary documents preserved at Dulwich. 'I like well,' said the Lord Keeper Verulam, 'that Allen playeth the last act of his life so well.'

Yet to Bacon's foresight and statesmanship the disposition of his property made by the player, did not seem to be entirely wise. It was natural that Alleyn in the evening of his days should picture to himself a retreat which should be a safe harbour from the cares of life, where, to the end of time, six poor men and six poor women, under the supervision of a master, warden, and four fellows, and with the help of a

skilful organist, should always worship God together, and

Husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

On this the eleemosynary part of his foundation, he evidently bestowed more thought than upon the provision for the education of twelve boys in good literature, whom, nevertheless, he desired to be added to the little community. To Bacon, who was officially cognisant of the proceedings for legalising the appropriation of the estate to this purpose, it seemed that it would be well to devote more to education and less to charity. There was, he said, great want of lectureships in Oxford and Cambridge, foundations of singular honour and usefulness, 'whereas hospitals abound, and beggars abound never a whit less.'

Bacon's efforts to procure a more favourable apportionment of the estate to educational objects were overruled, but have been abundantly justified by the subsequent history of the foundation. Experience has shown that a quasi-monastic community of old people, separated from their own friends and relatives, bound, it is true, by no vows, but subjected to religious and other restraints which are alien to the habits of their life, is one of the least happy and restful of societies; and that the creation of artificial substitutes of this kind for true homes is one of the most wasteful and ineffective of all forms of benevolence. Moreover, as the legal estate was vested in the master, warden, and fellows, it has happened, as years went on and the property increased, that the full advantage of the increase has been shared by these functionaries, while the comforts of the almsmen were not augmented, and the twelve poor boys, in wretched isolation from all the influences by which the life of a good school is sustained, were for

many generations compelled to be content with a charity-school education of the most meagre quality.

That Alleyn's work was one of true and wise beneficence does not, however, appear at the time to have been doubted by anyone but Bacon. From grateful dramatists like Heywood, from noblemen like the Earl of Arundel, even from a clergyman like Stephen Gosson, whose *Pleasant Invective against Players, Jestors, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, had been published shortly before, there came a cordial recognition of the player's goodness, or offers of aid and co-operation.

On the other hand, Alleyn, of course, could not escape calumny. There were those who described him as having been frightened by an apparition of the Devil, while playing Marlowe's Faustus, and so driven by remorse for his share in a demoralising pursuit into acts of restitution and atonement. Others, such as the anonymous author of the *Return to Parnassus*, ascribed his doings to vulgar ostentation—

England affords these glorious vagabonds,  
That carried erst their fardels on their  
backs,  
Coursers to ride on through the gazing  
streets,  
Sweeping it in their glowing satin suits,  
And pages to attend their masterships;  
With mouthing words that better wits have  
framed,  
They purchase lands, and new esquires are  
named.

Even Fuller, though finding a place half a century later for old Alleyn among his *Worthies of England*, could not refrain from a quiet sarcasm as to the tainted source from which the wealth had been derived. 'He got a very great estate, and in his old age, following Christ's counsel (on what forcible notice it belongs not me to enquire), he made friends of the unrighteous mammon, building therewith a fair college at Dulwich, in Kent, for the

relief of poor people. Some, I confess, count it built on a foundered foundation, seeing, in a spiritual sense, none is good and lawful money save what is honestly and industriously gotten. But, perchance, such who condemn Master Alleyn herein have as bad shillings in the bottom of their own bags if search were made therein.' Alleyn had anticipated this kind of censure when, in a manly letter to Sir Francis Calton, he had once said, 'And when you tell me of my poor original, and of my quality as a player, what is that? If I am richer than my auncestres, I hope I may be able to do more good with my riches than ever your auncestres did with theirs. That I was a player I cannot deny, and I am sure I will not. My means of living were honest, and with the poor abylities wherewith God blessed me I was able to do something for myself, my relatives, and my friends. Therefore am I not ashamed.'

That Alleyn's benevolent visions have been very imperfectly realised will surprise no one who has studied with any care the history of charitable foundations in England. He made no provision for the application of the increased revenue to new objects of usefulness, and none for its adaptation to the changed wants and circumstances of after generations. Accordingly, while the letter of his instructions was, after a sort, observed, their spirit has long since evaporated. Until within the last twenty years, Dulwich was chiefly remarkable as a picturesque and rural oasis in the midst of a large southern suburb, otherwise given over to enterprising builders. By later bequests of Sir Francis Bourgeois and Marguerite Desenfans, the College had also become possessed of a small collection of pictures containing a few masterpieces, which often attracted lovers of art to visit the place. But for

the rest, Alleyn's hospital was a mere nest of sinecurists, in close connection with a joyless almshouse and a feeble and inefficient charity school.

The Act of Parliament passed in 1857 for remodelling the entire foundation was a somewhat sweeping and revolutionary measure, and has effected considerable results. It provided that the eleemosynary branch of the charity should be entitled to one-fourth of the nett income, and that the residue should be devoted to education. It constituted an entirely new governing body, composed for the most part of nominees of the Court of Chancery. To this body was entrusted the power to develop the financial resources of the estate, and to raise money sufficient for the erection of new and splendid school-buildings. There was to be an upper and a lower school, mainly designed for day pupils, but providing also for the clothing and maintenance of twenty-four foundation scholars, to be selected preferentially from the inhabitants of the four London parishes—St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Luke's; St. Saviour's, Southwark; and St. Giles's, Camberwell—named by Alleyn in his will. Ample provision was also made both for exhibitions tenable in the school itself, and for scholarships enabling scholars of merit to proceed from it to the University.

Before these arrangements had been completed, the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1865 investigated the charity, and made it the subject of a special report. Mr. Fearon visited the two schools, while they were yet carried on in the old premises, and reported that there were in all 220 scholars, of whom 130 were in the upper school. The educational system prescribed by the scheme was then undeveloped; but since the opening of the new and magnificent premises, the number has nearly trebled; and the



school has rapidly advanced in reputation and usefulness. It might well appear that a legislative settlement so recent ought to remain for a generation or two, at least, undisturbed; and the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, in their report, approached the subject with manifest hesitation, and were diffident in recommending further changes. Nevertheless they pointed out some defects in the constitution of the school, explained that the area of its action might still be beneficially widened, and hinted that so rich an educational charity ought to do something for the instruction of girls as well as boys. They added that in any general reconstruction of endowed schools, in the light of the experience which they had collected, Dulwich could not be omitted without some injustice to other institutions, and some sacrifice of the educational interests of the community. Accordingly, when the Endowed Schools Act of 1869 was passed, and seven great public schools were omitted from the jurisdiction of the new Commission, on the ground that they had recently been the subjects of special legislation, no such exemption was made in favour of Dulwich, which is therefore clearly within the purview of the Act.

In these circumstances, it appears that the Endowed Schools Commissioners have excogitated a scheme for the future management of the institution, and have recently published it. They found the College with sumptuous buildings, erected at a cost of 60,000*l.*, and with an almost unencumbered revenue of 18,000*l.* a year. They were bound to look with fresh eyes on the capabilities of so rich a foundation, and to co-ordinate it and its work with other institutions, which, under the Act of Parliament, were being subjected to revision and reform.

We conceive that there were three

leading objects which the framers of any scheme designed to disturb the settlement of 1857 should have kept in view: (1) The maintenance and development in the fullest efficiency of the great school at Dulwich; (2) The extension of the area of the charity to limits co-extensive with the vastly increased resources of the foundation, and especially to the London parishes named by the founder; and (3) the application of some substantial portion of the educational advantages of the charity to girls. It may be useful to enquire how far each of these purposes is served by the provisions of the recently published scheme.

With regard to the eleemosynary branch of the foundation, the proposed settlement proceeds much farther in the direction of Bacon's advice than any previous arrangement. Whereas the Act of 1857 assigned one-fourth of the nett income to the Hospital, the present scheme charges the estate, once for all, with the annual sum of 1,500*l.*, less than a tithe of the whole revenue; and further provides that it shall be in the power of the governors, with the consent of the vestry of any one of the beneficiary parishes, to apply a portion of this sum to the establishment of exhibitions tenable by the children of the public elementary schools of those parishes, and designed to encourage their advancement in education.

A more important part of the scheme provides for the future maintenance and organisation of the great school at Dulwich, so recently erected, and splendidly equipped with educational appliances. It is proposed that this school shall consist of three departments—a junior for boys under 13 years of age, and two branches of the upper school, the modern and the classical departments respectively. The arrangements contemplate about 250 scholars in each. The

fees and course of instruction are those proper to a first-grade school. The annual sum of 1,800*l.* is permanently set apart for the maintenance of the establishment. It is farther provided, that the head master of the College shall have the supervision of the junior department and of one only of the two upper departments; the other high master having a co-ordinate and independent authority in his own department.

In order to judge of the wisdom of these provisions, it is well to recollect that Dulwich is the only public institution in the South of London capable of taking rank as a school of the first grade, and of supplying to the enormous population of that district a liberal education, adapted, like that of Harrow, Clifton, or Cheltenham, to prepare pupils for the Universities or for the higher professions. It is of the greatest importance that the ideal of instruction presented in an institution which will, in the main, be filled with the sons of the professional men and prosperous merchants of London, should be noble and well sustained. And to this end, it is essential that masters of the highest repute should be attracted, and induced to remain in their posts. In most schools of the first grade, boarders are admitted; and the profits on boarding make up a substantial part of the masters' salaries. But since Dulwich is to be a day school solely, this source of revenue is absent, and nothing but a high and liberal scale of payment will, in the long run, enable the school to retain the services of the ablest men. We do not say that the sum of 1,800*l.* from endowment, in addition to a considerable revenue from fees, is at present insufficient to do this. But the mere maintenance of so large a fabric, and the payment of rates and taxes, will absorb more than half of this sum; and in the prospect of a

change in the value of money, we greatly doubt whether such a permanent charge will suffice for the future preservation of the school in the highest efficiency, and for a liberal system of exhibitions and rewards.

The proposed division of labour between the two head masters appears to be open to still graver objection. All the experience and testimony collected by the Schools Inquiry Commissioners concurred in showing the importance of unity and concentration in the work of a school. That the head master should be entrusted with ample powers of administration, that he should be supreme over the discipline, and empowered to choose and to dismiss his assistants, in short that the integrity and collective life of a great school can only be sustained by placing the whole under one ruler, who shall economise all its resources, and make its parts fit each other, are conclusions set forth with much emphasis throughout the report. Eton and Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, and Clifton, are as large as Dulwich; but no one who knows those institutions can fail to see how great is the advantage derived from the supremacy of the single head. The reasons for the novel and apparently hazardous experiment proposed in Dulwich are not set forth in the Commissioners' scheme, but are presumably based on the magnitude of the school, the necessity of giving full scope for the development of a modern department—so often placed by head masters in a position of inferiority—and the consideration that a large day-school exists for instruction mainly, and is therefore less in need of special contrivances to secure its organic unity and social life than a foundation chiefly designed to furnish a home for boarders. It may well be doubted, however, whether any such considerations ought to out-

weigh that of the grave practical inconvenience and risk attendant on a divided government.

As to the diffusion of the benefits of the charity over a wider area, the scheme is unquestionably drawn in a courageous and liberal spirit. It provides that a second school, to be called Alleyn's Middle School, shall be erected in the neighbourhood, and adapted for the reception of 300 boys and 300 girls. The course of instruction seems to correspond nearly to that known as the Second Grade, and the fees are to be fixed somewhere within the limits of 6*l.* and 12*l.* a year. A capital sum of 20,000*l.* is provided for the erection of such schools, and besides this each of the four London parishes already named is to be provided, at a cost not exceeding 10,000*l.*, with large schools for 300 boys and 200 girls. These are to take rank as schools of the third grade, but distinctly above the elementary schools aided by the State, and to give ordinary English teaching, with the elements of Latin or French, and of science, adapted to scholars who are not likely to remain under instruction later than their fifteenth year. In all these schools provision is made for scholarships and other encouragements to merit. And the total number of scholars who will thus be supplied with the means of secondary instruction on different parts of Alleyn's foundation will thus be considerably above 3,000, viz.: in a school of the first grade, 700 or 800 boys; in that of the second, 300 boys and 300 girls; and in those of the third grade, 1,200 boys and 800 girls.

The enumeration of these figures suffices to invite attention to another feature of the scheme, for which, without explanation, it is difficult to account. The Endowed Schools Act expressly enjoins the Commissioners, in framing schemes for the reorganisation of endow-

ments, to extend their benefits as far as possible to girls. The draft just issued fulfils this injunction so far as the lower secondary instruction is concerned; but it leaves the sisters of the boys in the Grammar School, and all girls who desire to receive a complete education of the highest class, without any aid from Alleyn's funds. It can hardly be urged that there is no need for such a provision. All experience in relation to boys' schools proves, that unless the higher education is well cared for, the lower suffers. It is the great foundation, manned by the most accomplished members of the teacher's profession, which ultimately determines the character of the lower schools, sets up the true standard for their imitation, stimulates their most promising scholars, and, above all, gives, from time to time, a supply of good teachers. And the great defects so often complained of in the education of women—its pretentiousness and shallowness, the absence from it of real intellectual and scientific discipline—can only be corrected by the existence of a few places of education to which the best teachers shall be attracted, and in which the fullest and wisest course of training that can be devised shall become accessible to girls, and made to tell directly upon an improved supply of qualified governesses. It is very hopeless to attempt any substantial improvement in the aims or methods of feminine instruction by working only at the lower class of schools, and leaving the provision for women's education incomplete in its higher departments. In London there must be many girls and young women who, either because they hope to take an honourable rank as teachers, or because they simply aim at a complete and liberal education for its own sake, would thankfully welcome the establishment of a collegiate school of the same character, *mutatis mutan-*

*dis*, as the great institution at Dulwich. For them the system of lectures and detached classes which is now being so carefully developed in different parts of London is wholly insufficient. Young men are not asked or expected to finish their education in this haphazard, piecemeal way. Nothing short of a High School, placed under the superintendence of a public and responsible body, equipped with teachers of proved qualifications, and supplied with a reasonable number of scholarships and other encouragements to successful study, will meet the requirements of the case. And

some part of the great revenues of Dulwich would, as it appears to us, have been usefully expended in supplying this great want, and in setting up a noble ideal of culture and finished education for the boys and girls of the metropolis. It is not too late, we trust, to reconsider this part of a scheme which, in its main features, and especially in its broad and generous provision for extending the public utility of Alleyn's munificent foundation, well deserves to be regarded as a piece of constructive legislation of an unambitious but entirely practical and serviceable type.

F.



## HEREDITARY IMPROVEMENT.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

IT is freely allowed by most authorities on heredity, that men are just as subject to its laws, both in body and mind, as are any other animals, but it is almost universally doubted, if not denied, that an establishment of this fact could ever be of large practical benefit to humanity. It is objected that, philosophise as you will, men and women will continue to marry as they have hitherto done, according to their personal likings; that any prospect of improving the race of man is absurd and chimerical, and that though enquiries into the laws of human heredity may be pursued for the satisfaction of a curious disposition, they can be of no real importance. In opposition to these objections, I maintain, in the present essay, that it is feasible to improve the race of man by a system which shall be perfectly in accordance with the moral sense of the present time. I shall first describe the condition, such as I believe it to be, of the existing race of man, and will afterwards propose a scheme for its improvement whose seeds would be planted almost without knowing it, and would slowly but steadily grow, until it had transformed the nation. If the ordinary doctrines of heredity in a broad sense be true, the scheme in question must, as it appears to me, begin to show vigorous life so soon as the mass of educated men shall have learnt to appreciate their truth. But if the doctrines be false, then all I build upon them is of course fallacious.

The bodily and mental condition of every man are, in part, the result of his own voluntary and bygone acts; but experience teaches us that they are also shaped by two other agencies, for neither of which he is responsible; the one, the constitu-

tional peculiarities transmitted to him by inheritance, and the other, the various circumstances to which he has been perforce subjected, especially in early life. Now, in this essay I do not propose to allude to ordinary education, family and national tradition, and other similar moral agencies of high importance. I leave them for the present, to one side; the residue with which alone I am about to deal, may be concisely and sufficiently expressed by the words 'race' and 'nurture.' It is to the consideration of the first of these that the following pages are chiefly devoted; but not entirely so, for I acknowledge that we cannot wholly disentangle their several effects. An improvement in the nurture of a race will eradicate inherited disease; consequently, it is beyond dispute that if our future population were reared under more favourable conditions than at present, both their health and that of their descendants would be greatly improved. There is nothing in what I am about to say that shall underrate the sterling value of nurture, including all kinds of sanitary improvements; nay, I wish to claim them as powerful auxiliaries to my cause; nevertheless, I look upon race as far more important than nurture. Race has a double effect, it creates better and more intelligent individuals, and these become more competent than their predecessors to make laws and customs, whose effects shall favourably react on their own health and on the nurture of their children. The merits and demerits of different races is strongly marked in colonies, where men begin a new life, to a great degree detached from the influences under which they had been reared. Now we may watch a band of Englishmen, subjected to

no regular authority, but attracted to some new gold-digging, and we shall see that law and order will be gradually evolved, and that the community will purify itself and become respectable, and this is true of hardly any other race of men. Constitutional stamina, strength, intelligence, and moral qualities cling to a breed, say of dogs, notwithstanding many generations of careless nurture; while careful nurture, unaided by selection, can do little more to an inferior breed than eradicate disease and make it good of its kind. Those who would assign more importance to nurture than I have done, must concede that the sanitary conditions under which the mass of the population will hereafter live, are never likely to be so favourable to health as those which are now enjoyed by our wealthy classes. The latter may make many mistakes in matters of health; but they have enormous residual advantages. They can command good food, spacious rooms, and change of air, which is more than equivalent to what the future achievements of sanitary science are likely to afford to the mass of the population. Yet how far are our wealthier classes from the secure possession of those high physical and mental qualities which are the birthright of a good race. Whoever has spent a winter at the health-resorts of the South of France, must have been appalled at witnessing the number of their fellow-countrymen who are afflicted with wretched constitutions, while that of the sickly children, narrow-chested men, and fragile, delicate women who remain at home, is utterly disproportionate to the sickly and misshapen contingent of the stock of any of our breeds of domestic animals.

I need not speak in detail of the many ways in which the forms of civilisation, which have hitherto prevailed, tend to spoil a race, because they must, by this time, have

become familiar to all who are interested in heredity; it is sufficient just to allude to two of the chief among those which are now in activity. The first is, the free power of bequeathing wealth, which interferes with the salutary action of natural selection, by preserving the wealthy, and by encouraging marriage on grounds quite independent of personal qualities; and the second is the centralising tendency of our civilisation, which attracts the abler men to towns, where the discouragement to marry is great, and where marriage is comparatively unproductive of descendants who reach adult life. In a paper just communicated to the Statistical Society, I have carefully analysed and discussed the census returns of 1,000 families of factory operatives in Coventry, and of the same number of agricultural labourers in the neighbouring small rural parishes of Warwickshire, and find that the former have little more than half as many adult grandchildren as the latter. They have fewer offspring, and of those few a smaller proportion reach adult life, while the two classes marry with about equal frequency and at about the same ages. The allurements and exigencies of a centralised civilisation are therefore seriously prejudicial to the better class of the human stock, which is first attracted to the towns, and there destroyed; and a system of selection is created whose action is exactly adverse to the good of a race. Again, the ordinary struggle for existence under the bad sanitary conditions of our towns, seems to me to spoil, and not to improve our breed. It selects those who are able to withstand zymotic diseases and impure and insufficient food, but such are not necessarily foremost in the qualities which make a nation great. On the contrary, it is the classes of a coarser organisation who seem to be, on the whole, most favoured under this principle of selection, and who sur-

vive to become the parents of the next generation. Visitors to Ireland after the potato famine generally remarked that the Irish type of face seemed to have become more prognathous, that is, more like the negro in the protrusion of the lower jaw; the interpretation of which was, that the men who survived the starvation and other deadly accidents of that horrible time, were more generally of a low and coarse organisation. So again, in every malarious country, the traveller is pained by the sight of the miserable individuals who inhabit it. These have the pre-eminent gift of being able to survive fever, and therefore, by the law of economy of structure, are apt to be deficient in every quality less useful to the exceptional circumstances of their life. The reports of the health of our factory towns disclose a terrible proportion of bad constitutions and invalidism among the operatives, as shown by intermitting pulse, curved spine, narrow chests, and other measurable effects; and at the same time we learn from the census that our population is steadily becoming more urban. Twenty years ago the rural element preponderated; ten years ago the urban became equal to it; and now the urban is in the majority. We have therefore much reason to bestir ourselves to resist the serious deterioration which threatens our race.

I have hitherto addressed myself to the purely physical qualities of mankind, on the importance of which it would have been difficult to have sufficiently insisted a few years ago, when there was a prevailing feeling that the mind was everything and the body nothing. But a reaction has set in, and it has become pretty generally recognised that unless the body be in sound order, we are not likely to get much healthy work or instinct out of it. A powerful brain is an excellent thing, but it requires for its proper maintenance a good pair of lungs, a

vigorous heart, and especially a strong stomach, otherwise its outcome of thought is likely to be morbid. This being understood, I will proceed to the mental qualities of our race.

I have written much in my work on *Hereditary Genius* about the average intellect of modern civilised races being unequal to cope with the requirements of the mode of life which circumstances have latterly imposed upon them, and much more might be said on the same subject. The advance in means of communication has made large nations or federations a necessity, whose existence implies a vast number of complicated interests and nice adjustments, which require to be treated in a very intelligent manner, or will otherwise have to be brutally ordered by despotic power. We have latterly seen that the best statesmen of our day are little capable of expressing their meaning in intelligible language, so that political relations are apt to become embroiled by mere misunderstanding of what is intended to be conveyed. In no walk of civilised life do the intellects of men seem equal to what is required of them. It is true that Anglo-Saxons are quite competent to grapple with the everyday problems of small communities, but they have insufficient ability for the due performance of the more difficult duties of citizens of large nations. Consequently, the functions of men engaged in trades and professions of all kinds are adjusted to a dangerously low standard, and the political insight of the multitude goes little deeper than the surface, and is applied in few directions except those to which their guides have pointed. Great nations, instead of being highly organised bodies, are little more than aggregations of men severally intent on self-advancement, who must be cemented into a mass by blind feelings of gregariousness and reverence to mere rank,

mere authority, and mere tradition, or they will assuredly fall asunder.

As regards the moral qualities, which are closely interwoven with the intellectual, we cannot but observe the considerable effect which the influence of many generations of civilised life has already exercised upon the race of man. It has already bred out of us many of the wild instincts of our savage forefathers, and has given us a stricter conscience and a larger power of self-control than, judging from the analogy of modern savages, they appear to have had. The possibility of eradicating instinctive wildness, and of introducing an instinctively affectionate disposition into any breed of animals, is clearly proved by what has been effected in dogs. The currish and wolfish nature of such as may be seen roaming at large in the streets of Eastern towns, has been largely suppressed in that of their tamed descendants, who, after many generations of selection and friendly treatment, have also acquired the curious innate love of man to which Mr. Darwin drew attention. All this gives hope for the future of our race, especially if 'viriculture' be possible, notwithstanding that our present moral nature is as unfitted for a high-toned civilisation as our intellectual nature is unfitted to deal with a complex one. It is curious to observe the great variety in the morals of the human race, such as have been delineated by Theophrastus, La Bruyère, and the phrenologists. It seems to me that natural selection has had no influence in securing dominance to the noblest of them, because in the various tactics of the individual battle for life, any one of these qualities in excess may be serviceable to its possessor. But the case would be very different in those higher forms of civilisation, vainly tried as yet, of which the notion of personal property is not the foundation, but which are, in honest

truth, republican and co-operative, the good of the community being literally a more vivid desire than that of self-aggrandisement or any other motive whatever. This is a stage which the human race is undoubtedly destined sooner or later to reach, but which the deficient moral gifts of existing races render them incapable of attaining. It is the obvious course of intelligent men—and I venture to say it should be their religious duty—to advance in the direction whither Nature is determined they shall go; that is, towards the improvement of their race. Thither she will assuredly goad them with a ruthless arm if they hang back, and it is of no avail to kick against the pricks. We are exceedingly blind to the ultimate purposes for which we have come into life, and we know that no small part of the intentions by which we are most apt to be guided, are mere illusions. If, however, we look around at the course of nature, one authoritative fact becomes distinctly prominent, let us make of it what we may. It is, that the life of the individual is treated as of absolutely no importance, while the race is treated as everything, Nature being wholly careless of the former except as a contributor to the maintenance and evolution of the latter. Myriads of inchoate lives are produced in what, to our best judgment, seems a wasteful and reckless manner, in order that a few selected specimens may survive, and be the parents of the next generation. It is as though individual lives were of no more consideration than are the senseless chips which fall from the chisel of the artist who is elaborating some ideal form out of a rude block. We are naturally apt to think of ourselves and of those around us that, being not senseless chips, but living and suffering beings, we should be of primary importance, whereas it seems perfectly clear that our individual lives are



little more than agents towards attaining some great and common end of evolution. We must loyally accept the facts as they are, and solace ourselves with such hypotheses as may seem most credible to us. For my part, I cling to the idea of a conscious solidarity in nature, and of its laborious advance under many restrictions, the Whole being conscious of us temporarily detached individuals, but we being very imperfectly and darkly conscious of the Whole. Be this as it may, it becomes our bounden duty to conform our steps to the paths which we recognise to be defined, as those in which sooner or later we have to go. We must, therefore, try to render our individual aims subordinate to those which lead to the improvement of the race. The enthusiasm of humanity, strange as the doctrine may sound, has to be directed primarily to the future of our race, and only secondarily to the well-being of our contemporaries. The ants who, when their nest is disturbed, hurry away each with an uninteresting looking egg, picked up at hazard, not even its own, but not the less precious to it, have their instincts curiously in accordance with the real requirements of Nature. So far as we can interpret her, we read in the clearest letters that our desire for the improvement of our race ought to rise to the force of a passion; and if others interpret Nature in the same way, we may expect that at some future time, perhaps not very remote, it may come to be looked upon as one of the chief religious obligations. It is no absurdity to expect, that it may hereafter be preached, that while helpfulness to the weak, and sympathy with the suffering, is the natural form of outpouring of a merciful and kindly heart, yet that the highest action of all is to provide a vigorous, national life, and that one practical and effective way in which individuals of feeble consti-

tution can show mercy to their kind is by celibacy, lest they should bring beings into existence whose race is doomed to destruction by the laws of nature. It may come to be avowed as a paramount duty, to anticipate the slow and stubborn processes of natural selection, by endeavouring to breed out feeble constitutions, and petty and ignoble instincts, and to breed in those which are vigorous and noble and social.

The precise problem I have in view, is not only the restoration of the average worth of our race, debased as it has been from its 'typical level' by those deleterious influences of modern civilisation to which I have referred, but to raise it higher still. It has been depressed by those mischievous influences of artificial selection which I have named, and by many others besides. Cannot we, I ask—and I will try to answer the question in the affirmative—introduce other influences which shall counteract and overbear the former, and elevate the race above its typical level at least as much as the former had depressed it? I mean by the phrase 'typical level' the average standard of the race, such as it would become in two or three generations if left unpruned by artificial selection, and if reared under what might be accepted as fair conditions of nurture and a moderate amount of healthy, natural selection. It is to be recollected that individuals are not the offspring of their parents alone, but also of their ancestry to very remote degrees, and that although by a faulty system of civilisation the average worth of a race may become depressed, it has nevertheless an inherent ancestral power of partly recovering from that depression, if a chance be given it of doing so. It has, on the one hand, the advantage of the civilised habits ingrained into its nature, and, on the other hand, it may rise above the abnormal state of depression to

which the evil influences of the artificial selection of our modern civilisation have temporarily reduced it.

In my work on *Hereditary Genius* I entered at considerable length upon the classification of men in different grades of natural ability, separated by equal intervals, and showed how we might estimate the proportionate numbers of men in each of them, by availing ourselves of a law, whose traces are to be met with in all the variable phenomena of nature. For example, it will be found that we may divide any body of individuals into four equal groups, of which two shall consist of mediocrities, and the other two shall be alike but opposite, as an object floating in water is to its reflection, the one containing all the grades above mediocrity up to the highest, and the other all below mediocrity down to the lowest. I do not say that this law is strictly applicable to nations where many individuals are diseased in some definite manner, because the essence of the law is, that the general conditions should be of the same kind throughout. On the other hand, disease and health are for the most part due to little more than different grades of constitutional vigour and of sanitary conditions, and, so far, the nations will fall strictly within the range of the law, which I therefore employ as a useful approximation to the truth. My hope is, that the average standard of a civilised race might be raised to the average standard of the pick of them, as they now are, at the rate of one in every four. It will be clearly understood by those familiar with the law of deviation from an average, that the distribution of ability in a race so improved, would be very different to that of the pick of the present race, though their *average* worth was the same. The improved race would have its broad equatorial belt of mediocrities, and its deviations upwards and downwards,

narrowing to delicate cusps; but the vanishing-point of its baseness would not reach so low as at present, and that of its nobleness would reach higher. On the other hand, the pick of our present race would not be symmetrically arranged, but the worst of them would be the most numerous, and the form of the whole body, when classified, would be that of a cone resting on its base, whose sides curved upwards to a sharp point. I find it impossible to explain, without repeating what I have already written, in *Hereditary Genius* (p. 343), the enormous advantages that would follow the elevation of our race through so moderate a range as that I have described. It chiefly consists in the sweeping away of a legion of ineffectives, and in introducing in very much greater proportions the number of men of independent and original thought. It is those men, who form the fine point of the upward cusp, who are the salt of the earth, and who make nations what they are; now the section of the cusp broadens as it descends, therefore if the whole affair be pushed upwards, so to speak, ever so little, the numbers of the men of the same absolute value become very largely increased.

I will endeavour to give an idea of the result of a selection at the rate of 1 in 4 of the inferior specimens of a civilised race, and will take my example from France, because the quality of the nation is well gauged by that of the annual body of youthful conscripts, who are carefully examined, and whose characteristics are minutely classified. It is better not to take too recent a year, as some persons believe the French race to have deteriorated of late, so I will refer to 1859, of which I happen to have the *Compt-rendu sur le Recrutement de l'Armée* in my library. Speaking in round numbers, a quarter of a million of conscripts were examined in that year, and no less than 30 per cent,

of that number were rejected as unfit for the army. Six per cent. were too short, being under the puny regulation height of 5 feet 5 inches, and a large proportion of these—say one-half, or 3 per cent.—must be considered as unfit citizens in other respects than being unfitted for the muscular work required in the army. Not many were incapacitated by accident, as by blindness or deafness resulting from injury, or by rupture; but of these, again, only a small portion come justly under that head. I am assured that if a person has hereditary predisposition to deafness, slight accidents, such as a blow on the head, or a bad cold, which would be comparatively harmless to other people, will frequently affect and ruin his hearing; and the same is the case with the eyesight and every other function. In addition, we must recollect that many accidents are the result of stupidity and slowness. Of the injuries by the effects of which youths were unfitted for the army, I feel sure that less than half should be ascribed to pure accident, and that of the 30 per cent. who were rejected for all causes, not more than 3 per cent. should be allowed as coming under that head. Adding this to what we have already excepted out of those who were considered too short, there

remain 24 per cent. who were diseased or crippled or puny. In round numbers, one-quarter of the French youths are naturally and hereditarily unfitted for active life.

I will now turn to the other end of the scale of ability, to see what the quarter of a nation is like who are picked out as the best, and I do not know a better example to cite than one which I recently witnessed with great interest; it was on board the *St. Vincent* training ship for seamen for the Royal Navy, which is stationed at Portsmouth. I was informed that out of every three or four applicants not more than one was, on the average, accepted, the applicants themselves being in some degree a selected class. The result was, that when I stood among the 750 boys who composed the crew, it was clear to me that they were decidedly superior to the mass of their countrymen. They showed their inborn superiority by the heartiness of their manner, their self-respect, their healthy looks, their muscular build, the interest they took in what was taught them, and the ease with which they learnt it. A single year's training turns them out accomplished seamen in a large number of particulars. I give in a foot-note<sup>1</sup> the conditions which

<sup>1</sup> Each boy must bring a proper certificate of character and declaration of age. The age of admission is between 15 and 16½. The agreement is to serve in the Navy up to the age of 28. No boys are received from reformatories or prisons, nor if they have been committed before a magistrate. The other requirements are:—

If their age is between	Their height without shoes must be at least	And their measurement round the chest must be at least
15 and 15½	4 feet 10½ inches	29 inches
15½ and 16	4 " 11½ "	29½ "
16 and 16½	5 " 1 inch	30 "

They must be able to read and write fairly; be strong, healthy, well grown, active, and intelligent; free from all physical malformation; never have had fits, and must be able to pass a strict medical examination by the surgeons of the ship. Their teeth must be good, that they may be able to bite biscuit; at the same time, we must recollect that bad teeth are to some degree the sign of a bad constitution. The applicants come from various directions, and, though a majority of them do not know the regulations for admission, yet, as many of them do, and as all have to bring certificates of character, the applicants, on the average, must be considered to be in some slight degree a selected class.

they must fulfil to be qualified for admission; they seem to have been drawn up in an excellent spirit, and to produce most happy results. If the average English youth of the future could be raised by an improvement in our race to the average of those on board the *St. Vincent*, which is no preposterous hope, England would become far more noble and powerful than she now is. The general tone of feeling, in short, the 'Mrs. Grundy,' of the nation would be elevated, the present army of ineffectives which clog progress would disappear, and the deviations of individual gifts towards genius would be no less wide or numerous than they now are; but by starting from a higher vantage-ground they would reach proportionately farther.

It is idle to lament the ill condition of our race without bestirring ourselves to find a remedy, but it requires some audacity to publicly propose schemes, because the world at large is incredulous of the extent of the ill, while most of those who are more correctly informed feel little faith in the feasibility of remedying it. Nevertheless, the subject is one which the public ought to be accustomed to hear discussed without surprise or prejudice, and I trust that my own remarks will attract the attention of some few competent persons by whom they may be helpfully criticised. I will describe what I have to propose from the very beginning. It is entirely based on the assumption that the ordinary doctrines of heredity are, in a broad sense, perfectly true; also that the popular mind will gradually become impressed with a conviction of their truth, owing to the future writings and observations of many enquirers; and lastly, that we shall come to think it no hardheartedness to favour the perpetuation of the stronger, wiser, and more moral races, but shall conceive ourselves to be carrying out the obvious intentions of Nature, by making our

social arrangements conducive to the improvement of their race.

There is a vast difference between an intellectual belief in any subject and a living belief which becomes ingrained, sometimes quite suddenly, into the character. I do not venture to ask that the doctrines of heredity shall be popularly accepted in the latter sense, in order that the seeds of my scheme should be planted, but I am satisfied if they shall come to be believed in with about the same degree of persuasion and as little fervour as are those, at the present time, of sanitary science. That is enough to enable the scheme to take root and to grow, but I cannot expect it to flourish until the popular belief shall have waxed several degrees warmer.

My object is to build up, by the mere process of extensive enquiry and publication of results, a sentiment of caste among those who are naturally gifted, and to procure for them, before the system has fairly taken root, such moderate social favour and preference, no more and no less, as would seem reasonable to those who were justly informed of the precise measure of their importance to the nation. I conclude that the natural result of these measures would be to bind them together by a variety of material and social interests, and to teach them faith in their future, while I trust to the sentiment of caste to secure that they shall intermarry among themselves about as strictly as is the custom of the nobility in Germany. My proposition certainly is not to begin by breaking up old feelings of social status, but to build up a caste *within* each of the groups into which rank, wealth, and pursuits already divide society, mankind being quite numerous enough to admit of this sub-classification. There are certain ingenious persons who examine the records of unclaimed dividends at the Bank of England, and search for the heirs of the original owners, and inform them

(for a consideration) to their advantage. My object is to have the English race explored, and their now unknown wealth of hereditary gifts recorded, and that those who possess such a patrimony should be told of it. I leave it to the natural impulses by which mankind are guided, to insure that such wealth should not continue to be neglected, any more than any other possession unexpectedly made known to them. Great fortunes are commonly observed to coalesce through marriage, and members of aristocracies seldom make alliances out of their order, except to gain wealth. Is it less to be expected that those who become aware that they are endowed with hereditary gifts, should abstain from squandering their patrimony by marrying out of their caste? I do not for a moment contemplate coercion as to whom any given person should marry; such an idea would be scouted now-a-days almost as much as that of polygamy, or of infanticide. But it is quite conformable to the customs of this century to employ social considerations to effect what is desirable, and their efficacy in this case would be as great as is needful. The great majority are sure to yield to it, and it is a trifling matter, when we look to general results, if a small percentage refuse obedience. I also lay great stress on the encouragement of the gifted caste to marry early, and to live under healthy conditions, and this I consider would be effected in the manner I shall briefly explain.

The reader will probably find after I have concluded, that the questions chiefly to be discussed (it being understood that my primary suppositions are provisionally granted) are, first, whether the proposed means are adequate to create a caste whose sentiments shall have the character and strength assigned to them; and secondly, whether the existence of such a caste would or would not be in-

tolerable to the country at large, at the time when it had become powerful, but by no means dominant.

I propose as the first step, and the time is nearly ripe for it, that some society should undertake three scientific services: the first, by means of a moderate number of influential local agencies, to institute *continuous* enquiries into the facts of human heredity; the second to be a centre of information on heredity for breeders of animals and plants; and the third to discuss and classify the facts that were collected. I look upon the continuity of the enquiry as very important, from the extreme difficulty I have experienced in ransacking bygone family details, even of recent date. Biographies and pedigrees require contemporaneous touching up, in order that they may be full and trustworthy, and that an adequate accumulation of hereditary facts may in time be formed.

All this is purely scientific work, to the performance of which no reasonable objection can possibly be made, and is intended to tell us in what degree and with what qualification the ordinary doctrines of heredity apply to man. Different persons may expect it to yield different results: that which I expect is, that these doctrines will be fully confirmed in a broad sense, and that an immense amount of supplemental and special information will be gathered. It is entirely on the supposition that these hopes will be verified, that all I have now to say is based. The proposed work is a large one, but not impracticable. Any family or any community could undertake the raw materials for itself, and therefore large districts, or even the entire nation, which is but a collection of such units, could equally do so. However, it would require much enthusiasm in the cause to carry it steadily on, and to discuss the results upon a sufficient scale, but it need not be isolated work. It would naturally fall in

with an undertaking that would commend itself to many, of obtaining a more exact statistical insight into the condition of the nation than we now possess, by working very thoroughly a moderate number of typical districts, as samples of our enormous population. If enquirers existed, there are large numbers of statistical queries which might be most usefully answered. Among others, we want an exact stock-taking of our worth as a nation, not roughly clubbed together, rich and poor, in one large whole, but judiciously sorted, by persons who have local knowledge, into classes whose mode of life differs. We want to know all about their respective health and strength and constitutional vigour; to learn the amount of a day's work of men in different occupations; their intellectual capacity, so far as it can be tested at schools; the dying out of certain classes of families, and the rise of others; sanitary questions; and many other allied facts, in order to give a correct idea of the present worth of our race, and means of comparison some years hence of our general progress or retrogression.

I will now suppose a few more years to have passed, during which time short biographies and pedigrees, illustrated by measurements and photographs, shall have been compiled, of perhaps a thousand or more individuals in each of the districts under investigation. Schoolmasters, ministers, medical men, employers of labour, and the resident gentry, will be applied to, but no blind zeal should be evoked that might arouse prejudice and unreasonable opposition. The facts should be collected quietly, and with the *bonâ fide* object of obtaining scientific data. If the results prove to be such as I have reason to expect, then, but only then, will the conviction begin to establish itself in the popular mind, that the influence of heredity is one of extraordinary

importance. I ask for no antioipatory action, but merely to enquire on a large scale, in a persistent manner, and to allow events to follow in their natural course, knowing full well that if observation broadly confirms the truth of the present doctrines of heredity, quite as many social influences as are necessary will become directed to obtain the desired end.

I trust that I have made my meaning clear thus far, to the effect that I propose no direct steps at first beyond simple enquiry, but that the mere process of carrying on the enquiries will have an incidental influence in creating common interests and mutual acquaintance and friendships among the gifted families in each class of society, such effects naturally resulting in frequent cases of intermarriage. Then I say, the offspring of these intermarriages will have some moderate claim to purity of blood, because their parents and many of their more distant relatives will be gifted above the average; also, the precise family history of each of them will have been preserved, and the foundation laid of a future 'golden book' of natural nobility. Lastly, a mass of information bearing on human heredity will have been collected.

In the meantime (supposing the fundamental truth of all I maintain as regards the doctrine of heredity, and the probability that the improvement of the human race will be considered a duty) the scale on which enquiries are conducted will steadily grow. I should expect that all boys at school will not only be examined and classed, as at present, for their intellectual acquirements, but will be weighed and measured and appraised in respect of their natural gifts, physical and mental together, and that enquiries will, as a matter of course, be made into the genealogies of those among them who were hereditarily remarkable, so that all the most promising

individuals in a large part of the kingdom would be registered, each in his own local centre. A vast deal of work would be, no doubt, thrown away in collecting materials about persons who afterwards proved not to be the parents of gifted children. Also many would be registered on grounds which our future knowledge will pronounce inadequate. But gradually, notwithstanding many mistakes at first, much ridicule and misunderstanding, and not a little blind hostility, people will confess that the scheme is very reasonable, and works well of its own accord. An immense deal of investigation and criticism will bear its proper fruit, and the cardinal rules for its successful procedure will become understood and laid down. Such, for example, as the physical, moral, and intellectual qualifications for entry on the register, and especially as to the increased importance of those which are not isolated, but common to many members of the same family. It will be necessary also to have a clear idea of the average order of gifts to aim for, in the race of the immediate future, bearing in mind that sudden and ambitious attempts are sure to lead to disappointment. And again, the degree of rigour of selection necessary among the parents to insure that their children should, on the average, inherit gifts of the order aimed at. Lastly, we should learn particulars concerning specific types, how far they clash together or are mutually helpful.

Let us now suppose an intermediate stage to be reached, between that of mere investigation and that of an accepted system and practical action, and try to imagine what would occur. The society of which I have been speaking, or others like it, would continually watch the career of the persons whose names were on their register, and those who had aroused so much interest would feel themselves associates of

a great guild. They would be accustomed to be treated with more respect and consideration than others whose parents were originally of the same social rank. It would be impertinent in anyone to assume airs of patronage towards such people; on the contrary, the consideration shown them would naturally tend to encourage their self-respect and the feeling that they had a family name to support and to hand down to their descendants. Again, the society would be ever watchful and able to befriend them. For it would be no slight help to a man to state, on undoubted grounds, that not only is he what he appears, but that he has latent gifts as well. That he is likely to have a healthy life, and that his children are very likely indeed to prove better than those of other people. In short, that he and his family may be expected to turn out yet more creditably than those ignorant of his and his wife's hereditary gifts would imagine. This would make it more easy for him than for others to obtain a settled home and employment in early manhood, and to follow his natural instinct of marrying young. It is no new thing that associations should successfully watch and befriend every member of large communities, and in the present case the kindly interests sure to be evoked in dealing with really worthy and self-helpful people would be so great that I should expect charity of this kind to become exceedingly popular, and to occupy a large part of the leisure of many people. It is quite another thing to patronise paupers, and doing what are commonly spoken of as 'charitable' actions, which, however devoted they may be to a holy cause, have a notorious tendency to demoralise the recipient, and to increase the extent of the very evils which they are intended to cure.

The obvious question arises, Would not these selected people become in-

tolerably priggish and supercilious? Also it will be said, that the democratic feeling is a growing one, and would be directly adverse to the establishment of such a favoured and exceptional class. My answer is, that the individuals in question would not at first have so very much to be conceited about, and that, later on, their value would be generally recognised. They would be good all round, in physique and *morale*, rather than exceptionally brilliant, for many of the geniuses would not 'pass' for physical qualities, and they would be kept in good order by the consciousness that any absurd airs on their part might be dangerous to them. The attitude of mind which I should expect to predominate, would be akin to that now held by and towards the possessors of ancestral property, of moderate value, dearly cherished, and having duties attached. Such a person would feel it a point of honour never to alienate the old place, and he is generally respected for his feeling and liked on his own account. So a man of good race would feel that marriage out of his caste would tarnish his blood, and his sentiments would be sympathised with by all. As regards the democratic feeling, its assertion of equality is deserving of the highest admiration so far as it demands equal consideration for the feelings of all, just in the same way as their rights are equally maintained by the law. But it goes farther than this, for it asserts that men are of equal value as social units, equally capable of voting, and the rest. This feeling is undeniably wrong and cannot last. I therefore do not hesitate in believing that if the persons on the register were obviously better and finer pieces of manhood in every respect than other men, democracy notwithstanding, their superiority would be recognised at just what it amounted to, without envy,

but very possibly with some feeling of hostility on the part of beaten competitors.

Let us now, in our imagination, advance a couple of generations, and suppose a yet more distant time to have arrived, when societies shall have been sown broadcast over the land and have become firmly rooted, and when principles of selection shall have been well discussed and pretty generally established, and when, perhaps, one per cent. of the thirty millions of British people, that is 300,000 individuals, old and young, and of both sexes, shall have their names inserted in the then annually published registers. By this time the selected race will have become a power, a considerable increase will have taken place in the number of families of really good breed, for there will be many boys and girls, themselves above mediocrity, whose parents, uncles on both sides, four grand-parents, several of their great-uncles and cousins, and all their eight great-grandparents, were persons considerably above the average in every respect that fits an individual to be a worthy citizen and a useful and agreeable member of society. I cannot doubt, that at this period a strong feeling of caste would be found developed in the rising generation, for such is the vanity of men, especially in youth, that it is one of the easiest tasks in the world to persuade them that they are in some way remarkable, and, in the supposed case, the persuasion would be well-nigh irresistible. A number of, perhaps, the best informed philosophers in the nation, who are experts in the matter, solemnly aver, after careful enquiry, that the individuals whose names are on the register are, in sober truth, the most valuable boys and girls, or men and women, to the nation. They may give them a diploma, which would virtually be a patent



of natural nobility. They assure them that if they intermarry under certain limitations of type and subclass, which have yet to be studied and framed, their children will be, on the whole, better in every respect than the children of other people—stronger, healthier, brighter, more honest and more pleasant. They tell them that in addition to the old-established considerations of rank and wealth there is another and a higher one, namely, of purity of blood, and that it would be base to ally themselves with inferior breeds. In corroboration of these flattering words, the members of the gifted caste would continue to experience pleasing testimony of a practical kind, for there can be little doubt that one consequence of the continual writing and talking about noble races of men, during many years, would be to increase the appreciation of them. An entry on the register would then become as beneficial as it was a few years since to be born of a family able and willing to push forward their relatives in public life. Queen Elizabeth gave ready promotion to well-made men, and it is no unreasonable expectation that our future landowners may feel great pride in being surrounded by a tenantry of magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood, mentally and physically, and that they would compete with one another to attract and locate in their neighbourhood a population of registered families.

I will now suppose another not improbable alternative, namely, the result of some democratic hostility to the favoured race. Well, it would gain in cohesion by persecution. If trade unionism chose to look on them as cuckoos in the national nest, they would be driven from the workshops, and be powerfully directed to co-operative pursuits. They would certainly have little inclination to inhabit towns where they were outnumbered and disfavoured, and

would naturally settle in co-operative associations in the country. In other words, the gifted race would be urged into companionship by the pressure of external circumstances, no less strongly than, as I have shown, they would be drawn together by their own mutual attraction, and would be perforce inhabitants of healthy rural districts, and not of unhealthy towns. All this, which is probable enough, would have an immense effect in strengthening the sentiment of caste, in developing the best points of their race, and in increasing its numbers. In these colonies, caste regulations would no doubt rise into existence, and gradually acquire the force almost of religious obligations, to maintain and increase the character of their race, by encouraging early marriage among their more gifted descendants, and by discouraging it among the less gifted. The colonies would become more and more independent as the superiority of their members over the outside world became, in successive generations, more pronounced. Their members would be little likely to associate intimately with persons not of their caste, because they would succeed better by themselves than when other and less effective men were admitted into partnership. They would not only have peculiarly high personal gifts of intelligence and *morale* to carry out co-operative undertakings, but they would also have in many cases special advantages as well. If they wished to found a club for mutual relief in sickness, it would be foolish to allow strangers of a less healthy race to join with them. If it should be a building society, they by themselves would be able to enforce better sanitary regulations than if a body of less intelligent and energetic families were mixed up with them. Their social gatherings would tend to be exclusive, because their interests would be different, and often hostile, to

those of other people, and their own society would be by far the more cultured and pleasant.

It will be understood that the colonies I am describing, would be large enough for all the varied interests of life to find place for their exercise. They would be no mere retreats from a distasteful outside world, but energetic and capable to the higher degree.

The continued intermarriage of members of such colonies seems to me almost a certainty, and so does the happiness which would generally be diffused among them. Here, if anywhere, would a whole population learn to be industrious, like bees or ants, for public ends and not for individual gain. If such communities were established, it would be in them, rather than anywhere else, where those forms of new and higher civilisation, which must hereafter overspread the earth, would be first evolved. If, however, they should be persecuted to an unreasonable extent, as so many able sects have already been, let them take ship and emigrate and become the parents of a new state, with a glorious future.

All I have thus far spoken of would require no endowments, and yet how much could be effected by it. We may, however, expect that endowments commensurate with the greater items of national expenditure would ultimately be assigned to the maintenance and improvement of the best races of man. Our peers enjoy a gross annual income of some nine millions; and that of all other settled property, irrespective of merit, would amount to an enormous sum. It is very possible hereafter, at the time I have been anticipating, that the Legislature under the growing influence of the gifted caste (supposing other customs to remain as they are at present) would enforce some limitation to inheritance, in cases where the heirs were deficient in natural gifts. The fittest would then have a far better chance of

survival than at present, and civilisation, which is now recklessly destructive of high races, would, under more enlightened leadership, employ its force to maintain and improve them. The gifted families would be full of life and hope, and living under more intelligent and favourable sanitary conditions, would multiply rapidly, while the non-gifted would begin to decay out of the land, whenever they were brought face to face in competition with them, just in the same way as inferior races always disappear before superior ones. It is difficult to analyse the steps by which this invariable law has hitherto accomplished itself, and much more difficult is it to guess how it would be accomplished under the conditions here described, but I should expect it would be effected with little severity. I do not see why any insolence of caste should prevent the gifted class, when they had the power, from treating their compatriots with all kindness, so long as they maintained celibacy. But if these continued to procreate children, inferior in moral, intellectual and physical qualities, it is easy to believe the time may come when such persons would be considered as enemies to the State, and to have forfeited all claims to kindness.

The objection is sure to be urged against my scheme, that its effects are too remote for men to care to trouble themselves about it. The earlier results will be insignificant in number, and disappointing to the sanguine and ignorant, who may expect a high race to be evolved out of the present mongrel mass of mankind in a single generation. Of course this is absurd; there will be numerous and most annoying cases of reversion in the first and even in the second generation, but when the third generation of selected men has been reached, the race will begin to bear offspring of distinctly purer blood than in the first, and

after five or six generations, rever-  
sion to an inferior type will be rare.  
But is not that too remote an event  
for us to care for? I reply that the  
current interests which the scheme  
would evoke are, as already ex-  
plained, of a very attractive kind,  
and a sufficient reward for consider-  
able exertion quite independently  
of anything else. Its effects would  
be ever present, clearly visible, of  
general importance, and of the high-  
est interest, the number of experi-  
ments going on at the same time  
being an equivalent to the slow-  
ness with which their results be-  
came apparent. Also, it must be  
recollected that the labourers em-  
ployed on the foundation of any  
edifice, have a store of present  
pleasure in discounting, so to speak,  
its future development.

But even if the labour were wholly  
unremunerated by present pleasure,  
I should not despair, looking at the  
great works already accomplished  
under similar conditions. I will  
cite one example. The forests of  
Europe<sup>2</sup> extend over enormous  
tracts. In France, alone, they  
cover between eight and nine mil-  
lion acres, which equals a region  
130 miles long by 100 broad. The  
chief timber tree in France is oak,  
and an ordinance which dates from  
1669 contains a clause inserted by  
Colbert that 'in none of the forests  
of the State shall oaks be felled until  
they are ripe, that is, are unable to  
prosper for more than thirty years  
longer.' This regulation has been  
strictly attended to up to the pre-  
sent day, and in the mean time  
forest legislation has grown into an  
important duty of the State. The  
same has occurred in Germany, and

the lead of these two countries has  
been followed by Italy, Prussia,  
Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and  
British India. To return to our  
oaks: the timber is of great value  
in France, not only for ship build-  
ing, but on account of the enormous  
quantity used for parquet floors  
and wine casks, while, on the  
other hand, countries which for-  
merly supplied it in abundance,  
are now running short. In North  
Germany oaks are rarely permitted  
to attain a large size, being usually  
felled before they are 100 years of  
age, and the fine natural forests of  
Hungary, Croatia and Sclavonia  
are becoming exhausted; conse-  
quently the Government of France  
strives to favour in every way the  
growth of fine oak timber and post-  
pones felling the trees until they  
are fully mature; that is, between  
the ages of 150 and 180 years.

Is not man worthy of more consi-  
deration than timber? If a nation  
readily consents to lay costly plans  
for results not to be attained until  
five generations of men shall have  
passed away, for a good supply of  
oak, could it not be persuaded to  
do at least as much for a good  
supply of man? Marvellous effects  
might be produced in five genera-  
tions (or in 166 years, allowing  
three generations to a century). I  
believe, when the truth of heredity  
as respects man shall have become  
firmly established and clearly un-  
derstood, that instead of a sluggish  
regard being shown towards a prac-  
tical application of their knowledge,  
it is much more likely, that a perfect  
enthusiasm for improving the race  
might develop itself among the edu-  
cated classes.

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<sup>2</sup> I take all the following facts from a very curious and interesting memoir by  
Mr. Sykes Gamble, Assistant Conservator of Forests in British India, published in the  
*Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland*, 1872.



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EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

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*Correspondents are desired to observe that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.*

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1873.

## THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

NOT much more than a century ago the greatest and most promising colony ever planted and nurtured by France fell into the possession of Great Britain. Slightly behind us in the race of discovery, in that of acquisition she had surpassed us; and when that final appeal to arms occurred on the plains above Quebec, which history commemorates as a mortal duel between two great commanders, she claimed all the lands watered by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi from their sources to the ocean, and whatever else might lie farther in the unknown west, even to the very shores of the Pacific.

On one hazard Montcalm staked an empire, the loss of which was acknowledged by France in 1763, and with it that supremacy in the New World for which the rival powers had so long struggled. The might of England now seemed almost superhuman. Peaceful and prosperous at home, free beyond other countries, honoured and feared by all, the limits of her future greatness depended alone upon her discretion.

In that moment of national exultation who would have believed that before twenty years were past a large section of the people who were then rejoicing with their king, would be converted into deadly enemies, dragging from his sway the territory they had often helped him to maintain, and that of all his Transatlantic subjects, those foreigners whom he had just acquired would alone remain faithful to him, and even be found a little later fighting side by side with his troops against the aggressions of the new democracy? Yet these events form a natural sequence.<sup>1</sup> Undisputed possession rendered us too confident of our treasures, and arrogant to the inevitable guardians of them. Temptation to stab his old foe, while they helped him to the momentary gratification of revenge, blinded Louis XVI. to the general danger of the principles he was promulgating. Whilst their consequences, his dethronement and murder, the ruin of the kingdom, and the annihilation of religion and order, so shocked the simple Normans of Canada as to make them

<sup>1</sup> Yet certain shrewd thinkers predicted nearly what happened. It is said that at the time of the cession the French Minister warned the British Envoy that it would lead to the loss of our colonies, and when the Treaty was fairly signed, Choiseul could not hold exclaiming with glee, 'At last we have got them!' M. de Verguènes, afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs, then Ambassador at the Porte, also made use to an English traveller of these prophetic words: 'The consequences of the entire cession of Canada are obvious. I am persuaded England will ere long repent of having removed the only check that could keep her colonies in awe. They stand no longer in need of her protection. *She will call upon them to contribute towards supporting the burdens they have helped to bring on her, and they will reply by striking off all dependence.*'—CREASY, 'The Constitution of the Britannic Empire,' 144.

forswear France and cling to a throne which was treating them with kindness.

The story is a curious one. From the time of the great Cartier, who found it, to that of the brave Montcalm, who lost it, Canada was the special offspring of France. She explored it, she peopled it; her missionaries for the propagation of the faith, her *voyageurs* for the extension of commerce, accomplished journeys which place them amongst the boldest and most enterprising of adventurers. Alone for months, sometimes for years, to expedite the great end they had in view, these fathers would trust themselves amongst the savages, adopting their mode of life, mastering their dialects, enduring their privations, sharing their great fatigues: a career of self-sacrifice which often ended in an untimely death, accompanied by those refinements of torture in which the aboriginal Americans excelled beyond all peoples of the earth, and even prided themselves in exalting to an art. To the untiring efforts and the tact of these good men, France owed to a great degree the permanence and progress of her work, and we are indebted to them for the earliest pictures of that wild northern region, with its wonderful system of waters, and its fathomless forests, and of the life, so rapidly passing away, of its primitive inhabitants.

Once only during those times was her domination in peril. It was in the early days of Quebec. England had quarrelled with her about the treatment of the Huguenots. A British squadron sailed up the St. Lawrence, and all French America

lay at our mercy. Wolfe's prototype was Sir David Kirk, who had brought fame with him; Montcalm's was Champlain, the explorer, the administrator, the real founder and the preserver of the new Empire. All the honours of war were granted to the garrison, and Champlain was allowed to return to France. Peace was being discussed when he arrived there, and his dismay and mortification may be conceived when he found the value of La Nouvelle-France so little appreciated by the King and his advisers, that they had failed to make its restitution one of the conditions of a renewal of intercourse. But Champlain was not too late: his entreaties and remonstrances prevailed, and the lost colony was restored to its former possessors (1630).

To trace the progress and vicissitudes of Canada during the next century and a quarter, an interval full of romance and interest, would require a separate essay; her fortunes under British rule is the task we have set ourselves to consider; we must therefore be content to refer those who are curious to study the times of our predecessors, to the valuable works they have handed down to us, the titles of some of which will be found in the note.<sup>2</sup>

Immediately after the peace of 1763, Canada, which during the interval between its conquest and formal cession by treaty, had necessarily occupied the position of a military province, was placed under a civil administration. In the same gazette<sup>3</sup> the erection in America of four new governments is announced—Quebec, East Florida, and West Florida<sup>4</sup> on the mainland, and Gre-

<sup>2</sup> *Rélations des Jésuites*, now a scarce work, remarkable for its graphic account of the country and the labours of the pioneers. Champlain's *Voyages*. Charlevoix's *Histoire et Description de la Nouvelle-France*, 1774. De Bacqueville de la Potherie, *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale*, 1722. See also William Smith's *History of Canada to the Peace of 1763*, published at Quebec, and an excellent abstract of the *History of Canada*, by John MacMullen, Esq., published at Brockville, Ontario, in 1868.

<sup>3</sup> October 8, 1763.

<sup>4</sup> During the last two years of the war Spain had been the ally of France. She was punished by the loss of Cuba, which, for the sake of completing our continental posses-

nada, which comprised the few other West Indian islands we then held<sup>5</sup>—together with the appointment of General Murray as the first Governor of Quebec. A council of eight was nominated to advise him, and his instructions recommended, in most respects, the dispensation adopted in our Crown Colonies as his model. His jurisdiction extended over Canada proper; Nova Scotia, which then comprised what are now New Brunswick and part of Maine, forming a separate province. Too rigid an adherence to precedent led Murray, in one of his early acts, into a grave error. Excepting the garrison, and the immediate servants of the Crown, not a creature then spoke a word of anything but French, and the substitution of English in the Courts of Law caused a natural mistrust amongst all classes.

The speedy correction of this false step, and the expressed opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown that neither prudence nor justice warranted an alteration of the system with regard to land and property, which we found in force, or in any of the customs and usages of His Majesty's new subjects, went far to reconcile these to their fate, and to impart a confidence in England of which she soon amply reaped the fruits. Henceforth the *Coutume de Paris*, originally compiled by Canadian jurists, was to be the authoritative code regulating questions which affected land and inheritance; whilst cases of personal contract and commercial debts were to be determined according to the law of England.

An Act of Parliament, in 1774, made several modifications in the machinery of administration. The Council was augmented, its powers were enlarged, but its ordinances to

become valid must receive the royal assent within six months of their enactment. The area of the Governor's authority was also expanded so as to include Labrador, and on the west, the countries between the Ohio and the Mississippi. Had it not involved the extension of the Province, or had the lands now added been uninhabited, the 'Quebec Act' might claim almost unreserved praise. But the additional territory contained 20,000 persons of British origin, who instantly raised a cry that their interests were sacrificed, their liberty endangered, and that his new-fangled subjects, who were about to overwhelm them, were dearer to the King than his old and trusty servants.

In the House of Lords, Chatham raised his voice unheeded, and the 20,000, with their millions of rich acres, were worse than lost to us for ever.

One clause in the Quebec Act, and which, perhaps, more than any part of it secured Canada to our interests, gave to the Romish clergy full exercise of their religion, subject to the King's supremacy, and the power to enjoy the dues and rights accruing to them from the members of their congregations, with a proviso that this concession should not debar his Majesty from making such provision for the support of a Protestant clergy as he should hereafter think fit.

The lamentable story of the next nine years, the blunders of Government, and the often tactless attitude of the Opposition, who by the violence of their speech not only confirmed an overwhelmingly powerful Ministry in their stubbornness, but encouraged the more unreasonable people on the other side of the water in their turbulence,

sions, we exchanged for the Floridas. They included, besides the present State of Florida, those portions to the south of latitude 31 of what are now Alabama and Mississippi. The vast and unknown region to the west of the Mississippi was, for the present, left to the Indians, with the intention of purchasing portions of it from them hereafter, when the exigencies of the colonists should lead them to require more space

<sup>5</sup> The Grenadines, Dominica, St. Vincent and Tobago.



can never be recalled without the gravest sorrow. In the whole of our annals never did party strife cost us so great a price.

The wrench which ultimately came would have paralysed any but the stoutest empire. To be possessed one day of almost an entire continent, which dipped into the tropics, and comprised every imaginable soil and produce, and the next of a mere glacial part of it, might have caused in a more mercurial race than the British a recklessness with regard to this remnant which would have led to its alienation also.

But clumsiness and ignorance, not weakness, had been the cause of her loss, and England bravely set to work to make the best of what was left her. Efforts were made at colonisation, and in those loyal gentlemen in particular who, having sacrificed their own and their sons' blood and everything they held dear in the service of their Sovereign, preferred a bit of barren forest and Arctic snows under monarchy to comfort and affluence in a republic, the hopes for the future were principally centred. To as many of these as desired them, allotments of land were made in the peninsula between the great lakes, in a district south of Montreal, and in that portion of the old Acadia which lies to the north of the Bay of Fundy. To provide yet further for the insulation of the English—a prevalent idea amongst most statesmen of that time was, that the English and French settlers should as far as possible be kept asunder—Mr. Pitt, in 1791, introduced a Bill for the division of Canada into two Provinces. The line of demarcation, in general terms, was the river Ottawa; the two little counties of Vaudreuil and Soulanges, already occupied by the French, being alone excepted from Upper Canada. These and everything to the east were to constitute the Lower

Province. Each colony was to have its own Legislature, composed of two Chambers, the Upper named by the Crown for life, the Lower elected by the people. The Habeas Corpus Act was to be a fundamental principle of both constitutions, and the Church of England, in either Canada, to receive endowments of land, since known as the 'Clergy reserves.' Mr. Fox opposed this separation. Instead of perpetuating nationalities, he argued, our object should be to fuse them; he also wished to see both branches of the Legislature elective; a higher qualification being exacted both from the voters and the candidates for the Upper House. Even the party of change in Canada, who had been agitating for popular representation, disapproved of the separation clause, partly on the grounds alleged by Mr. Fox, partly because they imagined it would affect trade injuriously. Mr. Lymburner, their agent, carried a protest to the bar of the House of Commons, but his representations did not convince. The Bill passed the Lords, received the royal assent, and that constitution came into operation which endured exactly half a century. Amongst the details are the numbers of representatives—not fewer than seven for the Legislative Council, or fifteen for the Legislative Assembly, in Upper Canada; in Lower, not fewer than fifteen, and fifty in the similar respective Chambers; a provision, of which advantage never seems to have been taken, to enable the King to annex to certain hereditary titles of honour the right of a summons to the Upper House; the definition of the power of the Governor, of the laws of property, and of the proportion of Crown lands to be devoted to the Church for her proper maintenance.

To appreciate the position of the Colony at that time, and in order to compare it hereafter with that which it now occupies, a few statistics are unavoidable. In Upper Canada—

which, to speak roughly, is about the size of the British Isles, Lower Canada being about equal to France—two villages only existed, Newark by Niagara, and York on the Lake Ontario. The whole white population amounted to 6,000 souls, in the other province to 150,000. Simcoe was the first Governor of the one, Lord Dorchester of the other. In his absence, in December 1792, Sir Alured Clarke met the first Parliament at Quebec, and Simcoe's first speech from the throne was delivered in the previous September, in a log-hut at Newark. Thus, amongst the thunders of Niagara, where the Huron had loved to harangue, his successors held their earliest discussion. The Assembly was composed of sixteen farmers and tradesmen; the Council, of Royalists lately come from the rebellious colonies. The session, which consumed but five weeks, otherwise gave evidence of good sense. Eight measures were carried, of which the principal were—the introduction of English civil law, of trial by jury, the division of the Province into four districts, and of every district into twelve counties, and a vote for the erection of a court-house and gaol in every district. Their exertions earned for them the hearty commendation of the Governor, and then, with his kindly and hopeful words ringing in their ears, they returned to that battle with the forests and other obstacles which, renewed season after season, has won the lands that gladden the heart of the stranger who passing that way chances to see them in summer, though he, perhaps, hardly estimates the toil, and suffering, and endurance, and heartburnings they represent.

The deliberations of the Legislature in Lower Canada were far more lengthy. Preliminary questions, from which the Upper Province was naturally exempt, had to be considered there. The matter of language, for instance, occupied

much time, and it was ultimately ruled that motions or questions from the chair should be put, and the journals kept, in French and in English. Education also met with a share of attention, and a petition was voted to the King praying for the establishment of a college. It is worthy of recollection that this first constitutional address of French Canadians was penned when the representative of their former masters was about to ascend the scaffold. As to finance; in the Lower Province the first balance-sheet presented gave for the year 1795 a revenue of 5,000*l.* against an expenditure of 20,000*l.*, but every successive budget showed an improvement upon this, and as early as 1797 we find a deficit of only 4,000*l.* in an expenditure of 30,000*l.* The auditors in the Upper Province dealt with less portentous figures, and we can well understand 84*l.* worth of stationery, in one year, for the use of the Legislature striking them as a startling item. The period from 1812 to 1814 was one of sore trial to our young colonies. A straggling territory, with 300,000 souls and only 4,500 regular troops to defend it, found itself suddenly confronted with a country possessing a population of *eight millions* and an army of 25,000. England, engaged in a gigantic war and her resources strained to the utmost tension, could afford little help, and the defence of Canada devolved upon the people. We always think the issue of this two years' war the best rebuke to those who tremble for a long frontier, and forget the dreadful barrier to invasion a people may oppose who care enough for their institutions and their home really to fight for both. Long before it was ended every male capable of bearing arms, French or English, took the field; and the Union might well be thankful, when the events of 1814 relieved the hands of Great Britain, that twenty years of campaigning had given her a

sufficient desire for repose to listen to overtures of peace.

For half a generation the world now indulged in unusual quiet. Then, as if this had taxed its patience too long, came the sanguinary revolutions on the Continent, and the bloodless revolution in England followed by a policy which was to affect all her possessions. Canada, seized by the general contagion, soon began to clamour for reform. The British colonists wanted one thing, the French another; many good and salutary concessions offered by Lord Grey's Government, some of them, as we believe, prematurely, provoked fresh demands to which it seemed impossible to the ministry to accede. A term of querulous dissatisfaction ensued, culminating in violence, and the latter part of the decade comprises the most unpleasant passage between Canada and the mother-country. Indeed, for a moment, appearances threatened a very different issue from that which was happily achieved; but the loyalty of the majority helped the authorities, and the crisis was overcome. A scheme, which for some time had been under discussion, was now matured. The political separation into two provinces which had been effected in 1791 was to be repealed. The French were to retain their rights and their laws unimpaired as heretofore, but instead of two Executives and two Legislatures the whole country was to be governed by one Ministry and one Parliament, consisting of an Upper and Lower House, to which Ministers, as in England, were to be responsible. Under a constitution precisely similar to that of their fellow-countrymen at home, and endowed with an equal latitude for self-government, it was hoped that all altercations between the Colony and England would now be at an end, and—an additional argument in favour of the new measure—that

the community of action and public interests which it involved, would bring into closer relationship two populations of different language and different race.

Kingston<sup>6</sup> was chosen for the present as the centre of government, and on June 13, 1841, Lord Sydenham summoned the legislators of the United Provinces to their work, of which his speech gave the immediate outlines. Touching first upon certain local and international topics of interest, it went on to assert 'Her Majesty's determination to protect her Canadian subjects to the utmost of her power.' It next recommended improvements in the postal arrangements, the development of public works—for which the Imperial Treasury promised to hold itself responsible to the amount of a million and a half sterling, the encouragement of immigration on a large scale, the creation of municipal councils, and a better provision for education. Thence passing to the question of defence, it announced the intention of Government to make a large annual appropriation for this purpose, 'Her Majesty being determined at all hazards to maintain the existing British Provinces of North America as part of the Empire.' Inspired by these marks of affection from home the session produced much useful work, and at its close members might look with honest pride to the last fourteen weeks of their life. One event pained every one, the Governor-General, whom all had learned to respect, met with a severe injury a few days before the prorogation, and on the day succeeding it, expired. Sir Charles Bagot's reign was unhappily short, and ill-health compelled Lord Metcalfe to tender his resignation after a service in Canada of only two years. An awkward discussion—a legacy of the recent troubles—concerning

<sup>6</sup> Only until proper buildings should be erected in Montréal.

the indemnity due to those who had innocently suffered from them, rendered uneasy the earlier part of Lord Elgin's reign. The difficulty was adjusted in 1850, and of the next ten years it may be said that they show a growth at once rapid and healthy, and although a few steps were taken which have since been retraced, legislation was for the most part orderly, progressive, and productive of good. One blemish was the rendering of the Upper House elective—another, the secularisation of the clergy reserves; but the provision, and on a magnificent scale, for railways—the locomotive was as yet unknown in Canada—and a better ordering of the system of finance, may efface many errors. The 'reform party,' in this season of prosperity, lost its compactness; many of its ablest members, more than indifferent to change, were scouted by the extreme remnant as a sort of renegades, and the benches of the House, instead of two sets of occupants, came to be divided between the Moderate Reformers or Whigs, the Radicals or Clear Grits—as they were nicknamed—and the Conservatives. Of these three factions Lord Elgin's ministers represented the first; M. Dorion and Mr. George Brown, both men of great ability, the second; and Sir Alan McNab, Mr. (now Sir) John A. Macdonald, and Mr. Morin the third. The Whigs were the most numerous, but inferior in strength to the other two combined, and an adverse vote at the opening of the session of 1854, left the Premier, Mr. Hincks, no alternative but resignation. Sir Alan McNab, charged with the formation of a new Cabinet, with Mr. Morin, entered into negotiation with the Whigs, and the result was a coalition, the first example to Canada of the mode in which differences elsewhere have occasionally been adjusted. This was the last important event of Lord

Elgin's Administration; he had lately returned from Washington, having helped to conclude a treaty of reciprocity with the United States, and soon after prorogation he retired to serve his sovereign in other lands. It is perhaps necessary to have visited a detached community of our countrymen, to estimate the anxiety with which every event is watched which concerns national honour. Nowhere was every vicissitude of the Russian campaign more keenly followed than in Canada, and instead of the unpleasant business which had awaited too many of his predecessors, Sir Edmund Head's first communication with his superiors transmitted a vote of congratulation to the Queen from both Houses on the success of her arms, and a cheque for 20,000*l.* voted by his Parliament as a subscription to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who fell in the Crimea, besides private subscriptions to a considerable amount for the same object. It will also be remembered that a complete regiment was raised in Canada for foreign service, and that the large number of volunteers who enrolled themselves liberated the greater part of the regular forces for more active work.

The union of the Provinces had brought into vogue a curious specimen of Parliamentary mechanism. The minister, instead of abiding by the decision of a majority of the whole House, thought it necessary to appeal separately to the French and English sections. If both agreed with him, his measure proceeded; but the verdict against it of either of them was accepted as a defeat. Mr. John A. Macdonald, who succeeded M. Taché as Premier in 1854, abandoned this practice as unsound. A further attempt (which, however, failed) to obliterate the former boundaries between the two races, is to be found in the proposal to substitute for the constant number of sixty-five members for each of the

Canadas, a representation based upon the population of the whole province. The situation of the capital was another subject of keen controversy. The inconvenience had long been felt of the system of alternate seats of Government, necessitating the dragging of the archives every two years from place to place. But the English would not hear of Quebec; the French, with better reason, regarded Toronto as eccentric; Montreal was, so to speak, disfranchised for its crimes; and nothing remained but a compromise. The decision was at last referred to the Queen, who was advised to choose Bytown, above the confluence of the Gatineau with the Ottawa, and there a city now stands, named after its magnificent river, which possesses public buildings the most sightly, and perhaps the most commodious of which any capital can boast.

The defeat of Lord Palmerston's Government in the spring of 1858 placed the colonies in the hands of an acute and far-seeing statesman. Persuaded of the inestimable value of our American possessions, he erected into a Crown Colony, under the name of British Columbia, a settlement in the extreme West, with the further design of placing under the direct rule of the Crown the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of making provision for a railway to connect Halifax with New Westminster, an Atlantic with a Pacific port. Had Sir Edward Lytton's tenure of office been longer, or his successors grasped his great schemes, these pages might commemorate that which they wish to predict. Ten years were wasted, but before another ten are past we expect to see Lord Lytton's visions fulfilled.

The paragraph in the Queen's Speech opened a new and a vast field of ambition to our colonists, and in Canada, to this day, it is quoted with enthusiasm. One of its immediate consequences was an

agitation for a federal union of all the North American provinces. The area was perhaps too great, and the interests for the present too diverse, to admit of a closer bond. But it was hoped that the results of a common system of finance, and the intercourse which a central Parliament would compel, might be beneficial to all of the associating members. The force of the latter consideration will be the more felt if we remember that, owing to the absence of proper communication between Canada and the maritime colonies, the latter were more intimate with Liverpool and London than with Montreal and Toronto. Halifax, as a great station of the navy, and the resort of packets and ships of every kind was brought into direct and daily contact with home, and its merchants had come to consider the crossing of the Atlantic a less serious business than the passage from Dover to Calais appears to many an English traveller.

This is the place to take notice of those maritime states, which, though of far smaller area, and since their cession to the Crown, presenting a history perhaps less eventful than that of the Canadas, owe to their position an importance which makes them indispensable to the safety of our North American empire.

A glance at the map will illustrate this more readily than a treatise, especially when it is borne in mind that during at least a third of the year, the St. Lawrence, the only other access to the hinder territory, is rendered unnavigable by the ice.

At the period at which our narrative has arrived (1858) Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, were separate colonies, with institutions of their own, and in no way connected with their more powerful neighbour; now, with it and other provinces, with the exception of the Island, they form

a great confederation, whose object is to secure unanimity of action, economy of resources, closer intercourse, and a general compactness of the whole mass. The story of the maritime states may be briefly sketched as follows:—The unparalleled voyage and discoveries of Columbus, which promised so novel and splendid an addition to the sovereignty of Spain, had filled the people of Europe with marvel and her princes with a fervor of excitement, intensified almost to phrenzy in the case of Henry VII., who, in addition to the envy which he might feel in common with other potentates, endured the mortification of feeling that an accident alone had deprived him of that brilliant prize which now belonged to Ferdinand. But geographers and statesmen were not slow in supposing that there must be room for more than one conqueror in that curious new world, and as early as 1497, Sebastian Cabot, Grand Pilot of England, but a Venetian by birth, sailed from Bristol, and directing his course as nearly as possible along the parallel from which he started, became the discoverer of Newfoundland; whence, pursuing his voyage a little to the south of west, he was the first European, except indeed the Icelanders, to touch the *Continent* of America. Having taken possession of these territories in the King's name, he returned home to give an account of his successes. His son, Sebastian, who had accompanied him, after an interval of several years prosecuted his researches, and added Labrador to his father's discoveries.

From that time for nearly a century these latitudes seem to have been neglected by England, whose sea-going adventures found ample occupation in more genial climes. Strongly contrasted with our indifference were the spirit and energy evinced by France in the struggle with the difficulties which surrounded her in Canada, and it is not sur-

prising that, after sixty years of steady industry, during which we had done nothing to secure advantage from Cabot's discoveries, it should have occurred to her to plant settlements in the neglected lands between her frontier and the Bay of Fundy, which, together with the contiguous peninsula, she now included under the general name of Acadia.

This seizure, which was effected in 1598, now aroused our jealousy, and an expedition was despatched, which resulted in the re-assertion of the prior rights of the English Crown. In its wake came a band of Scotch colonists, under Sir Wm. Alexander, to whom James I. gave a grant of Acadia—henceforth to be known as Nova Scotia. It soon, however, again fell into the hands of our rivals, who held it, with the exception of the thirteen years between 1654 and 1667, until 1690, when it was once more taken by England, to whom it was formally ceded at the Peace of Utrecht, and to whom it has ever since belonged.

After this date immigration from the British Isles continued to flow thither, and in 1748 a body of troops disbanded by Lord Halifax formed a settlement on the site of the city which now bears his name.

After the outbreak of hostilities with France the possession of Nova Scotia became again an object of contention between the belligerents. Cape Breton, an island separated by a narrow strait from the mainland, still belonged to the French, who, especially since the loss of their Acadia, had cherished this spot as a rendezvous for their fleets, and a perpetual menace to England. Louisburg, on the eastern side of Cape Breton, was, after Quebec, the strongest fortress in North America, and its capture in 1757, which deprived France of the last of her Atlantic positions, attracted that attention to James Wolfe which gave him the command of the army in Canada, and thus led to the se-

cond victory which has immortalised his name. Cape Breton, like our other conquests in those regions, was formally ceded by the Treaty of 1763, and has since been classed as a district of Nova Scotia. The limits of the colony until the end of the American War were, on the north-west, Canada, and on the south-west New England; and it may be roughly described to have been about the size of England. It was thinly peopled and except in the peninsula, to which the former name is now restricted, scarcely anyone of British race or descent could be found. The influx of Royalists in 1783, to which allusion was incidentally made on a former page, altered the condition of the other and larger portion, which, considering the number and the class of the new occupants, and the irksomeness in those days of a journey to Halifax, was almost immediately raised into a separate colony under the name of New Brunswick.

Prince Edward Island, which lies in the lap; so to say, of both these colonies—its minimum distance from land is but nine miles—was peopled by the French; and although Cabot could not fail to find it when he was passing from Newfoundland to Nova Scotia, it seems to have received little attention from the English until the year 1758 when it was taken and added as a county to the colony on the mainland.

In honour of its sponsor, the second son of the Prince of Wales, it exchanged its older name of Île-Royale for that by which it is now known. Its lands, which are fertile and easily worked, were allotted to certain gentlemen in England, a few of whom settled or sent their younger sons there; and these, together with a certain number of retainers, English, Scotch, Irish, a couple of regiments of disbanded Hessians, the French *habitants*, and the remnant of the aborigines, were the progenitors of the motley population which now interests the

visitor. As early as 1771 a petition for a separate existence was answered by the appointment of a governor and council, who, according to the unerring destiny of our colonial governments, have expanded into three estates. The entire population, which does not exceed 100,000 souls, possess thirty persons who are supposed directly to express their humours or their views, and a superior eleven to countenance or correct them. The secrets of the little State are entrusted to nine gentlemen, four of whom serve without portfolio or remuneration. Customs and excise furnish a revenue which equals if it does not exceed the expenditure. The island abounds in provisions, its waters in fish; the consumer of alcohol or foreign luxuries alone pays taxes, so that in few places in the world is life so easily and comfortably supported.

Unlike the adjacent continent, which knows no medium between the bristling forest and absolute nudity of timber, the island has been cleared in such a manner as to leave coverts and clumps, and even solitary trees—a contrast to their crowded brethren,—stately and wide-spreading, which, together with its orchards and hedges, ruddy soil and pretty farms, good roads and an undulating landscape, give it in the summer and autumn that homely appearance inseparable from our associations with English scenery.

Its outline is peculiar. The seaward shore may roughly be described as a continuous curve hanging between two degrees of longitude; towards the land its aspect is equally shared by Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with both of which provinces a constant communication subsists. Its mean breadth is eighteen miles, which the attacks of the waves have reduced in two places to a fourth and less than a fourth of that distance. Yet it finds room for

one broad river, navigable almost to its source, besides many streams abounding in salmon and trout, and its millions of acres of blood-red land might bear many times the actual population. The climate is healthy, but severe, and its intercourse with the outer world is all but closed during the hardest months of winter. To this day about one-ninth of the island is owned by the heirs of the recipients of King George's grant. Of these a very small minority make it their residence, and the absorption of the claims of the absentees is the only piece of statecraft which has harassed its legislators. The easy process of confiscation, we regret to say, was twice attempted, but of course rejected by the Crown. The Ministry are now prepared, at a certain rate, to redeem these properties, giving to the tenants the first option of purchasing the land which they hold, and it is likely that by this means the element of absenteeism will ere long be eliminated.

The only remaining possession to be considered in connection with the maritime group is Newfoundland, which, excepting the single episode of Raleigh's unsuccessful attempt in 1583 to found a settlement there, remained in the same state of neglect with our other American discoveries till 1623, when Lord Baltimore, with a little band of emigrants, formed the nucleus of a colony which, thanks to periodical remissions of people from Ireland and England, became sufficiently powerful to maintain its ground against a rival planted by France in its immediate vicinity. The frequent collisions between the two sets of settlers were miserably detrimental to both, and Newfoundland from this time never can be said to have known peace until the Treaty of Utrecht, by acknowledging the supremacy of Great Britain over the whole island, relieved the neighbours of the duty of quarrelling. Yet the reservation by France of three islets, at the very

door of the main island, and a share in the fisheries, gave rise to jealousies and disputes which to this day are not buried. The area of Newfoundland is about 40,000 square miles. It is therefore considerably larger than Ireland. Its northernmost point, separated from Labrador by the Straits of Belle Isle, is rather to the south of Greenwich, whilst its southernmost point, Cape Race, nearly corresponds in latitude with Geneva. The population of about 150,000 are confined to the coast, and their wants have not yet justified the construction of a road through the interior—almost as much a *terra incognita* as Central Australia. Cod and seal occupy the inhabitants, and these creatures and their appurtenances form the exports, the value of which, taking the mean of the last ten years, may be rated at one million and a quarter sterling. Under the head of imports to this fog-begirt island are included several of the necessaries of life; yet, taking the same range of time, their average price closely balances that of the exports; or, in other words, the comfort—even the vitality—of the people is dependent upon the result of their fisheries.

That such a situation, and in the wildest of seas, should produce hardy mariners it is needless to say, or that ship-building should be their principal and most honoured art. But the reader may not be prepared to learn that a population of less than 30,000 adult males possesses a thousand fishing vessels of an average capacity of 50 tons, amongst which are nine steamers, and that in addition to these whole fleets launched from the island are engaged in carrying its produce to different parts of the world, and bringing home again in exchange the various objects wanted to cheer the community. To all this shipping a line of steamers must be added which plies between St. John's, the capital, and the minor ports, carries the mails and other-



wise serves the different settlements.

Although Newfoundland is the nearest to us of all our American possessions, none of them has been so much isolated, and perhaps on this account it was the last of them to pray for the boon or the burden of responsible government. Its actual constitution has had a trial of seventeen years, and the question of greatest gravity which has occurred to the Legislature is, whether the Island should or should not cast its lot with the Dominion. In the spring of 1869, the local Assembly was dissolved, and candidates sought the suffrages of their constituents on this issue. The Ministry, which was in favour of union, had already arranged the terms with the Canadian Cabinet, which, as they were favourable to the islanders, it was thought and believed would be accepted by them. The elections took place in the summer, a season peculiarly favourable to the movements of certain strangers whose private interests conflicted with the change, and the result of their exertions amongst the fishermen was the return of a majority of two members pledged to support the *status quo*. Newfoundland, therefore, like Prince Edward Island, still retains its idiosyncrasy.

The machinery of government consists, as usual, of a Governor and two houses—an Upper House, or Legislative Council, of 15, and a Lower House, or Assembly, of twice that number. The advisers of the Governor, or Executive Council must not exceed seven. The Governor, whose patent further styles him Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, has jurisdiction over Labrador, where a few fishermen of French and British descent, a remnant of aborigines, and a little band of missionaries are supplied with justice, a post-office, and an apparatus for the collection of dues.

After this digression let us re-

turn to the words of the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament in 1859. With regard to Colonial affairs it announced (1) the erection of the district between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific into a Crown Colony under the name of British Columbia, (2) the projected acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Territory, which was to be placed under a similar government, and (3) the formation of the two Canadas and the maritime provinces in one federal system. The fall two months later of Lord Derby's Administration prevented the fulfilment of the second part of the programme, and postponed that of the third. Then came the civil war in America, which seemed so to absorb all the thoughts of our statesmen as to leave them little spirit for carrying out the changes in our territories, which were so much needed. Not so with our subjects who were so much nearer the scene of strife.

In 1863 the three maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, called a conference at Charlottetown for the discussion not of a federal but a legislative union—that is to say, a complete incorporation of the three Colonies. What might have been the result it is not so easy to say, for while the session was in progress delegates arrived from Canada, who submitted a wider scheme; the Charlottetown meeting was dissolved, and in the following year the representatives of the four *continental* colonies adopted a series of resolutions which provided for a federal union. These, after a few modifications, were accepted by the Secretary of State, and all that remained to ensure the accomplishment of the scheme was the consent of the local Legislatures. The maritime provinces, by an adverse vote, showed their indisposition to the change, or their dissatisfaction with the conditions, and confederation was for a moment retarded.

In 1866, however, the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were more agreeable, and in the autumn of that year the leading ministers of the four colonies arrived in London, where, in conjunction with the Secretary of State, they framed the Act which in the first week of the session of 1867 was introduced by the Earl of Carnarvon, and received the royal assent seven weeks later. The labours of the Westminster Conference—as it will be remembered in history—being at an end, the Governor-General of the Dominion was able to announce this great event in the life of our American Empire, and on the 1st of July, 1867, Lord Monck opened the first Federal Parliament.

The principal features of this important piece of legislation deserves description. After repealing the Act of Union of 1861, it proceeds to empower the four Colonies of Ontario (formerly Upper Canada), Quebec (formerly Lower Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick to form a confederation for specific purposes, each province retaining so much of autonomy as is consistent with the general working of the larger scheme; in other words, being allowed the management of concerns purely domestic. Thus the defences of the country, the administration of justice, the fisheries, custom and excise, navigation beyond the bounds of a province, legislation for railways, canals, and other intercolonial highways, the post office, banking, and public works and buildings connected with the welfare of the nation belong to the central authority. On the other hand, the Crown Lands, with their minerals and timber, buildings and thoroughfares for strictly local uses, the police and the whole of the municipal organisation are provincial. Each of the four States receives for its maintenance from the Federal Treasury a definite annual grant, and the loans contracted by the maritime States anterior to 1867

are guaranteed by the Dominion. The Federal Parliament, which sits at Ottawa, is composed of two Chambers—the Senate, created by the Crown for life; and the House of Commons, the aggregate number of members in each being defined. When the new constitution was launched, the Upper House contained 72 seats, which were apportioned in three equal divisions to Ontario, Quebec, and the two new comers. Until the advent of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will thus each possess twelve Senators; after that desired event Prince Edward Island will be represented by four, its neighbours on either side making a sacrifice of two. In the case of a 'dead-lock' the Governor-General is empowered to create as many additional Senators as he may think fit, not exceeding six, so that the normal House numbered 72, and could never exceed 78. The subsequent adhesion to the Confederation of other Colonies, to which reference will be made, has slightly enlarged the strength of both Houses of Parliament.

The qualifications for a Senator are, that he shall be a natural-born or naturalised subject of Her Majesty, full thirty years of age, possessed of a freehold within his province of the clear value of 800*l.*, that his real and personal property together be worth the same sum, and that he shall be a resident in his province. Should he at any time subsequent to his appointment be deficient in any of these requirements, or become a bankrupt or a felon, or fail without good cause in his attendance during two consecutive sessions of Parliament, he forfeits his seat. The President or Speaker of the Senate is named by the Crown.

The House of Commons was limited to 181 members: 82 for Ontario, 65 for Quebec, 19 for Nova Scotia, and 15 for New Brunswick, these figures being proportioned to

the populations of the several provinces at the epoch of the Union. It was further enacted that after the census of 1871, and every subsequent decennial census, Quebec always retaining the constant number of 65, such a redistribution of seats must be made amongst the other Colonies as shall be warranted by the increase in population of any one or more of them in a greater ratio than the rest. The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the House; the maximum duration of Parliament is five years. The administration of the affairs of the Dominion is vested in a Council or Cabinet of thirteen ministers, who have seats in either House, and are responsible to Parliament for their actions. When they accept office they are sworn before the Governor-General as members of 'Her Majesty's Privy Council for Canada,' a distinction with the title of 'Honourable,' which they retain for life. In short, in almost every detail the Constitution of the Dominion is modelled after the English original, and the forms and decorum of the Canadian House of Commons might make a stranger who was suddenly introduced to its sittings wonder whether he were at Ottawa or Westminster.

These outward observances should never be lightly regarded. Proper ceremony, a rigid rule with regard to courtesy in debate, and implicit deference to the Chair, impose a tone without which an assembly of legislators or disputants degenerates in self-respect, and, consequently, in a great measure fails to fulfil the object for which it was called into being.

Miniatures of the great Parliament, the local assemblies meet respectively at Toronto, Quebec, Fredericton, and Halifax in the winter of every year, when the Treasurer or Finance Minister disposes of his grant, the Commissioner of Crown Lands reports the progress of their

survey and their value, and the other members of the little Cabinet give an account of their several departments. In three of the provinces we find a Lieutenant-Governor and two Houses. In Ontario alone a single Chamber is convened. This anomaly seems to be distasteful, and it is to be desired that it may soon cease.

Such is the form of government of a country of considerably wider area than France and the British Isles combined, and which in a single century has shown an increase from 60,000 or 70,000 to 3,500,000 of souls. The decennial censuses of the United States, while they gauge the vast inpourings from Europe, reveal the fact that the descendants of settlers of former generations are as a rule far less prolific than the newcomers. To Canada Great Britain has never supplied an emigration commensurate with that which it has given to other parts of the world, and the indisposition of the French to expatriate themselves even to their own colonies is so great, that the presence of a large body of their former countrymen in Quebec has not proved a sufficient attraction to them. Yet the 40,000 subjects who reverted to the Crown of England at the epoch of the conquest have developed themselves into fully 1,000,000, an instance of fecundity which must astound the reader who has not visited the habitant and the habitante with their family of from 15 to 25 children. Nor can any complaint be made in this respect of our own countrymen, who have multiplied at a ratio far exceeding that of any country in Europe.

Taking the four Colonies,—during the second quarter of the present century, before which contemporaneous estimates are not to be found, their population increased from 758,000 to over 2,300,000, or became more than doubled; during the next 20 years this large number has been further increased by 1,200,000, so that in the year 1875,

exactly half a century from the first data, the population should have quintupled. And it is worth mentioning, by the way, as a curious coincidence, that at the outbreak of the American Civil War the number of the inhabitants of British North America was as nearly as possible equal to that of the United States when their independence was acknowledged.

The various creeds are represented nearly in the following proportion :

The Church of Rome, 45 per cent. of the whole people; the Church of England, the Presbyterians, and the Methodists, almost evenly balanced, come to as many more; and allowing the larger proportion of the remainder to the Baptists, 4 per cent. are left for Lutherans and other denominations.

To trace the progress of the revenue is not less curious. Its elasticity, owing to the rapid increase of people, is so great that half a million sterling could be added to the annual debt without altering the burden *per caput*. When the Dominion commenced its career its debt was about 16,000,000*l.*, requiring an interest of nearly 900,000*l.* The first year brought a surplus of 300,000*l.* over an expenditure of more than three millions and a quarter; and in spite of the many subsequent and heavy drains on the national purse, the financial prosperity of the country has continued without a reverse. Custom and excise supply two-thirds of the revenue, and the remainder comes from loans, public works, and miscellaneous imposts.

Exports and imports are most conveniently arranged under three heads: I. Products of the earth, including (1) animals and their produce; (2) cereals, vegetables and vegetable extracts of all kinds; (3) timber, fruits, turpentine, &c.; (4) metals and minerals of every description. II. Products of the water, viz. fish, oil, isinglass,

whalebone, and all these creatures yield. III. Manufactures.

Animals, their hides, furs, and wool; butter, cheese, feathers, and eggs; corn, flour, and peas; timber of many kinds and forms; copper ore and petroleum; these, and fish, furnish the exports of the Dominion, which in the last two years have amounted in value to 11,500,000*l.* The imports, which during the same period represent 13,000,000*l.*, consist chiefly, as may be supposed, of manufactured articles, and luxuries of many descriptions. The principal customers of Canada are the United States, who take 57 per cent. of the whole exports, against 34 per cent. which go to England. In the matter of demand, however, we exactly change places, England furnishing 57 per cent., and the United States 34 per cent. France, Portugal, Spain, others of our Colonies, and South America traffic with Canada in the remainder of her wares, and meet the remainder of her wants.

It has been already remarked that so late as 1850 not a single railway existed in British North America. The number of miles now in working order may be estimated at nearly 3,000. The road connecting Halifax and New Brunswick with Quebec is rapidly progressing, and several other lines are in the course of construction. The postal service is admirably conducted, extending to the smallest and most distant settlements, the uniform cost of an ordinary letter being three half-pence. The development of the telegraph, due entirely to private enterprise, is even more remarkable. There is scarcely a village to which it does not penetrate, although the wires may be driven scores of miles through wilderness or forest.

The mercantile navy comprises over 7,000 vessels, of an aggregate value of more than 7,000,000*l.* and 1,000,000 tonnage, and there are

few enterprises of which Canada may be more proud than the establishment of that great fleet of mail-steamers which maintain a weekly intercourse with Great Britain. Ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 tons, with proportionate horse-power, they rival in regularity and comfort the famous 'Cunarders,' which for many years ruled the Atlantic. Without a subsidy such a service as the Allan line could not be conducted with punctuality; the Dominion Government willingly subscribe 60,000*l.* a year, to secure the enormous benefits of a rapid and regular intercourse with the busiest part of the world. Nor is this the only outlay of the kind. The maritime provinces have to be remembered, and the steamers which run between Quebec and Halifax, touching at the different ports, likewise receive their present. The business of the navigation of the rivers and lakes, themselves seas, is too lucrative to need support, for during half the year these waters carry the whole of mankind and no inconsiderable portion of their wealth.

Thus launched on her new career, it was natural that Canada should hasten to accomplish her destiny. Already a great Atlantic State, if she once obtained the Pacific seaboard, and the vast intervening plains, it seemed difficult to overestimate the greatness of her future. The first object to be gained were the territories of the Hudson Bay Company, which are so enormous that they may be said to cover an extent equal to the whole of Europe.

One of the peculiarities of the British Empire was the existence of two sovereign Companies who conquered and ruled regions that were worlds compared with the little islands from which they derived their license.

Almost simultaneously two charters were issued by King Charles II., the one to a body of merchants, empowering them to do what they thought fit in the Indies; the other,

as the document runs, giving 'the Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that be within the entrance of Hudson's Straits, that are not actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State.' The former, who had to combat a great Asiatic power, and climates many of them deadly to the European, won for us step by step what is now the most splendid appanage of any crown. Besides the difficulties opposed by nature, these merchant princes must deal with a host of races, some of them as warlike as ourselves, and administer to millions and millions whose varied habits, and antagonistic creeds, required the perpetual vigilance and attention of the conquerors. During near two centuries did this strange *imperium in imperio* subsist, which, in spite of certain mistakes and injustices, inseparable perhaps from the task and the times, has left a trace in history of which we may be justly proud, and to which future ages and people will look back with admiration.

A work more different in every respect cannot well be conceived than that of the sister Company, but the account she has been able to render, though not so dazzling to the eye or so fascinating to the imagination, is not less honourable to British energy and endurance than the brilliant achievements of the Nabobs. The first measure of the 'adventurers' who preferred the colder parts of the earth was to establish stations at intervals along the shores of Hudson's Bay, capable of containing a small number of Europeans and sufficiently strong to shelter them from the possible attacks of the natives.

Fishing, trapping, hunting, the

collection of furs, and the exploration of the country was to be their business. In those days the Indians were more numerous than they now are. Many 'nations,' as they are styled, occupied the interior, and roamed at regular seasons to the coast. With these the settlers soon made acquaintance, and established an intercourse which lessened their labours and greatly increased their gains. Knives and nicknacks from home were exchanged for valuable furs, and their new friends soon taught the white men many things which made life less of a burden in that frozen waste. With the help of the Indians, too, the colonists made expeditions, so that the Governor was able to report discoveries. Yet for a long time it does not appear that they penetrated very far, or at all events that advantage was taken of such knowledge as they may have acquired. A few degrees further to the south France was more active, for pioneers and missionaries were traversing the continent, and curious stories would occasionally reach the English of Hudson's Bay of another race of pale faces not very far from them. These rumours excited competition, and the geography was sufficiently understood when the rectification of frontiers occurred in 1763 for the Hudson's Bay Company to claim and obtain the whole watershed inclining to the north—the tract which they still held in 1869.

Towards the close of the last century its operations became more developed; posts or forts were established along the rivers, by the lakes, and in other spots where experience taught them that game most abounded; larger supplies of commodities were sent from England for barter with the Indians, and business, in short, was conducted on a much more extended scale.

But they were not allowed to

conduct it undisturbed. The French, who were the pioneers, and knew the virtues of the country, continued to hunt and traffic, and, abetted by men of substance in Lower Canada, carried some of the best prizes from the 'adventurers' of Leadenhall Street. In vain did the latter appeal to the Charter which gave them a monopoly of commerce; their rivals replied that if they were not satisfied, they might eject them by force, and the heart of North America was at that time too far from London to captivate the attention of the minister for war. The English and the French thus left to themselves, like their countrymen in other parts of the world, settled their own differences, and taught many a sad lesson to the Aborigines. Powder and ball often took their effect upon the former, liquor thinned and demoralised the latter.

One high-minded and far-seeing man, at the commencement of the present century, whose position as member of the Council or Board of Management of the Hudson's Bay Company, filled him with keen interest in these distant realms, suggested that so large a space was capable of better ends than the mere breeding of wild beasts, and proposed colonisation, offering, at his own expense, to purchase a tract of land and try the experiment. From a barren region of Scotland emigrants were easily found ready to exchange their present home for the meadows of the Red River. Landing at York Factory, they proceeded to their allotments, where, after many vicissitudes — being harassed by the French and pillaged by the Indians, who, incited by the former, resented this new encroachment on their hunting grounds, they formed a settlement which was destined to become the nucleus of European enterprise in the Far West. The emigration took place in 1811, but in 1816, an unfortunate collision

between the Hudson's Bay and the 'North - West' people—for the rivals of the former had for some time constituted themselves into a regular company—in which Mr. Semple, the English Governor was killed, gave their enemies again such an ascendancy that, with the loss of most of their property, they were compelled to disperse from their new homes. Lord Selkirk happened to be in Canada at the time planning a visit to his colonists, and no sooner did the news reach him of a catastrophe which threatened a regular blood-feud between the British and the French, the destruction of his favourite scheme, and the suspension of the business of the Company, than, enrolling a band of pensioners, he started to the relief of the Red River Settlement. The journey before him was long and arduous, and besides warlike materials and supplies for the sufferers every article of consumption had to be carried. The first section of the way led some 300 miles up the Ottawa, thence by rivers and lakes to Georgian Bay—a recess of Huron—and so to Lake Superior, which must be completely traversed in order to gain the estuary of the River Kaministiquia—the infant St. Lawrence. The mode of travel was in great canoes constructed of birch bark, and so light that their crew could carry them, yet of such capacity that, besides travellers and eight or ten paddlers, they were able to contain a considerable freight.

Wherever, owing to long reaches of rapids and cataracts, the rivers become impassable, the craft was unloaded, and transported with its effects to the nearest spot where it could be launched again with advantage. This tedious process might have to be repeated several times in the day, the length of the 'portages,' varying from a few hundred yards to several miles. The dexterity with which the Indians and the *voyageurs* manage their canoes is admirable;

the course must be impossible before they forsake it, and the passenger who begins by shuddering at the foaming water and the rocks before him, soon learns to find a keen enjoyment in shooting the rapids. So great, too, is the buoyancy of these boats of bark, that they will cross the fresh water seas in a gale which would try the mettle of many an old salt in a very different kind of vessel. Having completed in safety the first part of his voyage, Lord Selkirk landed about a mile up the Kaministiquia, where one of the principal establishments of the North-West Company had been planted.

The sight of his overwhelming force put its inhabitants on their good behaviour, but Lord Selkirk's indignation against their employers was not to be appeased by a few civilities; so he seized the fort, and made prisoners of all within it. Having taught them this first lesson, he embarked upon the second and more difficult half of his journey. Henceforth, on both sides, the river was lined by forests, and wherever a portage occurred, in addition to the ordinary trouble, trees must be felled and removed so as to open a sufficient passage. Ten or twelve days brought him to the height of land where that peculiar phenomenon is seen (repeated more than once in America), of the sources—only a rifle-shot apart—of two rivers flowing in different directions, and furrowing the entire continent. A little bubbling lake, on either side, seems to be the origin of the great system of inland seas and the St. Lawrence, navigable from its mouth to Chicago and Fond du Lac; and of a series of lakes, ending in Winnipeg, strung together by a river, known by various local names, which ultimately reaches the sea in Hudson's Bay. Whenever, in his progress, Lord Selkirk came upon a hostile station, he took it. One was by the Rainy Lake, another on the north side of the Lake of the Woods

—that most weird and fairy-like of all imaginable scenes, so studded with wooded islands, literally in myriads, that only the practised pilot can find his way amongst them. Then descending the Winnipeg, the most precipitous of all those rivers, he reached the lake of that name, menaced and quickly captured all his enemies' posts on the Red River, and filled the Hudson's Bay people and his poor Scotch emigrants with rejoicing. To us quiet-going English, in 1872, Lord Selkirk's daring and high-handed policy seems awful; but if the Canadian courts, which were naturally most biassed, assessed him in damages, it must be remembered that his prompt action put an end to anarchy, saved bloodshed and misery, and vindicated the rights that the Company of which he was one of the rulers was not only licensed but bound to assert.

Indeed, from the moment of his arrival must be dated the tranquillity of the mixed community of Rupert's Land, and the real foundation of the first colony in a region which, before another century is past, is likely to count its millions. After establishing order, Lord Selkirk's first act was to obtain from the Indians, in return for certain presents and annuities, the formal title to the property which he had purchased in London. The deed, with the *totems* or crests of the chiefs attached to it as signatures, is an interesting document, and is still preserved at Fort Garry, the metropolitan station of the Company. Having made a friendship with the natives, which has never since been interrupted, he further succeeded by wise measures in conciliating the French, and in 1821 the last incentive to animosity between the two white races was removed by the absorption of the North-West into the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1826 this remarkable man, whose foresight and care have borne such valuable fruits in our day, died, and his estates at Red River

were again acquired by the Company. The events of the next forty years require but a few words. The colony, both from internal and external sources, grew until it numbered, in 1869, about 12,000 souls. Generally speaking, the British and their descendants, partly of pure race and partly mixed with the Indian, occupy the western bank of the river, the French and their half-breeds the eastern. The former, more than the latter, devote themselves to the cultivation of a soil which is so rich that rotation of crops is not needed. In a good year—perhaps one in four—the returns remind one of Egypt; in the other three many disappointments occur, the long winters and the locusts being the principal enemies, the severity of the first will be mitigated, and the second will vanish with the presence of people. The French and the Franco-Indians, on the other hand, devote themselves more particularly to the chase, and when bisons were numerous and not very distant, they may be said to have furnished the meat, while the British found the bread; clothes, tea, sugar, tobacco, and other luxuries being imported annually from England by Hudson's Bay. But this primitive state of things could not last for ever. The bison becoming scarcer every year, is not to be found in herds within three weeks' journey of the settlement, and the domestic cattle brought from home, which flourish upon the exuberant pastures of the prairie, and maintain themselves perfectly through the hardest winter, are taking the place of the wild cow, and will one day be a fund of wealth to the country. As the population of the world increases the call for meat will not be less loud than that for grain, and Rupert's Land may well be contented if it becomes, as its capabilities point that it should become, the great emporium of animal food. Yet the lands of the Red River, healthy



and well-favoured as they are, must not be taken as the best type of that gigantic country.

The banks of the Siskatchewan though more to the north are better adapted to culture, and many other tracts as men move westward will be found to be as productive as some of the further American states. The Peace River which rises in latitude 56, thanks to its proximity to the Pacific, enjoys so mild a temperature, that Sir John Franklin found wild flowers in full bloom on its banks in the early spring, so that with its various winter climates and soils, and the extreme heat of its summer, North America forms a striking contrast to the adjacent continent of Siberia. The principal rivers are the Siskatchewan and the Asiniboine, which take their rise from the Rocky Mountains or its spurs; the Athabasca; the Peace River; and the great Mackenzie, whose estuary is in the Arctic Circle. Excepting the Asiniboine, which is uniformly shallow, all these streams are navigable, with very few interruptions, removable at a moderate cost, almost to their source. When steam is introduced an improvement which will take place during the present year, they will become the permanent highways, and the outfits as they are technically called, which from the farthest points have not been bringing a return to the senders under six or seven years, will be exchanged for furs which will be sold in the London market within a third of that period. Of the Lakes, the most remarkable are Winnipeg and the neighbouring system of Manitoba and Winipégosis, separated only by a short stream, the two Slave Lakes and the Great Bear Lake. Besides these great arteries, and reservoirs, many portions of the prairie are in-

tersected by streams, which dignified in the language of the New World only by the name of creeks, would in Europe be considered important rivers. These and numerous lakelets dotted about, are fringed with fine trees, of which the oak, the poplar, and the maple, and, in sandy places the fir, are the most prominent. Patches of woods or coverts also contribute to the beauty of that undulating plain, and harbour endless supplies of fruits of many varieties and of excellent flavour. The prairie fires, due generally to the carelessness of the Indians or the huntsmen are the great devastators of the trees, but as settlements spring up at close intervals; this great waste may be checked, and the encouragement of vegetation will modify and soften the climate.<sup>7</sup>

Such, then, is the aspect of a country, so well adapted for the abode of man but uninhabited and desolate, which Canadian statesmen felt assured should be added to the Dominion. In the winter of 1868 the final negotiations were made with the Company for its surrender, Sir George Cartier and Mr. Macdougall being the Plenipotentiaries, and in the following March the terms were signed and sanctioned by the Crown. In return for the cession of their sovereign rights, the Company were to receive 300,000*l.* in money, one twentieth of the soil in fee-simple, lying between the Siskatchewan and the American frontier; they were to retain their forts and buildings, and the land they had already occupied around these; the right, but of course not the exclusive right, to trade, and some minor advantages. Formal possession was to be taken by Canada on the 1st of November, 1867, from which date the Company were to be freed from

<sup>7</sup> For a description of Red River, and the North West, read Ross's book, Hargrave's *Red River*, Butler's *Great Lone Land*, and Parliamentary papers presented at intervals between 1860 and 1872.

all the duties of administration, and were to lapse into the position of a mediatised State. It was, however, evident that with their excellent and long-established machinery and organisation, their intimate knowledge of the country, and perfect understanding with the natives, the Government must for a long time count upon their goodwill and co-operation in dealing with those parts of it which should be remote from a colony.

Everything now seemed fairly settled. The Dominion, at a sacrifice necessarily, but small compared with the authority she gained, had secured her wish; and the Company had not only made a good bargain, but was henceforth to shake off those troubles and anxieties of its former position which, had an emigration set in from Canada, would have so increased as to overtax its strength. Unhappily insufficient pains were taken to explain to those whose fate was concerned the exact nature of the change, and rumours more and more distorted from the truth, as they travelled from mouth to mouth, penetrated in such a form to the little community, that it was not difficult for a few mischievous and intriguing spirits to spread a belief amongst the more excitable natures that the people had been sold like so many head of cattle. No one, indeed, wished for the change. Under the rule of the Company all had enjoyed happiness and perfect freedom, whilst the only tribute exacted of them was a small duty on imports.

Taxation, the alarmists or incendiaries preached, would now debar them the comforts of life, and the French were informed that the Church herself would be in danger at the hands of the Dominion—an uncalled-for fear, considering that nearly half the Canadians belonged to the Church of Rome. The majority, however, it is fair to say, influenced by those who gave them-

selves the trouble to think and enquire, were satisfied that with the rapid progress in Minnesota their seclusion could not be long maintained, and as England refused to adopt them *directly*, their only alternative was to be included in Canada. If taxes should augment, so would commerce, and in the end they would be none the poorer. Great curiosity existed amongst all as to the *form* of Government to be imposed upon them. At the present a Governor appointed by the Board, and a Council of twenty-four, taken from the leading inhabitants, managed affairs. Canada proposed to reduce this number to five, all, or nearly all, of whom were to be strangers. In a small sphere the dignity of office is perhaps even more cherished than in a larger one, and the contemplated alteration, however necessary and compulsory, was sure to occasion a certain amount of heart-burning. This could not be helped, and if a little coldness was exhibited at first, a Governor with tact ought soon to dispel it. Such was the situation of affairs at the end of August, and at that time no apprehension of disturbance was felt. In September it was known that Mr. Macdougall was to be the new Governor, at the end of October that he was approaching. Then a young man named Riel came forward, who had evidently been plotting in secret, and whose powers of speech won for him great ascendancy over the more ignorant of his hearers. 'If we admit the governor we shall be enslaved,' was his theme, and at the head of a party of hot-headed horsemen he galloped to the frontier and opposed the entry of Mr. Macdougall, who, arriving from the American side, was of course unaccompanied by an escort. This encouraged what we may call the noisy party to further action. The establishments and effects of the Hudson's Bay Company were seized, and shortly afterwards a Provisional Government was formed

of which Riel was Dictator. These untoward events gave a gloomy Christmas to Canada, and caused much uneasiness amongst those at home who watched and understood them.

For many months no pressure could be put upon the insurgents, and should disaffection spread, or a foreign element be introduced, coercion would necessitate trouble and bloodshed. The sole access to them through our territories was by Lord Selkirk's route which would not be open till summer. The interval, however, was not wasted at Ottawa, and preparations were made for a military expedition as soon as the season should allow of movement. The Home Government did not behave handsomely. For some time advice was all that they could give till shamed into action—for, after all, it was in a great measure to their negligence that the hitch was owing, and then they agreed to bear *one-third* of the cost. The Red River expedition forms an interesting narrative in itself. But here we have only room to say that half a battalion of the 60th Rifles, two battalions of Dominion militia besides artillery, and the necessary attendants of such a force, with an enormous mass of stores, accomplished the journey without a single miscarriage, and occupied the settlement without firing a single shot. The ringleaders who, besides Riel, were a half-bred and a Fenian, saved themselves by a timely flight, and with their departure the insurrection was at an end. Had the forest Indians on the line of march been hostile, they might have seriously harassed our movements, but the equitable rule of the Hudson's Bay Company had taught them that they had nothing to fear from the English, and had made them staunch to our interests. Yet, even without opposition, the physical obstacles in the way were very great, and too much praise cannot be given to the commander Colonel, now Sir

Garnet Wolsley and his officers for the able and complete manner in which they carried out a scheme, perhaps, not less difficult in its execution than that which fell to the lot of Sir Robert Napier in Abyssinia.

Simultaneously with the troops, arrived Mr. Archibald the Canadian Lieutenant-Governor who commenced his work by winning the confidence of all parties, and prepared them for the new duties they would have to perform. The Red River Settlement together with a certain space to the west was erected into a province with the usual two chambers for the conduct of its domestic affairs, and a representation in the Federal Senate and House of Commons respectively of two and four members. And from that day to this, excepting the threat of a Fenian raid which was frustrated by the prompt action of the authorities at Ottawa who in an incredibly short time poured another force into the colony—for so settled had it become internally that the first occupation had been withdrawn—Manitoba has enjoyed that quiet which spares the historian pages of labour. Sons of wealthy farmers in Ontario, themselves possessing means and many more from other parts are swelling the population of the colony, and as it is the tendency of man always to move towards the West, the next ten years may see numerous settlements arise, and perhaps the subdivision of the North-West territory which is still ruled like our Crown colonies, directly by a Governor in Council, into new provinces. To anticipate this contingency and to remove every shadow of jealousy, treaties have already been made with the various savage nations, the principle adopted being precisely the same as that which has proved so beneficial both to the red and the white man in Canada. No account of North America would be complete without some words on this im-

portant subject. For to the mode in which the English have met the aborigines, they owe especially in earlier times that security without which progress must have been retarded, and that immunity from retaliation for wrongs inflicted on the unhappy natives of the soil, which blot the history of colonisation on the other side of the border. The system we pursued, as fast as we required more land, was to summon the Indians who claimed it, and make a bargain with them for its sale, leaving to them always certain 'reserves' which were to be for ever inviolable by the white man. To these they confined themselves and in process of time became so tame, that they welcomed the visits of strangers, especially of those who taught religion, embraced Christianity, exchanged their wigwams for wooden houses, built churches and schools, and intermarried so frequently with the conquering race, that an Indian of pure blood is now a rarity in the older Canadas. By a wholesome exercise of paternal care the price of their lands was not paid them in cash which would at once have been converted into liquor, but in annuities, held in trust by the State, which punctually at a certain day in every year pays the dividends accruing from the fund—by which must be understood blankets, and useful things—or in money at the option of the creditor.

The importation of spirits into the reserves was, and is, severely punished, while temptations are offered to these people to accept their allowances in a form which will really contribute to their well-being. In the North-West this process is being imitated,<sup>8</sup> and we trust that experience there again will show, that by no inexorable law of nature is it ordained, that the development of the higher race must necessarily

mean the enslaving or the extinction of that which has been less favoured.

One word more in equal justice to the Hudson's Bay Administration, and the wild people with which it commersed. The stations are widely apart, a distance of 100 miles frequently, sometimes 200, or even 300 separating them. Their garrisons—if we may use the expression—rarely consist of more than three officers, and six or seven Europeans, at most ten whites; their stores are filled with objects coveted by the natives, and, when hundreds at certain seasons congregate around them, yet robbery on any concerted principle has been almost, if not quite unknown, and the servants of the Company may travel with untold riches without fear of interruption. The troubles on the American side have been due to faithlessness on the part of the Americans, and the corruption of their agents, nominated by Government to dispense the annuities. Starting upon the same premises as ourselves, as the reserves became desirable, they have driven the Indians from them, until at last, in sheer dread of finding no place in which to rest, they have turned upon their disturbers, and committed such atrocities as those which will always make the year 1863 a terrible one in the annals of Minnesota. In addition to this, the distributors, after summoning the savages to a given place at a given date, were proverbially unpunctual. Many of the recipients had to travel great distances, and lost the hunting season by the delay; and the arrival of the authorities commonly ended in a pandemonium, the Indians being tempted by cheap whisky to forego the good things which had been voted to them by Congress. The failure of their good intentions is now sufficiently known to the Government at

<sup>8</sup> The annuities will be paid at the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, where Indians have long been used to congregate in the spring, to exchange their furs with the produce of Europe.

Washington, and it is to be hoped that measures are being taken for the removal of abuses which are as discreditable to the present peoplers of the New World, as they are injurious to its older occupants.

British Columbia entered the Confederation in 1871, the chief condition of its adhesion being the construction of a railway which should unite it with the other provinces. During that year, and the last, surveys have been made to determine the most advantageous route. 1,200 miles leading over the prairies to the Rocky Mountains offer no difficulties, nor will the descent to the Pacific be unusually troublesome; the most arduous part of the undertaking is that to the north of Lake Superior, and thence to Lake Winipeg. But with a partial guarantee from England and Canada in money, and a large offer of good land, a company is now forming, which by 1880 ought to complete the grand task foreshadowed by Lord Lytton twenty-one years earlier. British America will then be the high road of commerce to China; for although the distance across the continent will not differ much from that traversed by the American railway, currents and winds bring sailing vessels from the Eastern hemisphere to the shores of British Columbia after a voyage ten or fourteen days shorter than to San Francisco.

Those who carefully consider all these things cannot fail to perceive the priceless value of Canada to the Empire. During her infancy, when she was tended with jealous care, she gave the ordinary trouble of children; now, a credit to her parent and herself, she has entered the world, and what she asks is a return of that honest affection with which she regards the country from which she sprang, and whose good features she is reproducing so faithfully. If she were in other hands, for independence is at present out of the question, nor could she in

any way gain by the latter, the loss would be almost the severest one can imagine to Great Britain. It is true in war we have to provide for the protection of our Colonies, but it is equally so that if they were alienated they might be found in the balance against us, and a maritime State like Nova Scotia could give a preponderance to the United States which they are far from possessing as long as the Dominion forms part of us. These considerations, however, lead us to another question which has begun to be discussed of late, whether something may not be done to straiten the union of the various portions of the Empire. For Parliamentary representation in its perfect form, such as was proposed by Pitt, the day is past. A permanent Council under the Secretary of State, similar to that established at the India Office, applied to the Colonies, would seem to be of little or no advantage. Accredited agents might be received acting as plenipotentiaries, but these again must be dependent upon the existence of the Ministry which appointed them; moreover, an intermediary between the Province and home already exists in the person of the Governor, whose impartial position should enable him to judge more calmly of affairs than can those whose interests are more immediately involved in them. Yet certain measures strike one as feasible, and which, without disturbing internal arrangements, would add greatly to Imperial unity and Imperial strength.

(1) The foremost of these appears to us to be the establishment of one army and one navy, to which the self-governing Provinces should be asked to contribute at a given rate. The two services would thus be recruited in the Colonies, and a proportionate number of commissions given, which would open a field of activity to the wealthier class of young men, a thing greatly to be desired

as the numbers and prosperity of a country increase. Nor need the provincial regiments and ships be confined to their own provinces; on the contrary, we would rather see all take their turn of foreign service, the expense of moving being, we are assured, more than counterbalanced by the advantage to be gained from the intercourse and knowledge of each other of the various peoples. A number of troops and ships, it is to be understood, of course, equal to that which the Colony supports, being maintained, except by special agreement, in cases of emergency in the Colony.

(2) A customs-union; that is to say, that goods should travel free through all parts of the Empire, the produce of foreign nations being alone taxed.

(3) The assumption of the funded debts of the Colonies existing at the time of the contract, which thus reduced from 6 and 5 per cent. to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , a saving of income might be effected that would go far to counterbalance the sacrifice which the second proposal might entail on them.

It has just been said that the day for Parliamentary representation in the sense in which it is now understood is gone by. A proposal to give to the Dominion, for instance, a number of members proportionate to her population, a number which from time to time would demand augmentation, would never be listened to; and as things have grown, and considering the wide geographical separation of peoples, the different circumstances in many respects under which they live from ourselves, it is perhaps best that each

should have direct control of its own affairs. For this reason, on the other hand, as Sir Edward Creasy has recently remarked, if it were thought desirable that questions affecting the whole Empire should be discussed by delegates from every part of it, the Colonies might be willing to be represented by a small but definite number of persons who could expound the views of their constituents in debate and exchange opinions with their fellow legislators. Whether by such an arrangement as this any really useful object would be attained is doubtful, but it deserves consideration, and its advantages and disadvantages may well be discussed.

It need hardly be added that these lucubrations on the subject of union are intended to apply, not to India and the Crown Colonies, but to those three only which are self-governing—namely, the Dominion and the South African and Australian groups. These, with the British Isles as a centre, all working cordially together for one great purpose, may reach the highest destiny, and effect more good for mankind than it has ever yet been the privilege of a nation to achieve. Indisposed to aggression, and not jealous of the welfare of other States, which means, we have learned to know, an addition to our own welfare, we might prevent wars—we should not provoke them; we might relieve the distressed—we should not oppress; and by our example and force of character lead others perpetually nearer to that concord which ought to subsist amongst the peoples of the earth.



## WITTENBERG AND COLOGNE.

THE fifth Œcumenical Council had been held at the Lateran Church and brought to a conclusion amidst general acclamations. Never in the history of the Church had there been greater reason for congratulation than on the present occasion. The power of the successor of St. Peter had been declared and vindicated as supreme, not only in spiritual matters but also in things temporal. The enemy of the Pope, Louis XII., with his defiant motto, 'Perdam Babylonis nomen,' was dead, and his successor had concluded a concordat with the Papal Power. As the members passed the threshold of that old church, said to have been built by Constantine, at the end of their twelfth meeting on the 16th of March, 1517, who could have predicted that seven months later, on the 31st of October, an arrow from a little town of Germany would wound the Western Church to the very core, and change the triumphant Queen, ruling in solitary grandeur over the nations, into a *Mater dolorosa*, 'weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted for her children, because they were not'? For on that 16th day of March the sky was clear and without any traces of clouds, and Leo X. was all but an Elijah; and the one protesting voice was drowned amidst the general hubbub of ecclesiastics, though that voice came from the venerable Sorbonne, whose history dates from the days of Alcuin, and which has occupied all along a position in the history of Europe unparalleled by any other school or university.

On the last day of October, 1517, a young Augustine monk, professor at the newly founded University of Wittenberg, hitherto known for nothing else but his hatred of Aristoteles and the scholastic philo-

sophy ('I am longing,' he wrote 'to tear the Greek mask from off the face of that comedian, who has made such a fool of the Church, and to expose him in all his nakedness') affixed a paper with 95 theses against the abuse of indulgences to the door of the church of the castle. 'Ho, ho,' said a pious monk, after he had read them, 'he is the man, he will do it—we have waited for him.' In a few days they were known all over Germany; in a few weeks they had spread all over the Continent; some time afterwards they were sold in the streets of Jerusalem; the Reformation, as it is called, had commenced.

Martin Luther was a religious genius. There are times in the history of nations, when the moral or religious questions which form the substratum of the social and political fabric are brought by an irresistible impulse to the surface. Such a moment called in Scripture language the 'fulness of the time,' had come in the sixteenth century. The revival of learning, the awakening on all sides of centrifugal forces, contributed to the rapid spread of the movement when once inaugurated, but they were not its origin or cause. The restlessness which had seized the intellectual and political world did not make itself felt in the moral world except in Germany. For the German race is the embodiment of a great moral idea; their nature leaves them no rest till they have penetrated into the origin of things, till they have investigated their essence. Luther was the greatest German that ever lived, because he realised more than anyone the moral idea. A genius is ever the offspring, as used to be said, of a god and one of the daughters of men—of heavenly and earthly powers. Luther was a child of his

age; the wants and aspirations of the times were, so to speak, concentrated in his person; he articulated the word that had lain quivering, seeking in vain for utterance, on the lips of thousands and millions. But above all he was a German: his subjectivity, his boldness in speculation, his intense moral earnestness, his indomitable energy and perseverance when once roused, characterised him as a descendant of the men that had brought old Rome to the verge of destruction. And being a genius, and not merely a man of talent, he had that Divine afflatus, that intense enthusiasm, that Holy Spirit, which is ever the life-giving and life-preserving principle, and the very absence of which is in itself death.

Looked at in this light it is not astonishing that the Mediæval Church should have collapsed like a house of sand built on the sea-shore by the hands of little children. The Church of the Middle Ages had been the grandest Church ever seen. Christianity, as its Founder intended it, was to be the religion for the world; the Church, which is the embodiment of Christianity, strove to be the Church for the world. That was a grand ideal. The Catholic Church was the light of the Middle Ages, the salt which kept the world from corruption. At the time of the Reformation the Church had ceased to be the bearer of the intellectual idea—she was no longer a light; but the great reason of her fall was that she had ceased to be the salt of the world. The Church must be the highest embodiment of the moral idea—if she is not this she is nothing. At the time of the Reformation her theology, her practices, her life, were utterly immoral; faithful to the traditions of Imperial, Pagan Rome, she had become nothing but the embodiment of brute force, which can only be maintained at the point of the bayonet, or by keeping men and

women in a state of degradation. Hence Papal Rome trembled to her foundations; she had become one great lie, and the hurricane that swept over Europe gave her shock after shock.

This moral idea, as seen in the life of Luther, makes the great charm, the intense power, the exceeding fascination of his name. What are they to us, the theological formulas in which the next century attempted to stereotype and to justify his movement, or, in other words, to undo the Reformation? Does the Church of the nineteenth century stand or fall by the dogmas of the German Reformer of the sixteenth century? What is it to us that he made great mistakes, that he was oft exceedingly intolerant, that his Reformation partook greatly of the character of a political revolution? What is it to us that he gave to the State the power of which he had deprived the Pope? The grandeur of his Reformation is, that it was a movement coming from the heart, not from the head; a cry of holy indignation, not of cool reasoning; a movement of love, not of calculation. Spare us the discussion about the material and formal principles of the Reformation, but show us that man crouching in his cell, and finding no word wherewith to express the famine of his soul; praying, wrestling, suffering, dying as verily a death as any of the old martyrs; rising from his grave as he comes in contact with the living Christ, and going on his way devoting every word and work of his life to the service of his Lord. On this moral basis, the absence of which is the only heresy, shall not the Reformation—that is, the historic evolution of the Church—be at length proceeded with?

Celbert said, 'Rome reculera ou elle cessera d'être chrétienne.' She has not done so; she has shrunk from all reforms, and she stands at this moment before the eyes of



Europe as the most rationalistic—taking the word in its real sense—and revolutionary Church of Christendom. The *coups d'Église* are numerous, and they are far from being *coups de maître*. She has startled Europe by the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and still more lately by the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

All England has applauded to the echo the indignant protest wrung from the lips of faithful Catholics, which found their expression first at Munich, and afterwards at Cologne. The true Protestants amongst us are only too delighted when the Roman Church is in any way made out to be Babylon; some of us dream of a reconciliation between the several branches of the Church Catholic, whilst others hail the Congress at Cologne as a reaction against the spirit of intolerant dogmatism and moral stagnation, and an honest attempt at reformation. Like the Sorbonne, the University of Munich lifts up its protest; once more the School attempts to regenerate the Church.

It is not necessary to enter into the history of this movement, and space will not allow us to make more than a few remarks. The Von Moltke of the movement and its other leaders are well known thanks to the exertions of numerous correspondents. It is curious that the second meeting, which was convened for the purpose of consolidating the movement, should have been held at a time when men's thoughts naturally revert to the sixteenth century. It is curious, too, to find German Protestants not only present at the deliberations, but lifting up their voices, and giving advice and encouragement. The awakening of German Nationality has had most likely something to do with this. The mighty impulse that made men

forget the feuds and strifes of centuries, and join hand in hand for the defence of a common Fatherland against a common foe, may have been at work to inspire the hope that the theological hatreds and ecclesiastical divisions of past centuries may some day be buried in oblivion, and the United Fatherland have one bond the more in a United Church. If the Old Catholic Reformation can effect such a union, it will have supplied the element in which Luther's Reformation signally failed, viz. catholicity.

The movement of Munich priests presents, however, rather a contrast to that of Wittenberg. The resolutions at Cologne and the theses of Wittenberg have little in common. There is no doubt great moral earnestness amongst the leaders, but the movement is chiefly of an intellectual, theological character, and the atmosphere in which it lives is that of the classroom. The exceedingly conservative character of the movement, the moderation of its leaders, the intense care of avoiding anything like revolution or schism, the lawyer-like method in which business is transacted, the chief place given in the programme to organisation—all these things distinguish it from the movement of Luther, and seem at first to open up fair prospects of success. But this seems doubtful when we look at the matter more closely. That the Old Catholics will not influence the Church of Rome is evident from the history of other similar movements. Though they may say with Bossuet, 'Sainte Église romaine, mère des églises et de tous les fidèles, Église choisie de Dieu pour unir ses enfants dans la même foi et dans la même charité, nous tiendrons toujours à ton unité par le fond de nos entrailles,' they will always be looked upon as schismatics, and will have to console themselves with saying, 'Non schisma fecimus sed

patimur.' There remains, then, the alternative, to follow the example of the Old Catholics of Holland, a body of noble men who have kept aloof after having confined their protest to three points, and who are without influence upon Roman Catholics or Protestants, or to go on with vigorous reformation, that is to draw nearer to Protestantism, which is revolution. But of course the nearer the Old Catholics get to Protestantism, the more difficult it will be to conciliate the German Roman Catholics.

Moderate men are of some use in the world, but in a great crisis they are useless. The Church of Rome by her latest development is drawing near to a crisis; the Churches of the Reformation having proved signal failures are coming fast to a crisis. At such a moment we want an Eli-

jah, not an Elisha; a Boanerges, not a Barnabas. Such a one will no doubt arise, when the fulness of time is come. Meanwhile we shall see, most likely, a good many reactions in the Romish Church, and more or less vigorous reformatory movements. But they will be powerless to avert the revolution which threatens us from all sides. 'Hurrah, the dead ride quickly,' says Lenore—dead beliefs, creeds, confessions, systems, churches pass out of sight.

What then remains? The centre of the Reformation, Christ; the spirit of the Reformation, devotion. Truth remains, *δακρύειν γελᾶσασα*, moving on calmly and patiently, subduing the world. She has conquered; she is victorious. Let us have patience; she is eternal.

A. S.



## JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

THIS is an age in which it may well be said that all our ancient institutions are on their trial. The spirit of enquiry is abroad and public opinion is brought to bear upon every conceivable question. It is not sufficient that the origin of an institution is surrounded by a mist of antiquity, or that the institution is venerable by age. The hand of the Vandal regards not such qualifications, while the utilitarian measures everything by rule and compass, and the reformer is ever ready to propose improvements and changes. The Church has been assailed, the Universities have undergone changes, the system of land tenure is threatened, the form of government even has been lately discussed with a view to a remodelling.

But setting aside for the present the discussion of such very important topics, it may not be altogether useless to enquire into the method of administering justice in this country, and more especially by Justices of the Peace. 'The great unpaid' as these are familiarly called, have been so often found fault with that 'Justices' justice' has become proverbial. Of course it cannot be denied that there is some justification for this. The fault however is not so much that of the individuals who occupy the position of Justices of the Peace as it is of the system under which they are appointed and act.

In any government which has a pretence to stability, the conservation of the peace and the due administration of justice must ever be considerations of primary importance, for without them no order can be maintained and no government can ever continue to exist. From the earliest times in the history of this country the duty of preserving order and of maintaining

the peace has devolved upon authorities constituted for that purpose. In the more remote times the interest of the people in such appointments was more direct than it is at present. King Alfred perhaps of all others was the most instrumental in the creation of officers to protect his subjects from outrage and violence. At any rate he is universally credited with having been the promoter if not actually the originator of a great number of wise and politic provisions for the good and orderly governance of the country. Under him the kingdom is said to have been first divided into counties, hundreds, tithings, and boroughs, and the system adopted for ruling such divisions by making every man as it were a security amenable to the law for the good behaviour of his fellow-man was—especially at the time—eminently calculated to secure the inhabitants of the country from violence and wrong and their property from spoliation. And, indeed, if credit may be given to popular histories, the state of the country under such a system of government fully proved the sagacity of its rulers and the efficacy of the system thus introduced. But whether or not the condition of the country was so excellent as is portrayed in the histories alluded to, it does seem to me clear that when a man has a direct interest in the government of his country he has a strong inducement to do all in his power to see that no wrong is done, and that justice is vindicated; and though the ancient system of pledges would, under present circumstances, be attended with difficulties, and perhaps with our increased population impracticable, still the principle is an excellent one; and it may very well be doubted

whether with a modification to suit the present state of things such a system would not work better and be more fruitful of good results than the way in which things are conducted in our day is calculated to do. The claim upon the hundred for damages caused by a mob or riotous gathering is the only relic now existing of the ancient system of frank pledge and its responsibilities.

Sheriffs, coroners, tithingmen, borsholders, and other officers were elected by the people to preserve the peace and to administer and execute the laws of the land within the limits of their respective jurisdictions. The right of the people thus to choose their own officers affords clear indications of the democratic character of the early constitution of this country; and until after the Conquest the wisdom or justice of this was never called in question. At the Conquest, however, feudalism with its aristocratic tendencies was introduced in full vigour, and gradually, but with a strong hand, the power of the sovereign was extended, the rights of the people encroached upon and public liberty curtailed. This was only effected gradually, for the people were not quite blind to their own interests, and sometimes their remonstrances made their grasping rulers hesitate in their encroachments. An attempt was evidently made to take away their right to elect sheriffs, but an Act was passed in the 28th year of the reign of Edward I. (c. 38) confirming the common law and enacting 'that the people should have election of their sheriffs in every shire where the shrievalty is not of fee, if they list.' This, however, was finally taken away by the 9 Ed. II. c. 2 for the flimsy reason that the elections had grown tumultuous. But the real reason why—the king was desirous of having the appointment of sheriffs

in his own hands—is evident. The sheriffs had then been entrusted with the conduct of the elections of Parliamentary representatives, and it was only natural that the sovereign should be anxious to have some control over them. In the same way, but a little later, the people were deprived of their right to elect conservators of the peace; and the only ancient officer whose election now remains in the hands of the people is the coroner.

Conservators of the peace were of two classes—those who were such *virtute officii*, and those who were wardens or conservators of the peace *simpliciter*. Of the former class nothing need here be said. The latter derived their power and authority either by prescriptive tenure, or election. The right to elect conservators of the peace was vested in the people and election was made before the sheriff at the county court. Lambard in his *Etrenarcha* gives copies of the writ to the sheriff commanding him to proceed with the election, of the writ to the bailiff to warn the freeholders of the county to appear at the county court to make election, and also of the writ to the conservator so elected confirming his election. The last writ recited *cum vicecomes et communitas ejusdem comitatus elegerit vos in custodem pacis nostræ ibidem*. These elections—the frequency of which nowhere appears—continued to be made up to the beginning of the reign of Edward III., when the general Commission of the Peace was taken into his own hands by the king.

Opinions very much differ as to the time when conservators of the peace as such were first appointed. Polydore Virgil says that justices of the peace had their beginning in the reign of William the Conqueror. Coke thought the first appointment was made in the 6 Edward I. Mr. Prynne dates their origin at

the time the agreement was made between Edward III. and his Barons, and Sir Henry Spelman is of opinion that they were not made until the beginning of the reign of Edward III. If the last named meant the first appointment of a conservator of the peace by the sovereign by commission he was right; but there can be no doubt that they were elected by the people long before that date, as is clearly shown by the writs in Lambard's work to which allusion has just been made; and beyond a doubt even before the Conquest these popular elections took place. In fine the fact that they were originally elected by the suffrages of the people raises the presumption of an origin earlier in date than the period when the feudal system was introduced into this country. This right of election was not interfered with until it was partially done by Edward II. so far as concerned the shrievalty, and by Edward III. so far as regarded the appointment of the conservators of the peace. In the latter case there was no substantive abolition of the right, but a mere assumption of powers by the king into his own hands, and an inferential abrogation of all conflicting rights. The reason why Edward II. took to himself the power of appointing sheriffs has already been given; and the reason why Edward III. is supposed to have thought the appointment by himself of conservators of the peace necessary was for the purpose of suppressing any commotions which might arise consequent on the deposition of Edward II. and of stifling any discussion as to the justice or injustice of seemingly so ugly a measure. As elections would bring the people together it was inevitable that such an opportunity to discuss recent events would not be lost, and as it was highly probable that the general verdict on the deposition of the late king would be unfavour-

able to himself, Edward III. deemed it a wise precaution for his own safety to put an end to these popular gatherings; and so that by selecting his own creatures to maintain the peace, the stability of his own sovereignty might be secured. Thus the people were defrauded of a right hitherto indisputably theirs, and since this high-handed policy of Edward the Third the power of appointing justices of the peace has been exercised by the Crown alone.

At first there seems to have been no limit to the number of the wardens or keepers of the peace appointed by the King's Commission. The Statute 18, Edward III., c. 2, required two or three in every county. Sixteen years later—this number, probably, having been found insufficient—it was ordained by the 34 Edward III., c. 1, that one lord, with three or four of the best reputation in the county together with men learned in the law, should be assigned for keeping the peace. The office being one of considerable importance, and of no little honour, and men being then as now ambitious, this number was soon exceeded, and the increase was so great that it was deemed expedient to curtail the number, and this was done by the Statute 12, Richard II., c. 10, which limited the number to six in each county, besides the justices of assize and certain lords created by Parliament. Afterwards this was increased to eight by the Statute 14, Richard II., c. 11. These statutes do not appear to have ever been repealed—at any rate not specifically—but there is no doubt they have become quite obsolete, and there is now no restriction whatever as to the number which may be assigned on the commission of the peace in any county.

The power of making justices of the peace is vested in the sovereign; but it is needless here to say that an appointment is never

made by the sovereign personally. Virtually the Lord Chancellor, as Keeper of the Great Seal, has the assignment entirely in his own hands. And instead of the country having a voice in the nomination of persons for the office, the only recommendation required and the only recommendation generally receivable, is a nomination by the Lord Lieutenant of the county to the Lord Chancellor, whereupon the commission is made out, as a rule, as a matter of course. Indeed, not only have the people no voice in the nomination, but it has happened that where the people felt strongly against the appointment of an individual as justice of the peace and memorialised the Lord Chancellor, the latter considered it his duty to please the Lord Lieutenant rather than to grant the petition of the people. It is difficult to ascertain how, when, or wherefore this privilege of nominating persons as justices of the peace came to be exercised by the Lord Lieutenant, whose office is more of a military nature than civil, and certainly a much more modern one than that of justice of the peace. There can, however, be no question that it gives immense power and influence to Lords Lieutenant; and considering that most of these are prominent and zealous members of either of the two great political parties and often, if not generally, members of either of the Houses of Parliament; and considering how high political feelings run sometimes in counties and that the Lord Lieutenant holds his position for life, it is not exactly a matter of surprise to find political bias in very strong relief in these nominations—and the magistracy of a county often of a very marked type—either very blue or very red, in strict unison with the political party to which the Lord Lieutenant may belong. Cliqueism also is very powerful. Many men pre-eminently qualified

are often conspicuous by their absence from the commission of the peace, because they happen to differ in politics from the Lord Lieutenant, or are not on the best terms with a clique of which the latter forms the centre, or care not to trouble themselves in getting their claims submitted to the Lord Chancellor, while in almost every commission there are numbers of persons who are there simply on account of their Whiggism or Toryism, as the case may be, and because of their possessions.

This leads us to the consideration of the qualifications necessary for a justice of the peace. The first statute for the assignment of wardens of the peace (as justices were then called)—1 Edward III., statute 2, c. 16—required such as were appointed should be 'good men and lawful, which be no maintainers of evil, or barretours in the country.' Later statutes of the same reign required them to be of the best reputation and the most substantial in the county; and the 13 Richard II., statute 1, c. 7, ordained that justices of the peace should then be made of new in all places, because, it is presumed, some names had crept into the commission that were not deemed qualified for the office, and these were to be made of the most sufficient knights, esquires, and men of the law. It was not, however, until the eighteenth year of the reign of Henry VI. that a fixed property qualification was finally determined upon. The eleventh chapter of the statutes passed in that year, after reciting that by various earlier statutes it had been ordained that in every county should be assigned of the most worthy of the same counties to keep the peace, &c., but that notwithstanding there had crept into the commission 'some of small having (*petit avoir*) by whom the people will not be governed nor ruled, and some for their

necessity do great extortion and oppression upon the people whereof great inconvenience be likely to rise daily if the King thereof do not provide remedy,' and having further recited that the King was willing against such inconveniences to provide remedy, ordained: 'That no justice of the peace within the realm of England in any county shall be assigned or deputed, if he have not lands or tenements to the value of 20*l.* by the year.' There was, however, this further proviso, 'that if there be not sufficient persons, having lands and tenements to the value aforesaid, learned in the law and of good governance within any such county, that the Lord Chancellor of England for the time being shall have power to put other discreet persons, learned in the law, in such commissions though they have not lands or tenements to the value aforesaid.' The property qualification thus rendered necessary remained unaltered until the 5 George II., cap. 18, which enacted that no justice of the peace should be appointed who had not a freehold or copyhold estate to and for his own use in possession for life, or for some greater estate either in law or equity, or an estate for years determinable on a life or lives, or for a certain term originally created for twenty-one years or more of the clear yearly value of 100*l.* over and above what will satisfy and discharge all incumbrances affecting the same. By the 18 George II., cap. 20, which is the Act at present in force (subject to a partial repeal by an Act of Parliament passed in 1871 to which reference will hereafter be made), the same qualification is rendered necessary: but with this addition or modification, that any persons entitled to an immediate reversion or remainder in lands, &c. of the value of 300*l.* a year may be assigned on the commission of the peace. An oath, as prescribed by the Act last

referred to, to this effect must be made by every person on qualifying himself as a justice, and if anyone acts without this qualification, he is liable to a penalty of 100*l.*, and the proof of the qualification is made to lie on the defendant. Thus it has come to pass that a mere property qualification—without any regard to a special knowledge of the duties of the office or even possession of common sense—is all that is now required to enable a person to occupy one of the most important offices in the country, to become an administrator of the law and an arbiter of the liberties of the people. It is indeed a most remarkable thing that in a country like this, so proud of its freedom and liberties, and so boastful of the excellence of its laws—a mere property qualification—the possession of so many broad acres and friendship with an irresponsible official like the Lord Lieutenant—should be all that is necessary to enable a man to become a judge over his fellow-men.

It was not always so. Our ancestors were in this respect more sagacious than we are. The whole tenour of the ancient law was most decidedly in favour of the qualification of learning, and a knowledge of the laws of the land was deemed necessary. When the right of election was vested in the people, of course every precaution was taken to appoint the fittest men for such an important office, or if not, the people had only themselves to blame. And when the sovereign took the matter into his own hands the public weal and interest was at any rate so far studied that mere wealth and influence were not sufficient qualifications for the office of justice of the peace. In all the early commissions there were sages of the law assigned. The 18 Edward III., st. 2, c. 2, which enacted that two or three of the best of reputation in every county should be assigned

keepers of the peace by the king's commission, took care to provide that the determining of felonies and trespasses done against the peace in the same counties should be done by the same with *other wise and learned in the law*. These wise men, learned in the law, were not mere assessors or clerks but were in the commission, and without them no cases of the higher or graver class could be dealt with or disposed of. The 34 Edward III., c. 1, also required some men learned in the law to be joined in the commission in every county, together with one lord and three or four of the most worthy in the shire. By the 17 Rich. II., c. 10, it was specifically enacted that in every commission of the peace throughout the realm, two men learned in the law, of the same county where such commission should be issued, should be assigned to go and proceed to the deliverance of thieves and felons as often as should be deemed expedient; and the same tender care for the due administration of justice is manifestly clear from the whole tone of the 18 Henry VI., c. 11—indeed the only construction which the last-named Act is reasonably capable of is, that though it required a property qualification, such a qualification alone was not sufficient, but was to be united in every person nominated to the office with the higher qualification of an acquaintance with the laws which as justice of the peace he would be called upon to administer. The earlier statutes do not convey this idea so distinctly as the last-named Act, but it was always held necessary that a certain number of men skilled in the law should be included in every commission. They formed what was called the Quorum. Two justices were necessary to determine all the more important cases in ancient times, and of the two in every case one

was bound to be of the Quorum—thus affording a guarantee that the decision in every case would be according to the law of the land and not according to the whim or caprice of an ignorant justice. Lambard in his *Eirenarcha*, to which allusion has already been made, says that 'those of the Quorum were wont (and not without just cause) to be chosen especially for their knowledge in the laws of the land;' and further, in the quaint style of the period, he justifies this:—'For, albeit a discrete person (not conversant in the studie of the lawes) may sufficiently follow sundrie particular directions concerning this service of the peace, yet when the proceeding must be by way of presentment upon the evidence of witnesses and the oaths of jurors and by the order of hearing and determining according to the straight rule and course of law, it must be confessed that learning in the lawes is so necessary a light, as without the which, all the labour is but groping in the darke, the end whereof must needs be error and dangerous falling.'

Lambard published his work over two hundred and fifty years ago, and it must be confessed, if we consider how matters have since changed, that there has been a 'dangerous falling;' for since his day the Quorum, though existing in name up to a session or two ago, no longer existed in reality, and no guarantee whatever remained that they of the Quorum were in any way whatever acquainted with the laws they had to administer. Indeed the contrary was the fact; for of late the practice was to name all in the commission of the peace simply in the first instance and to name them over again as of the Quorum omitting from the latter list one or two names for the sake of appearance. How this came about it is difficult to understand, but with the laxity which generally



permeates a system in itself faulty, it is very easy for matters from bad to become worse. And now even the semblance of the Quorum is gone. By an Act passed two Sessions ago (introduced by the present Lord Chancellor) the Quorum is entirely swept away and all magistrates are, by their commission, equal and have the same powers.

It is thus seen that in earlier times every precaution was taken that only men duly qualified should be appointed, while with us who live in better and more enlightened times no precaution whatsoever is deemed necessary so long as a man has the requisite property qualification. It might be fancied that an improved public opinion, aided by an intelligent and independent Press, would not have remained so long without having effected a much needed change in this important matter—a change which should at any rate place us in as good a position as our remote ancestors. And it is very strange that the only measure of late which had for its object any improvement in this respect elicited no mark of public approbation, indeed, was not even discussed, but fell, still-born, as it were, from its promoter's hand and was withdrawn after a first reading. Reference is made to the Earl of Albemarle's Bill in 1870 for repealing the Act requiring property qualification, a Bill excellent and fair in its principle, so far as it went, but falling far short of the requirements of the case. It would of course remove a gross injustice but it would not secure a much better administration of justice.

It is very difficult, almost impossible, to account for the public indifference in a matter of such moment. Many scandals and gross acts of injustice, popularly known as 'Justices' justice,' have from time to time been exposed in the papers, but beyond raising a passing angry

controversy, such exposures have as yet produced no fruit. No action has been taken by the public in the matter. Surely it is full time that some able and persevering politician should take this subject up with a determination to effect a change which would give greater security to the subject. Besides, the times are very different to what they were. Originally the jurisdiction of justices of the peace was very limited, while now they are enabled summarily to dispose of almost every case that can possibly be brought before them. If, therefore, in a more unenlightened age only men having special knowledge of the law were appointed as justices—or at any rate it was necessary in trying every case of felony, that one of the justices should be acquainted with the law—and this at a time when their duties were not by any means so great, nor their jurisdiction by any means so extensive, as at present—if under such circumstances such guarantees were deemed necessary to secure the public confidence, how far more necessary is it now that only qualified men should be appointed when the jurisdiction of justices of the peace at Quarter Sessions falls scarcely short in criminal matters of the jurisdiction of the Judges of Assize, and when so very large a proportion of our criminal cases are triable and constantly tried by the former, both at Petty and at Quarter Sessions.

I doubt whether among the institutions of this country—varied as they are—there is anything so utterly indefensible as the present system of appointing justices of the peace. It is true, in very populous counties there are generally, where practicable, appointed as Chairmen of Quarter Sessions gentlemen who as barristers are supposed to have had a legal training; but in many instances they are barristers only in name, totally ignorant of even the elementary principles of law; while

in many other counties there are Chairmen who are lawyers neither in name or in fact, and who, 'good honest men,' make no pretence that they are either. We have not one word to say against these men, who no doubt often feel acutely their own anomalous position. We have not the slightest doubt they are conscientious, and, so far as the light that is in them, painstaking men, whose aim and endeavour is to administer justice fairly and impartially; but that they often commit grave errors cannot be denied. And this has brought about a want of confidence on the part of the public which is fatal to the due administration of justice. Still it is not of the men we complain. It is not their conduct we impugn, for it would be absurd to expect anything better. But it is the system which permits men so incompetent to sit as expounders of law and as administrators of justice. And by the term incompetent it is not intended to disparage them in the least, or to insinuate that they are men of inferior calibre—which in the majority of cases would be untrue; but it would be strange if persons who have not systematically studied law, or accustomed themselves to weigh evidence, were competent to unravel the tangled skeins of legal difficulties which often puzzle men who have devoted their lives to its study. In answer to this it is maintained that with the present property qualification we secure the services of the wealthy, most of whom have been trained at the Universities—all of whom have received a liberal education. But what has liberal education to do with it? The law is a science so peculiar that, unless the mind has been thoroughly trained in its study, the chances are that anyone attempting to dabble with it will be constantly 'groping,' as Lambard has it, 'in the dark,' and eventually come to grief. And

to contend that *because* a man has had a liberal education he is capable of expounding our law—with all its niceties and all its technicalities—is as absurd as it would be to contend that because a theologian has received a liberal education he is quite as competent as an astronomer to expound the laws which govern the heavens.

No one is now disqualified from being in the commission of the peace if he is in possession of the necessary property qualification. No matter what may be one's calling or profession. But curiously enough, up to the very last Session of Parliament, solicitors and proctors—the very men one would think, who would be best qualified for the office were ineligible for the magistracy. Their incapacity was a statutory enactment dating back to the first statute of George II., to which reference has already been made. The grounds why they were rendered ineligible are manifest. By an Act, however, passed in the Session of Parliament of 1871 this exception has been removed; and with the restriction that no solicitor who is in the commission, or his partner are to practise in the courts of the district in which he may be assigned as a justice, there can be no doubt that the Act in question will have a most salutary and beneficial influence inasmuch as it will secure the appearance on the bench of men trained to the work.

Though now, therefore, all exceptions have been removed, still there are callings which subject those belonging to them who are in the commission of the peace to certain restrictions. And this on the ground of interest. One of the fundamental maxims of our law is that no one may be a judge in his own cause (*nemo debet esse judex in propria causa*), and it is in furtherance of this excellent maxim that a class interest is occasionally

made synonymous with an individual interest. For instance, no owner of a factory can sit as a justice to try a case arising under the Factory Acts. No owner of a mine can hear a case arising under the Mines Inspection Acts. No miller or baker may try cases under the Bread and Flour Act. Under the Truck Act there are disqualifications. No brewer, distiller, or maltster can as a magistrate take a part in the granting of licences to public-houses. In some instances the disqualification is made to extend to persons who are allied by blood or marriage, or in partnership with persons so prohibited. Lord Westbury while he was Lord Chancellor is said to have expressed an opinion that brewers should not be in the commission of the peace at all, because of the influence they might bring to bear on the granting of licences to public-houses—the source of the greater part of the crime of the country; and during the time he held the Great Seal no brewer, we believe, was made a justice of the peace. No other chancellor has gone the length of Lord Westbury in this respect, but it is evident that our legislature looks with a certain degree of distrust on the influence which men of certain callings may, as justices, exercise on the trial of cases connected with their trades or avocations. But the principle is not carried out to anything like its full extent. For instance, the great majority of county justices are large landed-proprietors and almost invariably strict preservers of game; still they are allowed to adjudicate on all questions of poaching or trespassing in pursuit of game. Of course the maxim above quoted prevents the prosecutor from sitting as judge—though it is said cases have occurred where even this equitable maxim has been ignored. But is it not almost as bad that other magistrates who, as strict game preserv-

ers in a particular locality, have a direct interest in putting down poaching in their neighbourhood, should be allowed to try poachers? Possibly they all try to do their duty fairly and impartially; but so long as human nature is what it is, and so long as game preserving is protected by law, the decisions of a game-preserving magistracy will be more or less tainted by prejudice and harshness. The game laws are utterly indefensible, and their continuance is no credit to the legislature and extends crime, but while they remain in force we should at any rate endeavour to secure justice which will be above suspicion, and this may well be despaired of if the offender is tried by a game-preserving fraternity. Mr. Seeley gave notice of his intention to introduce, at the last Session of Parliament, a Bill to transfer to Judges of the County Courts the jurisdiction now exercised by justices of the peace in criminal cases under the Acts relating to game. But he did not do so. This would be an improvement, though we would far rather see the total abolition of the game laws. It may be contended that the above argument is unsound, and that the magistrates who happen to be game-preservers have no more direct interest in putting down poachers than magistrates who possess any other property have in putting down stealing, and that there is the same chance of a fair decision when a poacher is tried as when a thief is the subject of trial. But this is mere casuistry. The difference is really a substantial one. It will be at once manifest to anyone who will seriously consider the subject. In many other instances which could be named there is a considerable danger of the failure of justice. Magistrates, not from personal interest, but from class interest—which often exercises as powerful an influence over the mind as where the

individual is more directly concerned—are sometimes carried away by their class prejudices to do what may be not strictly just.

This is, however, off the subject. All these are only so many anomalies and incongruities in a system utterly faulty, and even if they were removed would in fact be only as so many patches. And it is very questionable whether the policy of patching a system so much at variance with the tendencies and with the requirements of the age is desirable, and whether it would answer. It might silence for a while opposition to the system; but beyond that, it would result in no practical good.

'The unpaid magistracy,' says Mr. W. R. Greg, a very moderate critic, 'is a relic of past days which is unsuitable to the vastly enlarged requirements of the present. . . . The gentlemen who discharge the gravest and sometimes most difficult function of the judge, are nearly all untrained men. If lawyers, they are so only as having nominally been called to the Bar, or having attended a circuit or two as spectators. They trust to their common sense and their natural feelings, depend upon their clerk for the announcement and interpretation of the law. On the whole they fall into fewer errors and give fewer questionable decisions than could be expected . . . and it is only in rare cases that the full inadequacy and anomaly of our magisterial arrangements are brought into clear light.'

This, at any rate, is taking the most temperate view of the matter. 'On the whole they fall into fewer errors and give fewer questionable decisions than could be expected!' Why should Judges be *expected* to give any questionable decisions? Nothing tends so much to shake all faith and confidence in the administration of justice as the periodical exposure of the 'inadequacy and anomaly of our magisterial arrange-

ments' by means of 'questionable decisions.' The reign of Mr. Justice Shallow and of Mr. Nupkins has been long enough. The public have no confidence in their decisions. They perhaps satisfied the requirements of a ruder age, but are quite incompatible with the present times; and it is full time that the subject should be thoroughly considered with a view to a remodelling. In no other country is the administration of justice left to the tender mercies of untrained and unqualified judges. In no other country—despotic or otherwise—would such a system as ours be tolerated. The British public are long-suffering and patient, not by any means eager for changes; and to this is due the fact that, in this respect, matters stand thus in the nineteenth century. It is quite clear it cannot remain so much longer. If there is one thing certain, it is the fact that the unpaid system is doomed—that sooner or later it must give way—unless indeed (a contingency by no means probable however) patriotism induce qualified lawyers to give their services gratuitously, and even in that case the existing state of affairs must cease to exist.

The only remedy for the evil is the appointment of stipendiary magistrates throughout the country. This has already been done in the metropolitan districts, and most of the large towns throughout the Kingdom have followed the example. All our stipendiary magistrates are efficient and thoroughly qualified men—not mere nominal barristers, but carefully selected from the number of those actually practising at the bar. And so well has this partial change answered, that though in many instances this has been so for over thirty years, no complaints have been made and no fault has been found with their decisions.

The great objection that would undoubtedly be raised against the adoption of the stipendiary system generally would be the expense that the ratepayers or the country would be put to. The question of expense as weighed against the security which the due administration of justice would afford is unworthy of a great nation, but let us by no means disregard the objection. It is a weighty one. No change unless absolutely wanted which would increase taxation would be tolerated. But it is not quite certain that the change proposed would entail much greater expense than the country is put to by the unpaid system. For very often persons are committed for trial and kept in prison sometimes for nearly the whole period between two assizes, who ought never to have been committed, and the charge against whom is instantly ignored when it comes before a higher tribunal. The cost of keeping such prisoners is not inconsiderable, and if comparison be made between the few bills ignored where the committing magistrate is a stipendiary and the number ignored where the ordinary county magistrates have committed, it may well be contended that the question of cost would be much reduced. Besides, we shall not require a very

large staff of stipendiaries. The county court circuits are most efficiently worked by a small staff of judges, and the civil work done by them is quite as extensive—nay, in our opinion far more so—than is the criminal work done by justices of the peace. And even if more stipendiaries were wanted than the number of county court judges, it would still be a small staff. All the incidental work would be done by the clerks of the district, who, in their new functions, would much resemble registrars of county courts—only without their delegated judicial powers. On the whole such a system would work most admirably, would not be much more expensive to the ratepayers (if at all), would secure the maintenance of the peace, protect life and liberty, win the confidence of the public in the impartiality of justice, and put us on a level in this respect with other countries. We have refrained from entering into detail as to the machinery to be adopted—our object has been to show that we are now much worse off than our ancestors were, that a change is desirable, and to indicate the direction in which this reform should be effected.

J. R. P.



## JAGANNATH AND HIS WORSHIP.

**T**HERE is no one so bad, but some good may be said of him. Even in the case of the Arch-Enemy the world in its liberality has admitted that he may not be so black as he is painted. But extreme views are taken of extreme characters. The *advocatus Diaboli* is not content with having shown the candidate for canonisation to be unmeet for saintship unless he has clearly made him out to be a reprobate at the same time. And this tendency is still further exaggerated when public feelings are mixed up in the estimate. The character of a party hero can be referred to no middle standard. In exactly the same proportion as he is praised by his partisans he is abused by his opponents; and the assertion of his virtues on the one side is accepted by the other as a direct challenge to enumerate his vices.

A curious illustration of this has lately been afforded by a controversy concerning the Hindoo divinity Jagannath. The question, which at first related to the morality or immorality of his worship, has at length been transferred to the personal character of the god. Jagannath, as is well known, has not hitherto borne the best of reputations; but mythic immortals have been maligned before this time, and it is more than probable that posterity will reverse the verdict which Anglo-Indians have been wont to pass upon 'Jagannath and his car.' We know that the early Christian Evangelists showed considerable prejudice as well as temper in their treatment of the Olympic pantheon; that they put a more unfavourable construction upon the characters of its members than was warranted by classic scripture; and that the ethical systems of heathenism received very scanty justice at their

hands. Our Indian missionaries have frequently laid themselves open to the same censure with even less excuse in these days of liberality than the men who laid the foundations of our faith in the Dark Ages. When Ward, the venerable Baptist missionary of Serampore, published his great work upon the history, literature, and mythology of the Hindoos, he gave such undue prominence to the obscener parts of their traditions and morals, that Henry Martyn jocularly suggested the text, 'And the dirt came out' (Judges iii. 22), as the most apposite motto that could be found for the book.

Some allowance is, of course, to be made for the feelings of men who pass their lives in a hot combat with heathenism; and it could hardly be expected of ordinary mortals that in such a position their judgments could be kept altogether free from bias. But from the prejudiced and illiberal treatment of another faith Christianity receives no assistance. The simple assertion of its intrinsic religious and ethical superiority will do infinitely more to forward the missionary cause than captious and ungenerous attacks upon the Hindoo systems.

A brief *résumé* of the Jagannath controversy will throw a good deal of light upon modern Hinduism as well as missionary work. We generally suppose ourselves to be better acquainted with Jagannath than any of the other Hindoo deities. 'Juggernaut's car' is familiar to thousands who know nothing else of Hindoos and Hinduism. Sensational stories of the atrocities practised at his festivals, of devotees ground to dust beneath his chariot wheels, of pilgrims perishing by the ten thousand of want and disease at every gathering upon the plains of

Puri, and of the obscene and loathsome rites used in solemnising his worship, have long since been worn threadbare. From what we know of Hindoo superstition we can easily conceive that fanatics would be mad enough to immolate themselves at the shrine of Jagannath in the hope of a certain immortality; we can imagine, too, that the priests would find it to their profit to encourage such sacrifices. But the incontestable fact that from the acquisition of Orissa by the English the great seat of Jagannath's worship was kept closely under the surveillance of our officers, and that Government exercised an intimate interference with the management of the shrine and the conduct of the festivals, is sufficient to show that these stories are grossly exaggerated. Had self-immolation at Jagannath's festival been as notorious as alleged, we cannot doubt that it would have been prohibited by a special Act of the Legislature as well as the rite of Sati. The revenues of the shrine of Puri were, moreover, under the control of Government up to 1849, and too much depended upon their deference to the opinion of the English for the priests to become active promoters of fanatical suicide. But the mortality from other causes was quite sufficient to make the name of Jagannath ominous. In an immense concourse of pilgrims, not unfrequently carrying with them the germs of disease, their minds as much intoxicated by excitement as their bodies are physically reduced, and all huddled together night and day in a miserable little town upon a low-lying, malarious strip of coast, epidemics are inevitable, and the loss of life has sometimes been sufficiently appalling. But the precautions taken by the authorities now-a-days reduce the risk of an epidemic to a minimum. The other charge, of obscene and immoral practices, seems to be even more captious. Of course, in gather-

ings of such magnitude as the annual *melas* at Puri, Serampore, and other seats of Jagannath's worship, excess and immorality must to some extent occur; but all the reliable evidence has hitherto gone to show that the people are more decent and orderly than any English multitude of the same dimensions would be. From a personal observation of three festivals of Jagannath at Serampore, in the vicinity of Calcutta, the second seat of Jagannath's worship, the writer has no hesitation in asserting that, apart from the feeling that the whole ceremonial is essentially idolatrous and barbaric, there is nothing said or done by either priests or worshippers that need offend the taste of the most extreme precisian.

Jagannath is one of the newest of Hindoo deities. He belongs to the Krishnaic cycle of divine manifestations, all of which have been developed long subsequent to the Vedic age, and to none of which is a high antiquity assignable. After the supernatural has been eliminated, all that can be gleaned from tradition regarding Krishna appears to be that he belonged to the Yadava clan, a sept of the great Aryan family but lately arrived in India, and which at the time of Krishna's birth, at Mathura within the Aryan pale, had not obtained a fixed settlement; that his tribe subsequently occupied the lands of Dwarka in the Guzerat peninsula; that he freed his people from the oppression of tyrants; that his character was cast in an uncommon mould, in which strong virtues and the grossest vices were freely mingled; and that he was pre-eminent in cunning and wisdom above all his compeers. To us he seems a shadowy sort of Hindoo Solomon; but, in course of time, the Brahmins succeeded in clothing him with a new personality, in inventing for him a new biography, and in placing him in the fore-

front of the Pauranic pantheon. Krishna, the Yadavan cowherd, is now recognised as an *avatara* of the god Vishnu. The destroyer of a few tyrants is celebrated as the deliverer of the earth from giants and oppressors. A lofty lineage has been found out for him, connecting him with the princes of the solar race. Miracles without end have been invented to magnify his name and authenticate his divinity; all the artifices that Brahmins could command have been employed in his apotheosis; whole books have been forged in support of his divinity; and by the time that Hinduism has assumed its present form, Krishna has become the most popular of its deities. The old Vedic gods, typifying the great agencies of nature, have been forgotten; the Pauranic triad and its satellites have in a great measure been cast into the shade, and the people are prostrate before the altars of a new, a national divinity.

Our enquiries into the causes which led to the sudden deification of Krishna and the general establishment of his worship cannot in the present condition of Oriental research pass the bounds of conjecture. But there are a few historical facts which we can hardly err in connecting with the subject. Buddhism had become so popular a creed that the very foundations of Brahminism were being shaken by its successes. The democratic teaching of Gautama, the new and lofty estimate which he took of humanity, and, above all, the future freedom from sorrow and suffering which he held out to an oppressed and priest-ridden people, met with no counterpoises in the religion of the Brahmins. A spirit of rationalism was abroad, and priests could no longer command men's religious allegiance by appealing to such legends as Vishnu diving in fish form into the eternal abyss to bring up the holy Vedas, or that the same

deity in the form of a tortoise supported the new-made earth upon his back. No means of stimulating men's devotion and saving the Brahminical order remained except a religious revival. To men possessed of the learning and influence of the Brahmins it was no difficult task to kindle such a feeling. Accordingly they gave out that Rama, the prince of Ayodhya, in whose fame the whole Aryan stock claimed an interest, and in whom Brahminism had found its most illustrious champion, was an *avatara* of the god Vishnu; and the great poem of Valmiki which commemorates the life and exploits of the hero became thus invested with a sacred character. There can be little doubt that the Brahmins have interpolated in the original epic many passages in support of their order. Thus we discover half-way through the poem that all the troubles of Rama's father, the bereaved King Dasaratha, sprang from a curse laid upon him by a Brahmin, whose son he had unintentionally slain; an idea which we may safely assume could not have been present in Valmiki's mind when he cast the plot of the *Ramayana*. By such artifices, and by identifying their enemies the Budhists with the demons and monsters against whom Rama had combated, the Brahmins instilled a new life into Hinduism.

But Rama was not alone sufficient to serve their turn. The history of a Kshetrya prince who had won fame and immortality chiefly by his aiding and obeying the Brahmins might serve to excite the devotional feelings of the two higher castes, but how were the masses to be moved? To meet this want, a more democratic deification was next attempted. Krishna, the popular hero, the subverter of tyrants, was raised to the rank of a divinity; and, as in the case of Rama, recourse was had to literary forgery to give credit to the apotheosis.



There is a grave suspicion attaching to the introduction of Krishna into the great epic poem of the *Mahabharata*. Such an episode as the *Bhagavat Gita* in the Bishma Parva or sixth book of the poem, in which Krishna and the wounded Arjuna hold a long religious and philosophical disputation before the commencement of the battle, and in which Krishna, of course, triumphantly vindicates the favourite dogmas of Brahminism, is incontestably spurious. But for the wholly illiterate character of the people, such frauds as the *Bhagavat* could never have been perpetrated. But the character and attributes of the new god must have at once captivated the enthusiasm of the masses, even without the aid of scripture. In the worship of Krishna caste was for the first time disregarded; and the pariah might participate in the holiest rites of his worship as freely as the twice-born Brahmin. His deification was also intended to appeal to the genial side of human nature, and hence the stress laid upon his amatory and musical exploits. The whole character of Krishna seems to have been skilfully delineated to catch the affections of the Hindoo masses: his faults are those which they could most readily condone; and his virtues, especially the overthrow of oppression and brute force by intellectual cunning, such as could not fail to win their sympathy. Like Rama, Krishna is also put forth as the deadly foe of Buddhism. Combining these facts with the leading idea of Krishna's divine character, his accessibility to men of all castes and classes, we may be able to conjecture the way in which the Hindoo revival was brought about, so as to ultimately extinguish the worship of Budha on the Indian continent, and the feelings which secured for Krishna the popularity which we find his worship enjoying in modern times.

It has been the prevailing tendency of Hindoo mythology, beginning from the time that they first subjected divine nature to an analysis, to break up all the great gods into a number of smaller divinities. So important a personage as Krishna could scarcely escape this process. We accordingly find the god worshipped under three other principal forms. As Gopala he is adored under the form of an infant, and is a popular object of female and maternal worship; as Gopinath, the milkmaids' god, he is held out to the homage of lovers and rural swains; but it is as Jagannath, 'the Lord of the World,' that the distinctive characteristics of Krishna have been preserved in modern Hinduism.

What, now, is the connection between Jagannath and Krishna? This point is still a matter of controversy, and our safest plan is to give both sides of the story. The popular version states that Krishna was accidentally slain by a hunter in the jungle, and his body lay undiscovered until only the bones remained. Vishnu, whose spirit had inhabited the form of Krishna, put it into the heart of a pious king called Indradyumna to make an image in which these sacred relics might be placed. Indradyumna sought and obtained the assistance of Vishvakarma, the architect of the gods, but the condition was annexed that the divine artist was not to be disturbed until his work had been perfected. In a single night a lofty temple of unrivalled splendour made its appearance upon the hills of Orissa; but the king was unable to control his curiosity, and he broke in upon Vishvakarma when only the head and trunk of the image was completed. The indignant Vishvakarma returned to heaven, nor could any supplications induce him to resume the work, and thus it happened that the image of Jagannath remains a memberless trunk.

Now for the version which bears the latest authority of the pundits. In August last the *Shome Prokash*, the leading vernacular paper of Bengal, contained an interesting article upon the subject, which embodies the popular idea of orthodox Hinduism concerning Jagannath and his worship. The legend is as follows:— 'The Causeless and the Eternal One was visible in his glory on the blue hills of Orissa on the sea coast to the south of the Mahanuddy in the form of Nilmadhub. Once on a day Kasinath, a certain king, thought of warring with Vishnu, the destroyer of the Asuras. Mahadeva promised to aid the king. On the occasion a great war ensued between Mahadeva and Vishnu. The former was defeated and compelled to seek the protection of the victor. Mahadeva was now commanded to proceed to Nilachul, and there to glorify Vishnu, manifest in the form of Nilmadhub. In the Satya Yuga (the golden age) at the city of Oojein (in Central India) there lived a king named Indradyumna. One day the divine sage Narada sang to him the glories of Nilmadhub of Nilachul, which so wrought upon him that, accompanied by his people and his priest, he started for Orissa to worship the god. It took him three months to reach his destination. On his arrival he heard that Nilmadhub had disappeared from the earth. The king's sorrow was now boundless. Food and rest were no longer his, till at length Nilmadhub appeared to him in a dream and comforted him with the assurance that, though no longer visible to man in his former shape, he would still reappear under his holier form of wood, and that this divine wooden form would be visible in all ages. The king now began to look for this piece of wood. It so happened that a man informed him of a piece of *nimba* wood which had been cast ashore in Poorooshatum by the sea waves from the *Shet*

*Dwipa* (whitecontinent). This piece of wood was said to have been distinguished by the marks of a conch, wheel, club, and lotus, the usual badges of the divinity, and the king with great delight caused it to be brought, and by the advice of Narada had it cut into the shape of Jagannath, by the divine architect Vishvakarma. All this took place in the Satya Yuga.'

We give this legend verbatim from the native translation, not because it has any mythological value, but because it affords us a curious illustration of the tactics of modern Hinduism. It will be observed that the connection between Krishna and Jagannath has been repudiated, and that the latter is made to derive his divinity direct from Vishnu. Another Pauranic tradition might be cited in support of this view, for the piece of *nimba* wood mentioned above is said to have sprung from a single hair of Vishnu, which took root in the earth and became a tree. But unless the authority of the Pauranas is to be entirely set aside, as well as the current belief of the masses, the sanctity of Jagannath flows from the relics of Krishna which were placed within the original image, and the interest manifested in Jagannath by Vishnu was only due to the relationship between Krishna and the new god. An objection taken in the same article upon chronological grounds to the possibility of Jagannath, who became manifest in the Satya Yuga or golden age, being an incarnation of Krishna in the end of the Dwapara Yuga, or the second age after the golden one, or a difference of at least five thousand years, is too frivolous to be mentioned, for the whole body of the Pauranic scriptures is composed of as glaring anachronisms. Whatever the pundits may say, the identity of Krishna and Jagannath cannot be disproved in the present day, for besides the current tradition there are historical

facts which unmistakably indicate the connection.

Both accounts agree in attributing the establishment of Jagannath's worship to Indradyumna, a king who came to Orissa from the far west. Indradyumna was probably one of those Aryan chieftains who had not yet obtained a settlement for his people, and whose clan brought with them the creed which was then popular in Central India and Hindustan. Whether or not they carried with them any supposed relics of Krishna we cannot say; but it was by no means improbable, and we could point to a parallel in the history of more than one European migration. The title Jagannath, 'the Lord of the World,' may at first have simply been an assertion of the image's pre-eminence, but it was unmistakably Krishna that was worshipped under that designation. But whatever may have been the exact date of Indradyumna's arrival, it was long before the worship of Jagannath gained an ascendancy in Orissa. The legends of the early greatness of the shrine before the Christian era are as idle as the story of the temple built by Vishvakarma in a single night. The worship of Mahadeo was the prevailing religion in Orissa as late as the seventh century, and to Mahadeo succeeded the worship of the Sun, which continued to flourish far into the thirteenth century, so that Jagannath did not acquire pre-eminence until between four and five hundred years ago. According to Stirling, who until Dr. Hunter's recent work was the highest authority upon the province of Orissa, Jagannath's present temple was built in 1196-98, and it was with the erection of the new temple that the fame of the shrine began to spread. But it is highly probable that the popularity of Puri as a place of pilgrimage did not spring so much from the intrinsic sanctity of the idol as from

the general diffusion of the worship of Krishna throughout the continent. The Muhammedans had now overrun the country, and the exercise of the Hindoo religion, though tolerated by the State, was shorn of much of its ancient importance. The remote province of Orissa was, however, out of the way of Moghal arms, and until the sixteenth century, when the Muhammedans gained a permanent footing, Jagannath presented this advantage, that the Hindoos could celebrate the rites of their religion with no scornful Mussulman standing by to deride their piety. This feeling, we might suppose, must have added much to the attractions of Jagannath's shrine as a place of pilgrimage. But as the Muhammedan annalists, from whom alone we can learn anything of India during the Middle Ages, contemptuously ignore the creed of the conquered, it is almost impossible for us to trace the internal progress of Hinduism until the arrival of the British in the East. We know, however, that in 1733 the oppressions of Muhammad Takki Khan, the deputy of the province, brought the service of the shrine to a standstill, and the Rajah fled with the idol to the wild hills beyond the Chilka Lake. Pilgrimage was now at an end, so was the pilgrim tax which the Moghals had early begun to levy, and the result was a loss to the Bengal exchequer estimated at 90,000*l.* per annum. The first care of the zealous Muhammedans who succeeded Takki in the government was to compel the Rajah to place the idol again in the temple, and to reopen the annual pilgrimage; and the pious moulavis who wrote the history of the period do not seem to have said a word of censure to these promoters of idolatry.

Early in the sixteenth century a remarkable revival of the worship of Vishnu upon the basis of Krishna's divinity took place in Bengal. This

was effected almost solely by the agency of an enthusiastic fanatic named Chaitanya. He was born at Nuddiah, then the most famous school for theology and philosophy in Bengal, in the year 1485. Although born a Brahmin, he seems from his youth to have spurned the restrictions of caste, and to have early imbibed the idea that the lowest are as the highest in the sight of God. Nevertheless he went through the regular Brahminical curriculum, became himself a teacher, and was twice married according to the orthodox rites. Krishna was the great object of his devotion, the *Bhagavat Gita* his chief study, and his enthusiasm led him at length to undertake a pilgrimage to Mathura, the scene of the god's birth and early exploits. On his road, however, he was stopped by a voice from heaven, which sent him back to his own country to proclaim the riches of Krishna's love to his own people. In fact, his enthusiasm seems at this time to have culminated in insanity; but there was a method in his madness, inasmuch as he never lost sight of the divine character of Krishna which he was commissioned to preach. There is no doubt that by study and meditation Chaitanya had discovered those principles which first made the doctrine of Krishna's divinity a powerful creed, but which, having served its turn, had in time been corrupted and displaced by the traditions of the Brahmins. He taught that Krishna was the soul of the universe, the being in whom nature existed, and by whom its functions were performed; but he taught likewise that caste was removed by unity of faith in the god, that all might obtain salvation by a simple exercise of faith, and that the penances, formulas, and works of merit insisted upon by the Brahmins could work no deliverance for men unless accompanied

by faith. He held out Krishna as the great saviour from sin, and from its natural consequences. The following prayer, translated in Banerjee's *Hindoo Philosophy*, will show how a follower of Chaitanya seeks spiritual relief in addressing himself to Krishna:— 'Obeisance, Obeisance, to Krishna, even Gobinda, the benefactor of the world. I am sin, my works are sin, my spirit is sin, my origin is sin. Save me, O thou lotus-eyed Hari, who art the lord of all sacrifices. None such a sinner as myself, none such destroyer of sin as thyself; taking this, O God, into consideration, do what is proper.' Faith and a seeking after spiritual communion with the divinity were now the modes by which men might purify their sinful natures, work out their spiritual deliverance from the evils of transmigration, and reign for ever with the Eternal, amid the inconceivable glories of his heaven, *Vaikantha*. We can easily imagine how attractive such a creed must have proved when contrasted with the formal, unsympathetic, and unnatural systems to which Brahminism gives the preference; and at the present day the Vaishnavas, or followers of Chaitanya, form a sect between eight and nine millions strong. The history of Chaitanya affords an excellent illustration of the quick development of a Hindoo divinity. In little more than a hundred years after Chaitanya, in his madness, flung himself into the sea near the temple of Jagannath, his divinity, as an *avatara* of Krishna, was completely established; portents which attended his birth were recorded; miracles were circumstantially attested which he wrought while alive; and his rising again from the dead at the sound of Krishna's name was adopted as a fundamental part of the Vaishnava belief.

The point to be noticed in this paper is that Chaitanya made a pilgrimage to Jagannath, and that

the greater part of his religious life was spent in the vicinity of that shrine. His testimony, if it were necessary, would go far to show that Jagannath has no divinity but what he derives from Krishna, and all his teaching and practice showed that he regarded the two as identical. The ritual at Puri would be quite in accordance with Chaitanya's taste, for within the temple caste found no place, and the lowest Sudra could demand the sacred food from the hands of the priest as well as the highest Brahmin. It is only at a late period that the lower castes have been refused this communion, and it is a sign that the Krishnaic faith is relaxing its hold. As in many other Hindoo ceremonies, the bare ritual had out-lived the feelings which at first gave it a shape.

As one of the great buttresses of modern Hinduism, Jagannath has been much exposed to the attacks of our Christian missionaries. At first they took their stand upon the prevalence of suicide; when this became untenable they alleged that the worship was obscene and calculated to debauch native morality. One Baptist missionary, a few months ago, went the length of hinting, upon a shadow of native authority, that the rites of Krishna had not left one chaste woman in the whole of Muttra, a district which in the latest official census is set down as having a population of 241,252 women to 270,518 men. Such disgraceful assertions will serve to suggest one among other reasons why Christianity does not make that progress in India which we all desire, if only upon grounds of civilisation. The fact is that no immoralities connected with the worship of Jagannath are practised but such as are common to all mixed multitudes of both sexes, whether European or Asiatic. Such charges are *à priori* deductions from the history of Krishna's amours,

which, as tradition has handed them down to us, are filthy enough. But the Hindoo Shastras are as far from allowing men to imitate the license adopted by the gods as the Old Testament is from holding up the social characters of David or Solomon as examples to be followed. With the exception of the Shaktis in Eastern and the Maharajahs in Western India, we are not aware of any sect that confers a religious sanction upon avowed vice. And in endeavouring to discover immoral tendencies in a system which they are seeking to supersede, our missionaries have not displayed much of that charity which, in the words of the Apostle, 'thinketh no evil.'

To do the Hindoos justice, their theologians have been honestly ashamed of their obscene traditions, and have done their best to draw distinctions, which would prevent their affecting human morality. Some appear to have considered that the gods, by virtue of their divine nature, did not suffer contamination from indulging in breaches of morality, or that they could do no wrong. It must be remembered, too, that the Hindoos have never had in view the assimilation of the human to the divine nature as the perfection of humanity. It is thus that Sir William Jones is able to say of Krishna that 'he was pure and chaste in reality, but exhibited every appearance of libertinism.' But a different vindication is now adopted; one which manifestly shows that rationalism is at work with the Hindoo Shastras. The identity of Krishna the *avatara* of Vishnu with Krishna the son of Devaki, the Yadavan cowherd, is now emphatically denied. The Shastras will undoubtedly furnish proofs of this view, as, with proper manipulation, they may be made to prove anything. But in actual belief, in the practice of their worship, the masses of India

recognise only one Krishna, at once the chief of sinners and the deliverer from sin. When we find mention of two Krishnas, at periods widely remote in Hindoo legendary history, and each possessing a different personality, we must remember how the apotheosis of the Yadvan was effected. In interpolating Krishna's name into the great Vedic poems the priests were free to clothe him with all their conceptions of divinity; in dealing with his actual history their imaginations were limited by extant traditions. Thus the two Krishnas are Krishna the ideal god and Krishna the actual, deified hero, but there is only one individuality between them. Upon such a question the current belief is a more trustworthy guide than the refined opinions of the pundits; and the first band of pilgrims you meet upon the high road going towards Jagannath will tell you that the Krishna whom they worship is the Krishna who fought in the Satya Yuga in the ranks of the Pandavas as well as the Krishna who toyed with Radha in the groves of Bindraban, in the Dwapara Yuga, some 4,000 or 5,000 years after. But chronology imposes no fetters upon Hindoo credulity.

But though Jagannath's festivals continue to be celebrated, his worship is fast losing its hold upon the minds of the people. The secret of its old popularity, the democratic and levelling tendencies of its ritual, is forgotten; and the pilgrims who flock to the temple at Puri are impelled by the native

predilection for *tamasha* or sight-seeing, or by a restless desire for religious excitement, rather than by any matured thoughts of devotion. But the car festival has taken a secure hold upon native sentiment, a hold too deep and too delicate to be shaken by argument. You may abuse Vishnu, and Krishna, and Jagannath by the hour to an intelligent Hindoo without ruffling his equanimity, but tell him that the annual festival is an obscene and disgusting spectacle which ought to be suppressed by a civilised government, and his resentment is at once kindled. We believe that such festivals as the Ratha Jatra or car procession of Jagannath and the Doorga Puja, the great family reunion of the Hindoos, are likely to outlive all the religious feelings in which they have originated, and that these feelings would soon die a natural death but for the attacks to which the festivals are constantly exposed. It is only the poorest and most ignorant classes that go to Jagannath in the hope of obtaining salvation; and the educational projects which Government is carrying into execution must soon stamp out such superstition. But whatever form the future religion of India is to assume, the remembrance of Krishna, whose worship first gave spiritual freedom to the masses, and through many centuries of dark superstition lightened the load which Brahminism forced upon men's shoulders, will long haunt the minds of the Hindoos.

A. A.



CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.<sup>1</sup>

FROM hero-worship to biography —from such fictions as the author of the *Chronicles of Carlingford* can produce to such portraits as she can paint—there is only one step. Accordingly, a new biography from her hand is welcome, and we can believe that this memoir of M. de Montalembert has been to Mrs. Oliphant a thoroughly sympathetic piece of work. More finished than the *Life of St. Francis*, it bears also fewer marks of haste, but she must forgive us for thinking it inferior in execution and movement to her excellent *Life of Edward Irving*. The difference between the subjects made this probable; the difference between the creeds and races perhaps made it unavoidable. For Mrs. Oliphant is of one kindred and tongue with the orator who so passionately tried to throw over the Kirk of Scotland, 'the most severe and uncompromising of Christian churches,' a light that never was on sea or shore. She could learn from kinsfolk and acquaintance many details of the Scottish drama which was to assume at last all the proportions of a tragedy, but, great as is her power of sympathy, Mrs. Oliphant could hardly denationalise herself enough to measure correctly the influences that surrounded M. de Montalembert. We have here a Frenchman who, with a few ardent Catholics, is to attempt a Catholic revival between the pauses of two French revolutions; and the subject, perhaps from its very strangeness and novelty, has attracted her. The memoir is carefully elaborated, and yet it lacks completeness, while Mrs. Oliphant is too often betrayed into indulgence for her hero's sentimental pedantries, perhaps because

she has tried to write a biography of which French Catholics in general and the Montalembert family in particular should have no reason to complain.

The book opens with an account of Charles de Montalembert's childhood, which was almost entirely spent in the society of his grandfather, the Indian merchant and naturalist, Mr. James Forbes. This pair of friends, an old man and a young child, when living in the library at Stanmore, make a picture pleasant to the mind and to the eye, and there the little Charles grew in knowledge and reverence and docility, and in that ready, charming, spontaneous docility of the heart, which was at once the blessing and the weakness of his life. When what Mrs. Oliphant terms 'the soft tranquillity of those narrow childish skies' was exchanged, after Mr. Forbes' death, for a colder and rougher atmosphere, the boy had been already in great measure formed. When college succeeded to school, early habits gave place to early plans, for already we hear this very young reasoner determine to write a great work on the philosophy of Christianity, and then, again, these early plans get mixed up with early friendships, with Rio, who was to be the associate of his future labours, and with the Abbé Studach, who first opened to Montalembert that portion of the world of German speculative thought to which Schelling had given a Catholic tinge.

He travelled also, until the year 1830, that which followed the death of his sister Élise, saw him established in Paris, a Paris just entering on a new year of disquiet.

The first French Revolution, so

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*. By Mrs. Oliphant. William Blackwood and Son, 1872. Edinburgh and London.

far from correcting kings or exhausting the explosive forces of France, had left the country watchful and irritable; and if some looked on that condition with hope, others again could only regard it with dread or with disgust. And France was not religious. She had a church, the work of Napoleon and of a Concordat; but, in the new heavens and new earth which had, so to speak, appeared after the subsidence of the great deluge, the religious element was wanting, and Catholicism seemed, to use Montalembert's own expression, to be a corpse, with which nothing remained to be done but charitably to bury it. The pious and liberal gifts of more than forty generations had perished with them; the 40,000 fiefs and arrière-fiefs once held by the Gallican Church, when taken from her grasp, had accrued to a horny-handed peasantry; and, after a thousand years of life, the religious orders had ceased to exist.

In other countries Catholicism had also much to depress her, and much to deplore, but France had been the scene of her greatest disasters; and so France ought to be, in the opinion of the young Montalembert and of his friends, the scene of her most striking revival. And their wish became father to the event. What a Stolberg, a Balmès, a Thun, or a Galitzine did in other lands was outdone in France, until the Church there grew to count among her champions all that the country had noblest, most cultivated, and best.

Their enthusiasm was contagious. Yet the saddest part of their history is that theirs was nothing but an enthusiasm: that whatever force the movement possessed expended itself in emotional discussions, emotional articles, and emotional measures; that it seemed to lend its countenance to a clergy guilty of teaching the miracle of La Salette; and that, after one splendid ana-

chronism, it collapsed. Not, however, without raising the tone of a portion of the society that surrounded them, for that was true which Mdme. Swetchine said in writing of Paris: 'It is true that nowhere is God more sinned against than He is here, but that nowhere is He also more loved.' How Montalembert and his friends loved, and how their love, when diverted from its legitimate objects, God and the country, and deprived of its legitimate expression, was maimed and crippled by its subservience to Rome, it will be the business of this paper to show.

The most prominent of this band of friends was M. La Mennais, so unprophetically christened Félicité. A Catholic, a Royalist, and above all a Breton, he was the very man to head a religious movement. Already in middle life, his bold pages had for some years stirred the minds of the thinking classes in France. Most likely from his temper to be a keen partisan, he was as likely to become a journalist as a reformer. Accordingly when Montalembert came *accouru du fond de l'Irlande*, as he says, to join a society whose watchwords were 'God and Liberty,' his first visit was to La Mennais. On every point they can hardly have agreed, since La Mennais was a Republican, with a brain that, like that of Buchez, teemed with social extravagances. As 'helpers of humanity,' however, he and his young disciple soon stood pledged to one another; the *Avenir* journal was started, and Montalembert, who had felt his life objectless and tasteless, found it transfigured when following in the channel of Catholic liberty.

And on the horizon, which he felt to be always widening, a new star was yet to rise.

In the autumn of that year he first met Henri Lacordaire, and he saw in him a priest in very deed, a teacher



elect to suffering, 'one predestined to genius and to glory.' It is needless to say that a strong friendship was made between them, though at first the two men seem to have exchanged their rôles since the *Avenir* was suspended for two papers, which were the work of Lacordaire, while Montalembert's mind was occupied in deciding whether he would or would not become a priest. He finally decided against it, and then expended his spare energies in opening a school which was speedily closed by the police, and in writing warnings in the *Avenir*—warnings to France which read like the knell of a society and of a country. By these remarks the *Avenir* was brought into collision with the authorities and suspended. This, as we know, was not to be Montalembert's last experience of this sort of political situation, and just now, even though it startled him, it did not depress him. He and his colleagues were young, and, as Lacordaire wrote, 'However cruel time may be, it can take nothing from the happiness of the year that is just gone.' To understand the expression one must have been young oneself, or have been born when religion was hardly named in France. Then to have lived to see the revival of faith, and the resuscitation of such charitable orders as that of St. Vincent de Paul, might well have caused a joy which the police of Louis Philippe could not take away. . . . 'Those men,' Lacordaire adds, 'who have not lived in both periods, can never represent to themselves what was the passage from the one to the other. As for us, we, who have been of both epochs, who have seen the shame and the honour, our eyes at the recollection fill with unsummoned tears, as we give thanks to Him who is *unspeakable* in His gifts.'

More coadjutors now added themselves to the young reformers. Albert de la Ferronnays, young, gifted,

and supersensitive, was there; and thither came the Père Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, that 'mystic angel' who was such a fit director for Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, and upon whose wonderful *Credo de la Douleur* many a sobbing face has surely been pressed; there also Rio reappeared, full of impulses towards mediæval art, and of love for that Italy to which, in November 1831, when the *Avenir* had fairly made shipwreck, the little colony transferred themselves.

With no small emotion they found themselves actually in Rome, and under the shadow of St. Peter's chair. They burned with high hopes that here at least they would be understood, and thus their aspirations for the welfare of Catholic Christendom would deserve and receive the blessing of its august head. But the notes that had been too loud for the cabinet of Louis Philippe sounded just as ill-omened in the ears of the Pope. The policy of the Papacy with regard to merit has often—nay, generally—been that of the Tarquins with regard to poppies, and Liberty and Infallibility can never kiss each other. Thus the 'Society for the Defence of Religious Liberty' met with no sympathy. An '*accueil très-réservé*' was all that was accorded to its leaders, and before many weeks they were asked to consent to the withdrawal of all their plans, and to see the downfall of all their hopes.

The leaders were differently affected by the Papal censure.

La Mennais, with strong passions and self-love, clung to his plan as his plan, and at times fancied that he could coax, or lead, or even force the Pope to his way of thinking. He failed, as everyone knew he must, and as he neither could nor would brook the disappointment, he wandered away. One more ungrateful son of the Church the Ultramontanes declared him to be, while their opponents pointed to him as

one more martyr to liberty; a falling star whose brightness attracted some disciples; a living protest to the incompatibility of Romish tenets and pretensions with freedom of thought or action, or with the new necessities of a new age. La Mennais the rebel, with his high temper and marked individuality, started with a determined, absolute sense that he was right, and in the right. Lacordaire and Montalembert had rather an absolute and determined wish to serve God and society, and if the means and the machinery that they had first adopted were disapproved of by the head of the Church, they were able to submit. They were willing also to try again, at another time and in another way. Lacordaire left Rome, however, and the next time that he arrived formally to ask for the Pontifical blessing was in 1844, when he planned that revival of the Dominican brotherhood which lived and died at La Quercia and at Nancy. Montalembert also left Rome. He travelled, and falling in love with the memory of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, he followed her footsteps from fact to legend, from castle to city, threw together the materials for his first work, a life of that royal saint, went to Pisa and read extracts from his notes to Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, and did not return to Paris till the year 1835, when he came to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He was twenty-five years of age.

Once more then he and Lacordaire could hold counsel together, and Ozanam and Rio and M<sup>de</sup>. Swetchine were with them to witness Montalembert's parliamentary *début*, and to hear those conferences of the priest which made the pulpit of Notre Dame the centre of the religious life of Paris. Again, as before, these men reasoned with the Parisians of God, of liberty, of courage, of justice, and of judgment to come. Again, as before, a corrupt and truth-

less society listened to them with wonder, or turned a deaf ear, so that the friends might again have asked, as they had done before, 'Where is the tie that has not been broken? Where is the cause that has not been distrusted? Where is the principle that reigns as master over one single soul? An indescribable vertigo has seized on men: no one knows where he is going; no one wishes to go where his fate urges him. They lie; they heap oath upon oath; yet all their vain words, in which God is not so much as once named, are quickly effaced from the recollection of men. . . . They believe with a blind faith in the immortal power of a family, in the miraculous destiny of a child, in the terrible punishment of their enemies; but tell them there is a God in the midst of these crumbling theories, of this volcanic agitation, of the peoples, and they will shake off the dust from their feet against you.'

The bishops of France looked rather coldly on this pair of plain-spoken friends. '*Le bruit*,' said one prelate, '*ne fait jamais du bien, et le bien ne fait jamais du bruit*;' and though in France a *mot* like this is damaging indeed, Montalembert found himself, in 1844, obliged to risk some more noise for the cause of education, which he had so long advocated, and for that constitutional policy which has been so often attempted in France. He spoke well and worked well, and if we were abruptly asked to say what, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, Charles de Montalembert really did for his country, we should reply, that, in the face of a Government whose educational policy was neither more nor less than a monopoly, he tried to obtain for all ranks a liberal education, of which the basis was a faith in Christianity; and that again, before the elections of 1846, he roused the electors, and begged them to

realise the responsible power which was lodged in their hands.

In consequence of his exertions one hundred and thirty deputies came up to that parliament pledged to the cause of religious and educational liberty; a liberty subject only to constitutional restrictions. When we remember that the clouds were already gathering for the storm of 1848, it is not necessary to ask what became of the hundred and thirty members, of their influence and their votes. In a French political convulsion it is not the men of order or education who are heard; it is the men of extremes, extremes of absolutism and extremes of democratic violence which, by changing the nature but not the degree of tyranny, smother at last the principles of freedom.

When Louis Philippe was sent into exile by the most 'purposeless and severely punished of revolutions,' the Chamber of Peers was doomed. M. de Montalembert might then have felt for a moment as if his career was closed, but he was returned ere long as deputy for the Department of Doubs, and allowed to raise his voice again for the causes he had at heart. Lord Normanby says of his first appearance in the Assembly, 'Upon my first visit to the Assembly this morning (June 23), even in the midst of the agitation caused by the struggle already begun, I heard that an intense sensation had been produced yesterday by the first great speech of M. de Montalembert, in his new character of *représentant du peuple*, and upon the subject of the proposed decree authorising the Government to take possession of the railroads. He made this an occasion for stating his opinion boldly, as he was sure to do upon the general state of the country.'

The successful orator himself was in the habit of saying that the year 1849 was the most brilliant one of his life. It must have been one of

many hopes and fears. France seemed to pause before confirming or choosing a form of government, and the many, the very many, men of merit and ability who at that time, like Montalembert, wished for a 'manly and regulated liberty,' did at moments believe themselves to be approaching the fulfilment of their hopes. Setting aside the party of brilliant and eager Republicans, it did seem as if France possessed in a Berryer, a De Tocqueville, a Guizot, a Rémusat, a Faucher, a Duvergier de Hauranne, a Falloux, a Montalembert, a Kergolay, a De Beaumont, and a De Broglie the ten righteous men who might have saved a city and nation, could the Government but be confided to such hands. But property was menaced by the Communistic tone of the great towns, and the party, so called, of order, was, not unnaturally, bent on establishing a 'strong government,' one which would secure property and peace. And for the ten righteous men we have named, the President, Louis Napoleon, had among his personal friends quite as many men of precisely opposite description. They had not been so much as named for office in his first cabinet, but not the less had they bided their time. By a stroke of unexampled daring and rascality they possessed themselves, on one memorable morning in December, of the chief power and places in the State, and on that day the legitimate career of all honest and constitutional statesmen in France was ended. M. de Montalembert's fate was no exception to the general rule. Not that he altogether ceased to protest. The incident in his life with which the English public is most familiar, is his condemnation in November 1858 for articles published in the *Correspondant*, said to contain 'attacks on universal suffrage; on the rights of the Emperor; on the respect due to the laws, and to the

Government of the Emperor,' while they were also of a nature to disturb the public peace. We extract a portion of Mrs. Oliphant's account of the trial and its consequences :

The penalties attached to these accusations were serious; not only were the culprits liable to sentences of imprisonment, varying from three months to five years, and to fines varying from 500 to 6,000 francs, but they were subject to a lasting surveillance, and might be either expelled from French territory, or be shut up in some French or Algerian town. The trial was therefore no child's play to M. de Montalembert. The court was crowded with the best and highest audience that Paris could collect. To hear the first of French lawyers plead, and one of the most illustrious of French orators submit to an examination, was enough to attract a crowd. . . . M. de Montalembert was examined as to the meaning of the passages alleged as libellous—whether he did not mean to describe the Imperial Government by the words 'the chroniclers of anti-chambers, the atmosphere charged with servile and corrupt miasmas,' and whether he did not imply, by saying that he went to breathe an air more pure, to take a bath of life in free England, an attack on the institutions of his country. . . . No one who has ever seen M. de Montalembert can have any difficulty in representing to himself the curiously significant position in which the foolish malice of his prosecutors thus placed him. With his imperturbable composure, that 'aristocratic calm' which his critics had so often remarked, he stood before all Paris, with the curl of sarcasm about his lips, enjoying, there can be no doubt, from the bottom of his heart this unlooked-for chance of adding a double point to every arrow he had launched. . . . The calm gravity with which he acknowledges each damning implication as an historical fact not to be denied, the suave and serious composure of his aspect, the irresistible and undeniable force of that polished reiteration, the ironical disavowal of any attack 'in the sense implied by the law,' all make up the most characteristic picture which could possibly be given of the man. . . . When he calmly repeated his most moderate and gentle explanation—'I have merely stated a fact; *avertissements* are given; France *did* possess certain institutions which she possesses no longer'—it is impossible not to add in imagination the gleam of the eye, the movement of the calm lip, the sense of power with which this seemingly innocent response was given. . . . The Procureur Impérial conducted the

prosecution, and the distinguished and eloquent M. Berryer made a speech of two hours' duration for the defence. As to the decision, of course there could be no doubt. The defendants were found guilty upon the first three counts; the fourth count, that of having endeavoured to disturb the public peace by exciting citizens to hatred and contempt of each other, was dropped. The sentence: six months of imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for the Count de Montalembert; one month's imprisonment and 1,000 francs of fine for M. Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant*.

The sentence, however, was followed by no immediate enforcement of the penalty. Montalembert left the court quietly on foot, a group of people momentarily assembling in the street to gaze at him. He appealed at once, as he had a right, to the superior court. Before the time for the appeal was completed, the Emperor made an effort to reclaim the ground which had been lost by fully remitting the sentence, on the occasion of the anniversary of December 2. The culprit had, however, no mind to accept the grace thus awarded to him, and on the same day addressed the following letter to the *Moniteur* :

'PARIS: December 2, 1858.

'M. le Rédacteur,—The *Moniteur* of this morning contains, in its unofficial part, a piece of news which I learned only in reading it. It is expressed as follows: "His Majesty the Emperor, on the occasion of December 2, remits to M. le Comte de Montalembert the sentence pronounced against him." Condemned on November 24, I had already appealed against the sentence. No power in France, up to the present moment, has any right to remit a penalty not yet definitively pronounced. I am one of those who still believe in justice, and do not accept mercy. I beg you, and if necessary I require you, to publish this letter in your next number.

'Accept the assurance of my consideration.

'CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.'

The superior court decided the appeal on December 21. It repeated the previous condemnation, but reduced the sentence from six to three months' imprisonment. The Emperor, however, a few days later repeated his act of grace, and remitted all the penalties of Montalembert. M. Douniol had his fine of 1,000 francs to pay, and thus the whole business ended.

After this storm was laid the compilation of his great work, *Les Moines de l'Occident*, occupied the

mind of Montalembert; and his leisure was apt to be spent in journeys to countries whose sites, like those of Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were connected with his book. Two volumes were published in 1860, and the remaining ones appeared in 1866 and 1867.

This history, or rather this beautiful *apologia* for the monks of the West, for the evangelists of the Isles, for the civilisers of the darkest corners of Christendom, was but the literary context to a most remarkable movement in France, a movement to which the friends of Montalembert's youth gave the first impulse:

When Lacordaire had been by the suspension of the *Avenir*, and the disapproval of the Pope, thrown back upon his own resources and reflections, it could not be but that that ardent heart and ingenious head should find another medium of communicating with society. To give expression to his love of God, the supreme and satisfying passion of his life, and to warn a world (for whose welfare he was ready to face any sacrifice), that by losing faith in its God it would die to youth, to honour, and to freedom, were necessities to him. From the pulpit of Notre Dame he declared them, and of the many who came there to wonder, some certainly remained to pray. Yet he was not satisfied. What was one voice in this Babel of folly and crime? and so the priest who had been baffled as a reformer and a journalist grew to think that the presence of a preaching order in France would send a quickening spirit through society. At that epoch the Jesuits were the only religious order residing in the country. What if the rule of St. Dominic could be revived, with its third estate of teachers? A place was vacant in the religious machinery of the Church in France, and the Dominican order would fill it; then why not adopt a rule that had

once shed such lustre? or why prefer to that rule some system bearing the stamp of the nineteenth century?

The *confidante* of this scheme was Madame Swetchine, and its first convert was Requetat, in whose company we see Lacordaire once more taking his way to Rome.

This time the Pope was favourable. Lacordaire assumed in 1844 the garb of the order, the white and black robes of innocence and of penitence, and he began a life of monastic solitude in the Dominican convent of La Quercia.

We can not and ought not here to follow the details of this Dominican revival, or of its leader's career, from the first tears shed in the cell at La Quercia, to the last sigh breathed in the school of Sorrèze; but the spirit that animated Lacordaire and his friends was the *History of the Monks of the West* put into action; set as it were to music, and surely to no ordinary strain. Beautiful as they were, still truth compels us to own that lives like those of Requetat, Besson, and Piel were failures for France; for one by one these disciples of Lacordaire withered into early graves; Italy and Mossoul keep their ashes, and their spirits rest. They were of those who, like the Père Gratry, had early heard some unearthly voice adjure them: 'Friend, come up higher,' but, alas! society has not been born again through their great devotion, their prayerful vigils, or their unrepeating deaths.

No trait of French national character in this century is so painful as the want of moral courage in Frenchmen to resist a personal or a popular impulse, and in this revival of the conventual life we cannot but see another phase of the same fatal evil. Not a contemptible phase, but not the less a pernicious one. To escape from the present dilemma, and to construct in imagi-

nation a new situation out of new but imaginary elements, is not to regenerate society, but to make a sentimental mistake.

What was finest in these men was their earnest devotion, their readiness to sacrifice the person to the cause, the present to the future, the few for the many, the life for the work. Montalembert, less heroic than the rest, praised St. Bernard, St. Benedict, and St. Dominic, and he praised his friends; but while he felt with them, he did not do as they did. It was only in later life that he had to drink of their cup.

In his house in the Rue du Bac, and in his château at Villersexel, his daughter Catherine had grown up beside him. She had inherited his talent; she was gay, sweet-tempered, and accomplished, and her appearance in society had realised every wish her father might have formed. Suddenly she announced to him her desire to become a nun. This daughter of the historian of the cloister said it, meant it, and did it, for her father could not well refute her arguments. M. Cochin describes the scene that took place between them. "One day his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends knew so well, and said to him, "I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society, and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him." And when he said to her, "My child, is there something that grieves you?" she went to the bookshelves, and sought one of the volumes in which he has narrated the history of the monks of the West. "It is you," she answered, "who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God." Some months after Mademoiselle

de Montalembert carried out her purpose, as her father said, "*à sa grande désolation.*" The gap she left in his life was never filled up; and though Mrs. Oliphant says that he grew to forget his individual disappointment and pain in seeing her useful and happy in her vocation, no one who saw him could doubt but that in giving her up he had given up the light and brightness of his last years. They were years of physical suffering, though of unblunted sympathies and of undimmed faith. Death came painlessly and gently at last on March 13, 1870, to one who was 'cast in gentle mould,' and saved an honourable French statesman from beholding the humiliation of his beautiful France at the hands of a foreign foe, and the destruction of Paris at the hands of the Commune.

Those whom the gods love die young; yet even to have died in the spring of 1870, was to have been spared much that Montalembert had foreseen, and, that in common with the whole constitutional party, he had been too feeble to prevent.

His youth had been one of so great promise, that the question is forced upon one, Why was the after life incommensurate with it? Why did all those graces of adolescence and enthusiasm not ripen and harden into a fuller stature of manly greatness? He fell on evil days, and his mental fibre was delicate in no common degree. A nature like this has one great drawback; it suffers. Time is needed to recover from suffering, and way and ground are both lost during a process which time only can accomplish. The wound heals, as wounds in all sound minds and bodies do heal, but the man starts again at a disadvantage. No one, for example, who looked at Montalembert's face in late life could mistake for a moment that he was a man who had been shaken by mental as well as physical pangs. Only less sensi-

tive than De Tocqueville, his was a temperament unfitted to succeed. Only the men of blood and iron really succeed, for they have no hesitations, no regrets, no relents, no doubts, and no despairs. But there was another and a heavier cause for Montalembert's failures. It lay in what he considered his strength, in his utter subservience to Rome. In 1870, and when M. de Montalembert was, through 'suffering, rejoicing, and sorrowing,' slowly making his way to his rest, the agitation of the Papal Infallibility as a *vérité patente* and a dogma came to a crisis. The almost dying man wrote on February 28th a letter, published in the *Gazette de France*, condemning the eager servility with which Frenchmen were carrying out Ultramontane principles in the Church. Yet in the last days of his life the following remarkable conversation took place. A visitor put a direct question to Montalembert: 'If the Infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?' 'I will struggle against it as long as I can.' But when the question was repeated, 'What should I do?' he said, 'We are always told that the Pope is a father; *eh bien!* there are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclinations and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father, discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. I shall do the same.' 'You will submit as far as form goes; you will submit externally. But how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?' 'I will make no attempt to reconcile them; I will simply submit my will, as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian: it is not my part to

decide such matters, and God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so.'

This confession of his faith needs no commentary. Under the circumstances, which painfully recall those of the death-bed of Adolphe Gratry, it can have but one explanation. The children of the Church of Rome love her—through right and through wrong they love her—and in France no wonder. In an age all chaotic she stands firm on the rock of the Fisherman's faith. Vexed tides and contrary winds have often wrecked the vessel of the State; the ship of the Church will outride the storm. Society is flip-pant, godless, and sensual, but she trains up Spartan sons. Modern schools of thought for the 'very God' of the Credo, can at best substitute and acknowledge an Unknowable and an Unknown; but instead of a force of forces, recognised beyond the limits of the known, the Church points to the Light of Lights, as lightening every man that cometh into the world. Immortality and its hopes may be fading out of many minds too gross to need its promises or to note its foreshadowings, but the Church still proclaims as God's last, best gift 'the life of the world to come.'

The disorders and distractions, the ignorance, idleness, and selfishness of modern France might also well have inclined Montalembert and his friends to revert fondly to a time when French churchmen were supreme in politics, piety, and thought, till they felt that the eclipse of faith is the night of a nation. What wonder, then, if as French society emerged from the darkness of a quarter of a century these men turned to the Catholic Church as to a fountain of rejuvenescence? And when, as from the roots of trees that have been felled, Montalembert saw fresh saplings spring, green with beauty and with promise, what wonder that

he looked upon his Church as the nursing mother of society, saw with prophetic joy issue from her 'gates,' in unbroken succession and in inexhaustible supply, 'the servants and the handmaids of God?'

La Quercia bid fair at one time to be a second Port Royal. So much the Catholic revivalists achieved, but no more. But this revival of an obsolete monastic system had to be nursed in a foreign country, and their scheme for the restoration of society was withered like the oak leaves from the convent trees. False as an anachronism, it was false to common sense, and it was in its details false to patriotism.

Yet where the *Avenir* propaganda had been condemned, this plan received the Papal sanction, and with all its fatal errors it had the delighted approval of M. de Montalembert. The Pontiff probably thought it harmless, but the statesman must have failed to see that it never could leaven society since it began by renouncing it, or save a country since the first step was to leave it. Why did he fail to see this? Because Rome gives a deadly wine to her sons; because when integrity of mind has once been lost, the sense is lost by which men distinguish truth from error. Had these friends been true in early life to the light which was in them, their lives, which could not have been more saintly, would have been perhaps more stormy and certainly more useful.

Given over to a strong delusion, because they persistently preferred a system to the truth, and to all its consequences, their plan was written on water. It was not the commencement of a great social work, but rather, when understood aright, the expression of a profound social despair, and, like despair, it has had no offspring and no future. The taste for conventionalism which it has imported into France is one of the many evils with which French society has now to contend, and the cloister now receives many a life and too many an endowment sorely needed in another field. The extent to which this affects provincial life is perhaps not well known, or much realised out of France, though it is probably not unknown to the acute statesman who has just banished the religious orders from the new German Empire.

The staff of the *Avenir* and the brotherhood of La Quercia are both now things of the past in France, where events follow each other so fiercely fast. But her Church is unquiet still. One or two daring men have sympathised with the Old Catholic party in Munich, but the Ultramontane policy is very vigorous, and in recent years the private convictions of such teachers as Dupanloup and Adolphe Gratry have experienced an eclipse like those of Montalembert. In fact, there are at this moment but few rifts in the clouds that overhang the future of the Gallican Church.





## A SKETCH OF CHARLES LEVER.

THE writer of this paper knows something of Lever; and while that lonely grave at Trieste is still fresh, and the public gaze yet fixed upon it, he would honestly tell that something, pruned of all unkindliness, and, as far as possible, in the spirit of Hamlet's 'Alas! poor Yorick.'

Leaving the coffin for the cradle, and beginning with Lever's birth, it might be said that he himself would seem not to have been very accurately informed about his age, if the memoir, revised by his own hand, in *Men of the Time* be taken as evidence. Mechanically following this guide, the blunder has been repeated in different sketches that have appeared since his death; but a mortgage preserved in the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin, conclusively establishes the truth, and furnishes an interesting glimpse of the unpretentious calling of his father:— '1809. James Foxall to James Lever, carpenter and builder; premises North Strand; dwelling-house, outhouses, yard, and garden, bounded east by North Strand, west by Montgomery Street—lives of John Lever, eldest son of lessee, and Chas. Jas. Lever, his second son—John then aged 13 years, Charles J. 3 years.'

Thus it appears that Charles Lever was not born in 1809, but in 1806.

Mr. C——n, of Dublin, an eminent builder, now in his seventy-eighth year, and for many years the neighbour of James Lever, describes him as an English carpenter who, emigrating to Ireland, obtained, through the favour of the ruling powers, the work of the Custom House, and rose to wealth in the enjoyment of a monopoly much coveted by his brethren in the trade. A book called *Sketches of Irish Political Characters*, pub-

lished in 1799, describes the Custom House as then recently built by the Right Hon. John Claudius Beresford, Commissioner of Revenue, nominally for the public service, but really as a palace for personal residence. He was the backstairs Viceroy who manipulated every department of the Executive, and in comparison to whose power the Lord-Lieutenant himself was little better than a cypher. This potential family is still represented by persons wielding high influence. In a recent visit of the Lord Primate to the Solicitor's Office in the Custom House, Dublin, he gazed so steadfastly around, that one of the officials ventured to say, 'Your Grace seems to know this room?' 'I ought,' was the reply, 'for I was born in that corner.' The patronage of Lever by the Beresfords proved of incalculable advantage to his own interests and that of his family.

It may be added that James Lever before he died became a very extensive contractor, building some of the finest churches in Dublin. He had his country seat, too, at Raheen, known as Moat-field, which afterwards became the residence of Michael Staunton, Esq., editor of the *Morning Register* and later an important public officer in Dublin, who took it direct from Lever.

James Lever's will is preserved in the Prerogative Court, Dublin, dated May 26, 1833, in which all his property is devised between his sons, John and Charles James. This John, we may observe, having graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, and attained Holy Orders, was sent as curate to Tullamore, (where he attended in his last illness the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Norbury, whose taste for a capital conviction was notorious) and afterwards received the living of Ard-nucher, in the diocese of Meath.

The *Dublin Directory* for the year 1821 records, for the first time, the name, 'Rev. G. N. Wright, Principal of the Proprietary School, 2 Great Denmark Street.' To this academy young Charles Lever was sent, and he is vividly remembered for his powers of story-telling by several of his schoolfellows with whom we have conversed, including John A——, Esq. He is described as a not very diligent student, fonder of turning over the leaves of romances than those of grammars and lexicons, and rather disposed to interrupt the studies of the other boys by the narratives, 'to be continued,' concocted in his own brain, wherewith he enchained them from day to day. Of the gentleman just alluded to, Lever was six years the senior, and his age naturally gave him an ascendancy and influence in the school. John, the elder though more diminutive brother, received his education, as we are informed by his class-fellow, Mr. C——n, in a school distinct from Mr. Wright's, and of somewhat lesser mark, namely, 'The Mercantile Academy, No. 106 Mecklenburgh Street,' presided over by John Fowler, Grand Masonic Secretary, who—in the estimation of his awe-stricken pupils at least—wielded mysterious terrors by shouldering the poker and cane alternately.

Charles Lever does not seem to have remained very long at Mr. Wright's academy, for the books of Trinity College, Dublin, record his admission there on October the 14th, 1822. He went through his course without disgrace and without distinction, far more creditably than Goldsmith, and with much less diligence than Sheridan. To tell the unvarnished truth, he seems chiefly remembered for his rollicking fun and indomitable love-making. But he tamed down a little under parental remonstrance, and in 1828 took out his degree as

Bachelor, and proceeded to the University of Göttingen to study medicine. His progress from Rotterdam to the Rhine, explorations of all sights along the route, and student life in Germany, are very fully described in a series of papers now before us, entitled, *Notes from the Log Book of a Rambler*. These are marked by all the pleasant characteristics of Lever's later style, and appeared in the ephemeral pages of a Dublin journal which reached twenty-six numbers only. Snatches of impromptu song and outbursts of rich animal spirits are delightfully intermingled, and formed a pleasant contrast to the Dryasdust school of writing travels previously in vogue. The public are grasped warmly by the hand and asked—

Know ye the land where the students pug-nacious  
Strut the streets in long frocks and loose  
trousers and caps,  
Who, proud in the glory of pipes and  
moustaches,  
Drink the downfall of nations in flat beer  
or Schnapps?  
Know ye the land where professors are  
tripping  
In the light airy waltz and the swift  
galopade;  
Or retired within dark groves their negus  
are sipping,  
And mixing soft speeches with stout  
Kalte-Schade?

Which Kalte-Schade, by the way, is a beverage used as a preventive against catching cold by the German ladies, who are marvellously fond of it. It is made by grating brown bread, sugar, and nutmeg into warm beer till the whole has attained the consistency of gruel.

From the time of the premature death of the Irish literary journal to which we have just referred, until the establishment of the *Dublin University Magazine* in January 1833, young Lever's pen seems to have been laid aside in favour of the lancet and scalpel. At Madame Stevens' Hospital and the Medical

School of Trinity College, both were brought into constant play under Cusack in the first, and MacCartney in the latter. MacCartney, who was a strange but able man, set up in the yard of the dissecting room a marble tablet (afterwards plastered over, but now once more exposed) to the effect that it was consecrated to the remains of those whose bodies have been used for the purposes of science. On Cusack many a characteristic trick was played by Lever, who (like his co-novelist, Dickens) was so full of dramatic talent that he absolutely succeeded in personating Cusack to the class one morning for a short time, probably during the arrangements preliminary to the lecture. The gay young Doctor organised a Bacchanalian Club, rejoicing in the title of 'Burschenschaft,' of which he became the *Grand Lama*. Redolent of tobacco, and thoroughly German in its proclivities, this social *réunion* evidenced a love of all things German, unless, perhaps, German silver, if the title of one of its high officers—Hereditary Bearer of the Wooden Spoon—may be taken as evidence. German songs were sung and translated by Lever, who afterwards gave them a place in *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*. Sparkling recollections of these jovial nights have been expressed by one who, as a *bon raconteur* and a pleasant singer, contributed not a little to make them enjoyable.

On the outburst of that terrible epidemic, the cholera morbus, in 1832, Charles was appointed by the Government to minister professionally to the sufferers at Portrush and Coleraine successively. His experiences at that trying time are effectively embodied in *St. Patrick's Eve*. While engaged in the perilous and irksome duty to which we refer, it was his good fortune to make the acquaintance at Portrush of William Hamilton

Maxwell, author of *The Wild Sports of the West* and *Stories of Waterloo*. This distinguished person was Rector of Balla, in Mayo, but those who remember his dashing and improvident disposition will not be surprised to learn that pecuniary difficulties overtook him, and that at the period of Lever's first interview with him he was rusticated at Portrush, in the hope of evading writs and duns. A congeniality of tastes brought Lever and Maxwell together constantly and closely: the latter, as the author of *Captain Blake of the Rifles*, may be said to have been the founder of the military novel; and Lever's plans, which had been long simmering in his brain, gradually attained boiling heat in the fervid companionship of the brilliant parson, who enjoyed wine and punch at night, and was given more to 'soda water' than 'sermons' the next morning. Mr. Maxwell had never been in the army, the statements in published sketches of him to the contrary notwithstanding. But, like Lever, he had a sympathetic knowledge of military life and manners, and while Rector of Balla he enjoyed the privilege of having apartments in the barracks of Castlebar, so genial a companion did he prove to the officers of the regiments quartered there. He once wrote a letter against Lord Grey's Church Bill, for which he got from O'Connell a Roland for his Oliver. The great agitator, in a public letter which playfully pilloried him, began, 'Prebendary of Balla, thou art a wag!' When he returned to his living, Lever went on a visit to him, was brought into close association with the military, met Jackson, whose brother was sub-inspector of constabulary at Castlebar, and embodied in his notebook those experiences of Clare life and its gentry of which Jackson had already given some rich samples. In *The Confessions of Harry*

Lorrequer much material which Lever gathered at this period will be found worked up.

The success of that series of pleasant papers, the *Kilrush Petty Sessions*, contributed to the *Morning Herald* in 1832, are believed to have had effect in stimulating Lever's pen to do likewise. The author was Mr. Jackson, alluded to above, better known by his pseudonym of *Terry Driscoll*, to whose memory a fine monument has been raised in Mount Jerome Cemetery, bearing the inscription: 'A man whose genial satire left no sting behind.' Jackson had been a reporter on the *Herald*, but having given up to the Government his short-hand notes of a speech made by Mr. O'Connell, he was very properly dismissed by the proprietary. To compensate him for this loss Jackson received from the Crown an appointment in Dublin Castle, worth 150*l.* a year, which he enjoyed until his death, at the age of forty-five, in 1857.

Lever had been for some time betrothed to Catharine Baker, but an untoward circumstance threatened to delay their marriage. Meanwhile his intimacy with Maxwell became every day of a closer character; the parson inoculated his young friend with his views, and even failings; and Lever with thorough abandon flung himself into the same rollicking manner of life. Like Maxwell, he also was threatened with service of writs, and one day he asked his Mentor to recommend him some refugium, without being obliged to start for Douglas or Boulogne. Maxwell counselled him by no means to leave the land of bright eyes and potatoes, and that Ireland contained many spots of picturesque beauty hitherto unexplored by bailiffs, and eminently suited for literary men requiring retirement or inspiration. Lever made enquiries, and a kind friend of his, who afterwards filled the office of head engi-

neer under the Government during the famine, informed him that he knew a priest in Clare who, he felt assured, would be delighted to place at his disposal, for any length of time, the shelter of his hospitable hermitage.

The priest had been under some favours to the engineer, who had previously exerted his influence successfully to obtain a grant of ground for the enlargement of the graveyard attached to the Roman Catholic chapel in which he officiated. The name of this priest was Comyns; and the details, which we have gleaned from the engineer's family, may be relied upon for their accuracy.

A correspondence was accordingly opened with the good pastor, who replied in the most encouraging manner, and Lever, in love, debt, and disguise, proceeded to Kilkee. For three calendar months Lever continued the guest of Father Comyns, enjoying the good cheer so hospitably provided, and no less the laughable stories and sallies of his host. And when, at last, the character of Father Tom Loftus was introduced to the public by Lever, no one more promptly recognised the portrait than Father Comyns himself, and in a letter to the worthy engineer who had been the means of bringing them together, he warmly protested against the mode in which his hospitality had been abused.

The character of the priest had been overdrawn by Lever for dramatic effect, and, it must also be confessed, in deference to that party whose traditional prejudices he respected and upheld; but some allowance may, perhaps, be made for a man of the avowed Lorrequer type, ardently anxious for adventure, not very particular as to the sort, and one ready to turn to literary account the result of his experiences. The character of Father Comyns is, on the whole, a tolerably correct picture of the

traditional *Soggarth aroon*—his only weakness imputed being a disposition to imbibe a moderate share of alcohol, like Father Tom of Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, which that accomplished re-dresser of old character seems to have borrowed from Lever. Vainly was it represented to Mr. Comyns that the character of Father Tom Loftus was interesting and even venerable—that the use of stimulants by the Irish clergy was noticed as a characteristic by Giraldus Cambrensis, the great Welsh bishop—who, however, strongly praised them for chastity. It was all to no use; the Pastor of Kilkee folded his arms in anger, and refused to give absolution to the author of the *Confessions*, who meanwhile continued his genuflections, but more in the attitude of coaxing than of penitence. We have spoken of the absence of fastidious taste by which the earlier of his rollicking writings are marked; but it is to his credit that nowhere are we induced to breathe an atmosphere of impurity. Love-making *galore*, we have no doubt, but it is honest and legitimate love-making, without any unhealthy exhibition of the anatomy of the passions. If his heroes are not of the most scrupulous character and deserving of our imitation, it must, at least, be conceded that his heroines are everything that can be desired. They are full of refinement, good breeding, and elegance, and seem, indeed, incapable of an unworthy thought. Kate Dodd was the favourite girl of his creation; he considered her the type of a true Irishwoman. *The Dodd Family Abroad*, written in the form of letters after the plan of Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, is, perhaps, one of the best of his books. Smollett, by the way, like Lever, combined the parts of physician and comic novelist.

Shortly after the establishment of the *Dublin University Magazine*

in January 1833, Lever joined its ranks and contributed some papers of more than average ability. Meanwhile he threw off, roughly, the *Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*, which embodied many stirring recollections of the Continent and of Clare. Samuel Lover, the then leading *littérateur* of Dublin, was invited by Lever to read the manuscript and recommend it to his publishers, who, however, were unwilling to take it up. The first instalment of the *Confessions* was nevertheless, published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for March 1834. The secret was so well kept that Lever's brother, the clergyman, did not know him to be the author. It proved a hit, though all the London reviews seem to have either pooched or ignored it, as the 'opinions of the press,' gathered by Mr. W. Curry, the publisher, would seem to confess. The praise is all cited from provincial papers, with the exception of one from a military journal, where the reviewer declared that he would rather be the author of *Harry Lorrequer's Confessions* than of all the *Pickwicks* or *Nicklebys* in the world. Ere long, however, Lever took his stand among the most popular of European novelists.

The influence of Lever's family with the Government was again proved by his appointment in 1837 to the post of physician to the British Embassy in Brussels. Here the best society was opened to him, and a rich field for the study and seizure of character as well. Just as Thackeray, day after day, invited to his table an eccentric Irishman, all brogue and blarney, who furnished material for Captain Costigan, Lever daily feasted a retired major who had served in the Peninsula, and the character of Monsoon was the result. The major well knew the uses to which his presence was to serve, but Lever's wine was so good, that he merely contented himself with plea-

santly upbraiding his host, now and again, for the too free dashes with which his portrait was put in from number to number.

During the progress of *Charles O'Malley*, which had rapidly followed up the *Confessions* in 1840, Lever was in the habit of riding into Dublin from Templeogue, and gathering from the knots of barristers who thronged the hall of the Four Courts material for the story in hand. One day the novelist joined a group of pleasant talkers, with memories much better stocked than their bags, and in the midst of whom our informant, Mr. Porter, stood, narrating how in passing through Tralee a short time before he called to see an old friend, Mr. Roche, stipendiary magistrate there, whose servant, when very ill, said, 'Oh, masther, I don't think it's a right sort of a docther that's attending me, for he gave me two doses that he called emetics, and neither o' them would rest on my stomach.' In the following number of *Charles O'Malley*, Mr. Porter recognised the anecdote put into the mouth of Mickey Free. In the same way our late friend Mr. Brophy, the dentist, a perfect cyclopædia of slang anecdote, was, as he himself assured us, frequently put under contribution by Lever. The well-known incident in *Harry Lorrequer*, of the officer coming on parade at Cork without remembering to wash the black off his face, which had made him a capital Othello at private theatricals the previous night, really happened to Captain Frizelle, an ancestor of the present writer's family. The character of Con Heffernan, in another novel, is a highly coloured portrait of Mr. O'Connell. And 'Davenport Dunn, the Man of our Day,' is no other than John Sadleir. Archbishop Whately likewise figures in the novelist's pages, and so do many other prominent persons familiar to Dublin society. That rich cha-

racter, 'Frank Webber,' whose thoroughly veracious adventures proved profitable stock-in-trade to Lever, was Robert Boyle, as his own family assure us. He was a well-known man at Trinity College, and stopped at no daring feat, from the horse-whipping of Major Sirr, the Fouché of Dublin, to practical jokes on the Dean of his University.

One incident, however, of which Webber is made the hero, is due to Dr. Seward, a worthy man, still amongst us. We allude to the feat of ventriloquism, whereby the people were induced to tear up the pavement for the purpose of rescuing from a sewer in York Street a man who announced himself as just escaped from Newgate. One of the shrewdest professors of the College of Surgeons, Dr. Benson, was so deceived, that he reprimanded a young doctor present for his heartlessness in laughing at the sufferings of a fellow-creature in distress. Lever's talent in dressing up old stories for his novels, was only equalled by the tact with which he made a *réchauffé* for his semi-political papers, *Sir Brook Fosbrooke*, *Cornelius O'Dowd*, and *Lord Kilgobbin*, of all the old points which for many years have constituted the stock-in-trade of Conservative journalism.

Mickey Free was originally intended as a mere stage servant for the removal, so to speak, of tables and chairs; but Lever finding him prove a capital vehicle for enunciating the good things he had picked up, he altered his plan and made him an important figure of more than one book. In some respects he attained a celebrity second only to Sam Weller.

The name of Samuel Ferguson has been recently mentioned among the men of genius whom Lever gathered round him when he undertook, in 1842, the editorship of the *Dublin University Magazine*; but so annoyed was Dr. Ferguson with Lever

for accepting Thackeray's dedication of the *Irish Sketch Book*, in which the country was to some extent travestied, that he refused to join the magazine under Lever, and even avoided meeting him. But there were several brilliant men left who frequented Lever's house at Templeogue, near Dublin, and made the *réunions* there very delectable. These pleasant *noctes* are well remembered; and the beaming face of our host, every muscle trembling with humour; the light of his merry eye; the smile that expanded his mouth and showed his fine white teeth; the musical, ringing laugh, that stirred every heart; the finely modulated voice, uttering some witty *mot*, telling some droll incident, or some strange adventure.

Though Lever's fascinating manners made him one of the most popular of men, he could sometimes say a bitter thing. It is well known that the late Archbishop Whately was remarkably susceptible to flattery. One morning at Redesdale, near Stillorgan, Dublin, his Grace received a number of guests, including a large proportion of the expectant clergy, who paid profound court to the ex-Fellow of Oriel. While walking through the grounds Dr. Whately plucked a leaf, which he declared had a most nauseous flavour. 'Taste it,' said he, handing it to one of the acolytes. The latter blandly obeyed, and then with a wry face subscribed to the botanical orthodoxy of his master. 'Taste it,' said the gratified prelate, handing the leaf to Lever. 'Thank your Grace,' said the latter, as he declined it, 'my brother is not in your Lordship's diocese.'

In 1845, Lever vacated his editorial chair and returned to Brussels, from which he was soon summoned to fill a diplomatic post at Florence. Here he continued the delight of the Anglo-Florentine Society and

of all English visitors, until the late Lord Derby gave him a Vice-Consulship at Spezzia, with the characteristic words, 'Here is 800*l.* a year for doing nothing, and you, Lever, are the very man to do it.' From Spezzia he was transferred, in 1867, to Trieste, where his pen sped unflaggingly, and he himself continued the life and soul of many a pleasant circle. In 1870 he visited Ireland, was fêted and feasted, and it seemed to all his old friends that he had never flashed more brightly.

But soon after his return to Italy sorrow laid a deadly grasp upon him. His wife died, and left him lonely. Gloomy forebodings shook him as he penned the last lines of *Lord Kilgobbin*, and few will read without emotion his allusion to the fact that they were 'written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task that was once my joy and pride, I have lived to find associated with my sorrows. It is not, then, without a cause I say, 'I hope this effort may be my last.'

A few weeks before his death he writes to a friend, 'I cannot yet say that I am round the corner, and, to tell truth, I have so little desire of life, that my own lassitude and low spirits go a good way in bearing me down.' And to another friend he said despondently, 'I am weary and foot-sore.' Lever sank to rest sadly, but not in bodily pain. He died in his sleep at Trieste, June 1872, and three days after he was buried in the English cemetery near the same place.

It may be added that Lever's property was sworn under 4,000*l.*—a sum which may surprise those who know the high prices his uninterrupted series of successful novels fetched, and the pleasant sinecures he held in Italy.

W. J. F.



## DAILY WORK IN A NORTH-WEST DISTRICT.

JUDGING from the healthy signs manifested of late years, it would really seem that we may look forward to the gradual removal of that apathetic ignorance which, until quite recently, prevailed amongst even well-educated Englishmen in regard to the domestic, social and political life of the varied races of Hindustan, and to the work of administration which for upwards of a century we have carried on amongst them. The interest excited is not entirely disinterested. A favourite theme of the so-called Manchester School, is the identity of the interests of India with those of England—the latter phrase meaning, in plain language, the promotion of England's material wealth, and more especially the extension of her cotton manufactures—and in whose views, apparently, the most assuring step towards the complete regeneration of India would be a law compelling the cultivation of cotton in every acre of the land.

But I am not concerned now with the theoretical question of England's mission to India; and as to the views alluded to, we may rest assured that there is sufficient good sense remaining in the kingdom at large, and especially amongst those who are more immediately concerned in the Government of India, to preserve that vast territory with its teeming millions, from being dealt with as a mere appanage of Cottonopolis. My object in this paper is simply to give a brief sketch of a civilian's daily work in the districts comprised under the lieutenant-governorship of the North-Western Provinces, of which Allahabad is the seat of Government.

The area of a district averages about 2,000 square miles, with a population varying from 600,000 to over a million. The districts are

grouped together into divisions—four or five being generally the number comprised in a division. This larger area is under a commissioner, who thus stands midway between the Government and the officer charged with the administration of the district, who is termed a 'Magistrate and Collector.' The duties of this latter officer—and it is with these only I am concerned—are of a most important character. He is to the people of his district the direct representative of Government, and his influence among them is proportionately great; and for the well-being and judicious administration of the district he is held responsible. He is collector of the land and all other kinds of revenue—the custodian and disburser of the public funds—head excise officer—controller of the sale of opium and stamps, and the manager of sequestered estates. The construction of all local roads; the building of bridges, police stations, schoolhouses and other public works; the direction and control of municipalities (an attempt to educate the people in the art of self-government, which has hitherto met with but ill success); the management of all charitable institutions, such as dispensaries and hospitals; the fostering of education, and the promotion of sanitary works,—all devolve upon him. He constitutes a revenue court for the trial of suits between landowners and their tenants, and, in addition to his judicial duties in the magisterial department, he is responsible for the efficiency of the police in the detection and repression of crime, and for their success or otherwise in bringing to justice all offenders against the laws. To assist him in these various branches of administration, besides an uncovenanted staff of native or Eura-



sian sub-collectors and deputy-magistrates with varying degrees of authority, he has generally a 'Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector,' and two or three 'Assistants,' belonging to the Covenanted Service. Amongst these the work of the district is apportioned, but for its due and efficient performance Government holds the 'Magistrate and Collector' personally accountable.

The civilian's work not unseldom—indeed, I may say, generally—begins at day-break. It is not often that there is such a dearth of outdoor work of one kind or another that he can count the early morning hours his own. Almost before the sun has peered through the morning haze, and shot its level rays across the wide expanse of field and plain, he has mounted his horse, and, accompanied only by his favourite dog it may be, is away to some distant village where there may be one or two hours' work cut out for him. It may be a disputed boundary that requires his examination; or a canal may have burst its bounds, swamping the crops on either side, and raising an outcry from their owners; or a heavy storm of hail may have damaged the growing corn, and landowners are clamorous for remission of revenue; or local investigation may be necessary in order to adjust a dispute between a landlord and his tenant as to whether certain lands are to be classed as irrigable, and bear a higher rent-rate in consequence, or not; or rancour may have run so high between parties of Hindús and Masalmáns in a quarrel about some burial-ground, or plot of land in the vicinity of a temple or mosque, as to threaten a riot; or some locality or premises may have to be examined, with a view of ascertaining whether an alleged highway robbery or burglary was an actual occurrence, or merely a vexatious fabrication, as the police possibly suggest; or an aggravated case of

murder may have been mismanaged by the police, and the magistrate may deem it necessary to make an investigation in person, and on the spot; or there may be police stations, schools, dispensaries to be inspected; or personal supervision may be required on some local work—the construction of a road, an important bridge, or some Government building. Or again, the work may be nearer home, and the bazars, lanes, and gullies of the huge overgrown town at the head-quarter station, with its 30,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, have to be threaded, that the magistrate may satisfy himself that the conservancy of the town, and all the imposed sanitary arrangements, are duly attended to.

Such are a few of the occupations that may fill up the civilian's early morning hours, as a prelude to the more sedentary work of mid-day. During the cold weather this outdoor work is enjoyable enough, and many a pleasant memory is associated with it. Camp life especially, if only one has a companion, is the most delightful kind of existence conceivable, and its charm is enhanced by the enervating dulness of station-life during the previous hot weather months, from May to September. But even during those fiery months (and one must personally encounter hot weather in the North-West to understand what it is), the civilian will often have accomplished a journey of 15 to 30 miles, or even more, with a good spell of satisfactory work besides, by the time that most people in England are thinking of turning out of bed. He will have started from home, after a hastily-swallowed meal of toast and tea, while it is still dark—while Orion's belt is still glistening brightly in the dark blue vault, or the moon still shines with her golden light unpaed. At first the change from indoors, where the thermometer has ranged from 96° to 100° Fahrenheit, is very re-

freshing, for the only touch of coolness is to be felt out-of-doors during the hour and a half immediately preceding day-break. After the sweltering heat of the night, the soft morning air fans the cheek deliciously, as the horse is urged on faster and faster, so as to complete as much of the journey as possible before the first gleam of sunshine comes. But this is soon over: as the twilight grows less grey, and the distance opens out more clearly, the air grows perceptibly warmer, then sultry; the sultriness soon becomes a sweltering heat, and even before the sun's first limb appears, the perspiration bursts from every pore, and horse and rider alike are heartily glad when their task is done and they are home again. A plunge in the station swimming-bath, however, or if there is not such an institution, the lesser enjoyment of the solitary 'tub' speedily removes the bodily and mental fatigue that a hard morning's ride beneath a broiling sun may have induced, and gives fresh energy for work.

And there is plenty of this to engage the attention during the hour or so still intervening before the Courts open. Even the few minutes of waiting whilst breakfast is being served, are seldom left unoccupied. The saddle-bags of the mounted orderly have disgorged a huge pile of official letters that the morning's post has just brought in—letters calling for explanations, reports, opinions, and statistics *ad nauseam*; and there are probably two or three natives seated in the verandah, waiting for an interview—wealthy residents of the head-quarters town, or influential landowners from the interior of the district, municipal commissioners or honorary magistrates. An officer's popularity, and also his success in administration, depend to a very great extent on his being easy of access, and showing

courtesy and affability in his relations with the people of his District, and such of his native subordinates as occupy posts of dignity and responsibility. It is his duty to enlist their sympathy in the cause of order and good government, and to secure as far as possible their ready assistance in the repression and detection of crime—assistance, the lending of which strengthens the hands of the magistrate incalculably, while the withholding of it must inevitably prove most disastrous. And from them also he may gain such an insight into the popular feeling, and such an acquaintance with the wishes and requirements of each class of native society, as may be of material assistance in the work of judicious and profitable legislation. As a rule, even the wealthier, well-to-do landowners and native gentlemen, are not very well informed; still many of them are fairly intelligent, possessed of some shrewdness, and able to discuss and argue upon—not unprofitably—such questions of general policy as may bear upon their interests. At the same time it rarely happens that their views are unprejudiced. Scant education partly accounts for this, and want of an extended knowledge of the world necessitates almost a corresponding narrowness of view. Still, these interviews, allowing as they do of the free expression of the opinions of the influential classes of the community, are of considerable value, and the more so as the wide—I may say, the impassable—gulf that yawns between the habits, feelings, and religions of the governing and the subject races, renders a closer intimacy altogether impossible.

It is sometimes said that in former days our rule was more popular than it is now, because the Europeans in India associated more freely with their native fellow-subjects. Admitting the fact of the comparative absence of any mutual sympathy

now-a-days, and admitting the wide divergence of social habits and religious feelings to be in some measure the cause of it, I am not sure that it is desirable to wish the old times back again. Undoubtedly in a certain sense there was a closer sympathy between the races. But, for the feelings of two classes so widely estranged by nature and education to be brought into accord, they must be reduced to something like a common level. But, if this end is gained only by the retrogression of the more advanced class, it can hardly be reckoned worth the cost. In former days Europeans in India degenerated to a great extent into semi-Asiatics; but, desirable as the promotion of a closer sympathy, and the bringing about of a greater unity of feeling may be, we can scarcely wish it purchased at the expense of our worthiest characteristics as Englishmen and Christians. For my own part, I am not sanguine as to any great change taking place in the feelings of the natives towards us. India became ours by conquest, and as a conquered country we shall always—so far as it is possible to see at present—hold it. Those natives who are intelligent enough to understand the circumstances of India will cling to us honestly and serve us faithfully, because they feel that there is far more real liberty and happiness to be enjoyed under our rule than under the best native administration, and because they have prescience enough to know that, were our rule withdrawn it would simply give place to anarchy the most disastrous and destructive that it is possible to conceive. But such men, even while loyally serving us, it may be, in posts of dignity and trust, will frankly tell us that in reality they bear us little love, and that they would rejoice—were there any tolerable alternative—to see India quit of us for ever.

We will now suppose the last interview at an end, in all probability cut short by the announcement that breakfast is on the table. This is usually not a very punctual meal, the time for breakfast being dependent for the most part upon the quantity of work that has to be despatched beforehand. About 10 A.M. is the usual hour, except during the hottest weeks of the hot season, when it is customary in some districts for the courts to open at 6 A.M., in which case the civilian probably does not get home till one or two in the afternoon. Breakfast over, a few more minutes will again be devoted to official correspondence. At last the clock gives its warning note; the despatch-box and small library of law-books that the magistrate takes with him daily to court, are shouldered by the attendant orderlies, and marched off to the court-house, whither the magistrate himself, either on horseback or in his buggy, soon follows. With more or less obsequiousness the motley groups of native officials and hangers-on of the court, pleaders and litigants make their salams, and, amid the general semi-prostration, and a rustling of purple and fine linen, the Hákim, as he is called, takes his seat. As a rule, the hearing of petitions forms the first business of the day. A jostling crowd soon fills the room, and, as each one presses forward, his petition is taken, and according to its purport is read out by the Serishtadars of the Revenue, or the magisterial department respectively.

The Serishtadar, or head clerk of the court, is a personage of considerable importance in the eyes of the natives, and in his own estimation also. He is credited with the possession of great power for weal or woe, and in old times, it is to be feared, he did actually exercise a most illegitimate and unwholesome influence in the settlement of cases before the courts, and also made not a

little gain by bribes, or, to use the euphemistic native term, by 'nuz-zurs,' that is, presents. Even now-a-days these men hold their durbárs or levées at their homes in the early morning, and their favour and support are eagerly sought for even by men of position and respectability. But there is much more integrity amongst native officials now than there was a dozen years ago. To deny the existence of bribery would certainly be untrue, but it is not nearly so rife as it was, and the opportunities for the exercise of dishonest influence are comparatively restricted. At any rate, there is no excuse for the man who is foolish enough to spend his money in bribing the officials, under the delusion they can secure for him some favour, or gain for him the collector's ear. There is such ready access at all times, and cases are so thoroughly gone into, that any trickery can at once be brought to notice. And, in fact, the remedy against corruption lies in the hands of the people themselves.

The petitions are of the most miscellaneous description. First of all there are half-a-dozen or more petty charges of assault—the 'vilia corpora,' on which the young assistant, newly joined, experimentalises, without the chance of any very great harm resulting should want of experience lead him into error; then there are charges of criminal trespass, mischief to property, criminal breach of trust, cheating, and other offences. A wife prefers a claim for maintenance against her husband, who has deserted her; a cultivator complains that his neighbour has encroached upon his field, or ousted him from the use of some common well; a small trader pleads for exemption from the local rates for watch and ward, or from the income tax; a landowner prays for compensation for a portion of his land taken up for the railway, or extension of a canal; the heirs of a deceased landowner claim to have

their names entered on the Revenue Roll. Then there are petitions for Government loans for the construction of wells or tanks, applications for the execution of decrees, or for assistance in the ejection of a tenant, or in the distraint of a defaulter's crops; and initiatory plaints in the varied classes of suits between landholders and their tenants, in which the Collectorate Courts have primary jurisdiction.

The extraordinary partiality for falsehood that marks the native character being notorious, it need, perhaps, scarcely be said that in many of these petitions, especially those embodying criminal charges, when the alloy of untruth or exaggeration is cleared away, the residuum of real fact is very small. In by far the greater number of the complaints to the Criminal Courts there is at any rate some surplusage; it seems almost as if it were a natural impossibility for a native to tell 'nothing but the truth;' a little hyperbole must be introduced to aggravate the charge, or make the case more telling, while a few additional features are thrown in at the suggestion of the hanger-on of the Court, who has, 'for a consideration,' drawn up the petition. In some there will be a curious interweaving of truth and falsehood, of fact and fiction, as when—to take a constantly recurring instance—a trifling assault is magnified into robbery with violence. Others, again, are a tissue of malignant lies from beginning to end. It is astounding and almost inconceivable to what lengths of abominable villainy a feeling of spite, engendered by some most trivial dispute, will lead a man. He will, without the slightest compunction—I may say, indeed, with the most fiendish delight—move heaven and earth to get another, at whose hands he fancies he has received some injury, into gaol—ay, if he can, to get him hanged.

Amongst the thronging crowd a ghastly apparition, maybe, suddenly meets the eye. With frantic gesticulations and loud cries for justice, a well-nigh naked figure presses forward, his head uncovered, his hair dishevelled, his face, body, and clothes (the latter carried in the hand, and spread out for the edification of the Court) all well smeared with blood, the greater part of which, it is to be remarked, never flowed in the veins of the biped animal. He is requested to put on a more respectable guise, and when he returns a few minutes later, washed, clothed, and in a more sober frame of mind, his complaint is heard. Probably there is but the faintest trace of a scratch to be seen, and that self-inflicted, or, at any rate, he has but received a slight blow in some quarrel that he himself provoked.

Not that these neighbourly quarrels are always of a trifling character, however; indeed, their results are often serious enough. A native, whatever his occupation, and whether at work or at leisure, is scarcely ever without his *lathi*, a staff of bamboo some 5 or 6 feet long, and sometimes encircled with brass or iron bands. If not carried in the hand, it is sure to be lying close by, ready to be caught up at any moment, and it is a weapon that, wielded with effect, will cause instant death. The most frequent cases of homicide before the Courts are brought about by its sudden use in some petty village squabble, beginning probably in mere bad language, at which the natives are such great adepts. As soon as the first blow is struck the relatives on either side join in with their quarterstaves, and unless the police are at hand to stop it the affray goes on until perhaps some one of the party is killed, and several others are severely injured.

Amongst the charges there is pretty sure to be at least one speci-

men of a class of cases peculiar to the Indian Courts. An outraged husband complains that his wife has been illicitly enticed from her home. This, under the Indian Penal Code, is a criminal offence, and, with the exception of assaults, there is no charge that appears so frequently in the up country courts as this. In a country where the chivalrous feelings towards women that the course of Western civilisation has engendered are utterly unknown, where the words of Schiller,

Ehret die Frauen! sie flechten und weben  
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben.

would find no responsive echo in the heart; where women are regarded merely as necessary appendages to the household, of about as much value and with much the same intellectual capacity as the millstones at which they are set to grind; where they are married in earliest infancy to boy-husbands of their parents' choosing; where wives are bartered or sold for less than the cost of an ox (a sum of forty shillings will, amongst some of the lowest castes, buy a wife of whom her husband has grown tired); in such a country it is not to be wondered at that the bands of conjugal affection are tied but loosely. And that there does exist a great laxity of morals cannot be denied. But at the same time it may be questioned, whether even under the debasing conditions of married life in the East, and the resulting predisposition to temptation, the women of India are a whit worse than those of some European countries boasting of superior enlightenment and blessed with safeguards of more restraining power. And in fairness it must be allowed, that the proportion of *bonâ fide* cases of this kind is extremely small—by far the greater number resting upon no real basis of fact.

The hearing of criminal cases now claims attention, and this gene-

rally occupies the greater part of the day. It is unnecessary to enumerate the offences that come before the Court; they are of every description, comprising all that are familiar to us in our own police Courts, together with many others that the Indian Penal Code has first included in the catalogue of crimes. The comprehensiveness of this code, notwithstanding its admirable character (and had Lord Macaulay left no other memorial behind, this alone would have borne ample testimony to his great genius) has made it very obnoxious to the people. The rights of persons and property are too jealously guarded by the code for it to meet with unqualified approval from the natives, who are somewhat too prone to constitute themselves the judges of right and wrong, and are peculiarly apt to ignore their neighbours' interests in the pursuit of their own. According to their character and degree, the cases are either disposed of by the magistrates themselves or committed to the Sessions; the larger number never go beyond the lower Courts, for a magistrate, with what are called 'full powers,' can award a sentence of as much as two years' imprisonment with hard labour and a heavy fine, or in default an additional six months' imprisonment.

The hearing of cases is now-a-days conducted in a much more satisfactory manner than it used to be. Going into a Court formerly, you would see a number of natives squatting about the room in groups of two, the component parts of each apparently in amicable converse, or rather, one of them clad in white with inkhorn by his side and paper on his knee, endeavouring to elicit from his companion—evidently of humbler position, and from his coarse clothing and nasal patois, recognisable as a village cultivator—certain information, which the latter imparts more by grunts and gestures than by intelligible articu-

lation. The one is the Cutcherry clerk, the other a witness, and in this fashion not many years since, it was the custom to take evidence that might bring a man to the gallows or consign him to a long term of imprisonment. There was this advantage about it, that it saved time, for half-a-dozen depositions could be taken at once, and several cases, in fact, be heard simultaneously, and the magistrate's work was much simplified by this arrangement. While the evidence was being recorded he was able to get through a large mass of other work; then, when the half-dozen cases were prepared, the depositions were hurriedly read over to him and attested by the several witnesses, who most probably did not understand a word of what was written down, for in those days the Court language was an abominable compound of Hindustáni and Persian intelligible only to the initiated. Certainly an experienced magistrate would elicit a good deal of truth by a few searching questions; but the incalculable advantage of cross-examination at the very time was lost, and the opportunity of observing the witness's demeanour—an all-important point in gaining a clue to the truth or falsehood of native evidence—was altogether gone, while further, there was no guarantee that the native clerk had not put into the witness's mouth words conveying a very different meaning from what he had actually intended. However, bad as the old procedure was in this respect, the Indian Courts would seem after all not to have been so far behind the age, if we may judge from recent revelations as to the mode in which affidavits are prepared for use in the Courts of Chancery. I doubt whether cross-examination of the witnesses would ever have elicited such wholesale repudiation of their written statements as we lately saw in the Tichborne case.

In the work of judicial investigation the Indian magistrate labours under very great disadvantages as compared with his compeer on the English bench. The most serious of these—the one that makes judicial work in India so pre-eminently disheartening, and makes the burden of responsibility weigh so heavily—arises from the inherent predisposition to lying, which is so remarkable, and apparently so ineradicable a characteristic of the native mind. A magistrate in this country feels tolerably safe in accepting as substantially true the evidence of the witness who comes before him; he regards it as *prima facie* trustworthy and entitled to credit. But the Indian magistrate from the outset is inclined to disbelieve the statement made to him, or at least to suspect it; there is no hypothesis to start with that the man is speaking the truth. In England a man will not readily or gratuitously perjure himself; there must be a motive of some considerable power to induce him to do so. But to the native lying is natural; it causes no qualms of conscience, and for the smallest consideration he will swear away his neighbour's property or liberty. And unfortunately, from the difficulty of proving the crime to the satisfaction of the higher Courts, the perjurer plies his trade almost with impunity. The multitudinous files of cases that lie packed on the shelves are wellnigh as full of false oaths as they can hold, but convictions for perjury are very few and far between. Not once in five hundred cases does retributive justice mark down her prey; there is here no pretence of sureness even to compensate for the limping foot. Unfortunately also, the prescribed form of oath, which is merely an affirmation that the truth shall be spoken as in the presence of God, has not the slightest deterrent influence for the native. It in no

way appeals to his superstitions, his desires, or his fears, and is altogether devoid of the solemn effect that the oath of our own Courts has upon the mind of an Englishman. Formerly it was the custom to swear Hindús upon the Ganges' water, and Masalmáns upon the Kurán. Whatever may have been the reasons for a change, the influence of the oath has, if anything, been lessened by it. The old forms at any rate gave a religious sanction to the oath, but the present affirmation is altogether valueless as a safeguard. The fear of punishment is, in fact, the sole influence that remains to deter men who have any object to gain by perjury from committing it, and since the force of this one influence is, as I have stated, reduced to a minimum, there is practically no restraint at all. Another great disadvantage that Indian magistrates labour under is, that they have not the assistance afforded by the pleadings and cross-examinations of able counsel. Certainly there are native pleaders attached to all the Courts, but, as a rule, they are men of very slight ability, and especially deficient in the art of effective cross-examination, while the men who plead in the inferior Courts are of the lowest pettifogging class, who so long as they further their client's interests care little how it is done, men who, acting up to the motto 'Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo,' will not only connive at the production of forged documents, but will even suggest their forgery. In general, the attorneys who frequent the Magisterial and Revenue Courts are simply obstructive to work. The magistrate will in vain look to them for assistance; the full responsibility devolves upon himself. He is both judge and jury, and in addition, he has to act as counsel both for the prosecution and for the defence, and to see that the interests of neither side are in any point overlooked. And to a considerable

extent also—however anomalous and ill-accordant with English ideas it may seem—his functions approach very closely to those of a public prosecutor, for whether as a Revenue officer, or as the Head of the Police, it is his duty to see that the laws are not violated with impunity, or Government defrauded of its due, and to bring all offenders to punishment.

But the civilian's judicial duties are not yet over for the day. In his capacity of collector he is civil judge, having primary jurisdiction in all agrarian disputes between the landed proprietors and their tenant cultivators, or between the various co-sharers in the village estate. The Revenue Courts adjudicate in such matters as the following,—suits by landlords for arrears of rent,—for the ejection of tenants for default, or breach of the conditions of their leases,—for enhancement of rent;—suits by tenants to contest enhancements,—ejection, or illegal distraint of produce,—and to recover damages for extortion of more rent than is legitimately due;—suits by the head proprietor in the village to recover from the subordinate owners any sums he may have advanced on their behalf in payment of the revenue demand,—and lastly, suits by the subordinate sharees against the head proprietor for their shares of the profits of the estate. There is, if anything, a greater amount of false swearing in these than in criminal cases. It is a very rare occurrence for a claim to be undefended. Of course, in some instances the parties may be perfectly justified in joining issue, and their contentions may afford substantial ground for legal argument; but in the large majority of cases, the defence consists simply of a direct traversing of the allegations contained in the statement of claim. Half-a-dozen witnesses on the one side depose to certain facts, and

half-a-dozen witnesses on the other unequivocally contradict them. Forged documents are unblushingly produced in proof, evidence is bought wholesale, and all that chicanery can do to bolster up a fraudulent claim, or to rebut a true one, is done. The large mass of litigation in the Revenue Courts is simply the result of violent quarrels between the proprietors and their tenants, or between the co-proprietors themselves. So long as matters go on amicably in the village, and unanimity prevails, there is no litigation at all. Hundreds of villages from one year's end to another, furnish no suits at all. But let the subject of discord once enter a village, and litigation is endless. A specially productive cause of these embittering feuds is the intrusion of a stranger into the proprietary body—an occurrence frequent enough now-a-days. We have of late years heard a great deal in praise of peasant-proprietorship, but one's experience of it, as it obtains in India, scarcely tends to an unqualified acceptance of the idea that it is such a happy, paradisaical system, as it has been represented. There can be little denial of this one fact at any rate, that where population steadily increases, and the custom of equal inheritance prevails, the minute subdivision of land, which is the natural result of peasant-proprietorship, must tend to reduce the landowners to one uniform level of pauperism, and lead to the gradual extinction of agricultural capital. And so it is in the north western provinces. The mass of landowners cannot construct even a small well, an essential of cultivation, at a mere cost of £40 [or £50 without borrowing the money from the state or the money-lender, while a single bad season will render them in all probability utterly unable to meet the revenue demand, or settle their banker's



account—for scarcely a proprietor in the whole North-West can boast of that necessary ingredient of happiness, the being '*solutus omni fenore.*' And thus it is that the old proprietors—at least in estates which are minutely subdivided—are gradually being supplanted by a new class of men, chiefly money-lenders and traders of the wealthier sort.

A man of this sort we will suppose—some

Fenerator Alfus  
Jam, jam futurus rusticus—

has purchased a small share that default of payment of the revenue upon it, or decree of the Civil Court has brought to the hammer, and has thrust himself into the sacred circle of the brotherhood. He very soon finds out to his cost that he would have acted far more wisely had he stuck to his money-bags and ledgers, and resisted the false seductions of a bucolic life. The old proprietors—the brothers, uncles, nephews, or cousins of the bankrupt—are banded to a man against the intruder, and do their best—and their worst—to thwart him at every turn. The tenants too, are employed as a powerful engine of oppression and annoyance, and are set to oppose and injure him in all the numerous ways that their relations to him suggest, or that native ingenuity can devise. He is driven to the Court, before he can realise a single farthing of his dues, and there, unable to secure a scrap of evidence on his own side, he has to contend against such an amount of hard swearing, forgery, and trickery of every kind that success is a most uncertain chance. If by good luck he gains a victory in the Court of First Instance, he is virulently pursued into the Appellate Courts, probably as far as the Privy Council itself, with very little hope of ever regaining his costs, even if they are awarded to him. In such a contest any amicable ad-

justment is altogether hopeless; with each succeeding tussle the mutual hatred strikes deeper root, and reconciliation becomes more impossible. In the end the rash intruder may reckon himself fortunate, if he escapes still fouler machinations, for the majority of the cowardly murders that are so frequent in India have their origin in agrarian disputes.

Following upon the revenue case work, there will in all probability be several objections to Income Tax assessments set down for hearing. This tax, the *dernier ressort* of financiers at their wits' end how to make both ends meet, has vastly increased the pressure upon the collector's time, and perhaps there is no work that is so thoroughly distasteful to him—and for this reason, that he well knows that not only is the tax hateful to the whole mass of the people, rich and poor alike, but also that under present conditions it is unavoidably an oppressive tax; it is to a great extent evaded by the wealthier, while it presses most heavily upon the poorer classes. That it is oppressive is in part due to the parsimony of Government in the matter of the establishments allowed for the work of assessment, and in part to the range of the tax being extended to incomes of too low a value, while again to no inconsiderable extent it is the fault of the people themselves, being the natural result of the difficulty, I may almost say the impossibility of accurately gauging the incomes of the middle classes, and the little reliance that can be placed upon any statement of their own regarding their profits. From this latter cause it has continually happened that the wealthier merchants and bankers have escaped with a far lighter assessment than they should have borne, while many of the poorer traders and handicraftsmen have been called upon to pay amounts which even the sale of all

their household goods has failed to realise. The Income Tax is a grievous thorn in the collector's side. Government is a stern taskmaster, and peculiarly sensitive on the subject of deficiency of revenue, and if the anticipated tale of rupees is not forthcoming to the full, he is called to strict account. But I fear the incubus of the tax will not be readily shaken off. At any rate it is likely to cling to India as long as the taxation of the country is regulated by amateur financiers. And a statesmanlike financier is not easily met with. *Nascitur non fit*. As the poet 'lisps in numbers,' so the true master of finance must have a special genius for the work. India certainly cannot boast of possessing one at present. The later mails seem to hold out to us a hope that, under the auspices of Lord Northbrook, India may gain at least a temporary relief from the Income Tax. Should this be so, it will indeed be a matter for hearty congratulation, and one great source of heartburning and discontent will be removed.

I fear I have already tried the reader's patience severely, and I must content myself with merely a passing glance at the remainder of the day's work. But there is still a good deal to be done. The Serishtadar commences to read aloud from a huge pile of papers that lie at his side, each of them representing some stage of progress in matters connected with the internal economy of the district. And this is a portion of work that does not admit of being hurried over, or disposed of in a perfunctory manner; indeed, upon the degree of ability and conscientiousness shown in its performance, far more than upon the passing of legal decisions, depends a collector's success in securing what, as the great test of administrative capacity, it should be his chief aim to secure—the financial prosperity of his district,

combined with the happiness, contentment, and loyalty of the people. Unfortunately for the interest which might be taken in most of this work, all the proceedings are prepared in Hindustáni, and apart from the additional mental effort required for understanding a complicated case under these conditions, the listening to the singsong of a native reader is about the dreariest and most sleep-inducing occupation that could well be conceived. This dreariness reaches its climax with the reading out of the police papers—the daily reports of crimes, and the records of investigations in particular cases—which, in themselves are the most unpalatable stuff possible, and for that reason are generally left to the last. While these are being gabbled through the magistrate is busily engaged in signing the vast heap of papers that represent the results of the day's work throughout the office, and this over, the labours of cutcherry are ended.—And my task is ended also.

This sketch has been necessarily a very imperfect one; but enough has, I trust, been written to show that an Indian civilian's life is very far from being a life of idleness. And his work is rendered none the lighter or pleasanter by the conditions under which it has to be performed during the greater part of the year—closely shut up perhaps in a stifling room, gloomy with the accumulated dust of years, reeking with the unfragrant odours of a crowd of natives, and oppressive with wellnigh 100 degrees of unmitigated sweltering heat. And day after day the same weary grind goes on. True, there are intermittent times of rest, on the occurrence of some Hindú or Masalmán festival, but holidays are after all a mere delusion, for the criminal classes are if anything more active on these days, and the only result of a holiday is that arrears accumulate, and the next day's work is doubled.

But the rest that follows immediately upon the close of the harassing toil of the day is indeed delicious, and this is the only time that the civilian can count upon for thorough recreation. The evening, perhaps, may find him again hard at work, engaged in important correspondence, or in preparing judgments which pressure of work has hindered him from writing in Court, but for the present he may freely enjoy his brief and hard earned leisure. And now having accompanied him through the arduous duties of the day, we will take our leave of him, as he quits cutcherry and repairs in haste to the racquet court, or cricket ground to clear away with a little vigorous exercise and pleasant society some of the miasma that have accumulated in his brain, and to disencumber his mind for a time of the cares and anxieties which are inevitably connected with the responsible nature of his work.



## PLYMOUTH.

## THE STORY OF A TOWN.

THE prospects commanded from some of the border heights of Dartmoor,—such for example as Cawsand and Buckland beacons, or as Heytor,—are exceeded in interest and variety by none in England. The great Yorkshire scenes, those over which the eye ranges from the Hambleton hills or from the long ridges that bound the western side of the Vale of Mowbray, may possibly be more extensive; but they are without the feature which gives an especial character to the Dartmoor views—the wide, far-stretching line of sea-board. From the outer heights of Cleveland indeed you may look down on Whitby and the ruins of the

cloistered pile  
Where holy Hilda prayed,

but this is a very different scene. From Heytor, beyond a vast and varied tract of country, we command nearly the whole of what is known as the 'Great Western bay,' extending from Portland on the east to Berry Head on the west. Along the coast are dotted towns and villages which rank among the most ancient settlements in Britain, and which may well have been founded by the primitive tin-workers whose rude stone monuments still lie among the heather at our feet. The long estuary of the Exe, stretching inland to Exeter, the city and stronghold of Britons, Romans, and English in succession; and the narrower opening of the Dart, winding between woods and green hills towards Totness, the traditional landing place of the legendary Brutus of Troy,—are easily distinguished, and carry us far back into an older world, suggesting a crowd of historical recollections. Heytor com-

mands the sea-line and the settlements connected with the earliest history of what is now Devonshire.

The south-western heights of Dartmoor overlook a scene of which the landscape displays similar features, but where the associations are of a somewhat different character. We are still within sight of harbours not unknown to ancient history or legend; but the object which most strongly attracts us is the town of Plymouth, filling, with its sisters, Devonport and Stonehouse, the landward side of the harbour, and bounded by the estuaries of the Plym and the Tamar, with their forests of masts. There is something in the view of a great town, and especially of a great seaport, thus seen from a moorland height, which in no ordinary degree impresses the imagination. The stillness which surrounds us, the broken rock and the stretches of fern and heather which make up the nearer scene, contrast finely with the distant evidences of long-continued work and daily labour, with the noise and the street tumult which we know, but cannot hear, are filling the air above the far-off haven. It is from such a point too, more perhaps than when actually within its walls, that we feel inclined to pass in review the history and the fortunes of the town before us. There it lies in the distance, stretching itself over plain and rising ground, its walls and roofs glancing in the sunlight, with many a tower and spire breaking upward from the vast mass of buildings. About it are all the evidences of vigorous life and activity. But what is the story of its past years, and how is that connected with the wider story of England? The most modern town suggests such

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questions as these; far more such a town as Plymouth, which although it cannot claim an antiquity equal to that of Exeter or Totness, is nevertheless no new creation, and is surrounded by such natural scenery as would heighten an interest derived from historical associations far less exciting than those which in fact belong to it. We may look seaward between the red-stemmed pines of Mount Edgcumbe and remember the Armada; or landward from Bovisand, and see in imagination the town shut in by the forces of Prince Maurice, with rival forts and sconces sending puffs of white smoke (and something more) at each other from their opposite hills. The Dartmoor scene is grand and suggestive. That from the harbour is surely not less so. There is probably no English port of which, under favourable circumstances, the appearance is more striking to a foreigner on his first arrival in this country.

The main outlines can have changed but little since the beginning of the historical æra. The rocks of the old Devonian series—slates, limestones, and sandstones—which extend along this coast are slowly worn by the sea; and Greek and Phœnician traders (if they indeed ventured into the stormy western ocean) must have looked on the same deep bay that we see at present, with the same heights and headlands guarding and backing it. But it must then have been in truth a 'silent sea;' and the protecting hills, covered with furze and brushwood, and intersected by deep marshes, the haunt of numberless wild fowl, can have shown few if any signs of human life or habitation. At a much later period there is reason to believe that one of the emporia for the tin of the Devonshire moorlands was established here. No Greek or

Oriental coins have been found, such as have been discovered at Exeter; and no ingots of tin, such as have been dredged from the mud of Mount's Bay. But within the last few years, in digging foundations for the fort of Mount Stamford, above Oreston, on the south side of the inner harbour, a cemetery of considerable extent was discovered, to all appearance late Celtic, and indicating a settlement of some importance. Bronze mirrors, bracelets, cups, and fibulæ, fragments of glass and pottery, and some much decayed iron implements were found in the graves, which were hollowed in the slaty rock, and filled in—perhaps at first lined—with blocks of the neighbouring limestone.<sup>1</sup> These, however, are traces of a time before the first legionaries had appeared among the western hills. There was no Roman settlement where Plymouth now stands. A line of British road, which was cared for in Roman days, and became a continuation of the Ikenild Way, ran from Exeter by Totness to the Tamar; but it passed far at the back of Plymouth Sound, and the little station of Tamara is in all probability to be identified with King's Tamerton, on a hill above the river, where there are still traces of a squared entrenchment.

The older and perhaps mercantile settlement at Stamford hill may have been frequented by those Gallic traders who, as we are told, conveyed British tin to the opposite coast; and Tamara had the importance of a Roman station. But neither was destined to become the germ of Plymouth. The 'nursing mother' of the great western seaport was the Augustinian Priory of Plympton, which, the wealthiest religious house in Devonshire, rose in the midst of its broad green meadows at the head of the estuary,

<sup>1</sup> This cemetery is described in the *Archæologia*, vol. xl.

just where the Plym ceases to be navigable. It stood on the line of Roman road—the 'Ridgeway'—which has already been mentioned; and a castle of the De Redvers', the powerful Earls of Devon, lifted and still lifts its high walled mound (there was no keep tower) close beside the Priory. To the Priory of Plympton belonged from a very early period, land at the mouth of the Plym on which stood a fishing hamlet known as Sutton Prior, or 'Sutton (South-town) juxta Plym-mouthe.' There were two other Suttons, held by the King at the time of the Doomsday Survey, and afterwards granted to the families of Ralf and Valletort, by whose names they were distinguished. These Suttons, forming together a settlement of but very small extent, had arisen some time before the Conquest. Sutton Prior was the most important; and from it, owing to the care with which its fisheries were watched and encouraged by the monks of Plympton, were gradually developed the harbour advantages which have created the existing town, and have changed Sutton—'a mene thyng, an inhabitation of fischars'—into the far-extending and far-famed Plymouth.

The little hamlet of Sutton lay crowded round the harbour of Sutton Pool, an inlet at the mouth of the Plym. The entrance of this 'gulph,' as Leland calls it, was guarded by strong walls, and chains could be drawn across it 'in tyme of necessite.' On high ground above it rose the Church of St. Andrew, belonging, like the greater part of Sutton itself, to Plympton Priory. West of the harbour, on the long hill called Wynrigge (wind ridge?), was the Chapel of St. Katherine, at which fishermen and sailors were accustomed to make oblations after safe landing. Wynrigge is the hill now so well known as the Hoe,

a word found elsewhere in Devonshire, both alone, as at Dartmouth—

Blow the wind high or blow it low,  
It bloweth good to Hawley's Hoe—

and as a termination; and signifying in all cases an elevated ridge or look-out place. It is probable that the name was always applied to some part of the Wynrigge; and it is here that we find the only traces which directly connect Plymouth with the legendary story of Western Britain. On the green turf of the Hoe were cut two enormous figures representing Corineus, the companion of Brutus of Troy—

Li duk syro Coryneus, qui conquist Corne-  
wayle—

and the great giant Goemagot with whom he fought, and whom he hurled into the sea over the cliffs, thenceforth reddened with the giant's blood. The story is told by the 'veracious' Geoffry of Monmouth. At what time it was localised on the Plymouth Hoe is uncertain. The footprints of the combatants, on which no grass would grow, were long pointed out there; and there was an annual 'scouring' of the figures, each of which was armed with an enormous club. They were famous in Spenser's days, who may himself have seen them if at any time he started from Plymouth on his way to Ireland; and who has referred to them in that part of the *Faerie Queene* where he records the early history of Britain and the arrival of Brutus:

But ere he had established his throne,  
And spread his empire to the utmost  
shore,  
He fought great battles with his salvage  
fone,  
In which he them defeated evermore,  
And many giants left on groning flore;  
That well can witness yet unto this day  
The Western Hogh, besprinkled with  
the gore  
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray  
Corineus conquerèd, and cruelly did slay.\*

\* Bk. ii. c. 10.

The 'Western Hogh,' therefore, can have been no unimportant place in the earlier days of Sutton; and the legend attached to it may indicate a certain connection of the place with the older haven of Dartmouth, with Totness, the landing place of Brutus, and perhaps with the opposite shores of Brittany. At any rate one of the earliest notices of Plymouth as a harbour records the arrival there, in 1230, of the body of Gilbert de Clare, the mighty Earl of Gloucester and of Hertford, who died at Penrhos in Brittany. He was brought across the sea to 'Plummue,' says the annalist of Tewkesbury; and was conveyed with great honour and a vast following through Devonshire, and at last to Tewkesbury, where he was buried.<sup>3</sup> Gifts were made to the religious houses at which the body of the Earl rested on its way—the first of which was, of course, the Priory of Plympton.

Until the year 1439, when the town—then of some size, and becoming famous for its harbour—was incorporated by Act of Parliament, the Prior was the Lord of Plymouth. Great personages arriving there, whether to sail from its port or having landed at it, were lodged in the stately Priory. In 1287 the Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I., sailed from Plymouth with no fewer than 325 ships, for Guienne, and no doubt rested for some time in the guest house of the Canons. The port was then becoming a favourite point of departure for Guienne and Southern France; and in the days of the Third Edward, the Black Prince on several occasions landed at and departed from Plymouth. He sailed hence, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick, Suffolk, Salisbury, and Oxford, in 1355, before the campaign which closed with the battle of

Poitiers. On this occasion he was detained for forty days (from the end of July to the beginning of September) by contrary winds; and was nobly entertained by the Prior of Plympton. It was while thus delayed at the Priory that, as Duke of Cornwall, he granted to one of his old followers the revenues of the ferry at 'Asche,' or 'Saltash,' as a reward for many services, and in consideration of his having lost an eye in battle. It is improbable, although some writers assert it, that the Black Prince landed at Plymouth on his return from this campaign, bringing with him the captive King of France. But Plymouth was the place of his landing in 1370, when shattered in health and in happiness he finally left Aquitaine. There he had just lost his eldest son Edward; and he arrived at Plymouth with his wife, and his remaining child Richard of Bordeaux, afterwards the ill-fated Richard II. After resting for some days at the Priory, the Prince was conveyed to London in a litter. He lived until 1376, but never again took part in public affairs. The scene at the Priory must have contrasted strikingly with that in 1355, when the Black Prince had been received there in the full vigour of his youth, and amidst all the splendour and excitement of a great warlike expedition.

Meanwhile, and throughout the fourteenth century, the fortunes of Plymouth had been variable. It was attacked by French fleets and by French adventurers again and again—a proof of its defenceless condition, but also of its rising importance. On one of these occasions a large force of Normans and Bretons burnt six hundred houses in the lower part of the town, thenceforward known as 'Breton side.' The memory of this attack

<sup>3</sup> *Annales de Theokesburia*, p. 76, ed. Luard (*Annales Monastici*).

was long preserved by an annual fight between the 'Burton (Breton) boys' and the boys of the Old Town on the hill, the latter of whom used to taunt their opponents with the destruction wrought by the French in their quarter. But in spite of these attacks, from which Plymouth must have greatly suffered, it was progressing steadily and surely. The Carmelites, or White Friars, established themselves in the town in 1313; and built near the head of Sutton Pool a church with a towering spire, in which the Commissioners for the 'Scrope and Grosvenor' controversy—a disputed question of the right to certain armorial bearings—examined many Devonshire witnesses in 1384, whilst the Duke of Lancaster and his soldiers were detained at Plymouth by contrary winds. Franciscans were not slow to follow the Carmelites' example; and the 'frères' became as well known in the narrow streets and quays of 'Sutton juxta Plym-mouthe' as they had been for some time in those of the southern and eastern seaports. Their extensive buildings and lofty churches gave a new character to the town, the only conspicuous object in which had hitherto been the Church of St. Andrew, a Norman edifice of perhaps no great size. Before 1400, too, a 'stronge castle quadrate,' as Leland calls it, 'having at eche corner a grete round tower,' had been built on the west side of Sutton Pool. At a somewhat later period this 'quadrate' became the foundation of the shield of arms assigned to the town—*argent, a saltire vert between four castles sable*. The motto runs, '*Turris fortissima est nomen Jehova.*'

It is clear that the town of Sutton was to some extent, but with due subordination to the authority of the Prior, governed by a mayor and by certain assessors before the year

1439, when it was duly incorporated. Before that time, although the name Plymouth was frequently used, the place was quite as often called Sutton. Afterwards it is always known as Plymouth. The town no doubt had been stretching itself upward over the hill, and westward through the valley that lies on the land side of the Hoe. Nearly a century before this incorporation its importance as a port may partly be measured by the number of ships sent in 1346 to the siege of Calais. Plymouth contributed 26; a greater number than London or Bristol. Yarmouth and Dartmouth sent more than Plymouth; and Fowey sent 47, the greatest number of all. These were of course small vessels; but the fisheries and trade of Plymouth must by this time have become very considerable. The older havens, however, as yet kept their supremacy; and the 'gallants of Fowey' and the men of Dartmouth, jealous rivals as they were, and frequently as they fought and skirmished, seem to have paid little attention to the neighbour who was so soon to overtop them. Plymouth had risen first by the development of her fisheries. Her harbour was then found at least as convenient as that of Dartmouth for ships crossing from Brittany. During the English holding of Guienne and Aquitaine, and throughout the French wars of the fourteenth century, Plymouth was one of the principal ports at which ships entered from, and left for, Bordeaux; and it soon became the favourite harbour for vessels arriving from the northern ports of Spain. The commerce of the place was of course greatly increased by this extended use of the harbour, which had arisen naturally from the position of Plymouth, opposite the western shores of the Continent. With the discovery of the New World, however, began the 'golden time' of the town. The wide and



hitherto untracked Atlantic lay open from Plymouth. Her seamen were among the first who ventured to explore it. The stories brought home by them of marvellous riches and strange beauty found beyond the distant tropical seas, set on fire the youth of Devonshire, sailors many of them from their boyhood; and we may fancy many a young Raleigh or Gilbert gazing with wonder on rare treasures of the Indies, strange birds, tropical fruit, or rich barbaric carving, and listening the while to the 'yarn' of some weather-beaten mariner, as he points westward across the plain of deep blue water.

But long before the days of Elizabeth, Plymouth had witnessed one arrival which may not be passed in silence. On the 2nd of October, 1501, the Princess Catherine of Arragon, accompanied by grave prelates, and by many of the highest nobles of Spain, entered the harbour, 'which,' writes the Licentiate Alcares to Queen Isabella, 'is the first on the coast of England.' 'She could not have been received,' he continues, 'with greater rejoicings if she had been the Saviour of the world. . . . As soon as she left the boat, she went in procession to the church, where, it is to be hoped, God gave her the possession of all these realms for such a period as would be long enough to enable her to enjoy life, and to leave heirs to the throne.' The Princess had sailed from Laredo on the 27th of September. Off Ushant she had encountered a furious tempest, with 'thunder and immense waves.' The rest of the voyage had been stormy; and, says Alcares, 'it was impossible not to be frightened.' The church in which the Princess knelt for the first time on English ground may have been either St. Andrew's, then

but newly rebuilt, or the great church of the Carmelites, which has altogether disappeared. She was 'lodged' by 'one Painter, that,' says Leland, 'of late died a rich marchant, and made a goodly house toward the haven.' This 'Palace' as it is called is yet standing. It is in Castle Street, 'toward the haven;' and is built of the local limestone with timbers of massive oak. From Plymouth the Princess journeyed by Tavistock and Okehampton to Exeter, where she occupied the Deanery, and was so greatly disturbed by the noise of a weathercock on an adjoining church steeple that it was taken down on the day after her arrival.

The Palace of Master Painter indicates the increasing prosperity of Plymouth. About the same time, 'one Thomas Yogge,' a merchant, built for himself 'a fair house of moor-stone'—as the granite of Dartmoor is still called—and 'paid for making of the steeple of Plymouth church,' St. Andrew's, whose fine Perpendicular tower still bears witness to the wealth and generosity of Thomas Yogge. This was late in the fifteenth century. Before another hundred years had passed, 'the name and reputation of Plymouth,' in Camden's words, 'was very great among all nations, and this not so much for the convenience of the harbour as for the valour and worth of the inhabitants.' This is the Plymouth of Drayton—

Upon the British coast what ship yet ever  
came

That not of Plymouth heares? where  
those brave navies lie

From cannon's thundering throats that all  
the world defye.

It is impossible to enumerate the expeditions both of adventure and of war which so frequently left the harbour of Plymouth throughout

<sup>4</sup> Bergenroth, *Calendar of Letters &c. relating to Negotiations between England and Spain preserved at Simancas*, vol. i. p. 262 (Rolls Series).

the reign of Elizabeth. There was, says Carew, 'an infinite swarm of single ships daily here manned out to the same effect.' Strangers crowded the streets; and many a needy adventurer found his way here in the hope of getting a passage to the golden lands of Virginia or Florida. So at least suggests the old ballad—

Have over the waters to Florida,  
Farewell good London now;  
Through long delays on land and seas  
I'm brought, I cannot tell how,  
In Plymouth town in a threadbare gown,  
And money never a deal.  
Hay trixi trim! go trixi trim!  
And will not a wallet do well?

Such was the condition of Plymouth in the days of the Great Queen. But the spirit of adventure had been aroused long before. Martin Cockeram, of Plymouth, sailed with Sebastian Cabot, and assisted him in his exploration of the River Plate. In 1530 Cockeram sailed again with William Hawkins on the first of his voyages to Brazil, and was there left in pledge with the natives for the safety of one of the 'salvage kings' whom Hawkins brought back to England. The 'king' died; but the natives, believing that Hawkins had 'behaved wisely' towards them, restored Cockeram; who was thus, suggests a recent historian of Plymouth,<sup>5</sup> 'the first Englishman who ever dwelt in South America,—possibly the first who ever set foot on the Western continent.' Cockeram lived to hear of the fame of his old captain's son—that Sir John Hawkins who so often 'singd the King of Spain's beard,' and who is so constantly referred to in Philip's letters and memorials as the terrible 'Achines,'—a form which suggests that the name must have been conveyed to the Spanish Court from the lips of Devonshire sailors. Hawkins,

Drake, and Raleigh are the most famous names connected with Elizabethan Plymouth. But from its harbour, under the same glow of adventure, sailed Sir Humphrey Gilbert to discover Newfoundland; Sir Richard Grenville for Virginia; Frobisher and Davies for the North-Western Seas, and Cavendish on his voyage round the world. Cattewater and Sutton Pool were thronged with the small pinnaces in which these daring seamen braved all the perils of unknown seas; and the whole town was frequently thrown into a fever of delight and triumph by the return of ships laden with wealth, as often the spoil of Spanish galleys as of rich islands of the West. When Sir Francis Drake came back from his voyage round the world, the people were at prayers in St. Andrew's Church. Thither the news was brought. The church was speedily emptied; and whilst 'the great ordinance were let off' the rejoicing townsmen hurried to the quays, ready to welcome the mariners 'with draughtes of wine and drinkyng of healthes.' In the midst of such records the town books show that the usual festivities of Old—and merry—England were not neglected. The Maypole was duly dressed; the 'Morrish dancers' were treated with a 'breckfast;' 'Mr. Fortescue's players' and (we are a little scandalised) 'my Lord Busshoppe's players' (this was in 1561) each received 13s. 4d. for their performances. The 'Busshoppe' himself (William Alley, a man of learning and a patron of letters, who well deserved a good dinner) cost the town 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, paid to 'Else Lyell for my Lorde's dinner,' besides 6*s.* 8*d.* 'paide to the cooke for the rostynge of the meate.'

A few Elizabethan houses remain in the streets of Old Plymouth; but it cannot be said that this most

<sup>5</sup> *History of Plymouth*, by R. N. Worth. Plymouth, 1871.

active and romantic period has left any very striking memorials in the town itself or in the neighbourhood. The imagination must see more than the eye. The land itself has not changed, and the harbours have been little altered. Cattewater remains much as when Sir John Hawkins sent a cannon ball through the side of a Spanish galleon, lying there with prisoners from the Low Countries on board, who, as 'Achines' intended, got free during the ensuing tumult. The 'fair green called the Hoe' is still much the same as when

. . . about the lovely close of a warm summer day  
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay ;  
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile—

the same as on the afternoon of that 19th of July when, as the tradition runs, the men of the 'gallant merchant ship' brought the news of the approach of the Armada to the captains of the English fleet as they were playing bowls on the green near the present citadel. Still, as we look from the same point, we can picture to ourselves the mighty crescent fleet passing slowly along the far horizon, and hear the faint sound of the ordnance fired by the Spaniards or their pursuers. And the view landward may recall other memories. Under the Dartmoor hills lies Fardel, the ancestral home of Sir Walter Raleigh, where he is said to have buried much gold brought at different times from over seas. An ancient inscribed stone (now removed) marked the place of the 'hoard;' and the local rhyme ran—

Between this stone and Fardell hall  
Lies as much money as the devil can haul.

Buckland Abbey, the house of

Cistercian monks reconstructed by Sir Francis Drake for his own dwelling-place, lies more out of sight; but the true memorial of the great navigator is the 'leat' or stream of water which, brought under his direction from the distant Meavy river, still supplies the town of Plymouth. Floating romance and folk-lore are constantly gathered round the name of a local hero, and that of Drake is no exception. He is said to have been a powerful magician; and after he had repeated certain spells near the river, the water followed of its own accord as he galloped over the downs towards Plymouth. He 'set up a compass' on the Hoe during the year (1581-2) in which he served as mayor; and the lines under his portrait in the Guildhall record his services—

Who with fresh streams refresht this towne  
that first  
Though kist with waters yet did pine for  
thirst,  
Who both a pilote and a magistrate  
Steered in his turne the shippe of Ply-  
mouth's state.

The Mayor and Corporation annually inspect the leat; and at the weir head drink in water 'To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake,' and in wine 'May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine.' Of the old Corporation plate only one cup, known as the 'Union Cup,' can have been used by these Elizabethan heroes. It is of silver gilt, and was the gift, in 1585, of John White of London, haberdasher, 'to the Mayor of Plymouth and his brethren for ever, to drink crosse one to the other at their feastes and meetynges.'

The importance of Plymouth as a seaport continued during the reigns of James I. and of Charles I., though expeditions against Spain were then somewhat at a discount. The 'drinking of tobacco' had

greatly increased since Raleigh took his first pipe in the chimney corner at Greenaway. In 1663, Garrard writes to Lord Strafford that 'Plymouth had yielded 100l. and as much yearly rent' to the 'licensed persons' who 'had a lease for life to sell tobacco' there; a proof that the crowd of seamen had by no means diminished. About the same time we get a curious picture of Plymouth, and a good example of Devonshire dialect—differing not at all from the true Doric still to be heard in the neighbourhood—in some rhymes written by William Strode, of Newnham, near Plympton, who in 1638 died a Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. They are preserved among the Harleian MSS.

Thou ne'er woot riddle, neighbor John,  
Where ich of late have bin-a,  
Why ich ha bin to Plimoth, man,  
The like was yet ne'er zeene-a ;  
Zich streets, zich men, zich hugeous zeas,  
Zich things and guns there rumbling,  
Thyself, like me, wood'st blesse to zee  
Zich 'bomination grumbling.

The streets bee pight of shindle-stone  
Doe glissen like the sky-a,  
The shops ston ope and all the yeere long  
I se think how faire there be-a ;  
And many a gallant here goeth  
I' goold, that zaw the kinge-a,  
The king zome zweare himself was there,  
A man or zome zich thing-a.

Thou roole, that never water zaw'st  
But thick-a in the moor-a,  
To zee the zee wood'st be a'gast  
It doth zoo rage and roar-a.  
It tasts zoo zalt thy tongue wood think  
The viere were in the water,  
And 'tis zoo wide, noe land is spide,  
Look neer zoo long there-ater.

Amidst the water wooden birds  
And flying houses zwim-a ;  
All full of things as ich ha' heard  
And goods up to the brim-a ;  
They goe unto another world  
Desiring to conquer-a  
Vor which those guns, voule develish ones,  
Doe dunder and spett viere-a.

Among the 'flying houses' on the water, neighbour John may have looked on one which was destined to become more famous than Gilbert's *Golden Hind*, or Sir Francis Drake's *Pelican*. In September 1620, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, carrying across the ocean those Pilgrim Fathers who planted the first settlement on the coast of New England, and gave to it the name of the ground in the mother country which their feet had last trodden. When, off the coast of Dartmouth, the captain of the *Speedwell* with his company refused to proceed farther, the *Mayflower* put in at Plymouth, and her passengers, in all 101 souls, were 'kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling.' It does not appear that any Devonshire men were among the 'Pilgrims;' but their reception certainly indicates the existence of a strong Puritanical feeling in the town—a feeling which had strengthened into decided opposition to the King when the civil war broke out in 1642.

The struggle with a people so trained in adventure and to the endurance of danger, was likely to be fierce and protracted. Accordingly, in spite of two continuous sieges, and of many lesser dangers, and notwithstanding the appearance of Charles himself before the walls, the town held out until the march of Fairfax and Cromwell into the west in the spring of 1646 put an end to the lingering hopes of Devonshire Royalists. The King lay for some time at the house of Widey; and during his stay he showed himself daily, attended by Prince Maurice (who was then directing the siege), and a goodly cavalier company, on the top of Townsend hill, opposite one of the principal redoubts of the town. The townsmen gave the name of 'Vapouring Hill' to the spot which was thus

distinguished. Plymouth was proud of its successful resistance. The Puritan feeling was long continued; and it was, perhaps, owing to this that after the Restoration certain families looked on with an evil eye by the Government took refuge here. Among them were some descendants of Bradshaw, the regicide; and Northcote, the painter, told Hazlitt how, in his early days, one of the family, 'an old lady of the name of Wilcox, used to walk about in Gibbon's fields, so prim and starched, holding up her fan spread out like a peacock's tail, with such an air on account of her supposed relationship.' The Cavaliers regarded Plymouth somewhat differently. It was thought fit, indeed, that the town should be taught the consequences of rebellion; and in 1660, when the regicides were executed at Charing Cross, John Allured, of Plymouth, was hanged 'for speaking treason,' and his head was set up on the old Guildhall. But whatever were the feelings of the townsmen, the authorities made due submission. They presented two pieces of plate to the King; and after a severe scolding they were fully admitted to the royal favour on the visit of Charles II. in 1670; when he 'touched for the evil in the great church'—that of St. Andrew, and visited the new church, which Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter, had consecrated in 1664 'by the name of the royal martyr.' This church had been begun before the civil war; and although its spire is slightly awry, owing, it is said, to the broomsticks of a flight of witches who struck it as they passed, it is an excellent example of very late Gothic architecture, which in some parts of the building is hardly to be called 'debased.'

Meanwhile the harbour was crowded, many events of import-

ance were occurring off the coast, and fleets were coming and going. Blake, returning in 1656 from the Canaries, died at the entrance of the Sound. His body was embalmed at Plymouth, and his bowels 'buried by the mayor's seat doore.' De Ruyter, after the Dutch had burnt the fleet at Chatham, 'divers times anchored in the Sound, but did noe harm.' The Grand Duke Cosmo dei Medici landed at Plymouth in 1669, and admired the town with its antique buildings, 'almost shut up by a gorge of the mountains, and not to be seen from the sea,' a description which shows us that as yet it had not spread very far inland. The Duke of Albemarle, Monk the king-maker, whose education, says Clarendon, had been but rough—only Dutch and Devonshire—came here 'with near forty gentlemen attending him,' and was made free of the corporation. Lord Dartmouth sailed from Plymouth on the expedition to Tangiers, having on board the fleet the ingenious Mr. Pepys, who has duly recorded how, being 'on board my lord's ship in the Sound,' he 'stayed for his doublet,—the sleeves altered according to sea fashion.' Roger North accompanied his relation, the Lord Keeper Guilford, on his western circuit, saw with him all the sights of Plymouth, and wondered at the strange west country dialect, 'more barbarous,' he thought, 'than that in any other part of England, the north not excepted.'<sup>6</sup> The most 'worthy spectacle' at Plymouth was the new fort or citadel, 'built of the marble of the place,' and commanding a 'glorious prospect.' This citadel, begun in 1670, was designed by Bernard de Gorme, and was intended not only for the security of the place, but 'as a check to the rebellious spirits of the

<sup>6</sup> Roger North's *Life of the Lord Keeper*, p. 120.

neighbourhood.' In digging the foundations some enormous bones were found, which were held to have been those of the giant Corinnæus. At this time the Island of St. Nicholas in the Sound, which had been fortified during the civil war, was used as a State prison; and during the visits of Charles II., within sight and hearing of the festivities with which they were accompanied, a prisoner was detained there to whom such sights and sounds must have brought strange emotions. This was John Lambert, the famous Major-General of Cromwell's army, who was tried, together with Vane, in 1661, but who, owing to his 'submissive behaviour,' escaped capital punishment. He was first sent to Guernsey, and removed thence in 1667 to St. Nicholas' Island, where he remained until 1683, in the very cold winter of which year he died. 'Ships,' writes James Yonge, the chronicler of the town,<sup>7</sup> 'were starved in the mouth of the Channel, and almost all the cattle famished. The fish left the coast almost five months.' In his long imprisonment Lambert amused himself by painting flowers; for he had been a great gardener, and had cultivated at Wimbledon 'the finest tulips and gillflowers that could be got for love or money.' Myles Halhead, a member of the Society of Friends, has given in his *Sufferings and Passages* a curious account of an interview with Lambert at Plymouth. He found the soldiers 'very quiet and moderate;' and Lambert himself bore with patience a very severe reprimand 'for having made laws, and consented to the making of laws, against the Lord's people.' The place of Lambert's interment is not known. A fellow-prisoner with him for some time was James Harington, author of the once

famous *Oceana*. He suffered greatly on the island from bad water and want of exercise; and at last was allowed to remove into the town of Plymouth, certain of his relations giving a bond for 5,000*l.* that he would not escape.

We are advancing towards comparatively modern times. The fleet of 400 ships which brought the Prince of Orange to Torbay, after he had landed at Brixham, passed round the Start, and wintered at Plymouth. In the spring of 1689 two regiments were sent here to embark for Ireland; so that the town was crowded with soldiers and sailors, 'greate infection happened; and above 1,000 people were buried in three months.' The garrison was in no good humour. Its governor was Lord Lansdowne, son of the Earl of Bath, one of the Grenvilles who had given their lives for King Charles; and although he did not oppose the new order of things, he did not greatly care to restrain the excesses of his men. Accordingly, they disturbed the rejoicings at the coronation of William and Mary. There was a fight, and one of the townsmen was killed in the fray. From such bickerings, however, they were speedily recalled by an appearance of danger from without. The great French fleet under Tourville was seen to pass before the harbour, sailing eastward. The beacons were fired, and all Devonshire was roused. Tourville burned Teignmouth; but did little more harm, although there was considerable fear lest he should attack Plymouth, and the 'town was kept in arms with good watching.' But the French were too busy elsewhere.

Before the seventeenth century had closed, Winstanley had erected the first lighthouse on the Eddy-

<sup>7</sup> Yonge was an ancestor of the Yonoges of Puslinch. His *Plimmouth Memoirs*, a very brief chronicle of events, remains in MS. in the library of the Athenæum at Plymouth.

stone, that most dangerous rock off the entrance to the Sound, 'where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried.' This was swept away in 1703, and very soon afterwards the terrible disaster at the Scilly Islands (October 1707), in which three line-of-battle ships perished with all on board, including the Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drew fresh attention to the necessity of affording to these stormy coasts such protection as might be practicable. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was brought to Plymouth in the *Salisbury*, and was lodged in the citadel. It was embalmed, and was then conveyed to Westminster, where the monument raised above it is conspicuous for the 'eternal buckle' of the rough sailor's periwig. Rudyard was at the same time busy with the second lighthouse on the Eddystone, which was burnt. The present structure, seen from the Hoe as a faint line against the horizon, was not begun until 1757. It was completed in two years, during which Smeaton anxiously watched its progress, often climbing to the Hoe in the dim grey of the morning, and peering through his telescope 'till he could see a white pillar of spray shot up into the air.' Then he knew that the building, so far as it had advanced, was safe; 'and could proceed to his workshops, his mind relieved for the day.'

The lighthouse was still a novel wonder when it was 'watched from the Hoe' and was examined more closely by a visitor of whom Plymouth might well be proud. In 1762 Dr. Johnson arrived at the town in company with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was received with much distinction by all (they were perhaps not many) who could appreciate his learning and his conversation. 'The magnificence of the navy,' says Boswell, 'the ship-building and all its circumstances,

afforded him a grand subject of contemplation.' The Commissioner of the Dockyard (which had been established in the reign of William III.) conveyed Johnson and Sir Joshua to the Eddystone in his yacht; but the sea was so rough that they could not land. It is much to be regretted that more anecdotes of this visit, from which Johnson declared that he had derived a great 'accession of new ideas,' have not been preserved. A great struggle was at the time in progress between Plymouth and Dock (Devonport) regarding the right claimed by the latter to be supplied from Sir Francis Drake's water leat. 'I hate a Docker,' said Johnson, setting himself vehemently on the side of the older town. 'No, no, I am against the Dockers. I am a Plymouth man. Rogues, let them die of thirst; they shall not have a drop.' We must suppose that party spirit in Plymouth ran high; but we are not told whether the duty of neighbourly charity was the subject of a discourse to which the great Doctor listened in St. Andrew's Church, and which was composed for his special edification by the Vicar, Doctor Zachary Mudge, a man, says Johnson (who wrote his epitaph in return for his sermon), 'equally eminent for his virtues and abilities; at once beloved as a companion and revered as a pastor.' This Doctor Mudge is the subject of a ghost story told in Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*. He was known to be actually dying when he made his appearance at a club in Plymouth of which he had long been a member. He did not speak; but saluting the assembled company, drank to them, and retired. They sent at once to his house, and found that he had just expired. Many years afterwards his nurse confessed that she had left the room for a short time, and, to her horror, found the

bed empty on her return. Doctor Mudge had remembered that it was the evening for the assembling of the club, and had visited it accordingly. He came back and died.

In these days of George the Third, the life of Old Plymouth may be said to end. The great changes which have so rapidly built up the new town did not indeed begin until the opening of the present century. The Breakwater, begun in 1812, but not finished until 1840, had made, long before its completion, the great basin of the Sound a comparatively safe harbour. This was, of course, greatly to the advantage of the town. But we are dealing with 'Old' Plymouth, and cannot here attempt to follow the development which, since the early part of the century, and most conspicuously during the last thirty years, has gradually extended the town over

the surrounding heights and valleys, until 'Vapouring Hill' itself has become covered with buildings, and the outposts of Stonehouse and Devonport, extending their arms in like manner, have united themselves closely with Plymouth. Such have been the growth and the changes since the days when 'Sutton juxta Plym-mouthe' lay, a little fishing hamlet, under the rule of the Augustinian Prior. If 'it could not be seen from the sea' when the Grand Duke Cosmo landed at the Barbican, it now, from the Sound or from the Breakwater, makes a grand foreground to the distant landscape, watched over and guarded by the purple Dartmoor hills, and dignified by its protecting fortifications, which afford—recently constructed as many of them are—the latest testimony to the wealth and national importance of modern Plymouth.

RICHARD JOHN KING.





## BRAMBLEBERRIES. !

- 
14. I am not shock'd by failings in my friend,  
For human life's a zigzag to the end.  
But if he to a lower plane descend,  
Contented there,—alas, my former friend!
- 

15. From the little that's shown  
To complete the unknown,  
Is a folly we hourly repeat;  
And for once, I would say,  
That men lead us astray,  
Ourselves we a thousand times cheat.
- 

16. Where is the wise and just man? where  
That earthly maiden, heavenly fair?  
Life slips and passes: where are these?  
Friend?—Loved One?—I am ill at ease.  
Shall I give up my hope? declare  
Unmeaning promises they were  
That fed my youth, pure dreams of night,  
And lofty thoughts of clear daylight?  
I saw. I search and cannot find.  
'Come, ere too late!' 'tis like a wind  
Across a heath. Befool'd we live.  
—Nay, Lord, forsake me not!—forgive!
- 

17. Unless you are growing wise and good,  
I can't respect you for growing old;  
'Tis a path you would fain avoid if you could,  
And it means growing ugly, suspicious, and cold.

18. Deny not Love and Friendship, tho' long and vainly sought ;  
 Thy sad perpetual craving with deepest proof is fraught.  
*Thou* canst be friend and lover ; else why thy longing now ?  
 Canst *thou* be true and tender ?—of mortals, only *thou* ?
- 

19.                   They are my friends  
                       Who are most mine,  
                       And I most theirs,  
                       When common cares  
 Give room to thoughts poetic and divine,  
 And in a psalm of love all nature blends.
- 

20.                   Like children in the masking game  
                       Men strive to hide their natures ;  
 Each in his turn says, 'Guess my name,'  
                       Disguising voice and features.
- 

21.                   If he draw you aside from your proper end,  
 No enemy like a bosom friend.
- 

22.                   For thinking, one ; for converse, two, no more ;  
 Three for an argument ; for walking, four ;  
 For social pleasure, five ; for fun, a score.
- 

#### FIDELITY.

23.                   Can I be friends with that so alter'd *you*,  
 And to your former friendly self keep true ?
- 
24.                   Well for the man whom sickness makes more tender,  
 Who doth his prideful cravings then surrender,  
 Owning the boon of every little pleasure,  
 And love (too oft misprized) a heavenly treasure,  
 Finding at last a truer strength in weakness,  
 A medicine for the soul in body-sickness.

25. While friends we were, the hot debates  
 That rose 'twixt you and me!—  
 Now we are mere associates,  
 And never disagree.
- 

26. We only touch by surfaces;  
 But Spirit is the core of these.
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TO A FRIEND.

27. Dear friend, so much admired, so oft desired,  
 'Tis true that now I wish to be away.  
 You are not tiresome, no! but I am tired.  
 Allow to servant brain and nerves full play  
 In their electric function, yea and nay.  
 Faith and affection do not shift their ground,  
 Howe'er the vital currents ebb and flow.  
 To feel most free because most firmly bound  
 Is friendship's privilege: so now I go,  
 To rest awhile the mystic nerves and brain,  
 To walk apart,—and long for you again.



## THE ORIGINAL PROPHET.

BY A VISITOR TO SALT LAKE CITY.

**A**MONG the Mormons commonly, three things only are stated of the founder of their faith—that an angel appeared to him, that he translated the *Book of Mormon* by Divine inspiration, and that he sealed his testimony by a martyr's death. And the better informed among them, and even their teachers and apostles, the personal friends of Joseph Smith in old days, have little more to say. I was surprised at the scantiness of the information to be obtained. Mormons of standing like Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Squire Wells, and Miss Snow seemed perfectly willing to tell me all they could recollect about the prophet, but almost all particulars of his method of life, his ways of speaking and acting, had apparently faded from memory, too indistinctive to have left a deep trace. No one could recollect of him those small personal incidents, or characteristic habits, or striking pieces of expression, which are usually treasured so carefully of noted personages. Nor have I succeeded in finding many such particulars in print. It is possible that the Mormons dimly suspect that the less precise their knowledge of the prophet, the more profound their veneration is likely to be.

The accounts of Joseph Smith given by anti-Mormons are similarly barren of such pieces of personal information as might serve to reveal his inner character, and are besides written commonly with a rancour so intense as to impair their authority as statements of fact.

The prophet has left behind a voluminous autobiography; but, to one's disappointment, it is found to consist almost exclusively of a mass

of verbose revelations republished in the authoritative *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, and forming, with the exception of the *Book of Mormon*, the most puerile and tedious reading in the world.

I suggested to a number of the leading saints that anecdotes and matters of interest connected with the prophet should be searched for and placed on record before the generation that knew him has passed away. On one of these occasions the Church librarian at Salt Lake City seconded my proposal earnestly.

'But what is the use of it, brother Campbell,' Apostle Orson Pratt replied solemnly, 'since we shall have brother Joseph among us again soon?'

The example of the Evangelists was urged by some one present. They had been told that some among them 'should not see death' before the Saviour reappeared, yet this did not deter them from writing the Gospels.

'It does not follow that because they were mistaken we shall be also,' was the answer. 'No: brother Joseph will be amongst us again, at least in our children's time.'

There was a general agreement in the descriptions given me of Joseph Smith's personal appearance. He seems to have been a large man, well made, of an unusually muscular development. As a young man he was the great wrestler of the district; and he was fond of showing his strength after he rose to his sacred dignity. His complexion was singularly transparent, his eyes large and full, and very penetrating. When excited in conversation or in preaching his face became 'illuminated,' as Apostle Q. Cannon expressed it,

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and he would say things 'of astonishing depth.' Ordinarily his talk was quiet and commonplace. His manner was generally sedate, but at times he would grow 'buoyant and playful as a child.' It is said that he used sometimes to get excited with drink. It is not denied that he had a strongly sensual temperament. No one who had personally known him would allow to me that he had a specially religious or nervous organisation. His was no brain 'turned by rapt and melancholy musings.' He was no religious fanatic, they insisted. 'All was calm conviction and assurance.'

In Mr. J. H. Beadle's *Life in Utah*, published in Philadelphia, 1870, one of the most moderate anti-Mormon publications, I find the following characteristic description of the prophet: 'He was full of levity, even to boyish romping, dressed like a dandy, and at times drank like a sailor, and swore like a pirate. He could, as occasion required, be exceedingly meek in his deportment, and then again rough and boisterous as a highway robber; being always able to satisfy his followers of the propriety of his conduct. He always quailed before power, and was arrogant to weakness. At times he could put on the air of a penitent, as if feeling the deepest humiliation for his sins, and suffering unutterable anguish, and indulging in the most gloomy forebodings of eternal woe. At such times he would call for the prayers of his brethren in his behalf with a wild and fearful energy and earnestness. He was full six feet high, strongly built, and uncommonly well muscled. No doubt he was as much indebted for his influence over an ignorant people to the superiority of his physical vigour as to his greater cunning and intellect.'

A large oil-painting of the prophet is carefully preserved in Brig-

ham Young's reception-room at Salt Lake. No malicious report of his enemies is so damning to Joseph Smith's character as that portrait. The face is large; the eyes big, watery, and prominent; the cheeks puffy; the upper lip long, the lips thick and sensual. The chin is small; the cheek-bones are unpleasantly prominent; the forehead recedes in a fashion scarcely human. The prophet has long brown hair, straight, and lumped at the ears. He wears a high collar with a redundant white neck-cloth. The whole appearance of the head, bulky, awkward, ill-set, with bulbous eyes, and the horridly receding forehead, is abnormal, and repulsive in the extreme. A conviction seizes irresistibly on the spectator that it must be the head of a criminal or of an idiot. No believer in the prophet should be suffered to see that painting.

To avoid a conflict of claims among the cities of America to the honour of having produced the modern prophet, he is careful to give us in his autobiography full information. 'I was born,' he writes, 'in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, on the twenty-third of December, in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont.' Like many another man who has risen to greatness by unaided genius, Joseph Smith came of mean parentage. 'As my father's worldly circumstances were very limited,' he tells us, 'we were under the necessity of labouring with our hands, hiring by day's work and otherwise, as we could get opportunity.' The lowly origin of the regenerator of modern society naturally excites the fervour of the Mormon muse. In her *Fragments of an Epic*, Miss Snow rapturously exclaims:

Was he an earthly prince—of royal blood?  
Had he been bred in courts, or dandled on  
The lap of luxury? Or was  
His name emblazoned on the spire of Fame?

No, no! He was not of a kingly race,  
Nor could he be denominated great  
If balanced in the scale of worldly rank.

Scarcely perhaps—especially if the commonly repeated accounts of the family are to be credited. An affidavit of eleven of their neighbours, taken in November 1833, stigmatises the Smith family as ‘a lazy, indolent set of men,’ ‘intemperate,’ their word not to be depended on. ‘They avoided honest labour,’ the *New American Cyclopaedia* says, ‘and occupied themselves chiefly in digging for hidden treasures and in similar visionary pursuits. They were intemperate and untruthful, and were commonly suspected of sheep-stealing and other offences. Upwards of sixty of the most respectable citizens of Wayne County testified in 1833, under oath, that the Smith family were of immoral, false, and fraudulent character, and that Joseph was the worst of them.’

The history of the migrations of the family has been preserved both in prose and in stately verse :

Vermont, a land much fam'd for hills and  
snows,  
And blooming cheeks, may boast the honour  
of  
The prophet's birth-place.

Ere ten summers' suns  
Had bound their wreath upon his youthful  
brow,  
His father with his family removed ;  
And in New York, Ontario County, since  
Called Wayne, selected them a residence ;  
First in Palmyra, then in Manchester.

It was in the last-named spot that the youth received his call to become a ‘revelator’ of sacred mysteries. Mormonism springs from a Methodist revival.

‘Some time in the second year after our removal to Manchester,’ Joseph Smith writes, ‘there was in the place where we lived an unusual excitement on the subject of religion. It commenced with the Methodists, but soon became general among all the sects in that region of country. . . .’

‘I was at this time in my fifteenth

year. My father's family were proselyted to the Presbyterian faith.’

‘During this time of great excitement my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness. . . . In process of time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect ; but so great was the confusion and strife among the different denominations,’ that it was not possible to ‘come to any certain conclusion who were right, and who were wrong.’

He narrates that in his perplexity a great effect was produced on his mind by the passage in the Epistle of James, ‘If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.’ ‘I reflected on it again and again,’ he says, ‘knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did.’

He retired to the woods ; ‘it was on the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the spring of 1820.’ A vision appeared to him : ‘I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually till it fell upon me.’ Then straightway he ‘saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above’ him in the air. One of these told him plumply that he was to join none of the churches, ‘for they were all wrong ; that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight, and that those professors were all corrupt.’

The boy communicated his vision to some Methodist preachers and ‘professors.’ They took the matter seriously, and argued against his assertions. From that moment his destiny in life as a ‘revelator’ was fixed. He expresses very naïvely the effect produced on his boyish vanity : ‘It caused me serious reflection then, and often has since, how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age, and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labour, should be thought a character

of sufficient importance to attract the attention of *the great ones of the most populous sects of the day*, so as to create in them a spirit of the hottest persecution and reviling.'

The spectacle of the boy, exposed to the long arguments of the Methodist local preachers and the unbelieving ridicule of his companions, moves deeply the compassion of Miss Snow's great-souled muse :

An awful avalanche  
Of persecution fell upon him, hurld  
By the rude blast of cleric influence!  
Contempt, reproach, and ridicule were  
poured  
Like thunderbolts, in black profusion, o'er  
His youthful head.

More than three years, however, passed before the proved possibility of his becoming a religious seer issued in any definite plan. During this interval he appears from his own confession to have abandoned himself freely to a variety of youthful vices. 'I was left to *all kinds of temptation*,' he writes; 'and mingling with *all kinds of society*, I frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth, and *the corruption* of human nature; which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations, to *the gratification of many appetites* offensive in the sight of God.'

I have italicised some of the expressions in this confession for a special reason. In the copy of the Autobiography in the Historian's Office, Salt Lake, from which I made these extracts, the words I have thus marked are crossed through with ink. It will be perceived that if the passage be reprinted as thus trimmed, the sense will be much modified. This is but a trivial example of the way in which piety will lend itself to fraud for the honour of religion, and is scarcely perhaps worth mentioning. If Mormonism lives, as it promises to do, the process of purifying and exalting the prophet's character will no doubt be carried to great lengths.

Joseph Smith states that throughout these three years of gaiety and self-indulgence he was 'all the time suffering severe persecution at the hands of all classes of men,' because, he writes, 'I continued to affirm that I had seen a vision.' If neither the prophet's memory nor imagination makes a slip here, he must at this time already have learnt the lesson that immorality of life could subsist with exceptional religious pretensions.

In September, 1823, Joseph had his second vision. 'A personage appeared at my bed-side,' he says, 'standing in the air. . . . His whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning.' This was none other but Nephi, the inspired writer of the early part of the Book of Mormon, who had descended to earth to bring the young man the flattering intelligence that his name 'should be had for good and evil among all nations,' and that there existed a book 'written upon gold plates,' containing 'the fulness of the everlasting gospel,' which Joseph would be permitted to translate by means of Urim and Thummim, two stones set in silver like vast spectacles, when the fulness of the appointed time was come.

The vision was repeated three times, and he was told to visit yearly a certain hill, 'convenient to the village of Manchester,' until the plates should be given him. On September 22, 1827, 'the same heavenly messenger delivered them up' to him. During these three years young Smith does not appear to have risen in the public estimation. He is represented as being an idler and vagabond, with a sincere dislike of honest work, and a considerable talent for imposition, cultivated by pretences of the discovery of gold, hidden treasure, and springs of salt and of oil. These charges appear to have been made out conclusively

against the young man before various justices, according to a number of 'proceedings' which have since been collected and published.

During my stay in Salt Lake permission was courteously accorded me to copy out a set of such judicial proceedings not hitherto published. I cannot doubt their genuineness. The original papers were lent me by a lady of well-known position, in whose family they had been preserved since the date of the transactions. I reproduce them here, partly to fulfil a duty of assisting to preserve a piece of information about the prophet, and partly because, while the charges are less vehement than some I might have chosen, the proceedings are happily lightened by a touch of the ludicrous.

STATE OF NEW YORK *v.* JOSEPH SMITH.

Warrant issued upon written complaint upon oath of Peter G. Bridgeman, who informed that one Joseph Smith of Bainbridge was a disorderly person and an impostor.

Prisoner brought before Court March 20, 1826. Prisoner examined: says that he came from the town of Palmyra, and had been at the house of Josiah Stowel in Bainbridge most of time since; had small part of time been employed in looking for mines, but the major part had been employed by said Stowel on his farm, and going to school. That he had a certain stone which he had occasionally looked at to determine where hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth were; that he professed to tell in this manner where gold mines were a distance under ground, and had looked for Mr. Stowel several times, and had informed him where he could find these treasures, and Mr. Stowel had been engaged in digging for them. That at Palmyra he pretended to tell by looking at this stone where coined money was buried in Pennsylvania, and while at Palmyra had frequently ascertained in that way where lost property was of various kinds; that he had occasionally been in the habit of looking through this stone to find lost property for three years, but of late had pretty much given it up on account of its injuring his health, especially his eyes, making them sore; that he did not solicit business of this

kind, and had always rather declined having anything to do with this business.

Josiah Stowel sworn: says that prisoner had been at his house something like five months; had been employed by him to work on farm part of time; that he pretended to have skill of telling where hidden treasures in the earth were by means of looking through a certain stone; that prisoner had looked for him sometimes; once to tell him about money buried in Bend Mountain in Pennsylvania, once for gold on Monument Hill, and once for a salt spring; and that he positively knew that the prisoner could tell, and did possess the art of seeing those valuable treasures through the medium of said stone; that he found the [word illegible] at Bend and Monument Hill as prisoner represented it; that prisoner had looked through said stone for Deacon Atleton for a mine, did not exactly find it, but got a p—[word unfinished] of ore which resembled gold, he thinks; that prisoner had told by means of this stone where a Mr. Bacon had buried money; that he and prisoner had been in search of it; that prisoner had said it was in a certain root of a stump five feet from surface of the earth, and with it would be found a tail feather; that said Stowel and prisoner thereupon commenced digging, found a tail feather, but money was gone; that he supposed the money moved down. That prisoner did offer his services; that he never deceived him; that prisoner looked through stone and described Josiah Stowel's house and outhouses, while at Palmyra at Simpson Stowel's, correctly; that he had told about a painted tree, with a man's head painted upon it, by means of said stone. That he had been in company with prisoner digging for gold, and had the most implicit faith in prisoner's skill.

Arad Stowel sworn: says that he went to see whether prisoner could convince him that he possessed the skill he professed to have, upon which prisoner laid a book upon a white cloth, and proposed looking through another stone which was white and transparent, hold the stone to the candle, turn his head to book, and read. The deception appeared so palpable that witness went off disgusted.

McMaster sworn: says he went with Arad Stowel, and likewise came away disgusted. Prisoner pretended to him that he could discover objects at a distance by holding this white stone to the sun or candle; that prisoner rather declined looking into a hat at his dark coloured stone, as he said that it hurt his eyes.

Jonathan Thompson says that prisoner was requested to look for chest of money; did look, and pretended to know where it was; and that prisoner, Thompson, and



Yeomans went in search of it; that Smith arrived at spot first; was at night; that Smith looked in hat while there, and when very dark, and told how the chest was situated. After digging several feet, struck upon something sounding like a board or plank. Prisoner would not look again, pretending that he was alarmed on account of the circumstances relating to the trunk being buried, [which] came all fresh to his mind. That the last time he looked he discovered distinctly the two Indians who buried the trunk, that a quarrel ensued between them, and that one of said Indians was killed by the other, and thrown into the hole beside the trunk, to guard it, as he supposed. Thompson says that he believes in the prisoner's professed skill; that the board which he struck his spade upon was probably the chest, but on account of an enchantment the trunk kept settling away from under them when digging; that notwithstanding they continued constantly removing the dirt, yet the trunk kept about the same distance from them. Says prisoner said that it appeared to him that salt might be found at Bainbridge, and that he is certain that prisoner can divine things by means of said stone. That as evidence of the fact prisoner looked into his hat to tell him about some money witness lost sixteen years ago, and that he described the man that witness supposed had taken it, and the disposition of the money:

And therefore the Court find the Defendant guilty. Costs: Warrant, 19c. Complaint upon oath, 25½c. Seven witnesses, 87½c. Recognisances, 25c. Mittimus, 19c. Recognisances of witnesses, 75c. Subpena, 18c.—\$2.68.

It was among an ignorant and credulous people of this kind, capable of believing in the necromantic virtues of a big stone held in a hat, and of treasure descending perpetually under the spades of the searchers by enchantment, a people already prepared for any bold superstition by previous indulgence in a variety of religious extravagances, that Joseph Smith found his early coadjutors and his first converts.

The work of translating the mysteriously-given golden plates lasted two full years. The first edition of the *Book of Mormon* was published in 1830. During this period a number of contemptible quarrels occurred between the prophet and his

helpers, which were all decided in the prophet's favour by verbose tautological revelations of unendurable wearisomeness. The picture given us of the prophet at work is characteristic of the whole business. He would sit behind a blanket hung across the room to screen the sacred plates from mortal eyes, and read aloud slowly his translation, made by the aid of the big spectacles, to a friend who wrote it down. Mr. Orson Pratt told me that 'brother Joseph' ceased to use the Urim and Thummim, however, 'when he became thoroughly embued with the spirit of revelation.'

Martin Harris, afterwards an apostate, was the first transcriber; through his treachery, or that of his wife, or possibly from a desire on their part to put the prophet's pretensions to a test, the new religion came near to perishing in the birth. The earlier portion of the manuscript work was secreted by one or other of the couple. The 'Revelations' to Joseph Smith on this matter are extremely trying to the patience of a reader. A fragment from the mass will serve as a sample of the character and style of these compositions, and will show how the prophet escaped from his perplexity.

*From the 'Revelation,' May 1829.*

Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands; for behold they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For behold, if you shall bring forth the same words, they will say that you have lied; that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself; and behold, they will publish this, and Satan will harden the hearts of the people, to stir them up to anger against you, that they will not believe my words. Thus Satan thinketh to overpower your testimony in this generation; but behold, here is wisdom; and because I show unto you wisdom, and give you commandments concerning these things what you shall do, show it not unto the world until you have accomplished the work of translation.

And now verily I say unto you, that as

account of those things that you have written, which have gone out of your hands, are engraven upon the plates of Nephi; yea, and you remember it was said in those writings that a more particular account was given of these things upon the plates of Nephi.

And now, because the account which is engraven upon the plates of Nephi is more particular concerning the things which in my wisdom I would bring to the knowledge of the people in this account, therefore you shall translate the engravings which are on the plates of Nephi down even till you come to the reign of King Benjamin, or until you come to that which you have translated, which you have retained; and behold, you shall publish it as the record of Nephi, and thus will I confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil.

The result of the unbelief of Martin Harris has been to inflict on the faithful Mormon a still more unconscionable quantity of matter in his sacred book than was originally intended.

With his second amanuensis, Oliver Cowdery, who also finally apostatised, Joseph Smith had likewise much difficulty. On the whole, however, this man proved for a long time sufficiently submissive, and was rewarded by receiving, through the prophet, a number of verbose revelations of the usual tedious character.

It was this man who enjoyed the remarkable honour of being associated with Joseph Smith in receiving back to earth the long-lost powers of the apostolic priesthood. On May 15, 1829, in a certain spot in the woods, no less a personage than John the Baptist appeared to these two favoured mortals, placing his hands on them, and ordaining them with these words: 'Unto you, my fellow-servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins.'

Whereupon the two went straightway to water and baptised each other, and immediately 'experienced great and glorious blessings,' and 'standing up, prophesied concerning the rise of the church, and many other things.'

A number of Smiths and others were shortly afterwards baptised, and a small church was already in existence when the new sacred book appeared in print.

The *Golden Bible*, as this book was called at first, contains an account of the early peopling of the American continent by a colony of Jews; the history of the faithful Nephites; their wars with the Lamanites, a people condemned for their sins to wear red skins, and 'become an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety,' the American Indians of our day; the visit of Christ to the Nephites after the resurrection, and the establishment among them of Christianity; the destruction of the Nephites by the heathen Lamanites; the hiding away of the historical plates on the hill Cumorah, where the final stand of the Christian forces was made, and where they were found fourteen centuries after by Joseph Smith. No fuller account of the book is necessary: it can be obtained at a small cost through any bookseller.

This poor performance, a dull and verbose imitation of the English version of the Old Testament, can scarcely be considered in its conception and execution beyond the capacity of the money-digger and his little clique of helpers. Yet it seems that so much honour is not rightly their due. The real origin of the book appears to be one of the most singular incidents ever connected with the rise of a new faith. The Mormon Bible turns out, apparently, to be a modified and diluted version of a poor historical romance, that could never find a publisher.

It seems that one Solomon Spald-

ing, a graduate of Dartford, an unsuccessful preacher, and then a failing tradesman, a writer of unread novels, conceived the idea of writing a romance based on a notion, then somewhat popular in the States, that the red men were the descendants of the much-abused lost tribes of Israel. The work was completed, and, under the title of *The Manuscript Found*, vainly offered for publication. The widow of Solomon Spalding declares that the MSS. were placed in a printing office with which Sidney Rigdon was connected. Mr. Patterson, the printer, died in 1826; the MSS. were never recovered. 'Mr. Spalding had another copy,' Mr. Beadle says in his book already quoted; 'but in the year 1825, while residing in Ontario County, N. Y., next door to a man named Stroude, for whom Joe Smith was then digging a well, that copy also was lost. She thinks it was stolen from her trunk. Depositions are given in the *New American Cyclopadia*, and in various other works, of a number of persons to whom Spalding had read parts of his romance, who testify to a general resemblance in the plot and style of the history, and in the names employed, with those of the *Book of Mormon*.

In their turn the Spalding party are accused by the Mormons of having invented this story to cast reproach on a holy work. It is a singular quarrel. I am not aware that any impartial and adequate examination of the alleged facts has yet been made, but this should be done. Failing this, the Mormons or their enemies must bear the stigma of perpetrating a gross imposition, according to our estimate of the moral worth of each party, and of the probabilities of the case.

It has been suggested that the original intention of Joseph Smith and his assistants in the enterprise was simply to publish the altered romance as a commercial specula-

tion, and that they were unfeignedly astonished themselves to find that people were ready to believe in their talked of Golden Bible. Even if this were the fact, it would scarcely add to the strangeness of the origin of this new religion. It is scarcely to be doubted, however, that Joseph Smith's earlier experiences had prepared him to play the bolder part of an inspired prophet.

The new church, established in 1830, increased rapidly in numbers. Tedious revelations, to the Whitmers, Pratts, Sidney Rigdon, and others, thicken. The first Latter-day miracle was performed by Joseph Smith on a man possessed by an unclean spirit. 'I rebuked the devil,' the prophet writes, 'and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from him; when, immediately, Newel spoke out and said that he saw the devil leave him, and vanish from his sight.'

In 1831, by a revelation through Joseph Smith in Kirtland, Ohio, where there existed a flourishing Mormon Church, the mass of the converts were required to go forth through the land by twos, lifting up their voice as the voice of a trump, declaring the word like unto angels of God, preaching the Gospel of immersion in water for the remission of sins. In this particularly long and tedious commission, the following injunction occurs: 'Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else.' The idea of plural marriage had not yet dawned on the minds of the leaders.

In June this year a conference of priests and elders was held in Kirtland, when 'the Lord displayed his power in a manner that could not be mistaken. The Man of Sin was revealed, and the authority of the Melchisedec Priesthood was manifested, and conferred for the first time upon several of the elders.'

The preachers were started again on their mission by a revelation,

while Joseph Smith, with a small party, set out in search of a suitable spot for founding a Mormon city. The place was found beyond St. Louis, on the limits of the prairie. 'This is the land of promise,' said a revelation, 'and the place for the city of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God: if you will receive wisdom, here is wisdom. Behold the place which is now called Independence is the centre place, and the spot for the temple is lying westward; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints.'

A prosperous settlement was made here by the Mormons in the following year, 1832. The prophet about this time met with a gross indignity: he was tarred and feathered by a mob, on some charges of fraudulent dealing, but really through excited religious feeling. At a conference held in the beginning of 1833 the prophet began to speak in an unknown tongue, and was quickly followed in this miraculous manifestation by many other saints. He then proceeded to wash the feet of some of his followers, 'wiping them,' he writes, 'with the towel with which I was girded.' In February he 'received' the celebrated Word of Wisdom, advising, but not enjoining, an abstinence from wine, strong drinks, and tobacco.

The first expulsion of Mormons took place at the close of 1833. The ordinary settlers in Missouri appear to have disliked extremely their new neighbours, who came in ever-increasing numbers to establish 'Zion.' In a published address they made the formal statement that most of the saints were 'characterised by the profoundest ignorance, the grossest superstition, and the most abject poverty.' They expressed their fear of being 'cut off' by this people, and having their 'lands appropriated.' They said that

with the increasing immigration the civil power would soon be in the hands of the Mormons, and that then existence in the place would be intolerable. In the strongest language they begged the Mormon leaders to stop the coming of their people, and to remove the settlement. It is further commonly reported that the people of Jackson County offered to buy the lands and improvements of the Mormons at valuation, 'with an hundred per cent. added thereon.'

The Mormons, not yet aware of the strength of the enmity felt against them, refused to leave; upon which mobs assembled and clamoured, destroyed the *Star* printing office, and afterwards a number of dwellings, and in November effected the expulsion of the odurate saints.

During several years the Mormons made settlements in various parts of Ohio and Missouri, but none of these were permanent. Everywhere they managed to excite the strongest religious or political ill-will. Outrages were committed on both sides. Joseph Smith and other of the leaders were charged with treason, felony, and other offences. Smith broke from gaol. The Mormons armed against the State militia, but were overwhelmed. Expelled finally from Missouri, they found refuge in Illinois, then a scarcely-broken prairie wilderness. Here they received a friendly welcome as an unjustly persecuted people.

In the summer of 1839 Nauvoo rose 'as if by magic' in the new State. The name signifies 'in the Reformed Egyptian' *The Beautiful*. The scattered Mormons rapidly assembled here. The site of the city was determined by revelation, and happened to fall within the limits of a large tract of land of which Joseph Smith had become possessed. The city obtained a charter. Joseph Smith controlled

all votes, and was elected mayor, a chief justice of the municipal court, and lieutenant-general of the Mormon militia, termed the Nauvoo Legion. When the young boy began looking into the 'dark-coloured stone' in his hat, it is probable that he saw in the future no vision of dignities awaiting him like these.

From the founding of Nauvoo, or perhaps earlier, Smith had entered into equivocal relations with various female saints. His wife became violently jealous. Upon which, in July 1843, the celebrated Revelation on Celestial Marriage was communicated in confidence by the prophet to a number of the leaders in the church. In this composition the examples of Abraham and the patriarchs, of David and Solomon, are cited in favour of the practice of polygamy; Joseph Smith is justified in his past course, and his wife is commanded to yield acquiescence. 'Let mine handmaid, Emma Smith,' says the revelation, 'receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me. . . . And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and no one else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord. . . . And again, Verily, I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses . . . and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.'

It would be interesting to discover, were it possible, to what extent Mormonism owed its early success to its professions of exceptional purity, and its promise of a moral as well as a religious reformation. It seems certain that it was esteemed too dangerous a course to let the saints generally know that plural marriage was to be allowed in the church. The new revelation, how-

ever, soon began to be talked of, and caused great scandal and disturbance both within and without the Mormon body.

It appears that a number of women solicited by Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and others, to enter 'Celestial Marriage,' complained to their husbands, many of whom were Mormons. A Dr. Foster, with one William Law and others, who held themselves injured, hereupon began to publish in Nauvoo itself, in May 1844, a newspaper, *The Expositor*, to expose the Mormon leaders. In the first number the affidavits of sixteen women were given, testifying to the dishonourable proposals made to them. A tumult arose. A body of Mormons sacked the *Expositor* office. Foster and Law got away to Carthage, a town eighteen miles distant, and obtained warrants against their injurers. Joseph Smith refused to obey the summons, and the constable who served it was driven from Nauvoo. The State Militia was called out on one side, the Nauvoo Legion on the other. Governor Ford hastened to the scene. Seeing the excitement of the Carthage people, he addressed them on the necessity of employing only legal measures. 'The officers and men,' he says, 'unanimously voted, with acclamation, to sustain me in a strictly legal course.' He therefore held himself justified in promising the Mormons protection from violence. He proceeded to Nauvoo and found it 'one great military camp.' The Mormons, trusting to the Governor's promises of security, surrendered to him three cannon and two hundred and fifty stand of small arms. A number of the leaders entered into recognisances to appear for trial, but Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were detained in Carthage Gaol on a second charge of treason. Their end had come.

The bitter quarrel between the Mormons and their enemies was intensified by political jealousies.

The Mormons, always voting solidly at the dictation of their leaders, exercised an influence disproportioned to their numbers. Joseph Smith, intoxicated by a success beyond his wildest imagination, conceived the ambition of becoming the ruler of the United States, if indeed his vanity did not aspire still further. In the spring of 1844 he seriously proposed himself as a candidate for the Presidency at the approaching election. The Mormons commenced a most vigorous canvass. Their opponents became more incensed against them than ever. The celestial marriage scandals occurred at the moment to inflame the passions of the Gentile mob to madness. The Mormons deny that the specific charges of Dr. Foster were sustainable. But the revelation itself affords proof that irregularities had occurred, and were to be justified in the new faith.

On the two Smiths being committed to Carthage Gaol a guard was stationed over them for protection. The precaution was necessary, but the guard was insufficient. A mob of one or two hundred men well armed assembled in the evening of June 27, 1844, broke open the gaol, and shot down the two prisoners. John Taylor and Willard Richards, who were in the room at the time, managed to escape. The strange farce had ended in tragedy.

A just and adequate criticism of the character of this extraordinary adventurer remains to be written. He appears to have had one of those energetic natures by which ordinary people are irresistibly attracted and held in willing bondage. Men and women everywhere became his fast friends and his obedient disciples. He must have had, too, an immense power of will, and a wonderful capacity of self-assertion, to have ad-

vanced and maintained unflinchingly his preposterous pretensions.

As yet the Mormons are not all convinced that the founder of their religion was a man of blameless character and unsullied life. Brigham Young is reported to have made an admission to the contrary in the following significant language:

'That the prophet was of mean birth, that he was wild, intemperate, even dishonest and tricky in his youth, is nothing against his mission. God can and does make use of the vilest instruments. Joseph has brought forth a religion which will save us if we abide by it. Bring anything against that if you can. I care not if he gamble, lie, swear—get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbour's wife every night—for I embrace no man in my faith. The religion is all in all.'

But the ecclesiastical or mythical judgment of the prophet's character pronounces it great and pure. To the Mormon church of the future he will be the inspired teacher, the exalted martyr, the pure and holy founder of a new Divine revelation. The last section of the authoritative *Book of Doctrine and Covenants* speaks of him in the following terms:

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. . . . 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 his work with his own blood, and so has his brother Hyrum. . . . 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.

On this, one would think, somewhat shaky basis, a human community, famous out of all proportion to its numerical force, has managed and does manage to exist.

C. M.

## SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS MAKING BETTER OF IT.

**T**HIS is the last forenoon of 1872. The morning was rainy, but now the day has brightened. The soaked College which is before me whenever I look up from the page I am writing, is getting dry in patches: the somewhat starved Jacobean Gothic is spotty black and gray. Two large crosses, surmounting gables, look very black against an opal sky. The weathercock of the severely-simple spire across the quadrangle which has stood there for four hundred years points to the South-East. For many days and weeks there has been all but ceaseless rain. We have not here the wide plains of central England, traversed by great rivers: we are entirely safe from the floods which have there converted vast tracts into a turbid inland sea. But here too it has been dreary enough when the light was failing on these gloomy afternoons, and all the world seemed soaked with wet, cheerless, and miserable. One was glad to get into shelter, and shut out the dismal day.

Yet there were advantages about that disheartening weather. Every hard-working student knows the peculiar feeling with which one looks out upon driving rain and a lowering sky, and thinks that one is losing nothing by being indoors. Sunshine and green trees invite one forth: and the task, generally uphill at first starting, has not fair play. Doubtless a vast deal of head-work has been got through in this square mile during November and December. For one-third of the population of this little city is enduring the process of education. And those who are not learning are teaching: teaching moderate numbers here, and (some of them) much greater numbers elsewhere. The awful Alphabet has been assailed and subdued in this place, as these

wintery days shortened. Many Latin verses, many Greek Iambics have been put together. The mazes of Philosophy and Theology have been entered if not unravelled: they have come as near to being unravelled here as anywhere else. Various elaborate though brief sermons have been written: the people here have no liking for long ones. The writer approves the taste, and indeed conforms to it. Old-fashioned preachers still strive against the tide. One such, the greatest orator of Scotland in his day, lately asserted at the close of a lengthy discourse, that an unfailing test of a good man is an insatiable appetite for preaching: and that, however abundant the instruction received at church, the good man ever quits the sacred building saying (it is to be presumed only in a whisper) MORE, MORE! Not such is the writer's experience. He has known very many good folk who depart with the unspoken wish, LESS, LESS! And he has known admirable though exceptional men whose true feeling would find expression in the formula, NONE AT ALL, NONE AT ALL!

As these words are written, the sun suddenly shines in through the window (it looks due South): and the page of blue paper gleams in a golden splendour. Let it be accepted as approval of what was designed to be forthwith written. You may read it here.

There are few things of which I am more convinced, than that we ought all to be making a great deal more of life than we do. I do not mean in the sense of turning life to better account—though that in most cases is true:—but in the sense of feeling happier while it is passing over, and of getting more enjoyment out of it than we do. Now and then, as things are, we have glimpses of ways of looking at

things and feeling towards them which for the moment make life far more bright. And when we are going away from some pleasant place, or bidding farewell to some pleasant period of time, we have a certain vague yet remorseful sense that we have not enjoyed either as much as we ought and might. This latter feeling is a specially jarring one. To find out how much more happiness was within our reach than we had thought, is very vexing.

Now, might we not, beginning a New Year, look about us and see whether we cannot manage to be happier? Try, that is, in a humble way, to get more cheerfulness and content out of our belongings and surroundings? I write for readers of simple minds, and modest estate. There are human beings who have great possessions: who have in profusion all the outward appliances which mankind is agreed (with few exceptions) in regarding as the means of inward content: and such would no doubt regard with undisguised contempt my simple suggestions, and my lowly causes and effects. And there are human beings who have great minds, not to be interested by little things: likewise deep insight, not to be hoodwinked by natural and kindly illusions. I do not vainly pretend to do good, even the smallest, to any such. These are beyond my mark. But might not simple folk, devoid of cynicism, try to do, as to all our life, what each of us has perhaps done with regard to some special worldly position or advantage possessed for a little—seek (that is) to find out and make use of its capacities before it is taken from us? A duke, with a hundred thousand a year, would not think of such a thing: but a poor country parson with three hundred a year may not unfitly walk about his little shrubbery, and make an effort to clearly realise the advantages of his position, and (so to speak) to

squeeze out of it whatever drops of comfort it may yield: looking back on days when his lot was much worse: desiring to feel grateful and even surprised to find himself so respectable as he is: comparing his little successes with the far lesser successes of far better men: not trying (as Mr. Dickens expressed it) to make believe very much, but only to bring out into distinctness the latent truth, to the end that should dark days come he may not have to look back remorsefully, feeling that he ought to have made far more of things, and that he had been far happier than at the time he knew. We have many worries, anxieties, and mortifications: we have gone through much hard work, little remarked and poorly rewarded: we cannot delude ourselves with the belief that any special kindly appreciation awaits us in the future, or that we shall ever be materially better in circumstances or in estimation than we are now: we started with the intention of mending the world, but we have come down to being thankful if we can pay our way. Still there are those who are decidedly worse off, yet who are wonderfully cheerful, and do not seem to regard life as a load. Let us do our best to place ourselves where we shall catch some blinks of sunshine.

It is to be confessed at once that cheerfulness of view and of heart comes mainly of physical conditions. Good digestion and unshaken nerves are the great cause of cheerful views of life, and of all the round of very little things and the entanglement of small interests that make life. If the mucous membrane be wrong, it eclipses the sun as no cause does that is recorded in the almanac. Dyspepsia, or that vague all-reaching malaise which doctors describe by saying that the nervous system has been severely shaken, makes existence heavy. Worries seem insufferable: diffi-



culties insuperable: perplexities quite killing: there is no zest in duty, which is a thing to shrink from: and every day seems more than can be faced. The whole thing seems poor and wretched; and you wish you were away from it. A thousand possibilities of misfortune, which the healthy mind puts aside; a thousand miserable recollections of irremediable evil: crowd in. I am speaking of physical causes as producing misery to the sufferer himself, not to others: or mention might be made of fretfulness, snappishness, destruction of the power of sympathy, and a general cursedness which radiates all evil and miserable moods and humours on all around: making him in the domestic circle a sort of negative or diabolical sun, disseminating darkness instead of light.

It is therefore expedient, or rather it is essential, to the man who would pass through life with tolerable cheerfulness, that he give due diligence to the preservation of bodily health. Above all, he must beware of every influence which would bear unkindly on that mysterious portion of our being, so closely allied with that in us which feels and thinks, which is commonly called the nervous system. Awful is the dislocation of the entire outward universe: strange and wild the inexpressible depths of morbid fancy and emotion: infinite the variety of miserable experience; that comes of a fact so simply expressed as in the phrase *shaken nerves*. And so nearly do kindness of heart and the intuition of truth and fact follow the repaired soundness and good estate of that special part of us (if indeed it be physically a part only), that I have serious thoughts of developing a new *Physical Theory of Virtue and Happiness* for the advantage of the overdriven and worried; and indeed for the guidance of all in whom the mind is of more consequence than the body. Hogs, and

the like, need not study that *Theory* when it is published: but all men in whom there is any measure of head and heart ought. I do not mind saying, in advance, that my design is to stimulate happiness and virtue by the skilful administration of food and medicine. There are certain Christian graces which are impossible of attainment to the nervous dyspeptic: but all that is clear in faith and amiable in affection is easy to the human being whose system is eupeptic and whose nerves sound. Even Scepticism, saddest of all maladies, I would treat by the due exhibition of physical remedies: by flesh-brushing, bathing, long walks in pure air. As for ordinary evil tempers, and familiar low spirits and gloomy morbid notions, I would make havock of them in two months' time. First, I would absolutely cut off all alcohol: alcohol in wine as well as in spirits. Let the daily pint of claret be imbibed, and no more. No man's mind is healthy who ever tastes undiluted brandy: his state is perilous who drinks it even diluted with potash water. I am not a teetotaller; and have not been favourably impressed by any such I have met: yet let me declare with authority, that wherever it is not medicine, alcohol is poison. Of course, it is sometimes invaluable medicine: but when needful, let it be used as such. If one have no mind to speak of, and if one goes through extreme bodily exercise, even abundant alcohol may not do perceptible harm: but to the man subject to unequal spirits, to the man of finely-strung nature, it is absolute ruin. For drink, good for body and soul, there is nothing like milk. Take abundance of that: and you will increase in cheerfulness and goodness daily. For details of certain simple alteratives and tonics, the reader must await the full development of my theory at a future day. I shall not intrude into the office of

a Moral Physician without due qualification. And in any case I shall not be as the country doctor, in rude health, ever in the saddle, with awful appetite and nerves of whipcord, who, when brought in contact with the sort of patient I seek, has to make it the main problem, *To conceal from his patient how little the doctor understands what is wrong with him.*

It is understood then, for one thing, that henceforward all readers will give much diligence to the maintenance of that good bodily health which will give no quarter to a morbid mind: but which will make a man more cheerful, sensible, hopeful, good-tempered: free from crotchets and suspicions and envyings. But beyond the cultivation of health, which is the chief talent many folk possess, let certain moral counsels be received with docility by the judicious.

We must diligently train ourselves not to get so angry as we have been accustomed to do. It is very wearing-out. Those who have seen a good deal of dishonesty, both among the educated and the uneducated: fencing, dodging, shifting ground, playing tricks with words, and absolute lying: know how the keen indignation these things excite in the downright and magnanimous soul tears and hurts it. I sometimes wonder how that prophet-like man who remains among us still, and who has lifted up so brave and fierce and eloquent a voice against all he thought wrong for two-score years, has not been killed by the wrath he has felt and uttered towards all meanness, dishonesty, and incompetency, in a world where these so abound: but I suppose Carlyle inherited a strong body as well as a mighty soul. One thinks of the touching yet awful inscription above Swift's grave: *Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.* Yes, gone where fierce wrath against wrong-doing can no longer tear the

heart! And it is not less irritating, but more, that dishonest, mean, and wicked things are in no degree confined to what are called the criminal classes: but are many times done by smug, fat, self-satisfied persons, who are able to conceal from themselves what degraded animals they are: who can talk unctuously on religious subjects, and make long if somewhat flopping prayers. It was after being found out in some specially dirty trick, that Mr. Pecksniff was most devout and pious in his deportment. My friend Smith tells me that he knew in his youth, half a century since, a preacher who never reached such heights of spirituality in his sermons, as immediately after an attack of *delirium tremens*. Yes, and the spirituality imposed upon really good people, for a while. Ultimately, I rejoice to say, he was kicked out, and died at a locality then known as Botany Bay. But without supposing cases so extreme, each of us, in his own little sphere, has possibly a good many times seen conduct which excited a vehemence of moral reprobation that made one understand the inscription in St. Patrick's at Dublin. I lament to say it, but it is true, that of all theological dogmas the one which gains most confirmation from the growing experience of life, is that of the *Perversion of Human Nature*.

This having been said, let it be added that it is wise to use, in practical judgments of men and women, a somewhat low standard. You will keep yourself unhappy unless you do this. Make up your mind that you are dealing with imperfect means and with warped material: and do not expect too much. Train yourself to think that mortals are (after all) only working out their nature. There are folk who could no more be magnanimous, truthful, frank, downright, than they could be twelve feet high. And if people are bad, they deserve great pity.

The worst punishment of the shuffling, malicious liar, is in the fact that he is such. I wish, indeed, that he could be made to feel this, and take it in. Even in the case of devils, who are not merely very bad men, but persons in whom there is no good at all: probably their chief punishment is just that they are what they are. Let us train ourselves to seek for excuses for the small sinners of petty actual life. Let us seek to acquire the great faculty (capable of cultivation) of looking the other way. I do not mean turning the other page, and finding what is to be set against the offence or offences: I mean, when there is a disagreeable object before us, which ruffles us to look at and think of, looking away from it: looking at something else, or at anything else. I fear that charity and cynicism sometimes reveal themselves in identical manifestation. The man who regards human nature with an easy-going contempt, and he who bears with human nature with a divine pity, may act very much alike. Perhaps, selfishly, it is better with the cynic. He has the easier mind. I feel the difficulty of the point to which my argument has led me. It may conduce to peace of heart, and to good digestion, to cast an amused smile at the sneak, with the reflection, *Just what I expected*: to listen to the manifest lie, to submit to be cheated, to look upon the degraded drunkard, and merely think, *Of course, of course*. But I fear Mr. Carlyle (who has been my chief study for a year past) would shake the head of severity over all this; and judge that the ground I take is low. All I say is that we must try to take it, unless we are content to be as the broken-hearted Jewish prophet, crying aloud out of his misery against evils he cannot mend.

I will not palter, here, with God's truth. Though the keen indigna-

tion may tear the heart, there are cases in which we do well to be angry: in which we should be contemptible creatures if we failed to be angry, and bitterly so. We dare not shade off the eternal difference between Right and Wrong. We shall not sit down contentedly in the presence of any evil, injustice, or dishonesty, that we can expose or redress. There are those who will call us Quixotic: let them. We must take our place on God's side against all the works of the Devil, and fight with them. And everything wrong, everything unjust and untrue, is what I mean by the work of the Devil. If we are worth counting at all, we must fly at it. As Luther said, *I cannot do otherwise: God help me. Amen.*

I did not intend to write so gravely: but what is given must be said. This gentle charitableness in little things with our fellow-creatures' failings which I have been advocating on selfish grounds, must not degenerate into an ignoble Epicureanism, a moral *Canna be fashed*: the same despicable spirit which tolerates dirt and untidiness and foul drains and close rooms about a dwelling. There is a theological distinction, familiar in sermons but rare in actual life, which is taken between the offence and the offender: If it could be managed, it would be very well to hate the moral evil, but be merciful to the poor wretch that does the sin. And we may fitly enough be thankful if we are placed in life where we do not see too much of that evil, so wretched to behold, and which the individual man can do so little to do away. For it is through concurrence of many great causes that great effects come. And, just as it is appointed to some to bear the brunt of some awful accident that kills or maims, so it is appointed to others to be set face to face with facts which make life a long and fierce fight; though the strife be miserable

while it lasts, and the result almost nothing. All honour to the moral forlorn-hope of the human race!

And then, while we are thus keen against all evil and wrong-doing, let us see that we be keen against it in ourselves as well as in others. This reflection may help us the better to understand the theological distinction lately named. If we can manage to like ourselves very well, though there is a good deal wrong about us, why not others too? Further, let us bear no remembrance of personal offences: let them go! We disapprove a man, not because he knocks up against us, but because he knocks up against the universe and its laws. And for our own comfort's sake, for our nervous system's sake, as well as for a score of higher reasons, we shall go with a great but erring genius concerning whom the writer may very nearly boast that he was 'nursed upon the self-same hill.'

Then gently scan your fellow-man,

Still gentlier sister-woman:

Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human.

Then at the balance let's be mute;

We never can adjust it:

What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.

It was said, early in this dissertation, that the counsels of contentment contained in it were not addressed to rich and great folk. But an exception is to be made here. I believe that the most serious subtractions from the enjoyment of those who have wealth and position secured to them, come through the offences of their fellow-creatures. I have known all the pleasure of an evening in a magnificent dwelling spoiled and made worthless, because the noble lord at the head of the establishment would, with ever growing wrath, re-iterate to his wife and children the details of a small piece of impertinence he had received that afternoon from a small farmer. That petty offence,

not worth thinking of, ruined the enjoyment of a healthy and united family, gathered in most pleasant outward circumstances at the kindly Christmas-time in a lovely scene. And not the dukedom nor the garter, not the historic line nor the profuse revenue, not even the useful and honoured life given to all good works, has been able to cheer the prince whose tenantry have presumed at election-time to vote not according to his views but according to their own. Happy it would be for that magnate of the earth if he could persuade himself that no offence has been done him: that he unreasonably expected what he had no right to: and that only his own unreasonable expectations have brought this disappointment under which he chafes so sorely. No man, so much as he who has all the material good this world can give him, needs to gain the gift of bearing patiently with the wrong-doings, or what he esteems the wrong-doings, of mortal men. It was terrible when Mordecai, by refusing to touch his hat, nullified all the innumerable worldly advantages of a Prime Minister in departed days. It is nearly as bad when a pack of unmannerly blockheads, by hooting a princely carriage as it drives through an ill-conducted little town, can irritate the prince to an unthankful ferocity. The prince should have interpreted the act rightly. He should have remembered that this is merely the peculiar fashion in which certain folk desire to express that on certain intricate questions of domestic politics they hold a view which they desire should be strongly distinguished from the view held by the prince. To a cultivated mind, the peculiar mode of expression is repulsive: but then it ought in fairness to be remembered that the unmannerly blockheads of the little town did not possess cultivated minds and never had the chance of

possessing them, and could only express themselves according to their actual condition. There is a homely Scotch proverb apposite to the occasion: it runs as follows: *What can ye expect of a sow but a grumph?*

Let us sum the matter up. We shall not allow ourselves to get angry, if we can help it. We shall not fever and fret ourselves, and twist the delicate machinery of thought and feeling. Not if we can help it, without turning hypocritical sneaks, and pretending to acquiesce in what all right men must loathe, like the bishops who toadied George IV. of Brentford. Let us proceed to lesser counsels, wholesome for such as would modestly enjoy this life.

Let a comprehensive counsel be stated. Make the most of little consolations: little mild satisfactions. Try hard to keep up your interest in the little details which make up the round which is daily life. Always have some little concern on hand, to occupy the mind that craves occupation; to gently cheer.

It is a great thing to have some little work always going forward. Only by experience will you really understand how a very little thing done faithfully every day will in the process of days mount up to a great sum. If you are a human being who can write (to write is the great consolation of some), then write even one page a day. The days pass: the pages accumulate: they grow into something very considerable. And what is written, is written. It abides: you have something to show for your work. It is a vexing thing in the work of many men, that a great deal of it just does the thing needful for the day, and leaves no permanent trace. Even to get a matter into your memory, is an intangible possession: still more is it an immaterial and imponderable acquisition to have trained yourself to a moral habit.

But pleasant and substantial are the covered pages: that is, if you know you have done them to the very best of your ability. Though not a soul on earth may think them good: though even you keenly see their faults; there is a true and sweet satisfaction in that last thought. There is nothing on this earth so beautiful as the smile upon the face of Duty! Something faithfully done is somehow inexpressibly cheering. And then, work takes the mind off itself. The mill must go: give it grist to grind, or it must grind itself. One good thing about a task of writing is, that when lying awake at night, instead of thinking over a hundred worrying and anxious thoughts, you will involuntarily be ruminating your subject, and trying to see your way farther through it. When Chalmers rose in the morning, he had often done all his task of writing for that day: and noted it in a few shorthand lines in pencil.

Blessed be Reading! It is the next consolation to writing. Sometimes one is better: sometimes the other. Here too let us avail ourselves of the fact that the accomplished task is so pleasant. We must not read all for pleasure; any more than do anything else only for pleasure, if we desire to get pleasure out of it. Let there be some solid, grave, weighty work of which we make out the fixed number of pages each day: thus improving what we call our mind, and earning the satisfaction of real work done as we close the volume with a thankful sigh. Let it be recorded, that he does not know what enjoyment can be got out of books who reads them from the book-club. Doubtless there are many books which ought to be read, which it suffices to read thence. But that you may gloat over a book, feel that you must read it thoroughly and diligently, and come to regard it as a friend

always at hand and never wearisome, it must be your own. Nor will it do to have inherited it: you must have bought it; and bought it out of somewhat scanty means. It may in great measure do to have got it as a present: but the first books of the handsome library, bought from the poor student's small purse, or the little surplus of the salary of the poor curate, remain to the end precious, as tall copies and sumptuous editions coming afterwards can never be. Yet it is ever pleasant, if you have the right spirit: it is wonderfully cheering and brightening; when the parcel, in its thick wrappings of brown paper, arrives from the distant city, conveying its delightful store. A duke cannot carry his parcel of books into his library, and open it for himself: his dignity forbids, and he is too great a man to care for these little things: he has not one tenth of the enjoyment in his books that the poor country parson shares. Pleasant to bear in the heavy square burden: to set it on a strong table (slight ones will not avail): to cut the thick strings that tie it up: to open up the enveloping sheets, brown, thick, specially-flavoured: to reach the fresh volumes, with the grateful aroma of new paper and binding: to examine each with careful interest: then, on successive evenings, to cut the leaves with a very large ivory paper-knife. While more exciting joys pall on the maturing mind, this will ever grow in its power. Let the event described occur frequently, but not too frequently. To be precise, about once in three weeks. What part of the furniture of a house, in proportion to its cost, affords the real satisfaction that books impart? For a handsome easy chair covered with morocco you pay ten guineas: will that chair cheer you in depression and sorrow as would ten guineas' worth of books? I trow not. It is

no doubt a grand end, much desirable by the wise man, that his dwelling be so sumptuously decorated and his entertainments so handsome that his friends shall go home and abuse him. But excellent as these things are to the well-regulated mind, it is better still to cast the eye on the kindly rows, and lovingly to pull out a volume here and there, and let it carry you to a purer air than that of your humdrum life, and to a range of thought that your moderate brain can appreciate but could never create. If you would have more enjoyment in life this year than last, buy more books, and read them. And if you do not understand about books yourself, consult some friend who does know before making your purchases. Ah, the frightful editions the writer has seen, in grand bindings, upon the tables of the ignorant rich!

The writer has, in this magazine, years ago, expatiated at great length upon a thing which is a precious secret of modest content, and which need be no more than named here: It is a rigid, all-reaching, habitual tidiness. Keep your books, specially, in perfect order and thorough repair. You cannot afford leather bindings: and cloth binding in these days is generally sufficient and handsome. But it has a weak point: the corners of the boards, untended, will grow ragged. Tend them diligently. Have in a drawer a small cup of tenacious gum: and never see a corner beginning to get frayed without instantly putting it right. There is a real and innocent pleasure in putting a thing right which was wrong. A tinge of the moral element is here: in correcting the smallest error you are ranging yourself on the right side in the great fight of the great universe. And you will have your reward. What you do as to the corners of your books, do to everything else to which your power reaches: lesser and greater. It will

cheer you wonderfully, when few other things will.

Post-time, rightly regarded and managed, is to the wise and modest an unfailing interest. Sometimes, indeed, it brings the painful shock to whose recurrence we must try to be resigned. But if you maintain a considerable intercourse with friends you seldom see, by the frequent letter, many days will bring pleasant communications which will greatly cheer. The anonymous letter will amuse: do not read such if you know they will do other than amuse. Sometimes such are very malignant: sometimes well-meant, though of doubtful wisdom; like one the writer lately received, cautioning him that the author of such essays as one he contributed to the December *Fraser* was 'in danger of hell-fire.' Thanks to the friendly sender: though he (or she) must have sadly misread that little paper before coming to a conclusion so startling. The volume by post, a good deal knocked about: the newspapers, many in number, for people of modest means can afford these now: the trenchant weekly, preserved and bound, which has mounted up into that long shelf of dark-calf folios with red edges, which nobody would buy: the other day twenty-two volumes of it (only in cloth indeed) sold by auction for seventeen shillings: all these enter into the life of the household through that bronze-covered slit in the outer-door, large enough to receive a magazine. And sometimes letters bearing unfamiliar postage-stamps from foreign lands: almost all very cheering. Make much of post-time: more than heretofore. Encourage all correspondence: unless indeed the two or three daily

invitations to take shares in some new company (limited), whose projectors are plainly quite unlimited, in various undesirable ways. If you have not spoiled your nerves by stimulants which coarsen and degrade, here will be a daily series of sensations.

Have these counsels seemed selfish? Is all this a cheap Epicureanism, within the reach of poor folk? The range I have allowed myself in these pages may indeed be in some measure obnoxious to such condemnation. But if life be the grave and awful thing we have found it to be, in its surroundings, tendencies, and issue, may we not be permitted, in little harmless ways, to cheer ourselves in quiet times: knowing that often the utmost effort will be needed, and the heavy pang be felt? No one will dream that these things here said are all. But they are real (to some people) so far as they go. Beyond these, let us try ever to get out of ourselves: let us keep a kind interest in others. Though we are growing older, and getting travel-stained, it is pleasant to think that all the world is yet fresh with the glory of its youth to the little children. Fussy philanthropy is (to some) most irritating: in some cases even disgusting, when it loudly proclaims all it does and a good deal it never did. But stay: we are not to be angry: though the sham doer of good, sounding his cracked trumpet in the street, is a sight to stir the wrath of angels. But to quietly by word or deed help or cheer another, is singularly cheering and helpful to one's self: Not, indeed, if it be done with an eye to that reward.

A. K. H. B.



## THE PEKING GAZETTE.

BY SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B.

THIS official organ of the Government of China, like its contemporary the *London Gazette*, is not a paper usually taken up for light reading and amusement. Both are regarded as mere vehicles for the announcement of appointments, promotions, and translation to different posts of those who are employed in the public service; facts and events possessing little interest to any but the persons immediately concerned. Yet, as regards our own *Gazette*, it would be easy to show that, apart from what is more strictly departmental and official, connected with the services and the administration of justice, there is a great deal of matter calculated to convey information of the highest value to any student of national progress and development. There can be no doubt that to some future Macaulay or Grote a file of the *London Gazette* for the year 1872 would be a mine of precious materials as to the contemporaneous events of the period. Long before the time arrives for the New Zealander to take his seat on the ruined arches of London Bridge, a series of *Gazettes* for a decade of this nineteenth century, if disinterred and calendared by the energy of some future Master of the Rolls, might prove as valuable as any of the calendars proceeding from the same source, which all students of our national history read now with so much avidity and interest. The *Gazettes* supply a great deal of authentic information not always to be obtained elsewhere, or invested with the same authority. Many facts which seem to us now, too insignificant to claim a moment's attention, may serve hereafter to give point and brilliancy to a general retrospect of the habits,

character, and institutions of a by-gone age. In this point of view the *Peking Gazette* presents something of analogy. Inasmuch as the distance which separates the eastern half of Asia from Europe, the isolation in which the Chinese have dwelt from the most remote ages, and the difficulties interposed by their hieroglyphic and imperfectly known language—prevent the best informed Europeans obtaining any familiar acquaintance with the country or the people. Their institutions and habits of thought or action, together with the social and political condition of the present day, come to us only as through a mist of ages. Or something so similar in effect, that in reading the announcements of the Peking paper, and endeavouring to gain from them some accurate conception of the actual state of the nation, and the administrative machinery of the Government, we have to fill up the gaps in the information afforded, by reference to independent sources. We must follow up the clues given in its columns to other fields, often widely apart, in order to make out the true meaning of the disjointed facts as they are scattered over the columns without connection or explanation. Just as our imaginary student of the disinterred *London Gazettes* will have to work in the next century, if he would turn them to good account, and make them yield the ore from which current coin may be minted. How much future historians may find in the pages of the *London Gazette*, turned over by so few of the present generation,—to enlighten and instruct our descendants, is, perhaps, never realised. Yet the political and social changes so unceasingly going on in this and nearly every



other country—both east and west—together with the shifting canons of international law and the relations of Civilised States with each other and the Eastern races alike, have all some signal indications in our own *Gazette*. International arbitration, as a substitute for war, has a large place in the papers of the Geneva arbitrators, to which whole supplements have been given up. A new commercial treaty with France, and cancelled stipulations of a treaty with Russia, as outcomings of the great wars of the last ten years, find their place, and afford clues to the great shiftings of old landmarks, and other fundamental changes of international relations and polity. Wars and Arbitration courts,—the two great instruments for the arbitrement of national quarrels and differences—which have played so prominent a part in the history of Europe during the last twenty years, will have to be studied in all their bearings in other records than the *Gazette* supplies. But not the less is it true that its columns, falling under the notice of any competent explorer, would afford all the indications necessary to direct attention to the events and their consequences, and show the necessity of further investigation. Thus in regard to our own insular institutions and progress, the *London Gazette* will not tell future historians how we regulate our parks, and govern in police and other municipal matters. But it will furnish some facts about Hyde Park meetings, Mr. Ayrton's Regulations, and police strikes, which cannot fail to suggest thoughts about the efficiency of our governing system, and point to the necessity for more satisfactory information. The often recurring strikes, and the contest between labour and capital in every business and industry—from mines to gas works, for relative shares of profit and pleasure, may find but very imperfect record in the *Gazette*;

yet enough is there to awaken interest and to send him in quest of more knowledge. Thus we see clearly that the value of our own *Gazette* to future enquirers will not lie in any detailed account of events and their causes. Nor indeed in any actual revelations but in indications suggesting conclusions, and the direction in which fuller information, confirmatory or otherwise, may be looked for, to account for incidents and actions only glanced at indirectly, or very partially recorded. So it is with the *Peking Gazette*.

Whoever looks therefore to this collection of State Papers, between seven and eight hundred in the year, for materials wherewith to compile a satisfactory record of the passing history of the nation, such as our *Annual Register* was intended to supply, will be woefully disappointed. The perusal of the *Gazette* to our students in China is chiefly valuable, as Mr. Wade pointed out many years ago, not for what it gives—apart from style and literary composition—but for the curious knowledge of different kinds, and larger information which they must provide themselves with as they proceed from other sources, in order to comprehend what they read in its columns.

At first sight nothing can be less inviting than the columns of the *Gazette*, or less promising of useful information to a foreign student of Chinese institutions and government. Those on whom the task devolves of translating and summarising the successive numbers, are apt to indemnify themselves for the irksome and seemingly useless task by such utterances as these :—

The *Peking Gazette* gives us the impression either that very little of the least importance ever takes place in the Empire, or that all the important memorials and decrees are suppressed. There must be something far more interesting to chronicle than puerilities about gods and *Feng-Shui*, or discussions about the merits of insig-

nificant mandarins in the most out-of-the-way districts. Yet this is for the most part what the *Gazette* contains, and there was never therefore a grosser blunder made about China than was made by the writer of an article in the *Quarterly*, to the effect that more valuable illustrations of Chinese political and social institutions might be drawn from one year's scrupulous translation of the *Peking Gazette* than from any other source.

Yet, notwithstanding such sweeping denunciations, those who are best qualified to make a proper use of such information as the *Gazette* conveys, have come to the same conclusion as the much condemned writer in the *Quarterly*. And we propose to show in the following pages that it is quite true, more valuable illustrations of political and social institutions may be drawn, and a clearer insight may be obtained of the actual working of the governing machinery by a careful study of the *Peking Gazette* than from any other source.

The near approach of the time when the 'Audience' question must once more be brought on the *tapis* at Peking, may tend to render such contributions to our knowledge of Peking parties and the internal condition of the country, so wretchedly misgoverned by the present rulers, more interesting than they would be under ordinary circumstances. In any other country the marriage of the youthful Emperor—now some 17 years old—would carry with it, as a matter of course, the declaration of his majority, and the assumption of the reins of government. But it by no means followed that such should be the case under existing circumstances in China. Although he has been endowed with more wives than either David or Solomon possessed, and a supplementary harem with eunuchs worthy of an Eastern court,—it seemed more than likely until the last advices, that the declaration of his majority might be still further delayed, if not deferred indefinitely. The

Dowager Empress (not the Empress, mother of the young Sovereign) is reported to be very little disposed to give up her power; and having shown herself in the *coup d'état* which inaugurated the boy's reign some ten years ago a bold and determined woman, the Council of Regency, of which she is the head, might well hesitate to depose her. On the occasion referred to, the members of the Regency she put aside lost their heads as well as their offices, within the space of twenty-four hours. Moreover, the Anti-Foreign party among the Ruling classes generally, and most of the high officers at Peking, are strongly opposed to any concession that would bring the Representatives of foreign powers face to face with the Emperor. Without any of the genuflexions and head-knockings indispensable at the Court of Peking, as a recognition of the unapproachable Majesty and supreme power of the 'Lord of all the Earth,' one of the many high-sounding titles arrogated for their Sovereign, it would in their eyes be a desecration. It is this pretension to Supremacy and Universal Dominion, which constitutes the main obstacle to any direct intercourse with the Emperor, or access to his presence, on the part of the Foreign Representatives. To receive them without abject prostrations would be for the Emperor to abandon claims, practically relinquished and no longer obtruded in any other form, but which are still maintained in principle. It would be, in the eyes of his own subjects, to descend from the pinnacle of greatness on which the Celestial Empire and the Son of Heaven, its Ruler, have been hitherto placed alike by tradition and national worship. The Chinese, both Rulers and People, are naturally dogged and obstinate as they are arrogant. There is little prospect, therefore, of their ever voluntarily relinquishing these absurd preten-

sions ; and they are quite capable of risking another war rather than give way. All the vast expenditure which has so long been going on, for the creation of naval arsenals and dockyards, at Foochow under Frenchmen, at Shanghae under Americans, and at Tientsin under English chiefly—has been incurred with a view to such a necessity of resistance arising. The arming of the Taku forts with Krupp's guns, and the Peiho river with torpedos of newest construction and most destructive powers—with many other preparatory measures, plainly indicate such anticipations.

They also point to a menace of serious resistance, and the gradual growth of the same spirit which led Yeh, the ill-fated governor-general at Canton, to treat us with defiance as outside barbarians. The same spirit which led the late Emperor's councillors to try the fortune of war a second time in 1859, when they first repulsed our squadron under Sir James Hope at the mouth of the Peiho; and again in 1860, when they were defeated—rather than allow a British Minister to take up his residence at Peking. An article in the December number of the *Cornhill* on the armaments in China, is well calculated to show the extent of this preparation.

With such a prospect before us, the present gleanings from the *Peking Gazette*, and the glimpses they give of the actual condition of the country as well as the governing influences at work, may not be without interest.

It will be well, however, that the reader should start with some preliminary knowledge of the origin and history of the *Peking Gazette*—of the editorial as well as of the other conditions under which it is issued. It is not attractive in outward appearance. Each number forms a pamphlet stitched in a dingy yellow wrapper, and is some seven inches in length by four in width. The

*Gazettes* are of variable thickness ; sometimes a number consists of twenty and at other times of forty pages, in that resembling its London brother. They are very coarsely printed on miserable-looking paper of the flimsiest material. So much so, indeed, that the characters show through on both sides, to the confusion of the reader, and remind one of Miss Stanbury's description of the *Penny Press*, to which her nephew Hugh, so much against her will, contributed—'radical abominations printed on straw.'

Mr. Wade, now her Majesty's Minister in China, tells us in an interesting and valuable paper *On the Condition and Government of the Chinese Empire*, which was printed for private circulation in 1849—the materials for which were chiefly derived from the *Peking Gazette*—that tradition assigns it a birthplace under the Sung Dynasty in the latter part of the tenth century of our era.

It is the official organ of the Chinese Government and Court. A *Court Journal* and *Gazette* combined. It is the only newspaper or journal of any kind in circulation throughout the Empire. This remarkable fact is referred to by Mr. Medhurst, her Majesty's Consul at Shanghae, in his truthful little book on China, recently published. He remarks that the press, which holds so important a position in western countries, can hardly be said to be known there. He speaks, however, of the *Peking Gazette* in terms of greater disparagement than is justified in my opinion. He says it contains no original matter of any kind, which is very far from the fact, unless he means editorial matter. It may be true enough that 'public opinion finds no expression in its pages save through the State Papers which it contains.' But, as he himself adds, some of these 'are not wanting in outspoken criticism both of depart-

ments and individuals, and at times even of the Imperial Court itself. In this respect, at any rate, it may be said to be far in advance of our early *London Gazette*, which never contained any intelligence that it did not suit the purposes of the Court to publish.' We are apt to forget that less than a century ago there was no newspaper in this country which supplied leaders or any other information which now constitutes their chief value. Clearly, then, the *Peking Gazette* is not so far behind the age after all. And if it circulates outspoken criticisms on abuses in the administration, or the wrong-doings of high officers, and even of the Emperor,—it may well afford valuable information to all who seek to understand the condition of the country and the abuses in its Government.

The strangeness of the fact remains, to which Mr. Medhurst directs attention—that 'the country in which the art of printing was earliest known, and in which literature has had an undoubted and influential sway for many centuries, should at this moment be the only one amongst nations making any pretence to civilisation in which the press has no place as a vehicle of opinion.' 'It is,' he says, 'the more remarkable since the Chinese are essentially a reading people, and show their appreciation of newspapers by the avidity with which the two or three native papers issued by the Shanghai Foreign presses are read, and by the eagerness with which they seek to have the articles in English papers translated for their information.'

China, however, is not quite alone in this respect, as Mr. Medhurst would infer, for Japan has been still more remarkable in not even possessing an official *Gazette* previous to the late revolutionary changes. Its nearest western neighbour—and the western Power most like China in extent and the Asiatic

character of its population—Russia, cannot boast very much over China in this particular. It has a newspaper press indeed; but as to organs of public opinion, we suspect there are few allowed to publish censures of the Emperor and his Government. Neither do we share Mr. Medhurst's conviction 'that there is nothing that would tend more surely and speedily to open the eyes of the Chinese Government and people to a true sense of the advantages of Western commerce, progress, and civilisation, and prepare the way for more extended and friendly relations with foreigners, than a few well-conducted newspapers in the native language, and as a channel for effecting the change, would prove more acceptable to the people themselves.' 'Credit,' he adds, 'is due to the partial attempts which have already been made in this direction at Shanghai, but the publications turned out are sadly lacking in the composition and style which are needed to ensure general acceptance with the reading public.'

We are by no means convinced that these anticipations are well founded, even 'if a few well-conducted newspapers in the native language' could be established; but we are quite sure that the obstacles in the way are quite insuperable in this generation. The fastidious taste of the literati and educated classes in China to which Mr. Medhurst alludes, in matters of style and composition could only be met by one of themselves. And they know nothing worth communicating to Chinese, who have already the writings of Confucius and Mencius, their own classics—with endless commentaries, each more unintelligible and confusing than its predecessor, as is the manner of commentators both East and West. With their present education and system of examination—the curriculum by which alone they can achieve distinction or enter official

life—the masters of style and composition in Chinese can have nothing original to put into a paper. Without a foreign education in addition, they would make sorry newspaper editors, however perfect their style. Their absolute ignorance of all the science of the west, and the whole range of knowledge to which western nations owe their progress and civilisation, is an insuperable bar to their co-operation. On the other hand, no foreigner—Sinalogue or Missionary—can have any pretension to write with such perfect command of the Chinese language as to make his information acceptable to the natives, and especially to the educated classes. It is to be feared, therefore, that if the 'eyes of the Chinese Government and people are not to be opened to a true sense of the advantages of western commerce, progress and civilisation, and more extended and friendly relations with foreigners'—until 'a few well-conducted newspapers are established in the native language'—these desirable results are likely to be a long time in coming. I do not understand how a thoroughly well-informed writer like Mr. Medhurst, well versed in the Chinese language, and knowing therefore the impossibility of securing the one essential condition of success, could offer a suggestion so manifestly impracticable.

The ease with which a reading and intelligent people, with a great love of gossip, have dispensed with a newspaper press for so many centuries, without apparent consciousness of a want, is also a matter of remark, if not an argument against Mr. Medhurst's theory. A newspaper and a periodical press is undoubtedly an engine of real power in disseminating ideas, giving information and developing opinion. That nations must make more rapid progress in civilisation with such assistance than without it cannot admit of question. But we may

see in the experience of the Chinese and the facts, undoubted evidence of the possibility of a nation numbering, not millions, but hundreds of millions,—cultivating literature, educating each rising generation to a certain literary standard, and developing great industrial powers and mechanical skill, as well as governing capacity, without the aid of newspapers, Radical or Conservative! Yet they are a people as avid of news as were the Athenians of old, and seek it in every street-corner and tea-shop—inventing it when not otherwise to be had. The Chinese tea-shops are the counterpart of the French cafés, and play the same part in Chinese life as great centres of intercourse, but only for the lower and trading classes. Less luxurious than those of the French, they are quite as crowded by eager disputants and talkers, who, over a pipe of the mildest tobacco and an endless number of cups of the very weakest tea, will pour out a flood of loquacity which no Frenchman could beat, and this for hours together untiringly.

But if China, with a population far exceeding that of Europe, if we may place any reliance on such imperfect statistics as reach us from Chinese sources, has managed to exist and thrive without a newspaper press for more centuries than any other surviving nation can count in its history—and to satisfy the natural craving of the human mind for knowledge by other means, it is difficult to understand how the Government of so vast a territory has succeeded in its task of governing. Without the facilities afforded by railroads or telegraphic wires for rapid communication, it would seem almost incredible *a priori* that they could succeed so well. The necessity of directing and controlling the officials administering eighteen provinces, each larger and more populous than many European kingdoms, and of keeping

up constant communication between the Central authority and the provinces, would seem to tax the largest governing or administrative powers. The work has been done, however, without the aid of steam, electricity, or newspaper correspondents and press;—done, upon the whole, not unsatisfactorily. For, despite frequently recurring insurrections, and the prevalence of great abuses everywhere—patent and known to the multitude—the Chinese have been held together in the bonds of a common nationality, rich in industrial power and resources, happy and contented,—and with a command of material comfort, beyond the usual average of European populations, and all this under one supreme and central authority. For, often as the dynasties have changed from native to Mongol and Mongol to Tartar by turns, there has been no disintegration, once the several parts were welded together under Genghis-Khan and his successors. Such results as these are of a nature to claim attention from the most advanced of European States, which, with all their boasted advantages of superior knowledge and a higher civilisation, have not always been able to achieve so much in the way of national unity, order, and development. With these facts before us, I venture to invite our readers to follow me as we turn over the leaves of the *Peking Gazette*, the *Moniteur* of the Government, and the sole newspaper of the people, for some traces of the means more or less secret and mysterious, by which ends so vast have been compassed, with instruments apparently so primitive and inadequate. But there may be something more subtle both in the influences employed and the actual machinery in operation than Europeans have hitherto been disposed to believe. In that case it may well be that they are only to be recognised by

those who acquire some power to read between the lines of many of the seemingly arid announcements of the *Gazette*, and extract from them a meaning not apparent on the surface, and only to be found, indeed, by the help of a key to be sought elsewhere.

The *Peking Gazette* differs from its London contemporary in being, at most, a semi-official publication. A small office in the Palace exists in which it is the business of those employed in it to make copies of the decrees of the day, and forward them to the Boards and other offices in the city which they may respectively concern. The employés in this office have been allowed, by long custom, to make private extra copies of such decrees or memorials as the authorities do not forbid to be made public. These they distribute on the evening of their issue to subscribers in Peking, the money realised being the perquisites of the small officials in the office. Such copies are all in manuscript, and about ninety are made each day. Amongst the subscribers are certain printing-houses, who print in the form of a small pamphlet whatever seems to them important. The printed copies thus made are sold for about one-tenth of the cost of the manuscript copies, and have an extensive circulation in the Capital and throughout the Provinces. Each province or set of provinces has an agent in Peking to look after the printing and despatch of the *Gazettes* to their constituents. The agent has a semi-official recognition, and occasionally, in case of merit, receives a Government reward.

The *Gazette* is therefore a very incomplete record of the public business, as it contains only just so much as the authorities choose shall see the light. As regards its genuineness and mode of publication, it bears no little resemblance to the published reports of the pro-

ceedings in Parliament. It also receives occasionally similar official recognition, as the high provincial authorities not unfrequently quote the *Gazette* as the source of information that has reached them.

The *Gazette* consists of three parts.

1. *Kung-Mên-Ch'ao* or *Copy of the Palace Gate*, answering in a way to the 'Court Journal.'

This is a daily account of the offices and officers on duty, of presentations, of grantings of sick or other leave, of the movements of the Emperor to temples, &c.

2. The *Shang Yü*, or *Imperial Decrees*. These decrees are either spontaneous from the throne or in answer to memorials presented to his Majesty. The greater part of them are appointments of officers to posts civil and military. The Emperor's decrees, are described by one of the most competent judges of this kind of composition, to be 'remarkably business-like productions.'

The following is the judgment given by Mr. Wade, the authority to whom I refer: 'The representation of the subject entitled to address him is immediately acknowledged by a brief memorandum signifying that his Majesty is informed of the matter communicated, or has referred it to the proper Court or Board. After a sufficient interval his reply is published, dealing, as far as he is informed, legally and sensibly with the case or measure submitted to him, and in language as plain and concise as that of the memorial is inflated and tautological.'

3. The *Tsow Pao*, or *Memorials from High Officers to the Throne*. This is much the bulkiest part of the *Gazette*. Such of the memorials as have not been answered by previous decrees have a rescript added, giving his Majesty's approval or disapproval, or a reference to the proper Board.

If the visitor at Peking extend his researches into the Chinese city, and ever penetrate into one of the narrow side streets near *Lieu-li-chang*, the Paternoster-Row of the capital, he may pass the door of one of the offices whence the printed copies are issued. This is the quarter of book-sellers, and their associate instruments, bookbinders and wood-engravers. On entering the shop, cases of wooden-cut characters may be seen ranged against the wall, and sorted according to the number of strokes in each. Some of frequent occurrence together are arranged as double characters, such as 'Imperial edict,' Mandarin titles, the official title of the reign, &c. About a dozen of these printing offices suffice to issue several thousand copies, from whence they are distributed, as in London, to their customers, or despatched in batches to the different provinces. But these offices are all private, and trust to the sale of copies for their reimbursement and profits. For six dollars a year the Pekinese may keep himself posted up in all that the Government thinks it desirable he should know as to its acts, or the course of events in the provinces. Or he may hire his *Gazette* for the day, and return it if he does not approve of the cost of purchasing. The various changes which the mechanical means used for producing the printed copies have undergone within the last century are curious illustrations of the tendency to run in old grooves, even after innovations have been seemingly accepted.

In the last century, in *Kienlung's* time, it appears there were copper movable types in the Palace—probably obtained through the Jesuit Fathers—with which some large works were printed. Later, wax tablets were introduced for printing the *Gazettes*; but these about the year 1820, it is said, were exchanged for the movable wooden types now used.

Yet during the last thirty years nothing would have been easier than to import from Hongkong a font of metal type, with a great saving of labour and increase of distinctness.

The whole system of Chinese education has scarcely any higher object than to teach the student how to write State Papers. They are always regular in their mode of composition, and written with a rigid regard to certain conventional forms in respect to phraseology. With regard to what shall be made public, great precautions are taken to prevent any papers not approved by the Cabinet appearing in print. Notwithstanding which, it is well understood that many documents which never appear in the circulated copies of the *Gazette*, can be obtained, even at the Palace gate, for a consideration.

Of the true value of this collection of State Papers, some seven or eight hundred in the year as has been stated, two opposite opinions have very generally been held by those whose business it has been to master more or less thoroughly their contents. Mr. Wade, perhaps the best authority from his long and patient study of all such official sources of information, says, speaking of the *Gazette* and the papers circulated in its pages, that 'The administration of the laws, the changes suggested in the penal and other codes, the state of the revenue, political movements, within or beyond the limits of China proper, and the general treatment and estate of the inhabitants of the vast portion of Asia over which the Imperial Government asserts dominion, are all in their turn discussed or alluded to in these despatches, from which, and the rejoinders to them, we gather the only intelligence of contemporaneous events which may at all claim the merit of authenticity.'

Another writer speaking evidently with some practical knowledge, takes

a wholly different view. Moved perhaps by the weariness of spirit which whole columns of mere verbiage and the stilted phraseology of many of the memorials are so well calculated to create. The art of stringing together sentences void of sense is not seldom practised to perfection in these documents. While the genius of mendacity and humbug revels in the most ingenious circumlocutions. The following critique extracted from a Shanghai paper of great ability, the *Cycle*, is amusing as an outspoken expression of the frankest condemnation—

In the stilted and artificial compositions that ordinarily go to make up a *Gazette*, the Emperor leads the way. We will not multiply examples of Imperial homage paid to the genius of humbug, but will take the first instances that come to hand. Thus KEA KING in 1813 ascribed the disturbances in the capital and the provinces to 'the low state of his virtue and his accumulated imperfections.' He described himself as following the traces of his pencil with tears. Indeed, KEA KING seemed rather to take a pride in humbling himself, and issued several public confessions. TAO KUANG (*Ch. Rep.* i., 236), on the occasion of a long-continued drought, published a memorial which he had reverently presented to Imperial Heaven, praying forgiveness for his ignorance and stupidity, and power to amend in the future, 'for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man. My sins are so numerous that it is difficult to escape from them. I am inexpressibly grieved and alarmed.' Following such illustrious examples we find high officials representing that age, or infirmity, or ignorance, prevents them from fulfilling their duties. A censor quoted in the *Middle Kingdom* speaks of himself as 'a weak old horse, unable by the exertion of his whole strength to recompense the ten-thousandth part of the Imperial benevolence.' And so TS'ENG-KUO-FAN in the memorial extracted by us last week, pictures his past career as that of a child 'tottering along,' and solemnly enumerates all the failures in his administration. It is impossible to believe that these cunningly composed sentences are anything more than words. The ex-vice-roy of Chihli knows as well as the Court or as foreigners, that whatever the estimation may be in which his talents are held, he does possess



great and varied talents. But the form has to be gone through. It is the 'honour of being your most obedient, humble servant' over again, and in a Chinese dress. Sensibly, however, he lays most stress upon his age and infirmities, and signifies very distinctly that, so far as he is concerned, pressing personal considerations have obliterated all desire for office, and all ambition further to serve his Imperial master.

All this is true enough as giving one and the most common aspect of the *Peking Gazette*. Even in this last paragraph however we have an instance of how, from a seemingly empty and verbose memorial from a Viceroy to the Throne there might at the time have been valuable information extracted, not otherwise attainable with equal certainty. At that date it was by no means void of importance, even to the foreign communities, nor otherwise insignificant, that one of the most influential of the high officers in China should give such pressing indications of his desire to retire from public life. He is dead now; but during his life, and not a twelvemonth before this memorial appeared in the *Gazette*, his action in the revision of the British and other treaties, exercised great influence upon the long protracted negotiations. What might be his personal aims or ulterior intentions as to the continuance of his service were not then or at any later period without a certain interest to foreign powers, from the influence he exercised at Peking and upon the Tsungli Yamên or Foreign Board.

Moreover the very form in which this Viceroy draws up his representations, the object of which is to obtain his release from the labours and responsibilities of office—which in China extend to life and fortune—has a special interest in its reference to the theory of paternal relations between the sovereign and his subjects. To the maintenance of this in full vigour has been ascribed, not unjustly perhaps, the

long continuance of the Chinese Empire despite of so many disruptive forces, both physical and political—inundations, famines, and rebellions in a never ending series. The paternal relation not only of the Sovereign Head but all in authority under him, over the multitudes whom they govern goes far beyond a mere demand for obedience from the subject to the laws promulgated. It demands 'the surrender of all individual right to decline a public charge however perilous and unremunerative.' Nor can this stretch of authority be altogether treated as despotic while the plea is the welfare of the 'black-haired myriads' whose claims upon the parental and pastoral care of their rulers is peremptorily insisted upon, when those on whom the duties of a responsible office have devolved would fain escape from its obligations.

But having now cleared the ground of the objection that the *Peking Gazette* has no claim on our attention, and given some explanation of its general character and mode of circulation, I will proceed without further delay to give a few illustrations of the kind of information to be found in its pages; and I hope to show that they are anything but barren either of amusement or instruction, to those who take any interest in the social and political institutions of an empire in every way so remarkable, and a people but very imperfectly understood yet, although the foremost and most civilised of the ancient races which have covered Asia from the prehistoric period. I will begin with a file of gazettes for 1868-70, adding as I proceed the commentary necessary to show the information they can be made to yield to readers already in possession of the knowledge needed to supplement what has been withheld, and correct what is erroneous.

The following memorial from

*Chung How*, of more recent date than any I am about to produce, will best serve as an example in point. When on his way to France on his mission of apology after the Tientsin massacre, and before taking his departure from Hong Kong for Europe, this high officer (a fair type of the better order of Chinese statesmen) addressed a memorial to the Emperor requesting him to confer some mark of approval—not upon deserving officers or good administrators—but the Queen of Heaven as a reward for the way in which she had recently looked after the grain junks upon the coast. The following may be taken as a free translation appearing in one of the local newspapers at Shanghai.

Chung How reports that having for many years filled the office of Superintendent of Trade, he has had constant opportunities of observing to what an extent coasting craft and the ships from Fukien and Kuangtung depend upon the grace of the Queen of Heaven, each vessel having on board a tablet inscribed to her. In obedience to the Imperial will, your slave is now departing for foreign countries, having already passed by seven provinces, namely, Chihli, Shantung, Kiangsu, Chekiang, Fukien, and Kuangtung. During this passage he has observed that all along the ten or fifteen thousand *li* of coast which bounds the empire, the people everywhere derive their support from labour on the sea. Whether they are fishermen or salt collectors, they work day and night in tempest and amid the waves. Therefore it is especially necessary to invoke the mercy of the sacred spirit on their behalf. The importance of the traffic by sea is enormous, whether between the ports or with foreign countries, whence warlike stores of all kinds are brought to supply our wants. This, indeed, demands even greater attention than the industry of the people; wherefore it is begged that an honourable epithet may be conferred upon the goddess, and that offerings may regularly be made at her altars, whereby the people will be led to display increased reverence for her.

The memorial is chiefly interesting as an evidence of two important acts, well known and appreciated by Chung How. The increasing necessity for resorting to foreign

steamships for the transport of rice to Tientsin—and the importance of conciliating the native shipping interests suffering from the permanent sudden displacement of capital, and the numbers of a sea-faring population thrown out of employment. These take to piracy as a means of subsistence and a natural alternative, as did the sea-kings of old among our Norse ancestors.

To a superficial reader there would very likely be nothing in this memorial worthy of attention further than an evidence of folly and superstition which is usually assumed by foreigners to be the common characteristics of the race. But to anyone better informed as well as more thoughtfully disposed, what does it say? Chung How many years employed as Superintendent of Trade at the Northern ports, has naturally had his attention fixed on the maritime affairs of the empire, and to the trade on the coast more especially. The vital importance to Peking of annual supplies of tribute rice from the provinces for the support of its population, no Chinese official can overlook. And ever since the grand canal has been partially destroyed for the navigation of large junks, now many years ago, the Court has been obliged to trust to the more precarious means of transport supplied by sea-going junks. Of late years the aid of steamers has been found essential, and this has, no doubt, borne hardly on the owners of junks and their crews.

The desire to propitiate these by an evidence of interest in their welfare and prosperity is the true motive and meaning of the memorial. That a Chinese high officer should seek this end by showing honour to the 'Queen of Heaven'—rather than any real boon to the junk population, is susceptible of a double interpretation. Either he himself shares in the superstition of his countrymen, and in a devout

spirit thus sought to aid them—or as a Statesman above such superstitions, he is yet willing to avail himself of its existence in others to influence their minds,—and at no cost to himself confer a cheap benefit or favour to which they attach some value. But assuming the first to be the true one, is there anything more foolish or superstitious in a Chinese high officer wishing the aid of the 'Queen of Heaven' as a sacred spirit able to assist—than similar invocations from high places to the Roman Catholic 'Queen of Heaven'—or in Protestant lands to the 'Lord of Hosts' for victory over

their enemies? or for rain or for fair weather? Another memorial, of *Mu-tu-shan*, a high officer on the western frontier, prays that a temple may be erected to the god of war for assisting the imperial troops against the rebels at Kan-chow. We do not raise temples 'to the God of Battles' in Europe, but, as just observed, it is common enough in telegrams and despatches announcing great victories,—to take it for granted that God was on the side of the victorious, and to give Him the glory. Is it not a difference rather in name than in fact?

(To be continued.)



## GUNS AND ARMOUR.

BY COMMANDER WM. DAWSON, R.N.

‘THE best way to defend your own ships is to attack the enemy vigorously’—such, in effect, was the late Admiral Farragut’s advice to the United States Fleet during the American Civil War. And the old Admiral’s example nobly seconded the precept, as, in the wooden frigate *Hartford* he fearlessly led his wood-built squadrons through lines of torpedoes and floating obstructions, past formidable batteries, and against, even, ironclad ships. The defensive value of gunpowder smoke was well illustrated when passing between long lines of batteries. On such occasions, Admiral Farragut never returned the fire in heavy shot or shell, but in clouds of grape, which annoyed his opponents and distracted their aim, whilst obscuring the sides of his ships in their own smoke.

Such practical lessons in real war are apt to be forgotten by those who measure the relative values of ships by the thickest portion of their defensive armour, without respect to their powers of offence. This was not the way in olden times. Then, ships were deemed worthy a place in the line of battle not because of the thickness of their sides, but because of the penetrating powers of their ordnance. The frigate was excluded from the line of battle because carrying 12, 18, or 24 pounders, her *shot* could not perforate the thick sides of the larger vessels; and horizontal shell firing had not yet been introduced. But when the old *Glutton* was armed with 68 pounder carronades, capable of making 8 inch holes in thick wooden sides at close quarters, no reason existed for denying that frigate a place in the line of battle.

It was the Americans who taught us that frigates might have as thick

scantling or timbers, and carry as heavy ordnance, as ships of the line. And long before the screw steamship era the British Navy had adopted the principle that every vessel, large or small, should carry guns of equal calibre, differing only in their number and in the ranges at which perforation was attainable. One of the last and noblest unarmoured steam screw line-of-battle ships was the *Duke of Wellington*, a three-decked ship of 6,071 tons weight, armed with 131 guns. But many steam sloops of war and gunboats carried heavier though fewer ordnance, and no steam frigate was provided with guns of less calibre. The armaments were, in short, so arranged that a couple of frigates, a squadron of sloops, or a cloud of gunboats might have successfully grappled with a hostile two or three decked ship. It was, in fact, the number and not the size of the guns, much less the scantling of the timbers, which determined a ship’s place in the line of battle. And had a general action occurred in the steam-screw wood-built era, no admiral would have been justified in ordering the frigates, sloops and gunboats to hold aloof from the engagement.

The armaments of modern ships are no longer arranged on the principles painfully taught us by the Americans in 1812; but, rather, on the system which prevailed in antecedent times. So that British wooden ships are expected to run away from hostile ironclads, however thin their armour. Only one unarmoured frigate, the *Inconstant*, could come successfully out of such an encounter. The captain of the *Inconstant* would certainly deserve to be shot if that ship did not thrash such foes as our own ironclads *Zealous*, *Warrior*, *Minotaur*,

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&c., or at least if he didn't try to do so. But he might well be deterred from seeking an artillery encounter with the *Peter the Great*, seeing that the *Inconstant's* armament could not perforate the Russian's armour. Similarly, it would be madness for any half-dozen other British unarmoured frigates to enter upon an artillery combat with the weakest hostile ironclad, their armaments being gauged for perforating their own sides rather than those of possible foes. It seems from this to be an accepted dogma that British unarmoured frigates shall always decline to fight hostile ironclads. It is well, however, to note that the foe would not obtain the command of those seas so much because of the thickness of his armour, as because of the weakness of British armaments. This point is of some importance on distant seas, as we cannot hope to have British ironclads at every possible point where a hostile armoured ship may appear. And it is simply absurd that fifth-rate powers in the Pacific or Southern Oceans should be able to drive British squadrons from their shores by the action of single ironclads.

No doubt there always would be great risk in pitting an unarmoured ship against an ironclad, whatever their respective armaments; but in the case of an unarmoured foe the hardihood involved is no greater than we have a right to expect from British seamen. If Farragut could successfully lead his badly armed wood-built ships against badly armoured ironclads manned by Anglo-Saxons like himself, surely British seamen, if allowed to have well-armed wooden ships, might be expected to risk, on occasion, an artillery encounter with a well-armoured ironclad belonging to certain weak naval powers. Seaman-like skill, pluck, and historical traditions, will always stand for some inches of armour; and where these happen to be all on our side, no

unnecessary physical impediment to their employment ought to exist.

When, however, 'Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;' and when the British seaman meets 'a foeman worthy of his steel,' then he may fairly take into account the relative thicknesses of the opposing armour. Nevertheless, even then, he would do well to weigh first the respective armaments. Let us suppose two hostile ironclads to meet on equal terms in every respect except as regards their armour and armament. Let the guns on either side be capable of perforating the other's armour at the extreme *biting* or non-glancing, angle. Then, it matters comparatively little that one ship is plated a couple of inches thicker than the other. But it would matter immensely if the ship with the thinner armour carried the weight of the missing two-inch plates in the form of extra artillery. If by throwing off a couple of inches of armour, double the number of heavy guns capable of perforating the thicker plates could be carried, then, equal skill and pluck being assumed, the chances of victory are doubled.

We speak now simply of the artillery duel, and we assume what is probably true, that British artillerymen are ignorant of the vulnerable points of hostile ships, and would aim as though all parts were equally thickly plated. But we need hardly point out that future naval combats will not necessarily be decided invariably by artillery; and that the thickest plates cover a very small portion of the ship, a portion which an intelligent gunner would carefully avoid if beyond the perforating powers of his particular weapon. When we see certain thickly plated ships tenderly convoyed by more seaworthy vessels from Sheerness to Portsmouth, from Portsmouth to Portland, and back again in the same way, at midsummer and after careful barometrical studies, the authorities holding their

breath tightly when such ships are outside of land-locked harbours, the proper way of attacking such vessels in the open sea would obviously not be by artillery fire. Still, the defensive use of towing torpedoes by such low-freeboard ships might save them from being run over by more seaworthy high-sided vessels, and compel an unskilful foe to rely exclusively on his artillery. It is, indeed, on the assumption that naval torpedoes will be defensively employed by every ship, as safeguards against being rammed, that the question of guns and armour retains its old importance.

The imaginary ironclads, *Artillerist* and *Architect*, differ only in their armour and armament. The *Architect* is own sister to the *Devastation*, protected by 12 inch plates and armed with four 35 ton guns; and the *Artillerist* is covered with 10 inch plates, but armed with fourteen 35 ton guns. These guns are so rifled that they will not destroy themselves, during training practice, in 38 horizontal discharges, but are capable of enduring a well-contested naval action. Moreover, as such mechanical rifling has not 'decidedly the lowest velocities,' and does not compel the employment of reduced charges as at present, the 35 ton gun would consequently perforate the 12 inch plate at an angle of 40° as readily as it would the 10 inch plate. Practically, then, both ships are equally pervious to the other's ordnance. But the *Artillerist* is able to discharge fourteen 700 lb. shells for every four discharged by the *Architect*. If only 10 per cent. of each discharge prove to be good hits, perforating the opponent's side, the advantage will still be enormously in favour of the *Artillerist*.

No doubt the *Architect's* 12 inch armour would stand her in good stead as against a ship armed with lighter ordnance; and so long as ships are armed for the perforation

of their own sides, and not for penetrating those of any enemy they may fall in with, the *Architect's* defensive superiority is advantageous. If, however, all ships were provided with 35 ton guns, in number proportioned to their tonnage, the *Architect's* defensive superiority would be of small avail. It is only an unmechanical rifling which limits the endurance and size of guns. If this rifling were got rid of, there would be no reason why 50 ton guns should not be built to perforate 24 inch plates; and the same argument would, therefore, obtain should the *Architect* be clothed in armour of double thickness, which would be penetrable to mechanically rifled ordnance.

The questions thence arise: Why should not the *Artillerist* be stripped of her armour 2 inches farther, and have that weight substituted in guns? and What is the limit to this diminution of armour and increase in number of the heaviest ordnance? Obviously there is a point at which space forbids additional weapons; and there is also a point at which the perforation of the less heavy guns commonly carried, say the 12½ ton guns, begins. Again, there is a thickness of armour and backing, at which the *perforating* 700 lb. shell ceases to do the maximum of destructive work. Let us suppose that experimental research determines 8 inch armour to be the correct *via media*. Then a very broad short ship, clothed from end to end in 8 inch armour, thinned towards the extremities, and mounting about ten 35 ton guns on *each* broadside, would form the *artillerist's* ideal of an extremely offensive ironclad.

The artillery duel off Portland, on the 5th of July last, resulting, as it did, in the signal defeat of the gun by the armour, has revived the general interest in this question.

Artillerists, nettled at the public failure of the gun, have set themselves to work to explain that the system of rifling which is officially reported to have 'decidedly the lowest velocities' must have decidedly the least penetration. And, critically examining the unmechanical contrivances which cause the French rifling to have 'decidedly the lowest velocities,' they trace it to the system of balancing the shot on two points nearly under its centre of gravity, and of concentrating the rotatory effort upon one of these points. This short rifle-bearing, as it is called, fails to steady and to centre the projectile in the barrel, and the irregular motions within the gun cause the absorption of power, as evidenced by the marks made upon the bore, upon the rifle-bearings, and upon the base of the shot. Moreover, these irregular motions greatly increase in violence when large powder charges are employed, causing accumulations of gases behind the shot, which further enhance the irregularities. To limit these motions and accumulations, the powder charge is reduced far below that which the bore could otherwise usefully consume, with a corresponding diminution of velocity and perforating power. If the shot were free to escape along the centre of the bore without thus wedging its rifle-bearings over the edges of the grooves, it would not have 'decidedly the lowest velocities;' and the artillery duel off Portland might have had a very different result.

However, the encounter between the 25 ton gun of the *Hotspur* and the 14 inch plate protecting the front of the *Glatton's* turret does not dishearten artillerists. True, neither the 25 ton nor the 35 ton gun can at present employ all the powder they could usefully burn. True, they have 'decidedly the lowest velocities,' and, consequently, strike weak blows. True, they have very

small endurance, and cannot be fired continuously, or with high elevations, or with long projectiles, lest their end should be still more untimely. But the cause is evident and removable. The able Principal of the School of Naval Architecture told the British Association that 'the consent of all mechanicians and engineers with whom he had ever conversed was absolutely unanimous in the condemnation of the "Woolwich" system of rifling, and that he had never heard any serious defence of it.' Nobody has aught but praise for British-built ordnance. Nobody has aught but blame for the misapplication of power within them. Hardly a single quarterly training practice takes place in the British Fleet without one or more of the heavier guns being disabled whilst discharging eight projectiles each at canvas targets. Yet the guns are strong enough, and no addition of metal would prevent these mishaps. The rifle-bearing is only one inch in each groove, whether the shot be 115 lbs. or 700 lbs. in weight. Hence, the larger the gun and its projectile, the more suicidal the unmechanical action of the projectile. Thus a 6½ ton gun may discharge its 115 lb. projectiles a thousand times without much injury; but when a 25 ton gun does so 200 times, spread over several months, at low elevations, and with reduced charges of slow-burning powder, the official *Manual of Naval Gunnery* records the fact as 'proving that their powers of endurance are most satisfactory'! and when a 12 inch 35 ton gun is found to have four cracks and four fissures in the grooved part of the bore, necessitating its being rebuilt, after only 38 slow discharges with low elevations and short projectiles, a dozen more of the same kind are ordered for the British Navy to fight with.

Though the gun failure at Portland was far more attributable to

that system of rifling which 'has decidedly the lowest velocities' than to the resistance of the 14 inch armour, it must be observed that the conditions of the experiment were highly favourable to the artillerist. The two ships were fastened together at a carefully measured distance of two hundred yards; the water was smooth as a mill-pond, the air without a breath, the plane of the armour fairly at right angles to the path of the projectile, the aim deliberately taken after two blank and five shotted preliminary discharges, a well-trained crew working the best mechanical broadside carriage in the world obeyed the marksman's behests, and everything that cool skill could suggest contributed to favour the gun. Of the five preliminary shot, four were aimed at a canvas target placed on the *Glatton's* deck near the turret, and one at the turret itself; these shot played round their bull's-eyes, as expected, near enough to them to prove the accuracy of aim, but so uncertainly as to illustrate the imperfect rotation incidental to the unmechanical rifling. The fifth shot, indeed, in its irregularity of flight, missed the turret altogether, and the two hitting shot—the sixth and seventh—each struck eighteen inches below their marks; yet these last two shot appeared to strike fairly at right angles, and to penetrate as deep as previous experience led scientific artillerists to expect from a shot projected under that system of rifling which 'has decidedly the lowest velocities.' The shot did not get through the sides, the working parts of the turret were unharmed, and the internal damages were insufficient to have caused even a temporary cessation of fire in action.

Yet the conditions of the experiment were exceptionally favourable to penetration. The loss of velocity due to the 200 yards range between the *Hotspur* and the *Glatton* was

only 25 feet per second; and a 12 inch 600 lb. shot, which left the gun at the rate of 1,357 feet per second, would have struck at 200 yards the necessary blow of 7,378 foot-tons; but the charge employed would only drive the shot at the maximum velocity of 1,300 feet, striking, at 200 yards' distance, a blow of 6,788 tons, which, though ample to perforate the 12 inch side, was unequal to getting through the 14 inch plates in front of the turret.

Now, naval combats are not likely to be fought out in a mill-pond between two immovable ships securely fastened to one another, and the circumstances under which shot would impinge on the armoured side of a ship at right angles, horizontally and vertically, will so rarely meet, that they may be regarded as accidental. If the extreme angle of incidence at which penetration would take place be about  $40^\circ$ , then the 14 inch plate would present at that angle a diagonal depth of about 20 inches to be perforated. To accomplish this, the 600 lb. shot must leave the gun at the rate of 1,560 feet, or a 700 lb. shot of the same (12 inch) calibre must do so at the rate of 1,440 feet, striking, in either case, a blow of 9,737 foot-tons. But neither the 25 ton nor the 35 ton gun, as at present rifled, on the system which yields 'decidedly the lowest velocities,' project their respective shot faster than 1,300 feet per second, and neither could perforate the *Glatton's* turret at the extreme biting or non-glancing angle. The loss due to the unmechanical rifling is mainly twofold—(1) in restraining the free escape of the shot, and (2) in compelling the employment of a greatly reduced powder charge—and is equivalent in these 12 inch guns to the perforation of about two additional inches of armour. Though the *Glatton's* turret might be expected



to be far more impervious to British guns as now rifled, in the open sea, than even as witnessed at Portland, yet it is clear that its impenetrability is due rather to the lack of velocity in the shot than to excessive thickness of armour.

Another consideration which comforts the artillerist under the defeat at Portland is, that the 14 inch armour covers only a very few superficial feet of the *Glatton*. The experiment teaches him to avoid that small impenetrable area, both because of its impenetrability under the present slow-velocity rifling, and because of the difficulties of aiming at so small a target. No artillerist would aim at the 14 inch plated turret front, though if engaging to leeward, with the hostile turret inclined towards him, he might risk a shot at its open top. Should the foe take up a leeward position to avoid exposing the open turret top, then the inclined deck to windward would intercept her own fire, except when the battle raged nearly abeam. When the *Devastation* was undergoing her speed trials in smooth water, it was found that when turning at full speed the action of the water on the submerged portion of the hull caused her to heel steadily 4°. A similar heel would probably be produced by the action of a strong breeze upon the balloon-shaped surfaces beneath the hurricane deck, which are at least as large as the largest sail carried by any ship. If with such a heel the guns were levelled for the horizon on the weather or upper side, their shot would pass through the deck when laid abeam, and through the armoured breastwork when laid a few points forward or aft. Evidently, then, the *Devastation* would, under such circumstances, try to keep her foe to leeward, and if the heave of the sea seriously increased the heel the open turret top would become exposed to a marksman's aim. With

this exception, it would be the duty of the gunner to aim at the most vulnerable portion of the hull, and as a rule this offers much the largest target.

As between the *Glatton* and the broadside or fixed-turret ship *Hotspur*, the experiment proves nothing. For if the turret of the *Glatton* were ten times stronger, her fighting capabilities would be very slightly affected. Such a low freeboard ship would in a general action at sea be very easily run over, if it did not voluntarily go to the bottom before the action began. And, as we have said, no artillerist in his senses would aim at the 14 inch plates when the perforation of much thinner ones would more speedily sink the vessel. On the other hand, the *Hotspur's* rencontre with an Irish pig-boat in smooth water is not lost upon seamen. And it is well known that when the *Hotspur* accompanied the squadron in the English Channel, in midsummer, the admiral was ordered to send that ship into port the moment the barometer looked suspicious—an order which was faithfully complied with. Moreover, the *Hotspur's* armament affords the extremest example of that tendency to diminution of offensive power manifested in successive armoured types. Every ton of ordnance is floated by 125 tons weight of ship in the *Hotspur*, whereas in the *Royal Alfred*, an old ironclad, the proportion is one ton of ordnance to every 38 tons of ship, and the unarmoured *Inconstant* carries one ton of armament for every 35 tons of ship. In this respect the *Glatton* is only less objectionable than her late amicable opponent, supporting each ton of gun upon 97 tons weight of ship. That the offensive artillery powers are gradually reaching a vanishing point, will be made clearer when we state that whilst the *Blazer* of 218 tons weight carries one 18 ton gun, a 25 ton gun is

floated upon 4,010 tons of ship in the *Hotspur*. Of course, the obvious explanation is that the *Blazer* is a slow unarmoured vessel intended to operate in shoal waters, but capable of going round the world, and the *Hotspur* is a fast, low-freeboard, breast-work ironclad ship, too deep for harbour defence, and less qualified for coast defence than a more seaworthy vessel.

Whenever a ship is found unsafe or unseaworthy, it has become customary to class her as a coast-defence ship, under the misapprehension that a less degree of seaworthiness is necessary on the coasts of Great Britain than elsewhere. No doubt, in the case of shallow-draft boats the contiguity of land is advantageous in threatening weather, as they can find shelter in many small creeks and estuaries. But when the vessel requires 19 feet of smooth water to float in, land under the lee is a questionable complication of the situation. Such a ship cruising in Cardigan Bay, or on the east coast of England, dare not approach the land in a heavy gale, and must be driven at full steam power against wind and sea. Whereas in open water prudent seamanship would relax the engines and present the bow rather than the stem to the waves. That is to say, in an Atlantic storm the ship can be relieved in compliance with the requirements of wind and sea, making good weather of it; but embayed, or with a long stretch of coast under the lee, no such relief could be accorded, the governing condition being the rocks to leeward. Hence, for large and heavy ships, seaworthiness is demanded in a greater degree in coast warfare than in ocean cruising. If any distinction be admitted between coast-defence ships and others, it should only be as to carrying capacity and depth. For such purposes, the gunboat class, carrying the heaviest guns on a light draft

and small tonnage, are infinitely superior to any other. Moreover, such vessels can live in any weather, and might, on occasion, be employed for the only true British coast defence, viz. that of the enemy's waters.

Looking to the future of ironclads, it seems not unlikely that great breadth of beam and much thicker armour will be given. Turrets will probably be discarded, and the guns will be raised and lowered somewhat after the Moncrieff fashion. In due time, the gunners will become sufficiently intelligent to rebel against a system of gun mounting which, however advantageous on land, is utterly unsuited to naval warfare. The lowering apparatus will cease to be used, and the guns will be fought *en barbette* or with a light covering to keep out lead bullets. Then, after a time, fashion may be expected to come back to a modification of the broadside system. It depends much on the policy adopted by other maritime nations as to the rate of progress. But there are no signs at present of intelligent artillerists having a voice in naval armaments, or of offence having reached its lowest ebb. Defence will, doubtless, for some time hold sway. Nor is the system to be undervalued which compels a rapidly progressive diminution of endurance in ordnance. If, by presenting 14 inch armour to a foe, he is compelled to employ a 35 ton gun which gives way at the 38th horizontal discharge spread over four months, and may be expected to give way at the 20th battering charge in quick firing with elevation, those 20 discharges only making two good hits, then victory is gained through the mere weakness of the guns. If, then, a 20 inch plate be presented to the foe, a 50 ton gun throwing a 1,000 lb. shot must meet it. But, if rifled on the same unmechanical principles as

other British guns, the process of self-destruction may reasonably be expected to progress in a similar ratio to that of the 25 ton and the 35 ton guns. Then, the 50 ton gun might endure about 20 full-quantity powder charges when fired slowly and horizontally, and half that number when fired quickly with elevation. If not previously disabled whilst training the crew, each 50 ton gun might make one good hit before receiving the *coup de grâce* from its own projectile. Victory would remain as before with the 20 inch armour owing to the self-destroying agencies at work within the gun in the effort of the 1,000 lb. shot to escape at the speed necessary for the complete perforation of the plate.

The naval architect must not, however, suppose that common sense will always be excluded from the Ordnance Department. Naval artillerists may, it is to be hoped, become in time sufficiently educated to make their experience valuable to the country. Their

voices will then command an attention which it does not now receive. And when the rifling system, which is alone responsible for the rapid destruction of British guns, is abolished, then the 'powers of endurance' of 50 ton or 70 ton guns will be at least more 'satisfactory' than those of the present heavy ordnance; whilst they will be able to employ the largest powder charges which their respective bores can consume. They will not then have 'decidedly the lowest velocities,' and as their shot rattle through the 20 inch armour at every *biting* angle, the question will arise whether more such guns and less armour would not be more effective in the day of battle. Meanwhile, it is evident that, whatever be the results of single shot fired at fixed targets at Shoeburyness, naval victories are likely to favour those who have the thickest armour, provided the foe is thus compelled to employ ordnance which has 'the lowest velocities' and the least endurance.



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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents are desired to observe that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.*

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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1873.

## THE TRANSFER OF LAND.

IN these days of wonderful projects, when there seems no limit to credulity and capital, nor to the wildness and bigness of engineering schemes, one is almost surprised that we have had no proposal for filling up St. George's Channel, so that a railway could be made direct from Cork to Bristol and from Belfast to Liverpool. It would be a grand work; but I hope I may be pardoned if, while I avoid giving any outline of the undertaking, I glance at a few of the political results which it seems to me would be advantageous to Great Britain—except in one respect; we should lose the eminent services which Ireland has rendered and is rendering to the United Kingdom as a trial-ground, and as a motive power for great reforms.

For the easy progress which the liberalisation of government has made in England, Ireland possesses great indirect claims upon our gratitude. The trade of the empire, which, as Mr. Gladstone truly says, has augmented by leaps and bounds, might still have been confined by what we should now regard as a famine price of wheat, had not the attitude of Ireland, in consequence of the potato disease, set firm the swaying mind of Peel in the direction of Free Trade. We have the record of this influence upon his own confession, and was it not to the same agitation that the Duke of Wellington conceded that bare measure of justice to which, as a citizen

of a free country, I blush to refer under the common title of Catholic 'Emancipation'—as though religious liberty were not the unquestionable, inalienable birthright of every individual in such a community? I shall not lay much stress upon the Irish Church Act, because the circumstances were so different from those which surround the sister Establishment in this country; but had Ireland been as Wales is, a part of the mainland, I doubt very much if even Mr. Gladstone's burning sense of justice would have enabled him ere this to have removed an anomaly so scandalous, one which could only be matched by the establishment—which, thank God, is, we know, impossible—of Roman Catholic supremacy in this Protestant land. And finally I come to the Land Laws of Ireland; in regard to which she is now under a régime so different from that which prevails in England. But who will assert that these wholesome and liberal changes would have been enacted had it not been that the lawless condition of the country, and the miserable involvements of so many of the landowners, compelled the establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court, of the Record of Titles Office, and of the legal enforcement of tenant right?

As, however, I propose for the present to confine myself strictly to the subject of the Transfer of Land, I shall not touch upon the operation of the Land Act, but solely upon

the example of the Landed Estates Court, which, in its record of titles, is fast becoming a registry for the transfer of Irish land. Ireland is, as everyone knows, mainly an agricultural country, and such are always more prone to be Catholic than manufacturing communities. A chief reason why Catholic communities do not succeed in manufacture is owing to the number of religious holy-days and to the habits which such intervals of enforced rest engender. But, of course, there are other and obvious reasons why the three southern Provinces of Ireland have not succeeded in manufacture, and I allude to this only to explain the very general embarrassment of the landowners which led to the foundation of the Encumbered Estates Court. Generations trained away from habits of business to a life of sporting and personal indulgence, constrained by a sense of duty and public opinion to provide for all their children, and compelled by even a stronger rule of custom to give the old domain to the eldest son, soon became involved. In England, such drones in our hive found from time to time among the daughters of Heth—*i.e.* of trade and of commerce—fair means of relieving the estate which bore their family name and fortunes; but in Ireland this tribe of golden-handed maidens did not exist, and English fathers seldom felt elation at the thought of establishing their daughters in the castles of distant Ireland. So there was no remedy, no relief to be had but through a surgical process of legislation, and it was decreed that a Court should be established, in which, upon the petition either of the owners or of the creditors of encumbered settled estates, these could be sold, and the land, together with its incumbent, set free. Matters were so arranged that the Court should enquire into and record the title with despatch and economy, and

should give to the purchaser a simple and indisputable claim. What has been the result? The operation of the Tribunal was found so beneficial in regard to the Transfer of Land, that the Encumbered Estates Court soon became the Landed Estates Court, in the archives of which the titles of any estates might be recorded after proper notice and investigation, and a sale of all or part conducted with economy and credit.

I do not assert that this legislation was intended to promote the Transfer of Land, but such has undoubtedly been its effect. The owners and occupiers of land have in all countries and at all times been the most powerful class, though in the United Kingdom the perpetuation of the feudal system, long after the people have outgrown its restrictions, has here, and here alone, of all States in the world, endangered this supremacy. In this matter of Land Tenure Reform, I presume to speak both as a Conservative and as a Liberal, and to address my remarks in the first place to the landowners, as of particular and urgent importance to them. Although I believe implicitly in a policy of righteousness, and in such as moulding every day more and more the policy of nations, yet in nearly twenty years of manhood I have learned the sad truth that classes are actuated primarily by self-interest, and that only secondarily do they unite with others in regard to the public welfare. Often have I heard old Irishmen pipe in the treble of age the song they heard in childhood about the

Good news,

That Boney's left Elba this morning.

of which they all agree the esoteric meaning was that the price of the barrel of corn in England would be more than doubled. Bred among landowners and farmers in this island, I remember

in childhood hearing tales of 'the good old times' when a crop of wheat—fourteen sacks to the acre—had actually been worth the fee simple of the rich land on which it grew, and the talk of the day was that a traitor's death would be the proper fate of Villiers and Cobden and Bright, who were then, through evil and good report, labouring to give the people the inestimable blessing of cheap bread.

That great step which has been made in Ireland towards Free Trade in Land was taken to a great extent unconsciously, and therefore with much error, but the natural operation of self-interest is nevertheless fast making the Landed Estates Court a registry for the more ready and economic Transfer of Land. The Encumbered Estates Court was established in 1849, and up to the present date, say, in the space of twenty-three years, *nearly one-sixth of the soil of Ireland* has passed, in regard to title, through the hands of the Examiners. I do not aver that the whole of this land has been sold, though it cannot be questioned that the object of such examination has always had reference to sale. Anyone who takes up an Irish newspaper may learn much of the operation of the Court. He will find that though the pernicious laws and customs in regard to primogeniture, entail, and strict settlement, obtain in Ireland, as in England and Scotland, yet that the sales of land are vastly more numerous; and especially he will notice the extreme rarity of a sale conducted otherwise than under the authority of the Court, and the still more exceptional occurrence of a sale of land without a title stamped with the authority of that Tribunal. In fact the landowners of Ireland have already learned the marketable value of a simple, indefeasible, registered title, and accordingly there are many notices in Irish journals of application for registration, even when a

sale is not immediately contemplated. Of course the economic value of such an operation consists mainly in the fact that such Transfers imply the surrender of the great natural agent in production—the land—from ill-managing, because embarrassed hands, to those which also hold the means to make it bring forth in greater abundance.

Nothing saddens one more in regard to this question of Land Tenure Reform than the wilful blindness of the *Times*. Now he is gone, the *Times* permits to Mr. Cobden a post-humous appearance on the subject, but the valuable correspondence of that journal has never been enriched by a fair exposition of the benefits which would accrue from Free Trade in Land. It suits the *Times* to catch a half-truth, like that in regard to the Sales of Land having amounted in 1872 to 10,000,000*l.*; to dilate on it with an unction, and with purblind satisfaction; and so the great journal leads a number of sharpshooters like the Duke of Somerset to retail its fallacies to gaping rustics. How much more true to its proper function of rightly directing the public opinion of this country would the *Times* have been, if, instead of taking this 10,000,000*l.* as a text for shallow glorification over the Land system of this country, it had regarded its singular inadequacy to the circumstances of England! How much more true, for example, it would have been to say:—'Here is a country of surprising wealth, a country in which capital has increased and is increasing at a rate which surpasses even the imagination of the past, which is so rich that the world is to a great extent under mortgage to its people. Its realm is so secure that it is the banker of the universe; above all, its soil is guarded not only by the sea, but by a dense and unconquerable people. And yet, such is the operation of its antiquated laws and customs with regard to the



Tenure of Land, so clumsy and costly is its method of Transfer, that in the year of its greatest wealth and of its most unexampled prosperity, the Transfer of Real Property did not exceed the value of ten millions, an amount which, in the shape of a Six per Cent. Loan to France, London would cover in ten minutes.' Is any one hardy enough to say that this would not have been a more accurate way of putting the fact? Let me then for his conviction make almost the only reference I shall resort to in this paper to the Land system of a foreign State, for I intend on this occasion to confine myself to the affairs if not of the United Kingdom, at all events to those of 'Greater Britain. In France, the Transfer of Land is rendered onerous to the parties concerned, by the imposition of a considerable tax on the transaction, amounting in fact to *more than six per cent.* But notwithstanding this, we find from one of the greatest authorities that in France—*the value of immovable [real] property annually sold, may be estimated at 80,000,000l. ; that which changes hands by succession at 60,000,000l., the duties charged upon both amounting to 8,000,000l.* Thus in France—which that great economist, Mr. John Ramsay McCulloch, predicted fifty years ago would to-day be 'a pauper-warren' as a consequence of its Land system—the ordinary annual Transfer of Land by sale is *eight times as great* as in the halcyon year of English commercial and financial history.

But we need not go outside the United Kingdom to show the unreasonable character of this jubilation inaugurated by the *Times* upon the strength of figures of which it mistook the meaning. We may again refer to the operation of the Landed Estates Court in Ireland, and from that we may gather what would be the effect of a more free Transfer of Land among this

supremely wealthy and land-loving English people. Through that Court, as I have already said, nearly a sixth of all the lands in Ireland have passed, either for sale or with a view to sale or mortgage, in the space of twenty-three years. Now let us suppose that the real property of England had been dealt with in the same manner. It would be quite a mistake to assume that English estates are not grievously encumbered. None will question the authority of Mr. Caird, who concluded his report upon English agriculture in the following words:—'There is one great barrier to improvement which the present state of agriculture must force on the attention of the Legislature—the *great extent to which landed property is encumbered.* In every county where we found an estate more than usually neglected, the reason assigned was the inability of the proprietor to make improvements on account of his encumbrances. We have not data by which to estimate with accuracy the proportion of Land in each county in this position, but our information satisfies us that it is much greater than is generally supposed. Even where estates are not hopelessly embarrassed, landlords are often pinched by debt, which they could clear off if they were enabled to sell a portion, or if that portion could be sold without the difficulties and expense which must now be submitted to. If it were possible to render the Transfer of Land nearly as cheap and easy as that of Stock in the Funds, *the value of English property would be greatly increased.* It would simplify every transaction both with landlord and tenant. Those only who could afford to perform the duties of landlord would then find it prudent to hold that position. Capitalists would be induced to purchase unimproved properties for the purpose of improving them and selling them at a profit. A measure

which would not only permit the sale of encumbered estates, but facilitate and simplify the Transfer of Land, would be more beneficial to the owners and occupiers of Land and to the labourers in this country than any connected with agriculture which has yet engaged the attention of the Legislature.' Such is the opinion of one of the most intelligent and well-informed of the Tithe, Copyhold, and Enclosure Commissioners who sit in St. James's Square; and with this authoritative view of the condition of English Land I propose to show from the operations of the Landed Estates Court in Ireland how greatly the Transfer of Land in this country would be increased if we had even the facilities which are possessed in Ireland, and how absurd was the triumph of the *Times* over this sum of 10,000,000*l.* I believe I am correct in saying that the *Times* has endorsed the estimate made by Sir John Lubbock of the value of the real property in the country at 4,500,000,000*l.*, or thirty years' purchase of 150,000,000*l.* the estimated rental. I do not accept that valuation, but for the present I am not referring to my own opinions. In twenty-three years the Landed Estates Court has touched nearly a sixth of the land of Ireland. It is not reasonable to suppose that if the same causes were at work in England, the proportion in extent and value of property transferred would not be vastly greater than in Ireland. There, as I have lately seen in the Counties of Meath and Westmeath, the differences of religion which, as a rule, separate the owners and occupiers of land, and the terror of assassination which has been rampant in these years to which I am referring, together with the comparative poverty of all, contrast forcibly with the teeming wealth of England, and the plea-

sure, the security, the unmenaced influence which attach to the ownership of Land in England. But even if we make the unreasonable supposition that in England the Transfer would be no greater than in Ireland—what do we find? Suppose that in twenty-three years property to the value of one-sixth part of Sir John Lubbock's estimate had been dealt with; that would be 750,000,000*l.*, or more than 32,500,000*l.* a-year!

We may surely, therefore, with general acquiescence, consider that the Transfer of Land in this country is lamentably hampered by restrictions, which it was the duty of the Legislature long since to have removed; and what is perhaps most curious is to hear men talk as though the country were proceeding to this and such like reforms at break-neck speed. The danger really lies in the opposite direction. I hold that to deny—as I understood the Duke of Somerset to do lately—the need, nay, more, the urgency of alteration in regard to what are called the Land Laws of the country, is about as truly conservative a policy as would be that of a stoker, who, seeing his fires grow hotter than ever in a stationary engine, should sit upon the safety-valve. Is it not wonderful that we, in the reign of Victoria, retain practices in respect to the Transfer of Land more barbarous than those of the Plantagenets? But even this is perhaps less anomalous than that we should do so in the teeth of the arguments of the greatest lawyers of our time and of both parties in the State. No Liberal lawyer is more respected than Lord Hatherley? He has said, 'Look how the limitations of your law affect the Transfer of your Land. It is only on account of these that you have difficulties as to title; because, if it were not for the complexity of limitations, a system of registration

<sup>1</sup> Address on Jurisprudence. Meeting of Social Science Association, 1859.

would long since have been established, which, so far as fraud and rapidity of Transfer were concerned, would have freed us from any difficulty of title whatever. You have now the combined effect of fraud and the complicated investigation of title, which operates in the most serious manner to prevent the free Transfer of the Land in our community. *What I wish, and have long wished for, is a free Transfer of Land.*' On the other side, take a lawyer so eminent and so powerful as Lord Cairns:<sup>2</sup> what does he say? He has illustrated the evil in the following felicitous manner:—'You buy an estate at an auction, or you enter into a contract for the purchase of an estate. You are very anxious to get possession of the property you have bought, and the vendor is very anxious to get his money. But do you get possession of the property? On the contrary, you cannot get the estate, nor can the vendor get his money, until after a lapse—sometimes no inconsiderable portion of a man's lifetime—spent in the preparation of abstracts, in the comparison of deeds, in searches for encumbrances, in objections made to the title, in answers to those objections, in disputes which arise upon the answers, in endeavours to cure the defects. Not only months, but years frequently pass in a history of that kind; and I should say that it is an uncommon thing in this country for a purchase of any magnitude to be completed—completed by possession and payment of the price—in a period under, at all events, twelve months. The consequences of this were stated in the Report of the Commission [on the Land Transfer Act of 1862]. The Commissioners state in their Report, "When a contract is duly entered into, the investigation of the title often causes, not only expense, but delay and disappointment, sickening both

to the seller and to the buyer. The seller does not receive his money nor the buyer his land, until the advantage or pleasure of the bargain is lost or has passed away." Unquestionably that is one and a very great evil under which we labour. But that is not the greatest evil. I can well imagine that the purchaser of an estate would be content to submit to delay, and even to considerable expense, if he were assured that when the delay and expense were over, upon that occasion at all events he would have a title as to the dealings with which for the future there would be no difficulty; but unfortunately that is not the case. Suppose I buy an estate today. I spend a year, or two or three years in ascertaining whether the title is a good one. I am at last satisfied. I pay the expense—the considerable expense, which is incurred—in addition to the price which I have paid for my estate, and I obtain a conveyance of my estate. About a year afterwards I desire to raise money upon mortgage of this estate, I find some one willing to lend me money, provided I have a good title to the land. The man says:—"It is very true that you bought this estate, and that you investigated the title, but I cannot be bound by your investigation of the title, nor can I be satisfied by it." Perhaps he is a trustee, who is lending money which he holds upon trust. He says:—"My solicitor must examine the title, and my counsel must advise upon it." And then as between me, the owner of the estate, and the lender of the money, there is a repetition of the same process which took place upon my purchase of the estate, and consequently the same expense is incurred as when I bought it; and for the whole of that, I, the owner of the estate and the borrower of the money, must pay. Well, that is not

<sup>2</sup> Speech on Introduction of Registration of Titles Bill, 1859.

all. Months or years after all this is completed, from circumstances I find I must sell my estate altogether. I find a person willing to become a purchaser. The intending purchaser says:—"No doubt you thought this was a good title when you bought this estate, and no doubt this lender of money thought he had a very good security when he lent his money; but you are now asking me to pay my money. I must be satisfied that the title is a good one; my solicitor must look into it, and my counsel must advise upon it." Then again commence abstracts, examinations, objections, difficulties, correspondence, and delay. I am the owner of the estate, and I must pay substantially for the whole of that, because, although the expense there is paid in the first instance by the purchaser, of course, in the same proportion as that expense is borne by him, in the same proportion will he abate the price which he will give for the estate.'

Thus we have the present system of Transfer of Land defined by the great luminaries of the Law. I will quote only one other authority, and I refer to Mr. Freshfield for two reasons,—first, because he is a most eminent member of that very important body of professional men, the solicitors and attorneys, who are practically engaged in the conveyance of Land, and secondly, because, going beyond Lord Hatherley and Lord Cairns, he tells us that our system of Transfer is not only a puzzle, but a fiction—that, in fact, while every man may be sure he has paid his purchase money and his attorney's bill, and has endured all the heart-sickening delay of which Lord Cairns speaks so forcibly, no man can be sure, even when he stands upon it as the reputed owner, that he has indisputable possession of the estate. It seems that under the monstrous system of conveyance which prevails in the United Kingdom, all the right that a man can

purchase to a plot of land, is a better right, in the opinion of his lawyers, or on the showing of his deeds, than that of any person whom they can name, or who is named in the parchments. Mr. Freshfield says that 'title by deed can never be demonstrated as an ascertained fact; it can only be presented as an inference more or less probable, deducible from the documentary and other evidence accessible at the time being.'

Now, why in the name of all that is English and straightforward and simple should this state of things continue? How comes it, after the leading lawyers of both parties have condemned the system, and when we can add to theirs such testimony as this from a leading solicitor—himself, I believe, a Conservative—that such truthful and momentous words are spoken, as it were, to the idle wind? Lord Westbury, in the same chamber of which Lord Cairns and Lord Hatherley are ornaments, speaking on the same subject, has called us a 'lawyer-ridden people;' and shall we not ask ourselves, why does it endure?

Half the people seem disposed to think the system is as English and as immoveable as the Surrey Hills. I have thought much upon the answer, and I can only state my own conclusions frankly and fearlessly. I think, then, that the reason why these gentlemen speak in vain is, that they are generally retained as the counsel of the rich—except on the rare occasions when they thus break out, they are retained for the defence—and that the rich distinctly prefer the maintenance of the existing condition of things in regard to the Transfer of Land. And why should they not? What could be better suited to a régime of entails and settlement, and of absorption, as it were, by attraction of the smaller by the bigger estates? Different from all others in many respects, our Land system is most

different in this—that the costs of Transfer are to the amount of the purchase money, less as that increases. I was talking not long ago with an English millionaire who had purchased Prince Napoleon's estate of Prangins, on the Lake of Geneva. He was describing with admiration the simplicity of the transfer: how it was all a work of a few hours; how he then held an indisputable title—such as Mr. Freshfield tells us no layman in England can be sure he has got; and how the costs were settled by a cheque, as to the amount of which there could be no dispute, and of the proceeds of which no inconsiderable portion went to the common purse of the Canton in which that beautiful property is situate. Now in England the process is all the other way. Mr. James Beal, a well-known land agent, states that he has often signed deeds for the purchase of property of small value and extent, when the legal expenses have equalled one-third of the purchase money. A case occurred not long since in which I had a personal interest; the purchase money was about 7,000*l.*, and the solicitor who had charge of the conveyance evidently thought that a purchaser ought to feel happy who obtained a bundle of new and old parchments, together with the best title the sellers could give, for about 150*l.*, or rather more than 2 per cent. If the purchase money had been 100,000*l.*, not all his skill in regard to making bills could have wrought the charge up to one-half per cent. Thus it is that the purchaser of a whole parish or a manor is protected by our system of Transfer, and the small buyer—whom the Duke of Somerset refers to the supplement of the *Times* for his satisfaction—is oppressed. Among those announcements to which the man with the savings of a farmer or a small tradesman is referred by the Duke, there were last year such bargains

to be had as the Tring Park or the Grimstone Estate, and each sold by auction for about 250,000*l.* On such, the percentage of the cost of conveyance would be but a flea-bite; our lumbering system of Transfer has no money hardships or hindrances for the newly-ermined Peer who wishes to put half a county under his coronet. But how is the little man, who counts his pounds—ay, and his shillings—the man for whom all these noble Lords and great lawyers speak (when they are in Opposition, *bien entendu*)—how shall he go to the Auction Mart and bid for a farm, when it is simply impossible for him to sit down first and count the cost of his purchase? He may resolve that so far and no farther shall his bidding go; but the cost of conveyance may amount, as Mr. Beal says, to a third of the purchase money—who can tell? Has not the history of the land for sixty years, for two generations, to be rummaged over?

I do not say there have been no attempts to remedy this inefficient mode of Transfer, but I venture to affirm that the establishment which Lord Westbury set up by way of improvement is an utter if not a conspicuous failure. In truth, as one who feels a deep interest in the economic expenditure of public money, I could wish that the desolate Land Registry Office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which Lord Westbury's Act set up, were a little more conspicuous. This 26 and 27 Vict. c. 67 did indeed establish the idea of an indefeasible title; and that is something in a country accustomed to the 'glorious uncertainties' of conveyancing by deed. But let us take a look at the office. There is a registrar at 2,500*l.* per annum; there is an assistant registrar at 1,500*l.* per annum. At the first hint of indefeasibility there was a rush of suppliants to the altar of these titles; the registrars

worked late and early; the examiners of title laboured; the two solicitors of the office rubbed their hands with joy as the fees came pouring in; the chief clerk and his three subordinates asked for further assistance. But it was a day-dream. To register a title as indefeasible, that title must have no restrictions upon it whatever; a single doubtful word in any of its numerous deeds, and indefeasible it could not be. Expenses too were heavy; they were like scorpions, compared to the accustomed whips of legal charges. And so the public refuses to dance, though still the Office plays. In words attributed to a high authority in the Office, 'one registrar could do it all, and I am in a position to state that one would not suffer in health from overwork.' The result is that in ten years the Office has registered titles of land to the value of about 5,000,000*l.*, and in extent about 50,000 acres. At such a rate of progress it would take about 750 years to accomplish the registration of all the land in the country. This, I should think, is not unfairly described as 'how not to do it.'

Of course such a subject has not been without illumination from that luminous body, a Royal Commission. No one who knows anything of England would doubt for a moment that a Royal Commission had sate upon the question of Land Transfer. In Part 2 of the Report which contains their views on the working of Lord Westbury's Act, and the causes of its failure, we find them frankly stating that:— 'As the number of applications for registration during the six years that the Act has been in force did not average more than 80 per annum, and are falling off, it is clear that the amount of business done is insignificant, and its progress affords no hope of increase.' The Commissioners thought that obstruction was caused by the re-

quirement in the 5th section of Lord Westbury's Act, that the person who sought registration should make out not merely what is called 'a good holding title,' but a title such as the Court of Chancery would compel an unwilling purchaser to accept; and Mr. Gregory, the eminent London solicitor, who is also M.P. for East Sussex, has proposed to amend the Act in that direction. But they would not touch the third cause of failure to which the Commissioners point—'the disclosure of trusts' upon the register. Is it possible to conceive anything more cumbrous, more surely predestined to failure? The only wonder of the reader will be—why should the ablest men in England make such laws? Well, the reason is simply this—the boundaries of reform are marked out for them somewhat after the fashion of a skating ring on the Serpentine. One great area—the professional area—where the solicitors' clients have tumbled in again and again to their necks in costs, is marked 'Dangerous;,' then there is the area which is broken up with the interests or the supposed interests of the landed gentry—that again is labelled 'Very Dangerous;,' and so on, until the poor law-maker, who is more to be pitied than some people suppose, warned on one side of the peers and squires, on another of the lawyers, and urged, above all, not to be 'sensational' by colleagues who are chiefly anxious to retain their places as her Majesty's Ministers, produces one of the legislative abortions, of which the miserable skeletons are strewn upon the track of Parliament. There is probably not a lawyer of eminence who does not think that conveyancing by registration of title is superior to conveyancing by deed. I should be unwilling to suppose that there is one who thinks it necessary that the title of every plot of land in the country

should have its history written in crabbed letters, and written again and re-written for the immense space of sixty years. Why it is not sixty years since the Battle of Waterloo! I lose patience when I regard the construction of many of the laws under which we live—laws which seem retained only to add to the cost of existence, and to the waste of time and money and intellect, all of which might be employed in the service of more just and simple statutes: I say 'just,' because those laws are obviously unjust which, being needlessly expensive to set in motion, press more hardly on the poor than on the rich.

It is refreshing to turn from this 'lawyer-ridden country,' and to see what 'Greater' Britain can do, and has accomplished in regard to the Transfer of Land. The operation of Sir Robert Torrens' Act in Australia appears to be a complete success; and he has recently afforded us an opportunity of inspecting the machinery and working of the measure by a personal description. Sir Robert says the measure was suggested to him in the course of official duties connected with the transfer of Shipping. He observed that at any great Custom House 'you may see an ordinary mercantile clerk, without any difficulty, and with perfect security, conducting transfers and mortgages of property in Shipping; and the time occupied in thus dealing with a vast property such as that of the *Great Eastern* would not exceed half an hour.' He saw that the 'immobility and divisibility of the land, so far from preventing, do greatly facilitate the dealing with land by registration of title, especially as regards the complication of the record through the frequency of joint ownership, arising out of the indivisibility of Shipping property;' and his Bill became the Law of South Australia in 1857.

Already, he tells us that no fewer than 18,000 or 19,000 'distinct titles (a considerable proportion of them complicated or blistered) have been placed upon the record without practical injury or injustice to any one.' Under the system there in force, the requisitions which the applicant for registration is required to satisfy are—'1st. That he is in undisputed possession. 2nd. That in equity and justice he appears to be rightly entitled. 3rd. That he produces such evidence as leads to the conclusion that no person is in a position to succeed in an action of ejectment against him. 4th. That the description of the parcels is clear and accurate. These being satisfied, advertisement and the service of notices calling upon all claimants to show cause against the applicant's title within reasonable time, are found to be sufficient safeguards against risks arising out of technical defects, and (in accordance with an ancient practice under English law) in the event of non-claims within the prescribed period, indefeasible title is issued to the applicant.' Under the Torrens' system, all that relates to a plot of land is to be found in one book; 'in which a distinct folium is opened for each parcel, which folium contains a map and the record of every estate and interest which it can concern a purchaser or mortgagee to be acquainted with.' 'The owner of each recorded estate or interest receives an instrument evidencing his title, which is, in fact, a counterpart or duplicate of that portion of the register which relates to the same; and this contains a printed form of agreement for transfer, discharge, or surrender, as the case may be, to be signed by the parties, wherever they may be, in presence of notaries, or Commissioners for taking affidavits, and transmitted by the post for registration.'

That our system as established by Lord Westbury's Act is a failure, and that this Australian method is a complete success, can surely excite no wonder. Our system, it is true, dangles before the eyes of the applicant the bait of indefeasible title: but, on the other hand, there are good reasons to keep him from the Office. In the first place, he may not have 'a perfect marketable title;' in that case he will be every way a loser. A conspicuous merit of Sir Robert Torrens' method is, that it gives security to the possessor of 'a fair holding title.' Then, again, personal attendance is required in the former; in the latter, parties may transact their business in the localities in which they reside, and provide for the execution of the instruments 'in an easy, and at the same time a safe way.' The plain fact is obvious, that our system is not Registration of Title, but rather Certification of Deeds; the very essence of a system of registration of Title for the Transfer of Land is, that the land shall be passed by the act of transfer upon the register. As the 31st section of Sir R. Torrens' Australian Act puts it:—'No deed or instrument shall have effect to pass or charge any interest or estate in Land; but so soon as the recorder of titles shall have entered in the record the particulars of any transfer, charge, or dealing, the estate or interest shall thereupon pass or become charged.' It remains only to speak of the Australian system on two points—the registration of trusts, and of mortgages. With regard to the former, mere trusts are excluded from the register; and in regard to mortgages, that excuse for costs, the transfer of the legal estate, plays no part. The Act plainly states that 'mortgage and encumbrance shall have effect as security, but shall not operate as a Transfer of the Land thereby charged; and in

case default be made in the payment of the principal sum, interest, annuity, or rent-charge thereby secured, or in the observance of any covenant, and such default be continued for the space of one calendar month, or for such other period of time as may therein for that purpose be expressly limited, the mortgagee or encumbrancee may give to the mortgagor or encumbrancer notice in writing to pay the money then due or owing on such mortgage or encumbrance, or to observe the covenants therein expressed; and that sale will be effected unless such default be remedied.

What do the British mortgagors suppose is the cost of the operation? Ten shillings! half being for transfer, and half for release. But more than this; the mortgage being transferable by endorsement, may pass freely from hand to hand like a Bank-note. As a specimen of the transfer powers of the Torrens' Act, one gentleman writes:—'Only *two days* before the packet sailed I had an offer for my estate. The intending purchaser went with me to the Lands Title Office, and in less than an hour the business was transacted. I got a cheque for the purchase money, and he got an indefeasible title to the land; and as we did the business ourselves, the cost was only three or four pounds.' As to mortgage, another correspondent writes:—'Recently I purchased a sheep station for my son, and being 5,000*l.* short of the purchase money, I mortgaged some land for the amount. The transaction was completed in less than half-an-hour; and as I did the business myself, the whole expense was only fifteen shillings.

It appears to me that in legislating for the Transfer of Land in England we could hardly do better than copy the Australian system in much of its detail. But we must not make the of error supposing



that the registration of title is quite so simple a matter in the old country as in the new. We cannot make registration compulsory, because there exist many defective titles such as no office could pass. The owners of such titles must be allowed to keep them as they are until time has matured their claim. In the article entitled 'Free Trade in Land,' which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for November last, I made several propositions which it is necessary to re-state, because I cannot more briefly express the views I hold with regard to the question of the Transfer of Land. The propositions were as follow:—

1. The devolution of real property in cases of intestacy in the same manner which the law directs in regard to personal property.

2. The abolition of copyhold and customary tenures.

3. The establishment of a Landed Estates Court for the disposal of encumbered settled property.

4. A completion of the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom upon a sufficient scale.

5. A system of registration of title which shall be compulsory upon the sale of property, the fees upon registration—sufficient at least to defray all official expenses—being a percentage on the purchase money; the same percentage for all sums. A certificate of title would be given free of all costs in respect of any freehold lands, of which the reputed owner could prove undisturbed possession for thirty years. Any title could be registered in the Land Registry Office upon evidence of title for thirty years; the fees being the same as in case of sale, when the registration would be compulsory.

6. That, preserving intact the power of owners of land to bequeath it undivided or in shares, no gift, or bequest, or settlement of life estate in land, nor any trust esta-

blishing such an estate, should hereafter be lawful; the exceptions being in the case of trusts for the widow or the infant children (until they attain majority) of the testator, or for the benefit of a posthumous child.

I venture to think that each one of these propositions would tend to facilitate the Transfer of Land.

(1) The first would make the law equal and easily intelligible in its operation in the case of intestates; whereas, at present, if a man dies in Kent without a will his land is distributed equally among his sons, while in the adjoining counties the Law of Primogeniture prevails.

(2) Copyhold tenure has a certain similarity to tenure by record of title, but it is absolutely necessary to abolish copyhold and customary tenures if we are to establish a register, because a universal registration of title is in one sense an adoption of the State as Lord of the Manor, which cannot admit any private competitors. (3) The establishment of a Landed Estates Court would greatly facilitate the transfer of Land. We have seen, from the statements of Mr. Caird, how large a proportion of the soil of this country is in the hands of embarrassed holders, whose lands, on their own petition or that of their creditors, might be sold by order of a Judge of such a Court. The produce of the soil of England might probably be doubled by the application of 500,000,000*l.* of capital in excess of that with which it is now so poorly provided. A part of this sum would be expended by landowners, if, by the operation of such a Court, the land could be taken from the hands of men who are forced to starve it in order to keep themselves from insolvency. (4) We cannot have an efficient registration of title without an effective means for the identification of each parcel of land, and to this end

we must have a completion of the Ordnance Survey upon a sufficient (three chains to an inch) scale. I have personally examined a considerable number of the parish maps, and have found them so excellent and accurate that I have no hesitation in saying they might, in very many cases, be adopted at once for purposes of registration, being corrected, when necessary, by the officers of the Government survey.

(5) With regard to the register itself, we must remember that English titles are to those of Australia as the voluminous history of the mother country to that of her young and buxom daughter in the South Pacific Ocean. It would not be possible to pass a Bill through our Legislature enacting compulsory registration; we must seek the means of completing our register by the same agency which is operating in Ireland—the self-interest of the landowners. Now on sale, every man, by the act itself, declares his willingness to expose his title, and, therefore, there can be no hardship in making registration compulsory on the occasion of the sale of land. But a most important matter—which, of course, presents no difficulty in Australia—is to shorten the time for which evidence of title is requisite. It is now obligatory to prove title for sixty years. I propose to reduce this requirement by one-half, and the change would, of course, affect a vast number of titles which are now ‘maturing’ in consequence of flaws between the thirty and sixty years of possession. The presentation, free of all fees, of a certificate of registration in respect of any freehold lands, the owner of which could satisfy some such queries as those which I have previously quoted from Sir R. Torrens’ method. In respect of his title for thirty years, would, I anticipate, bring it once, and without difficulty, upon

the register the bulk of that vast portion of the soil which is held in settled or entailed estates. And this is needful, because, in order to make a registry successful which cannot be compulsory, it is necessary to devise means for bringing the owners of property to the position of applicants. The advantages of registration soon prove themselves when once their reputation extends over a wide area. The superior selling value of registered land would attract the attention of all who might find themselves in the position of sellers or mortgagors. It is not in Ireland, and it would not, of course, be necessary in England, that an applicant for registration should be about to sell. ‘Any title could be registered in the Land Registry Office upon evidence of title for thirty years;’ and as for the fees, the wisdom of Parliament would decide whether these should be of such weight as to contribute largely to the public revenue, as is the case in most continental States, or whether they should be sufficient only to defray all official expenses. (6) The final proposition I have put forward would have a powerful effect in promoting the Transfer of Land. It is stated on respectable authority that one-sixth of the soil of this country is held in mortmain by corporations; but this proportion, large as it is, can be but small in comparison with the area which has no owner in fee simple, which is held by the nobility and gentry on a system of life tenure, of nominal ownership; a system under which the duties and the responsibilities of parent and landlord are so conflicting and so inequitably regulated. I propose to make no change in the status of the aristocracy; these suggestions, indeed, tend to raise the status of the landowner by compelling him to be the real owner of his estate, with as much power to bequeath it

undivided or in shares as he has over his money in the Funds. Existing trusts would not, of course, be dealt with, except in the case of corporations which never die, but I would strictly prohibit, with the exception I have named, the creation of new trusts; and this, of course, would greatly simplify the registration of titles. The aim should be to have but one descrip-

tion of title to land—that of owner in fee simple. Then the registry would be, indeed, a simple affair, dealing with ownership, leaseholds, and mortgages. In sight of so great a national advantage, I am disposed to think and to hope that the real or supposed interest of any class will not much longer be allowed to impede progress.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.



## A PLEA FOR BLACK BARTHOLOMEW.

AT a time when the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy are forcing the Government to overturn the University system of Ireland, it is interesting to note how mildly those dignitaries have recently been speaking about heretics. The fact is rather melancholy to any one who values the logic of faith, and the consistency of the priesthood. We have surely fallen on degenerate days when the Latin Church is losing the old logical rigour with which she shaped her practice in the ages of faith. A chill of horror would, for example, have been struck to the heart of Pope Pius V., Pope Gregory XIII., Pope Clement VIII., the Cardinal of Lorraine, Cardinal Salviati, Cardinal Santorio, and the Père Sorbin, if they could, in the place of bliss to which they have gone, have read what the public journals said some time ago about the vengeance which, on the day of Saint Bartholomew, smote down the heresy of France. Those Popes of holy memory and those sainted fathers of the Church would have been shocked by the degenerate piety of modern Catholicism; for they all held the destruction of heretics to be a high and holy duty, the highest and the holiest indeed that could fall to their hand in the dark days which followed the revolt of Luther. Before Pius V. was made Pope, he had been trained in the saintly office of Inquisitor General to see that thumb-screws and the rack and the fagot were the most potent arguments against heresy. Thus had he won many victories over men possessed with the seven devils of theological error, and thus had he stamped heresy out of Italy. In that favoured land the Church was safe. But he saw Germany more than half

won over to the enemies of Heaven because Cajetan had argued with Luther instead of hanging him up by the thumbs; and he found heresy so strong in France that the Huguenots might yet capture a great stronghold of the Church. So he cried to all Catholic kings and princes to make bare the sword against heresy; and he gave the message of 'Slay and spare not' to that Catherine de Medicis who could play the part of a Catholic when she had an object to gain, although she believed as little in priest as in presbyter, and although she kept what small store of superstition lay in her Machiavellian soul for her sibylline communings with the stars. She was commanded to exterminate the heretics if she would save herself from the vengeance of God. But the Holy Father went to the grave uncheered by the sight of even one great massacre of the Huguenots; and the clouds of night seemed to be gathering over the Church when it passed under the sceptre of Gregory XIII. The King of France was about to enter into a league with the heretics by giving the hand of his own sister, Margaret of Valois, to the Prince of Béarn, the son of that Jeanne d'Albret who had defied the Pope, and Spain, and France; who had advocated Protestantism with the learning and the logic of a theologian; who had codified the laws of her people with the zeal of a provincial Justinian; and who governed her little country with such statesmanlike wisdom, such forethought, and such baffling audacity, that, if she had possessed as large a field of action as her contemporary Elizabeth, she would have left even a greater name. To prevent the unholy union, the Vatican sent to Charles an embassy

of such saintly men as the Cardinal of Alessandria, the Father General of the Jesuits, and Cardinal Aldobrandini, who was afterwards Pope. The obstinate king would not forego the project. But he whispered to the Cardinal of Alessandria a word which, when the news of Saint Bartholomew was brought to Rome, caused that saintly man to cry, 'Thank God, the king has kept his promise!' The interview took place early in 1572. The marriage was celebrated in August. Admiral Coligny, most of the other Huguenot chiefs, and a crowd of Huguenot gentlemen and heretics of low degree had gone to Paris with Henry of Navarre and his mother. But Jeanne d'Albret did not live to see the marriage to which she had given an unwilling consent. She died in the midst of the gaiety, poisoned by Catherine, it was whispered, but, it is much more likely, smitten down by anguish for the thought of the dark future that she saw before her poor people. The greatest soul of France was soon forgotten in the revelry; the Protestant Prince and the Catholic Princess were wedded in spite of the Pope; and all Paris was gay with festive light and song and dance, when the shot of an assassin struck down Coligny. Whether it was fired with the consent of Charles, and whether Charles had thus been wilfully leading the Admiral on to death; or whether the deed was solely the work of Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and the Duke of Guise, is a question that threatens to for ever live among the unsolved problems of history. Whether, again, the massacre had been deliberately planned when the Huguenots had been drawn to Paris, and whether the marriage had only been used to bait the trap, is another question which reveals a drawn battle of evidence. But all the rest is comparatively clear. The king

consented that there should be a slaughter of the caged Huguenots. In the evidence which is said to be his brother's, we are told that the king's consent was reluctantly given at first, but that, after he had made up his mind to act, he was so eager that the work should be done thoroughly as to cry, 'Kill them every one, so that none shall be left to reproach me.' The signal was given by the murder of the wounded Admiral; the bands of the Court took each a district of Paris, so as to make a harvest of death in which there should be no need for gleaning; they were joined by crowds of good Catholics, whose souls had been stirred to frenzy by the pious message of the priests that the heretics were hated by Heaven, and were to be destroyed with an utter destruction. So the work of blood went on for three days and three nights. Nobles, gentlemen, and plebeian people, philosophers, scholars, and preachers, grey-headed men, women, children, and the baby at the breast lay dead in the streets and the houses, or were swept down by the flooded Seine. The Court, it is said, would have stopped the massacre if it could; but fanaticism is too fiery a steed to be pulled up by the toy bridle of a kingly message, and the people had too well learned the lesson of the priests to forget how to practise it when the preachers of heresy lay within their grasp. And so the massacre spread to Meaux, Orleans, and Lyons, gathering such strength of fury that in some places the gutters ran with blood, and until forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy thousand Frenchmen and Frenchwomen had been sent before the throne of that God who is the last judge of theological propositions. Never had so tremendous a blow been given to heresy. And the Holy Father was full of becoming

thankfulness. When, before the Pope and the assembled cardinals, the Cardinal Secretary of State read the despatch of the Nuncio Salviati, Gregory said that the tidings were more welcome to him than fifty battles of Lepanto, and the holy band walked straight to church to sing a *Te Deum* unto the God of mercies. That night the guns of St. Angelo sounded forth their jubilation, and for three nights the illuminated streets of the Eternal City carried to far-off peasants the glad tidings that the enemies of Heaven had been slain. When the fullness and precise character of the vengeance had been further borne to his ears, the Holy Father went to the church of San Luigo with thirty-three of his cardinals to hear mass in token of gratitude. And he proclaimed a jubilee to the Christian world. And in a solemn Bull he announced that, since God had enabled the King of France to pour out vengeance on the heretics who had defaced religion, and to punish the chiefs of the rebellion which had laid waste the country, all Catholics should pray that he might have grace to finish what had been so well begun. The skill of a medalist was called in to stamp the symbol of the great victory in everlasting brass; and the skill of the painter was invoked to give it the glory of fitting line and hue. The rose of gold was the high and holy gift which denoted the depth of the Papal gratitude to Charles.

Such was the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. There have, no doubt, been attempts to rob the Pope and the cardinals of the saintly honour which they won by their jubilations. It has often been said that they did not know how the deed had been done when they offered up to God the praises of the Church, and that they fancied the victory to be such as men might win

in fair fight. But to put forward such a plea is to do a signal injustice to the Vatican. It must often, I feel, denote only the modesty of the theologians. For many of them must be well aware that the Pope thoroughly knew what had been done in the streets of Paris, and it is only because they are bashful that they do not claim for him so high a crown of theological consistency. A ruder explanation is, that those who rob him of due credit are guilty of deliberate lying. A subtler hypothesis is, that long and loving study of hagiology and priestly miracles has so blotted out the sense of truth as to make falsehood the unconscious but inevitable tissue of speech in all who frame apologies for the Papal Church. Since I am writing a plea for Black Bartholomew, I fall back upon the idea that the denial of notorious fact springs from undue and mistaken modesty. But to all who prize the grand logical consistency of theology, the alarming fact is, that not a single Catholic, not even Louis Veuillot, will now audibly praise the slaughter of the Huguenots. Crowds of Catholics come forward to brand it as a deed of wickedness, and eminent dignitaries of the Church have been quick to say that, if the Pope and the cardinals did know what kind of deed they were glorifying with the incense of their *Te Deum*, they stand condemned in the eye of Heaven.

For my purpose, however, it is needless to prove either that the Vatican prompted such a deed of vengeance as the massacre, or applauded the vengeance. My proposition is that, if the Pope and the cardinals had not a hand in the massacre, they ought to have had. If they had not, they so far forgot their duty as to gibbet themselves for the scorn of all who have at heart the grand old rigour of the Church, the lo-

gical consistency of her creed, and the reality of her message that such as Moses was to the Children of Israel, she is to all peoples who wander through the desert of sin.

We fail to do justice to such Churchmen as Pius V. and the Cardinal Santorio, because the imagination itself can scarcely figure the immensity of the space which was once filled by the Church, or fathom the depth of the sanctity which went with her ministrations. She alone was the gate of heaven. To her alone had been given those spiritual keys which could unlock the fountains of sacramental grace. She could give everlasting bliss to untold millions of men; and, were she to be enfeebled in any land, or to be driven from any place of power, or to be dethroned in a great country like France, everlasting perdition might come to millions more. These were no vague phrases. The theologians believed in heaven and hell as we worldlings believe in the Stock Exchange or the Bankruptcy Court. Heaven had not yet fled away into the abysses of space, beyond the sweep of the mightiest spiritual telescope, leaving only a tradition of dream-land to mark its place and glory. It was as near and as well known as the Paradise of Islam. A monk would give a list of the joys which awaited the shriven and purified soul. He could figure in cunning line and glowing tint his rendering of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, with the light like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, the twelve gates, the twelve angels, the streets of pure gold, as it were transparent glass, the city that had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, the gates that should not be shut at all by day, for there should be no night there. All this was a reality that men could touch with the finger,

and see with the eye, of faith, and towards which they could go at the hour of death with such certainty as we make our way from street to street. And still nearer and more tangible was the lake that burned with fire and brimstone. In vision penitents had skirted that place of fire and woe, had been sickened by the scent of the sulphur, had been scorched by the flames that burned everlastingly, had heard the groans of the anguish that should go up for ever to the throne of God, and should for ever find a pitiless ear. There had no doubt been times when elegant pagans like Pope Leo X. could pass lightly over such horror and such joy, when sceptics like Pope Alexander could laugh at the whole fabric of dogmatic theology, and when refined recluses could subtilise the tenets of the Church into the empty air of allegory; but nevertheless they had always been tremendous realities to the mass of men, and the intensity had been deepened by the revolt of Luther. His assaults made more vivid the reality of the faith at which he had struck. The faithful wished to defend the Church like a band of citizens whose revelry has been broken by the note of the enemy at the gates, and who, dashing down the wine-cup, forget their mirth, and go grimly to die. No more elegant pagans, atheists, murderers, and unchanced scoundrels were allowed to seat themselves in the chair of St. Peter; but decorum was placed there, and austerity of life and faith, and ferocious piety. Pius V. belonged to the new order of pontiffs. He cared for nothing but the Church. He knew that all the other treasures of the earth were but as dust and ashes in comparison. Hence he hated heresy a thousand times more than he hated theft, or lying, or murder, or any of the sins against which Moses had

brought to Israel the mandate of Jehovah. He called heretics the greatest of scoundrels. He said that he would rather give pardon to a man who had done a hundred deeds of murder than to one confirmed heretic. He summoned Catherine de Medicis to put all the Huguenots to death. He proclaimed that he wished them to be exterminated. And he reasoned with unimpeachable logic. Falsehood and robbery and murder tend to kill themselves by the fact that they manifestly tend to kill society. They are never enjoined in solemn edicts or in gospels, and at least an attempt is made to stamp them out as if they were noxious beasts. Each generation and each country tends to shut in and extinguish its own brood of crime; so that crime is, after all, not a curse that need carry fear to the hearts of holy men. But it is terribly different with heresy. That takes the form of an angel of light, so as to deceive, if possible, even the elect. It spreads like a pestilence, from land to land, borne as stealthily as if on the wings of the wind, and as fatally as if it carried the touch of the angel of death. It penetrates everywhere, into the palace of kings as into the huts of peasants. No argument or anathema can bar its stealthy way, and wherever it goes it brings everlasting woe. As the leper of the middle ages was shunned by all unsmitten men, even when rich, or nobly born, or gifted with intellect, so should the heretic be accursed of all Catholics. There was once, as Heine says, a poet whose songs were sung by all his German countrymen, and whose name was a glory in their ears; but no man dare speak to him or touch him, for he was a leper; and oft at eventide the people would hear him sounding through the gloom the clapper of Lazarus, with which the poor clerk

warned away the singers of his songs from the touch of his unclean hand. And so was it with the heretic. However nobly endowed with brain, or with what the world calls goodness, he was to be shunned like a leper, for in his words lay everlasting banishment from God.

Such was heresy three hundred years ago, when the rulers of the Church saw the august and holy fabric menaced with partial destruction, and millions of the people, therefore, with eternal death. What then were the Pope and the cardinals bound to do? 'Do nothing but preach the truth,' says that modern Liberalism which draws its inspiration from the natural unregenerate heart of man. 'Do nothing but preach!' while the enemy was thundering at the gates of the Church, poisoning the wells of her people, smiting thousands and millions with unending woe! It is difficult to measure the feebleness of the imagination, or the dulness of the theological sense, which could tender such advice to frenzied Churchmen. We should give the reply of speechless contempt or indignation to such counsel if it were offered as a guide to ourselves in the every-day affairs of life. To do nothing but preach is not what we imagine to be our duty when we stand face to face with an evil, seen, palpable, tremendous in its sweep of ruin. We do not preach to a Thug whom we have caught in the act of flinging his leaded cord round the neck of a traveller. We shoot him dead, or we hang him on the nearest tree, contemptuously deaf to his plea that he was taking life at the dictate of a profoundly religious impulse. We laugh at his prayer for religious toleration, and we tell him that, if such is the supreme sacrament of his faith, he cannot exist in the same world as we, and must be strangled as pitilessly as if he were



a wolf. If we were to catch a colony of Thugs red-handed, if we were to see the bodies of our dearest relatives lying dead in the grasp of the knotted cord, if we were to be filled with cool frenzy by the memory of the thousand murderous rites that had gone unpunished, we should not stop for the ministrations of jurisprudence, but should peremptorily bid the fanatics begone from a world which they were trying to make uninhabitable. In truth, we poor, degenerate, faithless moderns have done such deeds at the impulse of less maddening motives. The punishment of the sepoys after the Indian Mutiny is not generally supposed to have erred on the side of mercy; nor is the massacre of the negroes in Jamaica usually cited as a proof of superstitious respect for the etiquette of law; nor again is the vengeance which the troops of Versailles poured out upon the Communalists of Paris commonly supposed to have been marked by a reverence for the rules of the Code Napoléon. Now, such as a colony of Thugs would be to us, such as the mutinous sepoys were to our Indian soldiers, such as the negroes of Jamaica were to Eyre's 'Lambs,' and such as the Communalists of Paris were to the troopers of Galifet, that, and a thousand times more than that, were the Huguenots to Salviati, the Cardinal of Lorraine, Aldobrandini, Pius V. and Gregory XIII. The Huguenots were worse than Thugs, for they were choking the spiritual life of men; they were throwing the leaded cord of damnable and wicked error round the neck of that Holy Church which had been sanctified by the blood of a thousand martyrs. Those princes of the Church were men of intellect, sincerity, and intrepidity, who saw what was practically meant by her tremendous doctrines, and who knew that they dare not tamper

with the least of her mighty appliances of salvation. A slaughter of the heretics would, they knew, save millions, perhaps hundreds of millions, from everlasting destruction; and in comparison with such a victory of Heaven, what signified the destruction of a paltry forty or fifty thousand heretics, who had, of course, already earned for themselves the blackness of darkness for ever? The Pope and the cardinals, I repeat, were brave and consistent men, who understood their creed, and did their duty. And so were most of the Catholics of Paris and the other orthodox cities of France. The Church, and especially the Jesuits, had been thundering into their ears the tidings that Protestantism was not an intellectual error, but a crime; and not only a crime, but the most damnable wickedness that it had ever entered into the heart of man to conceive; a crime worse than robbery or than murder, because it laid its annihilating grasp on the hopes of the world to come. So Pope, and cardinals, and priests, and people hated the enemies of the Church as the Israelites had hated the Philistines whom the chosen people had been commanded to destroy, both man and woman, young and old, with the edge of the sword. And so they smote the Huguenots of Paris as Joshua smote the people of Ai. The avengers of Holy Church went to Orleans and Lyons and slew the rebels against her decrees, even as Joshua went, and all Israel with him, to Debir, and took it, and the king thereof, and all the cities thereof, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and utterly destroyed all the souls that were therein. The ministering spirit of dogmatic theology came like an angel of death to all the cities of France, as Joshua smote all the cities of the hills, and of the south,

and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; and left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel had commanded. Never had the world seen such an outburst of theology since Israel was armed with the sword of Joshua. And the pious crowds of Catholics, the priests, the cardinals, and the Holy Father, who did the deed of vengeance, or sanctified it by the hymns of the Church, displayed a grand consistency which casts shame on the facing both ways of this degenerate age. They acted like the true host of Israel, armed with the mandate of absolute truth, and commanded to follow the Joshua of the Vatican.

It is true that in the time of Catherine and Gregory, as in our own day, some degenerate Catholics did display less theological consistency. At least one prelate, and many priests, and a crowd of laymen, did whisper words of horror when they saw the gutters of the streets red with Huguenot blood; and some of those soft-hearted people even gave shelter to the hunted heretics. The Nuncio Salvati indignantly told the Holy Father how some great men of the Court had betrayed the weakness of their zeal for the Church by deliberately sparing the lives of heretics; and so high a crime against theology was unquestionably perpetrated by the Duke of Guise, who was too much of a politician, and too eager to fight for his own land, to be a good Catholic. Those who thus weakly listened to the promptings of their own hearts were faithless, I repeat, alike to the spirit and the letter of the edicts of the Church; but we can plead some excuses for their refusal to be faithful unto slaying. Most of them were poor, ignorant, and more fond of the world than of the Church. They were men of mean understandings.

They came from that 'common people,' of whom we hear in those Gospels which lamentably lack a systematic theology. And, as Dr. Newman says, a popular religion must always be a corrupt religion. However full of logical vigour a theological system may be when it has been fashioned by schoolmen, and straitened by inquisitorial fingers, the natural unregenerate heart of man, which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, will break the force of the blows by the padding of a soft and illogical mercy. Pleas for mercy may have been whispered even in the camp of Joshua himself when Joshua was out of hearing: and, at any rate, such prayers did break the force of the vengeance which fell on the heresy of France, because the spirit of dogmatic theology had not been able to root out those weak feelings of the heart which prompt men to show pity upon all prisoners and captives, and to defend all that are desolate and oppressed. Many a parish priest must have but feebly conceived the grandeur of the apparatus of salvation which stretched to the ends of the earth; which was destined to last until the Judgment Day; which held within the grasp of doctrines and sacraments the issues of eternal salvation; and which made all other human institutions, human life itself, and the claims of kindred, sink by comparison into the depths of insignificance. And many of the poor burghers knew as little about the theological, hierarchical, and political machinery which sent the pulses of spiritual life through the Church, as any poor agricultural labourer of England knows about the secrets of the Cabinet. Hence we cannot visit them with high blame because they so far listened to the promptings of their own untutored hearts, as to fancy that the

destruction of the Huguenots was an act, not of sovereign mercy, but of detestable murder. It is sufficient to know that the official interpreters of theology better understood their duty, and that their eyes were blinded by no tears of maudlin sympathy.

There is only one ground on which such a deed of vengeance could be consistently denounced by the theologians of the Latin Church. It could be consistently denounced if they could prove that so extreme an act of punishment was not needed to compass the overthrow of heresy; that the work could have been done in milder ways; and that, not only did the plan fail, but was manifestly doomed to be a failure. Even the Church has no right to use undue rigour of stroke. She has doubtless as much right to stamp out heresy as the State has to stamp out the rinderpest, and to do that duty in precisely the same way. But, just as the State would do wrong to kill all the diseased cattle within a given area if it were obvious that the pestilence could be prevented from spreading by milder ways of protection, or if it were clear that the slaughter could not stop the contagion, so the Church would be blind, thoughtless, and unmerciful, were she recklessly to slaughter diseased Christians.

That plea, however, fails to cast the slightest doubt on the theological necessity of Saint Bartholomew, for it was clear to the Pope, and to every other person with an eye in his head, that, if the Huguenots were not put down with fire and sword, they might gain such a victory in France as the Lutherans had won in Germany. The fate of French Catholicism, and hence the prospect of eternal salvation for millions, was at stake. When Coligny and the rest of the Protestant chiefs lay in Paris, the power of

heresy might be cut off at a stroke, and such a chance of rooting out heresy would probably never come again. It would have been high treason against the majesty of theology to let the opportunity pass by. And the supreme theological defence of the deed is given by its theological effects; for it saved France. It saved France for the Church. The massacre did not, it is true, wholly stamp out heresy. Indeed it left nearly two millions of diseased Christians to spread the rinderpest of eternal death. So far, it failed because the acts of the Court did not rise to the rigour of the vengeance which had filled the imagination of Pius V. A Pope, armed with the power of Charles IX., would have been needed to sweep away the whole Protestant brood. A merely secular king, even if as free from disturbing emotions as Catherine, or as gifted with fury of passion as Charles, could not have done an act so grand in its sanguinary completeness. And even such theological rigour as the Court did attempt was but half executed, because some governors of the provincial towns had been taught theology so badly, or understood it so ill, that they would not obey the whispered commands of the Court to slay the Protestants. Thus did the punishment fall short of Papal completeness. Indeed no act of statesmanship touches perfection. But perhaps the massacre was as near an approach to absolute success as we can hope to see in the fruits that come from the edicts of kings. It would be difficult to name an example of punishment, fashioned on an equal scale, and meant to compass an end of equal magnitude, which was an equal triumph. Well might the Pope sing jubilation, for Charles had blasted the hopes of Protestantism in France. In three days and nights

of slaughter he had given heresy such a blow as it would not have received from centuries of argument. Although the Huguenots could be counted by hundreds of thousands on the morrow of the deed, although they still held Rochelle, and although they had still the son of Jeanne d'Albret to lead them to victory at Contras and Ivry, their power was so broken that their beloved chief had to become a Catholic before he could become King of France. Their power was so broken that even Henry IV. had to put forth all his high daring in order to grant them some rights of worship in the Edict of Nantes. Even after the saintly hand of an assassin had taken Henry away, they might still speak high, and bluster, and do a little persecution on their own account; but the strong hand of Richelieu soon put down such small outbursts of heretical impatience, and left them at the mercy of the combined piety of the Jesuits, Madame de Maintenon, and the great Louis.

The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Jesuits saw how flagrantly the great Louis was sinning against Heaven by letting damnable heresy poison the moral atmosphere with hymns and sermons. Madame de Maintenon's spiritual eyesight was equally clear when she was compassing heaven and earth for power to climb from the Purgatorio of the king's mistress to the Paradiso of the king's wife. And the holy duty of breaking faith with heresy became more clear to the king himself with every fit of repentance for his last fit of debauchery; so the Protestants could breathe freely when he was sunk in sin, but they had reason to tremble when he went to church and confession. The final blow came when he took

leave of sin by marrying the lady who had ceased to be a Huguenot when she had been promoted to his harem. The Edict of Nantes was torn to shreds. The Protestants were forbidden to meet for what they were pleased to call worship. Their pastors were ordered to quit the kingdom within fifteen days. The evangelical force of dragoons was let loose on the heretics. Villages were burned, women insulted, women outraged, men murdered, children torn from their parents to be placed in the safe keeping of nuns. The heretics fled by hundreds of thousands from a land in which they were not allowed to defy the mandates of Holy Church. They fled, although when caught they were, if women, doomed to pine for life in the cell of the cloister, and, if men, were sent to the living death of the galleys. They made their way through dragoons who had found out that the Gospel looked kindly on torture, burning, and ravishing, if only heresy were thus smitten down. They glided through the guards at the sea-ports, and hid themselves in the holds of vessels, although piety had so far anticipated the resources of hell as to call to its aid lighted sulphur, with which it smoked every suspicious ship, in order to drive into the daylight any heretics who might have hidden themselves among the cargo; and in order, also, to give such rebels a foretaste of the pangs that awaited heresy in the world to come. Nothing daunted these strangely depraved zealots. They fled from the beloved land of their fathers as if at the dictate of such an overmastering instinct as that which is said to drive crowds of some dumb creatures over mountain and fen and torrent to seek the infinite sea. They fled to England, Holland, and Prussia, carrying with them, these depraved fanatics, such priceless

possessions as the manufacturing skill of France, her best manhood, and her purest conscience. They rushed away for years, until France had lost nearly a million of her people. Never had the world seen such an exodus since the time when Moses led Israel out of Egypt to wander in the desert, and hear the mandates of Jehovah against sin.

The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew was indeed a tremendous theological triumph, when it prepared the way for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. As we look at both events, we might almost hear the irony of Fate whispering to the Company of Jesus, the Cardinals, and the Pope, on the Eve of the St. Bartholomew, 'You say that the greatest of all sins and crimes and curses of a nation is the heresy which denies the doctrines and destroys the power of the Holy Church. You say that France would be made fair and bright and happy if that pestilence were only to be swept away for ever. Well, your will shall be done. You shall get for your work a field swept clean of heresy. The most brilliant, polished, and powerful Court in the world shall be your servant. Fleets, if you choose, shall carry your gospel, and armies shall be your evangelists. The most splendid of aristocracies shall help you to guide the most docile of peasantries. A literature which rivals the literature of Greece in perfection of form lies within the reach of your guidance. And you shall lead into the ways of eternal life the most brilliant people that earth has seen since the days of Athens; you shall make them the servants of Heaven; and through the aid of their wondrous gifts, you shall win back the treasure which was stolen by Luther. All this you shall do, since you are the appointed servants of the Most High.'

The promise has been so faithfully kept that the Company of Jesus may now proudly point to the mighty spiritual triumphs which have flowed from the Massacre and the Revocation. All but a handful of Protestants were either killed or forced to fly to heretic nations, or were made good Catholics by the evangelical pressure of dragoons. Charles IX. and Louis XIV. did for France what Claverhouse might have done for Scotland if James II. had not been defrauded of the divine right to murder his own subjects. And the result has strikingly proved how true is the boast of the Church, that she does not value the things of this world. So strange is the irony of history, that the heretics were the flower of the French people. They were the women of saintliest life, the men of truest hearts and best brains. Such wealth of devotion as their neighbours spent in the observance of Saints' Days, the Protestants spent in weaving good cloth, in giving a new touch of beauty to silk, in finding out the hidden beauty of new dyes, in telling the truth by deed and word, in leading lives of beautiful household purity, and in worshipping God with the simplicity of unpremeditated prayer and choral song. But they were swept away as if with the force of the sea. And when those fanatics lay dead in the streets, or took up their abode in London and Amsterdam, Jesuitism had the field so much to itself that it represented Christianity to the eyes of philosophy. *Le Christianisme, c'est moi*, was the mute boast of the company which represented Loyola. And to philosophy such Christianity seemed to be so largely a thing of frauds, imbecilities, idiotcies, lies, and murders, that the result, of course, was Voltaire. From Voltaire has come

a Gallican habit of believing that the sanctities of religion are a fitting mark only for epigrammatic spurts of ridicule. The loss of the Protestant middle class placed France at the mercy of the Court, the nobles, the country lawyers, the visionaries of the schools, and the scum of the towns. So was lost all check on the fury of the Revolution. So came Robespierre, and the reign of Terror. The Revolution drove sanctity deeper into the arms of that Church which is the most richly gifted with the power of baffling the devil by the magic of saints' bones and Sacraments; and Voltaire made even intellects like De Maistre's fly for refuge to infallibility. That recoil from rationalism drove the working people to a hate of the priests because they said that piety meant devotion to the monarchy, that attendance at Mass meant the hatred of a republic, and that faith meant a belief in the old noblesse. Hence such deeds as the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, 'the Jesuits and the Dominicans, when the chief buildings of Paris were set on fire, and when the flight of the Communalist leaders had left the worst ruffians of the capital free to show that they could murder priests almost as remorselessly as priests had murdered Protestants. Hence, by another recoil, has come such a burst of zeal for the Catholic religion as France has not displayed for more than a century. The churches are full to the door; Paris is at once the most immoral and the most church-going city in Europe. The coffers of the priests are filled with the offerings of eager penitents. The Jesuits cannot take in half the pupils that are brought beseechingly to their colleges. Miracles are wrought at the tomb of the murdered Jesuits, within a mile of the house in which Vol-

taire died. Greater crowds than were ever seen before flocked on last Good Friday to see a bit of the true Cross exhibited, within a gunshot of the house in which Auguste Comte revealed the art of being pious without believing in a God. The miracles of La Salette and Lourdes are an article of faith to those fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain who combine the worship of the Virgin Mary with the worship of their own ancestors. And forty thousand men and women flocked to Lourdes to be miraculously cured of spiritual and bodily ills at the shrine of the Virgin and her holy well, led by an army of priests, by seven bishops, by a hundred and fifty ladies of fashion and fifteen members of the National Assembly. Meanwhile, the educated and therefore the sceptical Frenchmen are looking on the scene with such amusement, contempt, or disgust as Pagan philosophers might have viewed the rites of the Druids. Meanwhile, also, the working people are learning to link the priests and their religion more and more closely with whatever is hateful to those who see a divine right in the Republican rule of the Proletariat. Such journals as the *Rappel*, which is their chief political food, are daily filled with lampoons against the priests and the creed of the Church; and woe be to those priests and that creed, if ever the democracy of Paris should again be let loose! Nor can much guidance come from those men of thought and culture whose office it is to teach the people moral and political wisdom. Standing between the two camps, they are eager to preserve order, but too scornful of impostures to form a league with the priests; and they are eager also to be political Liberals, yet fearful to give any rein to a party which finds its ideal in anarchy, and gilds an-

archy with the name of Revolution. Standing between two fires, they are so fearful of falling into either that they dare hardly move. Some help might have been expected from the Protestants, since, although sunk in the wickedness of heresy, they did once display political capacity, and they still contrive to make Christianity respected even by men who reject it as a dogmatic creed; but the act of Saint Bartholomew, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, so broke the power of the Huguenots that, as the Company of Jesus may proudly boast, the French Protestants are now a powerless sect. Thus has the victory of Catholicism been so complete, that France, 'the leader of civilisation,' is made up of two nations which hate each other with the hatred which claims the appeasement of extermination; and the sovereignty is tossed, now to one nation, now to another, or again to a military despot; and the path of *La Belle France* lies from revolution to revolution; and she, the civiliser of nations, threatens to become, like Spain, the prey of *pronunciamientos*, the prize of uniformed brigands whose murders the Church shall wash away when the brigands shall give her part of their spoil. Thus is France a living plea for Black Bartholomew.

Such is my plea for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was a tremendous theological triumph, justly conceived, if the Latin Church speaks the truth, and magnificently executed.

And for that very reason, of course, it is the most atrocious crime recorded in modern history. It is the seal and the symbol of the creed that God has appointed but one way of salvation, and given that way into the keeping of men who called themselves the Church. It flashes the light of fact on all

the dogmas which speak with the voice of infallibility, and which proclaim, with *Thus saith the Lord*, that all men must walk in the one way, or perish everlastingly.

It were a poor employment to treat the revealed theology of Archbishop Manning or of Mr. Mackonochie as gravely as we should be bound to weigh even the lightest guesses of Mr. Darwin. We might as profitably bring up again the old arguments of Copernicus. The theology of the High Anglicans and the Papal Church has ceased to be intellectually interesting, save as a collection of the symbols by which the best and the greatest of men once formed the expression of their highest hopes. Nor would it be worth while to make the story of Saint Bartholomew a mere chapter of theological polemics, if the battle lay between one set of dogmas and another. The story is full of moment because it cuts beneath the theological rind of dogmas to the moral pith, and because it proclaims that the last court of theological appeal is neither a Pope nor a book, but the individual conscience. In a confused and half-confessed way, this conviction has been the faith of all who have striven to lift their fellow-men out of the mire of systems. It nerved Luther, although he lived too early to cut himself clean away from infallible leading-strings, and although his trust in his own reason betrays itself only by spasmodic spurts of rebellion. It gave force to the polemics of Calvin, notwithstanding the iron grip which he fastens on the letter of the Scripture. It was the inspiration that made Knox the prophet of an historic people. It lay at the root of the spiritual life which was cast into Christianity by the Quakers, who have given a better picture than all the other sects put together of such moral beauty as lay

in the life of early Christendom, and who, as an organised body, are now perishing under the Pagan fascinations of the High Church and the Pauline dialectics of the Low, because they have not been true to the belief that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. It is the same feeling that lies at the root of the Broad Church protest against dogmas which outrage the conscience by their departures from the commonest tenets of right and wrong. The future of Christianity will be shaped by the principle that churches and books can only be aids to devotion, promptings to piety, or guides to such work as men will profit by; that the last spring of action must be the individual conscience; that each man must be a law unto himself; and that unity must be sought in aim, instead of in assent to incomprehensible propositions. All this is a mere commonplace to men whose thoughts have been shaped by philosophical reflection. But truisms are often the most fertile of truths, and it is well to hold aloft the fact, that the Mount Sinai of the individual conscience must be the last court of theological appeal at a time when a wave of Paganism is sweeping over England side by side with a wave of science; when crowds are casting aside with scorn the name of Protestant, and when they are hastening to offer High Church incense to the gods which our fathers tried to throw down at the inspiration of common-sense, the healthy hatred of cloister sentimentalism, and the manly scorn of lies. It has become fashionable to sneer at Protestantism, and even Liberals sometimes join in the sport. Nor is it difficult to taunt Protestantism with its want of logical consistency, its narrowness, and its acceptance of doctrines

which have led it to make feeble copies of Saint Bartholomew. But, after all, Protestantism was an attempt to speak the truth. It has signified a slow but sure journey towards a rational appeal to the individual brain and conscience. It has signified, therefore, a gradual assent to that truth in word and deed, that habit of fair dealing between man and man, and that ordered sequence of things according to their tested values, which we call by the name of civilisation. A high and uniform level of civilisation cannot exist in the same land with a great and powerful priesthood, any more than a lighted torch can live in hydrogen gas. France will perhaps be the field of experiment in this matter as she has been in so many others. Either France must kill Catholicism, or Catholicism must kill France. It is worth while to forget the philosophical incompleteness of Protestantism and to look at the moral health which it generates, when, driven by those Pagan promptings which recur as certainly as the seasons of the year, crowds are rushing for the solace of devotion to a symbolism and a creed which enfeeble the thinking power and dull the moral sense. There could be no surer sign that the moral fibre of the English people is relaxing, and that they are losing the fearless honesty of instinct which made unlettered burghers and peasants rebel against the Universal Church, when she tried to harden their hearts so that they might believe a lie.

A time there was when that Church was the great moral teacher, and when she could be trusted to sound the noblest of moral notes. She stood thus high because the best brains and hearts of the age lay within her fold, and because her doctrines did but codify the best ideas of right and wrong to which



mankind had groped. That was long ago. We do not now go to Church Congresses, or Convocations, or Ecumenical Councils for clear and high notes of denunciation against such concrete forms of human wickedness as lies and fraud; nor do we go for a trumpet call to the highest duty which we owe to our race. We go chiefly for instruction as to the use of incense, the colour of vestments, the proper shape of incomprehensible dogmas, and aids to overcome Dissent. We have ceased to expect that the priesthood shall rush to the front with jublations and anathemas when slaves

have to be liberated, or a great unjust war to be stayed. For high moral guidance we now look to those secular teachers whom the sacerdotal churches cast out of the spiritual fold with as much pomp of mute anathema as lay in the comprehensive curses with which the synagogue of Amsterdam cursed Baruch Spinoza in his goings out and comings in. Nor will the Church win back its lost moral power until it shall part with all the theology which drove kings and citizens to do, and popes to bless, the deed of Black Bartholomew.

JAMES MACDONELL.



## CAUSES OF THE FRICTION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PREMIER AND PRESIDENT.'

THE relations between England and the United States have always been a piquant and tantalising topic of reflection and discussion. That there is something about those relations exceedingly unique will be conceded, I think, by all who have given them any careful investigation.

No other two nations spend so much time in affirming their friendship, and no other two nations find it so difficult to live on friendly terms. In fact we are the only two nations that ever say anything about their friendship, and the only two that have any difficulty in maintaining amicable intercourse. True, other nations fight, but they do not, chronically speaking, quarrel. They are sometimes technically 'enemies,' but they would resent the imputation of being habitually anything but friends. They are occasionally at war, but it is never a war of words. They sheathe their swords and shake hands, smooth their wrinkled fronts, and smile each upon the other's patriotism and prowess. Our two nations are never so much at daggers' points as when they are airing and repairing their pacific relations. We are alternately gushing and nagging, nay, we gush and nag simultaneously. Our friendliness for other countries, like civility in private life, is taken quite as a matter of course, and nothing therefore is said about it; the friendship of our two countries for one another is the victim of incessant protestation.

A penetrating observer of this would say there was something enigmatical about it. Nor would he have to go far before reaching its solution. He would infer from

the frequency and publicity of these affectionate expressions that they were indicative of the friction they were intended to disprove. That the friction exists, and that it is an extremely irritative kind of friction, no student of the temper of the two nations will deny. Nor do I see how he can deny that this friction is traceable to the very sources from which it is claimed should flow an uninterrupted stream of concord and sweetness. It is said, for example, that we should be hard and fast friends because we have 'a common origin,' and the same language, literature, and laws; whereas nothing is more promotive of our estrangement than the fact that we come of the same quarrelsome stock, speak the same irritating vernacular, poison with our spleen the same 'well of English undefiled,' and boast of the same complicated mass of impracticable legislation. We are just near enough of kin to exchange self-gratulations at the public dinner-table, and just far enough apart on the 'family tree' to chatter our ill-nature after the manner of, as well as with respect to 'the origin of the species' to which we belong. A nation derives its strength, because its unity, from its homogeneity, but two nations of a 'common origin' are alienated instead of consolidated by this circumstance. And all the more alienative is the circumstance if it is of the nature of an open question, and one of those 'foolish questions' which Timothy is advised to let alone because they gender strife to no profit. Very much such a question is that perennial English question—Who are the Americans? Now it is well known that as Eng-

lish-speaking or any other human nature is now constituted, there is no more delicate or hazardous question to put than that of pedigree. There is no more sensitive human weakness (or strength?) than the vanity of descent. Pride is, I think, the more accurate word. Pride of race, of family, of lineage, of blood—what a part it has played in the tragedies of history! No form of government or of society or of religion has ever done it away. Revolutions may submerge it for a time, but when they spend themselves, it gradually regains its old ascendancy. The Americans of the United States are all the more touchy respecting their origin and social status for repudiating such trifles in the articles of their political faith. There is no more thin-skinned aristocracy than the highest society of the great Republic, and none that betrays so alert an anxiety with respect to the foreign estimation of its sign-marks and credentials.

This leading question—Who are the Americans? receives two answers in England. The one is extremely gratifying to the vanity (or pride) aforementioned, and is therefore well calculated to keep our international social relations in the best of repair; the other is to a much greater degree aggravating and separating, because it wounds the American sensibilities at their tenderest point.

'With regard to what was once our colony but is now the United States of America'—said an eloquent English statesman on a recent public occasion—'not anything has been lost of the masculine character of Englishmen.' No compliment more acceptable to an American than this could be spoken by an Englishman. But it is only in the after-dinner speech that we are congratulated upon having the honour of belonging to the muscular christian branch of the human family. Elsewhere, which comes exasperatingly near being every-

where, we are consoled with for having long since lost our 'pure English' characteristics. Statistics are so manipulated as to confirm our worst apprehensions. Additions and subtractions are paraded to show with what rapidity we are ceasing to be the descendants of our European ancestors and are becoming the descendants of our American predecessors. The climate is named as one of the reasons for this English theory of Anglo-American 'extinction.' Aversion for family responsibility, and the disobedience of an explicit Divine command are deplored as other causes of this 'degeneracy.' Your America of 'the old thirteen' feels his 'colonial' blood rise to see that blood subjected to the analytical complacency of his English contemporaries. How is his mettle stirred within him by this question of his identity! Instead of being congratulated upon his success in supplanting the barbarous tribes of aborigines, with the highest attainment in the way of a race which the world has ever seen, he is deliberately diagnosed as a new and curious species of the *genus homo* by the 'chiel among us taking notes.' His dream of being all this century back the admiration of mankind, especially of the English portion of mankind, is suddenly interrupted by the question of his rank in the descending scale of being.

When we do well, our mother country presses us to her bosom and pats us on the back; when we stumble or go wrong, our mother country shakes us out of her lap and pushes us from her in energetic disdain. When all goes hopefully she takes the credit of our success and calls the world to witness—How like his mother! Chip of the old block! No decay or degeneracy there! When something happens to us, even if it be the breaking out of an inherited disease—We are no child of hers;

The theory of the 'common origin' is abandoned and the 'common bond of union' is cut in twain. This is annoying to those who are as easily annoyed as the Americans.

After a seven years' war, won with bare feet through long winters against the best troops in the world, after a half a dozen other wars, (wise and otherwise) and a four years' war in which we whipped, and got whipped by one another to our hearts' content, it nettles us to be asked by a person whose good opinion we desire so much as that of John Bull, who we are, where we came from, and what language we speak. One fruitful cause of the friction between our two countries is the ignorance of the English 'with regard to what was once our colony, but is now the United States.' We are not proud enough to meet such indifference with its equivalent in kind and degree, but we are vain enough to give the slight the dignity of a grievance and childish enough to speak of it as such.

The confusion that prevails in England on this subject of the English in America, is nowhere worse confounded than in English books on this subject. Open almost any book on the United States written by an Englishman and you shall see either a Pickwickian surprise over the fact that 'the Americans are so like ourselves,' or a series of crackling epigrams over the absence in America of everything 'English' and the presence therefore of everything ominous.

Passing by as too grotesque a distortion to be used as an illustration, a book which declares that the Shakers, who are unknown beyond their extremely 'local habitation,' are 'exercising a magnetic influence on American thought,' let us turn over a page or two of *Greater Britain*. On page 30 we are told that 'in Pittsburg, in Chicago, a few years make the veriest Paddy Eng-

lish,' and that 'year by year the towns grow more and more intensely Irish.' On page 224 'the children of Irish parents born in America are neither physically nor morally Irish but Americans' and 'the latest product of the Saxon race.' On page 199 'the single danger that looms in the more distant future is the eventual control of Congress by the Irish,' but on page 216 'Irish are systematically excluded from Congress,' and 'disgusted with their exclusion from political life, and power it is these men who turn to Fenianism as a relief.'

Perhaps a useful fact or two should be inserted here. Of the 74 members of the United States Senate one only is an Irishman by birth and one is by birth a German—a race not altogether unknown in either remote or recent English history, and a race which has been of incalculable service to America. Of the 243 members of the National House of Representatives three only are Irishmen—not but what some of the rest of them would be the better for being Irishmen. At all events, I am not aware that any of these Irish members have proved themselves any more unworthy of their seats than have their countrymen in the two Houses of the British Parliament. The same remark may be made of the one Englishman (by birth) the one Scotchman, and the one German whose name is upon the rolls of the Lower House at Washington. The remainder of the members of both Houses are as nearly 'Americans' as any of us can be expected to be, considering that the date of both the settlement of the country and the establishment of the Republic, is an incident of our 'origin' over which we had no control. It is from no fault of ours that we are twitted with being 'foreigners' as well as 'pale faces' by our copper-coloured predecessors. But to be published in addition, as aliens to the English-

speaking commonwealth by our former fellow citizens thereof is owing to our present sensitiveness as a people almost unendurable.

There is nothing like these statistics, which are so manipulated as to prove that the original, like the aboriginal, American is passing away, to demonstrate how easily figures can be made to lie, and how difficult it is to make facts tell the truth. And in proportion to the unfairness of this arithmetic is its adaptation to the purposes of those who delight to rub their hands the wrong way of their neighbour's face. There is just enough of truth in it to make it fulfil the end of those who wish to nag with it, and just enough of fallacy in it to keep those who combat it in a chronic state of argumentative exasperation.

As a specimen of this irritating way of making a fallacious statement respecting American society studiously pursued by a certain class of English writers, read this paragraph on page 179 of *Greater Britain*—'The only one of the common charges brought against America in English society and in English books and papers that is thoroughly true is the statement that American children, as a rule, are forward, ill-mannered, and immoral. An American can scarcely be found who does not admit and deplore the fact. With the self-exposing honesty that is characteristic of their nation, American gentlemen will talk by the hour of the terrible profligacy of the young New Yorkers. Boys, they tell you, who in England would be safe in the lower school at Eton, or in well-managed houses, in New York or New Orleans are deep gamesters, and God-defying rowdies. In New England things are better, in the west there is yet time to prevent the ill arising.'

Now this paragraph, in common with a large proportion of the

poisonous English writing about American social life, is admirably calculated for being swallowed without suspicion in England, and for being resented with some spirit in America. The 'statement' appears, upon the first reading, to be that (1) American children are, as a rule, immoral; that (2) the Americans themselves admit this statement to be accurate; and that therefore (3) the statement is incontrovertible. The statement, when analysed, amounts to this: that (1) the whole west and the whole of New England is excluded from the 'charge,' and (2) that the charge is true only of New York and New Orleans. First, all Americans admit that their children are immoral; second, Americans 'talk of the terrible profligacy of the young New Yorkers' only, and tell you that it is (not 'American children as a rule,' but) the boys of New York and New Orleans that are immoral. Nevertheless, the hasty reader (and hasty writers have only hasty readers) will close the paragraph with the impression on the authority of the author of *Greater Britain*, that 'American children are as a rule deep gamesters and God-defying rowdies.' But if the author were arraigned for such a statement he would probably refer us to the 'American gentleman' who cannot be found, which reminds us of another peculiarity of this and of many another English gentleman's reflections on the social life of the United States. It is impossible to tell just where the statement of the informant leaves off and that of the author begins. The 'They-says' and 'I-am-tolds' of English books on America are as frequent as they are ingenious, are as craftily inserted by the writer as they are certain to be overlooked by the reader. We Americans are, as a nation, the victim of one of our own habits of mind—generalisation. As no country in the world presents so

inviting a field for the exercise of this thoroughly English-speaking propensity as 'New America,' so no other is so remorselessly subjected to it. As we are the last people in the world to be taken at one sitting, so we are the most distorted-looking nation in the world when struck from the negative of an itinerant and 'instantaneous' photographer. He turns his camera upon us, pulls out his watch, uncovers the lense, claps on the cover again, and there we are—the entire 39 millions of us under 'the magnetic influence' of 6,000 Shakers; and under the 'control' of the Irish, who have abandoned political affairs because they cannot control them; absorbing and getting absorbed by the Celts; carrying aloft the banner of the extinguishable Anglo-Saxon, while nothing but the fossiliferous remains of that extinct species. Or if I may be indulged in a change of metaphors, the popular English books on the United States are kaleidoscopes, in which, as we turn over the leaves, we see Shakers tumbling into the arms of Free Lovers, Mormons cracking heads with 'Second-Coming-ites,' and Comanches grabbing at the pig-tails of the Chinese.

It is extremely doubtful whether seeing a country is any advantage to the person who wishes to write about it. If it is true that historians in order to be trustworthy must have no part or lot in the events which they narrate, it may be maintained with no less plausibility that there is only one person worse qualified for writing about a country than the person who knows nothing about it, and that is the person who knows a little about it. This 'little knowledge' is an exceedingly 'dangerous thing.' Travelling through a country prejudices the mind, or at least unsettles it. If you are a guest you are under bonds to keep the peace, and may speak only of the outside of the cup and the platter; if

you catch the fever and ague you can see nothing to admire in our political institutions; or if you come and go an 'unappreciated' lecturer you should be excused for refusing to admit that any good thing can come out of a Democratic form of Government.

I was struck with the answer of the late Dr. Keith Johnston, the eminent geographer, when I asked him why he who had made so many maps of America had not visited it. He said he 'never had any difficulty in making maps of a country until he travelled in it. Before he went East he made maps of it with ease; since his return he had not made one to suit him. It was so with America; if he should see the country he would never be satisfied with his maps of it.'

So it is with writers on America; the less they see of the country the more intelligently they can speak of it. The most accurate book about the United States I ever read was written by a gentleman who never saw our shores, and he was a Frenchman at that! However, whether the writer speaks from eyesight or insight let him load and crack away if he would contribute to the blinding mass of pyrotechnical generalisations which make up our knowledge of the human family. And the more crackle, sparkle, and snap there is about his performance the more readers he will have and the more confusion he will make.

When the author of *Greater Britain* reached India in his tour of the English-speaking countries, an officer said to him, 'All general observations upon India are necessarily absurd;' and our author concedes that 'this is true enough of theories that bear upon the customs, social and religious, of India.' Possibly he would make the same concession with reference to the social customs of America, for it does not follow that because one deals in 'general observations,' *alias* glitter-

ing generalities, he is ready to justify them. For my part I am quite willing to confess that they are necessary evils. Nothing can be more 'absurd' than 'general observations' upon America, except being annoyed at them. In default of books that bring us only the naked truth respecting our fellow creatures of other countries than our own, we must hope that in some way or other something may be learned from books in which the limbs of truth are elaborately concealed by the foliage of rhetoric.

However, it cannot be denied that the Americans as a people are unphilosophical enough to be worried by the kind of criticism to which I have alluded. They know that the great public of England are not at all indebted for their information about America to after-dinner speeches, but are very much indebted for their enlightenment to sensational books and generalisational tourists; and they know, therefore, that the convivial voice which periodically congratulates them on their English origin, is drowned by the incessant voice which ridicules their Anglo-Saxon pretensions, pities their social inferiority, or patronisingly moralises on their 'degeneracy,' or 'extinction.'

I have read in English newspapers, and in recent English books, that our people are hostile, and even belligerent toward the people of England, and some have gone so far as to say that we would like to see England get a thrashing from some continental Power. This is nonsense, utter nonsense. There is no hostility of that species in the United States worth a moment's consideration. There may be individuals who cherish it, and a newspaper or two that utters it, but as either a prevalent or a local public sentiment it is unknown in this country. It is also gravely asserted in English books that a preju-

dice prevails in some parts of our country against English immigrants. This comes of an effort on the part of Mrs. Partington, or some other person equally sanguine, to sweep the tide of English emigration into other than its favourite channels.

I read too that this hostility toward England is 'common-schooled' into us from the earliest hour of our education—if indeed our very mothers' milk is not soured by it, and we soured by the milk. Our Fourth of July is represented as an annual covenant of meditative revenge, notwithstanding the fact that eminent Englishmen freely take part in it both in their country and ours, and seem to enjoy it as much as we do—if any of us do enjoy it! All these charges are so preposterously contrary to facts that I cannot believe that they are seriously entertained by thoughtful Englishmen. On the contrary, we must conclude that the effect of these misrepresentations is very limited when we recall the rising figures of English emigration for the last ten years (now greater than those of the Irish), the constantly increasing number of educated and professional Englishmen who are making America their home, and the continually multiplying witnesses from all these classes who testify to the cordiality and hospitality of our people. So that this particular one of the little foxes that know the vines of our neighbourliness is scarcely worth running to earth.

But it is time to make that kind of 'confession' which is said to be 'good for the soul.' There are no English errors respecting us more unwelcome to us than certain well-accredited facts, which, whether served alone or mixed with the errors, are as unpalatable in the United States as they are relishable in the United Kingdom. A part at least of the ugliness which Americans sometimes manifest toward their English critics, comes of feeling

that those critics are sometimes provokingly near right. We know that many of the points of our foreign satirists are well taken. Consciousness of ill-doing is fatal to amiability. There is no bitterer or more enduring enmity than that which you incur by allowing your enemy to know that you know that he is in the wrong. He is comparatively harmless so long as he believes you are deceived with reference to his designs. Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps than a man ashamed of himself. The great body of respectable people in the United States (out of office) are ashamed of the scandals, political and judicial, for which they are censured by the English Press. And they are all the more chagrined because they cannot gainsay the charge of their own culpability. They know perfectly well that they have only themselves to blame for the present low state of the public conscience and for the official venality at the great centres. This conviction of our guilt makes us churlish toward our accusers. If we were innocent we might take refuge in contemptuous unconcern; as we are guilty we can only be choleric and peevish—especially toward England, whose good opinion we prize in exact proportion to our suspicion of not deserving it.

The same is true with reference to English lampoons of American 'Society.'

Here again we are not at ease, for the reason that, as I have intimated, we all pride ourselves upon belonging to an aristocracy in which the rest of us have no share, and in addition we are quite sure our ideas of an upper class are not those which prevail in Europe. While we will not yield to any other society in the matter of feminine beauty, or in the graces of generosity and hospitality, we cannot but betray some restiveness under the strictures that are made upon the clangour of our

voices; the deficiency of composure in our manners and conversation; the laxity of our home discipline; the intemperate use of personality and florid rhetoric in our oratory; the apparent absence of chivalry from our public life, and the display of personal adornments, irrespective of occasion, by our ladies, who make very little distinction between the opera and the church, or between a full-dress dinner party and a public meeting called to consider the claims of the undressed classes.

The English say, our decorated classes behave like those of their own country who have suddenly got on in the world, and combine patrician taste with plebeian loudness, drawing-room elegance with the syntax of the servants' hall.

If such criticisms as these are suspected of being well-founded, by the criticised, we can hardly wonder if the critic should be requested to mind his own business. The insult to our flag on the high seas would not rankle longer, nor so long, since the latter may be redressed, while the former is beyond the reach of redress.

Furthermore, we are reminded that the literature of the two countries is the same, and for that reason they should be affectionate friends. But here again, if at the public dinner-table we are assured that Shakespeare is the heritage of both nations, in the less restraining atmosphere of—say, everywhere else, the Americans are commiserated with for having 'produced no Shakespeare!' Now, when Shakespeare was born, the American Republic was not. My ancestors, and those of my English reader together, brought forth Shakespeare. But if those of my English reader alone, why have not 'we English' blessed the world with another Shakespeare? Is it any more astonishing that America has produced no Shakespeare, than that



England has produced but one? For we must remember that it required our united forces to produce that one. If we have produced none without your assistance you have produced none without our assistance. Where, indeed, we may sadly ask, are the Shakespeares and Miltons of your production since we parted company at Plymouth Rock and Jamestown? Should not these symptoms of 'degeneracy' be divided between us instead of being fastened exclusively upon the younger of us? And so much younger! And so much more obliged to look after what we shall eat and what we shall drink! And then, look you, O mother country of ours, if you, unaided, produced a Shakespeare, you were, say, five hundred years about it; and we, your child, are not one hundred years old yet!

No, no, we take you at your word when you are overflowing with the good spirits of a good dinner rather than when you are under the baleful influence of acidulous statistics. We cannot forego our satisfaction of having had our share in adorning the world with Shakespeare and with Scott, and in postponing appreciation of them until after they were dead. So we have recently unveiled a statue of each of these great English-speaking (and writing) celebrities in New York amid the acclamations of a vast multitude of 'our kinsmen,' who thus, then and there, renewed their vows of parentage to the Bard of Avon and the Magician of Abbotsford.

So long, then, as family disputes like these I have adverted to are left unsettled, we must anticipate friction between the two members of the English-speaking family. That which we cannot settle by argument, and must not settle by the sword, must remain unsettled—by the pen! Indeed, nothing so well illustrates the impossibility of settling a question with the pen as the resort for its settlement to the

sword. It is comparatively easy to determine which side is the weaker in artillery, however difficult it is to decide which is the inferior in logical acumen. Duel and battle may be illogical, but they are certainly decisive. The contest over forms of civilisation, of government, or of faith are perplexing, until the question in dispute is submitted to the arbitration of projectiles. We never know when we get the worst of a controversy, but nothing is more self-evident than a corporeal thrashing. Consequently, from the earliest and the rudest, to the latest and the most refined times, there has always been this impatience with dialectics, and this partiality for arms. We still 'sing of arms and the hero.'

What can be more evident than that our 'common language,' so far from being, as claimed, a 'bond of union' between the two countries, acts as both a cause and an effect of their friction? If 'blood and iron' cemented the German-speaking States, the English-speaking nations are estranged by bile and ink. The common language not only conceals thought, but reveals choler. The San Juan boundary difficulty could not have survived all but two or three of the statesmen of both countries, who first undertook to settle it, if they had not been compelled to use their common language in settling it. If the Washington Treaty had been composed in aboriginal American, 'understanding' would have been out of the question, and hence misunderstandings would have been impossible.

As the Mesopotamians could not understand us if we should say anything against them, we never say anything against them. It would be an unavailing expenditure of personal disregard. Who would waste his caricatures on a nation of blind people? As the two countries of a common tongue are quite sure of being understood when they tease

one another, they tease one another with the keenest satisfaction. There is no more comfortable sensation than that of feeling that the object of your derision understands every word you say.

To say the truth, the English are the most irritating, and the Americans the most irritable people in the world—although in ability to irritate, it is difficult to excel American newspapers. Toward our mother country, they do sometimes succeed in making us insufferably disagreeable. Our 'consequential' behaviour in the recent arbitration is a mortifying case in point, but our people were no more represented than consulted in this flagrant violation of courtesy and candour. While we rejoice in the privilege of pronging the British lion whenever we happen to feel like it, we shall never forfeit the right we reserve to ourselves of showing the ineradicable respect we bear him. We believe in him and glory in him—believe that he will thrive, and be always as powerful as he is now, and glory in the fact. Our abuse is of the mouth, mouthy, our admiration of the heart, hearty. It is, however, an inconsistency to be regretted, that if we have not the disposition of the porcupine, our Press should so often show its quills.

It has to be confessed, then, that the causes of our antipathy are as deep as our resemblances. The points at which we come together, are the points which create the friction. There can be no friction without contact. The United States and England touch at almost every point—ancestry, government, language, literature, law, social life and religion. In these we are alike and yet unlike. The likeness creates contact, the unlikeness rivalry; both together repulsion. We shall never fight, but we shall always scratch.

There is no friction between the United States and Russia as nations. Why? Because they are similar in

no respect, dissimilar in every respect—ancestry, government, language, literature, law, social life and religion. There is no friction because there is no contact, there is no contact, because they are so far apart—I do not mean geographically, but politically, socially, every way. There is no resemblance or comparison. All is contrast. There is neither animosity or affection, nothing but diplomatic courtesy. There is no familiar intercourse, only an occasional bow and chat. No two Governments can shake hands with more impunity than a Despotism and a Democracy. No two extremes find it so easy to meet and greet. Two such means as two free Governments find it far more difficult, for obvious reasons. It is easy enough to live at peace with those you seldom see or hear of; it is difficult to escape a row with those you confer with constantly. Distant politeness facilitates intercourse, intimacy endangers it. Russia and America are distant acquaintances, rivals in nothing, at antipodes in everything, and have only to be civil. England and America are contrasts in nothing: natural friends, members of the same family, each set up for himself, each a 'shop over the way' with which the other has 'no connection,' and both obliged to be friendly, or to try to be, which is just as difficult and hazardous.

The reception of the Prince of Wales was the expression of that downright friendliness and admiration which, whatever they may sometimes say or do to the contrary, the Americans feel towards the English, and which jumps at an excuse for making itself visible and audible. The Russian Royal Duke was received with that spontaneity of hospitality which is natural to our people, but which was as aimless as it was facile. It was the case of the stranger, not the friend. There was no risk; there could be no misconstruction. The parties under-

stood one another perfectly. The Autocracy and the Democracy both enjoyed the hob-nob. This has been regarded as inexplicable in England, but there is nothing unintelligible about it, because there was no duplicity about it. If the Russian, or indeed if either royal guest, had put a political construction on the popular hospitality, the emotions of the occasion would have rapidly given place to those of a much less amiable description.

As an illustration of the fact that while nationally we are frictionary one toward the other, individually we are the best of friends, observe how the inhabitants of our two countries fraternise when they meet in foreign lands. We come together by sheer force of 'natural selection,' when we find ourselves in company on the banks of the Rhine or the watershed of Africa—under the shadow of Mont Blanc or the dome of St. Peter's. Now it is that 'our common language,' with which we so often contrive to conceal the intentions and reveal the ambiguity of our Treaties, ministers to our amity and amiability.

It makes us feel our oneness, especially with reference to one of our 'objects in life.' We are reminded that, whatever other considerations may divide us, we are one in our 'common' object of supplanting all other languages by our own, although we may be obliged to bayonet our tongue down the throats of our non-English-speaking fellow-creatures. There is nothing like this 'common language' party-spirit, which expands the breasts of the inhabitants of our two countries, for bringing them into alliance under remote skies and on distant bottoms. Their frigates alternate in banging away at the door of the ancient East, or in punishing the people of China for refusing our invitation to their hospitalities. The Indian chief tells our President, and the Commander

of the Chinese forts tells our Admiral that he is not enamoured of our civilisation, does not covet our religion, and will even forego our 'fire-water' and tobacco for the sake of retaining possession of his real estate; but where duty leads, the English-speaking regimentals must follow, even at the risk of feeling it their duty to occupy and cultivate the land of the subjugated race, and to open a shop in their midst. We may seem to profit by the transaction, but we are nevertheless the missionaries of a grammar—the vanguard of a vernacular. We deplore the necessity, and hope it may all be for the best as regards 'our friend the enemy,' and are always ready to repine over his extinction, repudiate his treatment, and subscribe for his relief.

But the Two Countries may have another 'common' mission. What may they not do for the rescue of our fellows all over the world from oppression and injustice? A striking incident is at hand for illustration.

In Santiago de Cuba an American seaman, the son of English parents, is about to be shot for alleged complicity in a fillibustering expedition, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the English and American Vice-Consuls, who are perfectly satisfied of the man's innocence. The two Consuls follow the fring-party and their victim to the place of execution, where and when the English Vice-Consul steps forward, reads a protest, demands the release of the accused, and declares that the authorities will be called to account for his death by the Governments of England and the United States. The excitement is intense. The prisoner reels with faintness; the Spanish soldiers show impatience towards the meddling foreigners; there is a pause and a consultation; the Consuls are informed that the sentence must be carried into effect; the order 'Present' is given!

At this moment the two Consuls, carrying their respective flags, bound out between the levelled muskets and the doomed man, who in an instant is covered with the English colours. The American Consul wraps himself in his flag, and stands by the side of his fellow hero, who exclaims—'Hold! hold! As the representative of her Britannic Majesty, I protest against this murder. It is our duty to protect this man's life. If you take it, you take ours, and that at your peril!'

The wretched man leans helplessly against his defenders. The muskets are lowered. Another

awful pause, another consultation, and the prisoner is conducted back to his cell, supported on either side by the two Consuls, amid the cheers of the soldiers, who, forgetting their animosity, are electrified by this splendid spectacle of heroic audacity. In a few hours the seaman is released, and in a few more has embarked in safety, under the two flags of the two countries.

I believe this incident fairly illustrates the deepest feeling that the two nations have one towards the other, and the highest mission they share—the championship of justice, and the rescue of the oppressed—throughout the world.



## A FEW WORDS ON PHILOLOGY.

WE scarcely know whether to borrow the chuckle of Democritus or the tears of Heraclitus in facing some of the aspects of our philology. It is just one of the things one would almost prefer not to look at as a whole, after so often finding this or that part of it turn out a dissolving view. The suspicion creeps over us, that, if Aristophanes were alive, he would be tempted to get up his *Nubes* at the shivering expense of a Socrates in philology rather than in philosophy. Yet if his dialogue was about roots biliteral and roots trilateral, about roots with and roots without any meaning attached to them—the demon of weariment might soon discomfit the genius of merriment, and empty the benches. Still, serio-comic or pathetic as we may think the state of things, philology is too generally important to allow of our being indifferent to it, and it may need no apology if we turn the attention of our readers to some of its salient points.

We are better situated than others before us for seeing how daintily the romance of letters takes up its parable just where the tomes of 'literæ humaniores' leave it. We are not prepared to say whether a papyrus or tissue with a repetition of some old 'Ritual of the dead' is technically a 'codex' or not. This we know, that many a twinge of mental gout supervenes on free resort to the stimulant of 'codices,' as a natural result of what is owing to that arch-enemy of students, the copyist. The manuscript, done in a corner, with all its affectations and its reckless innovations, stands to us in a different relation from that of the inscription. Here we seem protected from falsification by some dignitary of Bel or Ormuzd, standing by with a heavy mace to encourage the artist, or by some leopard-skin guiding the graver of

the workman. It is well for old 'monumenta' to look at us, and for us to carry away a fitting image of them. But the image is quiescent if not evanescent, and cannot travel from man to man, nor can description of it raise more than a fading mirage before the listener. But when they speak to us in their own words, words like what we know of elsewhere, then persons of men and not conventional figures appear before us, fellowship takes the place of separation, we are busy and they are useful. The romance of the distant past helps with its gigantic looming forms to check the Utopia of the future. It gradually raises a pyramid of 'Visible Speech,' more interesting than those at Ghizeh, more solid than even the lucubrations of Mr. Bell. A shattered stele in Moab, a cracked tablet from Marseilles, a plain sarcophagus from Sidon, a heap of sepulchral relics from various quarters—these do something to fill the eye, but are weirdly potent to fill the mind. So think some of us. But a rich and un sentimental country leaves its own Heliopolitan obelisk in the dust, for dirty little Alexandrians to play see-saw over, instead of erecting it before the treasures of its own museum. It may be that the commercial value of a few discussions on the 'stone' period of letters is the chief safeguard against the study of it lying prostrate like the obelisk.

But it is not to Semitic or Hamitic monuments our modern Quintilians send us, in quest of the primordial tongue to which our own may be traced up. There is nothing picturesque or sensational about the accredited source of what we call Indo-European. Dark and gloomy as the caves of Elephanta and Ellora is the inner phase of the language to which the wand of a Bopp or a

Grimm directs our chief attention. We ask it for meat and it gives us 'roots,' which remind us of that famous one of which it was said that 'ad Tartara tendit.' Unmonumental and untraditional is the line of study to which the Sanskritist devotes himself. When we say 'unmonumental,' we do not forget Asoka and Kapurdigiri, but those names suggest nothing to alter our opinion. To say 'untraditional' is indeed to risk a visit from some Familiar of the professorial Inquisition. We know what is said about the Aryan directory of the places Alexander's army reached in India. Nevertheless—but we will not be rash about the Domesday-book of Taxilas or Porus, or even about that quaint 'ape and peacock' argument, which almost put Solomon's sea-captains into the witness-box in the cause of the Rig-Veda. Far be it from us to say that there are not clear proofs, explicit and implicit, of full-blown Sanskrit long before the time of Alexander. The fact is that we have not seen them, and that a delicate point of relationship has always seemed to us to need more elucidation than it has yet had. We are warned against considering Greek to be a daughter of the great Indian mother, and taught that all is right under a sisterly aspect of the two. The other view is that of here and there a crotchety genealogist, who wonders whether the case is not one of European offspring in India after all. Of course we are bound by the consensus of the learned to feel, that whatever the *Vergleichende Grammatik* says is and must needs be true. It is only left to us to indulge a fartive but fervent hope that it is not. We shall be far from sorry when some one arises to scrape off the barnacles of Pānini, and enable our knowledge of genuine antiquity to get along a little faster. If Francis Bopp had never heard of Sanskrit, we might still be in possession of our lists of

affinities in modern languages. And we might have been saved much weariness of soul over the irrepressible 'Solar Myth,' to escape which we would almost live in a cellar, offer incense at the shrine of the genial Esmun, or swear by the mystic Cabiri. Verily it would be an achievement worthy of no little glory, to get our philology into a line that should secure the deeper study of monuments three or four thousands of years earlier than ourselves.

But there are doubtless good easy-going people, who can apportion to winged figures from Nineveh the same placid stare they bestow upon the bones of a megatherium. Serenely apathetic about what the stones have to say for themselves, or how they say it, they may be waiting to be informed that human articulation came in with the invention of printing. Yet they are blessed by a too bounteous Providence with strings of sons and of daughters, for whom they fondly speculate on a profusion of rewards for linguistic proficiency. The natural wish is, to get the tiros over the mysteries of reading with as little drudgery to memory as possible, and as many sound rules of speech as will be serviceable in after times. Alas! vain the hope of escaping that prolonged apprenticeship to the parrot, which is wont to precede a rendering of words with intelligence. The first requisite for such an improved system of education must needs be a really good spelling-book, classifying what is tolerably constant, and bringing out into a handy sort of prominence what is abnormal. But that belongs to a future we know not how remote. One difficulty in the way of utilising a better manual lies in the necessity of teaching those who themselves have to teach. First principles are not the easiest things in the world to handle with a safe bearing on

subsequent progress. Again and again have we enquired of the teachers in national schools, what was the system best adapted in their eyes for inculcating the rudiments of reading. Always the same look in return of injured innocence, the same implied shrug of the shoulders, the same sort of account of the first steps in learning that Topsy gave of her early personal history. Surely a secularly sponsorial Government might do worse than stimulate the production of a spelling-book more suitable for those whom it compels to enjoy the benefits of its pet creation, the Board. It is reported that a very eminent publisher found a book on cookery about his best commercial success. We should augur the same result for that fortunate member of his guild who shall issue a scientific spelling-book, adapted to the wants of all classes. As it is, how many writers, even of the advanced sort, can be trusted to divide their words into syllables upon intelligent principle, or, in complicated cases, upon any principle at all? Or how many of us could give a clear and succinct account of the varying quality of our familiar vowels, or suggest reasons for their more exceptional use? Indeed, how many of those who can spell to perfection would like to be examined about what spelling is, as distinct from mere enumeration of letters? Yet these things are but elementary. If Bacon were still amongst us, he might be driven again to affirm of them 'that this part of learning is wanting to my judgment standeth plainly confessed.'

We need not complain of any lack of efforts to alter the orthography of our vernacular. First of all, there is the great chorus of grumblers and croakers, ready for a philological adaptation of the *Rana* of Aristophanes. Their persistent outcry betokens something very Tartarean about its origin or sub-

ject, and must be credited with some share in moulding the opinions of those who get tired of hearing it. Then there are writers and writers, nibbling writers and voracious writers, from archbishops down to garret-critics, all engaged in the amiable task of showing that the meanings of our words are not what they ought to be, their spelling atrocious, their letters ingeniously delusive, and so forth. Then there is the Philological Society. Doubtless each of its members is individually equal or superior to what might be expected under the circumstances. But we take down from our shelves the more general part of their published *Transactions* for the year 1870, and we muse thereon. We wonder whether gravity is so inherent in the Society that they repressed a burst of Olympian laughter over the appearance of the aforesaid *Transactions*, as representing what they think 'desirable and practicable' in the amendment of our orthography. We find the book begins with a paper of which the conclusion is characteristic enough. Speaking of his subject, the writer parts with it, saying, 'We learn the origin of *ea* out of *au* in its original obscurity.' Next comes a welcome paper by Mr. C. P. Cayley, about which the only wonder is that it should need to be written at all in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Paper No. 3 aspires to impressiveness within the short compass of a dozen lines. The name of 'Shiffnall' had become 'Shifnal' under the concentrated influence of the Postmaster-General, the inhabitants of Shiffnall, and the Justices in Petty and Quarter Sessions. This was enough of itself to raise the prospects of philology, and it is made known to the world in the exulting words, 'This announcement on behalf of the Post-Office affords an instance of an alteration in spelling made by public authority.' Having

ourselves duly caught the infection of joy over the good time coming, we turn our eyes buoyantly to the next page. But, by the club of Hercules, what have we here? *Ποδαρά τὰ θηρία*; have we lighted upon some Maori version of the English tongue, bound up by mistake with solemn records in philology? No! it is soon ascertained, that what we have before us is no error of the binder, but a serious appeal to our approval 'on the improvement of English orthography.' Then we subside into melancholy. We think of the time when we were plodding through the marshes of Ravenna on a road, once perhaps a fashionable street, frequented by the blue-jackets of Pompey and Augustus. Clearly a change had come o'er the spirit of the scene. As we advanced, what we saw was alive with uncanny reptiles, crawling and wriggling in the dust of the highway, gliding and writhing in the stagnant water. Strange that the improver of orthography, 'widh dhose chanjes,' and his 'furdher chanjes,' should be found supporting his proposals from a Report of the Committee of Council on Education, and receive printing honours from the Philological Society! The fact is patent from the *Transactions* of 1870, that in quarters from which the confiding world would expect help in their difficulties, all but 16 out of 118 pages are put at the service of bare undisguised 'fonetic.'

Of course there must be something in this 'fonetic' to attract to itself the prolonged labours of the sort of men it reckons amongst its adherents. It would be wrong to ignore the encouragement they have received from recent compilers of Latin grammars, and from the deference of learned professors. We are not likely to speak of the meeting of extremes as anything wonderful. If the votary of Priscian and Nigidius Figulus hobnobs with the

initiated of Pitman, it is but as the Vatican sometimes finds itself close to Tottenham Court Road, and Pall Mall to Trafalgar Square. It is not the only thing that argues a remnant of chaos in philology. Our own view of the case is not far to seek. Our national utterance has come down to us associated with, and in its way moulding, certain forms in writing. Change the letters, and the sounds will be endangered. The first generation that uses a novel spelling may keep within traces, by dint of remembering what has been superseded. The next generation may easily be found kicking over said traces, and upsetting the coach. Putting aside the value of visible etymology, there is rashness in neutralising the experience of ages, which have formed for us our words as we have them, and must not have their method of formation arrested. It is possible to look on the spelling of a country as something like the shingle on its sea-shore. Such as it is, it has a relation to the rough usage of oral intercourse and to local circumstances. The shape and position it assumes in the course of time is just that which gives full but guarded play to the vocal element, and in the form of literature gains upon it. If, instead of homely limestone, marl, or flint, our friends bid us try their sterling gold or silver, wood, hay, or stubble, when we think of the dangers of a sea of ignorant pronunciation, we decline the advice.

In presence of 'fonetic,' it strikes one that something must still remain unsettled in the relations between speaking and writing on the one hand, or between writing and reading on the other. Certainly there can be no more reason in the eternal fitness of things why our symbols of what is labial, dental, or guttural, should appear on paper as they do, than why brick-clay should assume the form which burdens the



shoulders of the hodman. Symbols are versatile enough, and may assume odd forms; according as they are used by the signal lieutenant on board ship, or the dumb man with his fingers, or the telegraph-man with his needle, or the diplomatist with his cipher, or the compositor with his type. From hieroglyphs and ideographs down to algebra, anything is useful enough if it does but answer its purpose. There is no difficulty worth speaking of in making a record of what we make up our minds to say: we may do it in pictorial fashion or otherwise. We may call in as much or as little as we like of *Onomatopoeia*, that too benignant goddess of the *etymologist*. We can be as fantastic or arbitrary as we like, provided only we are conventional. The real 'labor' and 'opus' sets in when we have to turn the lifeless symbols into living utterance; in other words, when we have to read a bit of writing. We might turn a sound into a word without induction, or anything intellectual beyond what is incidental to substitution. But we cannot read the word when we have written it without a deductive process, which involves the real though unobserved use of a distinct middle term. It is just this middle term which baffles children and those who can make no sufficient induction for themselves. In foreign languages, the major premiss is apt to be, especially in the quality of vowels, entirely different from our own, and the indignant Briton, when he finds himself abroad, is often seen pointing to his phrase-book, and fuming over what he calls its uselessness. Much in the same way our juniors make shots at words that look a little like what they have picked up before, and find out with a wry face or aching knuckles that they have hit the wrong sound. It is hard upon them, that nobody should ever teach

them the main results of classifying and excepting the syllables they have to deal with. No wonder that the practice or value of induction in spelling escapes the range of their unphilosophical faculties, and that they blunder on till, body and mind, *plectuntur*.

We suppose that, after the number of times the description has been dimmed into our ears, we are in duty bound to speak of ours as a naughty, 'anomalous,' antiphilological sort of language, fit only to be whipped into conformity with a higher standard than its own. Well! naughty it may be, and 'anomalous,' but not therefore naughty because 'anomalous.' We have a faint idea that the first man occupied rather an 'anomalous' position amongst the animals of his time of day; but we do not read that it was thought to be a naughty one merely on that account. And if the great majority of their neighbours think saintly men rather 'anomalous' in their breed and characteristics, this does not prove that it is naughty to be saintly. If 'anomalous' things are so very pernicious, how is it that people fail to acquaint us with the virtues of what they call 'omalous' ones? And if in polite circles it is so heavy a charge to bring against a man that he is 'odd,' it seems unfair not to complete the analogical contrast by telling us what it is to be an 'even' man of the world? It is not so many years since a well-known writer on Development laid it down as a glory of his adopted Church, that she had assimilated so many items from external sources, some even from the domain of heresy and heathenism. We are not concerned to show whether or not all the things that Church has absorbed have seeded in the event to agree with her, or whether our own Church has thriven to perfection on the opposite plan of a simpler, if more wholesome, diet. However

this may be, we rather congratulate ourselves than otherwise, that our language has been left to cater for itself in its own way. It is not unsatisfactory to reflect that an Englishman's tongue is very much like the Englishman himself, his 'glorious Constitution,' and his more pretentious edifices, all rather composite in order, but not so bad or inconvenient after all. It has grown with the growth of our nation's greatness; and while the most prejudiced foreigner will hardly deny that it is a good one of its sort, we need not fear his proving, so easily as the man did of his wife, that 'the sort isn't good.' It has a mysterious, almost ludicrous resemblance to some details in that of the best sailors in the olden time, so much so as to point sundry remarks in Dr. Schröder's valuable grammar of Phœnician. The Englishman might not be what he is if he spoke in the way that may be overheard in the streets of Paris or of Rome. Some say it requires worse meat than we have to improve our cookery, and it might be necessary for us to face worse literary materials than we possess to make our spelling more luminous and more effective.

It need not be denied that there is much tribulation of spirit and despair of the faint-hearted over the difficulty of mastering this terrible spelling of ours. But so we suppose there is, in reaching the nobler heights of architecture, painting, music, logic, or mathematics. He who would get beyond the rule of thumb must expect a few puzzling problems about the centre of gravity. Artists do not imitate Raphael at the cost of a penny paint-box. The most patient home instructions will not guarantee a Mozart in the family, nor will every studious undergraduate come to rank with Aristotle or Newton. If we feel injured because we have to take trouble about such common things

as our words, it is not in the spirit of the entomologist who thinks much of life well bestowed on the physiology of a fly, or of the enthusiast who rose to fame on the scrapings of one string of his fiddle. If we grant that anomalies are troublesome, this is not to allow that uniformity is a test of excellence, or may not even be its grave. It is all very well to pick out some of the rougher items of modern English, and contrast them with the soft sweet sequence of syllables in Sanskrit or Italian. So far as we know, the softest and sweetest things to look at in long strings of syllables belong to tribes in Polynesia and Central Africa not otherwise thought very worthy of imitation. Perhaps there may be some little mistake in the theory of the case. It does not appear to be the only or main object of the writer to insure a certain sound from the reader. This may be ever so desirable, but not always possible. If a language starts with easy sounds for convenient syllables, it will get on very well so long as it does not add to its old stock of words. It may take any liberties it likes with foreign words. The trial comes when the old words have to be altered to suit new meanings, and the alterations call forth new sounds, or at least such as have not been attached to the same words before. This must be done more on literary or grammatical, than on vocal principle. And as political laws press unequally upon different classes, so anything like a rule of flexion formation or transformation of old words into new ones, must needs affect some of them with special awkwardness to the reader. It is the price we pay for the conservative element in writing, without which it could hardly itself exist, or afford us much more edification than a pocket-book. The learned reduce the whole of modern as well as classical languages to a

mere handful of what they call Roots, but which look surprisingly like visible forms of nothing in particular. This suggests that Darwinism might have had its primary idea in the theory of the evolution of all language from some very prehistoric monadic letter. But, supposing people not to be allowed to reduce all words so nearly to annihilation, there remains a vast amount of credit due to writers of successive ages. With but awkward materials at command, and very scant powers of invention, they have contrived, by dint of economising, squeezing and dilating, borrowing and stealing, to furnish us with a supply of literature which looks fresh and inexhaustible, however old or intrinsically limited it may be. This could not have been done, unless the mind and the voice, being less fettered than the art of the scribe, had by a little extra work balanced the difficulty.

We may thus try to palliate the charges of 'anomaly' and difficulty against our spelling, but we have no hope of gaining for it more than a ticket-of-leave. If we spoke with more authority, it would be to many who would only scream at us the louder. Be it so. 'Populus nos sibilat,' this need not debar us from enjoying apart the fruits of more edifying contemplation. We say, Here is a goodly language, which, if it bears some thorns on its stem, bears also a full-blown rose at the top. We have in it the relics of a hoary Semitic antiquity, surrounded by words which, after flourishing two thousand years ago, submitted to alteration, that they might still live and be at our service. We respect this language as well for the things it has not done, as for what it has done. It laid a firm hold on our country in face of no insignificant rivalry, and lived in the mouths of a population which, if it loved fighting a trifle too much, loved the Christianity of its day not a little.

Indifferent to permeations from the Celt and Roman, it yielded no slavish homage to the political supremacy of the Dane. With patriotic determination, it kept the influence of what was French in the victorious Norman, nearly within the bounds of the names of a few marketable commodities. Assured of its own permanent independence, it enriched itself from our oft-defeated enemies on the Continent. Overtaken by a little uncongenial pedantry in the Stuart period, it has survived the battle and the breeze to be what it is. Compressed in all directions—comprehensive of elements from rather incongruous sources—it may indeed here and there show a few symptoms of congestion, but they only require judicious treatment, and cannot deserve wholesale amputation. This is the sort of language at which its possessors think it clever to be rodent and maledictory. And why? Probably just because those who undertake to teach it take no trouble to find out a proper method of setting it forth. And those who learn it set down the want of method in the teachers to the score of imperfections in the language itself.

Let us leave now the murkiness of those mistaken opinions about English, which pervert the usefulness of the Philological Society and the Phonetic Institute. Let us climb the Delphic heights themselves, and hear what the chief priests of the philological Pythia have to tell us. The oracle, not unlike some things in the old Greek ones, except in their poetry, comes to us in the form of a 'Syllabus of Latin Pronunciation.' The word 'Syllabus' certainly has its associations with infallibility, but otherwise hardly appears to be a happy one. If there were a party opposed to its teaching, they would need no other rallying-cry than 'Syllaba,' if we are right about the weakness in the professors' views, where

they have neglected the doctrine of 'syllables.' We are aware that the head-masters of schools have, in solemn Amphictyonic Council assembled at Birmingham, carried unanimously a vote of thanks to the professors for the Syllabus. We do not see how they could have done less under the circumstances. It is no object with us to wantonly disturb unanimity, which, even if it is a little dull, is always so 'nice,' especially when young eyes and ears are on the alert to catch signs of discord. The question with us is, whether the unanimity of the head-masters can have much more than the one principle of expediency at the bottom of it. We cordially endorse the opinion, that it is expedient to conform our way of reading Latin to continental usage. Such a consummation must make the old words more intelligible by and from scholars on both sides of the Channel, and perhaps bring out many a latent etymology on our side of it. We may concede what is not equally evident, that young people will derive much benefit from the new way of reading Latin, in applying themselves to modern languages. Having said thus much, we are constrained to add that, if we had been head-masters at Birmingham, the rest of our unanimity would have been of the galled and sore-backed sort. As obedient animals we are quite ready to go in the proper direction; but this new saddle, the Syllabus, does not seem as yet to fit us, and we cannot help wincing a little. It is just as well to know whether this is our fault, or the fault of the saddler. In other words, it is very important to ascertain how much of the Syllabus is sound philology or not.

To begin with, the selection of Italian as furnishing the best *norma loquendi* in reading Latin, is just the one we should not ourselves have made. We have got into the way of thinking, that it is a lan-

guage which has not only softened its gutturals and dentals, but macerated what should be its substance nearly into pulpiness. It gets rid of the old consonants by wholesale as in 'istruzione,' 'oscuro,' 'specchio,' and in 'oggetto' we see it conspicuously removing inherited groups of consonants, to make geminations of them in the way that turns up everywhere, and makes sad havoc in grammatical etymology. It strikes one that the language is effeminate, one that loves to lie on the sofa with its pretty vowels, but eschews wholesome exercise with anything else. We have nothing to complain of in those vowels, but when we see how it discards the initial aspirate, and how it treats what were Latin consonants, we think of it as a sort of molluscous deposit, where a few hard shells are sometimes found as initials, but where in a general way nothing hard or sharp seems to have any business to remain. And yet things both hard and sharp are recommended to us by the Syllabus. The professors and Amphictyons can hardly have been thinking of the euphonious supremacy of Italian in music. The nation that speaks it has done nothing Roman since the old Roman times, and the tongue seems to have been dreaming like the people, perhaps believing itself old Roman in pronunciation, because old Romans were Italian in blood. It is hard to see why it should have been preferred even to Spanish, which has added so many of its gutturals to the aspirates, and reverts in many cases to the pre-classical stage of Latin. These things strike us about Italian as a vernacular, and we should be of the same mind if the Syllabus had said, what it does not, that it was thinking of the special rendering of old Latin words in Italy. Those words are perhaps as strange in sound to the modern Italian as to anybody else. Stoutly

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and indignantly do scholars from the North of Europe deny that the Italian has, or at least utilises, the best tradition of sound from the time of Horace and Virgil. The two Romes did not help each other in language more than in fortunes. Goths, Lombards, and Vandals had no very conservative influence on classical enunciation, and a country of mountains is full apt to be a country of dialects. On the contrary, the wonderful borrowed diction of Ulfilas spread mysteriously in or as the High and Low German, which was often within hail of the Roman colonies in Poland and the valley of the Danube. Somehow or other, it turns out that over a large part of Europe the pronunciation of Latin by the Icelander would at the present day be preferred to that by the Italian. Referring to what Haflam says, we see how Latin may have suffered from the preponderance given to degenerate Greek sounds in and after the days of Chrysoloras. And the percolations of monkish Latin may be added to what appears from the same authority to have been the neglect of the study of Latin, at certain periods of Italian history, when that study was flourishing elsewhere.

Diving now into some of the details of the Syllabus, we are certainly relieved to find that we have not to face the dicta of Priscian, Nonius Marcellus, or Nigidius Figulus, which from certain indications we might have expected to find inflicted upon us. We have never thought that descriptions of sounds were apt to be specially intelligible to remote generations of men. We do not at all mind being talked to about Quintilian, because on the whole we think him a very sensible kind of monitor. Only we need to be told what he actually did say, and not to be led to infer, from views ascribed to him, what we

ourselves ought to say. Now there are two points in the Syllabus which seem to be based on the remarks of Quintilian, although only one fortifies itself with his name outright. It is more than possible that, if he had not said something about 'obtinuit,' we should never have been told to 'sound and generally write' *supter* for *subter*. And if he had not said of *ab* in *abstulit* that 'corrupt oratio,' we might have been left alone with *absens* instead of trying *apsens*. That is, so far as *subter* and *absens* offend against any laws of accommodation or Sandhi in Sanskrit or elsewhere, we might indeed have heard of them, but hardly, till matters are more advanced, in a Syllabus of Latin pronunciation. It seems as if some collateral motive were needed to account for the fact, that the professors do not, like Quintilian, make 'obtinuit' their typical word. Had they done so, they must have gone on to say, that he speaks of 'obtinuit' as that which 'ratio poscit,' and of 'obtinuit' as only that which 'aures magis audiunt.' He was familiar enough with inscriptional use, and wished to see everything written 'quomodo sonat.' Thus what he knew of reading would have justified him, if anybody, in trying his hand at a slight change in spelling. But, impressed by the 'ratio' of the case, he proposes no alteration. If our Syllabus does require one, it seems hardly too much to say that it does so in defiance of the 'ratio' of Quintilian. Whatever liberties he may have heard the Roman tongue taking with 'obtinuit,' that particular grouping of sonant with surd need not have been much more dreadful in Latin than it is found to be in English and German. Verily we hope there is life in the old word *subter* yet, and that nothing from the comparative grammars will be the death of it. We think that 'absens' deserves to survive the Syllabus as much as 'subter.' We

grant that the sibilant has not here exactly the same title to the name of 'spirant sonant' that it has in *abeque* and *abstulit*. But its credentials are amply good enough to allow of its being joined for once with the labial sonant. The original sibilant of the preposition argues some kind of 'accommodation,' Indian or not. Quintilian seems to have thought it rather hard on the poor syllable to be so treated. But he does not make it a case for practical redress, and we rather think he was right.

Of course we are bound to do as we are bidden, and 'see Quintilian 1. 7. 20.' Having, as the Frenchman says, *made* our duty in that direction, we must profess that we are unable to see anything there to the purpose of what the Syllabus wants to tell us about a sharp or flat sibilant, but a confirmation of the very opposite. Its words are here not a little obscure. But we suppose, that the combination of a long vowel with a geminated sibilant is held to be the most correct thing possible, that Cicero and Virgil were quite right in their spelling of 'caussa,' 'cassus,' *divissio*, &c., and that they might as well be followed by ourselves. Now Quintilian speaks in one sentence of the time of Cicero having been that of the fashion (*ferè*) of writing the gemination in 'cassus,' and in the next sentence of his own time as that of the usage of 'jussi,' 'quod nos gemina S dicimus' instead of the early 'jousi.' So the old twin consonant after the *long* vowel vanished, and the new twin consonant after what we must call the *short* vowel became established. What can this mean, except that a gemination is no more in place than a grouping of consonants after a long vowel, but that a gemination is as much in place as a grouping after a short one? But we are further mystified about 'a lost consonant having been assimilated, and the vowel al-

ways lengthened.' Here the words go far beyond those of Quintilian, who was not speaking of any process of lengthening vowels, but of those that were somehow long already. What is said of the 'lost consonant' looks as wonderful to us as if a projectile were to hit an object in the air and on the ground at the same time. We can just get over the thought of the *assimilation* of a consonant, though our idea was that *assimilation* lay properly between the vowels of consecutive syllables. What we want to know is, whether the lost consonant really goes into the gemination, as in *annuo*, or whether anything else is proved by forms like *amitto*. If it be said that the defunct consonant is ferried over direct to the vowel, and lengthens it, we cannot forget that some writers, like M. Baudry, hold there is scarcely, if at all, any such change of consonant into vowel as is implied in 'compensation.' Those who do not see the direct agency of compensation on the vowel, would explain the result of lengthening by the indirect action of the gemination. Thus it might be said that the consonant in *ab-mitto* did not go at once into *amitto*, but into a theoretic *am-mitto*, from which the change to *amitto* was an accepted alternative, as much as in 'litus' and 'littus.' We are here brought to consider the extent to which gemination of consonant, and its alternative the long vowel, has been the resource of pronunciation from perhaps the beginning. It is significant that, while there is so much of it in Semitic, there is said to be nothing of it in Sanskrit. We see it working independently of written forms in old Latin inscriptions, and turning up everywhere amongst us. Applying its theory to 'casus' and 'visus,' where the vowel is long, we do not at once say that the dental has gone bodily into it. We trust our ears that 'cassum' and 'sessum' have the lost letter safe in their gemina-

tion. Then we come to think that 'casus' and 'visus' get their length proximately from relieving guard with the gemination. But those who lean to 'compensation' will fly to the old ablatives *praidad*, *senatud*, &c., for proof in favour of it. They may as well remember that Bopp himself detected but few traces of the usage in Sanskrit, and was only more successful when he followed it into Zend. They ought to explain why so little of it is found in Latin consonant-nouns. These dentalised ablatives belong to the period of abbreviated nominatives, and have probably some reference to them, if some of them do not remain in the language as nominatives. Adverbs and prepositions, like 'facilumed,' 'suprad,' 'entrad,' may have had something to do with long Greek finals. On the whole, we are loth to acknowledge that a dropped consonant directly lengthens a vowel, though it may fairly be held that it conduces to the result. *Formonsus* became *formosus*, but perhaps in theory *formossus* first, and *odiontus* may have passed the turnstile *odiossus* to reach *odiosus*.

Having admitted that, as ancient ladies say of certain preachers, we cannot 'feed' much on the professors' views of geminated consonants, we ought to try whether we can get on any better with their notion of geminated vowels. And an opportunity occurs of testing this in what the Syllabus says of 'Marcus' and 'pastor.' These are clearly the 'Maarcus' and 'paastor' of the inscriptions, and it must be the twinship of the vowels on which the statement is founded, in connection with them, that 'the ancients observed the natural length of vowels, when the syllable was also long by position.' Now what does this mean about the 'syllable' being long by position? Has anybody ever proved, that when a vowel gets into position with consonants in or outside of its own syllable, any

change takes place in the consonant which precedes it? If not, care in phraseology would lead us to restrict the effect of position to the vowel, and not extend it to the whole syllable. We know the point is of no consequence, only it is a sample of the sort of confusion we often have to notice about 'syllables,' in which everything is apt to be disregarded except the vowel, the most unstable part of it. Thinking of what Cicero said, it might be as well to distinguish clearly between a long syllable in metre, and a vowel long by position. But to return to 'Maarcus' and 'paastor,' and the inference that the twinship proves length of vowel. Here we must not run away with the analogy, that all things are like those numbers that can be added into some single larger one. It would not help us to establish the fact, that a pair of horses can always be added into one animal of dimensions equal to both of them. We allow that, in the words mentioned by Corssen and some others, the twin vowels are used where the syllable is long and unclosed, as in 'Albaana,' 'leege,' 'seedes.' What we doubt is, whether the first syllables of 'Maarcus' and 'paastor' were read differently from the same in 'parcæ' and 'Kastor,' themselves of early appearance in the inscriptions. These are certainly held to have furnished the short 'diidro,' even if what look like corresponding forms elsewhere prove to be twin marks rather than twin vowels. If Accius and Lucilius could not certainly make out the meaning of the twinship, we may be excused for making a guess at it. It is not then a very wild surmise, that it was in 'Maarcus' and 'paastor' a sign of quality, not of quantity, in the vowel, especially as the peculiar quality turns up amongst ourselves also, as in 'mark' and 'pastor,' 'park' and 'past,' &c. There appear to be reasons for thinking it an Oscanism, and the *aa* may have

nothing more to do with length in pure Latin than it has in Scandinavian. In Danish and Swedish the corresponding forms *aa* and *å* are either long or short, as in *Worsaae* or *Kaag*, *Gås* or *Påsk*. In each the long has the *au* quality of the short.

As regards the description in general of the vowels in the Syllabus, we are half in the humour of the dull cathedral-warden of Parma, who, in looking up at Correggio's angels on the dome, felt reminded of a 'guazzetto di ranc.' The only English sounds allowed to be more than 'nearly' connected with Latin come from 'father' and 'rule,' both of which happen to be exceptional with us. If so, without an intimate knowledge of other languages, our Latin reading must be a mockery. We can hardly believe this, or imagine that the use of the tongue in countries so close and closely connected as England and Italy, is, or ever has been, so different that the same sounds might not be found in each, if they were properly ransacked. It is all very well to talk about the want of 'single sounds to give an adequate representation of an old Latin sound,' but who is to judge whether it is adequate or not? We thought it was understood that all the 'long' vowels may be illustrated from English alone, and perhaps in the short ones there is no divergence worth mentioning. As the Syllabus puts it, we get fairly estranged from our old Latin friends, when we are told they are to be 'as the accentuated Italian,' 'as the unaccentuated Italian,' 'as the Italian closed,' 'as the Italian open,' 'as the Italian open shortened.' We feel inclined to give *å* a hearty cheer for discomfiting the professors. After successfully finding it out 'as the first and last *a* of *Amata*,' they pass under the Caudine Forks of confessing, 'It is not easy to represent this sound in English: we know nothing better than the

first *a* in *away*, *apart*, *aha*,' and this happens to be no vowel at all, but a sort of grunt, of which more anon. This is not the only case showing that the professors seem to think a vowel is something like an insect, with a long head, an evanescent tail, and nothing of importance to join the two. We put ourselves tacitly on the side of that unhappy 'English and English-Latin *o*,' which is so 'very peculiar, in most instances hardly an *o* at all.' If not, what in the whole domain of literature is it like? We shall be told, perhaps, that it is borrowed from *au*. Well! then we must be told further what is the sound of *au*, for we find it properly is 'nearly as *ow* in English *power*,' and we cannot find anything like *ow* in English 'corn' or German 'gold.' So far it turns out that instead of *o* borrowing from *au*, a perverse arguer might say that *au* itself got into difficulties and became indebted to *o*. The fact is that in *o* the professors seem 'hoised with their own petard' in Italian, and to have fallen amongst the other vowels without lighting on their legs. It so happens that there is in Italian a long quantity of *o* in 'gloria,' which has much the same *au* quality as the short quantity, say in *rosa*. But this is exceptional, and does not apply to *e* or the other vowels, which do not furnish 'the same sound shortened,' that belongs to them when long. The usage in Italian is only like what we spoke of in Scandinavian, where *aa* and *å* take the same *au* quality of our *o*, whether they are themselves long or short. It will no more do to apply the terms 'long' or 'short' to quality of sound than to quality of colour or savour. It tends to obscure the important fact, that the special sound of a vowel is only incidentally connected with its length. Quantity may be a multiple of quantity as representing duration, but quality will very rarely be a



multiple of quality as representing variety of sound. Compared with long vowels, short ones are apt to be so specific as to deserve being written everywhere, as they are in some languages, by a peculiar letter.

The Syllabus would lead us to infer, that a bipartite division of vowels is sufficient; in fact, one that comes round to the regulation 'longs' and 'shorts.' Yet, on looking more closely into the matter, it is difficult to avoid seeing, that the division, to be worth anything, must be at least tripartite, and, to be complete, must have its supplementary divisions. The first division naturally consists of those with long quantity, closed or unclosed. This is not because they are the most original, which is more than doubtful, but because they are the only ones which can be sounded distinctly alone. The long closed vowel, which is a special favourite with the professors, can never have been rigidly the same as when unclosed, but must have deserved to be classed somewhat apart, like our 'child' and 'kind' as compared with 'children' and 'kindred.' Probably all languages have had something of this sort in them, connected more or less with some peculiarity in the liquids. The second division of vowels takes in those that are closed with a consonant, but *not long* in quantity. For want of terms to express variation in quality, we must leave these to be typified by the words 'bad,' 'bed,' 'bid,' 'body,' and 'bud.' The third main division of vowels is about as extensive as the other two put together, that is, in polysyllables. Ranging from the mere 'vincular' up to quasi-closure, they are not even 'short,' but 'shortest,' and take after 'long' or 'short' only according to circumstances. A large part of the work is taken off their shoulders by what we called a 'grunt' in the words 'apart,' 'away,' 'aha,' but which really

is the nondescript, inarticulate sort of sound, which is heard in the French 'le,' or our unemphatic 'the.' Of course if *e* and *i* run into one another elsewhere, they will do so more freely still when at their 'shortest,' though always keeping tolerably clear of *a*, *o*, *u*. The latter before *c*, *p*, *t*, *f*, and sibilants often become confused, while before the sonants and equivalents to sonants they retain distinctiveness. These unaccented 'shortest' vowels are perhaps the least intrusive, but most interesting of vowels. They must have formed the staple of pronunciation amongst the old Phenicians, who wrote no vowels at all, and astonish us by the difficulty of showing when it was that they even used any long ones.

It is proposed that the open Italian *e* should be sounded as an alternative for *oe* as well as for *ae*. This looks a little too sweeping as regards the 'open' Italian *e*, but is a pleasant compromise, sufficiently endorsed by general usage in neo-Latin countries. Only we confess that we are a little jealous of anything that can be made to harmonise, more closely than necessary, with the Sanskrit *guna* and *vridhhi*, as applied to the case by the *Public School Latin Grammar*. We cannot see that the inference from Latin establishes at all clearly that the second vowel of its digraphs was the chief one, as seems implied on the Indian system. It may not be quite safe to suppose that the inscriptions were watched over by those who felt any very keen interest in diphthongs, or were pledged to rigid rules in writing them. In some cases a single letter may have preceded the diphthong, in others the diphthong itself may have led to the adoption of the single letter. Such words as *ducere* and *judez* may have had a different early history from that of *unus* and *cura*. In a general way it may be thought that when a

digraph is commuted into one of its two vowels; the remainder represents what was before the chief element in the digraph. Now there are many digraphs so commuted in classical times into their first letter or its equivalent. This leaves it open for us to forget Sanskrit, and think that their first or specific part ought to have precedence over their second or more generic part; however little we may be able to secure this in our own days. If there ever was a complete theory of combination in Latin diphthongs, its discovery would amply reward our studies, but is hardly to be expected. However this may be, we think that Mr. Roby, whose attention was not specially directed to the point we are considering, affords evidence much to our purpose. He shows that while commutations from *ei* are fluctuating, those like *frustra* are but rare, those like 'Cecilius' vulgar, and those like 'prefectus' post-classical. The many instances given by him indicate that the typical form *loudos* is more than matched by those like *loidos* as the early state of *ludos*. This seems to give us a dispensation from laying over-much stress on the plausible case made out for the second vowel in words like *plus* from *plous*. Perhaps digraphs commute more easily into what they do not express, than into their second vowel, which has the look of standing like the iota subscript in Greek, and to be about as distinctive as it is in the French *loi* and *roi*. Latin has its *au* subsiding into *o* in *lotus*, *ae* into *i* in *requiro*, and *oe* into *u* in *punio*. Much in the same way, our English, after decomposing the Latin *cura* and *lux* into *cearu* and *leht*, gave us 'deorling,' 'seoc,' 'feol' and 'leht' itself, for us to make into 'darling,' 'sick,' 'file,' and 'light.' If Mr. Roby had been writing a Greek instead of a Latin grammar, he might, if so minded, have shown many a Greek digraph passing into Latin

by its first letter, as in 'Hades,' 'crapula,' 'poeta,' 'levis,' &c., and many an elimination of the second in Greek itself. As it is, if in *Fourio* we suppose the *u* as near in value to *o* as *e* to *i* in *omneis*, the verdict will not be decisively in favour of a *guna* or *vriddhi* in the case. If plurals like *servei* be thought to tell for the Indian side, we have only to remember the inscriptional 'plorume,' 'Maurte,' 'matre,' 'Junone,' to get a notion that the later *servi* may possibly have been an earlier *serve*. Nothing of this kind need set us against the alternative or compromise for the diphthongs proposed by the Syllabus. They are after all but a few survivors of their tribe, which owe their prolonged existence rather to the inconvenience they obviate, than the good qualities they possess. Greek was too profuse in digraphs, and Latin did well to thin them out. Our own long vowels, which are so clearly digraphic 'breakings,' offer their mite of help to their Latin fellows. Sound the last letter of *ai* or *oa*, and you simply alter the whole of *a* or *o* as an equivalent.

We must not pass over what the Syllabus says about the 'tyranny of accent over quantity,' because it almost amounts to defamation of character, and brings us face to face with something curious. We half fancy we have prosody made a register of accent, because Quintilian said that *accentus* and *prosodia* were the same. This would disturb our notion of things. As we have said that we consider the ratio of quantity to be to the vowel, so we hold that of accent to be to the syllable, as that of emphasis is to the word in the sentence. Hence in our view it would not be right to speak of the 'tyranny of accent over quantity,' because that is not its department, but the 'syllable.' Accent does not regard 'long' or 'short' vowels as such, but is only concerned about there being no

rival accent in the next syllable, in the absence of which it will nestle almost anywhere. It is owing to the 'syllable' and not the vowel, that the antepenults of 'hominis' and 'lateris' admit of accent, or of such definite pronunciation as they have. Their first vowels are clearly not the same as in 'homunculus' and 'laterculus.' Putting aside the circumflex, Greek and Latin accents may be held to differ from one another, and from ours, in that the one seems to avoid, and the other to prefer, that penult, to which we are indifferent. Yet they both virtually agree in throwing the tonic accent back, and in precluding it from consecutive syllables. Here they fall in with our own, which is in polysyllables alternate, and so far probably resembles that of many other languages, which are sure to find the undulatory theory of vocal matters work best in practice. It sounds strange to us to hear of the 'tyranny of accent over quantity,' or of accent having any power of changing anything. One speaker may call quantity 'natural,' another may call it 'structural;' but both ought to agree in thinking that it is more a question in metre than in accent. Of course it is not meant that accent falls indifferently upon syllables, but that there is a ready way of preparing any syllable for accent, which really obviates the difficulty. When we want, on the alternate system, to accentuate a very short vowel, such as in 'Italus,' we have only in voice to geminate the consonant, as in 'Ital(l)ian,' or 'pit(t)y,' and the thing is done. The contrivance is so simple, so useful, and so elastic, that we may well suppose all spoken languages to have used it. If the old Roman did not sometimes, like ourselves, turn the long vowel in 'ca-ritas' into its equivalent, and say car(r)itas, we do not see how he could help preceding us in saying 'fer(r)itas' instead of 'feritas,' if

he wanted any certain way of managing the first vowel at all. The beauty of gemination is, that it vanishes as easily as it comes to the rescue, as may be seen in our 'com(m)orate.' There must always have been syllables of inconvenient value, requiring some device to get over them, and none more convenient than the one we are considering. The attitude of the Syllabus towards accent seems to have been taken up without considering that vowels are independent of accent, but syllables and accent closely connected.

Our idea about the consonants mentioned in the Syllabus is that, if we were to follow its unyielding rule of 'hardness,' we should not only get as far as continental usage, but go clean over it, and be out in the cold as before. We have no heart at present for raking up the mysteries of gutturals and labio-dentals. Those who go fairly into the question will find that they have more to say about it than has yet been said. We regret that those professors who came forward so gallantly in defence of the softness of the maligned *c* and *v* did not more persistently stand to their guns. The impatient outcry against the softness or sibilation of consonants should be considered in connection with a remark of Dr. Schröder's, *à propos* of Phœnician, that sibilation is a mark of culture in languages. Our own impression is, that the causes which have produced so much of it in post-classical times have been more or less in operation from the remotest period. We must have a battue some day amongst those mutations of consonants which accompany the progress of words from one set of speakers to another. It may have a certain bearing upon our controversies, if we come to acknowledge that, in *Semitic*, the final of the first personal pronoun *anoki* appears as the affix of the first person of the verbal

*katali*. But we must not be tempted into the subject.

One word more about the Syllabus, and we may leave its theory of 'reform.' Our reflections do not supply any key to the bearing it has upon the pronunciation of Latin 'before the time of Servius,' that we should be told how 'the Italian of literature has been fixed for six centuries, and manifestly approximates to the Latin of the seventh or eighth century.' It only seems to show that, if 'hardness' of consonant is the right thing, Italian has become so inveterate in its softness that it must go to school to 'harden' itself as much as any other language. Further, we can only regard it as a sop to the 'fonetic' philosophers, when it is said that 'the writing as seen in inscriptions was meant to represent exactly the sounding of words, and that a difference in spelling implied so far a difference of pronouncing.' It is hardly probable that the humblest stone-cutter in Rome wished to represent words more inexactly than the cleverest writers, or would forget that spelling really had a good deal to do with changes in pronunciation. It occurs to us that, after all, the real attractiveness of Italian in the eyes of the professors may have lain outside itself, and rather in the direction of guns and vridhi. It was something to find a language which seemed to decompose old digraphs into that second vowel, which a reversal of the Sanskrit process would leave as the original one. If Italian is thus set to Indianise Latin, it is some comfort to find reason to think, from the commutation of digraphs in classical times, that Latin seems to localise itself.

Our readers may censure us for ingratitude towards those who have laboured to advance 'the improvement of English orthography' through some fresh manipulation of its letters. They may even charge us with prying too curiously

and irreverently for spots in the philological sun. Let them suffer us to plead in extenuation, that those who turn such telescopes as they have upwards, are not always supposed to be oblivious of the genial beams of the great luminary. The spots themselves may have some wise and good purpose, which escapes the general observer, but works in a chosen sphere of its own. The rising generation of philologists naturally wish to appropriate the labours of their predecessors, with the view of adding to them, in due time, something of their own. We fear they are doomed to many a gesture of bewilderment before they settle down on the path to lead them infallibly onwards. Such a path ought by this time to be clear and unmistakable. Everybody is resonant with delight over the great progress in philology, though few, perhaps, make up their minds whether the progress is that of the circus or of the railway. We ourselves used to think that if we did not take our literature back with us to pre-historic India, we might settle matters with Semitic monuments. But in an unlucky moment we found ourselves reading some very pretty words on the 'Stratification of language.' Our eyes began to dilate, when most of the pages seemed to imply that we might, after all, have to go far beyond the Bactrian Caucasus, away to the Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ting of the Celestial Empire. The exhibition of literary elegance in books on letters is rather too much for our taste, and makes us fear for its effect on our budding scholars. We feel they are in no danger of misplaced affection when they turn to a volume like March's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. There they can enter on the sensation of a mixture of Euclid, algebra, chemistry, physiology, unlant and ablant, with very little otherwise to bias their emotions.

They will also be sufficiently safe from dangerous raptures with the *English Accidences* of Dr. Morris, whose orderly arrangement of interesting details is indeed beyond all praise, but who will only be fascinating when dictionaries become the staple supply of light literature in lending libraries. Perhaps something might be provided quite as good, but a little less arid than what comes from Messrs. March and Morris, also a little less succulent than falls from some University pens. It would be a welcome task to read what should not hide the sacred grove of letters by the trees of eloquence, but just give its proper charm to philology, as one of the most absorbing of all possible studies. Distractions from analogy and imagery should hardly be allowed, in days when glossology calls in the scalpel of anatomy, and when grammars are not mere armouries of serviceable rules, but affect to compress within a few pages all the constructions that ever escaped erasure, and to find long polysyllables for mere parts of word-lore than ever went to make up the whole. Lexicons have grown fat and unwieldy, classical, antiquarian, and Biblical dictionaries fill up whole shelves with all that can be, and much that had better not be said, and from those who might just as well not say it. We need a little judicious pioneering; not scratching at primitive rocks with a pen-knife, but removing simpler obstacles, and showing the host of scholars what it is they may fairly hope to reach.

We are inclined to reserve our heartiest cheers for those who shall be able to prove honestly, that we are not bound to go to the source of the Indus for the earliest known stage of the language in our common books, but may be allowed to rest somewhere in the direction of Euphrates. Of course, we are not wishing to put the philological

clock back to 'Hebrew roots.' That would be funny enough in many ways, and partially so in face of the new work of M. Leyza on the subject. Moreover, we have said nothing to imply any special love for Roots at all, or to foreshadow any regret, if they were sent underground, and there bidden to hide their misleading analogy. The stones from Mesopotamia as grammaticised even by M. Oppert—the Moabite Stone in the hands of M. Ganneau, and those who have criticised him—the sarcophagus from Sidon as interpreted by Dietrich—the Phœnician items so ably illustrated by Dr. Schröder—the *Mélanges* of Comte de Vogüé—all this, and much more than this, suggests such an account of things ancient in literature, that, if Boppism deserves to win the race against it, we are convinced it will only be by a neck after all. Movers has spoken of the early connection of Greece with the Levant in a way that needs to be more fully understood, and the intercourse of Italy with the Carthaginian coast long before the Punic wars has to be taken into the account. Then we may come to feel less surprised over the fact that Plantus ever wrote the *Pœnulus* for the Roman stage. And we may end in being more inclined to trace up European words to the same Semitic source, from which it is acknowledged that their written characters were derived.

As for the Comparative Grammars, we may well hope that it will not be the worse for them more than for some sermons, if they have to accept a Semitic text instead of the Aryan one they have adopted. If they were all like the instalment with which M. Baudry has furnished us, we might soon learn to use them profitably, without prejudice to conclusions which do not appear broadly on their pages. His book is a favourable specimen of the application of patient labour and

lucid arrangement to the comparative system, and perhaps makes the best of it. The marvel is, that so observant and impartial a writer should not have been led to suspect, that there might be some better key to the phenomena he describes, than those Sanskrit roots, so many of which he allows to be purely imaginary. He lays no stress on phonetic laws as more than the 'constatation généralisée des faits,' or anything beyond the mere quotient of general usage. His restrictions of the famous 'Grimm's Law' might almost induce unprejudiced legislators to repeal it altogether. He would not have written about vowels in position in the terms of the Syllabus, or have thought of taxing the varying incidence of accent in different languages with anything like a 'tyranny over quantity' in any. We have been speaking of the importance of the geminated consonant, and he shows that it has no place in Sanskrit. His instances reveal that most Greek and Latin letters have their marks of independence about them. We claim him, therefore, as a friend of something Comparative, which may not altogether correspond with the theory of language he himself represents. A book is promised on Etruscan in-

scriptions, which may be full of interest, and it may turn out that we are getting into a very fruitful course of enquiry about old Celtic. The prospect of what we should welcome does not now seem very remote; and if Semitic remains came to be regarded apart from their religious purport, we should at once expect more philology out of them.

When the philologist of the day comes to feel a museum as congenial a place of labour as his own fireside, he will deserve congratulation on many accounts. He will have really enlarged his mind, instead of merely multiplying his note-books. If he must still deal with mistakes, they will be such as can, if at all, be easily detected, whereas the mistakes and worse of copyists for the first thousand years after our era, may often make him doubt whether he is reading an author, or a sort of imago of a book after an author. He will feel himself strong in 'reading' instead of helpless in the presence of 'readings,' rich in associations if not successful in competition. We have seemed perhaps to speak of our philology as a sort of Prometheus Vincetus, and will be consistent enough to conclude with the lay of the sad but hopeful Oceanid, αἶλιον, αἶλιον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

M. T.



## 'THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS, AND BRITISH PREPARATIONS FOR OBSERVING IT.

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BY far the most important of all the phenomena which astronomers are now expecting, is the transit of Venus, which will take place on December 8th, 1874. Even the eclipses of the last few years, though they have attracted so much attention, and have been observed so carefully, have in reality been regarded as altogether less important than the next transit of Venus. Eclipses are almost every-year phenomena, but transits of Venus occur only at average intervals of more than half a century. The last took place in 1769, and after the transit of 1882 none will occur till 2004. Apart from this circumstance, a transit of Venus is of extreme importance in the science of astronomy. It admittedly affords the most satisfactory means of determining the distance of the sun; in other words, the dimensions of

the solar system itself. And such determination of the scale on which our system is constructed affords the only means we possess of measuring the vast spaces which separate us from the fixed stars. So that the observations which are to be made in December, 1874, and renewed (but under somewhat different conditions) in December, 1882, bear directly on the fundamental problem of astronomy, so far as astronomy relates to the determination of the distances and magnitude of the celestial bodies.<sup>1</sup>

I propose, here, after enquiring briefly into the general question of the determination of the sun's distance, to describe the nature of the opportunities which will be afforded during the transit of 1874, and to discuss the preparations which are being made by this country to take her part in the work of observation.

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<sup>1</sup> I venture to quote here the appeal made by Halley (when Astronomer Royal) *forty-five years* before the transit of 1761, the earlier of the pair of transits then looked forward to. It will show that in dealing with a transit 21 months before the date of its occurrence, I am not looking forward so inordinately as might be supposed by those unfamiliar with the nature of these enquiries. I should remark, however, that since Halley's day other methods for determining the sun's distance have been devised and employed. Six methods are described in my treatise on the 'Sun,' and a seventh has, within the last few months, been suggested by the great French astronomer Leverrier. Thus, then, wrote Halley in 1716:—'I could wish, indeed, that observations of the transit should be undertaken by many persons in different places: first, because of the greater confidence which could be placed in well-according observations; and secondly, lest a single observer should, by the intervention of clouds, be deprived of that spectacle which, so far as I know, will not be visible again to the men of this and the next century, and on which depends the certain and sufficient solution of a most noble and otherwise intractable problem. I therefore again and again urge upon those enquiring observers of the celestial bodies, who, when I have departed this life, will be reserved to observe these things, that, mindful of my counsel, they should devote themselves strenuously and with all their energies to conduct the observation; I desire and pray that they may be favoured in every way, and especially that they may not be deprived of that most desirable spectacle by the inopportune darkness of a clouded sky; and that finally the magnitudes of the celestial bodies, forced into narrower limits (of exactness), may, as it were, make submission—to the glory and eternal fame of those observers.'

These hopes were not fulfilled, so far as the transit of 1761 was concerned; but the transit of 1769 was observed with great care at no less than seventy-four stations, fifty of which, however, were in Europe.

It will be seen, as I proceed, that this discussion of the subject does not labour under the fault of being premature. On the contrary, the time is now at hand when a final decision must be made as to the course which this country is to pursue; and inasmuch as my purpose is not solely to describe what is being done, but to point out what (in my opinion) should be done, the present is the proper time to speak.

A surveyor who wishes to determine the distance of an inaccessible object, measures a convenient base-line and observes the direction of the object as seen from either end of the line. He thus has the base and the two base-angles of a triangle; and the simplest geometrical considerations teach that the other two sides of the triangle can thence be determined. These sides are, of course, the distances of the inaccessible object from the two ends of the base-line. Now this is the fundamental method employed by astronomers to determine the distances of the celestial bodies. It is applied directly to the moon. An observer at Greenwich (let us say), notes the direction of the moon when at her highest or due south; another at Cape Town (let us say), does the like; then a line joining Greenwich and Cape Town is a base-line of known length, and the two directions give the base-angles. The triangle is a very long one, its vertical angle (that is the angle opposite the base) being one of about a degree and a half, or about the angle swept out by the hand of a clock or watch, during a quarter of a minute; but such a triangle is quite within the methods of treatment available to astronomers.

In applying this method to the sun, a serious difficulty comes in. He is so far off that, instead of a

triangle with a respectable vertical angle, there is a triangle having a vertical angle of about the 240th part of a degree (under the most favourable conditions which can be conveniently obtained). To know how small such an angle is, let the reader note the minute hand of a clock or watch, and observe how little it shifts around its centre in a single second of time; yet this angular shift is twenty-four times as great as that we have mentioned.

It must not be forgotten that, in all such cases, the question is not whether the astronomer can *recognise* such and such an effect, but whether he can *measure* it. It is not the whole quantity about which astronomers are troubled. Unquestionably the observer at Greenwich can recognise the depression of the midday sun,<sup>2</sup> due to the fact that Greenwich lies above (or north of) the earth's centre. For this depression is an element which he has to take into account in his observations. The corresponding depression, even in the case of bodies far more distant than the sun, as the planets Jupiter and Saturn, is announced systematically in our national astronomical almanac. But the direct *measurement* of the depression is altogether out of the question.

If the stars which really bestrew the heavens beyond the sun could be seen, the case would be different, for they would serve as index points, by means of which to estimate the sun's displacement. But although stars not lying near the sun's place on the heavens can be seen by day, with powerful telescopes, those close around him are quite invisible. This method failing, the astronomer has to look for other means of solving the problem. The planet Venus,

<sup>2</sup> Only observations of the midday sun would avail, because the only instruments having the requisite delicacy of adjustment are meridional. There is an instrument suitable for observing the moon when she is not on the meridian; but it is quite unfit for the purpose we are considering.



which comes at times much nearer to the earth than the sun is, and in fact nearer than any celestial body except the moon, naturally claims attention as a suitable object for the astronomer's purpose. For it is to be remembered that the *proportions* of the solar system have long been accurately determined; so that as soon as the distance of any one planet is ascertained, the scale of the whole solar system becomes also known.

Venus, however, when at her nearest, is lost in the sun's light, and, though discernible in powerful telescopes, is quite unsuitably placed for the delicate observations which would alone avail to determine her distance.

This brings us at once to the recognition of the importance of a transit of Venus. When Venus passes between the sun and earth, in such a way as *not* to cross the sun's face,—that is, when she passes above or below the long and almost linear portion of space lying actually between the earth and sun,—she cannot be well observed; but when, in making the passage, she comes so close to the line joining the earth and sun as actually to be seen on the sun's face, she can be observed to great advantage. For she is then seen as a round black spot on the sun's face; this face is thus as a sort of dial-plate on which the black disc of Venus is as an index. The sharply-defined edge of this black disc presents the same advantage which a neatly cut index possesses, enabling the observer to measure satisfactorily the place of the planet. All the circumstances are favourable, except two:—first, the index,—that is, the black disc,—is not even for an instant at rest; and secondly, the index-plate,—that is, the sun's disc,—is itself displaced by any difference in the position of the terrestrial observers.

Nothing can be done to remedy

the latter circumstance. Its effects are easily seen. Suppose an observer at some northern station sees Venus in reality depressed by a third of a minute of arc, which is about the hundredth part of the sun's apparent diameter. Then the sun being farther away in the proportion of about 10 to 3, is depressed by about the tenth of a minute. Accordingly, Venus only *seems* to be depressed by the *difference* of these amounts, or by little more than a quarter of a minute. Nevertheless it is far easier to measure this reduced displacement on the sun's face, than to measure the larger displacement without his face as an index-plate.

The other circumstance has been dealt with in two ways.

First, in accordance with a suggestion of Halley's, instead of attempting to measure the position of Venus on the sun's face, the astronomer may simply time her as she crosses that face, and so judge how long the chord is which she has traversed. This shows how nearly the chord approaches the sun's centre, and thus gives a determination as satisfactory as an actual measurement. Of course, there are many details to be taken into account: for instance, the apparent path of Venus is not a straight line in reality, because the observer's station is not at rest, but carried round the axis of the rotating earth. But the mathematician finds no difficulty in taking such considerations fully into account.

Secondly, Delisle proposed that astronomers should note the actual moment (of absolute, not local time) when Venus seems to enter or leave the sun's face, as seen from different stations on the earth. It will be manifest, on a moment's consideration of the actual circumstances of the case, that the transit will not seem to begin or end at the same instant, as seen from different parts

of the earth. There is the great globe of the sun at one side, and the smaller globe of the earth on the other; and Venus passes between. Now, in order to show more clearly what must happen, let us take an illustrative case drawn from an event which in a few weeks from the present time will interest a large proportion of our population. Suppose that on one side of the river Thames there is a long building whose extremities we call A and B. Suppose that just opposite there is a barge whose corresponding extremities we call *a* and *b*. Now suppose the winning boat to be coming along so as to pass between the house and the barge (coming first between the ends A, *a*). And for simplicity of description let us confine our remarks to the little flag carried at the bow of the boat. It is manifest that an observer at *a* will see the little flag cross his line of vision towards A before an observer at *b* sees the like. And the observer at *a* will in like manner see the light blue flag (I beg pardon, I should say the blue flag simply) crossing his line of vision towards B before an observer at *b* sees the like. The flag will traverse the range A B as seen both from *a* and from *b*, but both its ingress on this range and its egress from it will be earlier as seen from *a* than as seen from *b*. Now our earth may be compared to the barge; the sun to the building A B; and Venus to the boat. There is one spot on the earth at which Venus will seem to enter earliest on the sun's face, and another spot (on the opposite side, just as *b* is farthest away from *a*) where Venus will seem to enter latest; and in like manner there is one spot at which Venus will seem to leave the sun's face earliest, and another (on the opposite side) at which Venus will seem to leave the sun's face latest.

And as our illustrative case ex-

plains the nature of Delisle's method, so also it illustrates the *rationale* of the method. Of course, the two cases are not exactly similar; but they are sufficiently so to make the illustration instructive. Suppose that the length of the barge *a b* is known (as the dimensions of the earth are known); thus say that it is 24 yards in length. Now suppose that the course of the boat is known to be in mid-stream, or exactly midway between the house and the barge. Then a moment's consideration will show that the boat traverses 12 yards between the moments when the spectators at *a* and *b* severally see it towards A. Now suppose that the observer at *a* indicates by a call or other signal the moment when the flag is thus seen by him, and that the observer at *b*, provided with a stop-watch, notes that two seconds elapse before he sees the flag towards A. This, then, is the time occupied by the boat in traversing 12 yards; so that she is moving at the rate of six yards per second. Similar remarks apply to the apparent transit of the flag past B as seen from *a* and *b*. In like manner, the astronomer can gather from observations by Delisle's method the rate at which Venus is moving in her orbit,—that is, the exact number of miles over which she moves per minute. So that, since he knows exactly how long she is in completing the circuit of her orbit, he learns, in fact, the exact circumference of her orbit in miles, whence its radius (or her distance from the sun) follows at once.

It is manifest that Delisle's method can be applied with equal advantage either to the ingress or to the egress of Venus. The comparison of two observations—in one of which her ingress happens as early as possible, while in the other it happens as late as possible—is quite sufficient to determine the

sun's distance. So also the comparison of two observations of egress (most accelerated and most retarded) is separately sufficient to determine the sun's distance. This is an important advantage of the method. Because while, as in Halley's method, two stations are absolutely necessary, there is but a single observation to be made at each, whereas in Halley's the beginning and end of the transit must be observed at both stations. This introduces a double difficulty. For first, there is the necessity for a longer continuance of clear sky, since the transit may last several hours; and, secondly, there is the difficulty of securing a station where the sun is well placed on the sky, both at the beginning and end of the transit. It will not suffice, in applying Halley's method, to have the sun well above the horizon at the moment of ingress if he is low down at the moment of egress, or to have the sun high at egress if he is low at ingress. Accordingly, the condition has to be secured that at stations where the day is short (that is, in December, at northerly stations) the middle of the transit shall occur nearly at mid-day. This limits the choice for northern stations considerably.

On the other hand, Delisle's method has this disadvantage, that the exact moment at which ingress or egress occurs must be known. A mistake, even of a second or two, would be of serious moment. So that the clocks made use of at each station where this method is applied, must not only have good rates, but must show absolutely true time at the moment of the observed phenomenon. Moreover, the latitude and longitude of the place of observation must be known,—the latter (the only difficult point) with especial accuracy, since on its determination depends the change of local time into (say) Greenwich time; and this change must be

accurately effected before two observations made in different longitudes can be compared as respects the absolute time of their occurrence. On the contrary, Halley's method, while only requiring a relatively rough determination of the longitude, can be satisfactorily applied when the clocks employed are simply well rated; for it depends only on the duration of the transit as seen at different stations. A clock must be badly rated indeed—utterly unfit, in fact, for any astronomical use whatever—which should lose a single second in four or five hours.

But the most important point to be noticed is, that *both* methods ought to be employed, if possible, apart from all nice considerations of their relative value. It is certain that astronomers will place much more confidence in closely concordant results obtained by the application of these two methods, differing wholly as they do in principle, than in as many and equally concordant results all obtained by one method. A third method is indeed to be applied,—viz., a method based on the ingenious use of photography. But as yet too little is known respecting the chances of success by this method to warrant too implicit reliance upon it.

Let us enquire what preparations are being made by astronomers, and especially by the astronomers of England, to make adequate use of the opportunities presented by the coming transit.

It has first, unfortunately, to be noted, that, so far as this country is concerned, *no provision whatever* has been hitherto made for the employment of Halley's method. If this resulted from the simple preference of Delisle's method, there would be little to say. Most assuredly, speaking for myself, I should be very loth to urge the advantages of Halley's method, if I found against such a view the practical

experience of those astronomers who are continually testing the value of various methods of observation. But the rejection of Halley's method for the transit of 1874 was not originally, and is not now, based on any objection to the principle of the method, but on certain mathematical considerations, which appeared to prove that the method could not be advantageously applied in 1874, while it could be applied successfully in 1882. It was accordingly reserved for the latter transit, and all the stations for observing the transit of 1874 were selected with special reference to the method of Delisle.

Now it happened that early in 1869 I was attracted to the examination of the subject of the coming transits, by the circumstance that the investigation applied to the matter by the Astronomer Royal had struck me as imperfect in method. I was interested, viewing the matter merely as a mathematical problem, to enquire what corrections might occur if all the niceties of research of which the question admitted were applied throughout the investigation. Working with this sole object in view, I analysed the whole matter in two independent ways, viz., first as a problem of calculation, and secondly as a geometrical problem. The results, perfectly accordant, differed so remarkably from those published by the Astronomer Royal, that I was constrained (in mere fealty to the cause of science) to submit them to the examination of the scientific world.

To begin with: Halley's method, of which in 1856, and again in 1864, and yet again in 1868, the Astronomer Royal had said that it is totally inapplicable in 1874, was found to be applicable under

circumstances altogether more favourable than those which will exist in 1882. It was found not only to be applicable with advantage, but even more advantageously than Delisle's.

On this point all doubts should have been very quickly removed. For, almost simultaneously with the announcement of my result, the news arrived that the French astronomer Puiseux had obtained almost exactly the same conclusion. The sole difference between his result and mine was, that he simply announced that Halley's method was advantageously applicable, whereas I showed that it was more advantageously applicable than Delisle's. Even this difference, however, is readily accounted for, since, in Puiseux's investigation, several of the niceties to which I had attended had been neglected as unimportant.<sup>3</sup>

To show how completely the application of Halley's method has been neglected in the choice of stations for English observing parties, let the following considerations be noticed:—

At northern stations Venus will be seen lower down than at southern stations, so that as she transits the upper part of the sun's disc, her chord of transit is necessarily longer at northern than at southern stations. Now Russia occupies the best northern stations, as is her due, since they fall in Russian territory. At Nertchinsk, near Lake Baikal, Russia will have an observing party, and here the transit will last longer than as supposed to be seen from the earth's centre, by fully 15½ minutes. For at this place the transit will begin nearly 6 minutes *early*, and end nearly 10 minutes *late*. Now, if we had only a southern station where the

<sup>3</sup> For example, Puiseux left out of consideration the dimensions of Venus's disc, regarding her transit as that of her centre. He omitted also, as unimportant, the fact that mean time and apparent time are not coincident on December 8. The correction due to this cause is considerable.

transit began several minutes *late*, and ended several minutes *early*, we should have a transit lasting for a shorter time than as seen from the earth's centre: and then, comparing what was observed at such a station with what was observed at Nertchinsk, we should have Halley's method applied under effective and favourable conditions. But the southern stations to which England sends observing parties are Rodriguez and Chatham Island;<sup>4</sup> and at the former station the transit begins late and ends late, while at the latter it begins early and ends early; so that at neither is there the combination of a late beginning and an early ending, required for the effective application of Halley's method.

Now there is a station—a station which this country ought unquestionably to occupy—where the transit would be even more shortened than it is lengthened at Nertchinsk. This station is an Antarctic island on which Sir James Ross landed a party in 1846, and to which he gave the name of Possession Island. It lies due south of the southernmost extremity of New Zealand, close by the rugged shoreline of Victoria Land, and within 18 degrees of the south pole. At this station the transit will begin 6 minutes *late* and end  $11\frac{1}{2}$  minutes *early*, or be shortened altogether no less than  $17\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. Adding to this the lengthening of the transit by  $15\frac{1}{2}$  minutes at Nertchinsk, we obtain a difference of duration of fully 33 minutes. Nothing like this difference was available in the transit of 1769; nothing like it will be available in 1882. I do not know the circumstances of the transits of 2004 and 2012, but it is altogether unlikely that the opportunity of applying Halley's method will be

so favourable during either of these transits as in 1874. Be that as it may, however, it is absolutely certain that no opportunity equal to that which will be afforded during the transit of 1874 will recur for one hundred and thirty-two years, nor has such an opportunity been ever before offered to astronomers. Absolutely the best opportunity of applying Halley's ingenious method which has ever been afforded, or will be afforded for more than a century and a quarter, is available to astronomers during the approaching transit. The duty of seizing this opportunity belongs assuredly to our country, which alone has colonial possessions close to the station in question, and which alone also has seamen still living who have actually set their foot on Possession Island.

I must confess that when, four years ago, I indicated this opportunity, I thought that it would have been seized at once. I thought that reconnoitring expeditions would quickly have been prepared, and that by the present time complete arrangements would have been made for landing an observing party on Possession Island in due season for the required observations. It would have been a matter of complete indifference to me whether this had been done with or without acknowledgment of the source whence the suggestion had come. But assuredly I hoped that some steps would be taken without delay to seize an opportunity so important, the loss of which could not but reflect some degree of discredit upon the science of this country.

For up to that very time—the spring of 1869—the importance of an Antarctic expedition for observing the transit of 1882 by Halley's method had been insisted upon

<sup>4</sup> There has been a change as to the station selected near New Zealand, from Auckland, if I remember rightly, to Chatham Island. The change is in accordance with my own suggestions, so far as the application of Delisle's method is concerned.

over and over again by leading astronomical and geographical authorities. Nay, this very station, Possession Island, had been selected as the most suitable. The feasibility of reaching it and landing on it had been insisted upon. The superior meteorological chances presented by the station, as compared with other southern stations, had been dwelt on strongly. Everything promised that before long an Antarctic reconnoitring expedition would set forth to prepare the way. It was in the full height of these anticipatory enquiries that I pointed out the inexpediency of any attempts to apply Halley's method at an Antarctic station in 1882, dwelling earnestly on the fact that when the transit began at Possession Island, in 1882, the sun would be barely five degrees above the horizon, an elevation utterly unfit for exact observations. Upon this all the plans for an Antarctic expedition in 1882 were abandoned. But although this was as it should be (for the lives of our seamen are not to be endangered without the prospect of valuable results), there was no necessity for abandoning all ideas of an Antarctic expedition. The schemes set afoot for observing the transit of 1882 should simply have been transferred to the transit of 1874. Not a single argument which had been urged in their favour was wanting in the case of the latter transit. The main argument was greatly strengthened; for the difference of duration in 1882 would only be twenty-four minutes, if Possession Island were the selected station; whereas we have seen that in 1874, the corresponding difference will be fully thirty-three minutes. And the fatal objection to Possession Island as a station in 1882, has no existence in the case of the transit of 1874. Instead of the utterly insufficient solar elevation of five degrees just mentioned, there will be, in 1874, a solar elevation of thirty-

eight and a half degrees when the transit begins, and of twenty-five degrees when the transit ends. And necessarily all the considerations which had been urged as to the importance of Antarctic expeditions, *per se*, and especially of the interest which would attach to the experiences of a wintering party near the south pole of the earth, remain unchanged.

While there is still a possibility of retrieving matters, I would earnestly appeal to all who can assist in bringing about such a result to spare no pains in the endeavour. I believe the scientific credit of this country to be seriously imperilled. Hereafter the very arguments used in favour of the now abandoned scheme for observing the transit of 1882 from Possession Island, will be urged,—even as now (for a better purpose) I am urging them,—to show that the importance of such observations (if feasible) had not been overlooked. It has been shown, and is now admitted, that they are feasible in 1874. What, then, I ask, will be thought of this country if the task which is *her* duty shall be neglected? It was sufficiently unfortunate that the opportunity had been so long overlooked. But it will be nothing less than a national calamity, if, having been recognised in ample time to be employed, that opportunity be altogether neglected.

Now, after four years' delay, time runs short indeed. It is essential that any party intended to observe the transit, should be landed before the Antarctic summer of 1873-4 draws near its end—certainly before the middle of February 1874. There may not be time for sending a suitably provided expedition from England. On this point it is for others to speak. I should say, however, that unquestionably there is time for sending an expedition from Tasmania or New Zealand. It was in fact proposed in 1868 by Captain

Richards (Hydrographer to the Admiralty) that New Zealand should be made the head-quarters of the expedition then being planned for observing the transit of 1882 from Possession Island. One can see no reason why this plan should not now be resumed for securing the more valuable observations which can be made during the transit of 1874.

If we enquire what has been done towards preparing for observations by Delisle's method, we shall see that by a very slight modification of the Government arrangements, Possession Island might be taken as a station without any great additional expense.

The transit begins *earliest* at a place in north latitude  $39^{\circ} 45'$ , and west longitude,  $143^{\circ} 23'$ . Woahoo has been selected as a suitable station near this spot; and in fact the transit begins more than 11 minutes early at Woahoo, while the sun has an elevation at the time of about 20 degrees. Nothing could be more suitable than the station selected by England in this neighbourhood. France takes the Marquesas, while Russia has a station near the mouth of the Amoor River.

The transit begins *latest* at a place in  $44^{\circ} 27'$  south latitude, and  $26^{\circ} 27'$  east longitude. The best station hereabouts is Crozet Island, so far as astronomical conditions are concerned; but bad weather very commonly prevails here. Germany will send an observing party to Kerguelen's Land. England will occupy the Mauritius and Rodriguez Island, which are not so well placed; since the transit begins  $12\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late at Crozet,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late at Kerguelen, only  $10\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late at Mauritius, and only 10 minutes late at Rodriguez. The party at Mauritius will be that which Lord Lindsay is preparing at his own expense; and it will be amply provided with all that is

required for the purposes of exact observation. Why should not the Government expedition to Rodriguez be given up? Its cost will certainly not be well repaid, since the circumstances of the transit at Mauritius and Rodriguez are almost identical; and if the money thus saved were devoted to an expedition to Possession Island, a good step would have been made towards providing for the cost of such an expedition.

The transit will end *earliest* at a place in south latitude  $64^{\circ} 47'$ , and west longitude  $114^{\circ} 37'$ . The best station in this neighbourhood is that very place, Possession Island, which affords the most favourable opportunity for applying Halley's method. For at Possession Island the transit will end  $11\frac{1}{2}$  minutes early. Next in value come several islands between New Zealand and Victoria Land. It was originally proposed to have an English observing party at Auckland or Wellington, New Zealand; but I believe the station at present selected is Chatham Island, where the transit will end nearly 10 minutes early. In any case, it is, in my opinion, most unfortunate, that when Possession Island affords the best station for the application of Delisle's method *as well as* Halley's, a station inferior in both respects should be selected. Here again expense might be saved which would go far towards the preparation of an expedition (from New Zealand, if need be) to winter in Possession Island.

Lastly, the transit will end *latest* at a place in north latitude  $62^{\circ} 5'$ , and east longitude  $48^{\circ} 22'$ . Here the Russians are in great force, as Orsk, Omsk, Tobolsk, and other Russian towns are very suitably placed. The selected station for an English observing party is Alexandria, where the transit begins late by about 10 minutes. The sun will only be about 14 degrees high at the time, and a greater elevation would

be preferable. Amongst the mistakes pointed out by me in 1869 was the complete omission of all notice of stations admirably placed in Northern India for observing the retarded end of the transit. Thus at Peshawur the transit will begin  $10\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late, the sun having an elevation of  $31\frac{1}{2}$  degrees. If Peshawur be not conveniently accessible, then Delhi and the country around would serve nearly as well astronomically. I supposed, until quite recently, that this suggestion, like the more important one relating to Possession Island, would receive no attention. But I was gratified a few weeks ago, by hearing from the Astronomer Royal that my discussion of the subject had induced him to urge that a station should be selected 'somewhere in the north of India.' I may be permitted to add (since I do so from no feeling of personal gratification, but to give a weight to my present arguments, which otherwise they might not possess) that in the same letter the

Astronomer Royal described my researches on the transit of Venus as 'probably the best' of all 'contributions from Englishmen and foreigners.' Apart therefore from the circumstance that though many have discussed my researches not one astronomer has questioned the accuracy of my chief conclusions, I have now the recognition—tardy indeed, but not the less sufficient—of the astronomer whose work I criticised. If I use this as a lever to advance my present argument, it is because I feel that the scientific credit of this country is likely to be affected if England does not discharge her duty in this matter. I am satisfied, moreover, that whereas the reputation of the eminent man of science who stands at the head of the astronomy of this country will in no degree be affected if the proposed expedition be undertaken somewhat later than was desirable, it will suffer seriously hereafter if that expedition should not be undertaken at all.





## OUR SEAMEN.

**M**R. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, M.P. for Derby, has produced a very remarkable book under this title. It is not remarkable as a literary production, having no graces of style or arrangement, and being indeed, at first look, somewhat uncouth. But the reader (if he can get through it, which from the disjointed manner of presentment is perhaps not an easy task) finds himself gradually put in possession of a number of facts so interesting, so important, and many of them so pathetic, that he will most likely forget the form for sake of the substance of this appeal. The form, too, odd as it is in some particulars, tends at last to deepen the general impression of trustworthiness. Mr. Plimsoll modestly tells us he does not know how to write a book and could not succeed if he tried, and he takes the method of supposing himself to be addressing an individual sitting by his side, and saying all he can think of to induce his hearer to aid in remedying a great evil. 'If he were so sitting, there are sundry papers I should like to show him in confirmation of my statements and opinions, so that he might know for himself how absolutely true they are;' and so Mr. Plimsoll has put these papers in evidence by having them not printed but photographed, and stitched into his volume, which may be described as a sort of private Blue-book. He gives you facsimiles in heliotype of a couple of pages of Lloyd's List of Shipping, of part of an underwriter's engagement-book, of policies of marine insurance, and various other documents referred to. Believing his cause to be entirely right and just, we shall try to summarise his statements in a succinct and accurate manner, so as to enable readers to grasp them without trouble.

The object of this book is to show that of the thousands of lives lost annually by shipwreck (we have not succeeded in finding any official statement of the total number), the far greater part are lost from causes which are easily preventable causes, causes that would not exist if the same care were taken of our sailors by the law as is taken of the rest of our fellow-subjects. A great number of ships are regularly sent to sea in such rotten and otherwise ill-provided state that they can only reach their destination in fine weather, and a large number are so overloaded that for them also it is nearly impossible to reach their destination if the voyage is at all rough. From these two causes alone, Mr. Plimsoll assures us, more than a full half of our losses arise.

The number of English vessels wrecked or damaged within ten miles of the shores of the United Kingdom alone is about 2,000 annually, and of these about one half are colliers. Many or most of these are sent on their voyages notoriously ill-found and unrepaired, and even in a moderate gale it becomes a certainty that numbers of them will be destroyed. There is at present no power in existence to prevent a man from sending to sea any ship (not carrying passengers), however old, however out of repair, however ill-found, under-manned, or over-loaded. He can, if he pleases, have his ship examined by Lloyd's surveyor, with a view to its being 'classed;' but precisely in the case of the worst and oldest ships this is not done, and they remain 'unclassified,' and entirely unchecked.

Now comes in the question of Insurance, on account of which Lloyd's classification is made.

'Perhaps you may say (as many besides have said), "But are not

nearly all these ships and their cargoes too, insured? and is it to be supposed that the Insurance Companies" (if you lived in a seaport, you would probably say "underwriters," but the general notion is as you put it)—"is it to be supposed that the Insurance people would not see to it, if they were thus plundered; and may we not safely rely upon their self-interest to rectify any wrong-doing in this respect?"

'Nor would you be alone in thinking something like this, for a gentleman high in office and in influence at the Board of Trade is reported, in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, to have said in one of their meetings, "Let ships be lost, and let cargoes be lost, so long as underwriters are too sordid or too lazy to refuse payment of doubtful and fraudulent cases."

'Now as this gentleman, had he been better informed, could long ago have influenced his chiefs to have legislated effectively in remedy of the existing state of things, and as there is too much reason to fear that a similar feeling has possessed the public, with the effect of stifling any reviving sense of duty in the matter, you will agree with me that it is of the utmost consequence to spare no pains (if it is a mistake) to show how it is so. The idea is, that if a ship has been culpably and shamefully overloaded, or if a ship utterly unfit to go to sea has been sent out to sea insured for as much money as would build a new one, and so bring a positive gain to her owner by her being wrecked, that the Insurance people ought to prove this, and, if they did not bring the guilty to punishment, at least prevent them from making a profit by their wrong-doing.'

But this idea is utterly erroneous.

The underwriters cannot move in the matter—first, *because the loss to each individual underwriter is too*

*small to make it worth his time and trouble.* The popular inland idea of insurance is, that of an individual insuring himself against loss by insuring his house, warehouse, or factory from fire with an insurance company: in the event of the property being destroyed by fire, the company have to pay to him the amount insured by them. They are strong enough to protect themselves, if the insurer has violated the terms of his policy by carelessly exposing the property to unfair risk of fire, or in the rare case of his having purposely fired it; but the circumstances are entirely different in insuring a ship or a cargo. In the latter case, the owner of a ship or freight who wishes to insure applies to an insurance broker, who has himself, first or last, no interest in the details of the transaction, with whom terms are arranged, but only provisionally. The broker informs him on what terms of premium the underwriters are likely to take the risk. If they agree as to what terms will be accepted by the owner or freighter, in the event of the broker succeeding in placing the risk on those terms, the broker then writes out a slip and sends a clerk with it into Lloyd's underwriters' department. This is a large suite of rooms, down each of which run four rows of tables like those in an old-fashioned hotel coffee-room,—one row against each wall, and a double row down the middle; thus two side aisles give access, right and left, to two rows of tables. Each table is fenced off from its neighbour by a partition about five feet high, so as to secure a certain degree of privacy, and each table accommodates four gentlemen. To enable a gentleman or firm to engage in the business of an underwriter, he must satisfy the committee which manages the room (usually by a considerable deposit, formerly 10,000*l.*, now, I believe, 5,000*l.*) that he is a person of ade-

quate means to incur the risks of the business.

Let us say that the person applying to the broker wishes to insure the steam ship *Sunshine* for 5,500*l.* for a voyage from the Clyde to Hong-Kong, and he and the firm of brokers consider that 70*s.* per 100*l.* is an adequate premium for the risk. These particulars, with date of the transaction and name of the firm, are noted on a slip of paper, which is taken into the room as aforesaid, by one of his clerks. The clerk goes from table to table, and submits his slip to first one, then another; some decline it, others append their initials as accepting, and write also, or the clerk does, the amounts which they are willing to insure. The broker himself insures nothing, his profit consists in deducting from the premium which he receives from the ship-owner or freighter, to hand over in their several proportions to the underwriters, a certain commission. The particulars of the slip are then formally set forth in a policy of insurance, and each of the persons who have agreed to insure then formally subscribes or *underwrites* the body of the policy (hence the term 'underwriters'), and receives from the broker 3½ per cent. on the amount he had thus guaranteed to the owners of the ship in the event of her being lost.

In case of loss, the broker applies to each of the gentlemen who have signed the policy for the respective sums they have guaranteed, and the transaction is completed, or the transaction is also completed by the safe arrival at Hong-Kong of the ship.

When we consider that the maximum loss to each person in this case is only 150*l.*, and consider the expense and worry of an investigation and trial in case of fraudulent carelessness, we will see that it is vain to expect any one of them to move alone, and a considera-

tion of the difficulties in the way of combined action even amongst railway or bank shareholders to investigate and punish wrong-doing by directors shows that little is to be expected from combined action.

'But you may say, so far as unseaworthiness at least is concerned, enquiry previous to the insuring would reveal that: why don't the underwriters make this enquiry?—also, why don't they investigate the character of the proposed insurer? The answer is, the risk must be accepted or declined on the instant; and even if this were not so, the number of risks dealt with daily by each individual underwriter precludes this. To convince you of this, I now show you the book in which an underwriter enters his engagements (it has been kindly sent to me by the owner).

'You see in this that the number dealt with by him in one day is more than twenty; the average in the book per day is twenty-three; and I am sure he will excuse me for saying that there are very many who deal with far greater numbers. Now this is exclusive of all those (even more numerous) risks offered to him daily which he did not accept.

'What chance was there that he should make enquiry into all these cases, even if there was time? He could not do it. All he could do he did,—*i.e.* he referred to Lloyd's list, or the list of the Committee of Liverpool, and saw how the vessel was classed.'

To dispute a claim is, on the part of an underwriter, an extreme measure, which he well knows has a tendency to ruin his future chances of doing business; and as a matter of fact, almost all claims, even those founded in fraud, are paid, and it is the rarest thing in the world (it does not occur once in 50,000 cases) that a claim is disputed.

Even a manifest error in the claim can hardly ever be positively proved,

and is therefore seldom made a subject of investigation. In a great number of cases the proofs and the witnesses lie at the bottom of the sea; and when a ship with all hands is 'never heard of,' no investigation of any sort follows. In short, underwriters do not, and cannot, look narrowly after the practices of the owners and freighters of ships, and these practices often lead to disaster.

Overloading is one frequent source of shipwreck. 'Suppose a ship will take 900 tons of cargo with safety, leaving her side one third as high out of water as it is deep below it, and suppose, further, that the freight of 700 tons is absorbed by expenses—wages of seamen, cost of fuel, wear and tear, interest of capital, cost of insurance, &c.—leaving the freight on the remaining 200 tons as profit to the owner, it is clear that by loading an additional 200 tons the profits are doubled, while the load is only increased by about a quarter more. And this addition will not load her so deeply as to prevent her making a good voyage if the weather is favourable. What wonder is there, I say, that needy or unscrupulous men adopt the larger load? They are safe in any case. If the vessel makes her port, they secure a very great profit. If she meets with rough weather and is lost, they recover her value (in too many instances far more than her value) and so go on again.'

And over-insuring is well known to be a common practice. It is true that certain shipowners become notorious for over-loading, over-insuring, and for terribly frequent wrecks, so that after paying gradually increasing insurances at various ports, they come at last to insure in London only, and finally can find no one to take their risks at any price. But the establishment of such a character takes time, probably years, and in the meantime, ship after ship goes down, and with them the lives of sailors, men mostly

in the prime of manhood. In a port on the Tyne some years ago, there was a collier fleet well known by the name of 'B—'s coffins.' When these shipowners fail to find regular insurance, they have still the resource of joining mutual security clubs; and even without this, they often find it *pays* to go on sending out very old and infirm ships, which would bring nothing if offered for sale.

A man of high position in Sunderland has said to Mr. Plimsoll,— 'It is well known to myself and colleagues that there are some hundreds of ships sailing from the north-east ports which are utterly unfit to be trusted with human life. . . . There has been no instance within my knowledge of a ship being broken up anywhere for many years. They insure them as long as they can, and when re-christening and all other dodges fail even with underwriters, then they form mutual insurance clubs, and go on until the ships fill and go down in some breeze, or strike and go to pieces.' The effect of a Bill enacting that vessels needing repair shall be repaired, would result in great numbers being withdrawn and broken up, and in others being immediately taken up for repair.

According to the official statements of the Board of Trade, it appears that more than half our losses for nine years (six years before 1868, and three since) were owing to unseaworthy and overloaded ships. Mr. Plimsoll refers to several cases which came within his own knowledge. One is as follows:—

'I must premise' (he says) 'that no prudent ship-owner will despatch ships to the ports of the Baltic later than the end of September. The season then closes, and the lights are removed, to prevent their being carried away by the ice.

'Mr. James Hall, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, had a large ship (1500 tons) waiting for freight in the

Jarrow Dock, and he was offered 30s. per ton to carry a cargo of railroad iron into the east of the Baltic. It was the middle of September; the rate was high; the ship was empty. It was, as he said, very tempting. So he sent for the captain of the ship, and asked him if he durst venture into the Baltic then. The captain said to him, "For God's sake don't send us into the Baltic at this time of the year, sir. You might as well send us all to the bottom of the sea at once." Well, Mr. Hall declined the offer; but five weeks later the same offer was accepted by another ship-owner, and he proceeded to load one of his ships. Goods of which 35 feet weigh a ton are called dead-weight. Now 5 cubic feet of iron weigh a ton, so that this is the heaviest dead-weight they carry, and, from the weight pressing on so small a space, it is the most dangerous cargo a ship can carry. The ship I refer to was 872 tons register, and she was loaded with 1,591 tons!

'Of course she was lost—foundered about eighteen miles from the English coast (east); but fortunately her crew were saved by a fishing-boat.

'She was insured, of course, and after what I have before said, you will not wonder that the underwriters paid the claim, no one of them having an interest large enough to make it worth while to engage in an expensive law-suit. And this ship-owner had the hardihood to say to me, "The underwriters have paid, and is not that proof that all was right?" I replied, "You know what that argument is worth."

Mr. Plimsoll has twice brought forward a Bill in Parliament of which the main provisions are briefly these:—That it shall not be lawful to insure a ship for more than two-thirds of its actual value,—which is the law of Holland: and a periodical inspection, say annual,

of all sailing ships and steam ships not otherwise inspected; and further, that the load-line, showing the maximum permissible immersion, shall be painted outside the hull of each. A small fee (much less than that now paid to Lloyd's inspectors) would cover the cost of inspection.

Mr. Plimsoll brings his case home very forcibly by the aid of numerous personal experiences. He has for years, we may remark, occupied himself with gathering information on this subject of merchant shipping, and he is prepared to give the full names and details in each case. 'On occasion' (he says) 'of one of my visits to a port in the north, I was met by a gentleman who knew what my errand there was likely to be, and he said, "Oh, Mr. Plimsoll, you should have been here yesterday; a vessel went down the river so deeply loaded, that everybody who saw her expects to hear of her being lost. She was loaded under the personal directions of her owner, and the captain himself said to me, 'Isn't it shameful, sir, to send men with families to sea in a vessel loaded like that?'"

'The captain called on his friend, Mr. J—— H——, who said he (the captain) was greatly depressed in spirits. He told him (Mr. H——) "that he" (the captain) "had measured her side loaded, and she was only 20 inches out of the water." He also asked his friend to look after his (the captain's) wife.

'J—— N—— and C——, two workmen, said to each other, "that they would not go in that ship if the owner would give them the ship." And J—— L——, another workman, said "he'd rather go to prison than go in that ship;" and lastly, two of the sailors' wives begged the owner "not to send the vessel to sea so deep."

'She was sent. The men were some of them threatened, and one at least had a promise of 10s. extra per month wages to induce him to

go. As she steamed away, the police boat left her; the police had been on board to overawe the men into going. As the police boat left her side, two of the men, deciding at the last moment that they would rather be taken to prison, hailed the police, and begged to be taken by them. The police said "they could not interfere," and the ship sailed. My friend was in great anxiety, and told me that if it came on to blow the ship *could not* live. It did blow a good half gale all the day after, Sunday—the ship sailed on Saturday. I was looking seaward from the promontory on which the ruins of T— Castle stands, with a heavy heart. The wind was not above force 7—nothing to hurt a well-found and properly loaded vessel. I had often been out in much worse weather, but then this vessel was not properly loaded (and her owner stood to gain over 2,000*l.* clear if she went down, by over-insurance), and I knew that there were many others almost as unfit as she was to encounter rough weather—ships so rotten, that if they struck they would go to pieces at once; ships so overloaded, that every sea would make a clean sweep over them, sending tons and tons of water into the hold every time, until the end came.

'On Monday, we heard of a ship in distress having been seen; rockets had been sent up by her; it was feared she was lost. On Tuesday, a name-board of a boat was picked up, and this was all that was ever heard of her.'

Another instance:—'Mr. B— and his brother told me that one day they saw a vessel leaving dock; she was so deep, that having a list upon her, the scuppers on the low side were half in the water and half out. (A list means she was so loaded as to have one side rather deeper down than the other; the scuppers are the holes in the bulwarks that let the water out

which comes on deck from rain, from washing, and the seas breaking over her.) They heard a slight commotion on board, and a voice said to the captain, "Larry's not on board, sir." He had run for it. Nothing could be done, for lack of time to seek him, so they sailed without him. And these gentlemen heard the crew say, as the vessel slowly moved away from the dock gate, "Then Larry's the only man of us 'll be alive in a week." That vessel was lost.

'The L—, a large ship, was sailing on a long voyage from a port in Wales, with a cargo of coal. Mr. A— called a friend's attention to her state. She was a good ship, but terribly deep in the water. Mr. B— said, "Now, is it possible that that vessel *can* reach her destination unless the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond the whole way?"

'The sea does not appear to have been as smooth as a mill-pond, for that ship was never heard of again, and twenty-eight of our poor, hard-working, brave fellow-subjects never more returned to gladden their poor wives, and play with their children.'

No one unacquainted with the facts can have any idea what a total change would ensue at once from the prevention of overloading, but we can form some idea of it from the consideration of the following fact, showing how safe ships are when properly found, manned, and loaded. Mr. George Elliot, M.P., and his partners, have a fleet of steamers, running between the Tyne and London continuously—the *Tanfield*, *James Joicey*, *Orwell*, *Newburn*, *New Pelton*, *Trevithick*, *Magna Charta*, *William Hunter*, *Berwick*, *Ushworth*, *Carbon*, and others. These ships put into London from fifty to seventy cargoes of coal each per annum—the *Tanfield* having put sixty-eight, sixty-nine, and sixty-eight in three successive years. They are loaded and unloaded by

machinery, and as they go and come more than once in each week, they are all at least *three-fourths of all the hours from year's end to year's end on the sea*. The voyage is a more dangerous one than an over-sea voyage, for as soon as they leave the Thames the sands and shoals and channels amongst which they pick their way begin. All these ships go and come in such absolute safety that during all the years from 1859, when the Jarrow Dock was first opened, until now, not one of them has been lost, nor has even met with a casualty worth naming. This is the case also with the fleets of many other shipowners, for it cannot be said too often that nearly the whole of our loss is due to a comparatively small number of shipowners, most of whom tolerably well known in the trade. The large majority do take reasonable precautions for securing the safety of their servants' lives.

It is Mr. Plimsoll's conviction, gathered from a long study of the matter, and from the opinions of many practical men, that not merely one-half, but at least two-thirds of our losses at sea would be avoided by attending to *two* precautions—that ships needing repair should be repaired, and that ships shall not be overloaded. But there remain other things that greatly need supervision, for example, the practice, which seems to be largely on the increase, of building ships with cheap materials and bad workmanship. In many ships 'devils' are used, that is, sham-bolts, of various kinds. Some of them pretend to be copper, but have only the head and about an inch of the shaft copper, the rest being iron, which soon corrodes, especially in vessels employed in the sugar trade. Other 'devils' are merely *bolt-heads* driven in without any shaft at all, only as many real bolts being used as barely suffice to keep the timbers

together. Seventy-three devils were found in one ship by a surveyor of Lloyd's. One shipowner, trading to the West Indies for sugar, has, out of a fleet of twenty-one vessels, lost no less than ten in three years!

'Do you want' (asks Mr. Plimsoll) 'to know more about the sort of men who thus are cut off in their full manhood? Do you want to know how their loss is felt? Come with me a few minutes, and I'll show you. The initials are all strictly correct, both those indicating names and also those giving addresses, and I can produce all the people. In this house, No. 9, L——ll Street, lives Mrs. A——r R——e. Look at her; she is not more than two or three-and-twenty, and those two little ones are hers. She has a mangle, you see. It was subscribed for by her poor neighbours—the poor are very kind to each other. That poor little fellow has hurt his foot, and looks wonderingly at the tearful face of his young mother. She had a loving husband but very lately; but the owner of the ship, the S——n, on which he served, was a very needy man, who had insured her for nearly 3,000*l.* more than she had cost him; so, if she sank, he would gain all this. Well, one voyage she was loaded *under the owner's personal superintendence*; she was loaded so deeply that the dock master pointed her out to a friend as she left the dock, and said emphatically, "That ship will never reach her destination." She never did, but was lost with all hands, twenty men and boys. A——R—— complained to her before he sailed, that the ship was "so deep loaded." She tried to get to the sands to see the ship off with Mrs. S——r, whose husband also was on board. They never saw their husbands again.

'Mrs. R——s, 14, H——n Place, told me her young brother was an orphan with herself. She and her sister had brought him up until she

was married. Then her husband was kind to him, and apprenticed him to the sea. He had passed as second mate in a sailing ship; but (he was a fine young fellow: I have his portrait) he was ambitious to "pass in steam" also; engaged to serve in the *S*— ship, leaking badly, but was assured on signing that she was to be repaired before loading. The ship was not repaired, and was loaded, as he told his sister-mother, "like a sand-barge." Was urged by his sister, and also her husband, not to go. His sister again urged him, as he passed her bedroom door in the morning, not to go. He promised he wouldn't, and went to the ship to get the wages due to him. Was refused payment unless he went; was over-persuaded, and threatened, and called a coward, which greatly excited him. He went; and two days afterwards the ship went down. Her husband, Mr. R—s, also told me that he and his wife "had a bit crack," and decided to do all they could to "persuade Johnnie not to go." The young man was about twenty-two.

'Mr. J—H—I told me that the captain was his friend, and the captain was very "down-hearted about the way she was loaded" (mind, she was loaded under the owner's personal supervision). The captain asked him (Mr. A—) to see his wife off by train after the ship had sailed. She, poor soul! had travelled to that port to see him off. Captain said to him, "I doubt I'll never see her more!" and burst out crying. Poor fellow! he never did see her more.

'Now come with me to 36, C— Street, and see Mrs. J—s R—e. She is a young woman of superior intelligence, and has a trustable face—very. She may be about twenty-seven. She lost her husband in the same ship. He was thirty years of age, and, to use her own words, "such a happy creature, full of his

jokes." He was engaged as second engineer at 4*l.* 10*s.* and board. "After his ship was loaded 'he was a changed man,' he 'got his tea without saying a word,' and then 'sat looking into the fire in a deep study like.' I asked him what ailed him, and he said, more to himself than me, 'She's such a beast!' I thought he meant the men's place was dirty, as he had complained before that there was nowhere for the men to wash. He liked to be clean, my husband, and always had a good wash when he came home from the workshop, when he worked ashore. So I said, 'Will you let me come aboard to clean it out for ye?' and he said, still looking at the fire, 'It isn't that.' Well, he hadn't signed, only agreed, so I said, 'Don't sign, Jim;' and he said he wouldn't, and went and told the engineer he shouldn't go. The engineer 'spoke so kindly to him,' and offered him 10*s.* a month more. He'd had no work for a long time, and the money was tempting," she said, "so he signed. When he told me, I said, 'Oh! Jim, you won't go, will you?' He said, 'Why, hinnie, hinnie, they'll put me in gaol if I don't.' I said, 'Never mind, ye can come home after that.' 'But,' said he, 'they'll call me a coward, and ye wouldn't like to hear me called that.'"

'The poor woman was crying very bitterly, so I said gently, "I hope you won't think I'm asking all these questions from idle curiosity;" and I shall never forget her quick disclaimer, for she saw that I was troubled along with her—"Oh no, sir, I am glad to answer you; for there's many homes might be spared being made desolate if it was only looked into."

'I ascertained that she is now "getting a bit winning for a livelihood," as my informant phrased it (of course I was not so rude as to ask her that) by sewing for a ready-made clothes shopkeeper.



She was in a small garret with a sloping roof and the most modest fire-place I ever saw—just three bits of iron laid from side to side of an opening in the brickwork, and two more up the front; no chimney-piece, or jambs, or stone across the top, but just the bricks laid nearer and nearer until the courses united. So I don't fancy she could be earning much. But with the very least money value in the place, it was as beautifully clean as I ever saw a room in my life.

'I saw also Mrs. W—ks, of 78, B—d Street, who had lost her son, Henry W—ks, aged twenty-two. She too cried bitterly as she spoke with *such* love and pride of her son, and of the grief of his father, who was sixty years of age. Her son was taken on as stoker, and worked in the ship some days before she was ready for sea. He didn't want to go then, when he saw how she was loaded; but they refused to pay him the money he had earned unless he went; and he too was lost with all the others.

'Just one more specimen of the good, true, and brave men we sacrifice by our most cruel and man-slaughtering neglect, and then I will go on to the next part of my subject.

'This time I went to 17, D—h Street, and called upon old J—n P—r, and after apologising for intruding upon his grief, I asked him if he had any objection to telling me whether his son had had any misgivings about the ship before he went. He said, "Yes. I went to see the ship myself, and I was horrified to see the way she was loaded. She looked like a floating wreck; and I tried all I could to persuade him not to go; but he'd been doing nothing for a long time, and he didn't like being a burthen on me. He'd a fine 'sperrit,' sir, had my son," said the poor old man.

'Here a young woman I had not observed (she was in a corner, with her face to the wall) broke out into

loud sobs, and said, "He was the best of us all, sir—the best in the whole family. He was as fair as a flower, and vah-y canny-looking."

'Oh! my God! my God! what can I say, what can I write, to make the people take thought on this terrible wrong?' We trust our readers will feel that this outburst of feeling is not out of place.

And now we come to a very noticeable and important part of Mr. Plimsoll's statement, namely, that his Bill intended to remedy this cruel state of things, and approved by many of the chief Chambers of Commerce, has been put aside in two successive sessions of Parliament mainly by the influence of *three members of Parliament*, great ship-owners, and themselves (Mr. Plimsoll declares) implicated in many suspicious cases of shipwreck.

'These men being all ship-owners, have of course great weight with the House, and I was obliged to withdraw my Bill, taking as compensation only the Bill subsequently brought in by the Board of Trade, which is worth nothing. It gives the seamen the right to ask for a survey, but they must pay all the expenses of it if the surveyors certify that the ship is not unseaworthy.'

The notion of giving seamen, perhaps going on board within an hour or two of sailing, the privilege of lodging an appeal like this, and detaining the vessel till it should be investigated, is too absurd on the face of it for any man who has the least knowledge of mercantile affairs or of seafaring life and habits.

In fine, we heartily wish Mr. Plimsoll full success in his admirable efforts. The present state of things is shameful and intolerable; and the great majority of English ship-owners and shippers want it to end without delay. They would be relieved from the competition of an unscrupulous minority; and English commerce cleansed of a deadly injustice and foul disgrace.

## THE PEKING GAZETTE.

BY SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B.

## PART II.

IN the last number of *Fraser*, I endeavoured to give the reader some general idea of the *Peking Gazette* and its contents, as well as the conditions under which it appears from day to day. Without more extracts, however, than could find place in the first paper, a very imperfect notion would be formed of the real value of the information which the *Gazettes* supply, and the diversified nature of the subjects referred to in the Memorials, Reports, and Decrees. Having stated my own opinion in accord with other, and perhaps more competent judges, that illustrations of Chinese political and social life of the greatest value were to be found in the pages of the *Peking Journal*—sole representative as it is, in China, of the newspaper press of other countries—I propose in the following pages to bring under notice further extracts to justify that conclusion, with such running commentary as may best explain their special bearing on the present condition of the country and its administration.

Turning to domestic habits and social relations, here is an example of conjugal fidelity and devotion in the husband which was deemed worthy of record and Imperial recognition in the *Gazette*:—

'A Censor prays that the Emperor will confer a tablet on the family of a Lieutenant-Colonel who pined and died on account of his wife's death. Granted.'

As a pendant to this picture of a devoted husband, another Censor, by name Chang Ching-ching, reports upon the conduct of the wife of a *sew-tsai* by purchase. This lady, finding her husband ill, cut off one of her fingers and administered it to him in his physic. Un-

luckily the specific had not the desired effect, for the man died. In the tenth month the heroine's mother-in-law died, whereupon she strangled herself. An Edict is now issued directing the Board of Rites to report upon the most suitable form for the Imperial admiration to take.'

Here again is a domestic tragedy fit for a sensation novel. 'Ting-jih-chang, Governor of Kiangsu, reports on the case of a woman who had committed adultery. She and her paramour slew the husband on finding that he was cognisant of their guilt. The woman is to be put to a slow and lingering death, and the man is to be beheaded.' This 'slow and lingering,' or literally disgraceful or shameful death, is the often-described punishment termed in Chinese *Ling-chih*, in which the victim is secured to a cross and then cut to pieces with a revolting excess of cruelty and barbarity. The spirit of modern civilisation is outraged by such horrible butcheries under the sanction and authority of judicial sentences. But if we would deal fairly with the Chinese in passing judgment upon them and their sanguinary code, we must not forget that our own criminal law procedure was little better, if at all, as late as the seventeenth century.

In the days of good Queen Bess—not three centuries back—surrounded as she was by a brilliant galaxy of statesmen and poets, philosophers and jurists—a Burleigh and a Shakspeare, a Bacon and a Coke—men leaving an imperishable name on the pages of our history—torture was administered, and criminals were quartered and disembowelled on the public scaffold. Compared with an account of the

mode of execution by breaking on the wheel, once so common in Europe, it may be doubted whether anything worse can be cited of China. During the reign of Louis XVI. it is said that the incredible number of 3,000 people were annually condemned to this most brutal and ferocious mode of taking life. The last of these victims is stated to have been a servant girl at Paris, whose crime was a petty theft in the house where she was serving, and Marie Antoinette was in vain petitioned to have her sentence mitigated. Nor, apart from these murderous cruelties, is it so long since forgery and theft were capital offences in Great Britain, for which life was forfeited. If a humane code of laws and method of judicial procedure be taken as the test of civilisation, there is no country in Christian Europe which could make out any better claim under this head, a century ago, to be classed among civilised States.

'Ying-han, Governor of Anhui, reports the death of a lady by suicide, caused by slanderous reports made of her by a man. The man is arrested, and the Board of Punishment is to consider his case.'

Even the seclusion in which their women live does not, therefore, protect them altogether from suspicion and slander, and, it is to be inferred, from the opportunity of going astray, if so minded. Yet as the well-to-do classes keep the women of their families entirely secluded from all social intercourse with any but the nearest male relatives—fathers and brothers—it is not easy to understand how occasion for scandal can arise—unless with such near relatives or domestics, to say nothing of the further difficulty created by their crippled feet seriously interfering with all facility of locomotion or movement from their own apartments. The result, which gives for a more limited number of infidelities or scandals—

if such may be assumed—a greater intensity of wrong-doing, does not leave much to be said in favour of a system of more rigid seclusion, such as prevails generally in the East.

As to the crippled feet, it is a curious fact—tending to show that the most diverse forms of manifestation are compatible with a certain identity in the motive—that, although the pinching and crippling involve a very protracted torture in early years to secure the requisite amount of distortion, and serious inconvenience ever after, no Chinese mother seems to have any scruple or hesitation in subjecting her child to the barbarous process. Even the children, if steps have not been taken in the first infancy, seem not unfrequently to accept voluntarily the pain as a necessary penalty of future distinction. In both cases it is easily understood, once we know that no large-footed girl can ever hope to marry anyone above the rank of a cooly. Whereas if her feet be reduced to the required form and dimensions she may aspire to the hand or establishment of the first mandarin in the land, birth or fortune going for very little when a rich man or a high officer in China desires a mother for his children. The love of progeny, or rather the desire to have children to pay the funeral rites at the grave, and before the tablets in the ancestral hall worship the departed, is considered as essential to the rest and happiness of the souls of the Chinese when dead, as are absolution and masses to the devout Roman Catholic.

So the custom of crippling the feet still prevails, and is handed down from generation to generation, without a voice being raised in condemnation. A more striking proof of the strong attachment of the Chinese to old customs and traditions can scarcely be conceived. It is all the more striking that

their Tartar conquerors do not cripple the feet of their women, and therefore the Emperor's bride must always be chosen from the Banner clans of his own race, and the highest elevation attainable by the sex is thus reserved for women with feet as nature made them.

The Chinese Theogony admits of goddesses as did that of the Greeks. And notwithstanding the low rank accorded to the wife in the social scale, so long as the husband lives—if left a widow, and a mother, she claims the most profound respect and reverence, as well as absolute obedience, from her children. And so the balance is restored, for if woman in China begins as a slave, she ends as an autocrat. Female spirits are often held in high honour.

Here is an example :

'Tsên-Kwo-fan, Governor-General of the two Kiang, and Kwo-poyin, Governor of Chiang-su, petition His Majesty to confer a title of honour on a female spirit of *Hsien-nü-miao*, for having averted calamity and removed distress in the following ways :—In time of drought she filled the neighbouring river with water. In the third year of the reign of *Hsienfung* (the father of the present Emperor), when the Canton rebels attacked Yangchow, she protected the district in which her shrine was. And in the eighth year of the same reign she destroyed with fire and lightning a large band of rebels who had returned to attack Yangchow. On other occasions she came forth in person, showed herself in a blaze of light, and drove back a body of rebels attempting to cross the river.'

The petition was referred to the Board of Ceremonies.

The spirits of air and water—gnomes and various terrestrial powers, good and evil—are often decreed honours or propitiatory sacrifices. In one *Gazette* Chang-chih-wan memorialises His

Majesty that when the rebels were making constant attacks upon Kiao-yu-chow in Kiang-su, a spirit called *Kang-tse-How* (a title equivalent to Marquis), which causes abundant rain, and has a temple there, appeared in the air and frightened the rebels. This spirit has, moreover, very effectually answered the prayers of the influential inhabitants, by speedily causing a fall of rain. His Imperial Majesty therefore ordered the Han-Lin-Yuan to write a tablet, which is with due reverence to be placed in the temple.

Such a nation ought to furnish ready proselytes to the Roman Catholic Church. Many of these accounts of the appearance of the Spirits and the services performed, read strangely like some of the monkish legends of apparitions, and even strongly remind the reader of the more recent appearance of the Virgin at Lourdes, which within the last few months has attracted so much attention in France, and led to pilgrimages of thousands of devout worshippers, of both sexes and of every rank.

Much has been thought and said of late years as to the merits of competitive examination for all the offices in the public service. And a great deal of clap-trap argument in favour of this system has been advanced, on no better foundation than its alleged success in China. As it is only at its commencement with us, and has been in full activity in China for many centuries, it is worth while to enquire what have been the practical results.

What may be said in its favour on general grounds we are all tolerably familiar with. The late Mr. Meadows, a very enthusiastic, but also a very well-informed admirer of Chinese theories of government and administration, believed that one of the chief elements of the stability of the Chinese Empire lay in the opportunity thus offered to men of talent, irrespective

of wealth or influence, of obtaining the highest honours and posts in the administration of the country. The same thing has been said with perhaps greater accuracy of the Roman Catholic Church, which has the highest honours in its gift, and yet opens wide the door for the entrance of the humblest in birth or social advantages. Its wide and democratic base may no doubt in Feudal Europe have had as much to do with the power and stability secured through so many ages as the culminating honour and influence of the Papal Tiara. And in both respects there is sufficient analogy to justify a comparison. But as in the Church there was celibacy, and the continually increasing accretion of land and property to bind the whole together in a common interest and give it favour with the people;—so in China there has always existed that minute subdivision of the soil and a large class of peasant proprietors which is held to give a greater pledge of stability to a country and a nation than any other institutions affecting the status of the people. In all three it is plain there is a pervading democratic element, opening to every one a vista to the most absorbing and universal objects of desire—land, power, and influence both spiritual and temporal. As a practical means of securing education for the greatest possible number, and the exclusion of ignorance from every office of State, it would be difficult to point out any process by which these ends could be better secured, or more successfully applied to a vast population extended over a territory nearly as large as Europe. Selection would be open to a perpetual suspicion of favouritism, and could not possibly be made equally acceptable to the people. And the competitive examination for literary grades and honours by no means precludes the exercise of a faculty of selection, since it does not follow even in theory that all who take the

first or *sew-tsai's* degree are equally fitted for office, though all are held to be eligible. As a matter of fact, vast numbers of these never get office or take any higher degree. But the *Gazettes* give curious instances of the tenacity and perseverance with which the hope is nurtured even to the most advanced age. One of the later returns gave the following results:—

'Kuangsi heads the list with a *Seu-tsai* of 102, who showed his vigour not only by successfully braving the discomforts of the examination, but by his erect carriage and muscular frame. A special memorial was devoted to his case, and he will no doubt receive some very distinguished mark of Imperial approbation. Kuangsi can also boast of a candidate of 91, and of ten others ranging between 80 and 86. Shantung had no less than seventeen above 90, and fifty-three between 80 and 90. In Chekiang there were four over 90, and fifteen between 80 and 90. Szechuan sent up one *Seu-tsai* by purchase aged 91, and ninety others whose ages ranged between 70 and 90. And lastly, Hunan had the very respectable number of sixteen candidates above 80, but not reaching 90. It is rather sad to consider that not one of these two hundred and eight old gentlemen, the most boyish of whom was 70 at least, succeeded on his merits. *They were all plucked!* But Imperial clemency, more far-reaching than Royal prerogative in less learned countries, steps in and justifies the good old copy-book maxim—that Perseverance is crowned with Success, and bestows on some of the oldest honorary degrees. May we hope that they find some compensation in these for so many triennial failures!'

Ting-jih-chang, who, as Governor-General of a province, has reached the highest rank, has never taken the second degree. He would probably insist upon the superior usefulness of practical sagacity to any amount of book learning. It is very much the same argument as goes on here concerning the value of classical education. Certain it is that there is not any knowledge of the Chinese or the Greek and Roman classics which will either give or supply the place of sagacity, tact, courage—all the qualities, moral,

intellectual and physical, which make able rulers of men, or administrators. Neither will any form of competitive examination hitherto devised, enable examiners to determine in what proportion these different qualities are possessed by the candidates. The whole theory of competitive examination therefore resolves itself into a question not of fitness for any public office or employment, but of ability to read and write, and remember what certain class authors have taught. Its chief merit must lie in two results—the exclusion of the absolutely uneducated and ignorant, and the keeping open the door of admission, if not of advancement, in the service of the State to all ranks, apart from patronage. It does effect these two ends to a very considerable extent in China, and these are so highly prized by the people, that to grant to a province for any examination an additional number of degrees to be competed for, is held to be an Imperial reward, for large contributions to the needs of the State. That it does not secure any very general range of ability or sagacity to the ruling classes may be taken as equally certain from all we know of Chinese officials. And of late years there have been many interlopers on the part of those who have been allowed to purchase office. So that a Canton or a Shanghai merchant, if successful in trade, may be found among the Taontaes with a large jurisdiction, although he can neither speak with any correctness the Mandarin tongue nor write it. Samqua, one of the old Canton Hong merchants, was Taontae at Shanghai in very disastrous times. He was an example of a vulgar and wholly uneducated man, who purchased his button and office for 100,000 taels—30,000l.; and of course hoped to recoup himself as they all do in office—but fortune was against him. All that can be said in conclusion may be summed

up in a few words. The principle which each successive dynasty has ostensibly acted upon, that good government consists in the advancement solely of ability and merit to the rank and power of official position, can scarcely be disputed. The Chinese in all ages seem to have thought with Plato, that bad education is one of the chief causes of political decay. But all depends upon what is considered good education. Is it mere learning, or the cultivation and development in due proportions of the intellectual powers and the moral faculties? Habits of order, self-denial, and discipline, cannot be excluded in such a course. But the Chinese are content to test the progress made in the Chinese classics and nothing else, except a power of composition, only to be attained by years of study, and a knowledge of many thousand characters, as well as the conventional style of the learned. And so great is the strain of the preliminary cramming that no triennial period passes without one or more deaths caused by exhaustion, and a larger number of suicides prompted either by despair of success, or the fear of failure. The degrees conferred create a class of Literati constituting the only aristocracy in China, and they become men of great local influence wherever they choose to settle down, irrespective of property, and whether they attain office or not. The holder of a literary degree, even the lowest, cannot be subjected to corporeal punishment or be summoned before the inferior tribunals like other subjects. They enjoy, indeed, many privileges and immunities which confer personal distinction. It is an aristocracy of letters, from which in theory all holders of office are exclusively taken. But inasmuch as there is nothing invidious in a distinction accorded to education alone, the means of acquiring which is open

to all, there can be no such heart-burnings and sense of injury in the popular mind as we see exist when a privileged class in other countries monopolise State offices and honours. Even the ignorant and uneducated do not contend that a country should be governed by men of that class. There is a general if not universal feeling that only the intelligent and the most capable should rule. The old Teuton title of Koenig or King implied this, in the most barbarous times. The least intelligent constituencies are persuaded that they can only be fitly represented by educated intelligence—by reason and superior judgment—and that only the possessors of these can be rightly entrusted with the guardianship of the State and authority to rule. In China, therefore, it is apparent that their theory of selection for posts of authority and office, generally through personal qualifications alone, to be determined by competitive or searching examination, tends to stimulate the entire nation in this direction. The poorest cotter or working man will make great sacrifices to give at least one of his sons an education which may enable him to compete for literary honours. And he remains contented in his own humble sphere, knowing that the path of advancement and honour is open to his progeny—as open to them as to the eldest son of the first Minister of State. It is difficult, perhaps, adequately to measure how widely and profoundly this sentiment of equality, in the best and largest sense of the term, influences the whole nation, and gives to every subject of the Empire an interest in maintaining the existing institutions. Every family certainly feels this interest, for there are few indeed which cannot point to an ancestor who has held office or achieved distinction; or, if there be no such descended honour, which has not some son, brother, or other

connection, about to try their fortune in the examinations, animated with a sanguine hope of success. And it is a remarkable illustration of the general indisposition to make any fundamental change in the existing order of things—of which this principle is the corner-stone, giving strength and stability to the whole edifice,—that during the great Taiping insurrection, which for so many years convulsed and devastated the provinces, scarcely an instance occurred of an educated man joining the ranks of the Insurgents. Although they counted hundreds of thousands among their soldiers and followers, these were exclusively drawn from the very poorest and chiefly from the dangerous classes which exist in all cities and towns—men already in a state of outlawry or hostility to society. Had any considerable following of the educated been at any time secured, the issue would in all probability have been very different.

A principle of selection, founded on a basis so thoroughly popular and democratic, the avowed object of which is to secure education and cultivated intelligence in all the servants of the State, to the utter exclusion of ignorance, may well claim respect after having stood such a test as this Taiping rebellion. It has retained through some twelve centuries the admiration and adhesion of a larger nation than exists elsewhere in the whole world under one head, with a common language, origin, and religion. Such a result is the more remarkable, moreover, when we remember that in this period there have been many changes of dynasty—many and long-protracted insurrections, rebellions, and civil wars; but no change in this one institution, nor any very fundamental changes in any other. Its vitality and stability have further withstood all the disintegrating and corroding influence of the most manifest abuses in the

general administration of the Empire. Offices and distinctions sold openly in direct violation of its leading principle—bribery, corruption, and misrule in a hundred forms; all have failed to make any perceptible impression. And thus, notwithstanding all the predictions and vaticinations of foreign observers as to the obvious effeteness of the whole Imperial system, I venture to think, unless foreign disorganising and destroying elements are brought to bear, that China may yet survive for an indefinite period, far exceeding the usual term of Western communities and kingdoms, as it has in the past. How much of this stability and enduring vitality may be fairly attributed to this one among many causes of permanence and unchangeableness, I will not pretend to decide. Among these causes I would only enumerate a certain tendency of all Asiatic races in various degrees to immovability and an indisposition to change. Rest, repose, and fixity of tenure, with a dreamy contemplative mode of existence for an ultimate end, all specially recommend themselves to the Asiatic stock. The spirit of enterprise and restless seeking after something new which most distinguish the people of European race are as a rule thoroughly hateful to an Asiatic—from the Turk on the Bosphorus, the Hindoo on the Ganges, or the Sons of Han on the banks of the Yangtze. As their fathers have lived before them so would they like to live, striving for and desiring nothing better or different—if only haply they might attain by constant retrospection as nearly perfect a state. No doubt the constant contact and impulsive force communicated by Western nations in their eager struggle for trade or territory, or spiritual and temporal domination beyond their own limits, does produce a certain commotion even among the lotus-eaters on the banks of the Nile.

As in chemistry the mingling of certain decomposing or conflicting elements will produce an effervescent or a dissolvent effect, so do the ever-active, never-resting spirits of Western race stir up and break down the most inert of the Eastern empires—with what ultimate result yet remains to be seen. Something of assimilation in character, aims, and religious ideas is the hope of the propagandists and civilisers, with merchants and missionaries for their pioneers. But I confess to a feeling of doubt as to the success of any efforts now making in that direction. A *modus vivendi* may be established, and a certain wearing-down of the sharper angles and lines of separation may in time be achieved. More than this, either in the present or many successive generations, seems to be if not impossible, to the last degree improbable as regards China, by any methods now in use.

It is not often that data of a statistical or financial character appear in the *Gazette*. On the collection of taxes and their appropriation to public purposes, showing either the total amount levied in each province, or the proportion annually sent to Peking for the current expenses of the Court, and as a reserve against great emergencies, the most painstaking reader will search in vain for available information. Here and there a memorial or a decree touches upon the subject of finance and fiscal administration in the provinces. But such notices generally refer to some alarming deficiency or great defaulter, and show plainly the absence of any general audit at Peking or efficient control exercised from thence over the system of taxation in the Empire and the fiscal administration generally. Both are in the hands of mutually independent provincial governments, equally without central control or direct responsibility. Taxation, revenue,



expenditure, these three cardinal elements of all systematic government, are left without any supreme direction from the head of the State or the Six Boards at Peking—which are supposed to take cognisance of all national concerns in so many departments. Hence arises a want of unity and of all power of concentration or combination when any great national object is to be attained. Such for example as the embankment of the Yellow River; the repairs of the Grand Canal; the suppression of a rebellion, or the defence of the Empire against a foreign enemy. Each province of the eighteen constituting China proper, is isolated in its administration. And each is left, as a rule, single-handed to deal with whatever disasters or difficulties may arise within its limits, even although these may be such as to involve both national and Imperial interests. So it was in the beginning of the great Taiping rebellion, which so nearly put an end to the present dynasty, and for nearly twenty years devastated all the wealthiest and fairest provinces of the Empire. It was long before the magnitude of the peril led to some departure from this theoretic basis of independent provincial government. And even to the last only very partial and imperfect efforts were made to concentrate all the power and resources of the Empire, and by combined operations stamp out the fire. All this tended to show how disjointed and ineffective was the State machinery; and the absence of any adequate directing and controlling power at the centre. The Emperor can undoubtedly send his orders to each of the eighteen provinces, and the several Viceroys and Governors are bound by their tenure of office to render implicit obedience. But when it comes to be a question of combination and concentration for a common object, all efforts in this direction seem in-

variably to break down—partly from provincial jealousies; rivalries among so many Viceroys, Tartar Generals and Governors—all high officials exercising large and sometimes conflicting powers;—partly also, if not chiefly, from the want of any solidarity between the different provinces. They might be different kingdoms for any recognition that can be discerned of community of interests as integral parts of one empire and one nation. Why one province should be drained of its resources and impoverished because another on their borders needs help, never clearly appears to the administration appealed to. Possibly there may be a suggestion that the neighbour is in need only from some great incompetence or malversation on the part of those responsible for its administration and good government. Again, each Governor-General has the supreme command of all the armed force of his province. All being localised and raised within its borders as a kind of militia rather than a regular portion of an Imperial army, and paid for out of the provincial treasury, it is easy to understand how personal ambitions and rivalries should often create insuperable obstacles to any combined strategy or unity of plan. To make costly efforts in men and money, and undertake grave responsibilities in harassing or frustrating movements by which some high officer in another province may reap all the glory of a victory and eclipse all rival magnates in personal distinction and power, does not usually commend itself to the Chinese mind as a wise policy.

The Chinese Empire, it will thus be seen, is no better than a loose confederation of eighteen vast States—theoretically amenable to a central authority vested in the Emperor—but, practically, sufficiently independent to paralyse all combined action. They are all

more or less isolated from each other and the capital, by separate interests and objects of desire, both popular and administrative. The whole system and machinery of government tend to favour this want of cohesion and solidarity. A total change in both would be required to give real centralisation, or any effective control and unity of direction to the central power. Not only are the resources of the country very partially called out and very ill applied, but so far as they are developed, they are in great degree wasted by a vicious system of taxation and a still more vicious collectorate. The universality of bribery and corruption, to the profit of grasping officials, ruins the country and gives it up to pillage. The armies are badly paid and always in arrear. The whole civil service is maintained upon merely nominal salaries and starvation allowances. Frequent mutinies and insurrections naturally follow, while peculation and merely perfunctory service render all energetic action to arrest such evils impossible.

In many districts, some unfortunately in which Treaty Ports are situated, as at Formosa and between Chaou-chow-foo and Swatow, the authorities are openly set at defiance by associated communities; and it is notorious that in the latter, comprehending a wide sweep of territory and a large population, no warrant can be executed. No tax-gatherer dare show his face; and if the Viceroy ever ventures to send troops, they are either ignominiously defeated, or by the aid of bribery and treachery combined, they obtain some prisoners, perhaps surprise a village, and then return and report that the district has been reduced to order!

It was in this locality that the affair of the *Cockchafer's* boats occurred in 1869, which created so much anxious and angry comment in England, when the Commodore

on the station took the matter into his own hands after the boats had been fired on. A few hours sufficed to teach these half-piratic villages the danger of molesting foreigners, even though the Chinese authorities were powerless. And they have respected them accordingly, and been on their good behaviour ever since. In such a state of affairs, and in a country beyond the control of any central power, the strict application of the International laws observed between European States could only end in disaster and another war of redress. A certain range of discretionary power must be held inseparable from such an office as that of Foreign Representative in Peking—if not in all Eastern countries—and provided the exercise of any power beyond that contemplated by the formal instructions be strictly regarded as involving personal responsibility, and the necessity for justification, there is little danger of abuse. Judging from much in the past, what danger there may be would seem rather to be in the opposite direction. The responsibility of abstaining from action, with all its attendant anxieties, when a Minister's instructions enjoin abstinence as the rule, is always less than must be incurred by the opposite course,—however ample the justification which the urgency of the danger or the unforeseen nature of the circumstances might afford. In China, more especially, this has been felt of late years to be the one great difficulty. How to reconcile a policy of absolute abstinence from all local action in seeking redress, with the necessity of securing as the corresponding obligation the strict observance of Treaty rights?

Here is a *Gazette* which concerns the army and its administration—with some very significant revelations as to the absence of all probity in the higher ranks.

*Li'ho-nieu*, Governor of Honan, denounces a General, who, he requests, may be stripped of his rank, because he ought to have led 5,000 men against the rebels, but only had 3,000, appropriating to himself the pay of the other 2,000. This, it appears, is a common case, but we must in justice admit such speculation is by no means peculiar to China. We have heard of similar falsifications of army returns but very lately in countries nearer home.

A little further on we come upon a report from *Tseng-kwo-fan*, a Governor-General of two provinces, who has already been introduced to the readers of this journal among the Chinese Statesmen as the writer of an important memorial on the revision of foreign Treaties. He announces that the money in the province of Hunan not being sufficient to pay the trained bands, the latter rebelled and slew their officers; and reports that he has investigated the case and put to death the offenders. The beheading of a number of men may be taken for granted. Whether guilty or innocent,—the chief offenders or only accessories or instruments, is not so clear. But he does not state that he had investigated the first causes of this deficiency of funds, and non-payment of troops which led to the mutiny. That might have opened a wide field for denunciation and judgment, not free from danger to any official entering upon it,—since all into whose pockets the money had gone which should have found its way to the military chest and the soldier, would have been his foes in self-defence—and their name would be legion.

Peculating commanders and cowardly and incompetent officers were not the only difficulties the Government at Peking had to contend against in their efforts to put down the *Nien-fei*, the name by which the rebels or brigands in the last

great insurrection in the North were distinguished. The report of another Censor shows that those in command of Imperial troops were sometimes on much too good terms with the common enemy, and took care not to inflict too much damage on each other by any serious onslaughts. As long as the country was not utterly exhausted, each party made a good thing of it, and had no desire to see the struggle come to an end—a state of things vividly recalling the wars in Italy in the middle ages, when battles were chiefly fought by Free corps and foreign mercenaries, and the tactics on both sides tended to prolong, not to terminate the campaigns. As a rule the Imperial General in China would draw pay from the provincial treasuries for twice as many men as he ever took into the field or had under arms. Living in the meanwhile at free quarters with those he had, and paying for nothing, there was little to choose between rebels and Imperialists. As far as the unhappy inhabitants were concerned, both parties were equally ruthless and unscrupulous—plundering the villages and sacking the towns, and then setting fire to them as a means of destroying all evidence of their marauding. How amicably such matters were often arranged by the two contending forces may be seen by the following Censor's report which appeared in the *Gazette* :—

'At Chia-hsing-fu in Chekiang a high officer has been on constant good terms with the rebels; so much so that his son took to wife a lady from among the insurgents, and the officer's daughter was given in marriage to a rebel chief. Moreover when any danger threatened the rebels this officer invariably let them know beforehand.' The Censor goes on to observe that this is 'a most undesirable kind of official,' and prays 'that the Governor-General may search into the facts

of the case.' With such arrangements we need not wonder that civil wars, with Taipings, Nien-fei, and Mohammedans, are interminable.

If we turn to the *Gazette* for evidence of the state of the civil administration of the Empire the information obtained is not more cheering.

Many telling examples of malversation and general prevalence of dishonesty and corruption in the public offices may be gleaned from any file of *Gazettes* stretching over a few months. Here is one, for example.

A Censor announces to his Imperial Majesty the result of the investigation of the state of the granaries, lately ordered. A deficiency of rice was found of 25,380 bushels. The clerks and lower officials are sent to the Board of Punishments, and the case of the Superintendent is to be considered by the same Board. The whole number, from the highest to the lowest, are in the meantime to make good the deficiencies.

The amount of corruption and fraud going on in all the departments, and more especially perhaps in these granaries, in which are stored the reserves for the capital, is great and unceasing. Holding every official responsible for the deficiency and compelling them to make it good, has a sort of rough justice in it. But unless every one, high and low, participated in the offence by acts of omission or commission, it must bear hardly on some who may be innocent. Perhaps the Government knows too well that there are no such persons connected with any public charge in China. But it takes away a strong motive for honesty, if it cannot secure immunity. Certainly bribery and corruption are the rule, and honesty the exception. The other day a large deficit was discovered in the treasury of the Palace itself. Ingots of gold and silver to a large amount had been removed.

To return to the rice: we find somewhat further on, that the Board of Revenue pray the prohibition formerly existing against the transport of rice from one port to another in junks may be taken off—rice being cheap in the south and dear in the north. And the following day the officers appointed to investigate the dilapidated state of public granaries send in their report, which states that the Household Board complain that the supply of rice for the Imperial family is insufficient.

The rice supply is a large question and an important one for Peking. Not only does the population draw its whole supply from the southern provinces—millet and Indian corn alone being grown in the vast plains surrounding the capital—but the Grand Canal having been allowed to get out of repair, the fleet of grain junks employed in the transport of grain have become useless, and the supply has been brought by sea, latterly by foreign steamers, as cheaper in the end, as well as more swift and certain. The amount of deterioration and robbery to which the Government was subject while the rice tribute was *en route*, and as it was being stored in the granaries, and afterwards as long as any remained to be pillaged, might well cause a deficiency for the Imperial family—which, however, means, no doubt, for the whole Court and the Bannermen, who are paid in rice, and short paid as a rule. The wretched and dilapidated state of the granary buildings are but apt types of the dilapidation and malversation within. A short residence in China is enough to carry conviction that it is worth any pecuniary sacrifice in the way of liberal salaries to ensure *honesty*. Without this the best devised system of government and administration comes to a dead lock, and all the resources of an empire run to waste and confusion.

We have seen that the supply of rice for the maintenance of the Tartar garrison, the Court, and the population at Peking, is a constant source of anxiety, not so much from any paucity of grain or means of transport, as from the dishonesty of all the officials concerned in its transport and storage. This is a perennial source of trouble. Short weight is constantly given, and fraudulently made-up weight by watering the rice to make up deficiencies by robbery is perhaps still more common. Then again the substitution of inferior qualities for good, frequently is connived at. These are a few of the deteriorations to which the Imperial grain is subject, both on its way to Peking and in the granaries there when stored for use. Of course the rice when damped begins to ferment and spoil. Then it is reported upon and condemned, by which act all defalcations are covered. In the end the food supply is lost, and a number of officials, high and low, have managed to rob the revenue and enrich themselves at the Government expense. When a more serious defect than usual cannot be adequately met by qualified measures of this nature, it is shrewdly suspected that an opportune conflagration and total destruction of one or two blocks of granaries, situated along the banks of the canal at Peking, may make all straight, besides otherwise benefiting trade, to the encouragement of contractors, builders, &c. These are only some among the minor mischiefs resulting from a universal state of disorder and want of honesty in all the departments of the State, civil and military. Wherever loyalty and patriotism have no place in the popular mind, and the public service of a country ceases to afford means of subsistence adequate to the position which the employés are expected to maintain, corruption and peculation are the invariable

consequences, and honesty ceases to be a qualification for office. When such a state of things has been arrived at, no virtues civil or military can be expected long to survive. In some instances, as in ancient Rome, and the more warlike Eastern Empires—Assyrians, Medes, and Persians—the military virtues have survived a certain period, and sufficed to uphold the power of the State, and even to crown it with an evanescent glory of conquest and pride. But sooner or later, wanting in any solid foundation of national virtue, the whole crumbles in the dust. After a longer or shorter interval of disaster and decadence, another and a better organisation may arise; but the Medes and Persians, or the peoples that now represent them, are not hopeful examples.

In the present case it becomes a curious question how long a great empire, with such a population as China is known to possess, can be maintained under such conditions of misrule and disorganisation. It has been very truly observed that it is not by accident that floods and pestilence have hitherto marked in China the downfall of dynasties. When considering the injurious effects of an insufficiently paid public service, it is necessary to carry our view beyond the more immediate consequences—want of zeal and honesty in the servant, and maladministration both in matters fiscal and judicial, which are the first evil effects upon the people—to the ulterior and reflex action of these abuses. A striking example of this was given a short time ago in the report of a trial by jury which took place in Italy; where a receiver of Customs' dues appeared before the Court of Assize at Udine, charged with having defrauded the Government of several thousand francs. There was no doubt, we are told, about the fraud—nor did the accused deny it, but pleaded distress and his intention to restore the money

as soon as he should be able. His counsel contented himself with attacking the administrative system of the kingdom, which he declared had driven the prisoner at the bar to the necessity of committing the crime. Apparently, as we are told by the correspondent of the *Times*, who gives these details, he convinced the jury of the culpability of the system, for the fraudulent functionary was acquitted. Precisely such a verdict might be expected in China if their jurisprudence admitted of trial by jury. So convinced are the Chinese people of the impossibility of obtaining honest and efficient service with salaries that do not supply the necessary means of existence, that they think it no discredit to an official if he pays himself from public funds or taxes which he collects, or accepts fees and douceurs in the discharge of his duties. In a word, peculation within certain bounds, and not involving inordinate hardship or wrong on individuals, is not considered a punishable offence. They do not so much object, as the late Consul Meadows truly remarked in his *Original Notes*, to magistrates and other officials selling justice, and making the clients pay for it in various degrees. They only protest when he sells *injustice*, and gives for pecuniary considerations an iniquitous or unrighteous decision. Justice they would willingly enough purchase by a somewhat slippery scale of fees and bribes. Thus there enters into the popular mind a tolerance for bribery, corruption, and peculation in the abstract, which saps the foundation of all moral principle as regards truth and honesty, demoralising alike to rulers and subjects. How this operates with the former we have an instance in the following *Gazette*.

It reads only as a simple announcement, that one '*Chiang-yi-li*, formerly Governor of Kwantung,

is ordered to be Chief Judge in Shansi.' But supplementing this with information otherwise acquired, and known to hundreds, if not thousands, that this said Chiang-yi-li at a previous date had been degraded for embezzlement, it is conclusive evidence that this is no disqualification for a Judge in China, to whom is confided the administration of the law over wide districts numbering their inhabitants by millions, and whose liberty, as well as lives and property, are at his mercy. If this great and nearly irresponsible power is too oppressively abused, an insurrection becomes the only resource of the oppressed. A magistrate's *yamên* is pillaged or pulled down, and its occupant, if he has not escaped before the mob reaches his residence, is lynched on the spot. A despotism, tempered by insurrection, is not altogether the best government that can be conceived even for an Asiatic race. Such, however, has been the established order of society throughout Asia from the beginning, and still continues to be the prevailing system.

Several memorials and decrees have been given already, affording curious and undoubted evidence of the general disorder into which the Empire has fallen, and the all but universal prevalence of corruption and malversation in every form, extending their baneful influence through every service and department. Before proceeding to analyse such evidence as the *Gazette* supplies in reference to those at least of the more prevailing causes of this deplorable state of decadence, it may be well to give a few more examples, throwing light on the administration of justice, the working of the fiscal system, and the reaction of the abuses in both upon the social and moral habits of the people.

The Yellow River has from time immemorial been a source of trouble

and anxiety to the rulers and people of China alike. This has gained for it in popular estimation a very poetical title in allusion to its frequently recurring inundations,—its migratory habits often changing its course, and spreading devastation far and wide. 'China's Sorrow,' is the common name given to it, and well it seems to have earned it both in past and present times. Formerly, however, some of the most energetic of the Emperors devoted much care and attention to the measures necessary to embank and keep it within bounds; whereas now these works have shared in the general ruin. Certain dues or taxes are set aside by law to meet the ever-recurring expenses necessary to keep in repair the vast embankments, and special officers of high rank are appointed whose sole duty is to seek the proper application of such funds. But the old Roman difficulty has arisen — '*Quis custodiet custodes?*' and as a matter of course, a very small proportion is expended on the embankments. Great disasters are constantly occurring from want of repairs, and then there appears an equally sweeping condemnation of all the officials of the province, in the *Gazette*, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

'Su-ting-kwei, Governor-General and Superintendent of the Yellow River, denounces, and requests to be stripped of rank, every official, civil and military, at Shanguan, in Honan, for allowing the river there to burst its banks and overflow the country.'

By the latest news from China we hear of very disastrous floods in Pecheli, the province in which Peking is situated, from the giving way of the embankments of the *Yung-ting-ho*, a river running through the province into the Gulf of Pecheli, but far north of the Yellow River. These floods have destroyed the means of living of a large population, the effects of which

will be felt far beyond the immediate scene of disaster. Now, as heretofore, however, there is little hope of any serious attempt to investigate the real origin or the extent of the calamity. This want of energy in the central Government in redressing the evils under which the Empire groans, and failure to take effective steps of a preventive nature to avert these periodical and devastating floods, fraught with ruin to so many millions, tend more to undermine the stability of the central Government, and bring the present dynasty into contempt, than any want of capacity or efficient action in other directions. The Chinese as a nation are long-suffering and patient, besides being like all Asiatics fatalists in creed. More than this, however, they are most painstaking, industrious, and thrifty; and like all people so distinguished, they are a peace-loving race. So long as there is a moderate degree of security for life and property, they manifest a degree of tolerance for abuses and bad government which is simply marvellous. For this reason among others, they are the most easily governed of nations. A small modicum of justice and wisdom in their rulers will sufficiently leaven the whole corrupt mass of administrative wrong-doing to keep the people quiescent. But nothing can be more disheartening than the unpractical spirit with which these national calamities are treated, unless it be the equally apparent absence of all true sympathy with the sufferings of the people on the part of the rulers, whose shortcomings are among the principal causes of both floods and insurrections which so incessantly devastate the country. No better evidence can be required than the *Peking Gazette*, of the truth of this conclusion. While page on page each week is filled with nonsensical and absurd announcements, great disasters, in-

volving the lives and property of thousands, and the means of sustenance for millions, are cursorily alluded to and briefly dismissed with a decree of degradation on all the officials of the province afflicted, which, if often deserved, has nevertheless no sure foundation of justice based upon enquiry and conviction of real neglect or incapacity. The Chinese people may sigh in vain for a native ruler like Yü, the great engineering prince, who first embanked the Yellow River, and devised means for protecting the surrounding country from its inundations. But in his default, is there any reason why the Government should not have recourse to the engineering skill and science of the West? The utter inaptitude of all who influence the councils of the present youthful occupant of the throne in China is nowhere more manifest than in their impotent tolerance of evils so disastrous and widespread, and their stolid disregard of such obvious means of providing a remedy. Nor can they plead ignorance or disbelief of the power of Western nations to furnish them with means adequate to their need. The prompt and thorough manner in which they have availed themselves of European skill and science to create naval arsenals and docks and iron ships, sufficiently demonstrates the hollowness of such a plea of ignorance or want of trust in the efficacy of European agencies. But a still more striking answer is to be found in the foreign Inspectorate of the Imperial Maritime Customs. Nor is there anything more curious, or more instructive, than the origin and growth of this establishment. It was some twenty years ago, when all Chinese authority was in abeyance; when the Custom House had been levelled with the ground, and the Imperial officers were wholly unable either to collect their dues on foreign trade, or afford it the needful protection—that a British

consul conceived the idea of providing a remedy against the prevailing evils. To meet the first danger, the foundations were laid for a Municipal Government, to be entirely maintained by the foreign community, for defensive, sanitary, and police purposes generally. And for the second unadministration of the Customs was devised for levying duties on foreign trade under a foreign Inspectorate sanctioned by the Treaty Powers, and holding at the same time the necessary authority from the Imperial Government. These two improvised measures originated in a period of danger and confusion, but they not only answered their immediate purpose, but have taken root in the soil of China. They are now become permanent institutions of inestimable value, not only to the ever-changing European population of this centre of foreign trade—the largest indeed after Calcutta, east of the Cape—but to China itself. The Inspector-General, Mr. Hart, is a British subject, as was his predecessor, and all the principal posts are filled under him by foreigners of different nationalities, but all, the Inspector-General inclusive, are the paid servants of the Chinese Government, appointed and dismissed by them at their own pleasure. They simply import into their service for a special department those elements of honesty and vigour which could not be obtained from native sources. And it is not the least of the recommendations of the system that it works with equal advantage to the Chinese revenue and the foreign trade.

Nor have the benefits of this organisation of the Customs on a foreign foundation been limited to the more immediate results above indicated. Under the energetic and intelligent direction of the present head of the department, all the Treaty Ports, and the whole line of coast from Newchwang to Hainan, some 1,500 miles in extent, are



already in great part provided with the most modern appliances of science for safe navigation. Light-ships, light-houses, beacons, and buoys are year by year being supplied at great cost, and on the most enlightened plans. There is much to amend, no doubt, in China. The heart is sick and the whole head is sore. But nevertheless there is both strong vitality and powers of coherence in the Empire.

The entire system is at fault which places an officer in charge of great engineering works with no better training than the four books of Confucius, or the metaphysics of Mencius can supply; and the competitive examination for office, of which we have heard so much laudation, provides nothing better. With utterly insufficient pay and universal corruption, and speculation as a necessary consequence, super-added to the primary want of any rational training or education, what wonder is it that all public works fall into decay, and all public funds are misapplied and only go to the enrichment of their collectors and administrators, while the whole Empire is falling into a state of decay, a prey to chronic insurrections and general disorder? In the autumn of 1868 a series of victories, mainly achieved by *Li-Hung-chang's* crafty combinations for driving the main body of the Nien-fei into a peninsula and then drowning them by turning a river course and inundating the only ground they could occupy, at last gave some hope of rest and peace. But five years have now elapsed and still no sensible progress towards improved government can be discovered. When *Li-Hung-chang* announced, in a memorial published in the *Gazette*, that '*Chang-tsung-yü*, the noted leader of the Nien-fei, did really meet his death by drowning,' His Majesty published in the *Gazette* that he was 'exceedingly rejoiced;' as well he might be, seeing that said Nien-fei, as he observes, 'had been

disturbing Pecheli and the neighbouring provinces for seventeen years, causing much loss to the people thereby.' But since then there have been other risings in the west and the south; and in fine an unceasing protest against misrule and incapacity, in the stereotyped form of insurrection ever since.

The only direction in which any evidence of vigour has been shown, as already remarked, is in the creation of dockyards and an iron fleet, with the newest improvements in machinery and artillery. This organisation of a naval force capable of engaging and offering serious resistance to the ironclad fleets of a foreign Power, and the ready adoption of all Western improvements, and foreigners to aid in the organisation, is an important fact. A writer in the *New York Times*, not long ago, in an amusing article headed 'The Test of Civilisation,' stoutly contends that the only reason why the European has refused to admit the civilisation of the Chinaman is the fact that when engaged in war with Western nations the Chinese have proved scarcely more formidable than the timid natives of Australia or Polynesia. He goes on with a grim humour to observe

That a great empire, with almost unlimited funds, and an enormous number of men capable of bearing arms, of whose individual bravery and contempt of death there is abundant proof, should prove so feeble in war, has convinced their enemies that the Chinese are little better than naked barbarians. Had the Chinese beaten French and English troops in the field, there would have been an end of the shallow talk of Chinese semi-civilisation.

Now the creation of a powerful Chinese fleet, propelled by steam, protected by armour, and provided with the best European arms, handled by crews drilled after the system of European navies, is not only a step that will go far toward convincing Europeans that the Chinese are civilised, but is a matter full of interest and importance to the civilised world. The weakness of China in war has been due solely to the want of fleets and armies

equal in drill and equipments to those of her adversaries. Since she has shown that she appreciates the necessity of exchanging the junk for the ironclad, we may expect to see the archer and the matchlock-man of the Imperial Army superseded by infantry armed with breech-loaders, and artillery equipped with rifled cannon. The successes achieved in the Taiping rebellion by the small bodies of Chinese troops organised after the European model, and commanded by Ward, Burgevine and Gordon, afford abundant evidence of the efficiency of the Chinese soldiers when properly armed and led. The reorganisation of the army will undoubtedly follow the reorganisation of the fleet, and when this shall have been thoroughly accomplished, China will be the most powerful military Empire on the globe. With her countless population, she will be able to put ten men in the field for every one man that Germany or Prussia can raise, and can furnish these men with their simple rations of rice at probably a tenth of the outlay that each European soldier costs his Government.

The Chinese are so essentially an agricultural and trading people that no schemes of conquest need be expected from them. Were China, however, in a condition to maintain the integrity of her possessions, to enforce her nominal authority over the tribes of Tartary, and to check the tide of Russian conquest now flowing eastward through Bokhara—all of which she is fully capable of accomplishing, so soon as she possesses an army as well equipped as her new fleet promises to be—we should no longer hear of the semi-civilised Chinaman, and the arrested development of the Chinese intellect. We have contemptuously ignored the civilisation of the people who first founded a civil service upon competitive examinations, who invented gunpowder and the mariner's compass, who clothed Europe in silks, and provided her with porcelain ware from which to drink Chinese tea; but we shall instantly admit her claim to be called civilised the moment that she demonstrates her ability to kill men in a scientific manner. So true it is that the modern test of civilisation is the efficiency of a nation's breech-loaders.

It is impossible to deny that there is a great deal of truth in this statement, overcharged though it be in some respects. It may yet be some time before the Chinese Government can bring itself to the necessary effort to organise an army on the same principle and on a still larger scale than its navy. But it would be a great mistake to assume

that China may not gird up its loins and start in that direction. At the same time, we at least need not regret such policy. It is possible that the first aim of the present rulers would be to obtain sufficient strength to assert their independence, and either eject the foreigners from their soil, or dictate to the Powers which have hitherto only imposed their own terms,—on what conditions of reciprocity and independence commerce and international relations shall be maintained. Schemes of territorial conquest on the Russian side, and of missionary propagandism of an Ultramontane type, might both be effectually checked;—and British merchants might even find it necessary to carry on their trading operations under conditions falling short of absolute control over all the internal taxation, and without extraterritorial rights in the interior, or on the inland waters of the Empire. Yet there would be various compensations. The Government of China would find it necessary, if they wanted to put a million of men under arms on any system of European organisation and equipment, to have command not only of a great many millions sterling for the first outlay, but a steady and reliable revenue, far exceeding any they have ever possessed. To obtain this they must reorganise their whole system of administration, political and fiscal; and this they cannot do without having recourse, as in the re-casting of their Maritime Customs, to foreigners, and a very large admixture of the foreign element in persons and in things—that is, ideas, system, and administrators must chiefly be drawn from the West, and more or less assimilated with what is essentially Chinese. The necessity of such foreign admixture and fusion is the sure guarantee that, when effected, the desire would no longer remain to make such use of the instruments when forged to their hand.

## BRAMBLEBERRIES.

## TWO KINDS OF DISCONTENT.

28.           A BASE and selfish discontent  
               From hell is sent;  
               A noble discontent is given  
               Direct from heaven;  
               *That*, cowardice and low desire  
               Fill with unrest;  
               *This*, the soul's longings that aspire  
               To find the Best.

## AGAINST IMPATIENCE.

29.           Be not impatient, O Soul;  
               Thou movest on to thy goal.  
               Be not full of care;  
               In the Universe thou hast thy share.  
               Be not afraid, but trust;  
               Thou wilt suffer nothing unjust.

30.           I know not if it may be mine  
               To add a song, a verse, a line,  
               To that fair treasure-house of wit,  
               That more than cedarn cabinet,  
               Where men preserve their precious things,  
               Free wealth, surpassing every king's.  
               I only know, I felt and wrote  
               According to the day and hour,  
               According to my little power;  
               If souls unborn shall take some note,  
               Or none at all, 'tis their affair;  
               I cannot guess, and will not care.  
               Yet hoping still that something done  
               Has so much life from earth and sun,

Drawn through man's finer brain, as may,  
 In mystic form, with mystic force,  
 Reach forward from a fleeting day,  
 But an unfathomable source,  
 To touch, upon his earthly way,  
 Some brother pilgrim-soul, and say—  
 (A whisper in the wayside grass)  
 'I have gone by, where now you pass;  
 Been sorely tried with frost and heat,  
 With stones that bruise the weary feet,  
 With alp, with quagmire, and with flood,  
 With desert-sands that parch the blood;  
 Nor fail'd to find a flowery dell,  
 A shady grove, a crystal well;  
 And I am gone, thou know'st not whither.  
 —Thou thyself art hastening thither.  
 Thou hast thy life; and nothing can  
 Have more. Farewell, O Brother Man!'

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TO AN ANGEL PICTURED LOOKING THROUGH THE SKY.

31.

High Creature, watching twirl'd  
 This cloudy world,  
 See, for a seven times seven  
 Refulgent Heaven,  
 What belts of hope and fear  
 Involve our sphere,  
 Deep gloom, with fitful flash;  
 And be not rash  
 In blame, lest One discern  
 Thy need to learn  
 How man's faint orison  
 Strives to His Throne.



## THE PARIS COMMUNE OF 1871: ITS ORIGIN, LEGITIMACY, TENDENCY, AND AIM.

BY GENERAL CLUSERET.

**T**HE Paris Commune of 1871 was, undoubtedly, one of the most important dramas enacted in the nineteenth century, both for the ferocity displayed by the victors, and for the principles proclaimed in the face of the Governments of Europe by the vanquished.

The Commune of Paris comprised two great ideas, namely, the idea of a Socialist Republic and that of a simple Republic. The idea of a Republic was not, at that moment, discussed by either party, but the danger by which it was menaced united the two factions in a common defence; for it must be clearly understood that, from the beginning to the end of the struggle, the Communists acted on the defensive. They were never the aggressors, but confined themselves to repelling attack.

I will not go back to the Deluge, or speak of the universal and eternal protest of the employed against the employers, which assumes various forms in different ages and countries, but is always the same at bottom. Leaving all these, I will pass on to the Working Men's Associations of 1850. When the Revolution made over to the bourgeoisie the possessions of the nobility and the clergy, gave them power and education, in short, made them masters of the social machinery, it imposed on them, in return for these benefits, the duty of shutting the gates on monopoly and of granting to others the opportunities which they had obtained for themselves. If the substitution of the bourgeoisie for the nobility, of money for parchment, of one privileged class for another, had been the only result of the successful effect of the Revolution, it would have accomplished nothing. As one nail drives out another, one class of society takes the place of the other. It is only a matter of time. The suc-

cess of the men of mark in 1793 was only partial. They recognised the great liberal principles necessary for the consolidation and development of political order; but they neglected the social side of the question. Bourgeois themselves, all they thought of was the freedom of the bourgeoisie, and they created a society for themselves and in their own image.

It never occurred to them to study the laws of capital, which inevitably and fatally tend to its complete centralisation, or, in other words, to the absorption of everything and everybody by one person.

The monarchy of capital, which is far more dangerous than that of birth, could not fail to rouse the apprehension of the workman; for not only was his happiness in peril, but even his existence as a human being. He was doomed to be a beast of burden in the treadmill. Such was the fate the future had in store for the labourer. I am not exaggerating. The artisan has already been killed by the mechanic, and, thanks to the division of labour, the workman is only a tool. Science, the handmaid of capital, will soon reduce him to the condition of a piston, and just sufficient oil will be given him to keep him going. What ought to be done under these circumstances? Nothing? Should he lie down like the over-loaded ox in the furrows and wait patiently for death? This is in fact what the greater part do; but a number of workmen, thinkers, men with heart and brain, animated by the same manly spirit, formed themselves into a band, and headed the great masses. They were born men, and they wished to live and die like men; but for this it was necessary they should do the work of the bourgeoisie over again, and finish what had been left incomplete in

1793. They would have to regain possession of the social machinery, and this time for the benefit of all.

Hence came the attempts at working men's associations, and the experiment of 1850, which was fatal to the liberty of all who took part in it. Among others Mme. Jeanne Derouin and Mme. Pauline Roland were transported in 1851, by the author of the *Extinction of Pauperism*, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Hence came also in a great measure the movement of 1848. I say in a great measure, because Bonapartism played an important part in the affair. I know something about it, as, at the head of the Gardes Mobiles, I unfortunately displayed too much energy in that disastrous battle. Had it not been for the cry of *vive l'Empereur* behind the barricades we should not have charged.

It is certainly very interesting, though heartrending, to follow the thousand and one transformations of the Proteus we call Bonapartism in its chase after power. According to circumstances he is by turns a soldier and a working man, a cleric and a stock gambler, a Socialist and a conservative, a Republican and a despot, an aristocrat and a demagogue. To-day he is a Communalist and a Legitimist. It is all the same to him, as long as he can plot, and dabble in intrigues. Mud is his element. Do not go too near him or he will splash you. It is what he did at the cradle of the International; but of that anon.

Between the years 1850 and 1864 Socialism made no new attempt worthy of notice. In 1864 the International was born in St. Martin's Hall. Toil and misery were its parents, the world its cradle, the people its godfathers, justice its godmother, and eternity its future. Its début was not a brilliant one. In France it narrowly escaped being suffocated in the arms of Cæsarism. Plon-plon, the

maid-of-all-work of Bonapartism' took it to the Palais Royal, and Tolain, now a member of the Assembly of Versailles, and one of the founders of the great Society, acted as mediator between the Palace and the Passage Raoul, the seat of its first section.

In this native of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who was clever at his own craft, that of engraver, but still more clever in the art of speaking and speaking well, Plon-plon had divined the man of ambitious and intriguing mind cramped by the narrowness of his circumstances. The discovery did him no good. Tolain and his dupes had to beat a retreat before the universal reprobation of the working classes, whose watchword is the same as that of Italy, *Farà da se*. Bonapartism dazzled them for a moment, but they soon came to themselves and proclaimed their independence, more proudly than ever. From that moment the International was established in France. In the following year I became a member.

This is not the place for me to discuss the International—time and space are both wanting; but, notwithstanding its historians, the history of this great association has still to be written; so much error and prejudice has entered into all that has been said of it. Suffice it now for me to say that it contains no secrets, and includes no dictatorship. A model of future society, its sole object is the emancipation of the working classes. Its method of organisation is federal autonomy, its legislature the annual congress, its executive the general council. It has solved the great problem of unity through decentralisation, and has been able to muster three millions of men in less than six years. Knowing that it would be idle to try to separate social from political reforms, it honestly declares that it is concerned with politics, and to the union of the oppressors it op-

poses the union of the oppressed. There is nothing underhand about it; all is plain and above-board.

And I ask every honest man what fault can be found with these industrious workmen, most of them fathers of families and skilful craftsmen, who combined to gain for their children the right of access to all the natural paths of human happiness? By what right are they prohibited to do what the bourgeoisie did in 1789? In the name of what principle are they denied the privilege of combining to realise the great truth inscribed on the Constitution of America: 'Every man has a right to human happiness'?

And yet not only has every unsuccessful experiment of these obscure martyrs met with a savage repression, but they themselves have had every kind of infamous contumacy and insult heaped upon them. We have just witnessed it in history—the history of yesterday. Trinquet, a shoemaker, the father of a family, one of the most honest, industrious, and orderly members of the Commune, having been guilty of acting in accordance with the principles adopted by the Versaillesists, was condemned by those warriors to penal servitude for life. You would expect that some consideration would be shown to this honest and high-principled man, cast among thieves and assassins of the worst kind; but the Administration lets it be known, through the medium of its organs, that the convict Trinquet will not be raised to the level of the other prisoners until he has proved himself deserving of it by his good conduct. Trinquet by his energy had made himself feared, and fear makes people cruel. The bourgeoisie and all their belongings are cowardly, and cowardice renders them savage.

The International held its sittings at No. 6 Place de la Corderie du Temple.

The cradle of Socialism was mean. It was on the third floor of a shabby house in a triangular court, situated in a populous neighbourhood—that is to say, in a dirty poverty-stricken neighbourhood, teeming with misery. A fitting frame for a picture of the proletariat. You entered the house through a narrow door; on the right was one of those old porter's lodges more fitted for a dog than for a human being; on the left a wine-shop, one of those classic *mastroquets* furnished with pewter measures, large black pitchers, and brown and blue mugs. Fronting you was the narrow staircase with its black iron balustrade; the worn and sticky steps bore witness to long service and the parsimony of the landlord. The walls, that had once been whitewashed, were covered with stains and scrawled inscriptions. On reaching the third floor you entered through a door on the right. The first room was an unfurnished antechamber, which communicated by two doors with a room of some twenty-five feet long by twelve broad. At one end of this room, where the floor was raised, stood a table and three chairs; the other part was furnished with wooden benches; the walls were covered with placards similar to those posted on the walls of Paris. Behind the chairs allotted to the president and his assistants was a large black board, on which the times and places at which public meetings would be held used to be written in chalk. At the bottom of the room a door to the right opened into a third chamber which communicated with two others. These rooms served as offices for the commissions, and were all furnished alike with a deal table and a few church-chairs—common wooden chairs with coarse straw seats. A few inkstands were scattered about, but the pens were few and out at elbows, and as for paper, you were

reminded of the adage, 'Always have some paper in your pocket, as you don't know what may happen.' It was very evident those who had none would have to do without it. From this place came forth the Commune of Paris.

It is a truth, which sounds paradoxical to those who have not associated with and studied the working classes, that no one is more conservative than the working man. The *coups d'état* made by adventurers and ambitious politicians have been most unjustly laid to his account. Generally speaking, the working classes will not move unless they are pushed to the last ditch; then the matter is serious. If the International did not include all the working men, it certainly possessed the élite of them. Its influence on the class was far greater than its effective force. It had the sympathy of all other working men's associations, whether they were directly connected with it or not. Blouse is attached to blouse, all the world over. What are the three millions who form the International, compared to the legions of workmen who, owing to family reasons, or from motives of private interest, refrain from joining formally, but make common cause with the Society! I have therefore always laid more stress on winning the confidence of the workmen than in obtaining their adherence. Human nature is timid, and heroes do not grow on every bush. Let us respect this timidity, and we may be sure that those who tremble in the time of peace will fight bravely on the day of battle. Did we not witness this under the Commune?

I have said that the working man is conservative, and slow to take up arms. I will show by what steps the workman of Paris passed from the workshop to the barricades. I will not enter upon the large side of the question, namely, the finan-

cial position in which the working man has been placed by the conduct of the bourgeoisie since 1815, and which was aggravated by the Imperial orgy and the demoralisation it produced. I will confine myself to the narrower side, which concerns the immediate facts. One of the causes of the people's patience under the Empire was the profound demoralisation which that corrupt régime had systematised into a form of government. The depravity was so general that no one could boast of being better than his neighbour. Spies were everywhere, and when the police appeared everyone took flight. Until the 7th of September, at any rate, a score of sergents de ville armed with bludgeons were sufficient to clear the boulevards of some thousands of people. This is what took place on the evening of the 3rd:—A crowd of people—a real crowd—composed of persons of both sexes and all ages and ranks, filled the boulevards shouting 'la Déchéance.' It was the people stirred to their inmost depths. Arrived opposite the Gymnase this vast assembly stopped, then receded, and finally dispersed, flying in all directions. They had been attacked by the sergents de ville of the post of Bonne-Nouvelle police. Now the post of the Bonne-Nouvelle consisted of eight or ten men.

Some of the spectators took refuge on the steps of the Gymnase; among them a young Garde Mobile sought to escape from the general confusion. A gentleman took out a revolver and coolly shot him through the head. This gentleman was a civil officer. The sergents de ville did not even condescend to stop and see if the youth were quite dead. That was the last murder committed by the Empire. A sergent de ville whispered to Arthur Arnould, who happened to be there, and whose appearance is eminently respectable, 'Monsieur, withdraw, you are going to be killed.'



What a revelation of the Imperial programme!

After the stampede of the 3rd, the following word of command, originating no one knew how, was given from one end of Paris to the other—To-morrow let us meet at the Corps Législatif in the dress of the National Guard. The following day was a Sunday, one of those lovely Paris Sundays on which the whole population turns out into the streets. The National Guards, obedient to the mandate, broke through the triple line which surrounded the Assembly, in the most pacific manner.

On arriving at the first line of sergents de ville the drum-major of the 1st battalion, turning his face to his men and consequently his back to the police, marched backwards into their ranks—the breach was made. As humble now as they were previously arrogant, these gentlemen turned for aid and sympathy to the people they had been murdering the evening before. The troops fraternised. The Imperial Guard presented arms to the insurgent National Guard with the same stupid impassibility with which they had presented arms to the Emperor. They, the dark and angry faces of the Paris guard, seemed to say, 'When shall we be ordered to sweep away all this *canaille*, civil and military?'

Thus the revolution was made, and made by the bourgeoisie, without striking a blow—the people did not take part in it for want of leaders. I said that the International was its lighthouse, but the leading men of the Society were in exile or in prison. Varlin was at Brussels; Malon, Pindy, Combault, etc., were fugitives or captives. I myself had been arrested on the morning of the 4th, on my return from Sedan, as I was crossing the frontier at Feignies, after having had a meeting with Varlin in the night. It was the last arrest made by the Empire.

A government was formed, which, having no root in popular feeling, was without strength.

It was made of the deputations of Paris, with the addition of Trochu as president. Keratry awarded the Prefecture of Police to himself, just as Emmanuel Arago had awarded the Mairie of Paris to his uncle Stephen. 'Here,' he had cried, throwing him a tricoloured scarf, 'take this, Stephen; you are Mayor of Paris.'

Trochu, whom Victor Hugo has so cruelly called the past participle of the verb 'trop choir,' was a General of the Staff, a Catholic, and a Breton. His notoriety was entirely owing to an insignificant book on the army, which he published in 1868. Small and dark, with a bald head, dark smiling eyes, with a mouth shaded by a thick moustache, and contracted at the corners by a nervous affection, which gave his face something between a smile and a grimace, his whole appearance was an enigma. Is he good or bad? frank or false? weak or resolute? intelligent or stupid? able or incapable? were the questions it gave rise to.

Trochu is simply a mystic, with whom the Virgin takes the place of genius, and the priest that of conscience. Trained to passive obedience by his confessor, anything like resistance irritates him. Vain with that sort of absorbing vanity which is pious and modest, dull and suspicious, the vanity that turns sour in solitude and blames everybody for its impotence, Trochu never could pardon the people for not having admired him through thick and thin. Consequently he is filled with the hatred of a devotee, the hatred of a 'vieille fille incomprise'; a hatred that is patient and sly, but that never lets go its prey. Added to this he has an indecision of character, only equalled by his obstinacy, a desponding spirit that sees everything with a jaundiced eye and is always seeking and finding obstacles, and a mind that revels in the infinitely

small, and is everywhere finding rocks to run foul of.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 3rd of September, a large body of people came to Trochu and desired him to proclaim the Déchéance. 'I cannot,' he answered, in a modest and suave manner; 'but with you the case is different, very different.'

Such was the man. Behind him was the Church.

The next on the list is Jules Favre, the vice-president. Like Trochu, he was a Catholic, a fanatic, and a mystic; but he was more dangerous, being a more wicked man. He was a man of a bilious temperament and a jealous disposition, who believed only in eloquent oratory and the bourgeoisie; he hated and despised that blockhead called 'the people,' who did not participate in the enthusiasm of the bourgeoisie for him. He was furious against the 4th of September, which had disturbed him at his occupation of first tenor, which he held in the company got up by the Emperor to play the opposition in the opera-house of the Corps Législatif. He was moreover, desperately jealous of young aspirants, and was never more distressed than at the début of Gambetta. It was like Dupré succeeding Nourrit in 'William Tell.' He uttered a funeral note. He did not go to Naples to die, like his fellow-sufferer Nourrit; but spared no pains to avenge himself on the people of Paris, who had been guilty of applauding another singer than himself on the political stage. Like Trochu, when he saw that there could be no victory without the people, and that the victory of the people meant the defeat of the Church, the bourgeoisie, and the army—in fact, the defeat of what was most dear to them by what they hated and despised—he decided in favour of defeat, and preferred the foreigner to the French people.

The facts at least are there, and we shall see them.

The most important man of the 4th of September, after Trochu and Jules Favre, was Gambetta. This person, younger and less compromised than Jules Favre, was not more respectable from a political point of view. Moreover, there was not an advocate, a student, or a lawyer of any kind who was not aware of the empty noisy past of this Italic-Gascon student, who only a few years before used to mount on the tables at the Café Procope to show off his sonorous eloquence, and would make a boast of pleading either side of a question with equal impartiality.

This singular figure, a pupil of the Jesuits of Cahors, had preserved their elastic morality. When Delescluze gave him the cause of the *Réveil* to plead before the 6th Chamber of the 'police correctionnelle,' he was a briefless advocate, known in the Quartier Latin for drinking bottles of wine that were paid for by Laurier. After this a rich Israelite, living in the Rue du Helder, gave him an annuity of 3,000 francs in anticipation of the services he might do him. This is a literal fact; and if I do not name the Israelite it is because I do not wish to mix up irrelevant matter with history. Such were the means of existence of the future Dictator of France when he received the commission from Delescluze which transformed him into a politician. Very subtle and very clever, though without breadth of intellect, Gambetta seized the ball at the rebound, and became more steady than the most prudish among us. The people who were musical were taken in above everything by his sonorous voice, his pompous phrases, and high sounding periods, and appointed him their candidate for Belleville. I remember that sitting. Suspecting a trickster in that musical box,

I said to Gambetta with reference to the imperative commission, 'Accept the engagement, and at the end of every session you can refer your commission to your electors; and if they are satisfied with you they will continue it; if not, they can withdraw it.' He replied, 'What you propose is unconstitutional.' As a matter of fact, the Constitution did nominate its Deputies for six years.

Well, among all these men who elected Gambetta in order to overthrow the Constitution, there was not a majority sufficiently intelligent to understand that their revolutionary candidate was a Conservative; that the irreconcilable had been reconciled even before he was elected.

Under the Empire Gambetta set up that mild form of opposition, without passion or purpose, so pleasing to Governments, which makes its originator the pet of the public, and gains him the most agreeable of sinecures. He succeeded Jules Favre and, according to Clément Duvernois, he had laid his plans for succeeding Ollivier, when the 4th of September put an end to the Empire. On the 18th of July, when, at the Emperor's desire, Marie Sass was singing the 'Marseillaise' at the opera, Gambetta stood up in his box and accompanied her. On this occasion he separated himself both from his electors and his party in the Chamber, but he believed in success, and left the red, to play on the black. Gambetta, therefore, was as responsible as the Emperor for the war he provoked.

On the 17th of August, Gambetta, with the zeal of a novice, demanded from the Chamber '*prompt and summary justice*' on the misguided wretches who had committed the disturbance at La Villette a few days before; and brought on himself the sharp reprimand from Palikao, 'Respect the judicial forms at least, and give me time to judge the rioters' (they were all con-

demned to death). Such was the answer given by the representative of the Emperor to the member for Belleville when he demanded the summary execution of some of his electors.

On the 4th of September, when the National Guards invaded the Chamber, demanding the overthrow of the Empire, Gambetta presented himself to the crowd, and with an air of indignation commanded it to await respectfully the decision of the majority—of that official majority, the accomplice in all the crimes of the Empire. Fortunately the people paid no attention to what he said; but they have not forgotten it. At one o'clock on the 5th, Gambetta received a deputation from the Place de la Corderie, representing the International and the Working-men's Syndic Chambers. This deputation offered the Government large numbers of working men on the following conditions:—

1. The immediate election in Paris of Municipal Councils, and of a Committee to superintend the armament and the organisation of National Guards.
2. The suppression of the Prefecture of Police, and the restoration of the police to the municipalities.
3. The election of magistrates.
4. The abrogation of all the laws placing restrictions on the liberty of the press, and on the right of holding meetings and forming associations.
5. The suppression of the sum voted for public worship.
6. The free pardon of every political crime.

Certainly there was nothing anarchical in this programme, which was a true expression of the feeling of the masses, and would have made them faithful adherents to the Government.

Gambetta replied—'The amnesty exists already. As regards bail, stamp duty, and other fiscal laws attached to the press, they are abrogated *de facto*. The other matters

are too serious to be decided in a moment. The Government will take them into consideration. Abuses will be done away with, &c. All evasions, which made the delegates very anxious concerning the future. From this moment the Corderie considered it wise to keep a good watch over these intruders, and to take all precautions.

On the 5th it had a new cause for complaint. Instead of confiding the election of their municipal officers to the people, M. Gambetta placed the whole matter in the hands of Stephen Arago, whom Emanuel Arago, his nephew, had appointed Mayor of Paris, without consulting any one. The consequence was that the whole tribe of Aragos were appointed by the head of the clan to the different municipal offices of Paris. The Arago dynasty succeeded that of the Bonapartes. Though it was less corrupt, it was not more capable, and at that moment administrative capacity was especially needed to collect, store, and distribute the provisions which would be required for a civil and military population of more than two million souls. From that day date the Committees of Vigilance of the 20 arrondissements, which had their seat in the Corderie, and were the nursery where the people went to seek for the members of the Commune of Paris. But I must not anticipate. I will say nothing of the other members, except that Jules Ferry, chosen by the Government as usher, was generally considered the most notoriously immoral man that could have been found. I only state what is common report. Having had no opportunity of verifying it, I keep silent out of regard or decency.

The rest of the Government was insignificant.

Rochefort, without a pen, was no-

Pages was trying at last to

cheat Death also, in a manner, by getting his son-in-law appointed his successor. Picard had burrowed into finance like a fat mite in a cheese, and would not come out of it. He was like the good hermit in Lafontaine.

Jules Simon, who shed crocodile's tears, was a special object of aversion to the working classes, independently of any revolutionary reason, owing to his many acts of treachery.

As for Keratry, he was the chief of all the bravadoes and the renegades. Rich, idle, and a Count, he had been in Mexico, and had his share in all the atrocities and disgraceful deeds committed by the French army in that unfortunate country; and then, after its failure, he condemned the expedition, and his opposition gained him a certain amount of popularity, but 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.' Blinded by the beginning of that infatuation so natural to the Parisian, he fancied himself the right material for the leader of a party, and convoked the Chamber on October 26, 1869, by a letter, which owes its fame more to the retrograde movement which followed it than to the audacity by which it was preceded. Finally, he was at the Prefecture of Police like Stephen Arago at the Hôtel de Ville, *proprio motu*. Could one expect the people to place confidence in a Government like this one, which they had neither elected, appointed, or desired, and, consequently, not recognised, unless its acts were very much better than the reputations of its members? These acts we will quickly pass in review.

On the morning of the 5th I arrived in Paris. My first visit was to the new Government. My first impression was bad. The Hôtel de Ville was unapproachable. Behind its palisade the National Guards of the Empire were drawn up. Their attitude proclaimed them lords and

masters. 'We made the revolution,' they seemed to say; 'the people had nothing to do with it. Let them take care not to meddle in it.' So when I requested to be allowed to enter the Hôtel to see my friends, Pelletan and Arago, my name, profession, &c., were demanded with an absurd air of importance worthy of the 'parvenu.' At last they decided upon taking my card (Pelletan immediately ordered me to be admitted in the name of the Government). These bourgeois had no right to prevent my passing. I lost patience, and raised my voice; and when the discussion was getting warm, Fonvielle, Pelletan, and others, recognising my voice, came and shook hands with me, and released me from these importunately important people.

I was well received by the majority of the Government—too well, indeed; they could not be sincere. Trochu gave me the impression of an idiot. My conversation with him was not long. 'Good morning, General,' he said. 'Good morning, General,' I answered; 'have you kept me a command?' 'No; there are only nine at this moment, and they are all promised.'

'Oh, very well; the people will see to it,' I said; 'Good morning.'

'But wait,' he said; 'I only went to bed at two o'clock. We shall find you—'

But I had already turned on my heel. What did it matter to me whether he had gone to bed at two o'clock or not at all? What I saw was that the Government had no place for the only Republican General in France. The others were Generals of the Empire, and we had just had proof of their capacity!

'Well,' I said to myself as I left the Hôtel de Ville, 'it will have to be done over again,' and I turned my steps towards the Corderie. There I found the people in the persons of their real representatives.

There I was at home with people whose principles and feelings were the same as mine, and who had the same object in view—the franchise of the proletariat. At the Hôtel de Ville it was its utilisation they thought of. The Committees of Vigilance were at once put into action. The business was divided among Commissions, in the arrondissements, whose centre was at the Corderie. I had the War Department with Flourens, Lhuillier, Vaillant, and Demay.

The result of the work of these Commissions is seen in the following manifesto which was posted on all the walls of Paris. It may be considered the popular programme—a programme from which the people have never deviated, and which they never ceased demanding from the 31st of October to the 22nd of January, which they sealed with their blood, and ratified after victory by sending in a number of signatures to the Commune. The obstinate resistance of the bourgeoisie to the very reasonable demands of the people was the principal cause of all the bloodshed which ensued in Paris.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE  
TWENTY ARRONDISSEMENTS TO THE  
CITIZENS OF PARIS.

Citizens—On the 5th of September, the day after the proclamation of the Republic, a large number of citizens proposed that a Central Republican Committee, composed of members from the twenty arrondissements, should be formed to watch over the welfare of the country, and help in the establishment of a régime founded on truly Republican principles—the principles of the co-operation of the individual initiative and of popular solidarity.

Since that day public assemblies have elected their Committees of Defence and Vigilance in every arrondissement. As soon as it was

proved that the majority of the arrondissements were represented by four delegates each, the Central Republican Committee commenced operations.

The following measures voted at the popular meetings were laid before the Government of the National Defence, in succession.

#### MEASURES OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

To suppress the police, which has been organised in all monarchical Governments with a view to the subjection instead of the defence of the citizens; and to entrust it to the elected municipalities.

To appoint magistrates in every district of Paris to be guardians of public safety on their own direct personal responsibility.

To dissolve all the special corps of the old centralised police, such as sergents de ville, so-called officers of public safety, and the Paris Guard.

To entrust the National Guard composed of the total number of the electors, and especially the veterans among them, with the mission of aiding the new magistrates of the municipal police in the exercise of their duty.

To apply the two principles of election and responsibility to magistrates of every kind.

To abrogate all laws, restrictive, repressive, and fiscal, on the right of writing, speaking, meeting, and combining.

#### PROVISIONS AND ACCOMMODATION.

To appropriate for the public good all articles of provision, especially the most necessary, stored in Paris, by wholesale or retail dealers, guaranteeing the proprietors payment at the end of the war by means of an acknowledgment for the expropriated goods.

To elect in every street, or at

least in every quarter, a Commission to draw up a catalogue of the articles of food, and make a list of the owners who are to be responsible for the provisions to the municipal authorities.

To distribute the provisions among all the inhabitants of Paris by means of orders to be delivered periodically in each arrondissement in proportion to—

1. The number of persons in the family of each citizen.

2. The quantity of provisions declared by the above-mentioned Commission.

3. The probable maximum duration of the siege.

The municipalities must furnish every citizen with the accommodation absolutely needed for himself and his family.

#### THE DEFENCE OF PARIS.

To call upon the *Garde Mobile* to at once elect the officers by whom it shall be led into battle, those who command it at present having been imposed upon it.

To rally, as speedily as possible, the scattered elements of that heroic army which had been crushed and dissolved through the treason of its officers, and which, organised to enslave the country, had not sufficed to defend it.<sup>1</sup>

To supply all the citizens as soon as possible with weapons of long range, and to distribute the number of cartridges and war supplies requisite to enable them to repulse any attack that might eventually be made against them.

To prepare, through the care of the Committees of Arrondissement the material means and the organisation of the men required for the special defence of each quarter.

To appropriate all free places to the service of the defence, such as

<sup>1</sup> This passage does not imply the approval of standing armies. It was simply a measure requisite under the circumstances, seeing the number of disbanded men who encumbered the streets of Paris.

abandoned apartments and public monuments.

To employ in defensive works all those who from any cause were not called upon to contribute to the defence in the character of National Guards.

To establish a public and permanent registry of all the measures taken for the defence.

To prepare at once the posts of internal defence, secret communications, and all the engines of destruction capable of being employed against the enemy, even by women and children—Republican Paris being resolved to bury itself beneath its own ruins rather than surrender.

#### DEFENCE OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

To decree a *levée en masse* of all able-bodied Frenchmen, without exception, and a general requisition of everything that might be of use in the defence.

To support every organisation resulting from the popular initiative, whose aim was to contribute to the safety of the Republic.

To commission general delegates of the National Defence, whose charge should be to concert with the Republicans of the Departments how to stimulate the patriotic zeal of the population, to resist all reactionary manoeuvres—to guard against treason, to hasten the march of the Volunteers to the succour of Paris, and, in case of need, to let themselves be killed at their head.

In presenting these measures 'd'urgence' the undersigned are convinced that the Government of the National Defence will hasten to convert them into decrees for the safety of the country and of the Republic.

For the Central Committee and by delegation of the Committees of Arrondissement.

The members present at the meeting of the 13th and 14th September—G. Casse, Ch. L. Chassin,

F. Chaté, Chausse, Cousin, G. Cluseret\*\*, Demay\*, Ch. Dumont, N. Gaillard, G. Genton, H. Hernu, J. Johannard\*, Kern, Lanjalley, G. Lefrançais\*, Leverdays, Longuet\* P. A. Lutz, Q. Lecot, E. Léger, G. Mallet, Mainier, Marchand, Millière, Marchal, Malon\*, F. Mango, Myard, G. Mollin, E. Oudet\*, M. Portalier, J. Perrin, Sagnerre, Philip, Pillion, Pindy\*, Ranvier\*, E. Roy, E. Rouiller, Thélidon, Thonneller, Toussaint, E. Vaillant\*, J. Vallès\*, Vertut, M. Wong.

The asterisks denote those who were elected members of the Commune. The double asterisks those who were elected in several arrondissements. All the elected belonged to the International. The fault of this programme was its extreme moderation, leaving in the shade a number of points which ought to have been indicated; but only the indispensable was indicated, in order not to give offence.

Thus to spare the military susceptibilities of Trochu and his Generals, they had abstained from indicating anything resembling a plan of operations. Nevertheless this address, so moderate, was rejected. They would have nothing to do with the people. The directing classes were determined to keep the management of affairs in their own hands. The people received a check. The bourgeoisie excluded it from all participation in public matters, just at the moment when they could effect nothing without it. In future the Bourgeoisie would find in the people no longer a companion, but a judge, a critic, and an adversary.

It was not long before they exposed themselves. Fearing the people even more than the Prussians, Gambetta their minister proceeded with a very ill grace to arm the National Guard. On September 6 (observe well the date), Trochu, in full council, declared that the defence of Paris was

a 'ridiculous piece of folly' (sic)—yet it was confided to him fully and entirely. Thus was the people made acquainted with the small confidence in the future professed by those who had arrogated to themselves the right of defending it without consulting it—without even being willing to hear it.

Instead of attempting to arrest the march of the Prussians by disputing the heights which surround Paris they abandoned them hurriedly, even before the Prussians arrived; even the works commenced at Montretout were abandoned. These abandoned positions were at once occupied by the enemy, who from thence bombarded Paris. Trochu's plan seemed to say to the Prussians, 'My friendly enemies, come as speedily as possible to deliver me from this horrible nightmare called the People of Paris.'

Not content with giving the National Guard condemned weapons, they endeavoured to excite the army against it by making a series of small sorties, ridiculous in their conception and disastrous in their execution. From these sorties both the soldier and the Mobile returned discouraged. The military chiefs set a discouraging example by continually repeating that resistance was impossible—that they only resisted to please the National Guard, which desired war 'à outrance,' but did not itself take part in the sorties. What the generals took good care *not* to say was that they themselves denied the National Guards the right of marching against the enemy, on the plea that their contact with the troops brought disorder into the ranks of the latter. Every time the soldiers met the National Guards they called after them by the name of 'outranciers,' 'Guerre à outrance.' It is by such foolish epithets as these that what ought to be united becomes divided, and that revolutions are prepared.

Trochu had committed a great error in draining France of its field-artillery in order to shut it up in Paris, where it could be of very little use against the siege-guns of the Prussians, and in stuffing Paris with useless mouths. Himself a Catholic and a Breton, he had gathered around him the Catholic Mobiles of Brittany, as well as a mass of provincial Mobiles, who came to eat at the table of the defence without bringing it any corresponding assistance.

The total number of bayonets in Paris amounted to 388,000; of these 133,000 were National Guards. Such an agglomeration of men in a besieged place could only be explained on the part of the General-in-Chief by the desire of bringing about a solution as rapid as it was vigorous. And, indeed, placed in the centre, face to face with an enemy whose effective force was far from reaching his own and whose lines of concentration were longer than his, he had only one course to take—to mass his troops, and strike without ceasing, until he had pierced the lines of investment. If he kept this mass of devouring mouths idle, he was either a traitor or an idiot. This elementary argument was in everyone's mouth. We shall see in the conduct of Trochu one of the principal causes of the popular exasperation.

There is one circumstance which no one hitherto has thought of noticing, and that is the active participation of the Jesuits in all the unfortunate events which succeeded one another in France ever since Eugénie Montijo obtained the mastery over her husband, and, through him, over the whole of France. Generals, diplomatists, and administrators were all either connected with or agreeable to the Jesuits. Trochu, D'Aurelles de Paladine, Leflô, and Ducrot were, and still are connected with them. I seized the trunks belonging to the



two last—that of Leflô at the Ministry of War, that of Ducrot at the Hôtel de Ville. The first contained nothing but scapularies, mass-books, and uniforms; the other contained in addition a voluminous correspondence with devotees and military men. It is hardly possible for anything to be more trivial. This man, who ought to have devoted the greater part of his time and attention to the important duties of his office, was chiefly occupied with domestic trifles. There was one whole packet of letters about the choice of a lodging and stables at Versailles. The comfort of himself and his horses was his first care. Indeed, the love of luxury was everywhere apparent in the French army.

The day of the capitulation of Sedan I crossed the Belgian frontier at Bouillon, and entered the train at Poix in company with the whole staff of a regiment of lancers. All the conversation of these gentlemen during the journey was about the breakfast they had eaten in the morning and the supper that awaited them in Namur, where they were to be interned. Concerning France, and the soldiers whom they had abandoned, not a word. This in part explains our disasters.

Ducrot, in whom Trochu placed all confidence, after the Holy Virgin, was the cause of his first misfortune. On the 19th of September, at the head of the 14th Corps, composed of the three divisions Caussade, Hugues, and De Maussion, he was obliged to abandon disgracefully the redoubt of Châtillon, leaving eight guns behind him, and afterwards those of Bagneux and the Stone Mill. His soldiers, badly commanded, fled in disorder without fighting. This first check at the beginning of the campaign not only had a disastrous moral effect, but it enabled the Prussians to command the Southern forts.

The people of Paris felt the disgrace acutely. It entailed the loss, without a struggle, of the most important positions of Meudon, Montretout, Brimborion, Gennevilliers, and Ville d'Avray, and afforded a pretext for blowing up the bridges of Sèvres, Billancourt, St. Cloud, Bineau, Asnières, Clichy, and St. Ouen. Mont Valérien remained isolated, like an advanced sentinel. If the enemy had pleased, it might have entered Paris that very day, pell-mell with the fugitives.

On the 28th of September General Vinoy proposed an aggressive reconnaissance upon Choisi-le-Roi, with the additional object of blowing up the bridge, which served the Prussians in their communications. The village was not strongly garrisoned. It was to be a *coup de main*, the success of which depended on the boldness and promptitude of its execution. At 1 P.M. Trochu came to an understanding with Vinoy—the advance was arranged for the morrow. At 3 P.M. another telegram from Trochu put it off until the day after the morrow. In the meantime councils of war followed one another. In place of a simple affair, Trochu drew up the plan of a real battle, with a front of not less than six kilomètres, and the details of which were as minutely prescribed as if it were to be a review. He even went so far as to settle to a minute the length of time the artillery were to fire. On the 29th he visited the forts officially, in order publicly to give his instructions concerning the cannonade of the morrow. On their side, all the Generals of Division, escorted by their respective staffs, proceeded to head-quarters to confer with the General-in-Chief. The whole Press discussed the affair, and commented on the operations of the morrow.

What might have been anticipated came to pass. Instead of surprising, the French were themselves sur-

prised. Everywhere the Prussians in numbers were ready for them, and they were again shamefully defeated, with a loss of 1,985 men.

This second folly of Trochu, which might be more harshly characterised, again excited a just dissatisfaction in the population. On the 13th of October the battle of Bagnaux took place. After having pushed on the whole of the 13th Corps, and got possession of Bagnaux, General Vinoy sent Trochu the following telegram:—'We are masters of Bagnaux. I am taking measures to maintain my position. Will you keep it?' Trochu's answer was an order to retreat. This retreat was carried out in good order, with the loss of only 200 men; but what good result could come of this systematic weakness?

On the 24th of October the famous affair of Bourget took place. It was only a repetition on a vaster scale of what we have just described. This day, for the first time, Paris got a bulletin of victory. Trochu announced to the Parisians that he had taken Bourget, a village situated to the north of Paris on the old Flanders road. 'Thanks to this important success the circle of operations is about to be enlarged in this direction.' On the following day, the 29th, the Prussians directed a violent cannonade upon the village. Trochu had left some battalions of Mobiles there, but he did not take the trouble to support them. On the 30th the Prussians returned *en masse*, and, after crushing their unhappy victims, retook Bourget. To add irony to disgrace, Jules Favre had the walls of Paris placarded to the effect that the population should not allow itself to be discouraged by this event, 'since Bourget does not belong to our general system of defence.'

Far from calming, this new insult to its good sense only exasperated Paris the more. The climax was reached the following morning, when the walls were covered with placards announcing the capitulation of Metz, and the arrival of M. Thiers as bearer of a proposition for an armistice.

To form an idea of the stupefaction of the Parisians, it is necessary to state that this capitulation, which was known to the Government on the 27th, nearly cost Félix Pyat his life, for having published it on the 28th, in his journal *Le Combat*. Pyat obtained the news from Flourens, and the latter got it from Rochefort, who, being a member of the Government, was present at the opening of the despatches.

Nevertheless the Government dared to insert in the *Official Journal* that the news was false in every respect, that its author was in league with the Prussians (always the old calumny), and that he ought to be brought before a court-martial, but that they were satisfied to deliver him up to *public indignation*—that was to say, in plain French, 'assassinate him!' and in fact the mob rushed to the office of the paper and sacked it; and if Félix Pyat had not fortunately been absent, there is little doubt he would have been torn to pieces.<sup>2</sup>

The Government was afterwards forced to confess that it had told an impudent lie, and it was not its fault that the people at its instigation had not committed an abominable crime. In the presence of such facts, what honest man dare condemn the people for having that very day endeavoured to get rid of such unworthy and incapable men in order to take its affairs into its own hands?

<sup>2</sup> The same thing happened to me on September 7 with the *Marseillaise*, for having dared to attack Gambetta; only I received the crowd in person, and things took a different turn. I was greeted with cheers that evening at Belleville, and, as at the Halles Centrales and the Rue d'Arras, the people *en masse* supported me against Gambetta and Rochefort.

It is evident that Socialism had nothing to do with all this in its character of a party having a doctrine. It was content to be patriotic and Republican, and to combat individually. It is quite true that the International refused, perhaps with too much modesty, to take the official direction of the movement, as a constituted body, but all its members took part in it individually—the men of most influence at the head. Karl Marx, who has a German temperament, and does not understand the temperament of the Latins, was never tired of counselling the International to abstain from all political action. In France, every one who does not support his views by acts, whether an individual or a party, is dead. The people which allows itself too often to be paid by phrases, digests them quickly, and Paris especially requires acts.

It was needful to acquit the International of all responsibility in what follows.

*31st of October.*

About eleven o'clock in the morning numerous deputations of the National Guards assembled round the Hôtel de Ville and demanded from the Mayor of Paris, E. Arago, and from Jules Simon, in the name of the Government, an explanation of the rumours afloat relating to an armistice. Both swore that there had never been a question of such a thing, and that they would rather allow themselves to be killed than consent to it.

While this comedy was being acted, the Corderie sent some rather more earnest delegates to insist not only upon a struggle to the death, but also upon the election of a communal assembly, charged with the defence of Paris and its administration. During the whole course of its progress this deputation was greeted with the cries 'Long live the Commune!' 'Down with Trochu!' This was the first ap-

pearance of the Commune. It was nothing but the protest of the people, justly indignant at having been so grossly deceived.

The delegates had some trouble to push their way through. The staircase and corridors were filled with Breton Mobiles devoted to Trochu. In their wake the people invaded the Hôtel de Ville, proclaimed the dissolution of the Government, and the establishment of a Commission composed of Dorian, Louis Blanc, Félix Pyat, Gambon, Delescluze, Ledru Rollin, and Millière, charged with the duty of proceeding with the election of the members of the Commune within 48 hours.

While this was going on, the members of the Government, who, with one single exception—E. Picard—had assembled in their hall of deliberation, and were surrounded by a great number of citizens, decided on retiring. Trochu had already consented to give in his resignation, saying he would be satisfied to lead a battalion against the enemy.

Unfortunately Flourens came to spoil all. At the head of the Fusiliers of Belleville he broke into the saloon and proclaimed the appointment of a Committee of Public Safety (*Salut Public*)—the same stupid idea which at a later period contributed to the overthrow of the Commune. The Commune meant liberty through municipal self-government; it meant justice. The Committee of Public Safety, however it might be composed, meant dictatorship. Many of the National Guards, discouraged by this difference, retired from the cause.

In the meantime, Jules Ferry and Trochu, who had succeeded in making their escape—in spite of the promise of Flourens not to lose sight of them—returned at the head of the Breton Mobiles and of the reactionary National Guards.

Having received timely warning, Blanqui, Flourens, Millière, and

Delescluze came to the following terms with the Government:—

1. The present members of the Government should remain at their posts until the Communal elections took place, which they promised to bring about as soon as possible.

2. The members of the Committee of Public Safety should have full liberty to retire, and the Government should not prosecute any person whatsoever on account of what had just taken place.

At four o'clock in the morning everyone departed to his home. The affair had failed owing to want of agreement. If the International had acted in its collective capacity it would have made short work of exuberant personalities. The Government did not keep a single one of its engagements. It did not order the elections, but it arrested Jackard, Vermorel, Félix Pyat, G. Lefrançais, Eudes, Levrault, Tridon, Ranvier, Razoua, Tibaldi, Goupil, Sillot, Vésinier, Régère, Maurice Joly, and Cyrille. Blanqui, Millière, and Flourens succeeded in making their escape.

The petits crévés were rejoiced; the *restaurateurs* again spread out their dainties, and Brébant—who had never let his customers suffer a single day, as is proved by the medal I am about to describe—made his ovens burn more brightly than ever. The medal was of gold, and was struck at the Mint. On its face it bore this inscription:—

During the siege of Paris some persons accustomed to meet once a fortnight at M. Brébant's, never once perceived that they were dining in a besieged town of two million inhabitants—1870-71.

On the reverse:—

TO M. PAUL BRÉBANT.

Ernest Renan—S. de St. Victor—M. Bertholet—Ch. Blanc—Scherer—Dumesnil—A. Nefftzer—Ch. Edmond—Thurot—J. Bertrand—Marcy—E. de Goncourt—Théophile Gauthier—A. Hebrard.

All were there represented—phil-  
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losophy, letters, the arts, criticism; but while these gentlemen were eating, the people were fasting; while they were tossing off their glasses of champagne and savouring their refined dishes, the women who had risen before daylight, their feet buried in half-melted snow, their meagre shoulders shivering under the north-east wind—the wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters of the 'thirty-sous men,' as they were called, that is, of the workmen and National Guards,—were forming *queue* at the bakers' doors in order to obtain a piece of adulterated bread and a portion of damaged meat. As to the fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers of these poor creatures, whom at a later period the guests of Brébant nicknamed the 'females of the Fédérés,' they were fighting and mounting guard. How could they have been satisfied?

#### THE BATTLES OF CHAMPIGNY AND BUZENVAL.

M. de Bismark, in the meantime, had rejected all proposals of an armistice which stipulated for the re-victualling of Paris during the time it lasted. Consequently it was necessary to renew the struggle and to abandon the hope of immediate capitulation, so dear to the Government and to M. Brébant's customers. The Government was obliged to make a new show of resistance. Marching battalions were organised, and many of their officers belonged to the International. The people breathed again, and believed that now, at last, they would have the satisfaction of fighting in earnest. With all the pomp and charlatanism necessary to throw dust into the eyes of the credulous, and to attract the attention of the Prussians, Ducrot prepared a great sortie, which was ushered in by a proclamation, since become famous owing to the following gasconade:—'Parisians! you will never see me again except dead or victorious.' He re-

D D

turned alive enough, but beaten. This battle, which lasted three days, took the name of the Battle of Champigny. The first day, the *élan* natural to the French enabled them to conquer the half of the slope whose summit was occupied by the Prussians. This was a bad position; the soldiers were obliged to bivouac on the frozen snow without fire. On the second, they held out as well as they could against the murderous fire of the enemy; but, as always happened, while reinforcements came to the latter from all sides, their own came not. On the 3rd of December they were obliged to re-enter Paris. The loss sustained was considerable, and the discouragement was still greater. Every one asked how it happened—by what marvellous act of folly—that Trochu, who had 388,000 men at his disposal, found himself on the third day of the battle overwhelmed by numbers, since his lines of operation were much shorter than those of the enemy; and indeed only treason could give a plausible explanation of such a result. Yet the whole month of November had been spent in preparations for this gigantic ‘humbug.’ Now neither Trochu nor the Government was ignorant of the number of rations, and consequently they knew how many days Paris could hold out. The inhabitants, in their exasperation, demanded the dismissal of Trochu and called for a *sortie en masse*. This *sortie* was made on the 19th of January, with even less success than the affair of Champigny. In the interval the disastrous affair of the Plateau d’Avron had taken place, and the useless attempt to retake Bourget.

As early as the 7th of September I had written to Trochu to point out to him the importance of the Plateau, and to impress upon him the necessity of making it a tenable position. On the 23rd of December, when we were obliged to evacuate

it, the works were not yet finished. Some idea may be formed of Trochu’s incapacity from the fact of his ordering the 13th Corps to destroy the bridge of Gournay, which was no longer in existence, having been blown up by order of Trochu himself before the siege began.

On the 19th of January all Paris was astir; armed to the teeth she was about to stake her all. The *élan* of the marching battalions was remarkable. The men who composed them, for the most part married and fathers of a family, departed courageously, escorted by their families to the gates of Paris. The women restrained their tears and consoled their children. ‘Do your duty, and we will do ours,’ they said to the cherished beings whom many of them would never see again; and they did their duty bravely.

The army could not help admiring and applauding their enthusiasm. All might have gone well if the French Generals had ordered the advance to be sounded instead of the retreat. But Paris victorious meant the triumph of the people and the destruction of the standing army. In order that the Generals might retain their sinecures it was necessary that the enemy should triumph, and that the people should be crushed.

Make your notes in peace, O Generals of the Empire! You have attained your object. The humiliation of France, the victory of the foreigner, and the massacre of the people by you, give you a threefold right to the budget of which France bears the burden.

This last treason could not fail of its effect on Paris. There was too much grief, too much despair and indignation there for an explosion not to take place. It was in vain that the Government threw Trochu overboard and replaced him by Vinoy. What the people wanted was the Commune, that they might obtain the conduct of their own

airs. The 22nd of January was day appointed for a fresh Communal demonstration; but, in order to understand the nature of the movement, it is necessary to cast a *coup d'œil* on the political organisation of Paris at that time. Since the 4th of September, outside the Corderic, where the different societies belonging to the Socialist party held their meetings, other societies had formed themselves, purely political—that is to say, for the most part Jacobin.

First there was the 'Republican Union,' consisting chiefly of the representatives of 1848-51, who were dispersed on the 2nd of December; then there was the 'Republican Alliance,' which grew out of a schism in the Republican Union, but was composed of similar elements—the Republican bourgeoisie who were opposed to Socialism. This society still counts many members in the South of France, and plays a great part in the elections. Besides these there was 'the Defenders of the Republic,' a society founded by Henri Brisson, with an aim to personal election. At that time it was of little importance, but since then it has been reformed and has done good service. These societies, after having come to an understanding for the occasion with the faubourgs and the International, issued a proclamation, ordering the Communal elections, and fixing a rendezvous with the National Guards on the Place of the Hôtel de Ville on the 22nd of January. On its side, the Government, which no longer held its sittings at the Hôtel de Ville, had filled it and the two annexes at the corners of the rue Victoria with Breton Mobiles. The windows were blocked up with bags filled with earth.

When the deputation presented itself at the Hôtel de Ville, Chaudey, the colleague of Jules Ferry, was alone. On pretence of going to consult the latter, he retired for a

few moments, and gave orders for the Mobiles to fire upon the people, and upon about 200 National Guards of Batignolles, commanded by Sapia. Without any provocation, without any warning, in one moment the ground was covered with corpses. The Catholic Mobiles of Brittany assassinated in cold blood the Parisians who had come to ask for the Commune. Chaudey expiated this horrible crime with his life. Sixty corpses remained lying on the square, mostly those of women and children, who had been attracted by curiosity. More than a thousand warrants of arrest were issued; and the miserable victims, shut up together pell-mell in Vincennes, without fire, during one of the most severe winters of this age, underwent terrible sufferings. The people never forget this sort of executions. These were avenged under the Commune, as those of the Versaillists will be hereafter. This is no threat—I am not so childish. I sorrowfully affirm a law based upon never-failing precedents.

Six days later Paris capitulated. There was a rumour current that the sailors refused to surrender the forts. Bah! These people—I speak of the chiefs, especially admirals as well as generals—have their own particular courage and honour; they know no other. This honour and this courage consist in allowing a cannon ball to pass over them without bending their heads, and in giving up their swords in a particular manner. They wait till the breach has the number of centimètres prescribed by the code; then they surrender. Their conscience and the military code are satisfied. They are paid for that and nothing else. It is as if you demanded of the *laquais* when he has cleaned your room, or of the groom when he has rubbed down your horses, some affection towards his master. He would simply ask

in reply, 'How much extra do you pay for such service?'

The truth is the sailors as well as the soldiers were glad to surrender, and many of them were heard to shout aloud, 'We don't care a d— for France or the French; we shall go to Germany, where there is good beer!' Imperial system! *Panem et circenses*.

In capitulating, Jules Favre had stipulated that the National Guards should not be disarmed. Afterwards he asked pardon of God and of man for this error, but the truth is he could not have done otherwise. The National Guards would not have placed themselves in the power of the army—of that they have given proof in allowing themselves to be cut to pieces by the Versaillists rather than surrender.

According to the terms of the capitulation, the elections were to take place on the 8th of February. On the 12th the Assembly was to meet at Bordeaux. The elections at Paris were conducted under conditions whose sincerity was more than doubtful. M. Jules Ferry took more than eight days to sum up the votes. M. Thiers, who on the 7th had only 61,000 votes all of a sudden had 103,226. Some light may be thrown on this by a fact to which I can bear witness. M. Charles Floquet went to the Hôtel de Ville in person, in order to demand the restitution of 10,000 votes, which M. Jules Ferry had subtracted from him. 'Ex uno disce omnes.' A great number of electors abstained from voting, either out of disgust or from fear; and in fact a great number of arrests were made at the polls. Out of forty-three Deputies only seven were Conservatives. Jules Favre was the only member of the Government who was elected, and he was the last but one. Louis Blanc was the first. The first acts of the Assembly at Bordeaux were not of a nature to calm the popular irritation.

These men, these ghosts of the past, who had done nothing for their country while it was in danger, and who were now about to put the seal upon its dismemberment began with an insult to Garibaldi, which passed over the head of Garibaldi to strike the people of Paris; for the Parisians, in testimony of their gratitude to the hero of Italy, had appointed him General of the National Guard. Garibaldi retired, as well as Victor Hugo. To emphasise still more the insult to the Parisians, D'Aurelles de Paladine was imposed upon them—the pious General of the Jesuits, who, in order to beat the Prussians, had recourse to Notre Dame of Fourvières. This D'Aurelles had not distinguished himself in his past military career. It was to him that Gambetta entrusted the great army of the Loire. At the first shock, and in spite of Notre Dame of Fourvières, this army split into two. Gambetta, without being at all disconcerted, issued a proclamation that henceforth there were two armies of the Loire, and gave one to Chanzy, while Bourbaki took the command of the other. A second shock produced a similar result. The Generals of Gambetta multiplied the armies just as one multiplies pieces of china by letting them fall. The Holy Virgin did not protect D'Aurelles any better at Paris than she had done at Orleans. The Parisians were unmanageable. Blow upon blow followed upon this miserable choice of a General for the National Guard—first the degradation of Paris from her rank as capital, and next the entrance of the Prussians. It was too much. On the 27th it was supposed that the Prussians would enter on the following day. Everywhere was heard the beating of the *générale*, and 200,000 armed National Guards marched to the barriers of L'Étoile and Passy. It was a false alarm. On their return they car-

ried back with them a number of pieces of artillery which had been left at the park of Wagram, on the spot about to be occupied by the Prussians. These pieces, paid for by the subscriptions of the National Guard, were clearly their own property. After the peace was concluded, the bourgeois journals directed all their attacks against the poor National Guards, who were easily recognised by their thirty sous. As they had no work it had become necessary to give thirty sous a day to all National Guards who asked for it. Hence resulted two classes of citizens—the poor at thirty sous and the rich who served gratuitously. The above-mentioned journals called loudly for the disarming of the National Guard. According to them, it was only out of laziness and for the sake of the thirty sous that the people desired to maintain the institution; but where is the workman even who would be satisfied with thirty sous? The *petite bourgeoisie*, on the other hand, who were discontented with the law about the falling due of bills, which tended directly to bankruptcy, joined with the people in demanding the Commune. On all sides one heard it spoken—‘Since France will have nothing to do with us, we will have nothing to do with France. Paris as a free town has everything to gain.’

When matters were in such a state of tension only a pretext was wanting to bring about a crisis. This pretext was afforded immediately by the official journals. They complained of the danger that threatened the peaceable inhabitants from the cannon of Montmartre being levelled on Paris. There was no question of their being levelled on Paris. The guns on the summit of the Buttes were only troublesome to their guardians, who were only too desirous to be rid of them. Negotiations were in progress. The de-

legates of the 61st battalion of Montmartre, through the mediation of their mayor, Clémenceau, had offered to surrender the guns unconditionally, but Vinoy thought proper to cut short the dénouement. What was desired in high quarters was a massacre, that they might take advantage of it to disarm the National Guard and annihilate the Socialist party.

On March 12, on his own authority, Vinoy suppressed six Radical journals, *Le Vengeur*, *Le Cri du Peuple*, *Le Mot d'Ordre*, *Le Père Duchêne*, *La Caricature*, and the *Bouche de fer*. Not content with this, he forbade the publication of any new journal until the state of siege was declared at an end—that is to say, indefinitely.

The new régime was of bad augury for the Republicans. Everyone recognised in these measures—too well known, alas! in France, by having been so often employed—the preliminaries of a monarchical restoration. On the night of the 15-16th of March a strong detachment of mounted guards issued from the barracks of the Celestines to try to seize by surprise the pieces of artillery belonging to the 3rd and 4th arrondissements on the Place des Vosges. But the National Guards were on the watch, and the cavalry had to beat a retreat. Some hours later these pieces were removed to the Rue Basfroid, where they were in greater safety.

On the morning of the 18th the Government had all the walls of Paris covered with a proclamation, announcing its resolve to bring matters to an end. As was always the case, it insulted the people by appealing to the bourgeoisie. This was its mistake, and it speedily perceived it. The people alone rose—but to resist the aggression of the Government; the bourgeoisie did not stir. On the morning of the 18th, at the moment the Parisian was reading the proclama-



tion he could see the troops on the heights of Montmartre, who had got possession of the famous cannon. The success did not last long. In a moment the troops, surrounded by the people, raised the butt ends of their muskets in the air. The famous Vinoy, who commanded the expedition, seized by a panic fear, fled at full gallop, losing his képi, which I afterwards saw in the hands of a National Guard, and abandoning his troops. General Lecomte, who commanded the 1st brigade, was seized and shot by his own troops. I am well aware that the Councils of War, in order not to admit this terrible precedent of a general shot by his own soldiers, condemned innocent people on this charge, but I also know that the men of the 88th regiment of the line shot him — just as National Guards shot Clément Thomas. Both were killed not only without the order, but even without the knowledge of the Central Committee.

Thiers at once ordered the evacuation of Paris. The dream of his life was fulfilled. He was about to become the first man in the State. He was about to command the army (he had always believed himself a great strategist), and he was, at last, about to put into execution the idea he had so often expressed, and which he had only been able to sketch out roughly in the Rue Transnonain, 'make Paris stew in its own juice.' Without the massacre, which he had so long, so cleverly and patiently prepared, the disarming might take place, to be followed by the restoration of the monarchy, and then Thiers would no longer be the 'saviour,' the man indispensable to the timid bourgeoisie, but only a Monk, to be cast off like old clothes, whom Henry V. would certainly have dismissed, and whom the Count de Paris would have put in the second or third rank. Thiers reflected that it would be better to

work for himself than for others. He has succeeded. At his age he may die in his triumph.

One word about the Central Committee. Its birth dates from February 24. It took its origin from the universal discontent of the National Guard, and their apprehension concerning the disarming and the restoration of the monarchy. But, it was the International—of which Varlin was the soul—that took advantage of the discontent to bring about an organisation of the people in earnest; hunted as I was, at this period, in the South by Gambetta and his bloodhounds, Varlin kept me informed day by day of what was happening, and consulted me before the first meeting. Some members of the Parisian Federal Council of the International had even been attached to the Central Committee, as being men of more experience. It was they who originated the meeting of the 3rd of March, and on the 4th, on the proposition of Varlin, the Committee proceeded to the general re-election of the National Guard; indeed it had only to co-ordinate the elements already predisposed to accept what we desired—the Commune and the Republic. Then the ability of Varlin and his International friends became manifest. They effaced themselves. No one felt the hand that held the reins of this fiery charger, the People. They were satisfied to desire what all the world desired, and allowed everyone to pass muster who was devoted to the general idea. Hence the mass of unknown persons who astonished Paris on the 18th of March. The men of the Central Committee were only known by their quarter, by their company, or battalion—but there they were known, and well known, individually.

Every company of the National Guard sent a delegate to the General Assembly. Every battalion sent an officer—every commander

of a battalion was there by right of his office.

After the formation of the General Assembly 'the Circle of Battalion' was formed. The circle of battalion was composed of delegates from the General Assembly, with the addition of two special delegates from each company.

The Council of the Legion (*Council de Légion*), representing all the battalions of the arrondissement, was composed of three delegates from each circle of battalion and of all the commanders of battalion belonging to the legion. The commander of a battalion thus belonged to each of the degrees of the organisation—General Assembly, Circle of Battalion, and Council of the Legion.

Each delegate to the General Assembly could be at once deposed if he did not behave well, and this was easy of accomplishment by means of the circle of battalion and the council of the legion.

The Central Committee, or Executive, was composed in the following manner:—Three delegates elected by the council of the legion, with the addition of a commander of battalion, for each arrondissement or legion, elected by his colleagues of the legion—in all eighty members.

Such was the Committee which on the 18th of March took up the authority which had fallen from the hands of M. Thiers.

This Committee, which was acknowledged by 200 out of the 270 battalions, was as capable as it was modest, and, above all, it was sincere. Although I did not belong to it—being absent from Paris at the time of its formation—I was requested to attend its sittings immediately on my arrival, and my advice was frequently asked. With the exception of one or two men of a bad sort, it would have been difficult to find an Assembly more admirably adapted to the circumstances; it was much more efficient,

though in appearance more rough than the Commune. What divided the opinion of the public about it was, as I have already said, the having to deal with people who were unknown. They themselves felt the burden of the mistrust which attaches to everything that is not known. In their first proclamation they resolutely grappled with this difficulty. 'One of the chief causes of anger against us is the obscurity of our names. Alas! many names were known, and this notoriety was fatal to us. When we have gained the goal, we shall say to the people—Behold the mission you entrusted us with. There where our personal interest begins, our duty ends. Do your will, my master, you have become free. A few days ago we were obscure, and obscure we shall re-enter your ranks, proving to the Governments that it is possible to descend the steps of your Hôtel de Ville with the certainty of meeting the pressure of your loyal and strong hands at the bottom.' (*Central Committee, March 19.*) Could anything be more simple, more honest, and more great! Again: 'We are not known. We know it, and we are in haste to lay down this dictatorship which we have not sought. We are the obscure organs, the humble instruments of the people, who, being *attacked*, have confided to us the organisation of the defence. *We are not a political power; neither do we wish to be.* Servants of the popular will, we are here to be its echo—to cause it to triumph. The people desires the Commune, and we shall remain to carry out the elections of the Commune.'

The author of these proclamations was a man of the name of Moreau. It is evident from the facts themselves, as well as from the official declarations of the true representatives, the honest, sincere representatives of the people of Paris—I, that the people had merely

defended itself; 2, that it desired the Commune; 3, that there was to be no deceit employed in the choice of the future members of this Commune: the Central Committee considering the Communal elections the principal object of its mission. Faithful to this mission the Central Committee convoked the electors for the 22nd of March.

As it does not enter into my plan to give the history either of the Central Committee or of the Commune, but simply to point out the origin, tendency, and aim of this remarkable movement, begun on March 18, and terminated on May 28, I shall confine myself to the quotation of one or two passages of the official records kept by Longuet. 'Impartial history will establish undeniably that the Revolution of March 18 is a new and important step in the march of progress. The proletariat of the Capital, in the midst of the treachery and bankruptcy of the governing classes, have understood that the hour has struck for them to save the nation by taking the direction of public affairs into their own hands. Shall the working men never be permitted to work out their own emancipation without raising against them a concert of maledictions? Does not the bourgeoisie — which accomplished its emancipation more than three-quarters of a century ago — which preceded them on the road of revolution, understand that the hour has come for the emancipation of the proletariat?' 'Paris has therefore the incontestable right to proceed to elect a municipal council, to administer its own affairs, as it behoves every democratic city to do, and watch over the public security and liberty by the aid of a National Guard composed of all the citizens, and electing their chiefs directly by universal suffrage.'

Such was the official language of the Central Committee; and, it seems

to me, it could not be more sensible, more worthy, more explicit, and more moderate. One cannot say the same of the language of Versailles. 'It is the party of brigandage,' cried Trochu in the Assembly. 'I prefer to be vanquished by the miscreants to not having fought them,' said Thiers. 'Let us fight without truce, or mercy, this impure crowd, composed of the most detestable elements,' shouted Jules Favre, the honest forger. The whole Press called the Press of order, not only in France, but in foreign countries, used the same language, even more emphatically.

We have seen on which side was right; on comparing the language, we may see on which side was moderation.

On March 26, 230,000 Parisian electors took part in the elections of the Commune. This was 'the handful of factious persons who terrorised Paris,' according to the despatches of the Government. Never were elections more free. Never was a population (I use the word designedly, because on that day the bourgeoisie made common cause with the people) more full of sympathy and enthusiasm. Everyone supposed that universal suffrage, so loyally called into action, would put an end to the dispute; for how was it possible to imagine that the mayors and Deputies of Paris, who were in daily communication with Thiers and the Assembly, could have taken part in the convocation of the electors without being in agreement with Versailles? Were they, then, only hired agents provoking to sedition, and accomplices in the Macchiavelian plan of M. Thiers? Alas! it was too true; and two among them, Vautrain and Vacherot, have boasted of it.

I have already shown by what a succession of acts, grievances, and aspirations the Commune came forth from the hearts of the people of Paris. It remains for me to show

what was its desire. Arthur Arnould, one of its members, and certainly one of its best minds, sums it up thus:—

'We do not desire to impose our will on the rest of France. We simply demand for ourselves the rights and guarantees that are essential to us. We desire the absolute autonomy of the Commune of Paris. We desire to administer our own affairs. We desire that within the boundaries of Paris—the government, the administration of justice, the police, the armed force, shall be all our own. We desire that all that has reference to taxes, public worship, public instruction, the organisation of labour, shall be regulated by ourselves, as far as Paris is concerned. We do not desire to separate ourselves from France. We will accept the general laws promulgated by the Central Government (provided that the Government is Republican) in all that does not attack our Communal autonomy. Thus, we will pay our share of the war expenses. Thus, although we desire to abolish the conscription and the standing army, we will furnish our contingent in case of war, but we shall give this contingent according to our own view of the matter. We shall encourage the other Communes of France to follow our example, and to join us in a federation. We desire, in one word, to be masters at home; to live according to our own fashion, according to our convictions and our own needs. Let Versailles recognise our autonomy, and we shall not fight against her. If, however, Versailles attacks us, we shall defend ourselves, being tired of supporting the yoke of the French peasantry. We do not demand that the Central Government shall sit in Paris. We are willing to renounce the material advantages belonging to a capital, in order to enjoy the benefits, a hundred times more precious, of liberty. Nevertheless, if the Go-

vernment should desire to return and have its seat in Paris, we are ready to open our gates to it, but on condition that it brings with it neither soldier nor police agent, and that it renounces all interference in our Communal affairs. It shall also be clearly understood that to the National Guard alone shall be entrusted the charge of watching over it and protecting it, as well as of protecting us against it.'

This was no other than the programme of the Central Committee and of the Revolution of the 18th of March. Was it exaggerated? Was it pregnant with storms? Was it charged with the unknown? No, it was the American programme, and not even the whole of that. What the people of Paris demanded is what is practised in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, and in Geneva—everywhere, in fact, where good sense and human dignity have united to give to mankind a human government, and not a crew of galley slaves.

Now, what is good on one side of the ocean is good on the other, as my friend Charles Sumner said one day to the Commandant Loysel on his return from Mexico, who was trying to prove that the Republic was good for the Americans, but not for the French.

This also was the programme of Etienne Marcel and the great 'Communiers' of France. Like us they were conquered, afterwards massacred and calumniated. They were none the less founders of the bourgeoisie, and a grateful history has transmitted to posterity the names of the conquered alone—not those of the conquerors. Who now remembers the name of the conqueror of the great Mayor of Paris (Prévôt des Marchands)? 'We are the descendants of the great Communiers of France, neither Communards nor Communalists.'

In my interviews with the envoys of M. Thiers concerning the con-

ditions on which Paris would open her gates, I never once departed from the programme I have just described. I insisted especially on the disarming. M. Thiers, who knew the extreme hatred I bore to a standing army—in order probably to take advantage of this sentiment—commissioned the Italian General Frappoli, and the Swiss Federal Colonel Fogliardi, the last two persons whom I saw on this subject, to speak as follows:—‘Tell the General that he who entertains such a profound hatred to the army, forces it upon me by his resistance. The army will conquer in the end; but then it will be master, and I can do nothing in opposition to it.’ M. Thiers was right; but it was only by a hair’s breadth that he escaped being in the wrong.

To conquer was so easy and simple, that it needed the double dose of vanity and ignorance with which the feeble brains of the majority of the Commune were stuffed, to balk the people of its victory. In any case, we all fought for the triumph of our convictions, and we have neither capitulated, nor betrayed, nor insulted anyone.

I think I have clearly demonstrated—(1) That the Commune took its origin from the multiplied grievances which the working class had against the bourgeoisie, or directing class; (2) that its legitimacy flows from the facts, as well as from the primordial and imprescriptible right every man possesses, to derive, not only his subsistence, but also human happiness, from his labour; (3) that the aim of the Commune was simply to do for the proletariat what the bourgeoisie did for itself in 1789—to found its admission to social power.

The question is put (*posée*), and its success is certain, or both the Republic and universal suffrage will disappear. Universal suffrage, in consecrating the sovereignty of the individual, has necessarily consecrated the sovereignty of the group, or ‘Commune,’ the essential basis of the ‘Republic;’ which is a matter that concerns all.

The future belongs to us. Defeated yesterday, we may conquer to-morrow.

‘*Et spes manet in æternum.*’

G. CLUSERET.



## THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER AND THE IRISH PRIEST.

AT the present moment, when the thoughts of politicians are turned to the question of University education in Ireland, a struggle is in progress of which the world hears little, on a question of equal or perhaps even greater importance to the Irish people. The parties to this struggle are the Government on the one hand, and the Catholic priests on the other; and the question at issue is the emancipation of the Irish National Schoolmaster.

Up to the present time the Irish national teacher, though educated and trained at the State's expense, and deriving the main part of his support from State funds, has never been regarded as a public servant. He has been treated in all respects as the private servant of the school manager (usually, in the case of Roman Catholic schools, the parish priest), who appoints or dismisses him at pleasure. Against the injustice, or caprice, or mistake of this functionary, who has never contributed a penny to his support, but has simply permitted him to do work for which he was paid by the State, the unfortunate teacher has no appeal. It matters not what the reason of his dismissal may be: if he is dismissed, he can but go. If he suffers wrong, he must endure; if not in silence, at least without hope of redress. The liability to arbitrary eviction, which was the curse of the Irish peasant, still hangs over the head of the Irish schoolmaster: and the one class of public servants in Ireland who hold office, not on good behaviour, but on the will of a private, irresponsible individual, are the teachers of the Irish people.

It can hardly be a matter of surprise that this state of things has called forth remonstrances and complaints from the teachers. The

wonder is, that it has been endured so long by the State. One would think that the State, which trains the teacher and pays the greater part of his salary, should have something to say in his dismissal, and should take some care to protect him against injustice and wrong. And one would think that special care should be taken to secure the independence of a class whose efficiency and usefulness depend so much on the amount of respect they can command from those among whom they live. No man whose place and emoluments are at the mercy of a single individual can be regarded as occupying a very independent or dignified position; and no schoolmaster whose position makes him an object of pity or contempt to his neighbours can exercise his proper influence either within or without his school.

The 'managerial grievance' (as it is called) has, accordingly, been much agitated among the Irish teachers, and has always been a prominent subject of complaint at the meetings they have held to discuss their condition and prospects. Such meetings have, of late years, been numerous; and not without reason. The condition of the national teachers of Ireland is most unsatisfactory in more respects than one. They are poorly paid: they have no retiring allowance: they are subject to arbitrary dismissal without appeal or redress: and, after a hard life of toil in the service of the State, they are often cast adrift in their old age, with nothing before them but the pauper's home and the pauper's grave. The hardships and grievances of men without political weight or influence are long in attracting the notice of politicians; but by dint of public meetings, deputations, and memorials, the Irish

teachers at length succeeded in interesting several Members of Parliament in their case, and, finally, in convincing the present Government that some change in their condition was imperatively required. At the close of last session the Marquis of Hartington applied for and obtained an additional grant of 100,000*l.* to be expended in raising the salaries, and otherwise improving the position of Irish national teachers. Part of this extra grant was employed in raising unconditionally the salaries of second and third class teachers; part was set aside to be used in supplementing the salaries of all teachers on the principle of 'payment by results.' A considerable step being thus taken towards removing the grievance of low salaries, the attention of the Government was next directed to the other grievance—the uncontrolled power vested in the manager of summary and arbitrary dismissal. Lord Hartington promised, in the name of the Government, that something would be done to improve the position of the teachers in this respect also.

The step taken in redemption of this promise will hardly seem a revolutionary one. A form of agreement was issued, to be entered into between the manager on the one part and the teacher on the other. By this agreement the manager employs the teacher subject to dismissal at three months' notice. The manager retains power to dismiss the teacher at any time without notice on paying him three months' salary. The manager can dismiss the teacher at any time without

either notice or salary on proving to the Board of Education that the dismissal is for 'sufficient cause.' The teacher, on the other hand, engages to give three months' notice before quitting his employment, or to forfeit all salary and emoluments due to him at the time of leaving. In order to enforce this form of agreement, the Government provided that until it was signed no moneys accruing to the teacher from the results of examination in his school should be paid.

One would think that, if either of the parties had a right to complain of the terms of this agreement, it was certainly not the manager. The power of arbitrary dismissal on condition of giving three months' notice or three months' pay, and the power of dismissal without either notice or payment 'for misconduct or other sufficient reason' (the Board of Education being judge of the sufficiency of the reason assigned), would seem as much as any manager could reasonably ask, and to most persons will seem more than the State is quite justified in giving. But it was not enough for the Catholic priests. Whilst all the other school managers in Ireland have cheerfully accepted the new agreement, the priests have all but unanimously<sup>1</sup> refused to sign it. They will not surrender one particle of their power over the teacher; he must still be, as he has hitherto been, absolutely dependent for his place and salary on their uncontrolled will. The consequence is, that the money earned on results by the teachers of schools over which Catholic priests preside has not yet been paid.

<sup>1</sup> Not quite unanimously. 'A Kerry Priest' has signed the agreement, and writes to the *Freeman's Journal* giving his reasons. They are sufficiently cogent, as the following samples will show: '1. I am one of those who denounce as tyrannical the summary eviction of tenants, and who approve of that provision of the Land Bill which imposes a heavy fine on evicting landlords. . . . 2. I cannot discharge one of my domestic servants without notice, or the payment of a quarter's salary. . . . Is the instructor of youth . . . not to have rights which the law gives to my stable boy or my scullery maid?'

Thus, then, the matter stands. The Government, desirous in some measure to improve the teacher's position, and to put a slight check upon the manager's power of arbitrary dismissal, proposes that in cases where misconduct or inefficiency cannot be proved against the teacher to the satisfaction of the Board of Education, the manager shall not dismiss the teacher without either three months' notice or three months' salary. The Catholic priests, who are managers of schools, absolutely refuse to accept this proposal—the Government insists—a dead lock ensues, and in the mean time the unfortunate teachers, who have earned the 'results' money, and are sorely in need of it, see no prospect of its being paid, and ruefully contemplate the possibility of its finding its way back after the 1st of April to the safe custody of Mr. Lowe.

The public in Ireland who take an interest in education, and especially those who understand the aims and pretensions of Ultramontaniam, are eagerly watching the result of the present struggle. That there is a struggle at all is a new thing in the history of Irish education; but it is owing to the fact that it is the Government and not the Education Commissioners who have framed and imposed the contested form of agreement. No one in Ireland expects the Commissioners of Education to do anything but what the priests bid them, and the case of Father O'Keefe, the parish priest of Callan, shows that they are ready to evict not only the teacher, but the school manager himself, at the bidding of ecclesiastical authority. At a meeting of the National Teachers' Congress in Dublin last December, Dr. Joyce assured the public, most superfluously, that the difficulty about the agreement did not originate with the Commissioners. 'He would assure them that

the Commissioners had no more to do with that than he had; the condition attached to the payment was received by the Commissioners with great unwillingness; the condition and the money were offered, and they had to take both or take neither.' If the difficulty had arisen with the Commissioners the public would have taken little interest in the matter, for the conclusion would have been easily foreseen. The Commissioners have never shown any disposition to protect the teacher against the manager, or to fight the Catholic priests on any point whatever. But now that the priests have to deal, not with the irresponsible Board of Commissioners, but with the Irish Government, which is responsible to Parliament for honestly carrying out the conditions of the increased grant, the public ought to look with some interest, and not a little hope, to the result of the struggle.

This struggle, though the point in dispute may seem a small one, really involves the whole question of the future relations of the State and the Catholic Church respectively to education in Ireland. The ground the priests take in justification of their refusal to sign the proposed agreement is, that they cannot consent to refer to a secular authority, like the Board of Education, the decision of disputes which may involve points of faith. That is to say, they claim the right to dismiss the teacher on grounds which a secular body would not understand, or would not recognise as valid, if it did. This claim is sufficiently preposterous, seeing that the teacher is a secular functionary, and is paid by the State for doing secular work. But no thoughtful person can suppose that this is the sole ground of the priests' action. For, under the proposed agreement, the manager can dismiss the teacher for any reason he pleases, or for no



reason at all if it please him better, on the simple condition of three months' notice or three months' salary; and it is hard to suppose that this condition appears so burdensome as to be of itself worth a struggle which is bringing odium on the whole priestly body. It appears to us that the real reason of the refusal on the part of the priests to sign the agreement lies deeper. They see whither this new measure tends. They regard it as a first step towards making the teacher a servant of the State, and they are determined that he shall remain the servant of the Church. The Government, in the act of making a large increase to the teacher's salary, puts forward this new agreement as a mild suggestion that the State, which mainly pays the teacher, has the right to a voice in his destiny, and cannot consent to commit him to the uncontrolled and irresponsible discretion of any individual. The priest, however, has a different theory. He thinks it is the duty of the State to pay the teacher, and the right of the Church to control him; and that this control may be effectual, the teacher's position and emoluments must be absolutely dependent on the will of the clerical manager. He, therefore, declines to take any step, however unobjectionable in itself, which may appear to recognise the claim of the State to interfere between himself and the teacher who is subject to him. 'This proposal to give the teacher three months' notice before dismissal,' he probably argues, 'is a very reasonable one, and, except for gross misconduct, I should never think of dismissing a teacher on shorter notice. But the fact that it is put forward by the Government implies a claim on the part of the State to interfere between the

teacher and me; and if once that claim be admitted, how can I tell where it will stop? The State may next determine that the teacher shall not be dismissed at all except for proved inefficiency or misconduct; and then what becomes of the authority and power of the manager? What means will be left whereby the Church can direct or control the instruction given in the school?'

The very same reasons which make the priests look with dislike and fear on this apparently insignificant measure of the Government lead the friends of freedom and of education in Ireland to receive it with gratitude and hope. They do not look upon it as an adequate remedy for the teachers' grievance, nor as an adequate vindication of the rights of the State. But they receive it as an indication that the State is not inclined to let its claims in this matter be altogether forgotten: they look on it as a first step towards placing the teachers in their proper position as public servants; and they hope that, if successful, it will be speedily followed up by measures more vigorous and complete. For these reasons it is to be regretted that some of the teachers and their friends (and among these many who have hitherto been loudest in their complaints about the 'managerial grievance') seem now inclined to think that the measure of redress offered them in the new form of agreement is hardly worth fighting for, and especially is not worth the pecuniary loss which the struggle involves to themselves. These men, who, in the words of one of their most prominent representatives,<sup>2</sup> have 'for the past five years been sending deputations and memorials from teachers' associations in all parts of Ireland, praying, pressing,

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Vere Foster, in a speech at the Teachers' Congress, Dublin, December 30, 1872.

and imploring the Government to constitute a tribunal of appeal in cases of summary dismissal,' now complain that the increase of their salaries was made conditional on the redress of their grievance, ask that the form of agreement be recalled, and assert that managers of schools far more generally err through over-indulgence than over-severity. (The conventional apology for despotic power has always been the benevolence of the despot.) It is to be hoped that the Catholic teachers generally will have more spirit and more foresight than to follow these penny-wise pound-foolish counsels: that they will see all that is involved in the present struggle, and be ready to incur a present pecuniary loss in order to secure the future comfort, dignity, and independence of their class.

In the meantime, it is to be hoped that the Government will firmly maintain the position they have assumed, and resolutely refuse to withdraw the new form of agreement. The conviction of those who have the best means of knowing is, that if the Government be firm, the priests will yield rather than incur the odium of depriving the teacher of the reward he has so hardly earned. It is, indeed, unfortunate that the Government should have made the payment by results for work already done dependent on the acceptance of the new form of agreement. The teacher has undoubtedly earned the money; it is no fault of his that the agreement is not accepted: and it is clearly unfair that he should be punished for the fault of others. The Government ought to leave the manager no option in the matter: the agreement ought to be absolutely enforced as the necessary condition of continued State support to the school: and any manager who insists on having a teacher absolutely subject to his

will and authority, should be left to provide such a teacher for himself.

But the enforcement of this new form of agreement will be but a small step towards the rectification of the relations between the State, the teacher, and the school manager. Its direct results will be infinitesimal. Taken by itself, it will leave the teacher very much where he was. A reform that would really improve the teacher's position must be something much more sweeping and radical. It seems to us that the real cure for the evil is to make the Irish teachers a branch of the Civil Service, and to treat them in all respects as the servants of the State. Their appointment might still be left in the hands of the local managers, but they should hold their office on good behaviour, and should be liable to summary dismissal only for gross misconduct. In all other cases they should be dismissed only after proper notice, and on the joint representation of the manager and the district inspector of schools: and in every case they should have the right of appeal to the Board of Education. The national teachers being thus recognised as a public service, their claim to retiring allowances would be admitted as a matter of course; and thus a deserving body of men, who have done, and are doing, good service to their country, would be placed in a position of comfort and independence that would enable them to do still better service, and to exercise more fully and freely the legitimate influence that belongs to education and character.

The 'education of the Irish gentleman' is a matter of great importance; but the education of the Irish peasant is one that demands the most careful attention of the nation. The educating influences under which the gentleman comes are

many and various; but the educators of the peasant are principally two—the schoolmaster and the priest. Whether the schoolmaster is to be an independent influence, or is to be a mere representative and tool of the priest, is, therefore, a matter of vital moment to the future of Ireland. That question is at issue in the present contest. We hope that English statesmen will see the significance of the struggle, and will have the courage and the poli-

tical virtue to make a stand for once on behalf of freedom and civilisation. To govern Ireland through the priests has been the favourite method with English politicians. It has its conveniences; but it always ends in the perplexing question, Who is to govern the priests? To govern Ireland in the interests of the people, through the intelligence and the virtue of the people, would be a new method, and might be worth a trial.

J. J. S.



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EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents are desired to observe that all Communications must be addressed direct to the Editor.*

*Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.*

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1873.

## THE STORY OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS, EARL OF STRAFFORD. A.D. 1641.

IT needs some courage to tell again the oft-told story of the death of the Earl of Strafford; by an easy stretch of memory twenty-two narratives describing the closing months of that statesman's life may be reckoned up. And though these many story-tellers vary in ability, from Macaulay to Oldmixon, and though according to some Strafford was both 'good and great,' and to others 'that wicked Earl,' still all so far agree, that they ascribe his death to the overpowering authority of Pym and his associates, all ascribe the passage through the House of Lords of the Attainder Bill to threats from a London mob; all aver that Charles I. did what he could to save his minister. Instead, however, of attempting another version of Strafford's trial, and with absolute indifference about his guilt, we propose to show that these two-and-twenty narratives are throughout untrue, that the impeachment of Strafford was a failure, his Attainder Bill a blunder, and that his condemnation by the Upper House was due solely to the King; that he, and he alone, brought death on his faithful servant.

Our story is not a pleasant one; it is not agreeable to an Englishman to tarnish the renown of the 'popular party' in the Long Parliament, or to add gloom to the shadows upon the character of Charles I. It is distressing to think that such a man as Strafford fell before the intrigues of those 'old subtle foxes' he justly called 'the Court vermin.' Still this is the impression forced on us, almost against our will, by a long-continued study of all the authorities at the Rolls Office and in the British Museum, both in MS. and in print, relating to the years 1639-41; and arising especially from the examination of diaries which Sir S. D'Ewes and his brother note-takers in Parliament scribbled on their knees, descriptive of events which took place before their eyes.<sup>1</sup>

As our story is not based on mere surmise, or on the comparison of one received account with another, but is what may be called 'self-contained' and self-supported, we shall not contradict, step by step, the statements of our predecessors, or show how they were misled; nor shall we venture on a minute investigation into the King's motives

<sup>1</sup> Among these authorities I include '*A Brief and Perfect Relation of the Trial of Thomas, Earl of Strafford.*' Though published in 1647, evidently this pamphlet was written in 1641, and by one in the Earl's service. This *Relation* is the stock from which the compilers of the *State Trials*, and of Rushworth's and Nalson's *Collections*, drew their narratives: passages from it are inserted in Heylin's *Laud*, and Ratcliffe's *Memoirs of Strafford*; this *Relation* is, in fact, the sole origin of all the descriptions of the closing scenes of that statesman's life. Reference will be made to it as, *Narrative*, 1647.

as regards Strafford. First shall be exhibited—and it must be at some length—the true position occupied by the popular party between November 11, 1640, and May 12, 1641, the dates of Strafford's arrest and execution; then it will be shown that the Attainder Bill but increased the chances of his safety; and then, that the King's actions, dictated by Strafford's enemies, overthrew all prospect of his escape, at the very time when his acquittal was confidently expected.

A false impression has been created about the opening scene of this tragedy. King Charles, it must be remembered, renewed in 1640 his attempt to force the Scottish nation to a conformity in Church government, and the failure of that attempt must be recalled: the royal army being stationed in Yorkshire, and the English frontier wholly unguarded, the Scottish army advanced, defeated a small body of our troops at Newburn, occupied Newcastle, and all the northern counties. This took place in August. September was spent in negotiation; the Long Parliament was summoned; and on the 26th of October a cessation of arms between England and Scotland being agreed to, the final settlement of peace was adjourned to London. During this lull in public events Strafford returned to his Yorkshire home—'Old Wentworth Woodhouse.' He was full of general anxiety, he noticed the 'rare art and malice' of the Earl of Bristol and his other associates, and their evident intention to make him the scapegoat for the widespread misery of the year of 1640. He also was aware of the fierce malignity of his enemies, and apprehensive about 'the great matters' against him they expected to hear 'out of Ireland;' and though unwilling to leave Yorkshire, not

because he dreaded quitting the shelter of the army, but because he wished to fulfil the duty there entrusted to him; still, according to his own description, he was 'hastened up' to London, by fellow-councillors whom he evidently distrusted. But he never, it would seem, shrank from meeting his adversaries; certainly he was not ordered up from Yorkshire by the King. He was sent for to correct a blunder made by the Lord Keeper, told 'that there was a great want' of him at Westminster, and that if he 'had been there that folly had not been committed.' And his last impression was one of cheerfulness, he thought that 'to the best of my judgment, we gain much rather than lose. . . . The Irish business is past, and better than I expected, their proofs being scant. . . . All will be well, and every hour gives more hope than the other.'<sup>1</sup>

These are Strafford's words and feelings, expressed in a letter, written the very night before he quitted Yorkshire for London, to his intimate friend, Sir G. Ratcliffe; and they make it impossible to believe the statements of the sham-contemporary chronicler, who asserts that the Earl was forced by the King to place himself within the power of his enemies, and that he journeyed to London expecting certain death, trusting for safety to his monarch's solemn pledge. This gives a far more picturesque idea for an opening chapter in Strafford's impeachment than the reality, which was that he quitted the army reluctantly 'but not very unwillingly;' that he came up in good hope, merely on the call of his official colleagues. The object of the invention, however, is plain: it is to create the feeling, that from the very beginning Strafford foresaw the scaffold, and looked to the King alone as his protector.

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Sir G. Ratcliffe, begun November 5, and ended Sunday, November 8, 1640. *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 214-223.

And so again, to create the impression that unthinking haste and over-masterful power governed Parliament at the very outset of Strafford's trial, we are told that Pym, rising suddenly from his seat in the House of Commons, the doors being locked, drove them, by a long-continued blast of invective directed against the Earl, to accuse him of high treason: and that the Lords were surprised, by equal rapidity of action, into his committal. The Commons, in truth, acted on proceedings extending over four days, and on the report of a select committee.<sup>3</sup> They even prefaced the impeachment at the bar of the Upper House by a previous message, 'touching things against the Earl of Strafford.'<sup>4</sup> Nor had that charge been justified by an enumeration of his 'high and imperious actions in England and Ireland,' and his 'passionate advices':<sup>5</sup> that was expressly reserved. The accusation was founded on 'my Lord Mountnorris his cause, and papists suffered in England to increase under arms.'<sup>6</sup> These were the sole charges: the first was an act of severity, perhaps of injustice, committed in 1635 upon a subordinate in the Irish Government; the second, as might be expected from its vague character, was 'set aside' in Westminster Hall.

Strafford, then, was, on the 11th of November, 1640, impeached of high treason, on the deliberate verdict of Parliament, for actions which, supposing they were crimes, certainly were not treasons. But these petty charges were only the excuse for his arrest. He was, in truth, placed at the bar that day as the author of the quarrel between

the King and his people, of the dissolution of the Short Parliament, the injuries caused by the preparations for war with Scotland, and of the disasters of that war. On him was charged England's disgraceful defeat by the Scots, the shame that this disgrace rested unavenged, and the triumphant occupation of our northern counties by a hated and despised invader.

But if Strafford came to London trusting that nothing more would be heard from Ireland, not fearing a capital charge, and not relying on any special promise of protection from his master; and if, when he appeared in the House of Lords, he was suddenly arrested on the charge of high treason, a charge based on no proof at all, but entertained because he was odious to the community, then it will be felt, that as time went on, when the tale of all his evil acts and thoughts against our three nations had been told, that the fate of that 'wicked Earl' was certain. This is the natural expectation: the contrary, however, was the fact. He was in March 'favoured by not a few' among the men who impeached him in November on such trivial charges, and by a 'great party in the Upper House;' and he was regarded by a large and influential mass of his fellow countrymen with admiration and regard.<sup>7</sup> Such was the power of the man, and the force of circumstances. The attack on him was foiled: the blow directed against him returned upon his accusers. Their strength, and then their weakness, to place this fact before our readers, must be estimated with precision. And this estimate, as it has never been

<sup>3</sup> So little was secrecy attempted, that Sir W. Pennyman, an intimate friend of Strafford's, was placed upon this Committee, November 7, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4.

<sup>4</sup> Nov. 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), p. 5, 6.

<sup>5</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1838, p. 73.

<sup>6</sup> November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4-7.

<sup>7</sup> *Earl of Strafford Characterised*. Written during April 1641. Somers' Tracts, iv. 231; *May's History of the Parliament*, 62.



attempted before, must be set out in full.

Strafford's accusers, at the outset of their 'great business,' derived assistance from that blast of popular wrath which sent him to prison; and then turning to more material aid, they had under their thumb that most important witness, Sir H. Vane, the Secretary of State. In that capacity, obeying the King's commands, immediately after the dissolution of the Short Parliament, he signed warrants, under which messengers searched the rooms, even the coat pockets of Pym and Hampden, and carried off their papers. And though Hampden lost by this seizure only some letters,<sup>8</sup> and Pym a trunk full of parliamentary journals, 'which can do him little hurt';<sup>9</sup> still Vane had committed a breach of parliamentary privilege, punishable, perhaps by a fine, certainly by imprisonment. And, 'as Mr. Speaker had the warrants,'<sup>10</sup> that punishment might be both swift and heavy. At any moment Vane might be taken from the Treasury Bench in the House, and placed at its Bar; and then where would be the 'daily diet' from the Court he drew for his household, as Secretary of State, and his fees and official gains? And hence arose that tenacity of memory, as well may be supposed, which enabled Vane, unlike the rest of his fellow-councillors, to prove at the trial Strafford's suggestion to the King—that by the Irish army England might be reduced to obedience.

Willing helpers, also, to the work in Westminster Hall, were found among Strafford's subordinates in the Irish Government, greedy to profit by his downfall.

They furnished, accurately penned, the charge that he quartered soldiers on peaceable subjects, to starve them into submission to his decrees. This offence ultimately secured his conviction; the exulting words of the draftsmen on their completion of that article, 'now the bird is our own,'<sup>11</sup> were fully justified.

And from some members of the House of Lords co-operation against Strafford might be expected; for their pecuniary interest was bound up with his fate. To stay the advance of the victorious Scots during the last September, an immediate loan from the City of 200,000*l.* had been required; and the Earl of Bristol, and a few other members of the Great Council of Peers, were constrained to give the security of their bonds for repayment of the loan.<sup>12</sup> Whilst Strafford was in prison they were free from anxiety; but he at large, amid the altered circumstances that might arise, those bonds would certainly assume a most unpleasant aspect. And it is a singular conjuncture of events to find that the Commons voted a resolution pledging the State to repay that loan for which the Peers had bound themselves, on the very day which witnessed the passage of the Attainder Bill through the Upper House.<sup>13</sup>

For help outside the walls of Parliament, Strafford's opponents would rely on that 'sink of all the ill-humour of the kingdom,' the City of London. Were it needed, an effectual hold was placed on the then Lord Mayor, because he, as Sheriff, was mixed up in one of the worst cases of oppression committed by the Star Chamber Court;<sup>14</sup> but the hatred of his com-

<sup>8</sup> Lambeth Library was thus enriched by MSS. No. 1030, 108. Bishop William's *Remembrances to Mr. Hampden*.

<sup>9</sup> *Newsletter*, May 12, 1640. Rolls Office. Clarendon, ed. 1839, 77.

<sup>10</sup> *Com. Journ.*, ii. 26. <sup>11</sup> *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 232. <sup>12</sup> Rushworth, iii. 1281.

<sup>13</sup> May 8, 1641. *Com. Journ.* ii. 139; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (164), 1,003.

<sup>14</sup> Dr. Leighton's Case, orders for his reparation. *Com. Journ.* ii. 124.

munity against Strafford needed no stimulus. The bench of aldermen did not forget their appearance before the King's Council during the previous autumn, or who it was that 'burst out' with the proposal 'to hang up some of them.' And the whole City was moved by the alarming change that had come over the Tower of London. Hitherto unarmed: now 'sakers and basilisks' pointed from the battlements against London Bridge and Tower Street; case and round shot lay heaped on the batteries; soldiers kept guard behind earth-baskets and planks set with pikes, with 'granadoes, dark-fire beacons, spoons, and linstocks,' ready to hand.<sup>15</sup> Even while Parliament was sitting, the men were seen 'training cannon' and mounting 'many other guns' upon the Tower walls.<sup>16</sup>

These ominous appearances were ascribed to Strafford; and rumour played its part to confirm this impression. Somebody declared that he heard that London would shortly be battered down, and another that his master Strafford 'would subdue the City.'<sup>17</sup> And the City could make its resentment felt; as sole money-holder it was an estate in the realm equal in power to Parliament.

All the helpers on which Pym and his associates could rely have been mentioned save two; the King was one—the other, themselves; they were 'the inflexible party,' this was the title they bore then,<sup>18</sup> nor will the justice of that name be doubted now, after a description of the forces which opposed them.

As the very groundwork of their policy, they were compelled to draw on themselves odium, to resist popular instincts, even to in-

flict injury on their countrymen. For they were driven to make common cause with the Scotch invaders; and to procure the postponement of their claims till after Strafford's trial. On these terms alone could be obtained the protection of the Scottish army, and the checkmate which it placed on the royal forces afforded the sole chance of obtaining the offender's trial. But this was a policy offensive to national feeling, and productive both of serious danger, and of positive injury to the country. To keep the Covenanters in England, peace could not be concluded between us and Scotland. We had to endure the sight of a victorious enemy upon our soil, living on us, threatening us, humiliating us, and causing protracted anxiety during a most anxious time. And this debatable time of strife was full of imminent risk; the conquering army had to be opposed by our army, the one stationed over against the other; temptation to outbreak of hostility was constant, a ready field was opened to the intriguer against the State.

Much pecuniary injury, also, was inflicted by that policy upon us. As neither army could be disbanded till Strafford was dispatched, the cost of 80,000*l.* a month<sup>19</sup> must be incurred for the pay and maintenance of those 'foreign contemned' troops and of our own army, hardly less obnoxious; and this, though the king's debts were 'huge,' the military arrears daily on the increase, and the royal navy absolutely non-existent, though panic of foreign invasion then was rife, even beyond our power of fellow-feeling. These distracted times, also, had paralysed the industry of England; the condition of the northern

<sup>15</sup> Official Minutes, October 10 and 20, 1640. Rolls Office.

<sup>16</sup> November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

<sup>17</sup> Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 210; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

<sup>18</sup> *Strafford Characterised*; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 232.

<sup>19</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 113.

counties was pitiable, owing to the brutality and pillage of our troops, and to exactions from the hungry Scot. And the cry of a distressed people naturally provoked the demand to get rid of the invader either in peace or by war; a proposal that destroyed the prospects of the 'inflexible party.' Nor could they, in place of the tempting hope of seeing 'wholesome days again,' or of the gratification of revenge, set Strafford at the bar of trial. This they could not do; time every way fought against them.

In the first place, that sight was prevented by the 'great concurrence of business' in Parliament, concerning 'the very being of three kingdoms.' To us, an over-burthened Legislature is an accustomed evil. Not so to Englishmen of 1641. Parliament, then, was a wonder-working machine, able to do everything, all at once; and they demanded instant judgment on many an offender besides Strafford, and instant attention to many a matter besides his trial.

Obedient to their command, the Commons called before their bar, one archbishop, and two bishops, one lord-keeper, and six judges, one Secretary of State and many minor officials. That band of human locusts, the 'thievish projectors,' was dispersed, who withheld from thirsty English souls their wine, blistered women's fingers by execrable soap, and who, by monopolising the sale of cloth, hides, salt, gold lace, and even pins, had 'marked and sealed the people from head to foot.' Monstrous inflictions, like the Courts of High Commission, and the Star Chamber, were abolished, and reparation made to the victims of those tribunals. The Commons, also, were obliged to meet that ever-growing difficulty, the supply of money, to protect the

State by passing the Triennial Parliaments Bill, and to conciliate those most importunate suitors, the men of Scotland.

And this mass of business, obstructed by party passion, dead-weighted by formalities, was also delayed by that odd uncertainty of action inherent to any large collection of men. Then, as now, the Commons made holiday when work was most needed; and one day's 'discourse' was stopped because 'the Earl of Strafford came in his barge to the Upper House from the Tower, and divers ran to the east windows of the House, who, with them that sat by, looked out at the said windows, and opened them; and others quitted their seats with noise and tumult;' and another sitting was in like manner broken off, in the very crisis of national anxiety, because 'such numbers' preferred 'the play-houses and bowling-alleys' to the committee of Supply.<sup>20</sup>

Much delay also arose from the very nature of the impeachment. Strafford was accused of high treason, on the ground that he had attempted the overthrow of the Constitution itself; and the proof of this charge lay in showing that his words and actions, during fourteen years of public life, tended to that end. But of the chief portion of his career, his accusers absolutely knew nothing. Nobody could leave Ireland without official license; and so the women his officers maltreated to enforce his system for the manufacture of yarn, the farmers pillaged by his soldiers, and the landowners he had ousted, could not make heard their wrongs till the ports were opened. And consequently the articles of impeachment were modelled and re-modelled; and though the draftsmen met early, and sat up late,<sup>21</sup> the book of 200 sheets of paper

<sup>20</sup> February 17, and April 27, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (161), 233; (164), 991.

<sup>21</sup> Mr. Pym's Statement. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 178.

containing a catalogue of Strafford's crimes was not delivered to the House of Lords until January 30. And even then, eight weeks passed away before the trial began. The defendant's replies were received and considered; repeated conferences took place to settle both the essentials and formalities of procedure, such as the legal aid allowed to the accused, an important question whether or no the Commons might wear their hats, or be uncovered, and the time and place for the tribunal.

Before the trial began, delay—and the irritation and anxiety it provoked—soured the minds of men. 'Impatient people' were turned against Parliament, and the House of Commons against the Lords; whilst Strafford's friends became 'insolently confident.'<sup>22</sup> This discontent was the more bitter because that delay had not been anticipated. Dispatch was to the interest of the nation, therefore the dispatch of Strafford, the dispersion of the armies, and the pacification of the Scots, were events expected in quick succession. Bailie, their Commissioner, at the close of February hoped to see Kilwinning 'in a little time'; and Uvedale expected a relief from the unpleasant post of Army Treasurer to a bankrupt Treasury, at the very beginning of that month.<sup>23</sup>

And so reasonable a hope was hard to extinguish. When the trial at last began, 'some thought that the process would be short,'<sup>24</sup> but the mere hearing of evidence consumed a fortnight: and every day in Westminster Hall revealed more clearly the disposition of the Lords to protract the proceedings. On the fourth sitting of the impeachment,

D'Ewes was 'astonished at the many delays of this day,' and urged that Strafford should be compelled to 'avoid impertinences'; indignation, also, was expressed at the readiness the Lords showed to discuss every point of order he raised, adjourning for that purpose, from the hall to their own chamber.<sup>25</sup>

And as the trial began, so it went on: an article expected to take half an hour, occupied the whole day; another sitting was cut short by one of those unseasonable adjournments; another appeal for delay, though negatived, consumed an hour and a half; and Strafford came late,<sup>26</sup> and then, evidently a pre-arranged step, he did not come at all, sending only his 'foot-boy' to give notice that his master was sick in bed.<sup>27</sup>

The day of this occurrence, Friday, April 9, is a turning point in the story of Strafford's death. The 'inflexible party' that afternoon reviewed their position; and it looked most hopeless. All the evidence they dared to use was exhausted; they had prosecuted or abandoned all their charges: every possible method had been sought to exhibit Strafford as an oppressor, and as the man who worked the ruin of his fellow-countrymen by the dissolution of Parliaments, by inciting the King to war, and by his evil advice. But all in vain. Strafford's insolent non-appearance in Westminster Hall proved his strong reliance on friendship from the House of Lords and on public favour: reliance justly placed. The majority of the Peers, his judges, were on his side:<sup>28</sup> so was the out-

<sup>22</sup> Baillie's *Letters*, i. 309; May's *History*, 64.

<sup>23</sup> Baillie's *Letters*, i. 300; Uvedale to Bradley, February 2, 1641. Rolls Office.

<sup>24</sup> Baillie's *Letters*, i. 313. <sup>25</sup> March 25, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 359.

<sup>26</sup> D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 362, 368; Husband's *Diurnal*, April 8, p. 74; Baillie, i. 319, 328.

<sup>27</sup> April 9, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 416.

<sup>28</sup> 'Sir B. Rudyard: that he thinketh the Lords, by the notes they have taken, will not judge it treason in my Lord of Strafford.' April 12, 1641; Gaudy's notes, Add. MSS. 14,827, Brit. Mus.; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96; Heylin's *Laud*, 449.

side world: the general opinion of the criminal by 'art and time' was converted from hostility to pity, even to admiration. Curses attended Strafford through Palace Yard in February; in March he received respectful salutations; and the 'Black Tom Tyrant' of Ireland, the 'grand apostate,' was 'cried up as an accomplished instrument of State.'<sup>29</sup> The longer the impeachment lasted, the more this popularity increased: the odiousness of ransacking a man's life to find cause to put him to death, was enhanced by Strafford's heroic power both of endurance and resistance. To use Denham's words, the trial was a scene where

Private pity strove with public hate,  
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate;

and to all appearance pity, reason, and eloquence were victorious. It was also thought, at that moment, that confidence might be placed in the King, and even in the Queen. On two occasions, thanks from the House of Commons were proposed to her for 'furthering the call of the Parliament, and the passing the Triennial Bill;'<sup>30</sup> proposals that signify much to those acquainted with the English mind of 1641.

And this altered state of public opinion affected the position of parties in Parliament to a degree that must have troubled Pym and his associates. The continuance of the Treaty with Scotland was their mainstay—that abruptly closed, and the trial would be closed also—yet on that very day, Friday, April 9, defeat on that vital question was but narrowly avoided. Appeals to national and pecuniary interests must have

influenced the debate: the 'cessation of arms' was held up as both dishonourable to the Commons, and costly to the Nation, and the prolongation of the truce, so naturally 'disliked and opposed by many,' was only carried by a majority of thirty-nine.<sup>31</sup>

The inflexibility of Strafford's opponents was now tested. Ill-will and odium fell, not on him, but on them: they were held responsible for the cost of the trial, 600,000*l.*—according to the popular estimate<sup>32</sup>—for the precious time it had wasted, and for the discontent aroused against Parliament; and, after all, they had not brought high treason home to the criminal; they had not proved 'the hinge upon which that charge was principally to hang:'<sup>33</sup> namely Strafford's suggestion to the King in Council that England might be brought to obedience by the Irish army.

One proof, however, of that 'passionate advice' for long had been in their possession, the transcript of the notes which Vane took down of the deliberations of the Council meeting, when that suggestion was made. That 'fatal scrip of paper' proved Strafford's very words, that 'loose and absolved from all rules of Government, the King might 'employ here' that army in Ireland to 'reduce this Kingdom.' It also proved the time, place and manner of these 'wicked counsels,' that they had provoked discussion, and that the politic forgetfulness of Vane's fellow-councillors must be near akin to perjury.<sup>34</sup>

Such a disclosure, affecting both king and council, obviously was a last resource, not to be used save

<sup>29</sup> *Strafford Characterised*; *Somers' Tracts*, iv. 231; *May's History*, 62; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

<sup>30</sup> February 17, March 15, 1641; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 230; (164), 939.

<sup>31</sup> N. Tomkins to Sir J. Lambe, April 12, 1641, Rolls Office; *Com. Journ.* ii. 118.

<sup>32</sup> *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 105.

<sup>33</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 95.

<sup>34</sup> This document is among the Archives of the House of Lords, Hist. MSS. Commission, 3rd Report.

upon 'a case of necessity.' That case now they 'conceived was clear':<sup>35</sup> 'Vane's notes' must be exhibited in Westminster Hall. Accordingly the managers of the trial, when the next day (Saturday, April 10) brought the tribunal again together, claimed liberty to examine one or two witnesses respecting 'the main article of their charge touching the Earl of Strafford's advices to his Majesty after the dissolution of the last Parliament.' He, of course, resisted the proposal, and urged, if it were granted, 'that the Lords would also show so much favour to him, being a Peer of the realm,' as to allow him to adduce evidence on some articles which he had omitted.<sup>36</sup> And a claim, urged on grounds so offensive to the Lower House, in itself most objectionable, was granted. Naturally enough 'this the Commons stormed at;' the proceedings closed in tumult; 'the King laughed,' and Strafford was 'so well pleased that he could not hide his joy.'<sup>37</sup>

Good cause he had for joy. If the trial proceeded, though that seemed most unlikely, delay almost to any extent was by that decision placed in his power: the growing ill-will between the two Houses was now at a head; and every expression of that ill-will drove the Lords more and more to adopt Strafford's cause as their cause. This 'feeding storm' of discord spread over the Commons; his friends there could trust to assured support from the other House; his opponents also became divided: anyhow the publication of that 'fatal scrip of paper' was prevented. The Peers remained firm: the power they had given Strafford to re-open the impeach-

ment rendered public use of that document impossible. So Pym turned 'Vane's notes' to the best account he could: on the afternoon of that Saturday he read them aloud to the Commons, then they were sent to the Lords 'for their consideration.'<sup>38</sup>

Such evidence naturally produced a strong impression; but the result was not a unanimity of feeling about Strafford's guilt, but the division of the 'inflexible party' and an aggravation of the quarrel between the two Houses by the introduction of the Attainder Bill. For the chief object of that measure apparently was to retort upon the Lords for their adoption of Strafford's cause, and to assert that though he was a Peer the Commons might be his judges. Even to make it clear that Parliament was 'severed' upon the question whether or no a Peer was guilty of high treason, it was intended, if the Bill was rejected, to make public protestation against the House of Lords for their denial of justice. It was for this very reason that Pym so earnestly resisted the step.<sup>39</sup> And the wording of the Bill reveals that this was its object; it is not based on the inherent right of Parliament to pass an Act of Attainder, but is framed as a statutory conclusion to the impeachment. It begins with a recital of the proceedings at the trial, then follows a declaration that Strafford's crimes were proved by the evidence, and an enactment that he is therefore guilty of High Treason. The Bill thus, from its very form, was an intrusion into the province solely reserved to the Peers, of sitting in judgment on an impeachment, and especially on the trial of one of their own order. The mea-

<sup>35</sup> Baillie, i. 345.<sup>36</sup> Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 12, 1641.<sup>37</sup> *Com. Journ.*, ii. 118, 119.<sup>38</sup> *Earl of Strafford Characterised*; *Somers' Tracts*, iv. 232; Baillie, i. 346; *Sanford's Great Rebellion*, 337. Though this is the only reference to this work, a warm acknowledgment must be made of its great value.<sup>39</sup> D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (163), 420-422. Rolls Office.

sure also amounted to a declaration, that as they had, whilst they sat as judges, indirectly protected Strafford, the Commons took upon themselves to give their verdict.

This course had its strong points: but if on the 27th of February, when it was open to the Commons to select their method of procedure, 'we all declined a bill,'<sup>40</sup> it was far more imperative on them to do the like in April, when they had so fully committed themselves to an impeachment. And as might be expected, the progress of the measure and the conclusion of the trial came into constant collision. The Bill itself also involved the House in ceaseless complication. The debate on Monday, April 12, was ominous to all who desired Strafford's speedy execution: twelve hours passed by before the Bill was read a second time; the main question having been kept from solution, by suggestions that now the impeachment was superseded, by proposals to lay the Bill aside and to return to the trial, and by formal doubts whether or no the clauses should be considered either by a select committee, or a committee of the whole House. So irritated did the Commons become, that when a member desired 'to know, Mr. Speaker, whether I have spoken to-day, or not,' 'the House taketh that for a jeer, and cry to the bar,'<sup>41</sup>

The Attainder Bill, at last committed, fresh difficulty sprang up; it was the first contested piece of legislation ever referred to a committee of the whole House; and so novel was this mode of procedure, that questions arose, whether during this stage, 'a man might speak against the body of the Bill, or no?'

or whether the committee could add to, take from, or 'destroy' the Bill;<sup>42</sup> and such was their uncertainty, that it was deemed expedient to re-vote in the House, before the final report, one of the leading clauses of the Bill.<sup>43</sup> How zealously a member now-a-days, anxious to effect delay, would have improved so fair an occasion: nor were his predecessors in the Long Parliament by any means remiss.

A 'talk out,' however, cannot be esteemed a 'witty invention;' and though the debates between the 12th and the 21st of April, 1641, are curious as the first example of the kind, they reveal traces of the same dull absurdity too often exhibited in the present parliament. Then, as now, from pretended zealots for rapid progress, came the suggestion of impossibilities, such as the report of the Attainder Bill piece-meal to the House; the ingenious seeker after truth meets a proposal to vote that Strafford sought the overthrow of our 'ancient and fundamental laws,' by the question, 'what is a fundamental law?'<sup>44</sup>—a truly conscientious soul cannot rest till the depositions used at the trial are read aloud to the House; and, of course, adjournments are often demanded, 'because morning thoughts are best,' or that 'we might have time to study these points.' D'Ewes, acting the part of indignant chorus, is amazed that 'on the debate of so few lines we had lost so many hours,' at the trifling objections raised, and the art with which 'divers lawyers of the House' re-thrashed out every question, from a legal point of view.<sup>45</sup>

The Attainder Bill was not then

<sup>40</sup> D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162) 268.

<sup>41</sup> Gaudy's Notes, April 12, 1641. Add. MSS. 14,827.

<sup>42</sup> More's Journal, April 14, 1641. Harl. MSS. 476.

<sup>43</sup> April 16, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

<sup>44</sup> The poet Waller, April 1641. More's MSS. Journal.

<sup>45</sup> April 12-21, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 437-446; (164) 966-975.

received by the House of Commons with 'wonderful alacrity,'<sup>46</sup> and indeed it seems surprising that it passed at all. A majority of 39 on the last critical vote showed that the popular party had no surplus strength; and the long continuance of a Parliamentary contest unmarked by a division, is a sure sign that opposing parties are very even. This was the case with the Attainder Bill; though in length only about a couple of pages, ten sitting days elapsed between the first and third readings. And then, at last, the Speaker's decision was challenged, and the Bill passed, on April 21, by a majority of 143 votes. But this was no triumphant majority; only 263 were mustered to the division, out of a House composed nominally of 510 members.<sup>47</sup> The success of Strafford's enemies resulted from the defection of his friends. The probable cause of that defection will be hereafter explained.<sup>48</sup>

The delay and difficulty caused by the Attainder Bill have been exhibited; even as a question of policy it was open to serious objection. The Bill of necessity assumed the aspect of a retrospective law, an aspect naturally revolting; and as it had been the ill-luck of the 'inflexible party' to offend the instincts of human nature by their attempt to ensnare a man by the review of his whole life, so now an odious character was again stamped upon their efforts. And if regarded from a technical point of view, supposing, as was urged during the progress of the measure, the Lords gave immediate judgment on the impeachment, which was quite in their power, what then would be the position of the Bill? Or if

they chose the safer course of amending, not rejecting it altogether; Strafford's punishment, short of death, would have been acceptable to many. What, then, would be the effect of that threatened appeal to the country against the Upper House? The Bishops also might vote upon the Bill; here was another risk.

Above all, it was dangerous to widen the breach between Lords and Commons, and to convert the question of Strafford's guilt into a class question between rival branches of the Legislature. And this took place. A Bill offered by the Commons as the conclusion of an impeachment, instead of a demand for judgment, enabled the Lords to challenge their right to pass sentence on a Peer. They could also argue that as the verdict of the Lower House was 'guilty of high treason,' the Lords being precluded from considering what lesser crime had been committed, must reject the Bill, on the technical point that Strafford, though perhaps an offender, was not a traitor against the State; and to the end the Peers were 'resolute, because they find that they have no authority to declare a treason in a fact already past.'<sup>49</sup> The presumption, also, of the Lower House deeply moved the whole House of Lords. Strafford knew well when he addressed them for the last time, the force of these words, 'You, and you only, are my judges; under favour, none of the Commons are my Peers, nor can they be my judges.'<sup>50</sup>

The Lords, thus tempted to link the life of Strafford with the life of their order, 'some went so high in their heat as to tell the Commons, that it was an unnatural motion

<sup>46</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

<sup>47</sup> This was the smallest house collected since the beginning of the Parliament to vote on an important occasion; the largest took place on March 1, Dr. Chaffin's case, when 379 were collected together.

<sup>48</sup> See p. 15.

<sup>49</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, p. 77.

<sup>50</sup> *Ib.*, 1647, p. 59



for the head to be governed by the tail; and they declared on another occasion, 'that they themselves, as competent judges, would by themselves only give sentence' upon Strafford.<sup>51</sup> During moments the most tranquil, open collision between the estates of the realm is a disquieting event: how deeply so when all were distracted by every species of anxiety. And the alarm this civil war in Parliament then provoked, is best illustrated by words then used. It is stated in a news-letter, that at a conference Mr. Hollis addressed to the Lords 'a terrible speech, wishing the curse of God might light upon all those which sought to divide the Houses.'<sup>52</sup>

What more could Strafford desire? regarded with a favour that spread even to the army, that formerly detested him,<sup>53</sup> his cause united with the existence of the nobility, and his opponents weakened by a 'great defection of their party,'<sup>54</sup> disunited, and committed to a line of action beset with danger, not only from the very nature of the Attainder Bill, but from the delay it caused. And this delay added 'fear upon fear;' the world outside Parliament was perplexed, the Commons were 'misrepresented,'<sup>55</sup> mistrusted even by the Londoners. This soon was proved; a formidable deputation came to their House door, crowds of citizens bearing a petition signed 'by many thousands,' demanding instant justice upon Strafford.<sup>56</sup> Even 'that worthy man Mr. Pym' fell into disgrace.

Heated by fierce anxiety, provoked by the state of the unpaid armies, he threatened in most Straffordian language, that 'Parliament might compel the Londoners to lend money,' much to the offence and 'marveil' of his hearers.<sup>57</sup> Even his honesty of purpose became open to suspicion, and Lord Digby could venture to hint, that the transmission of documents affecting Strafford into the hands of his partisans, was the act of 'some unworthy man who had his eye upon place and preferments, wherein he was supposed to allude to Mr. Pym himself.'<sup>58</sup>

And these were days when offences needs must come; the men who formed the main support of the 'inflexible party' became discredited; the months they spent in London, gave the Scottish Commissioners an opportunity of giving offence, and they offended everybody. First, they were suspected 'to be so far broken by the King, that they were willing to pass from pursuit of Strafford and Episcopacy';<sup>59</sup> then they irritated the whole nation by an attack on the English Church—then they fell into 'a new pickle' by a supposed recantation of that attack. And no diversion could be more happy to enemies of Pym and his fellow workers, than a shake given to our social fabric, such as the threatened demolition of Episcopacy by the hands of the Scottish Covenanters. Even the London citizens were 'troubled' by their anti-prelatic pamphlet.<sup>60</sup>

<sup>51</sup> *Narrative*, 1641, 69.

<sup>52</sup> May 4, 1641. Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 1467.

<sup>53</sup> *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 65.

<sup>54</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 67.

<sup>55</sup> April 16 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

<sup>56</sup> April 21, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 985. It suited the chronicler's purpose to pass over examples of popular pressure put on the Lower as well as the Upper House. This turn for omission has kept out of sight the fact that public anger was excited, not only against the 'Straffordians,' who voted for him, but that a 'catalogue' was placarded on the walls of London containing the names of 'divers' who voted against Strafford, under the title of 'The Jews, Anabaptists, and Brownists of the House of Commons.' Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

<sup>57</sup> February 20, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 245.

<sup>58</sup> Mr. Tomkins to Sir J. Lamb, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

<sup>59</sup> Baillie, i. 305.

<sup>60</sup> February 27, 1641. Gaudy's Notes, Brit. Mus.

Time also revealed the Scotchmen in the light of sturdy beggars. To the never-ending demands for paying their soldiers, to restitution money claimed for ships taken by our cruisers, they added 'the pretty sum' of 300,000*l.*—as a 'brotherly gift' from England to her conquerors. The 'discord' the King hoped that 'vast proposition' would excite, did not arise. Although the Commons were reminded 'what a dishonour it was to our ancient and renowned nation,' and although Speaker Lenthall, the House being in Committee, 'spoke as any other member' in opposition to the grant,<sup>61</sup> the grant was made. But when the vote had passed, speedy national tranquillity was expected: that now seemed further off than ever; in April 'Gramercy' could hardly be felt towards the 'good Scot,' who during that season of 'horrible confusion' urged constant demands for a 'brotherly gift' of 300,000*l.*

Amidst this clash of interests, one cause alone seemed to prosper, and that was Strafford's. The confidence of his friends, strong in March, was in April still stronger. The news from Yorkshire ran, that there, 'they were all hopeful;' that according to the 'general opinion, he will escape the censure of treason.'<sup>62</sup> A well-wisher from Paris, wrote, 'I am very glad to hear that my Lord of Strafford is like to speed so well;' the Court whisper was, 'that the King will not let him go, and that the Parliament is not likely to be long-lived.'<sup>63</sup>

That rumour about Parliament contains the secret of Strafford's death. That month of April that

seemed to promise to him so well, in truth revealed indications of his fate. Two important appointments were made during that month; in each case his enemies were favoured. Oliver St. John, the ablest, certainly his bitterest legal opponent in Parliament, received from the King the post of Solicitor-General;<sup>64</sup> and to the Earl of Holland, who for years hated Strafford, and was hated in return, at Court his most successful rival, and among the Scots 'our good friend,'<sup>65</sup> was given chief command over the Royal army; and this appointment, made at a time when it was essential for Strafford's sake that King and peoples should be on good accord, created alarm and distrust both among the Scotch and English.<sup>66</sup>

Whatever was Strafford's suspicion, when power was thus bestowed upon his enemies, that suspicion was soon converted into certainty. On the 23rd of April he received by letter an explanation from the King himself. With fervent expressions of regret, he forewarned his minister, that owing to the 'strange mistaking and conjuncture of the times . . . I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs.'<sup>67</sup> That letter seemed an act of tender care: but the true meaning was, that Charles was not able to act with the House of Lords; they were resolute to acquit Strafford: the King was about to condemn him, though not to death. And he did so. Acting on the advice of Lord Savile and the Earl of Bristol,<sup>68</sup> he went on Saturday, the 1st of May, to the throne in the Upper House, sum-

<sup>61</sup> D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 140, 149.

<sup>62</sup> April 10, and 30, 1641. *Fairfax Corresp.*, ii. 104, 207.

<sup>63</sup> Mr. Read's and Mr. Tomkins' Letters, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

<sup>64</sup> D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 993. 'Mr. O. St. John, lately made the King's solicitor.'

April 29, 1641. <sup>65</sup> Baillie, i. 306.

<sup>66</sup> April 2, 1641. Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, 118; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 116.

<sup>67</sup> *Strafford Letters*, ii. 416.

<sup>68</sup> Letter from Father Philips, read to the Commons by Pym, June 25, 1641. Rushworth, iv. 257.

moned before him the House of Commons, and assuming through-out his speech that the Lords were prepared to pass the Attainder Bill, he pleaded guilty in behalf of Strafford, not, indeed, of high treason, but of a misdemeanor.

Like all acts of double dealing, this speech was capable of most contradictory interpretations, all mysterious. To those who knew that the Bill, coldly received by the Lords, had lain four days untouched upon their table, and therefore expected its rejection, an expectation justified by the practice of that time, and to those who knew 'that it was both possible and probable' that the 'declaration' of the Upper House would be given in Strafford's favour,<sup>69</sup> it seemed as if Charles, braving the anger of Parliament, had illegally interfered in its proceedings, to bring punishment on a criminal the Lords were disposed to acquit.

But the Peers were, on the contrary, addressed by the King as if they were all about to vote Strafford guilty of High Treason, though it was notorious that 'of the four-score present at the trial, not above twenty' held that opinion, and as if they were ready to agree to the Attainder Bill, although then 'there was little suspicion that it would pass.'<sup>70</sup> Nor was that address to them only an offensive proof that Charles 'feared their inconstancy,'<sup>71</sup> or a breach of privilege: it interrupted the quarrel between the two Houses, and spoilt the fight the Lords hoped to wage. They saw that they now must retract the haughty tone they had assumed towards the Lower House: that as Charles himself had declared Strafford to be a criminal, certainly deserving civil death, they were

driven from the technical legal question of high treason, into the moral bearing of his offences. And if compelled so far to accept the decision of the Commons, what course was open but to pass the Attainder Bill?

The effect of that speech does not end here: the Lords and Commons and all classes in society were deeply moved by this perplexing feature in the King's conduct: it exhibited those terrors of a stricken conscience which make 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.' The whole tenor of his speech to the House of Lords implied that there was extreme danger, even in saving alive, though stripped of honour and estate, the man whom the Peers were prepared to set free; and in the assumed character of intercessor with judges resolved on their victim's death, he begs them 'to find out a way to satisfy justice, and their own fears.' And the same strain of argument runs through the letter to Strafford; Charles ascribes his inability to employ him hereafter, to the 'strange conjuncture of the times.' Yet neither on the 23rd of April or on the 1st of May, had any special crisis, either in Strafford's fate, or in public affairs, taken place: the times were stormy; but no storm had broken forth: without thought of 'fears,' it seemed 'very likely,' even then, that he 'might have passed free by the voices'<sup>72</sup> of the Upper House.

No wonder that the King's use of such unaccountable words made all men suspect that something even more alarming was behind. For weeks vague rumours of designs against the State had floated through London;<sup>73</sup> and now, warned from the throne itself, it became known that there was a plot. And

<sup>69</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

<sup>71</sup> *Ibid.*, 79.

<sup>72</sup> Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, March 3, and April 2, 1641, 114, 117.

<sup>70</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96, 108.

<sup>73</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

so there was: Charles had sanctioned and promoted, from the beginning of April, the project of bringing the royal army from Yorkshire to London, to overawe both City and Parliament; and it was evidently for that purpose that he placed it under the charge of Strafford's enemy, the Earl of Holland. The King also knew that the project had been betrayed.<sup>74</sup> When he wrote that letter to Strafford, on the 23rd of April, Parliament had acted on that information; on the 19th of April, the Commons made an order, staying the officers who were Members of the House, from obeying the command of their General, the Earl of Holland, 'to go down to their charges in the army very suddenly;'<sup>75</sup> one of the leaders in the conspiracy being by name connected with that order. And forty-eight hours after the King's speech in the House of Lords, the Army Plot was fully revealed to Parliament. Then it became clear what 'fears' might justly arise if Strafford was not sent out of this world, and what was the source of that undercurrent of alarm which drove Charles to use that word.

The disclosure of the Army Plot was fatal to Strafford; yet the immediate cause of his death was the King's visit to Parliament on the 1st of May. For, to quote a very good authority, that speech 'put the Lords to such a stand, who were before inclinable enough to that unfortunate gentleman (Strafford), that a multitude of rabble'<sup>76</sup> beset the doors of Parliament, demanding his execution. They apparently were not acquainted with

the language the King had used from the throne, and that he had made an appeal for his servant's life. On the contrary, they supposed, not that he deemed the Lords to be too ready to condemn Strafford, but not ready enough; and they thought that they must imitate the King, and show themselves before the Upper House to prevent their acquittal of the criminal. And so, 'inflamed by the King's speech,'<sup>77</sup> early in the morning of Monday, 3rd of May, before any revelation of the Army Plot had been made, a crowd of citizens filled Palace Yard, and saluted the Peers as they arrived there with cries demanding Strafford's execution.

Historians give a most exaggerated account of this event, and ascribe the consent of the Lords to the Attainder Bill to panic terror, and the dictation of a mob. This was not the case. The crowd was not composed of rabble, but of wealthy merchants: their threats were only, 'that to-morrow they will send their servants, if the Lords did not expedite justice speedily.'<sup>78</sup> This they did not do. The rumour that an escape of the prisoner from the Tower was imminent, brought next day another, but a smaller gathering to Palace Yard, which soon dispersed;<sup>79</sup> the demonstration of Monday was not repeated. And the Attainder Bill certainly did not pass under the immediate threat of mob violence; not touched by the Lords on that Monday, though undiscussed since the 27th of April, its third reading only took place on the 8th of May, after seven stages of debate.

And a contemporary authority

<sup>74</sup> Narrative by Queen Henrietta Maria, Mdme. de Motteville's *Anne of Austria*, Vol. i. 207.

<sup>75</sup> *Com. Journ.* ii. 123.

<sup>76</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 84.

<sup>77</sup> Uvedale to Bradley, May 3, 1641. Rolls Office.

<sup>78</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 89.

<sup>79</sup> Heylin's *Life of Laud*, 449.

confirms our assertion. At the very moment of the event, the demonstration of the 3rd of May, was not regarded as a spontaneous expression of public feeling, but as an organised affair, arranged by the same agency which had urged the King to make his address to Parliament. Both events are ascribed to the working of Strafford's 'seeming friends,' but 'real enemies,' who 'put the King upon this way, hoping thereby that the Lords should find occasion to pretend necessity of doing that which, perhaps, in regard of common equity, or the King's displeasure, they could not durst have done.' And apparently that pretended necessity was furnished by the crowd in Palace Yard; for we are told by the same authority, that on the final stage of the Bill, 'the greatest part of Strafford's friends absented themselves, upon pretence (whether true or supposititious) that they feared the multitude.'<sup>80</sup> It was not, however, to the third reading of the bill, that Strafford attributed his death, but because, to use his own words, by that 'declaration' of the King's, 'on Saturday,' 'the minds of men were more incensed against him,' and because Charles had not 'intirely left him to the judgment of their lordships.'<sup>81</sup>

The motives that prompted that untoward act, we do not attempt to fathom: but that ideal being, the historic Charles I., must part with an invented justification of his conduct. It has been assumed that the Army Plot was designed for Strafford's release from prison, and

that his friend, Lord Say, misled the King into making that 'declaration.'<sup>82</sup> But supposing that Charles could be ignorant of the intentions of the Upper House, and blind to the effect of his interference, he must have known the dispositions of his advisers, that Savile had 'particular malice to Strafford, which he had sucked in with his milk,'<sup>83</sup> and that the Earl of Bristol was foremost in that group of Peers, who by giving security for the loan of 200,000*l.*, had given security against Strafford's acquittal, and that he had been throughout the 'Mercury' of the Scottish Commissioners.<sup>84</sup>

But there is no doubt whatever about the Army Plot: the King set that on foot, with the full knowledge of the risk it caused his prisoner, and that it was a design of his enemies to profit by his ruin. Nor was Charles tempted by the proffer of a hopeful project fully matured without his consent; he caught at the hasty tender of an obviously desperate attempt. One, wiser than he, gave him ample warning: it was the Queen. At first 'overjoyed' with him at the prospect thus opened out, reflection told her that jealousy among the conspirators would provoke disclosure of the plot: and as, 'if the secret was once blown,' Strafford would be destroyed, she decided 'not to do it'; but the King resisted the Queen's playful reiteration of 'No, no no,—it shall not be,' and her more serious persuasions; he initiated the plot, and at once it was revealed to Pym and his associates.<sup>85</sup> Nor

<sup>80</sup> *Narrative*, 1647, 82, 89.

<sup>81</sup> Strafford's Letter to Charles I. May 4, 1641.

<sup>82</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 108. It seems, from a passage in Father Philips' Letter, that at the time of the event, Lord Say was supposed, though wrongly, to have given that advice.

<sup>83</sup> Clarendon, ed. 1839, 396.

<sup>84</sup> Strafford's own expression. *Ratcliffe Corr.* 216.

<sup>85</sup> *Narrative* by Queen Henrietta Maria. Vol. i., 202. Goring's depositions, *Archives, House of Lords.*

could he have supposed that Strafford's welfare formed any portion of that design: the object of the conspirators, Wilmot and Goring, was to obtain the post Strafford filled of Lieutenant-General of the English Army: nor could they be his 'good willers,' as they were among the 'merry lads,' who depended on the Earl of Holland.<sup>86</sup>

And one final blow must be given to that false image of Charles I that historians have set up. It is represented that when 'wrestled breathless' into giving his consent, the King signed the Commission to pass the Attainder Bill, 'comforted even with that assurance, that his hand was not in' the document itself. If so, it is strange, that not using a common form appropriate to the occasion, the Lord Privy Seal, acting under the authority of that Commission, should have declared to both Houses of Parliament, 'that his Majesty had an intent to have come himself this day, and given his Royal Assent to these two Bills,' of which one was Strafford's Attainder.<sup>87</sup>

Speculation whether or no King Charles deliberately intended by his speech of the 1st of May to sacrifice his minister in order to avert the consequences of the disclosure of the Army Plot, is not within our province. Clarendon admits that those events alike were fatal to Strafford: our argument is fulfilled by an explanation of the true meaning of the royal interference with Parliament, by showing that the Earl's enemies were leading spirits in those transactions, and that the King could not have supposed that Strafford's benefit was designed, either by the speech

or by the plot. So completely, indeed, did that conspiracy play into the hands of the 'inflexible party,' and justify their unpopular policy, that Sir P. Warwick suggests that the 'leading men in Parliament' were the secret authors of the scheme.<sup>88</sup> And without laying too much stress on a surmise, it is to the information that must have influenced the Commons to make that order, staying the officers from obeying their general's commands to repair immediately to the army, that we attribute the defection of Strafford's friends on the third reading of the Attainder Bill: that proceeding, at least, took place two days after the order was voted, and it is evident that up to that time the popular party had, during a protracted contest, shrunk from testing their numbers by the criterion of a division.

Yet, though a positive judgment on the motives that guided the King in his conduct towards Strafford is not to our taste, and though we have refrained from reference to those repeated actions—such as the refusal to disband that very Irish army that had threatened, and still threatened, England—by which Charles indirectly, yet most effectively, prejudiced Strafford's cause. Still, if it be the case that through all the many days which held his fate in suspense the utmost disregard of his safety was exhibited by the King, who certainly hated Parliament more than he loved the servant in jeopardy for his sake, it is well that this should be known. For it is but just that 'the vile person be no more called liberal,' and that King Charles be no longer credited with efforts that he did not make, and with tenderness

<sup>86</sup> *Warwick's Memoirs*, 147.

<sup>87</sup> May 10, 1641. *Journal House of Lords*, vi., 243. These words were not used on the previous Commission, July 11, 1625, or on the next, January 15, 1642.

<sup>88</sup> *Warwick Memoirs*, 179.

he did not show towards his poor prisoner in the Tower. It is there that the 'bountiful man,' the truly royal man, was to be found, and not at Whitehall. Our story of Strafford's death enhances the majestic compassion he extended to his master: with the language of a humble suppliant he

besought that the Attainder Bill might be passed, that 'a blessed agreement' might be established in the realm; and then, 'as a king gives unto the king,' Strafford gave to Charles 'the life of this world, with all the cheerfulness imaginable.'<sup>89</sup>

REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

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<sup>89</sup> Strafford's Letter to Charles I., May 4, 1641.



## SHOULD GOVERNMENT TO BUY THE RAILWAYS?

THE system on which the railways of England have been constructed and worked has been frequently the subject of discussion, and of late this discussion has assumed more practical importance. It has been argued by some persons, and assumed by many others, that the possession of the carrying trade of the country by private corporations does not afford, or will not continue to afford, all the advantages which the public require, and that these would be better secured by the transfer of the whole system into the hands of the Government. The recent course of railway legislation and the policy of the companies themselves has encouraged this discussion. The tendency of this policy has been by amalgamation gradually to absorb the smaller lines into a few great systems; even companies of considerable magnitude find it to their interest to unite in that way, and it is difficult to say to what extent this policy may be carried. Last year the question of amalgamation was submitted to a Joint Committee of the two Houses, and very thoroughly investigated. It was urged that the progress of these amalgamations would hand large districts over to the uncontrolled monopoly of single companies; that the protection to public interests which was given by competition would cease to exist, and that it was necessary for the protection of the public to give to Government a further control than it at present possesses over the working of the railways. This Committee in a careful report, while admitting the advantages of amalgamation in certain cases, did not suggest any practical means of controlling the companies without unduly interfering in their management, although they suggested the appointment of a Commission for

regulating traffic with powers so indefinite that it can hardly be called a practical proposal.

It has, however, been urged, as a means of avoiding the conflict which is supposed to exist between the interest of the companies and of the public, that the railways should be purchased and worked by the State. Though the Committee expressly declined to enter into this question, they printed, along with other evidence, a report by Captain Tyler, dwelling strongly on the defects of the present system, and suggesting this solution of the difficulty. The same idea was urged in several speeches and pamphlets during last year, and it will be brought before the public by the action of the Government in the case of the Irish railways. The Government intimated the intention of considering the purchase of the Irish lines, and though some more recent correspondence seems to indicate that that intention was announced rather hastily, and that a study of the details of the measure shows it to be much more difficult in practice than it appeared at first, it is probable that the matter will be brought before Parliament, and give rise to grave discussion.

If the Government is to work the Irish lines, it will be very difficult to adjust its relations as a carrier in Ireland with the English lines which have an interest in that country; and if it is economically judicious to buy railways in Ireland, some of which are said to be unremunerative—although much exaggeration prevails on this subject—it would appear sound policy to buy the lines in Great Britain, which are in general more important and more elastic; and that question cannot fail to be brought into the discussion. Captain Tyler, whose



report is meant rather as suggestive of further discussion than as an exhaustive argument, brings certain charges against the companies of neglect of the public interest for their private advantage, and contrasts their management with that of a public department, which would not only be thoroughly master of the details of working, but, having no other interest than the public good, would avoid all the mistakes and all the injustice with which the companies are credited. But this description of a public department is somewhat too ideal.

In discussing this question we have to consider not what public servants might theoretically do, but how they do in fact, with the best intentions, manage the departments with which they have to deal; and whether they show in practice that readiness to advance with the requirements of the age, that elasticity in meeting the wants of the public, and that economy of management with which they are sometimes credited, and which the interests of the companies does to some extent secure.

But before entering into the details of the question it would be well to consider the great importance of the change which is thus suggested, and its bearing on the constitution and habits of this country.

The change involves the substitution of direct Government management for private enterprise, and of a complete monopoly for at least qualified competition in the greatest commercial undertakings in this country; and from its adoption there would follow, among other consequences, an addition to the National Debt of a sum about equal to its present amount, with a revenue to meet it depending on the profits of a commercial adventure; the interference of Government, through its agents, with all the details of transport, and consequently with the

great mass of commercial affairs; and the transfer into Government employment of a very large number of skilled artisans and labourers distributed through all parts of the country.

It has not hitherto been the habit of the Government of England to undertake such responsibilities, or to interfere in such matters. With the exception of the Post Office, which will be discussed further on, the functions of the Executive have been principally confined to providing for the representation and defence of the nation abroad, and to the collection of revenue and police duties at home.

It has manufactured the ships and materials required for its own use, though even in these it has relied largely on private enterprise, and has never of late years established a monopoly in its favour in such products; but it has not to any large extent assumed the initiative in stimulating or regulating commerce, or developing the resources of the nation—a task which has been left to individuals, with the result of producing the greatest extension of commercial enterprise and the largest accumulation of national wealth which the world has ever seen. The revenue has been raised by a system of taxation intended, according to the ideas of the time, to press as lightly as possible on the industry of the country, but drawn from sources which are so well known that provision can almost certainly be made at the end of one year for the requirements of the next. It has never entered into speculations which, however promising, would be subject to fluctuations, and might be most deficient at the very time at which there was the greatest pressure on the resources of the nation; and it has thus avoided excessive changes in the amount of regular taxation, except for national objects. This policy has secured

for the British funds a position of strength and a comparative absence of violent fluctuations, which is without example in any other security of large amount.

In its relations with the people, the English Government, unlike the Governments of the Continent, has always avoided as much as possible any direct interference, except for purposes of revenue. The Executive can exercise no perceptible pressure on the population outside of the Government officials, who are few in number; and there is no doubt that the absence of Government interference is an important element in maintaining the freedom with which the institutions of this country are worked, while its presence is one of the main reasons for the comparative failure of such institutions on the Continent. But this state of things would be materially changed by the adoption of the proposal which we are now considering. Under that proposal not only would Government be able to exercise considerable pressure on particular localities, by the power it would possess of restricting or extending railway accommodation, but it would have, in every part of the country, officers placed in a position to influence most of the inhabitants. Although these powers might not produce here the results which flow from them in countries which are more accustomed to the interference of the Executive, they could not fail to introduce a new and important element into English political life.

There is another matter of growing importance in which the position of the Government would be materially altered by the adoption of this scheme. It has now in its employment, besides its soldiers and sailors, who are under an exceptional legislation and separated from the civilian labourers, a considerable number of clerks drawn

from the class amongst whom, beyond all others, the supply of labour is greater than the demand, and of artisans in the Government factories and dockyards, who are hardly numerous enough to exercise much pressure on their employers. But if the Government is to take into its service all the men employed by the railway companies, to the number of above 20,000 skilled artisans and 200,000 labourers of all classes, many of them living in the great towns and mostly affiliated to the unions of their respective trades, most formidable difficulties might arise in questions in which the rights of labour are concerned. The railway companies have difficulty enough in dealing with them, though they are to some extent divided, and though the question with the companies is not complicated by political and other considerations; but if they were under one system and supported by all the political influence they could undoubtedly bring to bear, they might cause serious difficulties to the Government Railway Administration, so as to make it practically impossible to carry on the work except at a great sacrifice.

There are many other consequences which might be discussed as following from so momentous a change; but those which have been stated are important enough to make it desirable to examine the question generally.

It is necessary for this purpose to consider shortly the history and present position of railway enterprise in this country, and some of the points which have been raised in reference to the subject.

In the early days of the railway system it was frequently proposed to regulate its development, and place it under the control of the Executive, so as to ensure a regular plan of railway communication controlled by the Government

and secured against competition. These plans would have produced a more or less perfect system at a cost very much below what has been incurred since; but, whatever they might have done, they were never followed long enough to influence seriously the course of railway legislation, and, in fact, a system of almost unlimited freedom was adopted. Nearly every line was sanctioned which could show any support or any prospect of being completed; and if, from time to time, a scheme was rejected for one year, on the ground of competition with some existing line, it was almost sure to be sanctioned in the long run. This plan entailed very great and unprofitable expense in the promotion and defence of rival schemes, which were brought forward in every direction; but it resulted in a system of railways very extensive and complete; too complete for the requirements of the country at the time they were made, but which is now not more than sufficient for the wonderful increase of traffic which it has itself in a great measure created. At first the railway system was associated with a great deal of reckless speculation, and great losses were experienced by persons who went rashly into these schemes, but for some years past this speculation has turned into other channels, and the railway extensions which are now carried on are mostly promoted by existing companies, who make branches in themselves not remunerative, but which give a return to them by the traffic thrown on the main lines; or contractors' lines, devised and carried out by professional gentlemen, in the hope that some neighbouring company may buy them to keep out its neighbours. Certain lines, particularly in Scotland, have been carried out by landowners for the benefit of their estates; but this can hardly be done except where there are pro-

prietors of great wealth and public spirit, and must be very exceptional. In general any railway extension now carried on is the result of competition between existing companies. Although the present system of railways is far in excess of what the most sanguine person would have considered necessary in the early times of railway construction, when it was proposed to regulate its course, and though it is still extending itself in many places which were at first neglected, it does not seem to outstep the development of traffic, and it appears that, notwithstanding the great increase of mileage since 1858 by the construction of what were considered at the time unproductive branches, the average return on the capital invested in railways is larger now than it was then. On the other hand, these extensions have given to the railway system in general a firm grasp of the traffic of the country; and as that traffic increases in a much greater proportion than the capital expenditure of the companies now does, and as it is hardly possible for any new trunk line to interfere with those which exist, their property stands on a firm basis, and they have an almost sure prospect of steady increase.

It may be interesting to compare these results with those arising from a system of Government concession in France—the only European country which, both by extent of surface and of industrial activity, can bear any comparison with England. There certain main lines were laid down partly constructed by the Government, and then conceded for a term of years to private companies to finish and work. These concessions were supposed to be of great value, and the shares in the companies generally rose to a high premium, while large dividends were paid. But it soon became apparent that the original scheme of railways was quite insufficient for the country; the companies

objected to new schemes which might be competitive, and the Government, having granted them a monopoly, was forced to support them, and a scheme of branch lines was imposed on the companies in return for further Government concessions, although their dividends were far in excess of the price at which money could be raised by independent undertakings. The Government was obliged to guarantee the bonds issued by the companies for the construction of their branch lines, and an annual subsidy of nearly 1,000,000*l.* was at one time paid to the railways to meet these bonds, although their own shares were at a large premium. In addition the temptation of raising money by extending the time of the concession was too strong for some Finance Ministers in difficulties. In the end the French nation has for many years been paying in the shape of a dividend for a service which is utterly insufficient a sum which would have provided a much more complete service of railways; and although the property reverts to the State, it only does so at a date far too remote to interest the present or even the next generation. The loss incurred from an insufficient railway service, and the consequent cramping of trade during so many years, is far in excess of any prospective gain from the reversion of the railway property.

The question before the public does not, however, concern the actual construction of railways, which in this country at least are mainly completed, so much as the working of the existing system for the future; and it turns mainly on a question which is distinctly raised, though not exhausted, in Captain Tyler's report—whether the management of these vast undertakings by separate boards of directors, bound by the strongest motives to act for the benefit of their shareholders,

is more advantageous to the nation than the control of a Government department having the whole railway system under its charge, and acting solely for the public good.

The question so put gives a certain advantage to the opponents of the present management. In so vast a system, which has constantly to meet new demands and to devise new means, there must frequently be defects and mistakes, and these are easily seen and criticised, while enthusiastic persons may suppose that an untried Government department would not be liable to such shortcomings. Those who know how Government affairs are managed in those departments which have anything to administer will probably be differently impressed. Besides, the objects of the two systems of management would be substantially the same. It is the clear interest of the companies to get all the traffic they can by meeting the requirements of the public, and that is what any department acting for the public interest would have to aim at. It might be carried out by one system more successfully than by the other, but there is no public interest different from that which the companies have to consult.

In its general results the English railway system has nothing to fear from comparison with any system on the Continent. The passenger trains are more numerous and faster than those on any foreign railway, where, if there be on any line trains approaching the English expresses in speed, they are so few in number as to give little accommodation to the travelling public. The practice of filling the carriages as far as possible prevails almost universally on the Continent, and is extremely disagreeable in long journeys. There are constant changes of carriage at the junctions of branch lines, and great loss of time both in arriving at and leaving the stations from the

practice of registering luggage and shutting passengers up in waiting-rooms; and even where the fares are lower for single journeys, the less liberal use of return and excursion tickets, and the habit of charging rigorously for baggage, greatly neutralise this advantage. Besides, the express trains on the Continent, by which alone long journeys can be accomplished in a reasonable time, are almost entirely confined to first-class passengers, whereas here they universally carry second, and, with a few exceptions, third-class traffic. The service of the goods trains is still worse in comparison, and the delays on the best foreign lines in the delivery of goods are a serious drawback to commerce.

On the main lines, although no sleeping carriages have been provided, as though many models have been tried, none has ever been made which would give the comparative privacy required by English travellers and be available for night and day services, the night trains are seldom so crowded that the travellers cannot lie down in comfort, and through carriages are provided for almost all the principal points to which the train runs. Again, in the goods service traders' goods are forwarded between all the principal towns in England on the day on which they are received. The speed and regularity of this service is of incalculable advantage to trade; but this involves the constant running of half-empty carriages and half-loaded trucks, and entails great expense. It is not done at all on the Continent and would not be done here if the railways had no competition to fear.

In convenience to the travelling public and in service to the trade of the country, there is no system which has produced so favourable results as the English system, whatever it may have done for its shareholders; and this result has been produced

mainly, if not entirely, by the stimulus which competition has given to each line to do all it can to attract the patronage of the public. Improvements in the construction of rolling stock, both as to speed and comfort, are constantly tried, and adopted if they prove successful; and the best mechanical talent is engaged in the service of the companies, in order that each may be able to keep abreast of its rivals in these matters. The expense involved in these changes and improvements is very large, and would hardly be incurred except under the stimulus of this motive.

There is a very prevalent notion on the subject of competition which it may be as well to meet. It is very commonly assumed that competition only acts directly, as when two lines are made to the same town; and it is said with much truth that in such cases the rival companies soon come to an understanding, and by a division of the traffic at that place the competition ceases, and that in consequence as railway systems increase and understand each other, competition no longer operates as an incentive to the companies or as a protection to the public. This, indeed, is one of the principal arguments employed against the present system of railway management, which, it is urged, has ceased to give the public the advantage of competition, while it does not act in the interest of the public, as a Government department would do. But this is a very imperfect view of the effect of competition. It is true that when rival companies serve a particular place they generally agree as to their rates there, perhaps after a short contest in which, by an excessive reduction of rates, they give an unnatural stimulus to trade; but they never cease to compete in the accommodation they give to the trade of the place. Whatever may be their agreements, each does its best by better accommoda-

tion to secure for itself the largest portion of the trade, and as long as independent companies exist the public get the advantage of this rivalry.

But there is a competition in a wider sense, which acts over the whole of the railway system, and really governs the greater part of their arrangements; it is the completion not of different railways in one particular place, but of different railways which convey from different places a similar class of merchandise. There are several railway systems which have each the monopoly of a particular district, but they have not the absolute control of the trade carried on in that district, and in order to keep that trade they must regulate their rates and accommodation so as to allow the district they serve to compete with others in which the same industry exists, but which are served by other companies. It is this principle of indirect competition which, more than anything else, checks the abuse of the monopoly which may be enjoyed by particular companies, and forces each of them to work not only for its own advantage, but for the promotion generally of the trade of the country. As this is a principle of the very greatest importance, it may be as well to give some instances of its operation.

The North-Eastern Railway, one of the most powerful and richest of our railway corporations, has a monopoly of the traffic of the great mineral districts of Northumberland, Durham, and the north of Yorkshire, but it must regulate the rates it can charge for the conveyance of these minerals to the principal markets according to the rates ruling in Derbyshire or in Wales, or in any other part of the country in which mineral traffic exists, and which are out of its system. In another very different district, and on a smaller scale, but as an illustration of the same principle, the Highland Rail-

way has an absolute monopoly of the large country through which it passes. No direct competition can interfere with the rates it may charge for the principal articles of produce; but, for example, it must nevertheless convey fish from Sunderland at rates which will enable it to be sold in London in competition with fish brought from the south coast or from Yarmouth; and the north country cattle, which figure so advantageously at agricultural shows, must be brought to London at a cost not materially exceeding that charged for the conveyance of beasts from the home counties. In fact, every section of the railway system, however absolute apparently in its own district, must govern its rate and its accommodation with reference to what is done in other parts of the country by other companies. There is a necessity for each company to do what it can to develop the traffic in its own district, and at the same time there is a natural rivalry between them; and where any traffic exists it is not likely to be neglected, unless it would entail an absolute loss. This is a most powerful restriction on what is called the monopoly of the large companies, and a stimulus to the encouragement of trade; but were the whole railway system merged into one, it would in a great measure cease to exist. It would not be worth the while of an administration possessing all the lines to carry traffic for long distances at a very reduced rate in competition with that for which it would get a better rate. The rates which can be charged on traffic are a subject of great complexity. They cannot be reduced to any general system, depending as they do on the condition of trade in each locality—the value of the material—the quantity available, and a number of other circumstances. For instance, a simple mileage system would destroy a great

part of the trade of the country, by confining the centres of consumption to certain particular sources of supply, to the exclusion of those which are more distant; and it is not in itself a fair basis of calculation, as the expense of carrying goods over long distances is proportionally much less than over short ones. The result of the present system has been to open to every centre of consumption, all available sources of supply, and to destroy as far as possible the monopoly which was formerly possessed by particular places in any one article.

This has more, perhaps, than anything else given a stimulus to the trade of the country by developing the resources even of the most remote districts.

For the purpose of administering this branch of their business, the companies employ a large number of officers carefully selected and well paid, who are required to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the wants of their respective districts, and who exercise necessarily a large discretion. The constitution of the boards of the directors is also of great service in this respect. The boards consist generally of gentlemen who have large interests in the localities served by the line, and who, whatever share they may take in the management of the railway, are pretty sure to hear any complaints, and to know what is required to meet the necessities of those places. Their intimate experience and strong individual interest are a better safeguard against any injustice being done by the companies than any abstract desire for the public good which might be supposed to be felt by officers of the Government.

It is not to be expected that these arrangements should satisfy everybody. There is probably no place in the country in which the traders

would not wish to be placed in a better position than they are as regards their rivals in other places, but in general the strong interests of the railway companies to obtain all the business they can, and the intimate local knowledge possessed by the managers and directors, seem to give as good a security as can be obtained that the general interests of the trade of the country are not neglected under the present system.

One charge, however, is brought against railway management and repeated so constantly that it may have some impression on the public mind; it is that the companies, in their desire to earn dividends, neglect to take all the precautions which might be taken for the public safety. This is a very serious charge. The directors of railway companies are at least equal to average English gentlemen, and they are served by managers of acknowledged ability, and who occupy a considerable position, and it is insinuated that these men deliberately expose their passengers to horrible suffering and death to save money, which is after all not their own, but their shareholders'; and they are supposed to do this although it is well known that the cost of accidents in compensation and destruction of property is greater than any expense which they might lay out in means of precaution. Merely to state this charge is to answer it, and no one who is conversant with the working of railway boards would entertain it for an instant. But it is not difficult to see how such an impression may have arisen.

The working of a large railway system is extremely complicated; it involves the maintenance of a great deal of delicate machinery, constructed often of very treacherous materials, and the employment of large numbers of men, often far removed from any central

control, the neglect of any one of whom may produce a catastrophe. To maintain a service as rapid and constant as that of the great lines does undoubtedly tax to the utmost the power of their machinery and the attention of the men employed; and it is often a subject of wonder to those who understand the matter best that there are so few failures among the thousands of trains which run daily. But the public does not know these things, and its attention is only roused by the account of those terrible disasters which do unfortunately sometimes occur.

The officers of the Board of Trade, who probably understand the matter better than anyone who is not engaged in railway management, have also their attention directed almost exclusively to the instances of failure—not to those of successful working. They look after the one sheep which is lost, not the ninety-nine which remain safe; and their reports, written as they often are in a somewhat dogmatic style, deal with the occasional failures—not with the general success of railway management.

Whenever a serious accident rouses public attention, companies are deluged with suggestions as to how it might have been averted, and are accused of indifference or worse because they do not at once adopt some plan which would probably interfere with the necessities of traffic and create much greater danger than it is supposed to avert. It is constantly alleged by the Board of Trade Inspectors amongst others that certain methods of working, such as the Block system, would prevent accidents, and whenever any calamity occurs the companies are reproached for not having adopted that system. No doubt it would prevent accidents if the men employed carried it out exactly; so would any other rational system;

but the companies have to work by human agency, which is fallible, whatever system it may have to work; and very often they are condemned for blunders which are not those of their system but of their instruments. In an administration involving such complicated arrangements it is impossible to adopt any suggestion which might perhaps provide for one particular danger without carefully trying how it may affect other parts of the working. Nothing is easier than to criticise in such things—to assume that a given improvement should be adopted, particularly if the critic leaves out of sight any possibility of mistake in those who have to carry out the improved plan—but it is extremely unjust to those who administer the present system, and who have to consider the question not on one side, but on several, and to see how those new proposals would work in the complexity of their operations and under the control of agents no more infallible than those they already employ.

It is also said that they are slow in adopting novelties, and even if adopted it takes a long time to introduce them generally on an extensive system. There are about 800 patents for brakes alone, each of which, according to its inventor, would stop a train in an incredibly short time and without a check. Vast numbers have been tried, but not one has proved quite satisfactory in practice, or without some countervailing drawback. If, however, the companies have sometimes been unduly slow in the adoption of improvements, and in providing for the safety of those entrusted to them, is there any security that under Government management things would be better done?

The only Government department which could compare with the railway system in the extent of its operation, and the degree in



which it is dependent on mechanical appliances, is the Admiralty. Now, is the Admiralty free from reproach in these matters?

They went on building sailing ships long after the French had adopted screws, and then converted them at immense expense. They built wooden liners long after the French had taken to ironclads, which they afterwards adopted to the exclusion of everything else. They only took to turret ships after the Americans had employed them extensively; and then, through the jealousies and disorganisation of the Office, they brought about a catastrophe compared to which the worst railway accident has been trifling; so that it can hardly be said that Government departments are always ready to carry out the newest improvements. But on more general grounds there is a very great difficulty in the working of Government administration in this country, which seems to be the necessary result of its constitution, and which would be more felt in railway administration than in any other. The head of a department of such enormous magnitude, and so closely touching the great interests of the country, must necessarily be a Cabinet Minister directly responsible to Parliament, and it is impossible, with the frequent changes in our Government, that such a minister could have any real knowledge of the business he presides over. To be an efficient chairman of one of our large railway companies requires the training of years, with a close attention to its concerns, and it is useless to expect this from a minister. The real management would then naturally fall to the permanent staff, and all those delicate questions of revision of rates and facilities for traffic, on which the trade of this country really depends, would be left to the decision of gentlemen without individual

interest in the subject and without any real responsibility. Not that the department would be exempt from criticism, far from it. All the pressure of political interest and public outcry would be brought to bear on the head of the department whenever any locality thought itself aggrieved or any trade wished an advantage, and he might be too ready to yield to such pressure; but the shortcomings of his office, if they existed, would be covered by the exigencies of politics and the responsibility for accident, or maladministration on a railway line would become as much a matter of party debate as the seaworthiness of the *Megara* or the stability of the *Captain*.

This seems to be a grave difficulty in the administration of any complicated concern by a Government so constituted. The chief has seldom time or experience to be really master of his office, and, even if he has, his administration stands or falls not on its own merits, but according to the Parliamentary position of his party. His immediate subordinates have no direct responsibility, either to Parliament or to public opinion; so that the office is apt to drift into a formal discharge of its duties, and what is called a system of red tape, which would be quite unfitted to deal adequately with the constant exigencies of railway service, as it is understood in England. This service must be carried out with more latitude of discretion on the part of the subordinate officers, more practical familiarity with commercial interests and local affairs, and more independence of extraneous considerations than is usually to be found in Government officers.

The control exercised by the Treasury on every expenditure of public money would alone prevent a proper management of such matters; if every small outlay required in some remote district is to be

referred to London, and directed not by those who control the machinery, but by gentlemen who know nothing of the requirements and of the circumstances under which it has arisen, the delay thus caused would effectually prevent the administration from dealing efficiently with such questions as arise daily in railway management.

The one example of Government administration which is quoted as a precedent for the purchase of the railways is the Post Office. Now, the Post Office is a peculiar institution. Begun as a monopoly, for the purpose, principally, of carrying Government despatches, it has developed, in a long series of years, into its present shape; whether it would have done better had it been thrown open to competition was never tried, and any attempts by independent persons to carry letters were promptly suppressed. The result has been a well-organised service in its own department, although it is not exempt from criticism, and in remote districts and cross lines it is both parsimonious and defective. The telegraph system was a very natural adjunct to it. The existing officers and letter carriers gave an obvious advantage to the Post Office in the distribution of telegrams over any other institution, and, after great confusion at first, it has got this system into working order. The rates charged in London are higher than under the old companies, and they are the same to some of the principal towns. The great advantage secured by the purchase of the telegraphs has been the facility for sending messages to remote places, and as the claims arising under the act are still to some extent unsettled, it is difficult to say whether the Government has been a gainer by the transaction.

But what makes this case entirely different from that of the railways is that the Post Office administers very little on its own account. It

employs the post-masters and distributes letters in the large towns. This service is almost entirely office work; it deals only with one business—the transmission of letters and small parcels—but beyond that it does nothing for itself. The whole service of the mails by sea and land is done by independent contractors, and the accelerations and increase of facilities which have taken place of late years are due not to the Post Office, but almost entirely to the railway companies. The Post Office deserves the credit of taking advantage of the facilities given by the increase of the railway system, but all the arrangements on which these facilities depend—the working of the trains and the conveyance and dropping of the bags—are done by the companies. Such an administration has no analogy with the extent and intricacy of railway management. At one time the Government did carry the letters on its own account, when the service of mail packets was performed by the Admiralty; but this was found so wasteful that the system was given up, and the mails are conveyed by sea as well as by land through the agency of private enterprise. It is not probable that the Government would be more successful in running mail trains for itself than it was with the mail packets.

Should it, however, be considered desirable, as a matter of administration, to make this change, it may be worth considering on what conditions the transfer could be effected. It is not necessary to go into detailed figures on the subject, as the basis of decision is conjectural. The matter would probably be settled in individual cases by arbitration. But it might be worth enquiring on what basis an arbitration might be made.

The capital of railways consists of debentures and preference shares, which amount in the aggre-

gate to £322,000,000, and which have a fixed dividend, and of ordinary shares amounting to about £280,000,000, the dividend on which is fluctuating. Of the first class the largest proportion is perfectly secured, and the Government would be expected to give the holders securities amounting in annual value to what they receive now. No doubt the capitalised value of such securities would be greater than what the shareholders now possess, but it would be impossible to diminish their income, and that advantage would be a fair premium on a compulsory sale. There would of course be an exception in the case of terminable debentures, which would be renewed as they fall due by Government at the current price of the funds, but these form a small proportion of the whole. The ordinary stock is much more difficult to deal with, depending as it does on the circumstances of each company; but in general the shareholder would be entitled not only to the present value of his stock, or rather to the revenue he now receives, but to an allowance for future profits, which in most cases would be very large. During the last few years the increase of value of railway stocks, including the dividends received, has been very great. Money placed in North-Western shares five years ago would have earned since above 13 per cent. per annum. The Great Western would have given a still larger return, and the great majority of the companies would show similar results. There is no reason to suppose that this increase will not continue. In fact, the railway system was never in so healthy a state as it is now, and in the event of compulsory purchase this prospective increase would have to be capitalised and added to the stock which might represent the existing dividends. The railway companies have done an immense ser-

vice to this country. They have contributed to the public wealth far more than any other cause of increase. At the same time they gave for many years very small returns. When, as at present, they are entering into what is apparently a period of prosperity, it would be unfair if the Government were to seize them without ample provision not only for their present value, but for that which they may reasonably be expected to acquire. And not only have they a reasonable claim, but they are strong enough to secure it. In a case in which all their shareholders are interested there is no doubt that they would obtain liberal terms.

An arrangement on some such condition would be so advantageous that it is not surprising that many persons interested in the railways should be in favour of the operation, but the creation of such an immense mass of Government securities would seriously affect their saleable value. And as a large portion, representing the interest of many holders of ordinary shares, would certainly not be left in the funds, but drawn out for other more promising speculations, a heavy fall in Government securities must be expected.

Besides, the annuities required to meet the existing dividends, together with the interest of the capitalised sum which might represent their probable increase, would, for the moment, exceed the returns of the railways, and involve a burden on present tax-payers which might possibly be met by a future development of railway traffic, but not for some years, and the revenue would in all times rest on the fluctuating basis of the railway returns. This, however, would not be the only financial difficulty in the operation.

There are several steamboats and canal companies, besides other means of conveyance, which carry on a pro-

fitable trade in competition with some railway companies, and sometimes in alliance with others. The union of all the railway companies in one administration, holding all the accesses from the interior of the country to the sea or to their depôts, would most seriously injure their position, and it would be difficult to resist the claim which they might make for compensation if the State assumes the position of a trader in competition with them.

It is alleged that the combination of the railway system under one hand would produce some economy in management; there would be a saving in Parliamentary and law expenses, in so far as they are caused by competition among the companies, and the number of general managers might be somewhat reduced, as the time of these gentlemen, which is now taken up with contests between themselves, would be available for watching and increasing traffic; but railway officials are generally fully occupied, and no great reduction could be made under that head. There would also be a considerable economy in the interchange of plant and to some extent in taking off competing trains on short lines. The trains on long lines serve so many places besides those at which they compete, that no great reduction could be made in them without detriment to the public. There might also be some economy by reducing the number of locomotive establishments, although a large number would always be required in different parts of the country. There would also be a saving in the remuneration of directors and higher officials, by reducing the latter to the scale of Government officers, and giving them greater perma-

nency in their positions; but no reduction could be made in the mass of servants and artisans, and the total of these economies would be a drop in the great ocean of railway expenditure.

In conclusion, and although these remarks are meant rather to excite discussion than as an absolute statement of opinion on the points mentioned, it may be maintained that the proposed purchase of the railways by the State would introduce a new and hitherto untried element into the politics and finance of this country, which would require, before it is adopted, a far deeper discussion than it has yet received. It appears also that the old English principle of leaving commercial affairs to private enterprise has given to the public a very complete system of railways, and one which has in itself the motive and the means for future development when required—that the management of these concerns is so framed as to give in it a voice to all large interests, and to provide for the accommodation of traffic, wherever it is to be found—and that this is the greatest interest which the public has in railway management.

On the other hand, the constitution of the Executive in this country is not such as to secure the freedom of action and the personal knowledge which are essential for the control of a system so various, and so intimately affecting all the commercial interests of the country; and in addition to these objections the change would entail a considerable present sacrifice on the taxpayers, and introduce a fluctuating element of very great magnitude into the finances of the nation.

B.



## EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FIRST EPISODE BEGINS.

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago there was no merrier company in the world than the little knot of musicians gathered round the well-beloved Ogliostro, court pianist and musical director to the smallest potentate in Germany. He was a planet of the first magnitude, and his satellites were small moons by comparison; yet as the moons were all of a size, and the planet enormous, no one seemed out of his proper place. There was everything to make life pleasant—abundance of music, agreeable women, ease and variety. All were contented with poverty from the sovereign downwards, and as luxuries, so called, were not to be had, superfluous means would only have been an encumbrance. Very likely things have changed by this time, and that bloom of virginal simplicity has been swept from the face of the little capital for ever; but twenty-five years ago the era of innovation had not set in. Then the world lived as it liked without getting into debt. Take our musician for example. His salary was exactly a hundred pounds a year, and when he condescended to receive money from his pupils, he accepted a Prussian thaler for a lesson, and no more. He gave choice little banquets, recollected his friends' birthdays, and never forgot the children's Christmas-trees. He was always purchasing new music and new musical instruments. He smoked cigars from morning till night. And, over and above these current expenses, he found means of helping many a deserving pupil to London or Paris. This is what a generously disposed—nay, a rather extravagant—

person could do upon an income of not much more than a hundred a year in this small German State a quarter of a century ago.

This story opens in the height of the musical season—that is to say, in the spring—when life was pre-eminently gay and busy in the little capital. An event was sure to happen at such times; either a new opera was brought out under the Maestro's auspices—for thus our beloved Ogliostro was called—or some prima donna just alighted like a bird to sing away all hearts, then fly off, or the latest production of the musician himself enticed celebrated critics and connoisseurs to visit us. Each season seemed more attractive than the last, which was most likely to be accounted for in the fact that it was the fashion to be pleased.

The Maestro was now thirty years old. He looked much older, as it behoved him to do, firstly, because the two young Princesses, daughters of the reigning house, were his pupils; and, secondly, because he had a sprinkling of sentimental young Poppenheimers among his ordinary pupils, in whom he found it necessary to inspire reverence as well as affection. So, though a vain man, circumstances obliged him to disfigure himself by wearing his hair long, a coat of eccentric pattern, and spectacles. In spite of these devices he was universally acknowledged to be bewitching. And he was a little wild. Hitherto his escapades had been of a harmless nature, but when a man is bewitching as well as wild, what may or may not be expected of him?

So thought the Grand Duke, who being a man of rigid morality, as well as an ardent lover of art, was at times almost distracted by anxiety

concerning his favourite. He prided himself upon his Court being the seat of the domestic virtues; and having a Duchess as rigid as himself, and a young family of Princes and Princesses growing up, he kept a vigilant eye upon the Bohemia outside the palace doors. Now the ruling spirit of this Bohemia was the Maestro, as the Grand Duke knew well enough, and if he once broke loose from the social bonds that had hitherto restrained him, there was no saying how far Bohemia might encroach upon other territory.

Again, there was a mystery about the man which troubled his royal master; he had sprung from the earth like the ancient Greeks, for all anyone knew to the contrary; he owned that his name had been assumed because of a certain musical sound he found in it, but what he was really called, whence he came, and to what nationality he belonged, he had never said. In spite, therefore, of his personal fascinations and his extraordinary gifts, the Grand Duke felt a little afraid of him.

Having in vain tried various expedients to tame this perplexing creature, he at last hit upon one which he flattered himself was sure to succeed. So one day, when the two young Princesses, Irma the Melancholy and Feodora the Mischievous, as they were familiarly called by the loyal Poppenheimers, had finished their music-lessons—Irma in tears at her master's rendering of a certain piece of Schubert, Feodora falling behind their attendant governess to make her scream by putting a pet kitten on her neck—Ogliostro was summoned to his Sovereign's presence.

'My good Herr Direktor (this was the way in which the Court always addressed him), I have something very important to say to you, and I trust that it will not prove of a painful nature.' As if anything a friendly Grand Duke might say could possibly prove of a disagreeable

nature! The Maestro merely bowed and smiled.

The Prince went on:—

'When a man gets to be your age, my good Herr Direktor, and especially when he attaches himself to a Court like my own, which, without self-exaltation, I may style the throne of purity and the domestic affections, it is his wisest course—indeed, it is his clear duty—to marry.'

The musician had long expected something of this sort, and met the Duke's scrutinising look with the same assenting bow and smile as before.

'Marriage,' pursued the Prince, 'if it can be said to do nothing else, makes a man a respectable member of society. It may make him the happiest of men—or the reverse—but at least it achieves the end of making him respectable. I believe the Herr Direktor cannot deny the truth of this assertion?'

Again a bow and a smile were Ogliostro's only answer.

'And in choosing a wife,' the Duke went on, 'a man's first duty is not to select the youngest or the fairest, or the most charming woman of his acquaintance, but the one who, by virtue of social position, age, and character, most effectually makes him respectable, settles him in life, in fact, and—forgive me for the personal allusion—when he is a genius, corrects those erratic tendencies which are among its most marked, its most pleasing, but, alas! its most dangerous characteristics!'

The musician knew what was coming next, but did not betray his feelings, and the Duke went on briskly—

'Among the ladies who have the honour of the Grand Duchess's acquaintance there is none more distinguished for solidity of mind and those charms of character which are not the less valuable because they do not lie on the surface, than

the Fräulein Kambell-Sonnenschein. Descended on her mother's side from a good Scotch family, possessed of an ample fortune, accustomed to the best society from her infancy, it is an alliance, my good Herr Direktor, which would do any man credit. The lady is certainly some years your senior, but what an advantage to a child of fancy, like yourself, to be allied to a woman of experience and a practical turn of mind! whereas a young and visionary wife would undoubtedly be your ruin.'

This was a sly allusion to a lady whose name will transpire later. The Prince added with a benignant smile: 'In token of my approval of this match, I shall have great satisfaction in bestowing upon you the title of *Von*, also of adding to your salary a hundred Prussian thalers a year, and of presenting to you for your lifetime the little villa which you now do me the honour to inhabit.'

The Grand Duke was always as generous to artists as his moderate income would allow, but in this case he felt that he had even stretched a point, and looked for suitable acknowledgment. The musician's thanks were, however, luke-warm, and given in a thin voice.

'There is no necessity to make a prompt decision,' he added, kindly patting the crest-fallen Ogljostro on the shoulder. 'We will talk over the matter again when next you give the young Princesses their music-lesson.'

Thus the interview ended, and the Maestro at least flattered himself that he had preserved a strict neutrality. But he felt wretched. His sovereign was not indeed a Louis Quatorze who could send him to a Bastille for disobeying his wishes, and if he positively refused to marry this odious woman—for in such a light Ogljostro regarded the lady—there would be an

end of the matter. But to contradict a person of exalted rank is always unpleasant, especially when he has been almost fatherly in his benevolence and protection, as was the case with Ogljostro's Grand Duke. And to be subjected to the same sort of interference again, was equally disagreeable to contemplate.

Two alternatives seemed open to him; either to please the Grand Duke and make himself miserable ever after, by marrying the Fräulein, or to choose a wife according to his own fancy and bear the consequences. But the only wife he wished for was some thousands of miles away just then, and, truth to say, though very much in love, he would have preferred to wait a little longer before becoming, as the Duke expressed it, a respectable member of society.

Two or three days passed in a state of miserable indecision, and when at last the time came round for his appearance at the Palace, he felt farther from making a resolve than before. In despair he shut himself up in his room, and sent a messenger to the Princesses' governess to say that he was ill and could not give their Royal Highnesses their music-lessons as usual. All kinds of cordial enquiries came from the Palace, with presents of flowers, fruit, and dainties from the Ducal table to tempt the invalid's appetite. Such self-imposed seclusion was by no means unpleasant, for the Maestro's days were always too short for his friends and his fancies; and it was as new as it was delicious to him to have the entire twenty-four hours to himself. He composed from morning till night, ate, drank his Rhine-wine and smoked his cigars, and when everyone else had gone to bed stole out for a long moonlight walk in the park. When his so-called indisposition had lasted several days, there appeared in the

little morning paper which chronicled all the events of Poppenheim the following notice:—

‘The Countess Serono, with her servants, arrived at the Burg Hotel last evening from Cracow.’

The Maestro uttered a cry of delighted surprise, played three or four triumphant roudades on the piano, then sat down to his writing table with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

The Countess was a beautiful young Viennese lady, a widow, whose musical gifts and personal fascinations had created quite an excitement at Poppenheim a year ago. She was the only person, he avowed, who could learn nothing from him. From becoming excellent comrades, they became lovers, at least in the eyes of the world, but the lady had taken flight just as matters seemed coming to a climax, which looked very much as if she did not approve of it. She had returned; and comments would naturally be made upon the fact without loss of time.

What Ogliostro wrote were two announcements for the little *Tagesblatt* before-mentioned. Thus ran the first notice:

‘The Herr Direktor Ogliostro has recovered from his indisposition, and will receive his friends at a *matinée musicale* to-morrow morning.’

Thus ran the second notice:

‘Rumours are afloat that a marriage is arranged between the Herr Direktor Ogliostro and the Fräulein von Kambell-Sonnenschein, and that the betrothal will, ere long, be formally announced.’

‘The news will be read by all Poppenheim to-morrow,’ he said to himself with a gesture of exultation, ‘and when the Countess comes to my *matinée* I shall know at the first glance whether she wishes to marry me or no. If not, I may as well please the Grand Duke as go to destruction in any other way.’

He straightway dressed himself

with the greatest care, and proceeded to leave a card for the Countess at the Burg Hotel, not looking at all as if he were bent upon going to destruction, but very elate, very much in love, and very handsome, as behoved a young man and a genius.

## CHAPTER II.

### PIANOFORTE LOVE-MAKING.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Ogliostro’s musical parties were perfect. Though publicly announced, no one presumed to go without an invitation, firstly, because the music-room was small; secondly, because it was well known that the Maestro loved to arrange his guests choicely as he did his bouquets, assorting colours and perfumes as best pleased his fancy. Beyond abundance of flowers from the Palace Garden, which had almost come to be regarded by the musician as a perquisite, and coffee, there was no kind of preparation. About eleven o’clock—for in Poppenheim things were called by their proper names, and a morning concert ended punctually at one o’clock post meridiem—the musicians entered. A spectator’s first impulse was to rub his eyes and ask himself if there were not four Ogliostros in the flesh instead of one only—if the musician performed quartets by the mysterious help of three doubles; so curiously alike at first sight seemed pianist, first violinist, second violinist, and violoncellist. But on further inspection this fancied resemblance between the Maestro and his friends almost vanished. It was a mere matter of imitation. All three men had suffered their hair to grow long, wore spectacles, dressed themselves exactly like their adored master, and, with a mimetic skill that did them credit, had caught certain modulations of his voice and laugh, and even something of his smile and glance; so that when he was



away his image was vividly recalled by these admiring friends.

In the wake of the musicians followed two or three girls in white frocks and coloured sashes, with music-books under their arms. These were the Maestro's pupils, of whom it is only necessary to particularise one, Helena Blum, a wild-looking creature with black eyes, tawny skin, and raven locks hanging down her back. Helena could play anything, and she was to be introduced to the public of London or Paris under her master's auspices some day, when the necessary money could be raised for the journey.

After the pupils came the Countess, one of those small vivacious beauties to be seen in Vienna, and hardly anywhere else. Dressed in colours as brilliant as the plumage of a bird, according to the fashion of her countrywomen, she made a striking contrast to the other ladies. Not even the Duchess, who was a king's daughter, wore a costume half so gay and costly as she; and as to the two young Princesses, they happened, on this occasion, to look particularly dowdy in their shabby silks and faded feathers.

After the ordinary salutations, the music began, and the Maestro, in his ardour to do justice to a quartette of the great Spohr, all but forgot the existence of even the Countess. The masterpiece was performed in a masterly manner; and when a trio had been given and one or two solos on the violin, he sat down to improvise.

Now a pianoforte improvisation may be, and often is, the most commonplace performance one can listen to, because almost every tolerable musician can improvise, and thereby make a certain show of originality without being in the least degree original. But Ogliostro's improvisations were much more like himself, and had much more of himself in them, than his teaching, his conversation, or, indeed, many of his

compositions. He often composed carelessly, talked at random, and gave lessons whilst his mind was occupied with other things. He was always at his best when he improvised, which happened but seldom.

Before he sat down to the piano he looked at the Countess, who was standing close by, and said in a low voice—

'To-day I am going to play to you.'

He began by giving full vent to the mixed passions that had been secretly raging within his heart during the last few days; first, he thundered out his indignation at the conventionalities propounded to him by his patron, the Duke. denouncing worldliness, respectability, so called, and other names that impose upon the multitude, and vehemently protesting on behalf of the true, the beautiful, the ideal; then he melted all hearts by a thrilling declaration of love; finally, he wound up with the despairing, almost maniacal outpourings of a soul that has sought refuge from a contemptible world and a contemptuous mistress in the solitude of nature. This was the story he told, as plainly as music could tell it.

He rose from the piano, heedless of the low-murmured applause of his listeners, and, looking at the Countess narrowly, said that it was now her turn to play.

'I will answer you,' she whispered, and he saw that there were tears on her dark eyelashes. She bent her head over the notes and played an exquisite little impromptu, that was only so far original as a good translation is original. She had heard the melody she knew not when or where, and, changed to the minor key, it seemed to express exactly what she wanted to say. And what did she want to say? Ogliostro sat by with quickened pulse and heart beating wildly. No note was lost upon his

eager ear, no delicate gradations upon his impatient soul. As he listened, not only with the appreciation of the musician but with the suspense of the lover, he gradually read in that pathetic melody what was at the same time a sentence and a benediction. She loved him, but for some reason, which she could not or might not make clear, must reject him as a lover.

All this she said, if not with the fire of the *Maestro*, at least with as much sincerity and with pitying womanly tenderness. The little poem went straight to every heart, though only one had read its meaning aright.

The party now broke up, and in the bustle of the Ducal departure the Countess slipped away unobserved. *Ogliostro* generally dined with some of his musical friends at a tavern after his morning parties, but to-day he dismissed them somewhat curtly, shut the door upon his last guest with a slam, desired his servant to admit no visitors, then, throwing himself upon a sofa, closed his eyes in a fit of melancholy abstraction.

When the sweet spring afternoon was drawing to a close and the servant, hearing him move about, ventured to bring in his master's dinner, *Ogliostro* roused himself, and, having eaten a little bread and soup, sat down and wrote a submissive letter to the Grand Duke, declaring himself ready to comply with his wishes. 'I may as well make the most of the last days of liberty that remain to me,' he mused; 'why not take some of the young people' (he always spoke of his pupils in that paternal way) 'into the forest and have a moonlight supper? There is little Helena, for example, who never gets a treat; and Annchen and Lotte.'

With the *Maestro* a pleasant thing said was as good as done; and in less than an hour, a basket

of provisions was packed, the guests were assembled, and the carriage stood at the door. The oldest and most important guest was a *Kapellmeister* from *Württemberg*, an agreeable but stout and rather unwieldy person, and he was placed in the middle of the front seat with a slender young lady, *Annchen Baer*; on one side, and on the other a still more slender young lady, *Lottchen*, her sister; both of them fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girls, with that air of homely sweetness for which the beauties of Germany are notable; on the box was placed another of the *Maestro's* pupils, by name *Edouard Merk*, a sallow-complexioned, feverish-eyed youth, who looked as if his soul, in its vehemence, were wearing out his body. The *Maestro* himself sat beside *Helena*, his favourite pupil of all, and in the highest spirits they drove away. These little banquets were always as choice and charming as could be; sometimes there was a dash of Bohemian flavour about them, but of a hearty, harmless kind; and what wine tastes so fragrant, what meats so delicious, as those we feast on in our youth with a few boon companions? We may grow rich and worldly-minded in after years; but the pompous feasts to which we then sit down do not taste half so good as the cheap entertainments of bygone days.

How sweet the breath of the young spring as they drive along! After two hours' ride amid bright green fields and thriving little villages, they reach the mysterious borderland between fact and fiction, prose and poetry; in other words, they are on the borders of the *Thuringian Forest*. Already it is growing dusk, and one or two stars glimmer in the pale green sky. The air is fragrant with wild flowers, and the nightingales are singing.

'Delicious!' cried the *Maestro*

as they approached a little opening in the wood. 'Here is the very spot we want. Let us alight and feast round a fire of pine logs like gipsies.'

Everyone acquiesced, for the evening was warm and balmy. Hither and thither they ran in search of chips like children out for a holiday, beguiling the task with playful talk, laughter and snatches of song. When the fire was made, great merriment prevailed over the construction of a rude tent, by means of carriage rugs and a tall pine stem; having spread another on the ground and laid out their little feast, they sat down. 'I never imitate vagrants' life,' began the Maestro, 'without longing to adopt it altogether. How little do we obtain in exchange for what we give up by living according to the rules of civilisation! There is not a day of my life upon which I do not commit a dozen follies or puerile insincerities because I have chosen to put my neck into the yoke of social bondage. I hate myself for doing it, but I do it.'

'And as for me,' said Helena, whilst she prepared the salad, 'my mother scolds me night and morning because I do not behave meekly like other girls. Why should I pretend to be meek, when I am by nature wild and headstrong?'

'Why, indeed?' cried the Maestro. 'You and I, my poor Helena, were born to roam the world like a pair of gipsy minstrels, and not to play the fine lady and gentleman. What a life that would be! When we were hungry, we should have nothing to do but sing a ballad before some rich man's door. Out would come the pretty mamma with the children hanging to her skirts, eyes and mouth wide open at sight of us. You would hold up your apron for the piece of silver, curtsy, and off we go again, thrumming the guitar—'

Just then the notes of a guitar were heard in the distance, and all started up and clapped their hands, thinking that Ogliostro had prepared a surprise for them in the way of a gipsy concert. He was a man given to surprises. But his astonishment was as unfeigned as their own when two gipsies, a man bearing a guitar, and a woman, approached. Springing from his seat, he bade the new comers eat and drink with them, adding that the company would be very glad of some music afterwards.

'This is the best piece of good luck that could have happened to us,' he said as he sat down again; 'our guests' hearts will be warmed by our wine, and they will sing and play for pure enjoyment. We are all musicians, you must know,' he continued, addressing himself to the pair, 'and we gain our bread by music as you do. So let us all feast together like brothers, and amuse each other afterwards.'

Annchen and her sister turned red with dismay, but Helena whispered to them that no harm could come of it; and, after a little hesitation on the part of the intruders, the supper was resumed. Bread, meat, cheese, fruit, cakes, and wine disappeared rapidly amid lively conversation; then the music began.

There was nothing remarkable about the wandering minstrels, who were, indeed, just such a pair of gipsies as a traveller in Germany may encounter at fairs and wakes at any time, but the circumstances under which they had come made them doubly interesting. The blaze of the pine logs lit up their dark faces with almost a supernatural glow, and lent to their bits of blue and scarlet drapery a picturesque and even gorgeous effect. The woman, moreover, was young and handsome, and with her companion entered into the spirit of the occasion. It was quite evident that the two sang and played then more because they loved it than

because they looked for practical results in the shape of silver pieces at the end of their performance. To crown the evening's entertainment, Oglïostro himself took the guitar and played a dance-compelling waltz of his own composition. The gipsy led off with Helena, his companion with Edouard, Annchen and Lottchen danced with the Kapellmeister by turns. Never was music danced to with such wild exuberance of spirit as Oglïostro's impromptu waltz in that moonlit glade. When indeed the little party broke up it was long past midnight, and host and guests drove home in that exquisite hour of twittering birds and cool grey sky that heralds the full-voiced rosy dawn.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND EPISODE.

For a few days all went smoothly. The musician had for once proved so tractable that he stood on a pinnacle of Court favour. There was nothing he might not say or do just then: and being very much of a child, and of a spoilt child too, he found it delightful to be petted by the Duke, the Duchess, and the young Princesses. But when the day of betrothal approached—in Germany an engagement hardly less binding than marriage itself—his courage gave way.

One morning, therefore, the serenity of the little city was disturbed by the almost incredible tidings that Oglïostro was gone—none knew whither! and that the cause of his going was the marriage that the Duke would fain have made between him and the elderly Fräulein with the large fortune. Everyone had heard of this betrothal, but none believed that it would ever take place.

Still such a solution of the difficulty was wholly unforeseen, and afforded a delightful scandal for the ladies over their tea and the gen-

tlemen over their cigars. Oglïostro gone in the height of the musical season! and gone because the Duke, having taken fright at his wild ways, had urged him to marry one woman, he being all the time in love with another! Could it be true? The more meddlesome and inquisitive took it upon themselves to apply for intelligence at the Maestro's little villa, but could learn nothing beyond the fact that he was not there.

The Duke was made aware of his protégé's defalcation by a short, impatient, but glowing letter from the culprit himself.

Having stated what steps he had taken to prevent any break in the musical programme of the season, and apologised profusely for his unusual conduct, he wound up with the following rather high-flown sentiments:—

'I am sure your Serene Highness will appreciate these irrepressible yearnings after the remote and the unfamiliar which drive me from a life I have long felt unsuited to an artist—these inward struggles between the lower and the higher instincts of genius, the first urging me to accept the material advantages of this life at the sacrifice of my individuality; the last calling upon me solemnly to abjure friends, fortune, and tranquillity, anything and everything that stand in the way of my freedom and self-development. Music is my life, my mistress, my love. I own—forgive me, my Prince—no other allegiance; and class me, if among the most disobedient, at least among the most grateful of your subjects.'

The Duke's first impulse was to be very angry. Nothing more inopportune could have happened. There was the impending visit of his royal father-in-law to begin with, who had expressed himself extremely anxious to hear the renowned Oglïostro play, and who must now bear the fate of common

mortals and be disappointed. Then there were the disagreeable remarks of his spouse, the Grand Duchess, to contend with, that lady having set her face against any interference with the musician's marriage from the first, regarding him, not from a social point of view, but much as a court jester was regarded in old times. Then there was the general flatness of the musical season to contemplate—an unpleasant fact to a music-loving Sovereign with but small business as Sovereign; and, lastly, the disadvantage to the young Princesses of losing the very best pianoforte teacher in Germany. But his second impulse was to laugh, and he laughed so long and heartily, that when he had done he found himself in a good temper again.

'The foolish fellow!' he mused. 'What a career he has thrown away, for the sake of the remote and the unfamiliar! He will be reduced to beggary if some one does not look after him. I wish he had left his address, so that I could send him his pension all the same. Well, he is sure to turn up when he wants me!'

But weeks and months elapsed, and Ogliostro did not turn up. The summer passed at Poppenheim as usual. For a time all was gaiety. The King came and went. The Countess played away a good many hearts and went also. Three times a week rich and poor, the great folks and the small folks, flocked to the little theatre by daylight to see a play or hear an opera; and when at last the doors were closed, everyone made a holiday in the country. The Maestro had been missed and lamented, but the world got on without him, as it gets on without the best of us.

Where was he?

He had left no address, and he had written no one a word since he went away. Once Helena received an anonymous present of music,

which she felt sure must have come from him, and the Countess every now and then found a box of flowers among her letters, having the unmistakable fragrance of the Maestro's bouquets about them. But that was all. Helena went to her daily work with a kind of persistent recklessness that betrayed a mind ill at ease, whilst the Countess, though fascinating as ever, was said to look pale and melancholy. To these two women indeed the Maestro's absence had been the greatest loss that could have befallen them, and they did not feign indifference or forgetfulness.

And all the time he was living an existence that for years he had pictured to himself as ideal. At last he was free, free as the birds that roam the heavens, and the wild deer that have the forests to themselves. Without a duty, without a care, without expectation, and without remorse, he enjoyed the day to the full, alike untroubled by yesterdays or to-morrows. If the remembrance of the Countess was painful to him, it was also delicious. Who could tell but that some time or other he should again make love to her on the piano, and not then be answered by the word *impossible*, spelt as plainly as music could spell it?

It was in the glorious days of June that he went away. Almost always afoot, carrying his knapsack on his shoulder, after the fashion of a travelling student, he pursued his happy journey.

The first few weeks were spent in the Thuringian Forest. Careless of time, and only anxious to elude observation, he sought out the remotest spots; now lingering in some secluded valley, now on some mountain top, where the wind sougled among the trees. He always tried to end the day with music: often the little inn at which he slept possessed a piano; or he would fraternize with the sacristan, and play for hours on

the organ of the parish church. If he happened to fall in with feast or fair, wedding or funeral, he was on the alert to catch any new melody he might hear, thus accumulating fragments of music and song as he made his way.

Now and then he met a gipsy cavalcade, and that intoxicated him with delight. He would have a concert at any price, and often spent days in the track of some dark-visaged musician or dancer who had bewitched him. No one took the young musician's advances amiss, and in truth he acted the vagrant so well that he seemed to be one of them.

The gipsies' reckless, rollicking existence fascinated him as much as their music, for which he had a passion; he would ask himself if indeed there were any truth in what was said of him, that he had come of a gipsy stock, stolen from a gipsy tribe by some wandering impresario on account of his precocious musical gifts. His own early history he did not know; even his name was of his own choosing, and he felt no repugnance to the notion of having such wild kinsfolk. Well might the Grand Duke have stood in terror of his beloved Herr Direktor.

But whilst Ogliostro was amusing himself after his own fashion—of which the quiet Poppenheimers only knew years after—Poppenheim itself was growing just a little dull. When autumn came round, and the theatre opened, everyone in the capital, from the Duke to the door-keeper, at last realised how much they had lost.

The Countess came, but could not bring herself to stay. She talked of spending the winter at Rome, Dresden, Berlin, and her friends accounted for her restlessness by the fact of Ogliostro's absence. One cold December day she called upon Helena, wrapped to the delicate little chin in fur, threw herself in

an arm-chair with a sigh of mock despair and said—'My good girl, I am obliged to go home to-morrow, but I cannot support the solitude of the country without some one to play duets with me. Will you pack up your clothes and be ready to start for Salzburg in four-and-twenty hours?'

Helena opened her large black eyes, thought for a moment, and then said—

'Mamma will set her face against it.'

The Countess clapped her hands delightedly.

'Where is your mamma?' she asked. 'I can convince her in two minutes that it is the right thing for you to do. I want music lessons, my dear, and I will pay a Prussian thaler for each you give me. You are the very person I need.'

'What can I teach you?' Helena said with dismay. 'That is the difficulty. How can I receive money from you for doing nothing?'

'It is all settled, my child,' replied the vivacious little lady, who, like all pretty women, was used to having her own way. 'I will pay you twelve thalers a month for being my *dame d'atours*, and we will play the piano and violin from morning till night. Ah! what an enchanting thing a violin is! those who play it and understand it are wholly different beings to the rest of the world.'

They talked of music and of musicians till they were interrupted by the entrance of Helena's mother; a good woman in the main, but being the commonplace mother of uncommon children, she was rather apt to regard them from a worldly point of view. Helena's eldest sister was making her mark as a vocalist in Prague, and she looked upon her second daughter's musical talent in the light of so much money to be earned, saved, and profitably invested for the comfort of her old age.

However, a fascinating and richly-dressed lady in a poor little room on the sixth storey is an imposing presence, and the Countess gained her point. The next day the two started for Salzburg, and Poppenheim grew duller than ever.

The Grand Duke, always an optimist, rubbed his hands when the snow began to fall, saying in a cheerful voice—

‘When winter really sets in, the remote and unfamiliar will become uncomfortable, and we shall have our spoiled child Ogiostro back again.’

But the Poppenheimers were hemmed in by the snow as by a besieging army, and no Ogiostro came.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IMPRISONED BY THE SNOW.

It was such a winter night as only those dream of who live in the neighbourhood of forests and mountains. There had been a fortnight of snow storms already, and the trees round the Schloss of the Countess were laden with snow, the mountains smooth and glittering; the valley was a sheet of gleaming white, the wind raged unceasingly. Travelling was dangerous on account of the drifts in the roads, and the Countess and her companion, Helena, had spent twelve days entirely in each other’s company.

They had sped fast enough. Music is a life and a world in itself, and these two enthusiasts were absorbed in it, heeding for the moment nothing else. Trouble, toil, love, and even duty, seemed hidden from them by a veil in the first days of their well-assorted companionship. Helena lost recollection of the little wearing domestic cares which had made her look old for her years; the Countess forgot the family quarrels and complications on her account, which, for the time being, made any second marriage, not to

say marriage with a poor musician, impossible.

The two sat by an enormous wood fire, in a confidential mood, every now and then pausing, as some gust of wind swept like thunder among the pine trees. What a contrast they made! You could see at the first glance that the delicate little lady, in ruby-coloured velvet and gold ornaments, had been accustomed from her cradle to softness and luxury, taking even music and other passions with a certain kind of indolence; whilst the hard-worked, large-featured, yet, in the eyes of the more discriminating, rather handsome Helena, in her gipsy’s costume of black and scarlet serge, showed not only in her demeanour, but in her looks, that the drudgery of life was familiar to her, and was accepted as naturally as spiritual things and great exhilarations.

‘I would give anything to know where our poor Ogiostro is tonight,’ said the Countess, who with all her tact had not yet discovered whether this impulsive, half-savage, half-infantine creature really concealed a love for the Maestro or no. As she spoke, she turned towards her companion with a questioning expression.

Helena gazed in the fire, and made no answer.

‘What a pity too that he should have been driven away by that meddlesome Duke,’ continued the Countess. ‘With all his gifts he may fare badly away from dear little Poppenheim. Some designing woman may persuade him to marry her against his will, for example.’

Still Helena was silent.

‘You are looked upon as his favourite pupil,’ pursued the Countess. ‘Why do you not try to find him out, and persuade him to go back in the spring?’

She was stayed from further banter by the girl’s imploring look.

‘I cannot talk of him,’ she said.

'Let us play to each other instead. Music is the easiest speech.'

Helena never improvised or composed, but her playing was wholly original; not this or that famous reading of masterpieces, but purely her own, indebted neither to critic nor connoisseur. She played one of those marvellously passionate sonatas of Beethoven, which seem to tell the story of a wild human life, and it was Ogliostro's story that she wanted to tell. As she threw herself heart and soul into the mingled fierceness and tenderness of the music, the Countess, listening, read her interpretations aright. Helena consented, woman-like, to entire self-abnegation, so long as her beloved Maestro should be happy and triumphant. She divined that his triumphs would signify little to him, if he must suffer the one defeat that would spoil all, and mingled with prophecies of his artistic successes were intercessions on his behalf. The other listened eagerly, only half comprehending this voluntary renunciation of her companion. Her speech, 'I cannot talk of him,' had told her the truth, but she was far as yet from realising it.

The piece came to an end, and the Countess was about to take Helena's place at the piano, when the sound of a man's voice crying 'Bravo! bravissimo!' from without caused both women to utter a little cry of surprise.

'Ogliostro!' cried the Countess.

'The Maestro!' cried Helena.

And true enough it was he.

They ran into the hall, and in another minute Ogliostro ascended the stone staircase leading from the courtyard. He was dressed in furs from head to foot, and, booted and spurred, with pistols at his side, he looked more like a freebooter than a wandering musician. He made a dozen apologies for appearing before them in this fashion; and having laid aside his furs and weapons, the three sat down to a hastily pre-

pared supper, laughing and talking gaily.

'How good of you to ask no questions!' said the Maestro, looking from one to the other. 'I drop out of the clouds, you make me welcome, and I am not bored by having to explain everything. But when I have satisfied my hunger, I will tell you all that has happened to me since I went away.'

He drank a glass of wine and began to eat; enthusiasm, however, soon got the better of hunger.

'Only think,' he said, 'it is seven months since I left Poppenheim, and for the greater part of that time—(tell it not in Gath, declare it not in Askelon)—I have been living among my kinsfolk, the gipsies.'

'Do but listen to him!' cried the Countess, with a gesture of mock horror. 'Helena, how dare we sit at table with such company? But continue.'

'Madam,' pursued the musician gaily, feigning a subservient manner, 'I am sensible of the condescension shown to me, but have no fear. I can comport myself in the palace as well as in the tent, not having lived long enough with the gipsies to unlearn decent behaviour. But, oh!' he added, returning to his natural tone, 'you do not know what a fascinating life it is! And what a life of music! Forgive me if I leave the table to play you one incomparable serenade. I can no longer control my impatience.'

He left his half-finished supper, nor would he be persuaded to resume it till he had played half-a-dozen wild melodies. The ladies clapped their hands with delight, and when the meal was at last finished, he played a dozen more.

'Gipsy music,' he said, when he left the piano, and threw himself into an arm-chair with a sigh of fatigue, 'must be, by the nature of gipsy life, the most real and natural



of all. In the grandest compositions of our great masters, the cold spirit of criticism creeps in, not marring, but certainly modifying, the first idea—sweeping from it, in fact, the first bloom. But in popular music, just as in ballad poetry, we get the pure, untrammelled spirit of the people; who toil, make love, suffer, and die, and tell it all without any notion of what is proper or improper in the making of a song. But I have so much to tell you and ask of you, dear ladies, that I know not where first to begin. You, my little Helena, shall first give me news of my dear pupils at beloved Poppenheim. Anchen and Lottchen, Edouard and Walther, and all the rest—are they well? I have heard no word from any of you since I went away.'

But his own story proved the most absorbing, and he answered their questions with great glee, telling them his plans and projects. He was composing a gipsy opera; he was going to try his fortune in London or Paris—to found a new school of music—what was he not going to do? They listened; too well pleased to have his company again to feel jealous or unhappy. For the time it was good fortune enough.

The next day and the next saw Ogliostro the Countess's guest, if for no other reason, for the very simple one that he could not get away. More snow had fallen, and to reach Salzburg in the present state of the roads was impracticable. Everyone was contented that the weather and the roads should remain as they were. Music occupied the trio from morning till night, each in turn being inspirer or inspired. Individualities seemed for a time lost in artistic enthusiasm.

But before the weather changed from without, it changed within. On a sudden—none knew how it was—the Countess would fain have had

the Maestro leagues away. Helena wished she could wake in her little attic at home. The musician found himself wondering what had happened to turn the snow-bound Schloss into a disagreeable place. All felt relieved when news came that the road was clear.

A few hours after receiving this intelligence, Ogliostro was on his way to Salzburg.

'I suppose the Countess was jealous at my fondness for Helena,' he mused. 'But how unreasonable women are! I must marry some day, and how can I marry a woman who says she cannot have me? And Helena was moody and out of spirits, too! Ah! it may be that I talked too much of Rhona, the beautiful gipsy maiden who captivated me last summer. I see that if a man wants to accomplish anything really great in art, he must set his face against all love affairs.'

## CHAPTER V.

### FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

TWO or three years passed, and Poppenheim had to get on as well as it could without the beloved musician. His admirers read with mournful eagerness of the enthusiasm created by his playing in Paris, London, and Vienna, but were compelled to admit that he showed some ingratitude in remaining so long away from his unforgetting friends. What was the rapture of the warm-hearted little city, therefore, when the following announcement appeared on the walls of the Theatre one May morning?

BY PERMISSION OF THE GRAND DUKE,  
WILL BE PERFORMED ON THE OCCASION  
OF THE ROYAL BIRTHDAY,  
RHONA, A GIPSY OPERA, BY OGLIOSTRO  
(LATE COURT PIANIST

AT THE COURT OF POPPENHEIM),  
UNDER THE COMPOSER'S DIRECTORSHIP.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the town, and for the

time everyone's head was turned by it. Preparations were immediately set on foot so as to make the occasion one of extraordinary brilliance. The ladies sent to Frankfurt for new dresses. The Duke commanded an *al fresco* entertainment in honour of the great man's return. His pupils and musical friends organised a fête, at which he was to be crowned with a wreath of silver laurel leaves. All contributed their best to celebrate such a home-coming.

At last the long looked-for day dawned: a gay festival at all times, what with the flags and garlands, the military review, the crowds of holiday makers in Sunday clothes, the lines of open carriages conveying richly-dressed ladies and officers in full dress, and covered with decorations, to pay their respects to the Sovereign. But when evening came, all felt that the Duke's fête was over, and that the musician's had begun. Pleasant it was to see the stream of play-goers, old and young, rich and poor, wending their way in the warm summer evening to see Ogliostro's opera. It was an entertainment all could afford, and all could enjoy, from the prince to the peasant, and expectancy was written on every face.

Exactly at seven o'clock, three strokes from the chamberlain's staff on the edge of the royal box betokened the arrival of the Grand Duke. When he appeared, accompanied by the Duchess and the young Princesses, the little theatre rang with cheers, which would have been repeated more tumultuously still for Ogliostro, had he not foreseen such a dilemma. No sooner had the Duke taken his seat than the conductor, Ogliostro himself, who till now had been invisible, raised his bâton, and the overture began.

The gipsy opera was, of course, a success. It was new, it was naive, and it was in a certain sense

true. Ogliostro, never false to himself where his art was concerned, had invented not only a new story, a new *mise-en-scène*, and a new opera, but he had put these together in a form peculiarly his own, discarding stage canons and stage precedents. In part the story was familiar to Helena and the Countess. A wandering musician falls in with a band of gipsy minstrels, lives with them as one of themselves, accompanies them to fairs and festivals, finally sings away his own heart and that of Rhona, a gipsy girl; stays on, in spite of his own misgivings and scruples and her own (for she has a lover among her tribe and nation), till matters are brought to a terrible climax. In a moonlight dance, got up in honour of the gipsy betrothal, Rhona's betrothed falls murderously upon the intruder, and he is borne off the stage dead or dying. This is, of course, the merest outline of a rather long and complex story. The music was fantastic, the dances fresh, and the singing very good. Every note, seemed inspired by the wave of Ogliostro's arm, and large bursts of applause greeted him each time the curtain fell.

Helena and the Countess were present, both alternately listening with the happy absorption of musicians, and wondering how Ogliostro's visit would affect themselves. The two had never been on quite easy terms since his departure from the Schloss that wintry morning, more than two years ago; but they felt the same towards him. He was especially their prodigal, all the more welcome because of his long, and apparently forgetful, absence.

That very evening the Countess received the musician's homage as she sat next to him at the Ducal banquet given in his honour; but Helena had to wait for the next day to pass, and the next, before any sign of remembrance came from him.

When it did come in the shape of a present of flowers and music, accompanied by an invitation to play duets that very afternoon, she felt no more envy of the Countess or of anyone else whose privileges had come first. The old delightful relationship of master and pupil was about to be renewed, and she wanted no more. What relationship, indeed, can be compared to that of a musician and his disciple, inspirer and inspired? Some almost divine emanation seems to be imparted from a teacher of music who is really an enthusiast, putting genius out of the question.

He greeted her warmly, and after a very little talk they sat down to the piano. Helena noticed that the Maestro was more than usually excited, and that as he played he seemed rather trying to exorcise some demon of unquiet thought than to call up some angelic vision. And so indeed it was. In the midst of a wild and beautiful composition of his own he broke off, drew a deep breath, and rose from the piano.

'I will play no more to-day,' he said. 'Has it ever happened to you, little Helena, to feel that the thing you love best in the world jars, disturbs—nay, tortures? So is it with music at this moment. I can play, but the sounds I evoke are painful to me. Let us do something else. Suppose we go into the garden and take a cup of coffee?'

It was a perfect June day, and the musician's little summer-house, which was covered with roses and honeysuckle, invited a dreamy mood. He gradually lost his unquiet expression, growing instead pensive and abstracted. Never before had Helena seen her beloved Maestro so unlike himself. Had she not possessed that fine tact which is part of the true-born artist's organisation, she would have plunged into some good-natured congratulations, really as ill-timed as they would

have seemed opportune. As it was she said nothing, though the sympathy written in her face soothed and cheered him.

'I dare say things will come right in time, when I am old and wise and grey,' he said, with a faint smile, 'and you can no more help me out of my troubles than you can cure me of my follies. But talk to me of yourself, dear child. Are you doing well? and when shall we be able to send you to Paris and London? You must be twenty now, and old enough to go into the world and make your mark.'

They chatted of Helena's prospects for half an hour, and he fell into his naturally genial and affectionate manner, when he looked at his watch and jumped up with dismay. 'Past five o'clock!' he cried, 'and I promised to wait on the Duchess at half-past four, and her Serene Highness's temper is not of the best! Adieu, adieu. We shall meet to-morrow evening at the torchlight festival the Duke has commanded on my account. Do not fail to be there, and look your prettiest, to please me.'

He rushed off, and Helena went away, wondering how it happened that her beloved Maestro could be so absent and melancholy in the midst of his triumphs. His table was covered with cards and notes of invitation. His sideboard was loaded with gifts of flowers and fruit. A new piano, homage of some admirer, stood in the music room. What could it be that weighed upon his spirits?

Poor inexperienced Helena had no idea, in the first place, how easy it is for an open-hearted man like the Maestro to get into pecuniary difficulties. His notions of the necessities of life had somewhat changed since leaving Poppenheim nearly three years ago, and if there were no other ties to recall him to the gay cities he loved so well, there were his debts! And then, in the second place, she did not know

what other entanglements a wandering musician may get into, whose ideas of duty and happiness are bounded by composing good music and having a pretty woman at hand to criticise it. She prepared for the coming festival somewhat sadly.

It was to be one of unusual splendour. The white muslin dress she ironed with such care, looked so worn, so old-fashioned, so shabby! If she could only find a casket of jewels in her chamber, like Gretchen!

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW THE THREE EPISODES ENDED.

THE festival in honour of Ogliostro promised to be a great success. The weather was magnificent. None of the arrangements had fallen through in consequence of bad management. Everything was ready in time.

A more picturesque sight than the park presented that summer evening can hardly be imagined. An open space, lawn-shaped, had been set aside for the entertainment. Foremost among the illuminations were the letters composing the musician's name, whilst Chinese lanterns and torches lighted up dusky alley and glade. At the further end of the enclosed space, a tent had been erected for the banquet, dazzling the eyes of the more homely guests with its display of shining plate and sparkling crystal, flowers, fruit, and decorations. Banners and garlands were hung around; and to add to the splendour of the occasion, military music was to open and conclude the proceedings.

The programme was rather long. First of all came the banquet, and the crowning of the hero with the silver wreath; then a gipsy entertainment, singing and dancing by trained performers; finally, an open-air dance and a torchlight procession. The Duke contributed the banquet, but the other entertain-

ments were organised by Ogliostro's friends, admirers, and pupils.

At seven o'clock precisely, the little company, numbering in all about fifty persons, most of them musicians, sat down to supper. A merry supper it was, all the more enjoyed because to most of the guests such a feast was an event in life. The Grand Duke had kindly withheld his presence, so that Ogliostro and his guests were perfectly unrestrained. Stories were told, toasts were given, glasses were touched, without fear of offence, and all were sorry when they had to rise from the table.

The affair of the coronation was a little dull. Ogliostro at least looked unmistakably bored, and on the plea of having no hair-pins at hand, laid the silver wreath aside. But the donors consoled themselves with the thought that if he would not wear it in life, at least it would decorate his brows when he was dead.

Then came the gipsy dance. As the performance took place in the open air, a crowd collected; the little band of dark-visaged musicians and dancers, three men and three women, in picturesque gala dresses of their nation.

Helena, holding her friend Annchen by the arm, looked on, rooted to the spot. 'Do you remember that evening we supped in the forest with the Maestro?' she asked. 'How happy we were! How I should like to join in a gipsy dance again!'

'Hush!' said Annchen, shocked at her friend's Bohemian propensities; 'ought we not to find mamma or one of my brothers, instead of standing here alone?'

They were about to move away when Helena felt an eager hand laid on her arm. It was Ogliostro.

'Come away,' he said. 'I have something to say to you. There is Annchen's brother; she can join him. You come with me.'

They were out of earshot, when he said, greatly excited—

‘Do you see that splendid girl who sings so plaintively, apart from the others? That is the Rhona I talked of to you and the Countess many a time. She is here. I knew it yesterday. Is it not a strange coincidence?’

Helena gazed on the group curiously.

‘When the performance is over, I will speak to her,’ he said. ‘It is unwise, I know, but I must. How she sings! Her voice is not sweet, but with what passion and pathos she brings out the meaning of that little song! And is not the melody itself enchanting? It brings before me the life of such a woman—half savage, half splendid, abounding in adventure! How little she fancies that the wandering musician, who has led her in the round many a time, is at hand!’

The girl’s figure was indeed striking, and Helena hardly heard what her companion said, so absorbed was she. These gipsies were Bohemians of the purest race, and not without personal beauty, though of a wild, one might almost say ferocious type.

Soon the little concert ceased. The band struck up a waltz, and Helena finding herself on a sudden alone, joined Annchen and her brother. They were soon dancing merrily, and, indeed, with the dance, the culminating enjoyment of the evening had come. As Helena was whirled round in the waltz, she caught sight of Ogliostro, dancing with the gipsy girl he had pointed out to her. She begged her partner to stop in order to assure herself that she was not dreaming. There, in the eyes of all Poppenheim, was the beloved but incorrigible musician waltzing with a gipsy as unconcernedly as he had done in the solitude of the Thuringian Forest! She saw the girl’s handsome face;

she heard her reckless laugh, as the pair skimmed by; she heard, also, the expressions of amazement from the watching crowd. But on he went: it seemed as if his very life depended upon that wild dance; pair after pair fell aside panting for breath; and for very wonder at the strange sight, none who rested began to dance again. So at last they were left in the circle alone, Ogliostro neither knowing nor caring why; the girl as heedless as he, her splendid black hair blown about her scarlet vest, dark eyes shining, brown cheeks glowing, red lips parted in a smile of enjoyment.

When at last they stopped, and Ogliostro had led his companion to her friends, another surprise was in store for the somewhat over-excited Poppenheimers. For a scene of confusion followed, such as had never disturbed the social annals of the little city. The gipsies gathered round the offending girl and her admirer in rage. Harsh invectives were heard, weapons flashed, over all Ogliostro’s voice trying to calm and assuage, finally his, too, rises into an angry cry; then a terrible scuffle ensued, which might end none knew how direfully. Ogliostro’s name was passed from mouth to mouth. One said that the woman had been stabbed; another that Ogliostro had fallen; a third that he was dead.

Dancers and musicians were jostled together in wild confusion, some trying to run one way, some another, all hindered by the press; one crying for the police, another for the soldiers, children weeping, women shrieking—all had become fright and dismay.

‘Good heavens! where is my Christine then?’

‘Dear neighbours, don’t be frightened; don’t press so. Do please make way for two poor, innocent women, who only want to get home in safety.’

‘That is what we all want. Why

doesn't some one tell us what is the matter ?'

'My poor boy Johann, for aught I know, may have got a broken head in the scuffle.'

'Ah me! there is my best gown torn again, and my lace collar clean gone. What a warning to us all to give up pleasure-seeking!'

'There come the police. We are to fall back, they say, but how can we? Oh, what will become of us?'

It seemed just then very likely that mischief would happen from the pressure put upon the crowd. Helena found herself violently separated from her companions, now swayed this way, now that, finally leaning against one of the illuminated pine-stems, breathless and bewildered.

She strained her eyes in the direction that the police had taken, but could see nothing; she tried to move, but the throng prevented her.

But on a sudden there was silence. The crowd fell back, and she saw that Ogliostro was lying on the ground wounded. Her knees trembled, she could not utter a cry, but somehow she made her way to the spot. How she got there, through the masses of horror-stricken gazers, she never knew; but there she was, kneeling beside her adored master, alone of all his women friends doing what she could for him in that hour of humiliation, agony, and dismay. She hardly heard the curses of the gipsies as they were laid hold of by the police, she knew not what was happening besides, she only thought of stopping the wound as best she could, and long before a doctor could be found, that much despised limp cambric dress of hers had been torn into bandages, her cheap little six-penny scent-bottle had revived the fainting man, and she had prevailed upon one of Ogliostro's friends, a stout Kapellmeister, who stood by, sobbing like a child, to fetch a tumbler of water. The ladies were

fleeing as fast as they could, for all kinds of rumours had reached the crowds waiting to see the procession—fire, murder, assassination, and so on. Some of the police were looking after the Grand Duke's spoons and forks, the banqueting booth not yet being cleared; the miscellaneous mob that delight in a panic was screaming, yelling, and capering; in fine, amid such a scene of confusion as had never disgraced Poppenheim annals since the wars of Napoleon, poor Ogliostro was helped into a carriage by Helena and his friends.

But as there is ever a comic element in human tragedy, so it was now. The Grand Duke, who had gone to bed early, appeared on the balcony of the palace in slippers and dressing gown, thinking that, perhaps, Prussian Annexation or the Socialists were at the bottom of the uproar; the young Princesses, who were sitting up to see the torchlight procession, rushed into their governess's bedroom—Feodora the Mischievous waking that plethoric and timid lady out of her slumbers by shouting, 'A revolution! a revolution! We must fly for our lives'—the royal attendants sleepy and stupid—the Grand Duchess in curl-papers and *peignoir* finally scolding all round, and restoring order with the presence of mind for which her august race was remarkable.

When the truth reached the palace, the royal pair were not a little shocked at the scandal that must ever after be linked with the names of Ogliostro and Poppenheim. Enquiries, however, were posted off, and not only enquiries, but the Grand Duke's private physician and the Duchess's favourite plaster were despatched, for Ogliostro might have forfeited royal forgiveness, but Ogliostro must not die. Both Duke and Duchess sat up till almost daylight, to hear the latest particulars: perhaps the time

seemed unusually long, as they spent the time in conversation, taking different views of the question, the Duke feeling privately inclined to be lenient to the poor musician, the Duchess more than usually severe. When at last news came that for the present, at least, there was no danger, they retired to rest.

Next day the more didactic of the Poppenheim world were a little shocked at discovering that at the bottom of the mystery lay the musician's fancy for a gypsy girl. Never had such a scandal happened before. Full particulars were not to be had, of course, but thus much transpired, that in his last wanderings he had testified a stronger liking for this girl than it behoved him to do. Some went so far as to say that having originally come of a gypsy stock himself, he had even promised her marriage. It was well known that he had a strong inclination for the music, the language, and everything else connected with her race; and story after story was brought forward in confirmation, not only of his gypsy likings, but his gipsy idiosyncrasies.

What more Helena knew than this she discreetly kept to herself, not only during the first days of suspense and anxiety, but during the after period of convalescence and criticism.

Had our Oglastro died then, it is hardly necessary to say that the period of criticism would never have set in. The men would have held their peace; the women would have wept. As it was, the wound, which at first threatened to rob the world of one of its brightest musical ornaments, healed slowly, but not so slowly that by the time he was himself again, Poppenheim had forgiven him. Now it cannot be said that Helena's task of nursing her hero was as enchanting as her more romantic young friends might imagine. The Maestro was, as we

have seen, the most spoiled of all the children of genius, and like all spoiled children was not amiable under the discomfort of pain, the tedium of confinement, and, what was worse than all, the cloud of disapproval. As all his other lady friends kept aloof in virtuous indignation, the Countess's forgiveness only going so far as to send jellies, which he insisted upon being thrown out of the window, Helena had to bear the brunt of all his caprices, and he scolded her and ordered her to do this and that just as if she were his wife. And there was not only this to bear, but her own conduct was severely condemned. No one wanted the Maestro to be neglected; there were elderly mothers of grown-up sons who would have taken care of him, and the Duchess offered to send a nurse from the palace: why, then, need she stay? said her mother, and her friends Annchen and Lotte, and the austere feminine world. But Helena cared little for what might be said or thought of her conduct, and kept her post with unwavering courage. She was accustomed to a hard life: it was nothing to her to have to keep watch at night, dress wounds, cook invalid's food—in fact do all the hard unpoetic work that one human being entails upon another in severe illness. She knew well enough that no one else understood the sick man and his humours as she did, or would have the same patience with them, and no one else would have been so rigidly obedient in the fulfilling those orders, 'Out of window, to the cabbage-beds at once!' when flowers or some little dainty came from the Countess. Out of window, to the cabbage-beds, they went, roses, confections, fruits, no matter how rare; and though he forbore to treat the Duchess's gifts in the same manner, he declared that a posset of Helena's making pleased his palate better.

However, he got well again, and upon the very first day that the doctor was dismissed, Helena was bidden to pack his portmanteau, fetch a cab, and see him off to Paris by the next train, without saying a word to any living soul. The train started in an hour's time, and she had no leisure to weep or sigh over what seemed very much like ingratitude on his part, or reflect that he ought to have accompanied her home and mediated with her mother on her behalf—done something, in fact, to smooth things for the poor little nurse who had, perhaps, saved *his life!* But she thought of none of these things, and when, on reaching the station, he just kissed her as a father might have done, and said she was the dearest and best little girl in Poppenheim, she walked back almost elated, set to work with the help of a charwoman to put his little villa in order from top to bottom, and when it was done, returned home, to make up matters with her mother and the world as best she could. Of course, Ogliostro's friends of his own sex took Helena's part, and it was even rumoured that the stout Kapellmeister, before mentioned, wanted to marry her outright. Be this as it may, by little and little, reconciliation was made with all, her pupils returned one by one, the Countess sent her a present of jewels, and before the autumn and winter had passed, Helena forgot the obloquy she had suffered on the Maestro's behalf.

Meantime he was in Paris, paying his debts—so he wrote to Helena—and if he got into any scrapes there, rumours of them never reached Poppenheim. In fact his escapades were over.

When the next musical season came round, neither Ogliostro, nor the Countess, nor Helena contributed to those entertainments for

which the little city was famous. Ogliostro was still in Paris, whither Helena had at last gone under his auspices, and was making her *début* as a pianiste; the Countess went to Vienna; and had it not been for the brilliant bridals of Feodora the Mischievous with the heir apparent of a neighbouring Duchy, dull indeed would have been the Poppenheimers. But what was the general surprise, some time after, when news came of Ogliostro's marriage, and marriage with his pupil Helena, who had been one of the poorest and least admired girls in Poppenheim!

It seemed incredible that the great man should take such a step in the zenith of his reputation; yet his princely patron was well pleased, and his intimate friends saw in this homely alliance the best guarantee of a worthy career. So the days of Poppenheim romance and adventure drew to an end. The musician and his wife soon returned to the little city, and quietly settled down there. Society became at last sedate and respectable.

Music and art still reign supreme there, but improprieties and indiscretions are banished forever. Ogliostro and the Countess are now stout and elderly, and can play duets without raising a breath of scandal. Helena is the same impetuous creature she ever was, but her impetuosity does not damage her reputation as when she nursed her Maestro in the days of her youth. Whenever the celebrated pair make a musical tour, they create a sensation and reap a golden harvest. But that is seldom. They are devoted to each other and to Poppenheim, and receive at their musical parties princes, ambassadors, poets, artists, wits, and beauties. But, on the whole, Poppenheim is quite a different place to what it was twenty-five years ago; and, if the truth must be told, a little dull.



STANLEY'S LECTURES ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.<sup>1</sup>

BY ALEXANDER FALCONER.

THERE is no man living in these islands whose deliberate opinion on any portion of Church History is more deserving of attention, and is more certain to get it, than the Dean of Westminster. For a generation he has held a first place as a lecturer on this important subject, and has been one of our eminent writers on general ecclesiastical topics. To no small number of the English-speaking peoples his writings have long been a source of the highest delight; not from their profound spiritual suggestiveness, but from their power of characterisation in biographical and historical writing; their happy manner of illustrating sacred by profane, and ancient by modern history; their delightfully life-like descriptions; and their rare appreciation of everything noble in human nature. I for one have long been proud to acknowledge the early impulse and unbroken influence received from his writings. Never shall I forget the golden time of my youth, when Arnold, made known through Stanley's biography of him, became a name which had power to stir in me, as it still has, the deepest emotions, and Rugby School and Chapel were more real to me than the houses I daily dwelt in. And as in his Lectures on the Eastern Church and on the Jewish Church, the same peculiar charm and the same high qualities were present, his former influence was not only maintained, but was deepened.

It was good news, therefore, to a wide circle of readers, to hear that the same distinguished writer proposed to lecture on the Scottish Church. Expectation in more than common degree was inevitable; for

it was certain that, whatever the lectures might lack, they could hardly fail in breadth of view and picturesqueness of style. Accordingly when Rumour told us of the Dean's small success in Edinburgh, the disappointment was not to be disguised. It was hoped, however, that when the lectures were published, and could be read away from all popular cries or influence, the Northern critics would be found to be wrong, or at least too hard to please.

Now that they have been carefully revised and published, it must be confessed that Rumour spoke truly regarding them, and that those who heard them had some cause for dissatisfaction. A 'narrative,' or 'a complete account of the Scottish Church,' the lecturer did not propose to give; and 'some of its most conspicuous personages, such as John Knox and Andrew Melville; some of its most conspicuous features, such as its system of education and of discipline; some of its most conspicuous events, the General Assembly of 1638 and the Disruption of 1843,' he thought it best to pass over for reasons which all could respect. Enough was promised, however. 'Such leading features as would serve as landmarks to the whole' were to be the burden of the lectures. There was thus still scope and occasion enough for a show of the Dean's historical sympathies and insight, and of his power to handle philosophically a really knotty subject. Looked at from any point his subject was hedged about with difficulties; but as genius has a wonderful way at all times of dispelling these, so genius it was thought might very likely

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, delivered in Edinburgh in 1872.* By A. P. Stanley, D.D. London: Murray.

accomplish this in the present instance.

The Dean, it is to be regretted, has not accomplished this, although he has done his best. It is well that his reputation as an ecclesiastical historian is already made; for no fresh honours, I fear, will come to him by these lectures. Here and there are passages in his charming descriptive way, equal to any he has written; but more frequently there are others, where clear insight and sound historical discrimination were called for, in his worst manner. The truth is, he has been unfortunate in his subject. He may know the literature of Scotland thoroughly; but he does not know the people of Scotland, either as they are, or as they have reflected themselves in their national religious life, and has thus missed—or it may be ignored—the central, cardinal principle of their religious history. Pretty well read in the civil and ecclesiastical history of the haughty little Northern State, and in the estimates of most writers of it; and having long considered it, as the Dean wisely recommends in his introductory lectures to his *Eastern Church*, by the aids of the traditions and tempers of the people themselves—of the baronial and ecclesiastical antiquities of the country—and of the moorlands and mosshags of the West, it was with a touch of real pain that I saw, in the second and third lectures especially, that the old charm and power were wanting. Again and again as I read I asked myself: if this could really be meant for Scottish history? if these sketches could possibly be intended for true sketches of those scenes which have made the history of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution so singular and so significant? if these were indeed the objects for which successive generations of

Scotsmen had parted with everything dear to the human heart, and struggled to the death against the most iniquitous misgovernment that ever disgraced our annals? if these were the lessons taught us and all generations of Christian freemen, these and none others, by the moving incidents of Scottish history from 1584 to 1688? At the best, turn it as you may, his picture is but a faint and hazy likeness of the original. Something is wanting to place you in true accord with the times. You look in vain, too, for that censure or approbation, for what is called 'the judgment of posterity,' on the chief actors and actions of the history, which no carefully drawn portraits of Leighton and Rutherford and the like will for a moment make up for. Less appreciative of the national sentiment and aims of the Scottish people during the above terrible century of their existence, than Mr. Buckle in his justly disliked *History of Civilisation in Scotland*,<sup>2</sup> mild in praise and as mild in blame, it is only too clear ere the volume is finished that, whatever the Dean may have striven to do, it is at least not in his colourless sentences that the characteristic 'leading features' of Scottish Church History are reflected, nor their meaning truly divined.

We were justified in looking for very different treatment from so distinguished a writer as the Dean of Westminster. The subject is one worthy of any historian; and was capable of the most satisfactory consideration even from its ecclesiastical side. For it has an intrinsic glory of its own, and an imperishable interest and instructiveness: the same which shine so splendidly in the Dutch and French and English annals in the same centuries, where, pre-eminent above all else, appear the doctrines of

<sup>2</sup> Compare Buckle, Vol. III. ch. ii. and iii., with Stanley, Lect. III.

popular rights, liberty of speech and liberty of conscience. We were justified, I think, in looking for hearty sympathy with these from a lover of freedom of thought like Dean Stanley. We did not look nor wish for his opinions on Presbyterianism *versus* Episcopacy; but we did look for his frank and decided opinions on 'such leading features' of the long struggle of the Scottish nation for religious liberty against their Stuart kings, as historical writers have always seen in it, unless they were of the Bancroft or Laud school. Surely it was possible, 300 years after the period to be described, and with all the evidence long before us, to arrive at the truth concerning it without any bitterness of spirit or manifest one-sidedness! Surely the passions which raged at Bothwell Brig and Drumclog do not so survive among us, as to prevent us being judges and not partisans! Surely there are scenes enough in that memorable contest worthy of the cherished regard of any Christian or of any patriot—as beyond all controversy there are too many deserving of loathing and abhorrence. There was much room for such an expression, therefore. It was a rare opportunity for words of noble indignation and generous appreciation. The occasion indeed was a crucial one. Its issue somehow has been fraught with no apparent good. On the contrary, deep offence has been given to the religious majority of the nation; and every one of the sections of the Church, Established, Free, United Presbyterian, and the Scottish Episcopal too, have shown their displeasure or dissatisfaction at the Dean's treatment of his subject.

For these feelings there must be good reasons. Party spirit of course must have provoked and coloured them to some extent; but the

spirit expressed in their proud motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, could not have been so widely shown by the laity in the press and by the clergy on the platform, on the matter, unless from a real and substantial cause. What are those reasons? Wherein and why has Dean Stanley offended? These questions cover the entire controversy: and now that the first heats of it have calmed down, and both sides have said their best,<sup>3</sup> the present seems an opportune moment for a careful consideration of the whole subject.

Here it may be permitted me to say that if I dissent from the conclusions of these lectures and complain of some remarks in them, it is with some trepidation that I venture to do so—that I venture to point out the mistakes of a man whose name has lain like a spell so long upon me. But a more potent spell moves me to it. Deeply as the Scholar may revere the Master, little has his teaching been worth if it has not taught him to revere his own convictions and conclusions as the most priceless of his possessions. Till now I have loyally given the Dean of Westminster much of my allegiance, for to him I owe some of the most intense intellectual influences and most exquisite intellectual pleasures of my life. If, therefore, I cannot still give it, it is because I must not. I have not so read the History of Scotland as to see the 'features' of the Scottish Church to be what he describes them to be.

The reasons, then, of this unfortunate effect of these lectures seem to me to be two-fold. Dean Stanley has made mistakes, (1) as a Stranger, (2) as an Historian. The first was natural enough; as the most shrewd and sagacious observers are liable to carry away wrong impressions.

But there is such a thing as a man being disqualified from one cause or other for accurate observation. Our associations and interests have an imperious sway over our judgments—nay, a spell from which few can rid themselves. And I venture to suggest that Dean Stanley was somewhat disqualified, from such causes, for his chosen task. A lifetime spent in the precincts of Oxford and Westminster, amid the hallowed memories of the martyrs and scholars, the princes and prelates of the Church of England, and with his every thought and feeling more or less affected by the various influences of these, was certain, I think, to render him somewhat incapable of rightly understanding the Church of Scotland, whose history is in the main the record of a prolonged deadly struggle against those principles and forms of worship which are dear to him above all others. He could have little personal sympathy with it in its origin and in its historical tendencies; or little warmth of personal appreciation. What associations he had of it could only so far unfit him for comprehending justly the spirit which is embodied and the deeds which are told in the *Scots Worthies* and *Cloud of Witnesses*. For the very same reasons it is not to be expected that a 'true blue' Presbyterian, Irish or Scotch, can read English Church History, or appreciate many existing English Church questions, with any considerable degree of truth or tenderness. It is impossible for him, for example, to understand the awe and devout feeling of the Englishman for, and in presence of, the glorious sanctuaries of his land. He may admire them, but it will be as a structure of stone and mortar, and is incapable of doing more. He is likely to be much puzzled, too, why others can have different feelings. An admirable illustration of this prin-

ciple is found in a story told by Hugh Miller, no common Scot, of himself in his *First Impressions of England*. He had gone to see York Cathedral, and felt more, it is safe to say, in beholding that wondrous pile than most men. 'But so little,' he says, 'had my Presbyterian education led me to associate the not unelevated impulses of the feeling with the devotional spirit, that, certainly without intending any disrespect to either the national religion or one of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings of England, I had failed to uncover my head, and was quite unaware of the gross solecism I was committing, until two of the officials, who had just ranged themselves in front of the organ-screen to usher the dean and choristers into the choir, started forward, one from each side of the door, and, with no little gesticulatory emphasis, induced me to take off my hat. "Off hat, sir, off hat!" angrily exclaimed the one. "Take off your hat, sir!" said the other. The peccant beaver at once sank by my side, and I apologised. "Ah, a Scotchman!" ejaculated the keener official of the two, his cheek meanwhile losing some of the hastily summoned red; "I thought so." He waited over the service. It 'seemed rather a poor thing on the whole . . . and does not represent a living devotion, but a devotion that perished centuries ago. . . . It reminded me of the story told by the Eastern traveller, who, in exploring a magnificent temple, passed through superb porticoes and noble halls, to find a monkey enthroned in a little dark sanctum, as the god of the whole.'

Now that is the very manner and sentiment of the stranger, and in a book of travels it is quite allowable. But when the same sentiment appears in the form of historical judgments upon a people and their ways, it is not to be so allowed. For whoever will so

judge is bound to acquaint himself with every point of his case, and ought for the time to become one of the people themselves, seeing as they see and feeling as they feel, before he can hope to speak with authority, or pass other than a one-sided verdict. Few men have this rare combination of sympathetic insight and judicial calm. De Tocqueville's great work on the United States of America and Guizot's *English Revolution* are two brilliant French examples of it familiar to most of us; and Hunter's *Annals of Rural Bengal*, the first account of Indian history by an Englishman which thoroughly comprehends and fairly judges the genius of the Indian races, is of the same distinguished order of merit. *It is the absence of this quality which is the conspicuous feature in these lectures.* Dean Stanley may have mixed as a stranger with the representative classes of the nation whose religious history he meant to criticise, anxious only to know their views and opinions. He may have been down in the dales of Dumfriesshire, and the moorlands of Lanarkshire, to glean the traditions and to note the tempers of their shrewd, thoughtful inhabitants about 'Clavers' and the 'killing times,' and 'the forced settlements.' If so, and with all the facts and probabilities<sup>4</sup> before him, it seems strange indeed he should speak as he does of Scott and Burns, of the Covenanters and the Moderates. On these subjects—and they are typical ones—I am bound to say he is very far wrong, as far as the Englishmen who, when travelling in the Highlands through a deer forest, and seeing no wooding as they had seen in the deer parks of the South, asked the gillie where the trees were. 'Trees!' exclaimed Donald

in astonishment, 'wha ever heard o' trees in a deer forest?'

Burns and Scott, he says, were, and still are, such forces in Scotland, that 'no Scottish ecclesiastical history worthy of the name' may overlook them; for 'each justifies his title to be considered not only as a poet, but as a prophet—not only as a delightful companion, but as a wise religious teacher.' The Ayrshire Bard did not live 'in vain in the atmosphere of the philosophic clergy and laity of the last century, whose kindly and genial spirit saved him from being driven by the extravagant pretensions of the popular Scottish religion into absolute unbelief. Much as there may be in his poems that we lament, yet even, they retain fragments of doctrine not less truly Evangelical than philosophical.' The great Novelist 'has sounded all the depths and shoals of Scottish ecclesiastical history;' and has handled most of the graver questions of Life and Belief with so much wisdom and power in his mighty works of fiction, as fully to warrant him being called 'one of the great religious teachers of Scottish Christendom.' Happy indeed is 'that Church which has been blessed with such a theologian, whose voice can be heard by those whom no sermons ever reach, proclaiming lessons which no preacher or divine can afford to despise or to neglect.'<sup>5</sup>

Now, not more certainly did Hugh Miller proclaim himself a stranger by his manners in York Cathedral, than does the Dean of Westminster by these opinions of his of the influence of Burns and Scott on their country. Never did he hear or see aught in church or in cottage in Scotland to lead him to such conclusions, which must have sounded queer enough to an

<sup>4</sup> 'To us, Probability is the very guide of life,' says Butler (Introduction to *Analogy*), and therefore, in Historical Criticism, one of the surest of principles.

<sup>5</sup> Lecture IV.

Edinburgh audience, and could only excite the amusement of some, the ridicule and frown of others. Burns 'a prophet'! He is and has long been the idol of his countrymen as the most glorious of song-writers; he who has touched their hearts and expressed their feelings as no other has: but who ever heard a Scotsman claiming this character for him, or doing homage to his name as a smiter of iniquity, and a fearless upholder of God's righteousness and claims before a wicked generation? Who ever owned him as one whose words had searched his soul and shaken his self-complacency, and nerved him afresh to a life of self-conquest and faith? Burns was not made of the stuff that prophets are made of; and no man was more aware of this than himself, as his own words all too conspicuously show. A Poet he was of the most poetical of temperaments; in constancy and clearness and courageousness of thought and action, the farthest remove from the nobler office of Prophet.

No, Dean Stanley, the truth, since it must be told, lies all the other way. Thousands of youthful Scotsmen have in their day found Burns to be no 'light from heaven;' to be, though rarely gifted, no heavenward teacher—

Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,  
By Passion driven.

They have caught up wrong notions of earnest, even if narrow, religious life from his far from faultless satires, by their confounding the practices of Christian men as therein described with Christian principles, for which he, of course, is directly blameable. You hardly ever meet a wild West country Scot, but you find his sharpest thrusts at morals and men to be barbed with some of 'Rabbie's' double-edged lines. Had Burns

been the least conscious of being 'a prophet,' these could never have been penned. But he was not aware of anything of the sort: he was only aware of his newly discovered powers of satire, which, as he himself tells us, with 'a certain description of the clergy as well as laity, had met with a roar of applause;' and revelling in these, he had little, if any, regard for anything, if only he saw their immediate stinging effect upon 'saints' and 'sinners.' His *Address to the Unco Guid* is admirable in spirit and point, touching us all in some of its lines, and in none of them confounding principles with practice, and therefore worthy of the writer of *The Cottar's Saturday Night*: but will Dean Stanley say that in his *Holy Fair*, and in his most pungent pieces (to say nothing of several of his other poems, *The Jolly Beggars* for example), there is no downright delighting in things irreligious, and that we must not all regret, with the poet's mother and brother, and most genial critics, that Burns should have been tempted to deal with such subjects? <sup>6</sup> The power these poems show, I am not concerned about as to its degree, but its use; and that, it is needless to say, is of the earth, earthy—the most decisive proof that, whatever Burns was, it was not 'a prophet.'

The same must be said of much else he has written, peerless in beauty as it is, and unapproached in tenderness. Like Byron in his fiery intellectual force, so was he like him in his whirlwind play of passion. His Songs are simply marvellous, excelling all other men's songs in their charm of expression, whence they have won the heart of the world, the laughter and tears of all who speak our tongue. And yet who will say that they have not kindled many a forbidden flame? Who has not many times wished

<sup>6</sup> *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, by R. Chambers. Vol. I. pp. 82, 138, 270.

that the laurel had grown greener on his brows, and that he had uttered nothing base? As a Poet we all know and love him, most of us cordially agreeing with Carlyle's tender and eloquent words on his manifold frailties. But as a Prophet, whose life and lips were consistently and continually protesting against the more notable sins and follies of the day, it is impossible for us so to think of him—impossible.

As for Scott's religious influence, the Dean's opinion on that may safely be called either 'a traveller's tale,' or one of those 'mare's nests' which quick-brained students, who decide so much by 'intuition,' are always discovering. He has come in the sweet seclusion of his study to see in the characters and scenes of the *Waverley Novels* what he claims for them. But who else has found what he has? Who sees as he sees? What traces in Scottish thought or among the Scottish peasantry has he found of the power he speaks of? Scotland owes much, very much, to her great Novelist, and has, as we all lately saw, been ready to acknowledge this: his gallery of worthies she proudly points to as next in power and genuine human interest to those of the greater Shakespeare: but I am not aware that she ever believed she was indebted to him for any of her religious ideas, or thought of him as a 'great religious teacher,' who had lifted and cleared her spiritual horizon. Now, however, that the religious worth of *Old Mortality* and *Guy Mannering* and the rest of that wonderful series has been pointed out, it is just possible of course that all of us, our Northern neighbours especially, may see cause to change our opinions. As yet, however, our neighbours have not gone to him to find lessons for the right regulating of their lives, for clearer views of

Faith and Duty, for glimpses of the Land that is afar off. 'It would require a separate lecture to point out the services which he has rendered to the Church of Great Britain as well as of Scotland,' says the Dean. There are not many of the same opinion.<sup>7</sup>

If on points like these, lying within the range of any man's observation, the Dean has caught up opinions for which there are no real grounds, it must be from some wrongness in his mode of observing, or some fault in his judgment, or from both. I believe it is from both. These two men he exalts into positions only claimed by their countrymen and others for Knox and Chalmers. The proofs he gives of this are personal opinions! He has himself received certain impressions from them, and certain influences from their writings; and dwelling on these, away from all counterbalancing influences, and letting drop, unawares, out of view all doubtful aspects of their history, charmed by their splendid intellectual gifts and their large human kindness, he has come to think of them and feel towards them very tenderly, and making himself a measure of others, must needs suppose that what they have been to him they have been to most. And so, strong in his own partialities, and confident in their soundness, and without ascertaining first of all and beyond doubt the actual state of things, he startles his hearers in Scott's 'own romantic town' by his announcement of a new 'prophet,' and of a great unknown 'religious teacher.'

The same idealising tendency leads him in his fourth lecture into several minor mistakes about living or recently living men. He confounds their potential with their actual influence. To be thus

<sup>7</sup> Carlyle's very emphatic opinion as to both Scott and Burns, is directly the contrary of the Dean's. So is Professor Wilson's as to Burns.

is to be poetical, not judicial, not historical. The poetical element is the leading one in Dean Stanley's mind, however; the source of the finest and most satisfactory parts of his writings. So long as he is dealing with matters which suit this kind of mind, we are in a master's hand; so soon, however, as we come to matters demanding a decisive alternative, a clear summing up, on which action may at once be taken, the hand grows undecided. Let his historical imagination work on the far Past, and you have pictures which give serenest satisfaction, as his Egyptian and Palestinian ones, his Council of Nicæa, his portraits of the Fathers of the Jewish Church; but where a full acceptance or rejection, with all the grounds of either, is proper, where a careful scrutiny and a frank statement of all the facts of the case are demanded, a golden haze steals over the scene, and you generally miss what you most desire. His is not a keen, incisive intellect. On the contrary, he hates whatever supposes final settlement, and turns away in grief or in scorn from those who press for fixed forms of thought or worship. So many points he sees, and so many possibilities, that he feels bound to let dogmas and decisions very much alone. And looking back over the history of Christendom he sees in the horrors of her religious wars the most persuasive of reasons to this course for himself and others.

A man of this mental idiosyncrasy has no scent of battle, and is all but sure to be a lover of peace at any price. Hence it was a mistake, I think, for the Dean of Westminster to have anything to do with the history of a Church which literally bristles with the records of battle and dissension, and whose leading characters and events are

such as he constitutionally most dislikes and avoids. How could he succeed, his nature and his education being what they are? Had he no prescience of this himself? Had he no prescience either that great national movements can only be understood by the people whose disposition they represent? If, as is most likely, he had, his wisdom would surely have been to have decided to let it alone, contenting himself with saying of Scottish Presbyterianism what the gifted Bunsen once said of English Protestantism, that for his part he could not conceive how we had managed to come by such a thing. He decided otherwise, and hence his capital errors as an historian.

I have said above that '*he has missed—or it may be ignored—the central, cardinal principle of the religious history of Scotland.*' Nearly all Scotsmen are proud of the history of their country from the Reformation to the Revolution; and most historians, I prefer not to name the exceptions, think they have just cause. Why? For from the hour when the old Church utterly and ignominiously fell, hardly one voice being lifted in its behalf, to the hour when William of Orange gave peace to Britain, the history of Scotland and of the Scottish Church is the history of a contest between the pretensions of the Crown and the privileges of the People. The hour which rang the knell of the Romish Priesthood was the birth-hour of the Scottish People; and with Knox as their spiritual and political father, they originated and adopted ideas which struck at the root of all power not based upon the free will of the people. *Popular election and popular representation were the grand fundamental ideas of the Reformed Church.*<sup>8</sup> If allowed to operate at

<sup>8</sup> *Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, by the Duke of Argyll, 1849, ch. ii. An acute, philosophical tract.



all, such ideas could not fail of consequences to the governed and the governing classes which in the end would be twice blessed. But Arbitrary, irresponsible power, the divine right of kings, was still a consecrated weapon, which no voice had yet successfully called in question nor force struck down. In Scotland, however, and by the Scottish Church or Nation, for they were one, this was now to be done. Whatever were the forms of it, whatever the manner and matter of argument, it was ever the same principle which was involved in the contests which began in 1560, the principle, namely, of the Liberty of the People. Knox struggled for it against Mary Stuart—Melville against King James—Henderson and the Covenanters against Charles I. and his sons. He who does not see this, does not see at all; and he who sees it and does not tell it out in clearest tones, juggles with the most momentous facts in our history, and cheats those men who made them, of their due reward, the homage of generations who enjoy the blessings they won.

If this was the priceless heritage bequeathed by these men, little wonder that their names ring through Scotland till this hour, and their memories are hallowed above all others. But it is not Scotsmen only who delight to honour them. Our English Reformation and our English Revolution would have been very different in their outcome but for the dauntlessness and long-enduring patience of these men. Hence our great historical writers invariably point out and dwell upon the sublime heroism of the Scottish people as decade after decade they bore the most brutal and pitiless persecution ever known in Britain, rather than acknowledge

the arbitrary will of the Stuarts above the free will of the people; and that so bearing they again and again hurled their oppressors to the ground, until after weary, hopeless years of endurance and faithfulness to their principles, they broke and helped to break for ever the yoke of their tyrants, and saw the blessed dawn of a constitutional government. Their peculiarities of thought and speech, and much of their manner and matter of argument, seem to us, as we see them on the pages of history, as the natural costume of that age, and do not for a moment hinder their noble daring and their nobler suffering in the cause of civil and religious liberty commanding our highest admiration. Hardly more does their fanaticism, and bigotry, and intolerance affect us, since these are the necessary fruits of persecution, and for them the persecutors are accountable more than the persecuted.

Such is the interpretation of the great struggle of the Scottish Church and Commons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, against the Stuart princes, by our best historians.<sup>9</sup> Such is the sum of the many versions of it as told by the old annalists, if we put ourselves in the place of the men they are writing about, and compare their statements. Such is the belief of all Presbyterian Scotsmen concerning their forefathers, who bore the burden and heat of that day. And if, turning from the wide theatre of these events to the greatly more limited and less known one of the eighteenth century, we shall find the very same principles warring with one another, in a less deadly but still in a most characteristic form! In the sixteenth century the battle was between Protestantism and Popery; in the seventeenth century it was between

<sup>9</sup> Gardiner's *History of England*, 1603-1616, Vol. I. ch. ix.; Hallam's *History of England*, ch. xvii.; Macaulay's *History of England*, ch. i. ii. iv. vi. Especially, and as a comment on the whole period, see the splendid passage in Buckle's *History of Civilisation in England*, Vol. III. end of ch. ii.

Presbytery and Prelacy; in the eighteenth century it was between Patronage and Popular Rights.<sup>10</sup> It is, therefore, in one or other form the great principle of the Liberty of the People to think, to speak, to worship according to their own laws, however disguised and however expressed, which is involved in the chief civil and ecclesiastical commotions of these centuries. A simple, easily defined, easily discerned principle, which none of us, surely, whose liberties are so great and so secure, can be blind to or will ignore.

Let us now see what is Dean Stanley's interpretation of these events.

'The first feature which marks the Scottish religion of the last three centuries, is its stubborn independence. When James VI. saw in London Mrs. Welsh, the daughter of John Knox, he asked her how many bairns her father had left, and whether they were lads or lasses. She answered, "three," and that they were all lasses. "God be thanked!" said the king, lifting up both his hands; "for if they had been three lads, I never could have brooked my three kingdoms in peace."

'The feeling of King James towards John Knox and his actual children may well have been felt at times by many reasonable men towards his spiritual children. Had each of the three kingdoms been inhabited by a Church *as sturdy and as unmanageable as that which took up its abode in Scotland*, it may be easily believed that the rulers of Great Britain would have had no light task before them.

'The independence of the Scottish Church belongs in fact to the independence of the Scottish race. . . . And so the early history of the Scottish Presbyterian Church has been *one long struggle of dogged resistance to*

*superior power.* "Scotland must be rid of Scotland unless we gain deliverance," was the dying speech of the martyr Renwick.<sup>11</sup>

Is that put quite ingenuously? What is such a statement likely to produce on the ordinary 'well-informed' reader's mind, and especially on the minds of those who look up to Dean Stanley as an historical authority, but these two impressions: (1) That the Scottish Church was nothing more than a body of perverse, obstinate men, with no particular grievance, yet whom nothing would please which King James might offer them; and (2) That they delighted in resisting whatever counsels and commands came from England, simply because they did come from England? The statement is explicit and unqualified; and with the anecdote of James, *which he might have given entire*,<sup>12</sup> and the lecturer's remark upon it in our ears, I do not see what other impressions it can make, or what other inferences may be drawn from it, than these two most erroneous ones.

Nationalism, there is no doubt, and as it could not fail to be, was an active element in Scottish society at the time of the Reformation, a subtle influence in the air which showed itself now and then unreasonably enough, as Elizabeth's envoy, Sir Ralph Sadler, knew to his cost; but this was not the Nationalism we hear in Renwick's bitter words. Between this and that phase of it three-quarters of a century elapsed, odious with kingly and priestly follies. At the beginning of the period James came to the throne; and from that moment it lay with him to make the future of his country. Never had king a more splendid opportunity and a fairer chance for giving a firm,

<sup>10</sup> 'And,' to continue the judicious Churchman I quote, 'the contest has been obstinately maintained till the present day.' *Church History of Scotland*, by Rev. J. Cunningham. Vol. II. p. 418.

<sup>11</sup> Pp. 61, 62. <sup>12</sup> And which the reader would do well to see, M'Crie's *Life of Knox*.

broad settlement to the two new theories of that age, the conclusions of Protestantism as to right of private judgment and as to personal liberty. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that it depended on James alone to decide whether that liberty, which must eventually find its way into the ecclesiastical system, was to enter with peace and charity in its train, or whether it was only to be attained after long years of civil strife. Like so many of his ill-starred race, he, however, was blind to the possibilities and signs of the times, or, if not blind, was incapable; and so what might have been a great policy degenerated in his hands into a personal struggle.<sup>13</sup> The usual consequences followed. Opposed at every important turn by the Presbyterian leaders, in carrying out his own will or his own interpretation of the laws, he by-and-by transferred his dislike of the leaders to their principles, until he came, ere his accession to the English Crown, to entertain decided thoughts of crushing both them and their principles.

If James, then, as the 'superior power' forced his people to 'resistance,' why speak of that resistance as belonging, in the exclusive sense of the expression, 'to the independence of the Scottish race'? Did never another people, or part of a people, resist their king on behalf of their civil and religious liberties? Was it not, moreover, a sacred duty in their circumstances to resist, even according to the Dean's own principles as elsewhere laid down?<sup>14</sup> Besides, up till this time the struggle was a purely Scottish and strictly constitutional struggle, in which no 'foreign' element had entered. It is a mere fancy, therefore, in which the Englishman

is more evident than the historical critic, and, worst of all, by which 'the leading features' of the struggle are quite lost sight of, to account in this way for the stubborn independence of Scottish religion. Was it a mere national illusion, 'a halo of antique splendour' as the Dean asserts, or was it a principle, the one inalienable Divine right of responsible beings, newly discovered in the Scriptures, which these men witnessed for? And was not their stubbornness bred in them, as stubbornness usually is in a nation, by long-continued opposition or oppression? A wider generalisation of the undoubted history of these seventy-five years than he seems to have yet obtained, will probably convince the Dean that he has here confounded two very different things—namely, resistance for resistance' sake and resistance for righteousness' sake.

As to the Presbyterian leaders. History repeats itself. One December day, eighteen years after James had become King of England, a deputation of the Commons waited upon him to present a petition concerning an extraordinary letter he had sent them a few days before, on the freedom of their debates. 'Place twelve arm-chairs,' he called out to his attendants when the members were introduced, 'I am going to receive twelve kings.'<sup>15</sup> Suppose this, like that other anecdote, were given as an apposite illustration of the constitutional crisis of that day; and that the comments of the Dean on the one were applied to the other, as they properly enough may. The general matters they refer to are parallel in their chief points. Those Commons challenged the right of the King to interfere with their privileges. So had the Scottish Church.

<sup>13</sup> Gardiner's *History of England*, Vol. I. p. 161.

<sup>14</sup> *An Address on the Connection of Church and State*, pp. 9, 10. 1868.

<sup>15</sup> December 1621. Hume, ch. xlvi. ; but compare him with Gardiner's *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*, Vol. II. ch. viii. ; and Forster's *Sir John Eliot*, Vol. I. book iii.

The Parliament they represented was 'sturdy' and 'unmanageable' above any previous Parliaments. So had the Scottish Church been. Suppose, therefore, it were said that the feeling of King James towards his Commons may well have been felt at times by many reasonable men towards their political children; and that nothing but dispeace and distraction could come by such men—should we, as their children, not instantly feel that this was to imply that the fathers of our liberties were the fosterers of obstruction and anarchy? And we should be justified in so feeling. Similarly, I doubt not, did the Dean's audience feel when he implied the same concerning the first Pilgrim Fathers, and the first Confessors in the cause of civil and religious liberty under the Stuarts, who, it is time now it were generally known, were not Englishmen but Scotsmen;<sup>16</sup> and concerning that ecclesiastical polity which, be its faults what they may, has done so much for the common people of Scotland.

The lecturer left his audience in no doubt of his meaning. As illustrations of the truth of what he said, he gave 'two well-known scenes which bring out clearly these feelings of antagonism and independence.'

The first one was the 'rejection' of the English Liturgy, July 23, 1637, the famous scene in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, when Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the Dean's head for daring to read there his 'black, Popish, and superstitious book.' Everybody knows the story, and nearly everybody, I had thought, knew its significance. The Dean, however, doubts if 'the result of that fatal day can be imagined in these more peaceful days.' He thinks too

that 'had they waited till the Dean had read the collect, as innocent and beautiful an expression of prayer as could be found in any part of the services of either Church, *it is possible that they might even then have changed their minds.*' Finally, he remarks: '*No doubt the exasperation had its root in the indomitable native vigour of which we have been speaking. The intrinsic slightness of the incidents which roused it, is the best proof of the force of the feeling. It is instructive as an instance of the folly of pressing outward forms, however innocent, on those who cannot understand them.*'<sup>17</sup>

The other one, which happened seven months after, was the still more famous scene of the adoption of the National Covenant. 'Of all national confessions of Faith ever adopted, at least in these realms, it is the one which for the time awakened the widest and the deepest enthusiasm,' he says. Its object was 'to defend the rights of Presbytery in Scotland;' and the enthusiasm with which this was received 'is one of the most signal proofs of the power of Scottish religion to enkindle the whole nation.' 'The rapid subsidence, however, of this enthusiasm even at the time,' the Dean goes on to say, 'its almost total disappearance now even amongst those who might be thought of the direct spiritual lineage of those who imposed it, is a striking example, both to Scotland and all the world, of the transitory nature of *those outward expressions of party zeal, which at the moment seem all-important.*'<sup>18</sup>

These remarks put the points in question beyond all doubt. As descriptive and explanatory, however, of the great Presbyterian movement of 1640, they appear to me among

<sup>16</sup> McCrie (*Life of Melville*, ch. viii.) complains of the injustice done to the memory of these men by English writers. There is much less reason now. See Gardiner's *History of England*, ch. ix.

<sup>17</sup> Pp. 69-72. The italics are ours.

<sup>18</sup> Pp. 74, 75.

the most singular in recent historical criticism, and such as every student of that period, open to the facts and probabilities of the two parties, may very justly complain of. For, like some of Hume's most characteristic passages, they produce their impression rather by what is not said than by what is said.

Take the Dean's first illustration. So is it spoken of that the cursory reader will indeed find it impossible to imagine what might be the result of opening Laud's Prayer Book. Not, however, because of 'these more peaceful days,' in which we know as much at least as those men did of the electric nature of words and signs, but simply because no facts are presented to our imagination. Nothing is said of the long train of circumstances which had by this time converted the nation, legally and ecclesiastically, into a rebel camp. Not a word do we hear of the maladministration of James and Charles; not a whisper about the exasperating oppression of those years. So carried along, we cannot but think that the hearers of the Dean of Edinburgh might certainly have waited till the collect was read, for then they would have understood how innocent and goodly a form of worship 'Black Prelacy'<sup>19</sup> was, and would not have risen into open revolt against it. And because they did not wait and hear, but instantly rose in wrath against the Dean, we have 'no doubt' that they were mere 'stubborn' schismatics.

But why are we not told of these things, 'the leading features' of that period? Not because the Dean himself cannot imagine that scene; and not because he is ignorant of the causes which led up steadily and

sullenly and most surely to it. Is it that the Church of Whitgift and Laud is so dear to him that he cannot bring himself here to confess and denounce her sins, and thus give grounds for repeating in our day the old taunt so often applied to the ecclesiastical historians, that the nearer they are the Church the farther from charity? No man can know better what that Church had identified itself with in Scotland, and what the public reading of the Liturgy therefore meant. Yet he speaks as though he knew not. The Dean in that pulpit was an intolerable offence to the nation, as the representative of a form of religious worship which had been so enforced upon the people that they naturally came to hate it and its upholders with a perfect hatred.<sup>20</sup> It was one of those insane acts which the Stuarts and their satellites were so prone to do. Jenny's stool, therefore, was the first shot fired against the common foe—the match which lit the train—the first peal of the long pent-up thunder storm, which no Dean or collect belonging to the Church of Laud could have changed, or could have charmed into 'sweetness and light.' It was a 'rejection,' because for many long years there had been a 'forcing.' Should not the lecturer have told us of this before describing that? Whoever will candidly consider what this 'forcing' was up till that moment, will have 'no doubt,' like our best writers, that it was the 'root' of the 'antagonism' and 'exasperation' spoken of; and whoever will further consider what it was till 1688, will probably wonder with the present writer, how the Dean could justify himself in his silence on such notable

<sup>19</sup> 'The real origin of "Black Prelacy," says the Dean, is found in the custom of the Episcopalian clergy of those days officiating 'in no peculiar dress, or else generally in black gowns.' I hope so. We hear of the 'Black' Acts, and of the 'Black' Indulgence. Was not their common origin one of hatred?

<sup>20</sup> See Hallam's *England*, ch. xvii., for one passage out of many, which may suffice: 'It was very possible that Episcopacy might be of Apostolical institution; &c. &c.'

iniquity.<sup>21</sup> And most of us will feel, after doing so, that it was only worsening matters very much to say of the men of those days: 'All honour to Scottish Churchmen for the stubbornness of their fight, their devotion of themselves not only to death, but at times even to absurdity, for what were deemed the rights of conscience and the sacredness of truth and the glory of Scotland.'<sup>22</sup>

Still more. We shall only thus be able—to turn to the Dean's second illustration, which in the art of expression is like the first—to comprehend that thrilling scene in Greyfriars churchyard, where, all hope of better measures being gone, the best men in the realm issued a national protest against the unconstitutional attempts of Charles and his ministers on their liberties. Of those attempts and of those liberties we hear nothing from the Dean. It was 'the rights of Presbytery in Scotland,' he says, those men were determined to defend. No doubt it was, but what were these 'rights'? It is clear, at any rate, that they were more than that phrase can possibly suggest to our ear; for here was a scene recalling those the most memorable scenes in history when men have risen fearlessly against their rulers to demand their natural rights. 'Not a revolt, but a revolution,' was this, produced, as all such revolutions are, by a concurrence of what Buckle appropriately calls 'general causes.' Not an ecclesiastical squabble between rival priesthoods and their partisans, like the squabbles which disgraced the early Church—as it has sometimes been narrowed down to and understood—but a national struggle, in which the great principles of civil and religious liberty were involved. No such definition of the issues at stake as the Dean has given

can therefore be accepted as satisfactory.

This is no 'open question' of history, as neither, indeed, is the former. Let the faults, the follies, the excesses, and the crimes of those men be even more than they were—yet why not own the noble stand they made against the 'thorough' schemes of Laud and Strafford and Charles? It is one of the best supported facts in English history that 'the rights of Presbytery in Scotland' were practically identical with all that tended towards civil and religious progress; and that the claims of Prelacy were practically identical with all that tended towards oppression. This might have been plainly said. But here, as before, the broader, philosophical aspects of the subject, those of most interest and instruction to us, are passed over for the minor and accidental ones. Hence, or partly hence, the impression you catch up is a curiously inexact and indefinite one. Nothing has set the indignation aglow—nothing has stirred the heart with noble emotion—you hear of no universal principles—and, as I said at the beginning, little of what is called 'the judgment of posterity' on the representative men and actions. You get a Dutch picture instead of the peculiarities of the period,<sup>23</sup> which inevitably produce an exaggerated effect. You, therefore, get no clear notion of the historic significance of those times. Resembling in too many points the histories of Sage and Stephen and Grub, the Dean's estimate resembles in too few our later students of Scottish history. How differently, for instance, does one of our most distinguished living Englishmen write of this period: 'What has the Kirk so established done for Scotland? Briefly, we might say, it has continued its first

<sup>21</sup> Especially when his pleasant pages on the relations of the Episcopal Church in Scotland to Presbyterianism, and on 'its persecutions,' are remembered. Pp. 41-45.

<sup>22</sup> P. 65.

<sup>23</sup> Pp. 65, 67, 77, 78, 83, 85.

function as the guardian of Scottish freedom. Suppose the Kirk had been the broad, liberal, philosophical, intellectual thing which some people think it ought to have been, how would it have fared in that crusade; how altogether would it have encountered those surplises of Laud or those dragoons of Claverhouse? The battle had to be fought out in Scotland which in reality was the battle between liberty and despotism; and where, except in an intense, burning conviction that they were maintaining God's cause against the Devil, could the poor Scotch people have found the strength for the unequal struggle which was forced upon them? Toleration is a good thing in its place; but you cannot tolerate what will not tolerate you, and is trying to cut your throat. . . . The Covenanters fought the fight and won the victory, and then, and not till then, came all the blessed or unblessed fruits of liberty.' Here we get a clear glimpse of the significance of those days and their 'dogged resistance'—of the 'root' of the 'exasperation' above spoken of—of 'the general grandeur of the cause' as solely springing from 'the principles at stake.'

So much for the Church and Commons of Scotland in the sixteenth century. Let us now turn, though only for a moment, to the third lecture, in which the Church of Scotland in the eighteenth century is considered.

The leading features of this century are its Patronage and its Dissent.<sup>24</sup> Now, many of us have no doubt of the lawfulness of the former, and the exceeding foolishness, perhaps unlawfulness, of the latter, and the Dean is one. This opinion in itself could not disqualify him for his subject, in the eyes of

Scottish Churchmen at least—yet, singular to say, in nothing he has said has he offended them more than in his treatment of the men and characteristics of this century. And the reasons are these.

Firstly, he ignores the subject of Patronage altogether! Whether right or whether wrong in the lecturer's eyes, this was surely a strange overlook of his. Why, Patronage meets you on the threshold of the century; it sounds in your ears again and again when the Church was moved to its centre in connection with Erskine and Gillespie; it was in every man's thoughts at the close. Yet none of these things are considered by the Dean. He deigns no heed to the popular efforts and desire for the maintenance of the fundamental ideas of the Church against the Jacobite lords and lairds, who, in the teeth of Carstairs, smuggled a Bill through Parliament which struck at the root of these—he has no word on 'the forced settlements' of that time, the disgrace of the Christianity of the land—he takes no note of the inevitable effect of patronage in such circumstances in producing 'an enslaved clergy amidst an indifferent laity.' Hardly concealing his scorn of the silliness or absurdity of such matters and movements, as his remarks on Dissent<sup>25</sup> and on the Disruption<sup>26</sup> unequivocally show, he turns aside from them and the lessons they are telling all Scottish Churchmen of our day,<sup>27</sup> to very different matters.

Secondly, he admires Moderation and the Moderates. Here and amongst these the Dean delights to dwell. Philosophic virtue and Evangelical grace and literary culture abide here as nowhere else in Scotland. They claim as their pattern the most

<sup>24</sup> Cunningham, Vol. II. ch. x. xi. and xii., tells the story with admirable spirit and fulness; Burton, *History of Scotland (1689-1748)*, ch. v. xiv. xix. xx.; and Wodrow's *Correspondence*. <sup>25</sup> P. 64. <sup>26</sup> P. 75.

<sup>27</sup> As seen in their movement for abolition of the Law of Patronage.

apostolical of all Protestant Scotsmen, the saintly Leighton. And as a man will do with the friends he delights to honour, the Dean gives us several charming full-lengths of the leaders of 'the Augustan age' of Moderatism. In vain, however, is all his sweet persuasiveness! His audience looked for bread, and he gave them a stone! With few exceptions they resent his interpretation of their Church history in those days, and lift their eyes in wonder at his regard for the men who bound the yoke of patronage on the neck of their forefathers, and, like the prelates in the sixteenth century, were imperiously indifferent to the wishes and rights of the people. And, trained at the feet of Chalmers, or still better in the school of modern political liberty, as these men have been, and whether within or without the pale of the Establishment, they could not do otherwise.

One word more. If the Dean has failed, he has failed for reasons we can understand and respect, which if no compliment to him is yet what cannot be said of some who have attempted the same task and failed. If his Erastianism, of which he is

not ashamed, has strongly affected his conceptions of the past and his hopes of the future of the Scottish Church (see Lecture IV.), we can easily pardon his mistakes because of the strength of his convictions. Meanwhile those centuries await their philosophical historian. They are worthy of one. Every historically famous people has embodied a particular idea in their national life. The freshness of immortal youth is on the story of Greece. The splendour and the selfishness of mighty and successful manhood rest on the annals of Rome. England is the august and honoured mother of constitutional freedom. To Scotland it has been denied to raise temples to the Beautiful, to create and to perfect art, and to preserve immortal thoughts in language as immortal; but it has been granted her to raise altars to Truth and Liberty, and to develop principles and feelings that know no limits of time or space. Whence Scottish history is regarded, if I am not mistaken, with a heartier sympathy over the civilised world than those of many countries of far greater political importance.





## ON SOME GRADATIONS IN THE FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

IN one of her many entertaining novels, Mrs. Trollope introduces an old lady describing the theory of La Marck on the Origin of Species. In the course of her description, the old lady exclaims, with not unnatural astonishment, 'But the most extraordinary thing (excepting one) is, that when the fishes married, they had rats for children; and when the rats married, they had birds; or else the birds came first, and they were confined with rats; and then the rats had cats, I believe, and the cats had dogs, and the dogs monkeys, and the monkeys men and women.'<sup>1</sup> A year or two ago, the eloquent and estimable Bishop of Peterborough won a ready laugh from his audience at Carlisle by the following observation: 'There is now a theory in fashion that religion is a development of clime and race, just as men were originally developed from oysters and so forth.'<sup>2</sup> Another clerical orator, at the Nottingham Church Congress held in October of last year, pointed out the inherent fallacy of Darwinism by asking, 'Who nursed the first child?'<sup>3</sup> Great laughter followed the question; but whether his brethren were laughing with the speaker, or at him, it would be invidious to surmise.

Thousands of religious teachers in this country believe, or permit their hearers and disciples to believe, that some sixty centuries ago there was a special sudden creation of living organisms answering to the unnumbered species which still occupy the surface of our globe. The arguments which prove this opinion to be utterly untenable, have been stated over and over again by men

of genius, in language that even children can understand. The very stones cry out, the rocks and hollow mountains proclaim the truth. Beyond all dispute the stratified masses of the earth's crust have been produced by the slow deposition in water of the successive layers. From beneath the ocean enormous areas of these deposits have been lifted mile upon mile above the ocean level. Will any man in his senses dare to stake his religion upon the hypothesis that six thousand years ago the tops of the Himalayan mountains were under the waters of the sea? At a height of eighteen thousand feet fossil shells have been found which must once have lived in salt water.<sup>4</sup> Let no one flatter himself that they could have been carried to their tomb in the mountain by the Noachian deluge. The deluge could not have dropped Oolitic shells on one mountain and Silurian shells on another. It could not have inserted organisms of the carboniferous period into the middle of a hill, neither could it have laid them on the top, and then neatly covered them up with another thousand feet of stratification. If the deluge sprinkled shells and other remains on the hill surfaces, what sprinkled them below the surfaces, what kept up the sprinkling till the thickness of whole mountains became penetrated with the relics of life? No sane person, when brought face to face with the actual fossils, will believe that the Creator of the universe made figures by original creation, of plants and animals, both terrestrial and marine, and shut them up in rocks of clay and flint and marble. Still less will any

<sup>1</sup> *The Attractive Man*, chap. xxxiv.

<sup>2</sup> *Church Bells*, October 14, 1871.

<sup>3</sup> *Church Bells*, September 16, 1871.

<sup>4</sup> *Lyell's Manual*, p. 5

one believe Him to have originally created in stone the images of dismembered bodies and fragmentary limbs, in every degree of distortion and decay, down to the merest trace of organic structure. Yet what do we find among the sculptures of the rocks? Here the skeleton of a whale, there a grasshopper's wing, tree trunks and fronds of ferns, gnawed bones and sharp teeth, bits of lobster, shells of turtle, rats' tails and tigers' skulls, the burrow of the sea worm, the foot-mark of the wader, and the very ripple of the tide. We find in the chalk the palatal teeth of shark with the crowns worn as though by long usage; we find 'tests' of the sea-urchin denuded of their spines and covered with crania-valves and serpulæ and polyzoa. The catalogue of similar facts might be continued without end. The conclusion is inevitable that the formation of the earth's crust has been the slow work of countless ages. The fossil ripple mark was no miraculous effect of sudden creation, but produced by a rippling wave. The fossil zoophyte-case must once have been tenanted by a living zoophyte as the fossil integument of the sea-urchin by a living sea-urchin, and both must have lived in the waters of the ocean at periods of incalculable antiquity, before they were found fossil in the quarries of an inland range of hills.

Persons who well knew, and were forced to admit, the succession of life during the formation of the vast series of fossiliferous strata, have sometimes had recourse to supposing that there have been a large number of successive creations of plants and animals, and that the earth was cleared and made void of one, before another was introduced.

The very evidence, however, which has led to this supposition unmistakably proves its futility. Examine the fossils of geological eras far distant from one another, and the earth will

seem, to be sure, at the first glance to have changed the character of its population in the successive intervals. Forms familiar at one epoch, later on will have disappeared, and forms not to be found in the earlier periods will present themselves abundantly in the later. But examine the fossils of geological periods immediately succeeding one another, and it at once becomes apparent that there is no point whatever in the world's history of which you can say, Here the old forms seem to have been swept off, and a new set introduced. There is not the slightest evidence of the sudden extinction of species or genera; *à fortiori*, none of the extinction of groups or whole creations. The disappearances are gradual; there is no concurrent disappearance of a large number of species. The new forms are gradually introduced; there is no simultaneous introduction of a large number. Between the organic structures of one age and those of an age directly subsequent, even where there are considerable differences, there is in every case also strong general resemblance. Descent with variation exactly explains this phenomenon. The doctrine of successive annihilations and creations leaves it unexplained and inexplicable. Would any wise master builder, who wished to make some slight improvement in the structure of his house, pull down the whole fabric and rebuild it from the foundations almost a counterpart of what it was before, and do this not once only, nor twice, but again and again, times without number? Yet men are not ashamed to attribute to the supremacy of the Divine wisdom a course of conduct which in any one of their own fellows they would recognise as extravagantly foolish. Adopt for one moment the favourite theory of special creative interpositions, and apply it to the history of the genus

**Lingula.** The *Lingula* is a brachiopod with a horny shell of two nearly equal valves. Between the beaks of the two valves passes a long fleshy peduncle or foot stalk, by means of which the animal attaches itself to submarine bodies. Muscles for various purposes are attached to the shell, upon the interior of which their impressions are left, long after the death and decay of the animal, so as to be found even in fossils of great antiquity. In the Lower Silurian period was created *Lingula Lesueuri*, besides a great many other species of *Lingula*. *Lesueuri* perishes, and in the Devonian period a new form is created, remarkably like the old one, and known among men as *Lingula squamiformis*. *Squamiformis* comes to a bad end, and the carboniferous era is ushered in. 'But here a wonder came to light.' *Squamiformis* reappears, or something so like it as to baffle the discriminating powers of the very best conchologists. The same thing happens with *Lingula mytiloides*, another carboniferous species, which is repeated in the Permian age. These forms cease to exist, and *Lingula Beauui* is presented to us in the Fauna of the Oolite; and successively *Lingula truncata* in the lower Greensand, subovalis in the upper Greensand, *Lingula tenuis* in the Eocene London clay, *Dumortieri* in the Coralline crag of the Pleiocene era. All these, and a great many more, presenting in many cases differences that can scarcely be called distinctions, proved unsatisfactory to their Creator and were ruthlessly abolished. But a *Lingula* the world must have. Creation would be incomplete without a *Lingula*. And, consequently, about twenty-four hours before the creation of Adam, *Lingula anatina* suddenly made its appearance, and

still flourishes in the shallow waters of tropical seas.

Mr. Davidson, in his admirable monograph of the Brachiopoda, tells us that not only *Lingula*, but also 'Discina, Crania, and Rhynchonella, appear to have traversed the whole geological, vertical range; they appear in the older Silurian deposits, and with similar or but slight modifications in character, are still represented in our seas by a limited number of species.'<sup>5</sup> The supply of parallel facts is almost inexhaustible. Take any age of the world you will: the fauna of that age, that is, the whole group of animals then existing on the globe, is inextricably interwoven with the fauna of the age that precedes, and the fauna of the age that follows it. That at any recent date, or at any date whatever, from the Silurian period to our own times, the earth has been swept clean of its inhabitants and re-peopled, is a belief that can only be held in most glaring defiance of scientific evidence. As a clever writer recently observed, 'There are some things which you cannot really believe unless all your neighbours keep you in countenance.'<sup>6</sup> This is one of them. The thing is credible on one condition, and on one condition alone, namely, that human reason and the facts of external nature have been so ingeniously adapted to one another by the Author of both, that a man cannot honestly employ his reason in the observation of nature without being mocked and cheated, and impelled to believe what is false. It comes, in short, to this, that, far up to where the Himalayan summits smile proudly above the clouds, far down to the deepest gloom that the miner's lamp has ever penetrated, the Maker of the world must have stored the ground with an endless variety of forms, arranged

<sup>5</sup> Pal. Soc. 1853. *Fossil Brachiopoda of Great Britain*, part iv. p. 60.

<sup>6</sup> *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 15, 1871.

in orderly sequence, so as irresistibly to teach certain lessons to the human mind, and that then He wrote a few lines on a scrap of papyrus to intimate that the lessons were untrue, and that all the vast apparatus for teaching them meant nothing at all.

There is another hypothesis which needs to be disposed of. Everyone will admit that since the beginning of the creation, some species have died out and become extinct. The *cyrtoceras* is no more. The trilobite is wanting. Drop a tear over the ashes of the *ichthyosaurus*; we shall not see his like again. Never more shall *archæopteryx macrura* waggle his flexible tail.<sup>7</sup> As thousands of species have disappeared from the living world, it has seemed reasonable to many persons to admit, what the evidence of geology very plainly declares, that while some species have been dying out, others have from time to time been introduced. But the question is, how were they introduced? And the popular answer to this question, an answer upon which some persons think that all religion depends, is, that they were introduced in each case by original creation. As the extinction of species is still going on, and yet the world seems to present as great a variety as ever, the introduction of species, even in the present day, is admitted as possible or probable. And if the introduction must take place by original creation, it has been well put by a distinguished man of science, that any morning you might find an elephant standing on your lawn, just created. But such a thing no one would believe possible, unless all his neighbours kept him in countenance. No one can listen to such an expectation without ridiculing its absurd improbability, although many calmly enough suppose that

there was once a day when not only the elephant suddenly made its astonished and astonishing appearance, but when every other creature that breathes made its appearance in like manner. It has been argued that new species may in fact be introduced into the world from time to time suddenly, and by original creation, but that these occurrences, either accidentally, because they are so rare, or through the purposely secret working of the Creator, taking place in ocean depths or deserts where no men abide, have ever escaped the gaze of human curiosity. All other suppositions on the question have some sanction in analogy, in observation, or in the reputed authority of Scripture. This last supposition has none of these sanctions. Its chief and only merit is that there is no direct way of testing the truth of it. It gives a mean and inconsistent idea of the Creator, as planting in men's breasts a spirit of enquiry, and then dodging them like a Will-o'-the-wisp, in their eager but necessarily fruitless pursuit.

The animal kingdom has been divided by authors of repute into seven sub-kingdoms.<sup>8</sup> The lowest place is occupied by the Protozoa, to which sponges and infusorial animals belong; the highest is assigned by common consent to the Vertebrata, comprising in their ranks sprats and men, baboons and skylarks, the cobra and the frog. Between these two extremes must be ranged the other five sub-kingdoms. The relative rank of these is less easy to determine. They are by name—the Mollusca, among which are found the oyster and the sea-squirt; the Arthropoda, comprehending butterflies, spiders, and crabs; the Vermes, or worms; the Echinodermata, containing the sea-urchin and the star-fish; and, lastly

<sup>7</sup> Lyell's *Elements of Geology*, p. 394.

<sup>8</sup> *Forms of Animal Life*. By G. Rolleston, D.M., F.R.S. Introduction, p. xxvi

the *Cœlenterata*, lowest of the five in organisation, but comprehending corals and corallines, which the higher divisions cannot surpass, if even they can rival them, in beauty.

For purposes of classification these seven sub-kingdoms are again subdivided into classes, orders, families, genera, species, varieties, with their several sub-orders, sub-genera, and sub-varieties, till you come to the division into individuals, and the interesting question, far less easy to solve than to propose, What is an individual?

The first sub-kingdom comprises five classes, in the following order—mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, and fishes. The second sub-kingdom comprises—what shall we say? We cannot tell what to say until we know which is the second sub-kingdom. By affinity of structure the *Mollusca* come nearest to the *Vertebrates*, but the sagacious ant and brave industrious bee seem to plead for the claims of the *Arthropoda* as far superior to those of 'oysters and so forth.' It appears that whatever characters of importance we choose upon which to base our classification, confusion invariably arises in some quarter or another from conflicting claims. This appears in arranging even the classes of the *vertebrates*. The mammals take an indisputable precedence, because man is a mammal. But, not to speak of birds, many reptiles surpass many mammals in size, strength, and beauty, in adaptation of structure to a great variety of circumstances, and even in intelligence. Man himself is prone to claim an unlimited superiority over all other animals by virtue of his reason; and because of this possession, which he often fancies to be exclusively his own, he disdains the notion of an origin, however remote, from any creature unlike, or unequal to the present magnificence of humanity. He would do well to consider the

recent date of his supremacy, and how far from universal it still remains. Measured by the general estimate of man's unbounded lordship, the tribute which is annually paid in India to poisonous snakes and ravening tigers seems rather a large one. Of parasites unwillingly entertained in the very throne of reason, the brain itself, it would be unpleasant to speak more particularly; but why, I wonder, if we are so indisputably supreme, do we not abolish rats and earwigs? It would be interesting to know whether more sharks are slain by men or more men slain by sharks in the course of a year. Our superiority looks rather small when examined in detail. The eagle and the lynx have keener sight, the hound an acuter sense of smell. We cry in vain for the wings of a dove. We tax our ingenuity to build ocean-traversing steamers with high-pressure engines, and when these vehicles put forth their best speed little birds fly easily round them. Hundreds of animals can mock the efforts of the swiftest human pursuer. The elephant and many other creatures surpass us in size and strength, the cat and others in agility. In love we are less constant than the pigeon. In war, how noble a picture we present! how lofty an example we set before the hawk and the tiger of mild good faith, serene benevolence, abstemious self-restraint, and tender pity for our fellow-creatures! Of personal beauty it is needless to speak; on that point one half of the human race, negroes and Esquimaux squaws included, must of course be supreme, in spite of all the gazelles, and zoophytes, and peacocks, and birds-of-paradise in the world.

A remark has been made that 'if man had not been his own classifier, he would never have thought,' as many naturalists have done, 'of founding a separate order

for his own reception.<sup>9</sup> It is retorted that man establishes his right to the exclusive position by exclusively possessing the power to classify. In Æsop's fables a man debates this very question with a lion, and points out that in all pictures of contests between them, the lion is vanquished and the man prevails; to which the king of the forest makes reply, that if lions were the painters, men would be represented as the victims, and with much more fidelity to the facts of the case. It is, indeed, not easy to see how the facts of the case can be in any way altered by the circumstance that men can paint and lions cannot. Men can classify; so, in a minor degree, can other animals. Dogs can distinguish strangers and acquaintances, well-dressed persons from persons in rags; the canine species from all other species. They cannot carry their classifications far, not from want of memory and intelligence, but from want of a well-devised language and printed books.

Men can classify, but can they classify correctly? We are all agreed that the earth and the human race upon it are at least five or six thousand years old; and yet within the last hundred and twenty years parts of the very same structure, the so-called medusæ of the hydroid Zoophytes, and the stationary polypes from which the medusæ come, were classified, not in two different species or genera merely, but in two different classes. Among the fishes, among the crustaceans, down to our own times, husbands and wives, fathers and children, have been separated and assigned to different groups and genera. We say proudly that man is his own classifier; but which man, if you please? Let the most intelligent of my candid readers answer for themselves how much they have had to do with

the classification of the animal kingdom. The best naturalists are still disputing whether men, the bimana, should be an order by themselves, or ranged alongside of the quadrumana as a section of the order Primates. The majority of mankind, even in these days of enlightenment, are content to follow, on one side or the other, the few leaders of opinion. In regard to facts discovered and arguments founded upon the discoveries, most of us are but too happy if we can do a little gleaning after the reapers, a little picking up of crumbs from beneath the tables of the rich. When we say 'most of us,' when we speak of 'the majority of mankind,' we refer only to those who give the subject a thought, for, compared with the whole mass of human beings on the globe, it is pretty certain that those who think or know anything about the classification of the animal kingdom are only a handful. The grasp of the subject obtained by a few industrious students, and the progress made in it by men of exceptional genius, are both of them largely due to the accumulation of experience and diffusion of knowledge made possible by the invention of printing. Printing itself was man's invention; but surely an animal cannot be transferred from one order to another by means of an invention. The art of printing, like many other contrivances evolved from the human mind, quite consistently with the law of natural selection though not precisely by that law, confirmed and carried forward man's general superiority over the other animals. In the same way tigers confirmed their general superiority over Indian villages when they invented the plan of hunting in couples, so that while one is being driven off by the wretched men at one end of

<sup>9</sup> *Descent of Man*. Darwin. Vol. i. p. 191.

the village, its companion carries off the still more wretched babies at the other.

One thing in mental development is to be noticed, that the improvement is not transmitted only, perhaps we should add, not chiefly, by inheritance in the direct line of its first possessor. A mind exalted and refined becomes, as it were, the food and sustenance of other minds, whereby they also are refined and exalted, so that the refinement and exaltation are in the end transmitted, not through one only, but through many channels of inheritance. When we say that such and such a man was in advance of his time, we mean that other minds had not at that epoch so far beneficially varied as to be even capable of receiving the better food which he had become capable of supplying. Thus it is that with the mind, as with the body, nature cannot, and obviously does not, select the absolute best; but only the best under the circumstances.

It was long a favourite explanation of the similarities between animals in some respects extremely unlike, that they had all been created upon the same general type. That sounds very philosophical and satisfactory; let us examine it a little. The vertebrate type contains mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, and fishes. Here we have grouped together men, monkeys, and whales, the eagle, the ostrich, and the apteryx, the crocodile, tortoise, and adder, the frog and the axolotl, the sturgeon, the flounder, and the lancelet. By the theory we have mentioned, the Creator is regarded as an artist having an idea in his mind which he chose to work out in various ways, just as an architect might employ Gothic architecture in building a palace or a hovel, a church or a linendraper's shop. It would be a strange vagary in a human artist, when rearing a grand cathedral, to build by its side a

beer-shop in the very same style, but hideously caricatured; or, having on one day designed a vile grotesque tenement, on the next day to choose that pattern, of all others, for the noblest of his works. Yet this is what the Divine artist is charged with having done in regard to man and the baboon. With infinite variety at His command He is supposed to have employed one idea for a thousand different purposes—now and then, as in the lancelet, almost losing sight of it altogether; at other times carrying it a little too far, as in giving man the rudiment of a useless tail; just as if man could not have been a vertebrate without that rudiment. Why should a type, an abstract idea, an ideal plan, or whatever else you are pleased to call it, have been worked out into useless details? And if creation according to ideal types cannot explain these rudimentary structures, what can it explain? Why is the eye of a cuttle-fish so like the eye of a man? You cannot answer that it is 'because the cuttle-fish is a vertebrate.' Why do insects rank so high in the animal kingdom for ingenuity and perseverance? Insects are not vertebrates. Among the vertebrata themselves, why can the parrot imitate articulate language, while the clever faithful dog can only whine and bark? Why is man, the highest of the highest class, inferior to the gudgeon in swimming, to the rabbit in running, to the squirrel in climbing, to the flea in jumping, to the snake in wriggling, and unable to fly at all?

In entering now upon a more detailed enquiry into the gradations observable among the forms of organic life, it will be convenient to begin with the lowest, the simplest, and most remote from ourselves. Many persons think it inconceivable that a sponge and a man could have had a common origin, however far back that origin might

be placed. Let such persons imagine themselves, if they can, brought suddenly face to face with the various specimens of humanity under its various conditions. They would see a little pink baby and a great black-bearded man, the fair Saxon beauty, and the swarth she-savage too hideous to describe, the lady in court-dress and the Indian in his war-paint, the stripling in his jacket and the aged councillor in his flowing robe; there would be the 'heathen Chinese,' and the Turk, and the Swiss peasant-girl, soldiers and sailors, blacksmiths and bakers, boys bathing and climbing trees, babies in long clothes, and babies in short clothes, lawyers pleading in wigs and gowns, coal-miners burrowing underground, tailors sitting cross-legged, and a thousand other varieties, in age, costume, complexion, tools and occupations. In grades and diversities of intellect there would be, besides the idiot and the maniac, the infant unable to speak or to reason, the booby school-boy, the man of common sense, the genius without it, the girl sweetly illogical, the prudent dame. In the manner of feeding, how great a variety would appear among these animals! Some would be seen parasitical at the breast, others dipping their fingers in common in the dish, some conveying food to their mouths with chopsticks, others delicately handling silver forks and the best Sheffield cutlery. In weapons of war the differences would be found still more numerous, intricate and surprising, from chips of flint and stakes hardened in the fire up to the very latest refinements of civilised humanity. To complete the parallel, along with the other representative persons there should be shown the faces and costumes of past ages as well as of the present,

and the mimicry of both in the stage-player and the masquerader.

At the first view of all this medley of animals, some so sweet in tone, so noble in aspect, so wise in action, others so unlovely in all things, or so mean and trivial, how difficult would it be for an intelligent being, previously unacquainted with animal nature and the nature of man, to conceive or believe that all these, in spite of appearances, were of one species, of one common origin and descent! Yet most of my readers would find it difficult to believe the reverse, because they do know something of the nature of man, they are not puzzled by the thin disguises of costume, they understand something of the development of arts, of the progress of fashions, they know the gradations through which the helpless and speechless infant may be elevated into the hero and the orator. When an equally intimate knowledge of all animated nature has become common among men, one may be permitted at least to anticipate that the mention of man's affinity to 'oysters and so forth,' will be thought less witty as a joke than heretofore, and the joke less forcible as an argument.

When we look at the beginnings of life, we find none of that enormous disparity between living creatures which confronts us in the later stages of growth and development. 'All mammals,' says De Quatrefages, 'and even man himself, as well as birds and reptiles, proceed from actual eggs.'<sup>10</sup> 'Up to a certain point,' Professor Owen tells us, 'the vertebrate germ resembles in form, structure, and behaviour, the infusorial monad and the germ-stage of invertebrates.'<sup>11</sup> And again De Quatrefages says, 'All vegetable and animal germs, seeds, buds, bulbs, and eggs, have

<sup>10</sup> *Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals*, ch. ii.

<sup>11</sup> *Anatomy of Vertebrates*, vol. i. p. 2.



their origin in a few granules, scarcely visible under the highest magnifying power, or even in a single vesicle, smaller than the point of the finest needle. Thus commence alike the elephant and the oak, the moss and the earth-worm, and such is really the first appearance of what, at a later period, will become a man.<sup>12</sup> Nay, more ignominious still, 'all vertebrates,' says Owen,<sup>13</sup> 'during more or less of their developmental life-period, float in a liquid of similar specific gravity to themselves.' Henceforth, therefore, be a little more respectful to sponges and gregarines, considering their likeness to your former selves. Be pleased to remember, that whatever may have been the origin of the first man and the first woman, the origin of every one of you is perfectly well known; for notwithstanding the many virtues and graces you now can boast of, the most muscular Christian among you could once have passed easily through the eye of a needle, was once a little floating parasitic animal.

The sponges and gregarines just mentioned belong to the Protozoa or lowest forms of animal life. A vast branch of the present subject, relating to the forms of vegetable life, must be dismissed for this time with only a passing reference. So difficult to distinguish are the confines of the two kingdoms, the animal and the vegetable, that a proposal has been made to establish a sort of neutral ground or third intermediate kingdom, the *Regnum Protistacum* of Haeckel. The necessity for this is disallowed by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Rolleston and by most other naturalists. But it is interesting to observe that in discriminating the two acknow-

ledged kingdoms, we are in the last resort driven back upon a single character, not irritability, or contractibility, or locomotion, or circulation of absorbed and assimilated nutritive matters, for all these 'phenomena universal in the animal' are 'occasionally observable in the vegetable kingdom;' not the secretion of chlorophyll, and of cellulose, and the power of regenerating an entire compound organism from a more or less fragmentary portion, for all these properties almost universal among vegetables, are also 'occasionally noticeable among animals.'<sup>14</sup> The nature of the food they are respectively capable of assimilating, constitutes the only ultimate line of demarcation between the two great divisions of physical life.<sup>15</sup> And in spite of this, Professor Rolleston, in his valuable work on *The Forms of Animal Life*, declares that 'there are organisms which, at one period of their life, exhibit an aggregate of phenomena such as to justify us in speaking of them as animals, whilst at another they appear to be as distinctly vegetable.'<sup>16</sup>

'Have you no brains?' is a question we sometimes put to those who disagree with us in opinion, or who do not readily understand our explanations. We imply that even the meanest animal must have brains. But we are very far out in our implication. Not only may brains be wanting, but a mouth and a stomach. In the lowest amebian forms of life one should perhaps say that the creature is all mouth and all stomach. As we pass to the higher forms of life, we find the apparatus becoming gradually specialised for the enjoyment of various kinds of food. Yet even among the crustacea there are some which are miserably deficient in the power of

<sup>12</sup> *Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals*, ch. ii.

<sup>13</sup> *Anatomy of Vertebrates*, vol. i. p. 4.

<sup>14</sup> Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. clxiii.

<sup>15</sup> Carpenter, *The Microscope*, p. 240, § 180.

<sup>16</sup> Rolleston, *Op. cit.*, p. clxiii.

dining, and it is a shocking but truthful statement that in some of the ento-parasitic vermes there is absolutely no digestive system present.<sup>17</sup> This is explicable on the Darwinian theory as the adaptation of creatures by variation and natural selection to the circumstances with which they have come to be surrounded; while surely it is absurd to speak of crustacea and vermes as all created on an ideal plan, when some of them are entirely destitute of stomachs. Surely the theory of creation by special design becomes something worse than absurd, when charging itself to explain the existence of creatures which cannot flourish and abound, which cannot even live, except in the tissues, in the vitals, in the heart and brain of other animals. Do those who advocate this and kindred theories ever trouble themselves to confront the consequences of what they say? According to them, all these internal parasites, the cause of so much pain, disease and death, must have been created from the first in the bodies they were destined to haunt, in the innocent sheep, in the—as yet not guilty—man. This in the age of innocence! this before pain and death had been introduced into the world! this by exquisite benevolence, this by glorious design! You cannot believe it, unless all your neighbours are willing to help you, and they are not willing.

Time fails for showing in all the sub-kingdoms of the animal world, or even in a single division of any one of them, the gradations by which different forms are closely united. For the connection between the various groups of the Protozoa, Carpenter *On the Microscope* will be a useful guide to the student. For the Polycistina, one of those groups, we may take the opinion of Mr. Mungo Ponton. He is an anti-

Darwinian. He has written a curious book with a curious title, *The Beginning: its When, and its How*. In it he says, 'Doubtless had we at once placed before us the entire series of forms assumed by the Polycistina, we should be enabled to discover that they are all linked together by transitional types.'

Between these and the Sponges Dr. Carpenter points out the little intermediate group of the Acanthometrina, extremely minute balls of jelly upon a framework of spicules which radiate in all directions from a common centre.

Between the Spongiadæ of the lowest sub-kingdom and the Coelenterata, the sub-kingdom immediately above them, those who have studied the Devonian fossils of Devonshire will know how close and how puzzlingly close is often the general similarity of appearance. Especially the Milleporidæ and the Favositidæ affect a spongiöse structure. The modern *Alcyonium digitatum* (vulgarly known as 'Dead man's toes') and *Millepora tuberculosa* are both very sponge-like masses. We do not for a moment wish to affiliate particular corals to particular sponges on the strength of any superficial resemblance; but we maintain that when striking similarities present themselves between different classes or different sub-kingdoms, they are much more likely to be due to development from a common origin than to creation upon separate types. The habit of living in colonies, in which the different members of the society are as closely united as a man's body and limbs, is common both to sponges and corals. Besides the ordinary method of reproduction, these creatures and some others have another method called fissiparity, the method of reproduction by splitting. When a creature splits itself almost in half and each frag-

<sup>17</sup> Rolleston, *Op. cit.*, p. cxxiii.

ment rounds itself off into a new individual, the distinction between parent and child must be reduced to a minimum, and when gemmiparity, or production by budding, is added to production by self-splitting, a perfect tangle of relationships must be the result. However, be that as it may, we have here three methods of reproduction, only one of which pervades the whole animal kingdom, reproduction by the union of two distinct elements. Not either of the methods favourable to the stability of species, but the method favourable to variation, since the product of two things unlike each other cannot be exactly like them both. Why was this method selected by nature, in spite of the faults found with it by Milton's genius? <sup>18</sup> May we not say that it determined its own selection by giving rise to useful variations, in which the other methods were unfruitful? From the cumulative inheritance of many advantageous variations creatures would be at length developed too specialised to admit of splitting without injury, or of budding out the entire organism from the foot, or side, or cheek of the parent. Nevertheless the power of budding was not altogether lost, for crabs and star-fish can repair the loss of limbs by budding out fresh ones. The same thing has been observed to take place even in the human embryo, and in human beings of maturer life extra digits have sprouted again after amputation.

Within the boundaries of the Cœlenterata, the stony corals of the Anthozoa show an immense variety of forms linked together by multitudinous minute gradations. In studying what are commonly known as sea-anemones, most persons are at first surprised to find that while some are perfectly soft, others, very

like them in general aspect, have a hard stony skeleton. We know well enough that hard-hearted men and soft-hearted women spring from the same parents. We ought not, then, to wonder at a corresponding variation in the structure of a polype. Here, again, we have the requisite gradations from absolute softness through a mere granular hardening to a complete continuous consolidation. <sup>19</sup> And if this were not enough to show us how Nature, as De Quatrefages says, had been feeling her way to a conclusion, we have the abiding, continually repeated evidence of the process of development in each individual, for in their youth all the corallaria alike are soft-bodied polypes. By degrees they acquire their appropriate granulations, their solid walls, their cycles of septa, costæ, columella, pali, and synapticulæ, the tabulæ, the vesicular tissue, and the epitheca. By degrees only do they acquire a right in these hard names, nor yet do any ever acquire a right in them all, but some in many, some in a few, and some in only one. Be it granted that while the present argument tends to show that a soft polype was the ancestor of all the corallaria, we are confronted with the circumstances that all the soft polypes are modern, and that the most complicated stony corals range back through millions of years to the Silurian period. It looks, at the first glance, as if the ancestor only began to live a great while after the death of his descendants. But a single observation clears up the mystery. The soft polypes won't fossilise. Few would care to deny the existence of such creatures contemporary with the Silurian *Acervularia luxurians*, and thenceforward down to our own times. But, if so, what a multitude of forms has been lost to human recognition, how vast a

<sup>18</sup> *Paradise Lost*, book x. ver. 888.

<sup>19</sup> M. Edwards and J. Haime, *Histoire naturelle des Coralliaires*, c. i. p. 7.

slice has been cut out of the genealogical history of the Cœlenterata! There still remains the apparent difficulty that we should find almost at the beginning of fossil records corals so highly developed as the *Acervularia*. It would be a difficulty, were it in any degree probable that the Silurian period was the true beginning of fossil history. But in the first place, from rocks far older than the Silurian we now have the foraminiferous structure of the *Eozoon Canadense*; secondly, we know that repeated research has been continually pushing back the zone of primordial life into a more and more distant past; thirdly, we must remember how recently and how gradually the antiquity of the higher organisms has been established, as of man in particular, of the mammals in general, and of birds; fourthly, it is obvious that time has a great effect in obliterating the traces of life, since in the Upper Oolite we can recognise the existence of birds by the bones and feathers they have left, whereas in the far older Trias (Keuper) we have as yet no memorials of them but their foot-prints. And lastly, in the relation of animal to vegetable life we have a conclusive proof that there were living things upon the globe prior to any of which fossil remains have hitherto been found. The oldest known fossil is the fossil of an animal structure. On what did that animal support life? Unless the nature of things has been altered in the meanwhile, which there is not the shadow of a reason for supposing, vegetable life must have preceded animal life upon the globe for the simple reason that animals cannot live upon soup made of stones and water seasoned with sunlight, while vegetables can.

The inference from all these considerations is that there is not the

slightest difficulty in believing that a multitude of forms of the fleshy polypes lived in the pre-Silurian age, ancestral to the simple and to the more or less complicated stony corals which have flourished since.

Of persons bearing certain names we are sometimes pleased to say that such an one is a man of a very old family, ignoring the fact that the ragged crossing-sweeper, who has no name to boast of but a nickname, is a man of a family precisely as old. He has not kept the records of his forefathers, he cannot point to a fossil ancestry enshrined in marble, and we think that he has none. We deem of him as a creature of yesterday, sprung from the mud in which he plies his toil. You will observe how this prejudice affects men's minds on the whole question of genealogical history. Nothing but their own actual presence at each successive birth through thousands or millions of years would suffice to satisfy some of these sceptics as to the connection by descent between two different forms.

Passing from the Anthozoa to the Hydrozoa, we have to observe the points of likeness between the two orders, the Discophora or Medusæ, and the Hydroida. To the Discophores belong the large jelly-fishes, one of which, the *Cyanæa Arctica*, is said to attain a diameter of seven feet and a half. The great Discophores and the tiny hydroids present parallel courses of development. For these and those alike a polypite affixed and stationary buds out a medusa form to swim freely in the waters, which in turn sends forth a brood of ciliated embryos, and these after a while choose some point of attachment, and develop into stationary polypites to bud forth a new generation of medusæ.<sup>20</sup>

In some genera of both groups

<sup>20</sup> *The Popular Science Review*, April 1871. Art. 'Discophores,' by the Rev. Thomas Hincks.

the stationary polypite is wanting. The medusa is developed direct from the egg of the medusa. The suppression of certain stages of development in the life-history of an animal is not uncommon. Its advantage may easily be comprehended. By it a creature attains maturity sooner, and is therefore sooner capable of defending itself against enemies and propagating its species. Such a variation, therefore, natural selection would naturally select, while other theories stammer helplessly in trying to explain it.<sup>21</sup>

In the Hydroida a chain of resemblances will be found binding together the various genera and species. The chitinous envelope, sometimes wanting, sometimes extremely simple, in other cases becomes a miniature tree, a maze of fairy foliage adorned with exquisite cups or shining bells, all instinct with life and sometimes with living fire. With the valuable assistance of Mr. Hincks and Professor Allman, the reproductive polypite may be traced through a series of transitional forms in different species from a mere adherent sac to the free medusiform zooid, so surprising in its tiny loveliness as it glides about or sinks or rises in the water like a transparent parachute or crystal vase. Between the free swimming bell polypite devoted to reproduction and the stationary polypite devoted to nutrition, parts, one might almost say, of the same individual, though in former times regarded as quite different animals, there is in fact the closest connection even in form. The swimming bell is but a disguise, a sort of petticoat and crinoline, useful perhaps but not universal—a fashion, one might say, not abruptly introduced,

but, like the petticoat, gradually developed, since there are stationary polypites with the beginning of such an expansion, and free polypites without it.

In the sub-kingdom of the Vermes there is the class of the Gephyræa, so called from a Greek word signifying 'bridge,' because this class bridges over the interval between the Vermes and the Echinodermata.<sup>22</sup>

Of the latter sub-kingdom Dr. Thomas Wright, in his Monograph published by the Palæontographical Society for 1856, remarks: 'No class of the animal kingdom more clearly exhibits a gradation of structure than the Echinodermata; for while some remain rooted to the sea-bottom, and in this sessile condition and other points of structure resemble the Polypifera, others exhibit the true rayed forms, clothed in prickly armour, which characterise the central groups of this class. These conduct us through a series of beautiful gradations, to soft elongated organisms whose forms mimic the Ascidian Mollusca; whilst others have the long cylindrical body and annulose condition of the skin, with the reptatory habits of the apodous Annelida.'

Since this was written, the Sipunculidæ and others after considerable controversy have been removed from the Echinodermata to the Gephyræan class of worms above-mentioned. Considering the astonishing difference between the common earthworm and a sea-urchin, it is surely a circumstance requiring some explanation that forms should exist the affinities of which lie doubtfully between the two.

The Echinoderms are divided into four classes, the Crinoidea—

<sup>21</sup> See *Facts for Darwin*. By Fritz Müller. Chapter on the 'Progress of Evolution.' Translated by Dallas.

<sup>22</sup> See Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. cxxxi.; and for the points of resemblance to Echinodermata in the *Platyhelminthes* and *Rotifera*, see note pp. 153 &c.

Asteroidea, Echinoidea, and Holothurioidea. The lowest of these, the Crinoidea, were extremely abundant in the Silurian and Devonian periods. They are now exceedingly rare. It may seem rather damaging to the theory of evolution that thus early among our fossil records we should find the beautiful stone-lilies in high perfection, with their long jointed stems channelled and embossed in various patterns, their cups of ingenious mosaic, their branching arms and delicate filaments. But the existence of these highly organised stone-lilies in the Silurian period is in truth of great importance to the evolution theory. The whole range of fossil records may be said to have established this general law, that in the history of any order or family of animals, the genera and species gradually increase in number till they attain a maximum, and from that maximum gradually decline till they finally die out. Thus the trilobites become most abundant about the middle of the Palæozoic series of rocks, and are almost, if not altogether, extinct at the close of the upper Palæozoic series. Thus oysters, which in the cretaceous period numbered hundreds of species, are every year becoming less considerate of the wants of their human congeners—in other words, are obviously going through the process of gradually dying out. Apply this law to the case of the Crinoids, once so abundant, now so scarce, and the suggestion arises that half their history may be pre-Silurian, buried in an unknown past, during which they were rising from scarcity to abundance, as since then they have been sinking from abundance to scarcity.

In another way the Crinoids furnish remarkable evidence in favour of the evolution theory. The *Antedon*, *alias* *Comatula*, *alias* *Feather-*

star, is a Crinoid. But the long peduncle or foot-stalk, so characteristic of its class, is wanting. It is free and unattached like the common starfish, which it also resembles in possessing five arms, although these arms bifurcate very close to the base and seem to be ten in number. Now, if anyone supposes it impossible for a free-swimming starfish to have been developed from a pedunculated crinoid, the comatula gives him his answer. In its larval stage, like the offspring of the polype, like the offspring of the starfish and the echinus, it is a little free-swimming ciliated zooid. From this estate it passes into the condition of a pedunculated crinoid, and finally drops off its stalk and becomes free again. When the life of one small obscure animal presents changes so remarkable, and when in fact the lives of all animals present changes which would be equally remarkable were they less familiar, all idea of improbability or impossibility must surely be discarded as attaching in any degree to the theory of evolution. Mr. Mungo Ponton, to whom we have before referred as an anti-Darwinian witness, makes the following most pertinent remark: 'The most striking feature in animal metamorphosis generally is the greatness of the change in both the external and internal character of the organism which it involves. The gradual conversion of one species of animal into another, as of an ass into a horse, or even of one genus into another, as of a hare into a dog, would not involve alterations of structure so great as those which are thus embraced in the life-history of one and the same individual being.'<sup>23</sup>

The Asteroidea are divided into two sub-classes, the Ophiuridæ and the Astერიადæ, distinguished among

<sup>23</sup> *The Beginning, its When and its How*, p. 241.

other things by the relation of their arms or rays to the central disk. The arms in the Ophiuridæ contain no portion of the digestive and reproductive apparatus as they do in the Asteriadæ. In the Ophiuridæ the genus *Astrophyton* presents us with five rays branching dichotomously from their roots, as the rays branch from their bases in the *Comatula*. Herein we have a striking link between this class and the Crinoidea. On the other hand, with members of its own sub-class, the *Ophiocomas* or brittle-stars, *Astrophyton* is said by Forbes to be connected by gradational forms of the genus *Trichaster*.<sup>24</sup> The *Ophiocoma* passes easily into the *Ophiura*. The *Luidia*, famous, like the brittle-stars, for shedding its arms at those who attempt to capture it, itself an *Asteriad*, links the *Asteriadæ* with the *Ophiuras*. On the other side, the genus *Goniaster* connects the *Asteriadæ* with the *Echinidæ* or sea-urchins. Among these a multitude of forms, round, oval, heart-shaped, flat, dome-like, conical or undulating, are so interlaced and bound together by resemblances where most they differ, by the slightness of the differences which end in accumulating generic distinction, that anyone who will thoroughly and honestly study all the available forms, fossil and recent, will find it far more difficult to believe them the result of a great many separate acts of creation than to believe them the members of a single family, derived from a common ancestor.

There is a curious organ, known as the madreporiform tubercle, and connected with what is called the water-vascular circulation, existing alike in the Ophiuridæ, the Asteriadæ, and the Echinidæ. Its position is central in the first; lateral on the dorsal surface in the second, being almost marginal in *Luidia*;

and dorsally sub-central in the third of these classes.

The sub-kingdom of the Arthropoda, to which we shall next turn our attention, embraces within its limits the crab and the butterfly. This must seem a most paradoxical caprice in classification, unless some intermediate form presents itself to the mind. The sub-kingdom in question is, in fact, divided into four classes—Insecta, Myriopoda, Arachnida, Crustacea. And when, in addition to the crab and the butterfly, we remark that it includes the caterpillar, the centipede, and the spider, a possibility gradually dawns upon the mind, that among the countless forms which nature provides, here also some may be found to link together the unlike, to supply the requisite fine gradations, to prove in a sense more literal than the poet intended, that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' We can easily accept the butterfly and the spider as belonging to the same sub-kingdom. The spider and the spider-crab are not so unlike when placed together as to revolt our notions of congruity in grouping. As a matter of fact, the nervous system of the crustacea, we are told, resembles in its general principles that of the insects. The visual organ in the crustacea is essentially similar to that of insects. In the crustacea, as in insects, there is a marked division of the body into three regions, the head, the thorax, the abdomen. The throwing off of the old integument, and its replacement by a new one during the growth of the animal, takes place in all the crustacea, says Mr. Bell, as necessarily and as constantly as in insects during their larva condition.<sup>25</sup> The very peculiarity of undergoing metamorphoses, which was once thought most decisively to set apart the insect tribe, is now known to

<sup>24</sup> *History of British Star-fishes*, p. 68.

<sup>25</sup> *British Crustacea*, p. xxxiii.

belong also to the crustacea. Creatures so widely apart in construction, that at one time they were placed not only in different genera but in different orders, are now known to be the same individual animal in the changeful guises or disguises of its personal development. The Zœa, the Megalopa, the Mœnas Carcinus, or Shore-crab, are but the baby, the child, the adult forms of a single animal.<sup>26</sup> This is most instructive in regard to the abrupt metamorphoses from the caterpillar to the pupa, from the pupa to the imago stages in the Lepidoptera. It has seemed extremely puzzling to reconcile with the theory of evolution the transition of a creeping caterpillar into an inert chrysalis, and of the chrysalis into a bright-winged butterfly, all within the limits of a single lifetime. The puzzle would be equally great with the three forms of Mœnas Carcinus, were the transitions equally abrupt. But they are not so. The process of development has there been proved by Mr. Spence Bate to be perfectly gradual.<sup>27</sup> In the Lepidoptera the process is no longer gradual, no doubt for the simple reason that many of the intermediate stages have been suppressed, or repressed, and lost to observation. That such suppression may take place is clearly indicated by the example of the West Indian Gecarcinus, or land-crab, which brings forth its young in the likeness of the adult form without the intervention of metamorphic stages. Fritz Müller has pointed out the considerable advantage which this peculiarity would give to the species possessing it in the struggle for existence. And probably the advocates of special creations will regard it as a beautiful adaptation of the land-crabs to

the conditions of crab-life upon land. Before these advocates it is necessary to lay another beautiful adaptation of land-crabs to the conditions of continental existence. 'Once in the year they migrate in great crowds to the sea, in order to deposit their eggs, and afterwards return much exhausted towards their dwelling-places, which are reached only by a few.'<sup>28</sup> On the principles of natural selection we can understand the gradual migration of crabs, which varied so as to be capable of it, farther and farther inland. On the same principles we can understand the preservation of an instinct in these creatures of depositing their eggs in the sea-waves or on the sea-shore, though that instinct proved subsequently fatal to the parents themselves. The capacity for land-life being a late acquisition, and therefore not at the outset inherited by their offspring in the earliest stages, the eggs if deposited on dry land would have perished and the race become extinct. Accordingly only those species of land-crabs would be preserved in which the mothers chose, at whatever expense to their own lives, to be delivered of their offspring at the sea-side. This result may be beautiful or ugly as you please to regard it; it can at least be seen to be natural. Some minds take a different view. They think it more consonant to piety and religion to believe that by an arrangement of special creation, by the excellent design of supreme wisdom, the parents were fitted only for life upon dry land, the children only for life in sea-water; that the land-crabs of almost every species were specially created with an instinct destructive to their own lives.

We have spoken of land-crabs and

<sup>26</sup> Bell, *British Stalk-eyed Crustacea*, p. liv.

<sup>27</sup> Fritz Müller, *Facts for Darwin*, p. 55.

<sup>28</sup> Tröschel, quoted by Fritz Müller, p. 48, note.



shore-crabs; there are also river-crabs and deep-sea crabs. Between the crabs that are constantly in the water, and the crabs that are constantly on the land, there are those which are amphibious. Breathing in the air and breathing in the water are two different things. It is only necessary to hold one's head in a bucket of water for a minute and a half to prove this experimentally. This difference alone might seem a satisfactory refutation of the theory of man's origin from a marine animal. But the crab refuses the refutation. And the researches of Fritz Müller have shown by what very simple stages the transition from aquatic to aerial respiration may be effected. Among the Grapsoidæ he observed that the animal opened its bronchial cavity in front or behind, according as it had to breathe water or air.<sup>29</sup> In many of the Crustacea there are contrivances by which the animal continues, when upon land, to breathe the water which it retains in its own body; and it seems probable that, in some of the terrestrial Isopoda, the same contrivances which protect the branchiæ, or water-breathing apparatus, and prevent the too rapid escape of moisture, have, beyond this, a pulmonary function—that is, subserve the purpose of aerial respiration.<sup>30</sup>

There are two main divisions of the Crustacea, the Sessile-eyed and the Stalk-eyed. The Stalk-eyed Prawn has been traced through its several stages of development—the Nauplius, Zœa, Mysis forms—till it becomes a perfect Palæmon. The two first of these forms correspond with those of the lower Crustacea, and are sessile-eyed, thus remarkably binding together the two great divisions of the class. Mr. Bell, in the Introduction to his History of the British stalk-eyed Crustacea,

observes that 'the variations which occur in every organ and function, in the different groups belonging to the Crustacean type, are so considerable as to render it almost impossible to include them all within one common and well-defined expression.' He speaks of the typical characters as being 'astonishingly modified,' in some cases 'totally changed,' 'in others, absolutely lost.' In other words, while still apparently a believer in the theory of typical creations, he confesses the fallaciousness of that theory. For how can creatures be created according to a type, with the typical characters absolutely lost? But none of the modifications of the twenty-one segments with their appendages which appertain to the Crustacea, be it into eye-stalks or foot-jaws, into ambulatory feet or natatory, be it by soldering and expansion of the plates into a broad carapace, or dwindling of appendages into rudimentary dots upon the tail—none of these changes are in any way alien to the principles of natural selection based on variation. The single eye of the Nauplius, the two sessile eyes of the Zœa, the two stalked eyes of the full-grown Prawn, accord but ill with typical formation. They accord perfectly well with the theory of development; as also does the circumstance that in the young animal the number of facets in the eye is fewer than in the adult state. Thus, according to Spence Bate, 'in the genus Gammarus, the number of lenses in the young is first eight or ten, whilst in the adult they number from forty to fifty.'<sup>31</sup> There are men of science who put forward particular organisations, and captiously enquire how the incipient stages of such structures could have been of any use, so as to be preserved by natural selection. This is what Mr. Mivart has done in refer-

<sup>29</sup> Fritz Müller, *Facts for Darwin*, p. 31.

<sup>30</sup> *British Sessile-eyed Crustacea*, Int. p. xxxvii. Spence Bate, and J. O. Westwood.

<sup>31</sup> *Sessile-eyed Crustacea*. Introduction, p. viii.

ence to the whalebone of the whale's mouth. Surely this is nothing but an appeal to ignorance. To an animal such as the whale is now, very likely rudimentary whalebone would be of little service. But who told Mr. Mivart that the whale had acquired all the conditions of its present organisation before the whalebone began to sprout? The long fibrous plates which depend from the upper jaw of the Greenland whale serve it, for securing its food, in place of teeth. Doubtless, prior to the development of the whalebone, the ancestral form had teeth, for the rudiments are still to be found in both jaws of the young ones. All other species possess teeth either in one or both jaws, and in these only short fringes of whalebone are found. If the short fringes are useless, why, O teleologists! are they there? If they are not useless, why should they not have been preserved by natural selection? Granted that the incipient structure may not have been a short fringe, but merely a minute gummy exudation on the roof of the mouth, is it impossible to conceive any use and advantage for so slight a variation? Far from it. In a minor degree it would subservise the very purpose fulfilled by the long sieve-like structure in the skull of the Greenland whale—namely, the detention of little Pteropods and Medusæ, on which the huge monster delicately feeds.<sup>32</sup>

The sub-kingdom of the Mollusks is divided into two great provinces; one, the Mollusca proper, among which are Cuttle-fish, Slugs, Pteropoda and bivalve oysters; the other, the Molluscoidea, containing the Brachiopoda, Polyzoa and Tunicata, to which last belong the Ascidiæ and sea-squirts, the now famous an-

cestors of mankind. But seeing that the vertebrates go back at least as far as the Old Red Sandstone, so far back at least we have a claim to a vertebrate ancestry. If any man is offended, if any man is wounded in his religious feelings by the affirmation of a probability that his forefather at a time long antecedent to the Old Red Sandstone period had no back-bone, no rudiment of a tail, such a man, I cannot help thinking, must have inherited some of the softness of his Molluscan progenitor. On the affinities between the various classes and orders of this sub-kingdom, we have not time to dwell.<sup>33</sup> It is the sub-kingdom which upon the whole approaches most closely to the sub-kingdom of the vertebrata, although in the present state of knowledge there is still a large interval between them. Even this large interval is partially bridged over by the *Amphioxus lanceolatus*, or Lancelet, the single species which represents the Pharyngobranchial order of fishes. The Lancelet, a little worm-like, semi-transparent fish, two inches in length when full grown, has pulsating vessels instead of a saccular heart, and is without either cranium or brain strictly so called. In the development of this the lowest of the vertebrates correspondences have been noticed with the development of certain Ascidiæ.<sup>34</sup> And here it may be remarked that between a mollusk without a shell and a fish without bones there may have been any number of transitional forms, not one of which would in the ordinary course of events have left a vestige in fossil records.

Passing from the lowest to the highest class of fishes, we come to the Dipnoi or double breathers, fitted

<sup>32</sup> Carpenter's *Animal Physiology*, § 184. Ed. 1851.

<sup>33</sup> As an interesting sample of these affinities, we may cite Professor Owen's observation, that the respiratory organ in *Lingula* (a brachiopod) may be paralleled with one of the transitory states of that organ in the Lamellibranchs, and that in both *Terebratula* and *Orbicula* it is comparable with a still earlier stage of the respiratory system in the embryo Lamellibranch. *Palæontological Society's vol. for 1853.*

<sup>34</sup> Rolleston, *Forms of Animal Life*, p. lxxxi.

both for aquatic and aerial respiration. These mud-fishes link their own class to that of the amphibia. In early life the amphibious frog is in effect a fish. Archegosaurus minor joins the Batrachians to the Saurians. The reptiles and birds are united by *Archæopteryx macrura* from Solenhofen, with its long Saurian but feathered tail, and still more closely by *Compsognathus* from Stonesfield.<sup>35</sup> It is probable that the Amphibia lead by two divergent lines, on the one hand through the reptiles to the birds, and on the other through the lower to the higher orders of mammalia. Apart from external resemblances, the researches of anatomy are continually establishing with more and more certainty the affinity of all mammals, from the fossil mouse, the earliest mammal upon record, down to the living man.

The very learned and worthy Stillingfleet, in the Third Book of his *Origines Sacræ*, remarks that the heathen philosophers were much puzzled through not knowing the doctrine of the Fall of Adam. 'It was very strange that since reason ought to have the command of passions, by their (the philosophers') own acknowledgment, the brutish part of the soul should so master and enslave the rational, and the beast should still cast the rider in man! the sensitive appetite should throw off the power of τὸ ἡγεμονικόν, of that faculty of the soul which was designed for the government of all the rest.' It is strange that so ingenious a writer should have attributed this condition of man's nature to the Fall of Adam, when it is obvious at a glance that the Fall of Adam is itself to be attributed to this condition. The Fall was the consequence, and not the cause. Men's passions do not overmaster their reason because Adam transgressed, but Adam transgressed

because he allowed his passions to overmaster his reason.

How, then, are we to explain this heterogeneous compound in our nature of the beast and the rider, in which, as Pagan philosopher and Christian divine alike confess, the beast is often the more powerful of the two associates? The theory of Evolution explains it. It explains how it is that the lower faculties inherited from a long line of brute ancestry are sometimes stronger than the nobler and more recently acquired endowments, since by the ordinary laws of inheritance, characters that have been long persistent in a race have a general tendency to prevail over later variations. No other theory explains why it is that we butcher one another for the sake, as we say, of peace; why we spend half our lives in eating, drinking, and sleeping, and the other half in acquiring the means to eat and drink and sleep; why we freely praise the highest forms of virtue, and follow with equal freedom the poor selfishnesses of animal life; why we call not the miserable Lazarus to share our feasts; why we, for our personal comfort, jeopardy and sacrifice the lives of men on the ocean, in the mine, in the factory, although in poetry and sermons each of these men, as much as ourselves, is 'a paragon of animals,' 'the image of God,' 'an immortal soul.'

The way in which men treat their fellows in peace as well as in war, points too plainly to an origin not humane for us to deny it on the strength of now being human. But because some human natures, in spite of their low original, are in truth noble, loving, pure, this same theory, which binds them historically to an ignoble past, binds them prophetically, as the hopes and promises of religion bind them, to a far more glorious future.

<sup>35</sup> Lyell's *Student's Elements of Geology*, p. 316.

## THE LATE LADY BECHER.

THE Meath gentry are full of traditions of a little girl named Lizzie O'Neill, who with other members of her family was wont to star it from one country-town to another about three quarters of a century ago. Mr. Nugent, a gentleman of Meath, was once induced to lend a large white coat of his for a special performance of the company in Kells which required that costume; and a degree of excitement second only to that evoked by the Dog of Montargis was elicited when his favourite dog 'Grouse,' recognising the coat during the progress of the play, bounded on the stage and struggled to rescue it from the shoulders of Miss O'Neill's father. The imperturbable gravity and tragic firmness with which he sought to baffle the interruption, formed not the least amusing feature in the awkward scene. This incident is referred by the family from whom the anecdote comes to the year 1798; and Lizzie O'Neill is described as so tiny at that time that the little actress used to be carried in the arms of her father up the lane which led to the theatre. It has been, heretofore, erroneously supposed and recorded that her first appearance on any stage did not take place until the year 1803, when, at Drogheda, she personated the little Duke of York in *Richard the Third*, her father playing the crooked-back usurper. But it is evident that for at least five years previously she was no stranger to the footlights, or, indeed, to open-air performances either. Our late friend George Petrie, LL.D., one of the most conscientiously accurate of narrators, mentioned that he had seen Miss O'Neill on the slack rope at Donnybrook Fair. We asked if he could have mistaken her for the younger sister, but Petrie was positive as to her identity. The

Duchess of St. Alban's, the Countess of Essex, and other distinguished actresses passed through nearly similar vicissitudes.

The dramatic wanderings of O'Neill's company were not confined to Meath, Louth, or even Dublin, though the fact of Lizzie's mother being a Featherstone may have led them to seek special patronage in the first-named county; on the contrary, from Cape Clear to the Causeway the name of O'Neill was not unknown to play-goers; while as a *bon raconteur* of an inexhaustible stock of Irish stories, John O'Neill could boast of a large circle of admiring friends.

Mr. O'Neill, bâton in hand, at the head of a migratory company very much out at elbows, having passed from barn and town-hall to the higher dramatic paths, received some important engagements in Belfast, and became at last manager of the Drogheda Theatre in 1803. Miss O'Neill is said to have barely attained the age of twelve at this time; but we think it has been understated. Be this as it may, her dramatic promise so struck the Belfast lessee, Montague Talbot, that he offered to introduce her to his patrons. He took considerable pains with his *protégée*, and under his direction she studied and performed the part of Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal*, the Widow Cheerly in the *Soldier's Daughter*, Lady Bell in *Know your own Mind*, Mrs. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*, Mrs. Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and Bicarre in *The Inconstant* to the Mirabel of Talbot, which Mrs. Jordan declared to be a master-piece in his hands.

But it was the introduction of Miss O'Neill to the Dublin audience in 1811 upon which her entire

destiny hinged. Our late friend Captain Cole, better known as J. W. Calcraft, for many years manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, has recounted the circumstances under which this memorable engagement was effected.

In 1811, Miss Walstein, long the heroine of the Dublin stage, was announced to open the theatre in Juliet, Jones calculating on her re-engagement on the usual terms. Two or three days only before the night of performance, in the confidence of public favour, and with overweening self-estimation, she delivered an unexpected intimation to Jones through McNally, the boxkeeper, most diplomatically worded, as follows, without the usual courtesy of 'Sir' to herald in the communication. The note lies before us as we copy it:—

'The only terms I will accept in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, are seven pounds per week [five was the stock maximum], and a clear benefit in February, for which I engage to find my own dresses, or I will take a gross sum of 280 pounds divided into such parts as may hereafter be agreed upon for the Dublin season, calculating it at forty playing weeks and a clear benefit in February, for which I engage to perform whenever called upon.

'ELIZA WALSTEIN.'

Mr. Cole goes on to say that his predecessor, Jones, was too haughty to brook the style of this dictatorial missive. Had the house been full, and the prompter's bell on the point of ringing up the curtain, and no Juliet at the wing, he would have braved the issue rather than submit. 'A remedy is in your reach, sir,' said McNally. 'The girl who has been so often mentioned to you is now in Dublin with her brother and father on their way to Drogheda. She is very pretty, and makes a capital Juliet.' Jones took the hint, and on the following Saturday (distinctly states Cole) Miss O'Neill made her *début* in Crow Street as Juliet. He adds: 'The audience received her with rapture. The play was repeated for several nights. Jones engaged her at once.'

But impressions, even officially derived, are not always to be trusted. We have referred to the pages of

the journals of the time, and find that Jones did not venture to assign to Miss O'Neill the character of Juliet until long after. Her first appearance (as recorded by the *Dublin Correspondent* of October 11, 1811) was in the part of Widow Cheerly, in the comedy of the *Soldier's Daughter*. The succeeding pieces produced were *Blue Beard*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Stranger*, *The Honeymoon*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Foundling of the Forest*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, and *Timour the Tartar*: we hear nothing of *Romeo and Juliet*. So much for the recollections of a theatrical manager.

Miss O'Neill came under some disadvantage as the successor of the Irish Siddons, Miss Walstein, who had long been literally worshipped by the Dublin play-goers. Miss Walstein rarely indulged in a smile; and when she did, Wilson Croker in his *Familiar Epistles* cruelly compared it to plating on a coffin. But Eliza O'Neill's smile was sweet as the blessing of an angel. The audience was thrown into rapture by her acting. Her triumph was complete. It may be added that she was effectively aided by Conway, a splendid looking fellow, six feet four high, called 'the handsome Conway' by Mrs. Thrale. This actor, though certainly too tall for the stage, was famous for his power over the female heart, and it is recorded by Donaldson that the daughter of a duke went almost distraught for love of him.

Under the influence of these two stars acclamation never rang louder than it did in Crow Street then. Since the days of Peg Woffington, it was generally confessed, no actress had appeared of equal charm with Miss O'Neill.

Jones unhesitatingly engaged the young *débutante*, and on liberal terms also included her father and brother and a younger sister, who, however, failed to attract any permanent attention.

We have spoken of the seraphic character of Miss O'Neill's smile. It is well described by Shiel in his play of *Adelaide* in painting the heroine, or rather actress, for whom he had expressly written the part :

Those fair blue eyes where shines a soul  
most loving,  
Her soft variety of winning ways,  
And all the tender witchery of her smiles,  
That charm each sterner grief, her studious  
care  
Of all the offices of sweet affection,  
Would render the world enamoured.

The Irish girl's fame was not long in reaching London. A successor to Siddons, who since 1811 had retired, was needed, and managerial eyes became fixed on Miss O'Neill. John Philip Kemble visited Dublin in 1812, and in the following letter brought under the notice of Mr. Harris of Covent Garden the various excellencies of Eliza O'Neill :

There is a very pretty Irish girl here, with a small touch of the brogue on her tongue; she has much quiet talent and some genius. With a little expense and some trouble, we might make her an 'object' for John Bull's admiration in juvenile tragedy. They call her—for they are all poets, all Tom Moores here!—the Dove, in contradistinction to her rival, a Miss Walstein, whom they designate as the Eagle. I recommend the Dove to you as more likely to please John Bull than the Irish Eagle, who, in fact, is merely a Siddons diluted, and would only be tolerated when Siddons is forgotten. I have sounded the fair lady on the subject of a London engagement. She proposes to append a very loud family, to which I have given a decided negative. If she accept the offered terms, I shall sign, seal, and ship herself and clan off from Cork direct. She is very pretty, and so, in fact, is her brogue, which, by the by, she only uses in conversation. She totally forgets it when with Shakespeare and with other illustrious companions.

Kemble's offer of from fifteen to seventeen pounds weekly was accepted (Kean had rarely more than ten), and the result proved in the highest degree satisfactory. On the 6th of October, 1814, Miss O'Neill's first appearance before a London audience was made at Co-

vent Garden Theatre. Here we find her playing Juliet with great success. When the curtain fell, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was announced by the manager for the next evening, but so excited were the audience that they rapturously called for a repetition of *Roméo and Juliet*. All were in love with the blue-eyed Irish girl, who made no disguise of her nationality, and, it is said, even resolutely refused to sacrifice her 'O,' when some urged her to lop it off. MacLaughlin had already altered his name to Macklin, and MacOwen to Owenson; but Eliza O'Neill proclaimed her 'O' proudly. She insisted on engagements for her family, and, after some demur, her wishes were complied with. Old play-goers have a dim recollection of an O'Neill 'coming on' as the Lord Mayor in *Richard the Third*, and another O'Neill as Catesby in the same piece; while an aunt of our actress obtained, at least in Crow Street, celebrity by essaying the character of Widow Brady, a part written in 1772, by Garrick, with the object of bringing into play the powers of Spranger Barry's wife.

A critic of the day thus notices Miss O'Neill's first appearance at Covent Garden :

Miss O'Neill is truly original. Her figure is of the finest model; her features beautiful, yet full of expression—displaying at once purity of mind and loveliness of countenance. Her demeanour is graceful and modest; her voice melody itself in all its tones; and, with the exception of the greatest actress of her day, the celebrated Lady Randolph—Mrs. Crawford—Miss O'Neill is the only actress with that genuine feeling that is capable of melting her audience to tears. In her hand the handkerchief is not hoisted as the *only* signal of distress; her pauses are always judicious and impressive; her attitudes appropriate and effective, either in regard to ease or dignity. She indulges in no sudden starts; no straining after effect; no wringing of hands; no screaming at the top of her voice; no casting her eyes round the boxes, searching for applause, no addressing her

discourse to the lustre or the gods; no wringing or pining, moaning or groaning. No, the great beauty of Miss O'Neill is that she never oversteps the modesty of nature, thus casting to the winds all the little tricks which second-rate actresses resort to.

The critic adds that her representation of Mrs. Haller is the finest moral lesson that ever was delivered from the pulpit or professor's chair. We may add that in comedy she was by no means so successful.

The triumphant soar of 'the Dove' attracted the jealous eye of 'the Eagle' (which *sobriquet* seems to have been partly suggested by the length of her most prominent feature); and this 'diluted Siddons,' with more boldness than discretion, challenged competition with Miss O'Neill at Drury Lane. The play of *The Fair Penitent* seems to have been injudiciously selected. She performed the part of Calista, and was coldly received. A series of more ambitious characters was then tried, including Lady Teazle, Lady Restless, Letitia Hardy, Rosalind, and Jane Shore; but although the actress was a perfect mistress of the most subtle theatrical arts, nothing could be more languid than the applause elicited. 'I went to see Miss Walstein's first night,' observes an old actress; 'she seemed to be a perfect mistress of stage business, and to know well what she was about, but I could scarcely see her face for her nose.' The resemblance of this feature to Kemble's nose was, we may add, striking,—

Her eye in tragic glances roll'd,  
The lengthening nose of Kemble's mould.

Success on the Dublin boards has always facilitated a London triumph. It therefore excited much surprise that she who had been the idol of the Dublin play-goers for a lengthened period, should make so small an impression in London. But Miss O'Neill had had the start of her, and her own once attractive person was fast fading. Miss

Walstein returned to Dublin, and for several years continued attached to the Crow Street Company.

We should have mentioned that amongst others who went to witness the acting of Miss O'Neill was Mrs. Siddons, and it is on record that the veteran actress expressed her opinion in terms of no stinted admiration. Looking for a moment at the money test of success, before Miss O'Neill had attained her twenty-third year she was in the enjoyment of from twelve to thirteen thousand pounds per annum. During the famine of 1816 she bestowed upon her starving countrymen one of the most profitable of her benefits.

In 1817 Miss O'Neill stood a severe test of popularity. In that year Mrs. Siddons reappeared upon the stage; but Miss O'Neill held her ground well.

In 1819 Miss O'Neill assisted in bringing to an effective close the Kilkenny theatricals of that year, long a centre of very considerable attraction; and this proved to be an occasion of the highest importance in her personal history. Miss O'Neill played Juliet to Richard Power's Romeo. But this Romeo was not destined to be her Romeo. On the contrary, Friar Lawrence, with his vows of celibacy, who figured in the same piece, was the man whom all were soon to envy for the completeness of his conquest. Mr. William Wrixon Becher, M.P. for Mallow, whom Moore praises in his Diary as 'a good fellow' and 'a good speaker,' casting aside his coat and sandals, led Miss O'Neill to the altar. He is described by Donaldson as then a baronet, but it was not until 1831 that he received that dignity. The nuptial ceremony took place on December 18, 1819, at Kilsane Church, the Dean of Ossory officiating. The entire of the fortune realised by the theatrical enterprise of Miss O'Neill had been previously settled on her family, whose interests she afterwards ad-

vanced by the exertion of personal influence and energy.

The manners and *pose* of Miss O'Neill are described by those who met her in society as theatrical, especially her attitude on entering a room. Like Garrick, she was natural on the stage; off it she sometimes found herself unconsciously acting. She was a good musician, and sang charmingly.

In the public service several of Lady Becher's relatives have attained distinction, one especially in a military capacity in India. A nephew of hers studied for the Church at Oxford, and distinguished himself by his abilities; but, true to the hereditary instincts of his race, when the time came for entering on a curacy, he entered a stage door instead; and Donaldson, in his *Recollections*, records that he met him at Exeter, put very much out of conceit by his short experience of the histrionic art. In-

clination, helped by classic lore, did not suffice to make an actor, and Mr. O'Neill abandoned the stage for public readings. But in this *rôle* he fared no better, although capable of going through the whole of *Macbeth* without book. 'He told me himself,' writes Donaldson, 'that in a considerable town he gave a reading—*The Merchant of Venice*—to four persons: one was the boots at the inn where he put up, another the chambermaid, the third the gasman, and the fourth the town crier who had delivered his bills.'

Sir William Becher enjoyed the companionship of his dove-like wife until 1850, when he died, at Ballygiblan, near Mallow, county Cork. His accomplished widow has survived him exactly twenty-two years. Her loss will be deeply felt in Cork, especially by the poor, to whom she was a kindly mother. Her funeral *cortège* extended beyond an Irish mile in length.

W. J. F.





## MR. BUCKLE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

THE publication of Mr. Buckle's Commonplace Books and historical Notes and Fragments, appears to offer a favourable occasion for briefly reviewing the history of the New Philosophy of History; and—in connection with some personal recollections of discussions with Mr. Buckle—of estimating what, ten years after his death, would appear to be the value of his contribution, if not to the results, at least to the method of those studies which, though they are yearly having a more and more revolutionary effect on the traditional opinions of Christendom, would appear to be still inadequate to that task of reconstruction which the destruction they are effecting renders necessary. I shall first, therefore, sketch the history of those historical theories now current which, viewed in their connection with each other, appear as a general Philosophy of History, make the whole dogmatic system of Christianity stand out as, in fact, another Philosophy of History, and hence require to be named a *New Philosophy of History*. I shall then, in personal recollections of discussions with him, develop the correlates and consequences of Mr. Buckle's theory of the non-effect of Moral Forces as historical causes. And finally, I shall, in a third section, estimate the value of Mr. Buckle's work in relation to the most general results hitherto of the New Philosophy of History, and, in doing so, point out the inadequacy, as yet, of that philosophy. I will but add to these introductory remarks, that, only in relation to the general movement towards a New Philosophy of History, can anything better than a *littérateur's* merely

subjective and empirical estimate be formed of the value of Mr. Buckle's work.

### I.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

I. Let us, then, cast a glance over the history of these new historical theories. But first note that, with that strange irony so often to be observed in History, and which, judging from his tragic representations of human life, seems so deeply to have impressed Sophocles, it was the trumpet of an orthodox bishop, the trumpet of Bossuet in his *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle*,—'epicising the catechism and concentrating the universal history of mankind around that of Judaism, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and the monarchs who protected and defended it'<sup>1</sup>—this was the trumpet that sounded the challenge to the great modern movement now resulting in the general substitution of a Philosophy of History, founded on the conceptions of natural evolution, development, and progress, for beliefs concerning it based on the notion of supernatural interference. By forces that took him in the rear and advanced over his routed battalions, the trumpet of Bossuet was answered. After the *Discours* of Bossuet (1679) came the *Scienza Nuova* of Vico (1725). As to Bossuet, so indeed also to Vico, historical events were under the immediate superintendence of God, and History he defined as 'a civil theology of Divine Providence.'<sup>2</sup> But Vico saw, and set himself to prove the Divine action, not only as an external, but as an internal Providence, and that, not merely in the history of the

<sup>1</sup> Bunsen, *Outlines of Universal History*, vol. I. p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Scienza Nuova*, l. I. ch. iii.

Jewish race and Christian Church, but equally, though in diverse manners, among all peoples. And hence, though in detail Vico is full of erroneous and unscientific views, and though in his theory, more especially, of historic cycles, he represents progress, not as it is now found to be more truly conceived, as a trajectory, but as an orbit; still, having regard to his main idea, we may accord him the honour of having first conceived, in the scientific form required by Western intellects, the great problem of History; the problem which, as I may elsewhere have occasion more particularly to point out, originally presented itself to the Zoroastrian sages of the Orient; that problem of human destinies which was solved with apocalyptic rapture by those nameless Jewish prophets, the authors of the books of Enoch and of Daniel, who immediately preceded, and who probably so greatly influenced Him of Nazareth.

2. But that Vico is to be named only as prelude, and not as truly initiating the great modern movement towards a New Philosophy of History will, I think, be admitted, on duly comparing his work, as to method and scientific value throughout, with those which in France, Scotland, and Germany did fully initiate the movement. Compare, then, the *Scienza Nuova*, first, with those works which in France initiated the New Philosophy—Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, and Turgot's second discourse at the Sorbonne, *Sur les Progrès successifs de l'Esprit humain*. By these great thinkers, as also by their contemporary Voltaire, historical events were treated as a connected whole, depending on large social causes, rather than on mere individual idiosyncrasies. It is no small honour

to Voltaire to be acknowledged as the originator of some of the profoundest remarks that still guide historical speculation and research.<sup>3</sup> But by Montesquieu the immensely significant attempt was made to effect a union between the historical Science of Man and the Sciences of Nature. And by Turgot, Hume and Comte were anticipated in that profoundly revolutionary generalisation which presents the notion of Gods, and hence of Miracles, as but an early stage of the conception of Causation. Compared with views so pregnant and profound as those of Turgot and of Montesquieu, the place that has, by some,<sup>4</sup> been claimed for Vico's 'civil theology of Divine Providence,' cannot, I think, be justly maintained.

3. Still less can Vico be considered as the founder of the New Philosophy of History, when we consider those works of Adam Smith and Hume which Scotland contributed to the initiation of this grand and revolutionary direction of research. The *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and the *Enquiry into the Wealth of Nations*, taken together as complementary parts of one great whole—and as such they must, since Mr. Buckle's luminous criticism, be regarded<sup>5</sup>—were the largest and most systematic foundations that had yet been laid for a true Philosophy of History. But consider these works of Adam Smith, not only in relation to each other, but both in relation to those of his yet more illustrious friend on *Human Nature*, and on the *Natural History of Religion*: the contribution made by Scotland towards the foundation of the New Philosophy of History will then appear in its true proportions. Adam Smith is a greater Montesquieu; Hume, a greater Turgot. Yet not only has the importance of the

<sup>3</sup> See, for a statement of some of these remarks, Buckle, *History of Civilisation*, vol. I. pp. 740-2, and compare Morley, *Voltaire*.

<sup>4</sup> See, for instance, Hodgson, *Theory of Practice*, vol. II. pp. 128-30.

<sup>5</sup> *History of Civilisation*, vol. II. p. 442.

*Natural History of Religion* been ignored, but the very title has been strangely left unmentioned by Comte and his disciples,<sup>6</sup> and that, even when acknowledging the great philosophic merits of Hume. But, as I shall have occasion elsewhere to show, Comte's *Law of the Three Periods* was, as a law, but a formulising of Hume's generalisations with respect to the most important phenomena of man's development. And hence, published though this *History* of Hume's was after the *Discourse* of Turgot;<sup>7</sup> if Vico must be acknowledged as having first conceived the problem of the Philosophy of History in a scientific manner; Hume must take rank as the thinker who, if he was not the first to see, was the first to give anything like due recognition and development to that prophetic generalisation which will, I believe, at length, take its true place as the first approximation to the solution of the great problem.

4. Herder, though later than all those contemporaries just named, is usually considered as, in his *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*, the initiator of Germany in this great enterprise of European Philosophy. But it must be noted that, even before Herder's work (1784-95), the universal Kant had published his little known, but important opuscle entitled *Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht*.<sup>8</sup> By the theologian, as of course by the philosopher, the history of Man is conceived as a series of natural phenomena, which has discoverable laws. The theologian, however,

characteristically supposes a first impulse that comes neither from external Nature nor from Man himself—a primitive and supernatural revelation. And by neither is any such great verifiable law indicated as we find suggested, at least, in Turgot and in Hume. Yet, as to the relative importance of Herder and of Kant in the history of the New Philosophy of History, I venture to think that by far the higher place belongs to Kant. That Montesquieu's idea of the connection of human development with physical conditions, and of the interrelations of Man and Nature, should be further worked out, as by Herder, was no doubt very important. But in the case of Kant, as in that of Hume, we cannot rightly judge the work in which he treats directly of the history of Mankind, unless we consider it in relation to his philosophy generally. And considering the Kantian philosophy generally in its relation to that historical Law of Thought in which, as we shall presently see, it culminated in the Hegelian Philosophy; we shall, I think, be unable to doubt that Kant's true place, not only with regard to philosophic genius—that, of course, is utterly beyond question—but with respect even to the development of the New Philosophy of History, is far above that of Herder, though it is Herder alone who is usually named in this connection.

5. Thus, before the destructive outbreak of the French Revolution, France, Scotland, and Germany may each claim to have initiated, or rather to have contemporaneously and independently contributed to

<sup>6</sup> See *Philosophie positive*, t. II., p. 442; Littré, *A. Comte et la Philosophie positive*, première partie, chaps. III. IV. V.; and Papillon, *David Hume, Précurseur d'Auguste Comte*, in the chief literary organ of the Comtists, *La Philosophie positive*, t. III. pp. 292-308.

<sup>7</sup> Turgot's *Discourse* was published in 1750; Hume's *History of Religion* in 1757; but his *Dialogues*, though not published till after his death, were written about the same time as Turgot's *Discourse*. See Burton, *Life of Hume*, vol. I. pp. 266-328, and vol. II. pp. 15-36. For some remarks curiously indicative of the state of opinion and feeling in reference to these yet unpublished *Dialogues*, see Monboddo, *Antient Metaphysics*, vol. I. Preface, pp. iv. v.

<sup>8</sup> *Werke*, b. III.

the initiation of that grand reconstructive achievement—a true Philosophy of History. Then came the diffusion and varied development of the new historical idea. The historical sciences of Nature, or the sciences of Natural Evolution, were all founded after, or contemporaneously with the foundation by Turgot, Hume, and Kant of the general historical science of Man. The astronomical theory of the evolution of solar systems, the geological theory of the formation of the earth, and the biological theory of the evolution of living beings, all date from the same great era—nay, of the first, if not also of the second of these two theories, Kant himself was the founder.<sup>9</sup> Then consider literary criticism. It is only from the new philosophical era opened by Hume and Kant, that the historical idea, now paramount in all the best criticism, dates. So too with poetry. And it is remarkable to observe that not only such poets as Goethe, Byron, and Shelley, but such anti-revolutionary poets as, for instance, Sir Walter Scott, are, if men of genius, unconsciously led into developing in some new direction that very historical idea which is the most revolutionary of all, or rather which gives to all the rest their unity and force. For ‘to find a true and positive, not negative solution of the problem of the Philosophy of History may be said,’ remarks Bunsen, ‘to have formed, and to continue to form, consciously or unconsciously, the ultimate object of that great effort of the German mind which has produced Goethe and Schiller in literature; Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel in philosophy; Lessing, Schlegel, and Niebuhr in criticism and historical research.’<sup>10</sup> But it is

a vain presumption to talk of the new historical idea as peculiarly German. It is European. Germany was indeed, as we have seen, the last country to take it up. The solution of the problem of History should rather be said to have been the object of that effort of the European mind which has produced all that is greatest in modern science, literature, and art. And the labours of all the greatest thinkers, discoverers, scholars, critics, and poets, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will, we may confidently predict, be more and more clearly seen to have in this their unity—in contributing to, or in establishing a New Philosophy of History, and therewith also a New Ideal.

6. But we must now briefly advert to the works in which the movement towards a New Philosophy of History has, so far as it has yet gone, culminated, and which must, therefore, be the starting-points of any further advance. The movement initiated in France by Montesquieu and Turgot did not fail to be carried on as might have been anticipated from the large, ardent, and scientific genius of the people. Condorcet worthily followed these great thinkers with his *Esquisse d'un Tableau historique des Progrès de l'Esprit humain*. Singularly tragic is the fact of its having been written in prison, under sentence of death by a revolutionary tribunal. To this work Comte acknowledges his indebtedness for ‘la conception générale du travail propre à élever la politique au rang des sciences d'observation.’<sup>11</sup> And it is in the *Philosophie positive*,—which, whatever may be its defects, must still be considered as beyond comparison the greatest philosophical work which France

<sup>9</sup> See his *Allgemeine Naturgeschichte und Theorie des Himmels, Werke*, b. VIII. p. 217; and his *Physische Geographie, IV. Abschn. Geschichte der grossen Veränderung, welche die Erde ehemals erlitten hat und noch erleidet. Werke*, b. IX. p. 307.

<sup>10</sup> *Outlines of Universal History*, vol. I. p. 28.

<sup>11</sup> *Système de Politique positive*, t. I. p. 132.

has, in this century, produced—that the movement towards a New Philosophy of History has, in France, culminated. For the whole system of Comte may—like, as we shall presently see, the whole system of Hegel—be characterised as but a variously wrought-out commentary on an Historical Law. Important, certainly, and most suggestive, is the recently published work in which Quinet has proposed to himself the great aim, 'de faire entrer la révolution contemporaine de l'histoire naturelle dans le domaine général de l'esprit humain. . . . Il s'agit de découvrir les points de relation entre le domaine des sciences naturelles et celui des sciences historiques, morales, littéraires. . . . La nature s'expliquait par l'histoire, l'histoire par la nature.'<sup>12</sup> But as Comte's Empirical Law has not yet been transformed into an Ultimate Law, he still represents the last stage of the development, in France, of the New Philosophy.

7. By Scotland, though, as we have seen, standing foremost among the eighteenth-century initiators of the great European movement towards a New Philosophy of History, little of a direct kind has, in this century, as yet been accomplished. What the causes of this have been, it would be interesting, but here irrelevant, to enquire. And I shall only note that, among the proximate causes, the most powerful will probably be found to have been the adoption, owing to the reaction against the French Revolution, of the works of Reid and Stewart instead of those of Adam Smith and Hume, as University text-books. Yet in the general movement towards a New Philosophy of History, Scotland has still retained her place. For the science founded by Hutton has been worthily developed by his countrymen Lyell and Murchison.

And thus if Scotland has, in this century, as yet contributed but little to the direct development; she has—in what she has done towards elucidating the true origin of Man, and history of his dwelling-place—contributed much to the indirect confirmation of Hume's most pregnant theory of the history of religion, and hence, of the origin of our mythical notions of the history of the Earth and of Man. But if Scotland has for a time retired from the direct line of research, England has at length entered the field. She can, however, as yet show, and that only in a fragment, Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilisation*. It has been succeeded by historical works so important, and in so many respects admirable, as those, for instance, of the Irishman Mr. Lecky, and the American Mr. Draper. But there are in these later works no such new systematic views on the Philosophy of History as to entitle them to be considered as in any important degree advancing the solution of the problem. And Mr. Buckle's work may thus be said to mark the last stage not only of English, but of English-written speculation directly and specially occupied with the history of Man.

8. Thus, then, stand France and Britain in the great race, of which the torch was seized for the one by Montesquieu and Turgot, and for the other, by Adam Smith and Hume. But Germany, though, latest of all, her champions started, has had the torch carried on with the most splendid vigour of all. Important as are the few pages, which were all that Kant devoted to the direct consideration of History, in *weltbürgerlicher Absicht*, we cannot, as I have already said, fairly judge the value of his contribution to the New Philosophy of History, except we consider the relation thereto of his general philosophical system. And similarly, if we would

<sup>12</sup> *La Création*, Préface, pp. i., ii., and iv.

truly judge the value of what Germany has contributed to the New Philosophy of History; it is not so much the works directly bearing on the history of Man, numerous and important as these have been, that, if we would either do her justice, or penetrate to the core of the development, we must consider; but the general outcome, in relation to our conception of History, and the logical sequence of the systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel.

9. And now, what is the general result of this survey of the history of the New Philosophy of History? Does it enable us to give any satisfactory answer to those who deny the possibility of a Science of History? And with reference to the subject more immediately before us, what result have we obtained for the criticism of Mr. Buckle's contribution to the New Philosophy of History? As general result, I think we may now see something of the astonishing unity of the various developments of that historical idea, or notion of Law in History, which has distinguished that philosophical period opened by Hume and Kant; nor see the unity only, but the profound significance of these various developments; for they are not only traceable to the speculations of such thinkers as Hume and Kant, but are, through them, brought into connection with, and shown to be the normal development of, the whole antecedent history of philosophic thought, as the gradual broadening and wider application of the notion of Law. And as answer to those who deny the possibility of a Science of History, our foregoing survey enables us, I think, to say that, justifiable as many objections may—and for reasons presently to be pointed out—be; yet the fact is that, so far from its being impossible to discover any laws of History approximately, at least, verifiable, the speculations of Hume have, in the course of a brief

century, issued in that Law of Comte's which, though empirical, has, notwithstanding the defects necessarily attaching to such a law, been actually found, when properly understood, in very remarkable accordance with facts; while, in the same brief period, the speculations of Kant have issued in that Law of Hegel's which, though certainly not as yet satisfactorily enunciated as an ultimate law, has not only been found by all the more philosophic students, both of Nature and of Mind, to have in it a most important core, at least, of truth, but has been found also to have nothing in it contradictory of the empirical law of Comte. But such being the results of our survey of the history of the New Philosophy of History, the further result with reference to the criticism of Mr. Buckle is evident. As distinguished from that *littérateur*-criticism, which has for its standard a mere subjective opinion, scientific criticism has a verifiable objective standard. Such a standard for the criticism of any work with the pretension of contributing aught to the Philosophy of History, is given us by the facts of the development of that philosophy, and particularly by its chief results hitherto—the Laws of Comte and of Hegel. By its relation to these laws, therefore, we must judge of the value of Mr. Buckle's contribution to the New Philosophy of History.

## II.

### MR. BUCKLE'S THEORY OF THE NON-EFFECT OF MORAL FORCES.

1. Such, then, having been the history, and such the results of the New Philosophy of History, by which we must judge of the value of any further, and particularly of Mr. Buckle's contribution to it, what was his distinctive historical theory? Unquestionably his theory of the non-effect of Moral Forces as historical causes. To this all his other views either led up, or from

this they were deducible. 'Regarding civilisation as the product of Moral and Intellectual Agencies,'<sup>13</sup> he declared that 'the actions of mankind are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed.'<sup>14</sup> Thus Moral Forces were eliminated as historical causes. And this, explicitly, not on such grounds of convenience merely as those on which Adam Smith isolated, first, the tendency to sympathy, and then that to selfishness, in order to the more clear scientific investigation of each, but on the ground that Moral Forces are positively ineffective on the great stage of History.

2. It was at Assouán, the classical Syené, to which Juvenal was banished, and the Egyptian Souan, or 'Opening' into Nubia, more than 700 miles up the Nile, that, as I have already narrated in the pages of this Magazine,<sup>15</sup> I first met Mr. Buckle. Reflecting afterwards on our meeting, and the discussion which makes it memorable, it appeared to me altogether a strange adventure; strange, this meeting on the confines of Nubia with a recluse student whom I had only once previously seen, and that in London, and under circumstances so different; and still more strange that, without any conscious link of association with the place, the chief subject of our conversation at this frontier-town between Egypt and Ethiopia—the immemorial lands of magic, incantation, and necromancy—should have happened to be 'Spiritualism,' or, as I think it would be less misleadingly designated, Spiritism. As here in our dahabi-yehs, so here in our talk; as here, on the confines of civilisation, so here, on the confines of knowledge; we found ourselves on the borders of a magical wonderland of unexplored phenomena, into which few as yet enter but wild huntsmen,

and quite unscientific pioneers. And strange it appeared to me that our discussions of the theory of Moral Forces, and their influence as historical causes, should have such an opening. For, as I maintained in concluding our discussion, it is Moral Want that, in these days, chiefly gives persuasiveness to the theory of Spiritism, which properly belongs only to the lowest stages of culture. 'Man cannot live by bread alone;' cannot live without the Ideal; and the fit Spiritualism of a materialist age is Spiritism.

3. Hoping to meet again at Cairo, we parted, Mr. Buckle continuing his voyage next morning down the Nile, while I continued mine towards that goal of the ordinary Nile-voyager, the thousand-mile limit of the Rock of Abou-Seer. And walking up and down our little quarter-deck the night we left Abou-Simbel—after a day spent in the rock-hewn adytum of the Temple of the Sun there, and in the presence of the colossal Gods that, in the ineffable majesty of their serene beauty, sit enthroned at its entrance—scudding before the gale that seems usually to blow as one approaches the Second Cataract; the vast stillness unbroken save by the whish of the water, and the creak of the rudder; and overhead, the starry worlds that are the glory of the night-sky of the tropics;—I seemed to have got some clearness as to those Moral Forces the efficacy of which as historical causes Mr. Buckle denied. The old creations ceased, but that a new order of creations might begin. The creations of Consciousness succeeded those of Nature. And of this new order of creations, the inmost and perennial sources are the Moral Forces of Humanity. No doubt the long ages of ignorance, to which physical fatalities condemned the Human Consciousness, have given, to the crea-

<sup>13</sup> *History of Civilisation*, vol. I. p. 165.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 208.

<sup>15</sup> August 16, 1863.

tions of its Moral Forces, forms, false and pernicious. But we are almost ashamed of ridicule, even of what is unquestionably false and pernicious, when we are brought to see something of the depth and height of those sacred emotions and divine wants, without the assumption of which the greater religions, at least, of Mankind, and the sublime expression of their ideas in Art, are, save to the most superficial reflection, utterly inexplicable. And when we thus see, in the Past, the creative might of the Moral Forces of Humanity, we feel assured that, however completely our new knowledge may destroy and lay in ruins the fabric of old faiths, the elements that created these are perennial, and will anew create the Ideal. New knowledge may, indeed, destroy old creeds; but as ignorance did, in the Past, our science will, in the Future, work with our Moral Forces in that divinest kind of creation which is Man's; that kind of creation which gives form and satisfaction to the distinctively human consciousness of the wonder, the beauty, and the tragedy of Existence.

4. On my return to Cairo, some six or seven weeks after our first meeting, I again met Mr. Buckle, and as he kindly renewed his urgent request that I should join him in his further contemplated journey through Arabia, by Petra, to Jerusalem, and thence to Beirût—after taking a day to consider it—I agreed. And confining myself here to brief notices of those discussions only which more particularly bear on the illustration of the general principles and results of his historical method, I pass on at once to that discussion, or rather abruptly terminated commencement of a discussion, which makes the Wells of Moses and our first night in the desert memorable to me. Suddenly stopping, as he walked, leaning on my arm, looking up at the bright stars, Mr. Buckle re-

peated that sublime passage in the *Merchant of Venice*—

Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :  
There's not the smallest orb which thou  
behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim ;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

I replied with favourite lines of my boyhood—

At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas ;  
Tibi pura divum est vita. Periment mutuis  
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus.  
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,  
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,  
Jam portu in ipso tuta contemplabère.

And I recalled the famous question which Socrates in the *Gorgias* quotes from Euripides—

Τίς δ' ὀιδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι καρθαεῖν,  
Τὸ καρθαεῖν δὲ ζῆν ;

Who knows but that to live is death,  
And death, to live ?

Mr. Buckle then set forth in eloquent and glowing language those grounds of belief in a personal immortality which he has called 'the argument from the affections.' But finding—rather, however, from my silence than from anything I ventured to say,—that I considered this argument by no means conclusive, he suddenly expressed himself unable to discuss the subject, and with an abrupt 'Good night,' retired to his tent—leaving me, however, not without increased liking for the man who thus revealed such depth of feeling in the passionate hope of rejoining a beloved, and recently lost mother.

5. Left alone with the desert and the starry heavens, thought was long occupied with the great subject thus suggested. But it were irrelevant to my present purpose here to do more than point out the curious connection between the assumption on which Mr. Buckle's arguments for a personal immortality are founded, and his



fundamental theory of the non-effect of Moral Forces in determining the greater phenomena of Man's history. The postulate of Mr. Buckle's arguments for immortality was the credibility of the 'forecasts' of the affections. But suppose we find that Moral Forces are not only, as Mr. Buckle affirmed, of as great importance as Intellectual Forces in the determination of individual phenomena; but, as Mr. Buckle denied, of as great importance as Intellectual Forces in the determination of historical phenomena; and suppose further that we find the historical function of intellect and office of science to be, to give forms in accordance with the reality of things, or *true* forms to the ideal constructions of the affections, or Moral Forces of our nature; then, evidently, such an historical theory will make it impossible for us to consider such an argument for immortality as that offered by Mr. Buckle, in any degree satisfactory, or indeed, to regard it as otherwise than entirely delusive. Had Mr. Buckle therefore seen how great is the part played by Moral Forces in the determination of historical phenomena, he would hardly have missed seeing also that 'forecasts' of the affections cannot be admitted to have any validity till substantiated by the intellect. And hence, paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, had Mr. Buckle's theory of History been less purely materialist, his arguments for immortality would have been less purely mystical.

6. We continued our journey, as I formerly narrated, till in about a week we came to the Wady Mukatteb, the famous glen of the Sinaitic inscriptions. But not of what these might mean was our talk, but, like Milton's demons—and indeed it was hot and desolate enough for Pandemonium—we discoursed of

Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.

In other words, our general discussion of Causation touched to-day, more particularly, on the ideas of Matter and Force, Substance, Moral Responsibility, Law, and Freedom. We were thus beguiled into staying too long in the shade of a solitary mimosa-tree. And before we reached the oasis of Wady Feirân, the termination of our day's journey, the sun had set, and the stars been revealed; and Mr. Buckle, too tired to sit his donkey, could but stagger along, leaning heavily on my arm, and hardly able to speak, much less converse. Up betimes the following morning, while Mr. Buckle was recovering from the previous day's over-fatigue I spent some hours exploring this most interesting site of a bishopric of the first enthusiastic centuries of the Christian faith. And this morning's meditation somehow ever connects itself in memory with that of the night at the Wells of Moses. The fact is, that long after the complete transformation of an old faith, long after the new is found clear and sufficient, long after the old is regarded no otherwise than as one regards the atmosphere and ideals of childhood, certain scenes and circumstances may fill the soul with the echoes, as it were, of an afterclaug of sentiment. And so, wandering about alone, in the fair morning light, among the ruined cells of hermits—not a few doubtless, in those days, saintly and heroic men—the visionary world in which they had lived was present with me in all its tenderness, and beauty, and sublimity; present with me, too, even as a world in which I myself had lived in bygone years; and all the sweet voices about me—the murmurs of the brooks and little runnels of water among the tender grasses, the sighings of the breeze that stirred the palm-tops, and moved the blossoming asphodel in the crevices of the rocks—all seemed to have but one burden of yearning

and of love; all these sweet low voices seemed to have but these inexpressibly touching words over and over again to repeat—*ἤραν τὸν σπρίον μου, καὶ οὐκ οἶδα ποῦ ἔθηκαν αὐτόν.* 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.'

7. But weak, cowardly, and utterly unworthy of manhood is it to permit mere sentiment so to fill one's eyes as to blind one to the facts of things; to persuade one to ignoble flight, or to use the mere conjuror's tricks by which so many in these days seek, in their adult age, to call up again, for an ostrich-like refuge, the visionary world of childhood and of youth. So, as I mounted my dromedary, and rode away, through the palms and tamarisks, to overtake the caravan, that had already started on the day's journey, I felt, only more strongly than ever, not merely the necessity of the Ideal for a noble and happy life; but the necessity of mastering those philosophical problems on the solution of which alone it can be solidly reconstructed; or rather the solution of which will, in the synthesis to which it leads, be itself, in its emotional aspect, that true Ideal which will replace, at length, the false, and hence pernicious Ideals of the popular religions. More animated, therefore, than usual, was this day's discussion of the fundamental questions of Causation and of Method. For with that elasticity which is generally characteristic of the nervous temperament, Mr. Buckle had completely recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. And so we journeyed on, often looking back on the five grandly precipitous peaks of Serbal towering over that paradise of the Bedawin which we had just left, but not, however, permitting our admiration to interrupt our argument. In the afternoon of the next day, turning out of Wady-es-Sheik, into a narrow glen along the base of Horeb, we found the vista

closed by fruit-trees and cypresses, surrounding lofty and irregular walls, and knew it to be the Convent of Mount Sinai, itself surrounding the sacred church of the Transfiguration, built by the Emperor Justinian nearly one thousand three hundred and fifty years ago. We were encamped for three or four days under the precipices of Sinai, but I had no discussions with Mr. Buckle during that time. As effect, or rather, perhaps, as cause of his theory of the inefficacy of Moral Forces as historical causes, he seemed to see nothing of that terribly tragic aspect of Modern Thought which here oppressed me beyond companionship. For Nature is the interpreter of the soul to itself. In Sinai there is 'the death-like stillness of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown:' it has been graphically described as 'the Alps unclothed.' And visible before me appeared the silent, because unutterable desolation of an unclothed, a dream-naked world; Alps of human passion, of infinite longing, and of unappeasable love, insatiate in self-sacrifice; and these living Alps blasted by lightnings, stripped by thunder-torrents, left naked of the dreams with which they had clothed themselves. Moral Forces of no account as historical causes? What but Moral Forces clothed this desert-world with the bright ideals of Christianity? And in what is there hope of that guidance and joy which the Ideal alone can give, but in the historical action, once more, of Moral Forces, the profound moral wants of those to whom the world, stripped of Christianity, is a Sinai-desolation?

8. The most uninterrupted, most varied, and, as it appeared to me, most conclusive series of our discussions was that which occupied the seven or eight days of our journey from the Convent of Mount Sinai to the palm-grove at the head

of the Gulf of Akaba. And the glorious scene of them too has made this series of discussions especially memorable. In the reaction, however, after the vision of Sinai, our discussion was, at first, chiefly confined to the subject of Style, the lighter aspect of the subject of Method, and with respect to which, therefore, our differences were of their usual character. But Art-epochs differ chiefly in the relations to each other of the two elements of the Formal and Ideal in the products of such epochs. We are thus brought to the question, Whence arises this ideal element, and what determines its variability? And considering the relations of Art and Religion, it seemed to me, at length, that we should more definitely, at once, and comprehensively state the question as, What is the cause of the origin of a new Religion? This, then, became the great subject of our discussions on the shore of the Sea of Coral. And it is evident that, as no moral phenomenon is more important than a new religion, there can be none, an examination of which will more certainly prove, or more clearly refute a theory of the historical non-effect of Moral Forces. But to refute such a theory by pointing out the circumstances under which such religions, particularly, as Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism arose, appeared to me too easy. I challenged him, therefore, on his own ground of the Middle Ages. True, all our modern progress dates from the Revival of Learning. But whence came that new spirit of enquiry which was surely the cause rather than the effect of that Revival? And if we should find that moral agencies cannot be disregarded in considering the historical phenomenon of new Sciences, *à fortiori* they cannot be

disregarded in considering the historical phenomenon of a new Religion. But the subject of the Middle Ages thus being introduced, and our judgment of them differing considerably, we were finally led into a discussion of the test and standard of Moral Judgments. And thus this series of discussions logically terminated as we journeyed from our encampment, opposite an island-castle of the Saracens besieged by the Crusaders, and rounded the head of the gulf towards the palm-grove on its eastern shore.

9. Again the regularity of our discussions was for some time interrupted, by our having to join three other parties at Akaba, in order to make up a sufficiently formidable *corps d'armée* successfully to achieve the adventure of Petra. Our dialogues, or, on Mr. Buckle's part, sometimes monologues, were therefore now of a less connected character. But one of these, particularly, is not to be, in so brief a summary even as this, passed over quite without note. Going up to the Sanctuary of Petra, Ed-Deir—the Holy Place of Kadesh<sup>16</sup> (?)—at a little landing-place of the mountain staircase, under a niche in the walling rock, we had a long rest, and Mr. Buckle made a profession of his faith as a Deist. To me it seemed that, to conceive God as but a mere mechanical First Cause, was to be more *ἄθεος ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ*, 'without God in the world,' than an Atheist. But I said nothing. For our Gods are the expressions of our own inmost natures. And none has a right to revile the God of another. Yet no such Voltairian God could, as it seemed to me, satisfy any deep moral Want. And wandering away, at length, alone with a grotesque savage I had taken a liking to, and named Caliban, I came to a precipitous 'High Place'

<sup>16</sup> Stanley, *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 98. But compare Robinson, *Biblical Researches*, vol. II. p. 582.

fronting Mount Hor; and there meditating long on the primæval worship on High Places, it seemed to me finally that, wholly without belief as one may be in the Gods of the multitude, the idols of superstition; Atheist one is not, if belief in God means a feeling too deep of the spirituality of Nature, to satisfy itself with belief in a retired First Cause—a feeling unutterable of the mystery of Existence, and of our little lives as even now in the midst of the Eternal and the Infinite; Atheist one is not, if belief in God means belief in the triumph of Truth and of Justice, and belief in the duty of devoting oneself to contributing what one may to such triumph; Atheist one is not, if the fountains of one's life are found in worship on High Places.

10. It was not till the end of our desert journey, and when, in Palestine, we were again travelling together alone, that our discussions were resumed in the same prolonged manner and logical sequence as before. And it chanced that, having at Hebron exchanged our dromedaries for horses, and so journeying to Jerusalem, our subject of discussion was the Summum Bonum, the Ideal, the Highest Good. Thus a new series of discussions was opened which occupied us all through the Holy Land. But essentially the same principles were in dispute in both series; only in the first, they were considered chiefly in their metaphysical, in the second, chiefly in their ethical aspect. For maintaining, in his theory of logical Method, that Moral Forces are to be disregarded as historical causes, Mr. Buckle consistently maintained in his theory of ethical Good, that the Summum Bonum is the highest intellectual and sensual gratification accordant with the rights of others. The fatal objection, however, to such an Ideal appeared to me to be its merely individual character. For it makes

oneself the judge of what is accordant with the rights of others, and it provides no means of purifying and keeping pure the Conscience from merely selfish aims. Such an Ideal is, indeed, rather the justification of selfishness, than its reprobation. And maintaining, against Mr. Buckle, that Moral Forces cannot, if we would truly conceive the causes of historical phenomena, be disregarded, I maintained that our definition of the Ideal should have regard to subjective aim as well as to objective result. And, finally, I ventured to define the Summum Bonum as a *Will having, as aim and result, oneness with others, and the oneness of each with all*; or—in one word I might name it,—Love, as subjective affection, and objective harmony. For, by that word I did not mean merely that affection of, or for an individual, which is seldom, except for moments, perfect, or absolutely mutual; almost always founded on illusion; and never, perhaps, except in the case of a mother, quite pure, selfless, and beyond the reach of misunderstanding and change. Not the affection of which the object desired and, at length, possessed, is the ἀφοδῖτη πάνδημος, Earthly Beauty, but that of which the object of desire and possession is the ἀφοδῖτη οὐρανία, Heavenly Beauty; that straining after, and consciousness of harmony of relation with something out of, and above oneself, and insatiable save by such objects as God, or Humanity; that divine Want, personified by Diotima in the *Symposium*, as the Child of Poverty and Plenty, the fearless, the vehement, and the strong, the hunter, the philosopher, and the enchanter,—such Want, and its divine satisfaction, I desired to be understood by the word Love.

11. The development in subsequent discussions of those ethical principles which were thus brought into definite and express antago-

nism, as we came to that turn of the road where travellers from the south first catch sight of Jerusalem, it is unnecessary for my present purpose here to note in detail. Suffice it to say that it was, as we were journeying, about a fortnight later, over the plain of Esdraelon, the prophetic battlefield of Armageddon, that these general principles were carried out to their legitimate political conclusions in the different views to which they led of liberty, of political intervention, and of toleration. Liberty, with Mr. Buckle, was an end; with me, only a means. Political intervention he absolutely reprobated; I, only in the meantime—only till the republican and new social party should be sufficiently strong to direct the intervention. Toleration was likewise, for Mr. Buckle, an end in itself; for me, only the mark of a transitional period. Never, when any large and powerful body of men have been animated by the enthusiasm of a great Ideal, have they tolerated, nor will they ever, when so animated, tolerate—save so far as may be expedient—either those whom they justly condemn as, in old language, 'without God;' or hate as the upholders of what to them may appear a false, and therefore, pernicious Ideal. We tolerate now, simply because we do not believe; or because those who do believe are in the minority. And if a new Ideal should once more bind men together in an enthusiastic faith, and if they should then tolerate, this will not be on the principle of toleration as commonly stated; but because, and only so far as, the existence of other Ideals may accord with the fundamental views of human life and destiny given by such new Ideal. But the discussion was too soon brought to a close by Mr. Buckle's suddenly falling ill. He had, on setting out in the morning, expressed himself as feeling a more superabundant vigour than

ever before in his life. Strange irony of Fate! This was the last important conversation which illness or weakness ever permitted us to have. But the antagonism of our fundamental principles could hardly have been carried much further.

12. And now to sum up. Before entering on the direct examination of Mr. Buckle's characteristic theory, we thought it desirable to present it, in some of its various aspects and consequences, as they successively became apparent in the course of our discussions during this Eastern journey. And we have seen his theory of the non-effect of Moral Forces leading to great misjudgment, as it appeared, of the true cause of the modern revival of Spiritism; permitting him to rely on an argument for a personal immortality which a truer theory of the relation of Moral and Intellectual Forces would have shown him the fallacy of; concealing from him altogether the tragic aspect of Modern Thought and its results, and hence, concealing from him also those reconstructive forces which, from the very despair caused by destruction, arise; leading him to make much of Style, and, in Art generally, to look to the formal rather than to the ideal element; depriving him of sympathy with religious phenomena, and rendering inexplicable the rise of new religions, or even, in its profoundest causes, of a revival of learning; leading him to judge historical personages and periods merely by outward acts, and not at all by ideal motives; making it possible for him to be content with the Deist's conception of God as a mere mechanical First Cause; giving him a standard of morality and an Ideal of a wholly individual and negative character; and hence, finally, leading to conceptions of policy in accordance therewith, and with the principles merely of a destructive and transitional period. Such are some of the correlates or

consequences of a logically held theory of the non-effect of Moral Forces as historical causes. Let us now examine the grounds of the theory, and its relation to the general development of the New Philosophy of History.

### III.

#### THE INADEQUACY OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

1. In concluding our review of the New Philosophy of History, we found that its highest results were two general historical Laws of Mental Development; but the fact that these highest results are, the one, a law—that of Comte—which, though remarkably verified, is still but empirical; and the other, a law—that of Hegel—which, though stated as ultimate, is enunciated in a form capable only of the most general psychological, and not of assured historical verification—this fact alone proves a fundamental defect in the New Philosophy of History. For the method of a philosophy which issues only in empirical laws is founded on but a materialist, and the method of a philosophy which issues in laws only nominally ultimate, and not accurately verifiable, is founded on but an idealist theory of Causation. Until these fundamental antagonisms are reconciled there can be no adequate Philosophy of History, and we ask, therefore, what Mr. Buckle has contributed to the New Philosophy of History, judging his work by the results previously obtained by Hegel and by Comte; judging it also by the intrinsic truth or falsehood of its characteristic theory; and judging it finally by the worth of what it may have contributed to the reconciliation of that fundamental antagonism which we find in the methods of the Hegelian and Comtean philosophies?

2. Now, the ablest expositor of

Hegel, and the most illustrious disciple of Comte, have each criticised the *History of Civilisation*, and each, judging it in relation to the system of his master, has shown its distinctive views, principles, and laws to be utterly fallacious and nugatory. Nor, with reference particularly to Hegel, need this be at all surprising. With German philosophy, generally, Mr. Buckle's acquaintance seems to have been of the most superficial character; his misunderstandings and misconceptions even of Kant, as Dr. Stirling has shown,<sup>17</sup> are of the grossest kind; while even of the fact that Hegel had discovered a Law of Thought, or of the relation thereto of those laws of evolution and of development stated and worked out by Mr. Spencer—confessedly derived from Von Bähr, and thus at least indirectly connected with the development of the Hegelian Notion—Mr. Buckle does not seem to have had even the faintest suspicion. We can hardly, therefore, wonder at the tone in which Dr. Stirling writes of Mr. Buckle; for he considers more particularly Mr. Buckle's views with reference to metaphysics and its method; and it is, no doubt, highly provoking to find a method condemned—and, so far as in the critic's power, swept away—of the principles, and, still more, of the results, of which the critic shows himself almost entirely ignorant. This is not, however, the place to enter into detail in considering the relation of Mr. Buckle's views of historical method and laws to the infinitely larger and more profound theories of Hegel. Suffice it to say that it is only his subject, the Philosophy of History, and the pretension to have contributed something of positive value to the development of it, that can justify the bringing of him into even momentary relation with Hegel.

<sup>17</sup> *North American Review*, July 1872.

3. But though apparently utterly unacquainted with what Hegel, Mr. Buckle was well acquainted with what Comte had done. How did he profit by that acquaintance? Remarkably little, as it appears, even to Mr. Mill;<sup>18</sup> and the criticism of Comte's most illustrious disciple, M. Littré,<sup>19</sup> may be thus summed up. It is not true that progress generally depends—as Mr. Buckle affirms—on the investigation of the laws of nature; this is true only of progress from the metaphysical to the positive stage. Nor is it true that theological doubt or scepticism is necessary to progress, except also in the present stage of development. Nor is it true that the relation between Intellectual and Moral Forces is what Mr. Buckle states it to be; for Mr. Buckle's theory is not in accordance with the fact of progress through three stages, which may be distinguished as respectively the industrial, the religious or moral, and the intellectual. Nor is it true, except as before, in reference to our present transitional period, that what Mr. Buckle calls 'the protective spirit' is the great enemy of progress. And, finally, that distinction between European and non-European civilisation which Mr. Buckle stated as the basis of a philosophical history of Man, would have even a semblance of truth only if European civilisation were autochthonous, or aboriginal; which it is not. In a word, that increase and diffusion of knowledge, which is the main condition of progress now, Mr. Buckle has, with but little clearness and less profundity of thought, assumed to be the condition of progress generally; and hence he has stated as general historical laws what are but crude generalisations, applicable only, at best, to the present stage of development.

4. Such would appear to be the judgments which we must pass on Mr. Buckle's work, considered in its relation to the two chief historical systems by which it had been preceded. Let us now examine the three main arguments by which he supported that characteristic theory of his which eliminated Moral Forces as historical causes. In the first place he assumed Moral Agencies to be 'stationary,' because it appeared to him 'that there is unquestionably nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed.'<sup>20</sup> But moral dogmas are not in themselves moral agencies, but are the product of, and have efficacy given to them only by moral agencies, or rather, moral conjoined with intellectual agencies. Even then, if it were admitted that 'moral dogmas' are 'stationary,' there could be no argument in this, for the unchanging character in intensity and direction, and hence for the elimination, of the element without which they would never have been formulated, or, being formulated, would never have had any effect on conduct. So great a confusion of thought is, indeed, altogether surprising. For who would maintain that moral agencies are to be eliminated in considering the causes of a man's conduct, because, as may well have happened, the moral dogmas of his creed have been 'stationary' throughout his life? Mr. Buckle certainly would not have maintained anything so absurd. For he expressly admits that 'the actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings, and by their passions.'<sup>21</sup> But in admitting in individuals other moral agencies than moral dogmas, Mr. Buckle himself virtually refuted his own

<sup>18</sup> *Auguste Comte and Positivism.*

<sup>20</sup> *History of Civilisation*, vol. I. p. 163.

<sup>19</sup> *La Philosophie positive*, t. II.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 203.

first argument for the elimination of Moral Forces in investigating the causes of historical phenomena.

5. The second argument on which the great paradox rests of Mr. Buckle's book is, 'that the two greatest evils known to mankind have not been diminished by moral improvement; but have been, and still are yielding to the influence of intellectual discoveries.'<sup>22</sup> But let it be admitted that many of the moral improvements commonly attributed to moral agencies, and particularly the diminution of persecution and war, have been due rather to intellectual agencies; and let the service rendered by Mr. Buckle in pointing out the immense influence of the increase and diffusion of knowledge on the progress of Modern Civilisation be fully acknowledged; at the very most this would only go to prove that moral agencies might be safely neglected in treating of the causes of change during our present historical period. Proof there would be none in the least degree adequate to support so large and rash a generalisation as that 'the actions of mankind are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed.'<sup>23</sup> And this will become manifest when we reflect that knowledge, though certainly of the utmost importance as a cause of progress now, *could* not have been a cause of advance in the earlier periods of Man's history, because knowledge—that is, scientific knowledge, or the cognition of things as related to each other, rather than to indwelling or overruling supernatural beings—did not then exist, or existed only but with respect to the simplest phenomena. And Mr. Buckle's use of the word *knowledge* must have been strangely varying and confused; and, considering his study of the *Philosophie positive*, his conception of the history of Man must have been strangely

inadequate; or it would have been impossible for him to maintain, in face of such moral revolutions as Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, that moral laws are to be disregarded in the investigation of the progress of Humanity. Knowing, as we do, what was the relation, even to the rudimentary scientific knowledge of their time, of the Founder and Apostles of Christianity, it is difficult to conceive how it can be maintained that intellectual laws are all that is needed to explain such a new outburst of enthusiasm, and such a new creation of ideals. And the difficulty is no less in the analogous cases of Mohammedanism and Buddhism. For though the Founders of these religions were among the most learned of their contemporaries, there was then certainly no such general increase of scientific knowledge, or knowledge of the mutual relations of phenomena, as to make it possible therefrom to account for these immense moral revolutions.

6. But Mr. Buckle has a third argument in support of his paradox, which is, however, in fact a direct refutation of his first. I have already pointed out that, in admitting, in individuals, other moral agencies than moral dogmas, Mr. Buckle himself virtually refuted his own first argument for the elimination of Moral Forces. But he not only thus indirectly, but directly also refuted his own first argument. For if moral agencies were really identical with moral dogmas, it would be quite superfluous to do more than show that these are stationary, in order to their being eliminated as historical causes. But Mr. Buckle, virtually admitting that Moral Forces are something quite different from Moral Formulæ, proceeds to argue that, though moral feelings influence individuals, they do not affect society in the

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 165.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.* p. 208.



aggregate, because of the 'law of averages.' 'One law,' he was constantly in the habit of saying, 'one law for the separate elements, another for the entire compound.' Now this is no doubt a truth, and an important truth, if one means thereby merely to say that general laws may, by the method of averages, be discovered which hold good for the mass but not for the individual. The registrar of the births of a nation finds that the births of boys and girls are very nearly equal, and that averages give 21 of the sex that is more, to 20 of that which is less exposed to life-perils. One couple may, however, have many more boys than girls, or girls than boys. For the general law results from the mutual elimination of inequalities, and the balancing of + and - quantities. So far, therefore, it is true that there is one law for the mass, another for the individual. But it by no means follows that, because of this, the moral principle which, as Mr. Buckle admitted, 'is conspicuous with regard to the individual,'<sup>24</sup> shall be of no account when, as in historical phenomena, the mass is considered. This would only follow from showing that there are mutually eliminating differences in the historical manifestations of Moral Forces. And to show, as Mr. Buckle so triumphantly did,<sup>25</sup> that statistics prove the regularity of actions in regard to murders and other crimes, the number of marriages annually contracted, and the number of letters sent undirected; has little or nothing to do with what has really to be proved,<sup>26</sup> if Moral Forces are to be, on the principle of the Method of Averages, eliminated from among the causes to be considered by the historian.

7. Yet it is but a small thing to point out merely the fallacies of Mr.

Buckle's views on historical method. Let these be admitted; and admitted that Moral Forces are of such importance as historical causes, that they not only cannot be disregarded, but must be in an especial manner both critically investigated and sympathetically realised by the historian; how are they to be scientifically conceived, and how treated in a scientific method? That is the question. And of such profound difficulty is this question seen to be, the more it is reflected on, that Mr. Buckle is easily forgiven his attempt to excuse himself from the necessity of solving it, by denying the importance of those forces which make the solution of such a problem necessary. He would, no doubt, have shown greater philosophic penetration, had he seen how inadequate must be a method, that takes no account of Moral Forces. But had he possessed a profounder view of the historical problem, he might possibly never have accomplished anything. Rushing into speech, he has not only given us several admirable historical sketches, illustrative of the influence of the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge on the progress characteristic of our present historical period; but he has made it impossible, henceforth, rationally to attempt a philosophical treatment of History, without either showing, on the one hand, far stronger grounds than any advanced by himself for eliminating Moral Forces in our reckoning of historical causes; or, on the other hand, showing how such forces are to be scientifically conceived, how their action in History is to be investigated, and what have been the laws of that action. In a word, the necessity of a more adequate theory of Causation, as the basis of a less inadequate Philosophy of His-

<sup>24</sup> *History of Civilisation*, vol. I. p. 165.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 208, and compare generally, chap. I.

<sup>26</sup> See Mill, *System of Logic*, vol. II. p. 529.

tory, is not only now manifest, but has become, through Mr. Buckle's work—though only, it is true, through the exposure of its fallacies—more definitely characterisable as the necessity of a true definition of Moral Forces. To have made this clear appears to me to have been the most important result of Mr. Buckle's work, considered in its relation to the development generally of the New Philosophy of History.

And now, on the whole case, I would make but these brief concluding remarks. One cannot possibly escape the problem of Causation, if one ventures to advance theories of History; one only solves the problem wrongly and confusedly in pretending to pass it over; and hence it is better to face it at once boldly, and, accurately defining, study it thoroughly. Magnificent, then, as were the general views presented by the Philosophies of History, we could not but acknowledge in them a fundamental inadequacy; and, to amend this, we turned from these high speculations with reference to the Past to the study of the Present in the most general and certain results of its new knowledge. These, in their inmost meaning, we endeavoured to master, these to evaluate, and as fully as possible develop in those more true conceptions which they seemed to afford of Causation, before

we made any further attempt at a scientific comprehension of the starry sphere of History. Newton laid aside his researches on the orbits of the planets till he had obtained a more exact value of the semi-diameter of the Earth;<sup>27</sup> and we hoped that when, after a like evaluation of the ground on which we stand, we resumed our study of the ensphering system of Humanity, we should gather knowledge not inappreciably, perhaps, as accurate as that of the astronomers from the base which they had thus ascertained. And this will be acknowledged to have been no vain hope if it should be found that, through the systematic study of human conceptions of Causation, in the Present and in the Past, there has indeed been discovered a verifiable Ultimate Law of History, integrating what is true both in Hegel's Law of Thought, and in Comte's Empirical Law, and thus completing the development of Hume's profound Theory of the 'Natural History of Religion.' But even such a Law was not our final aim. We sought it but that, in the synthesis, which it would effect, we might gain a true Ideal; an Ideal in accordance with the highest results of Science, the most general conceptions of Law; an Ideal, no more, as hitherto, an unverified, or unverifiable dream, but the splendour of Truth.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

<sup>27</sup> In Picard's more accurate measurement of an arc of the meridian, correcting Newton's estimate of sixty miles to a degree, and hence giving greater accuracy to his calculation of the moon's distance in semi-diameters of the Earth. See Grant, *History of Physical Astronomy*, p. 24.



## A PEEP AT ANCIENT ETRURIA.

AFTER spending a good many pleasant weeks in Florence it seemed to us that the time had come to carry out our project of a little tour through some of the less known towns of Middle Italy which we had passed by on former journeys. Among these were the chief Etruscan cities of South Tuscany. But we had no notion of facing certain discomfort and the chances of ague fever by following the footsteps of Dennis along the swampy coast and still more unhealthy hill tracts of the Maremma. We came to the modest, not to say faint-hearted, conclusion that Volterra, Chiusi, and Cortona would suffice to give us a tolerably lively idea of such remains as are still extant of a people whose civilisation dates in the order of antiquity next after that of Egypt and Assyria.

When we mentioned to our Florentine friends our intended ramble in the provinces, they shook their heads and looked solemn. Countless discomforts and perhaps dangers were in store for us, they said—dreadful roads, bad inns, nothing to eat, rough people, robbers in the Apennines, and what not! When we added that we proposed travelling in a *baroccino*, their countenances showed supreme disgust, and it is only fair to say that subsequent experience proved they were not far wrong in threatening us with 'being shaken to death.'

Altogether our good friends showed very clearly how sorely puzzled they were as to what we could find to do or see in those *piccoli paesi*, as Italians always call country parts.

Melancholy forebodings and adverse criticism notwithstanding, we took the train one fine morning from the station of Santa Maria Novella for Pontedera, whence we

were to start for Volterra. On reaching our destination we found the carriage and horses we had telegraphed for, and a smart driver who undertook to convey us to our journey's end in six hours.

What a pleasant drive it was! The brightest of suns in a deep blue sky, a fresh breeze blowing, the country all a-bloom with flowers, gay-looking villas frequent on the hill-tops, and the vines, mulberries, and young corn green with the tender tint of spring! Rustic life was busy along the road: jauntily perched on their *carri* rode picturesque peasants with red tulips stuck into their conical hats; children in scanty clothing, which disclosed beautifully modelled limbs, were leading their sheep and their goats; dark-eyed damsels tripped along under huge bright bundles of freshly-cut forage; old women plied the distaff on the doorsteps; younger ones plaited straw, darting the while swift glances at the passers-by; and those stately Tuscan oxen of the large lustrous eyes ploughed away in patient dignity. As we advanced, however, the hills grew bare, the cultivation more scattered, and villas, trees, and population scantier and less frequent. The road ascends, along the banks of the Era, and, after crossing the river, makes a sudden bend into the hills.

At this spot we turned round, to look at the landscape behind us. It was characteristic of Italy: a yellow, dried-up river-bed, a wide stony valley, denuded hills, here and there a grove of olives or a straggling line of cypresses, on some hill top a solitary convent or oratory, and in the blue background the mountains, with waving outline of Apennines and jagged peaks of Carrara, and Monte Pisano standing out in bold relief. Every-

where that day was a flood of brilliant light which made all nature thrill with tumultuous life, and even the wild flower and blade of grass seemed to quiver with joyous motion. All living things were as if stirred to quicker sense, while the somewhat desolate aspect of the country near at hand gave a note of sadness not without charm amidst the great sun-dazzle around.

The road soon became savage and wild, offering a strange contrast to what had come before. For miles it took us through a tract of bluish, clayey hills, and billowy plain deeply furrowed, all given up to the freaks and pranks of watercourses. Scarce a blade of grass or sign of any living thing is to be seen. Hills crumbling away, deep ruts and wide ravines eaten into by the waters, universal stripping and denudation of all earth and vegetation—a scene such as you might fancy on the day after the flood! Volterra stood in the distance perched aloft, and looking decidedly hard to get at. A fierce wind had arisen, which added to the wildness of the scene, and we began seriously to doubt if we should ever scale the heights before us. The carriage felt as if it would be every moment blown away. The difficulties, however, have been overcome by skilful road-making, and knowing Volterra to be 1,800 feet above the sea we were astonished to find ourselves in a short time close to its walls, amidst the vineyards and fig-gardens.

The carriage stopped before the door of a dark, small-windowed house near the entrance of the city. This was the inn, our *vetturino* informed us. No sign was to be discovered outside, and the general aspect was dilapidated, gloomy, and cut-throat. Presently a stern-visaged girl appeared in the door-way, and conducted us through a dark passage, up an uneven, high-stepped staircase where not a gleam of light

showed itself. I fancied myself already in an Etruscan tomb. After much tripping and stumbling over odd steps and obstacles, we arrived at the rooms destined for us. As usually happens in Italy, they were much better than one is led by first appearances to expect. The curtains and beds were white and clean, the tiled floors showed symptoms of recent washing. The smileless damsel seemed to enter into our views as to dinner; so we were led to hope that there might linger some amiable weakness under that uncompromising demeanour. These preliminaries being adjusted, we sallied forth for a stroll.

This town looks immeasurably old. Hundreds of years have passed over these houses, and yet their massive stonework still stands as if nothing could ever disturb it. The whole place, in its grim solidity and dark grey hue, might be supposed to have grown out of the rock which carries it. As we loitered about the antique Piazza, grave, silent people were pacing up and down in a stately fashion. They are all workers in alabaster here, and thrive well, as we are told, on the pursuit. Scraps of the material are under one's feet at every step.

The grey streets, whose tall houses shut out the rays of the setting sun, felt cold and unfriendly, so we sought and found a sheltered spot on the ramparts. It was just where the great wall of uncemented blocks looks down on the famous Etruscan gate—the very gate, with the three human heads carved in black lava, that is represented on sepulchral monuments at least twenty-five centuries old, and what its age may then have been we know not. Few pieces of human handiwork carry the mind back so far into the twilight of antiquity.

Next morning it was raining, and the old town looked gloomier than ever. As it is, so it must have been in the old days—the old mediæval

days. As for the Etruscan period, that takes us fairly beyond authentic history. We know only that a great people once inhabited this region, and that they built vast mountain cities, for the walls are still there, more massive than any people have attempted to erect since their time. The hill opposite is all pierced through by their sepulchres, and yonder is the very gate through which the citizens went forth and returned.

Nothing new has been built here for many a long day—only sometimes the old houses have been a little pulled about and altered to suit modern wants. They are high, of hard, dark stone, and have overhanging cornices. Here and there a round or pointed window has been made square, arches have been built up for greater strength, and columns, fragments, and inscriptions of classical times have been built into the walls, with no more regard than if they were stones from the quarry. The narrow streets run up and down in most irregular fashion, making picturesque projections, and quaint dark nooks and abrupt endings. Massive stonework, admirably fitted, shows that the art of old Etruria has not lost its cunning; the even, smooth pavement of broad slabs, so comforting to the foot-sore and weary, is another witness that the ancient skill of their forefathers has not departed from amongst the modern Tuscans.

We were accompanied in our wanderings by the indispensable guide of Volterra—Giorgio Callai. He is full of recondite lore and a laudable desire to make the most of the ancient glories of his birthplace, and on the shortest possible notice supplies that sort of knowledge which, like a fancy dress, you hire for the nonce, having no further occasion for it. If you have forgotten to take the necessary information into store, or have stowed it away so far down in your memory that it

is inconveniently hard to recover, Callai is your man. He looks the very genius of the place, just as if he had stepped out of one of the tombs on yonder hill-side with some dismally important message to communicate. A supernatural solemnity rests on his hollow jaws and long, colourless face, and the sound of his voice is tragic and sepulchral. He never smiles, and is impervious to a joke. Seeing sights in a light and airy spirit is a thing beyond his philosophy, and, above all, Etruria is with him no laughing matter. Indeed, the Volterrani in general seem much impressed, not to say overcome, by the antiquity of their descent. They are an austere people, stiff and reserved in bearing, and look on strangers with a suspicious, ungracious eye—singularly un-Italian in all this—but we must credit them with self-respect and pride, for the whole time we were there we never met a beggar.

As we wandered about, Giorgio grew communicative and gave us some account of the religion and morals of his fellow-townsmen. 'They had become quite corrupt,' he said; 'they had been spoiled, first by the priests and then by those "*brutti*" Piedmontese—there was no more respect for anything—bad books were abroad and such licentiousness! Ah! *Signora mia*, if I could only tell you!' The signora wished much to be supplied with a few lively bits of scandal; but Giorgio closed his lips firmly and contented himself with sighing in a way that might become the only remaining just man of Volterra.

We observed that he dated all these dreadful fallings-off from '48, and when he went on to say that the climate too had altered, and that cold and rain were things unknown in happier times—'*i cervelli e gli elementi vanno tutti a rovescio*'—we too began to think, our views being affected by the raw,

rainy day, that free institutions may be disagreeable things, apt to bring with them other English commodities besides parliaments and newspapers.

Though never departing from an imposing dignity of demeanour, our companion grew more confidential by degrees, and gave us some of his personal history. How he had travelled in foreign countries, and had lived many years in England and Holland, where the priests marry—and how much better it is, Signora!—how family affairs had called him home, and how he was obliged to live in Volterra; a sad fate for a man like him, 'del gran mondo,' to have to live in so small a place, and to be criticised and not understood. What was he to do? *cosa vuole?* . . . A man of the world can't live like a monk, you know—so he married, and devotes himself to studying the remains of his Etruscan ancestors. Can Mrs. Callai be unworthy of him, that he thinks it necessary to apologise for the not uncommon step he has taken?

The rain was coming down with the utmost perverseness, so we were not sorry to take shelter in the Museum. Our *cicerone* and the *custode* soon got into vehement discussion as to dates and centuries, and the disputed Greek or Asiatic origin of the Etruscans. Each seeming satisfied that his view settled the matter, and hopelessly intent on convincing the other, we left them to their *querelle de savans*, and plunged into the urns, vases, and bronzes.

Along the walls are ranged the so-called cinerary urns—stone or marble oblong cases or coffins containing the ashes of those dead that were burnt. Their sides are ornamented with sculptures of every period, from the rude beginnings to the high finish of later times. On the lids are reclining figures, evidently portraits, from their

strongly-marked individuality—the men all with energetic, intelligent heads, but rugged-looking and decidedly ugly; the women not well-favoured. The subjects carved in high relief on the sides of these urns form the chief interest of this unrivalled collection of Etruscan sculptural art.

As you examine them, one after another, you come gradually to feel personally acquainted with the people whose lives are thus exhibited before you. The longer you look, the more any sceptical indifference gives way to a new and real interest in a remote and half-forgotten race. The range of subjects is marvellously varied, and all are treated with simplicity, truth, and a charming naturalness. They show strength and energy too; the transparent alabaster and coarser tufa seem to breathe and take life under the hand of those who held the chisel. The skill of the distribution and grouping, the manual dexterity, the fineness and delicacy of execution, curiously testify to that element in art which marks the poetical intellect, so conspicuous—perhaps by accidental coincidence—in the mediæval Florentine. The same characteristics which separate the marble poems of Or San Michele and the bronze gates of Ghiberti from their rivals in Italy or beyond the Alps, distinguish these works at Volterra from all else that is known of antique art. Beauty and grace, however, are generally absent, and do not seem to have been much sought or selected.

Most of these sculptures are of a mythological or historical character, the former distinctly Hellenic, the subjects being taken from Homeric legends: the latter are derived from local history, such as a siege of Volterra, where the gateway of the three heads is conspicuous; and another siege episode, where some of the attacking force

are seen flinging over the walls at the defenders the heads of those they have slain. More attractive are the subjects drawn from domestic life, in the treatment of which there is much *naïveté* and delicate tender feeling. We have often homely incidents, such as a female figure teaching little children to read, and bridal processions and marriage rites, with a genius turning round the wheel of Life. And there are banquets and triumphal marches, horse races and bull fights. Most frequent of all are funereal subjects, as where a lonely flower on the tomb tells by the number of its petals the years lived through by the departed; and funeral processions, where the body is seen on a car drawn by oxen with bent heads and languid movement, to mark dejection: the mourners weeping, with covered faces, and in front a figure on horseback—symbolising the soul—hurries onward with a long sack containing his good and bad deeds hung over his shoulder. Deathbed scenes often occur, and touching partings between husband and wife. It is the old, old story—human life, human feeling, ever the same, nothing changed. After centuries and centuries of decay, destruction, and forgetfulness, you have only to remove a little dust and rubbish, and there you find the link, still unbroken, which makes all the world akin.

We took a long walk by the finest remaining part of the old Etruscan walls, which lie some way outside the modern town. Along their base, on the declivity of the mountain, a rough path is carried. What grand old things! Huge blocks of travertine, piled up house-high, without cement! How were they ever lifted into their places? What skill enabled the workmen to fit them thus neatly together, so as to stand through all these ages? There are delightful bits for the painter, in places where the old

material has crumbled away, and the stonework seems toppling over; where Roman or mediæval masonry has filled up rents, and makes a suggestive contrast with the colossal Etruscan work; and where bright-hued flowers, and the sober green of the homely pellitory, shine out between the uncouth blocks. Looking down, we see the broken, tumbled plain, stretched mapwise, with its two rivers, like glistening snakes, coiling themselves out in opposite directions. Dotted about it are towns and villages, and ancient strongholds, and watch-towers, and churches, and among the dark olive groves lonely convents. On one side are the low ridges of the ill-omened Maremma; on the other we are unexpectedly reminded of the daring peaks of South Tyrol, by the beautiful outline of the Carrara mountains, standing out, sharply-cut, against the sky, although fifty miles away. And then, beyond the plain of Pisa, a straight blue line marks the horizon. It is the sea, and there is the rocky islet of Gorgona, and the tops of the Elba mountains; and far away to the west the hazy outline of Corsica. What other town commands a prospect so wide, so beautiful, and one so suggestive of various peoples and chequered fates, historic memories and art recollections? As we stood we watched the sheets of sunshine and the heaping-up of the storm-clouds, the gently pouring rain, and shadows and sunbeams contending for mastery, as one hill-side was lit up and the opposite one plunged in sullen shade. Over the broad Val d'Arno the sun was blazing forth out of the pure blue sky, while in the southern horizon the clouds lay piled up in thick black banks, and the hill-tops of the Maremma were nearly dimmed by a passing shower, as by a filmy curtain of gauze. A view, indeed, not easily forgotten. Happy Count Inghi-

rami, with that fine palace on the ramparts commanding it! A tolerable hotel on this spot would be sure to pay. This place must be quite a sanitarium, and in the summer heats of Florence would be a welcome refuge from the glare, dust, and vulgarity of Leghorn. The air is delicious, crisp and champagny, and would bring back health and vigour to the most jaded and scirocco-stricken. Besides Etruscan remains, there is enough in Volterra of artistic interest to give occupation for a long stay—ancient churches, excellent bits of Della Robbia ware, early sculptures, curious fragments of wall-paintings and frescoed votive altars at street corners. Among other good pictures we admired a very charming altar-piece by Leonardo da Pistoia, a painter seldom met with. But the chief art-monument is the delightful chapel, painted, they say, by him of the quaint book so charming in its Trecento Italian—‘*Il libro dell’ Arte.*’ The name on the still clear and legible inscription has been interpreted by some as standing for Cennino Cennini. However that may be, these frescoes are full of life and grace and varied interest, and where not injured by the rain coming in are still fresh and delicate in colour. The Finding of the Cross, which is the chief subject represented, is most interesting, with its throngs of motley figures and *naïve* details. It is clear the painter, whoever he was, had a quick, lively fancy, and loved picturesque, bright costume, and beauty also. Some of the female heads are lovely. Altogether, this chapel, in its simplicity of feeling, unity and completeness of effect, carries one back to the age when Tuscan art, in its vigorous infancy, held forth the promise it so brilliantly fulfilled.

A few days later we found our-

selves in the train, bound for the Chiusi station. Contrasts of the kind are common enough nowadays, and yet it did seem strange to take one’s railway ticket for Chiusi—the Clusium of Lars Por-sena. The strangeness became positive disappointment when, our journey being ended, after slowly winding up the hill in one of the customary *calessine* that stand before the station, we found a little *borgo* very much like most of the country towns of Southern Tuscany. To no purpose had we pored over our guide books, and dipped into the careful Dennis, Mrs. Hamilton Gray, and other bulkier volumes, and learned that the main objects of interest here are under-ground. We could not avoid expecting to find some visible traces of former greatness; but everything looks relatively modern—that is to say, two or three hundred, instead of at least as many thousand years old, and one’s long gathered-up enthusiasm becomes suddenly chilled.

But for the shape of the ground there is really no reason to assert that little Chiusi, girt with a modest mediæval wall, covers any part of the site of the ancient queen of the cities of Etruria. But one thing may be reckoned on as a certainty—the ancient city stood on the high ground overlooking the lake and the distant ridges of the Umbrian Hills. Safety from sudden attack of enemies, and, still more important, safety from the pervading malaria, have always decided the sites of towns in this part of Italy. The present town stands in the centre of the vast underground sepulchral excavations that are ranged in a half-circle round it at a distance of two or three miles. We may, therefore, feel tolerably sure that it stands on some part of the site of ancient Clusium.

We very soon made up our minds that there is not much to be done at Chiusi by strolling about in that



delightfully vague and objectless manner which is usually the pleasantest way to see an Italian town. The city handed down to us by archaic legend, whose only remains of greatness lie buried under one's feet, occupies too much of one's thoughts to allow one to take any pleasure in the little Tuscan town. Therefore, the sooner you put yourself into the hands of the veteran Foscoli, self-appointed chamberlain and master of the ceremonies to the buried dead, the better. So before we had been two hours at Chiusi we sallied forth under his guidance.

Through the vineyards and under the fine old olives on the hill-slopes, amidst excavations where urns and sarcophagi once had been, and where many more lie still undisturbed, over ground which hides treasures of the skill and art of a lost people, the country around silent and still as if all things had gone to sleep in the warm noon-tide—we wended our way amidst sepulchres whose inmates were laid to rest before Rome had grown to be a city. After walking about a mile we halted. A little negotiation about a key and the lighting of a few candles warned us that we had reached the first of the tombs which we had set down as worthy of a visit.

A low doorway that you must stoop to enter, closed by two upright slabs turning on stone hinges, leads into two vaulted chambers, one within the other. On stone couches, much in the shape of our ordinary drawing-room sofa, the bodies of the deceased had been found—these, of course, fallen to a mere handful of dust, but their ornaments, jewellery, and vases all intact. The walls are painted with a frieze-like representation of funeral feasts and funeral processions, and hunts and contests—all little injured by time, and the colours, particularly the predominating red, almost as fresh as if laid on yesterday. The figures are flat, but graceful in outline, admirably

grouped, and express well the action. This is called the Tomba Pitturata.

Other tombs have no paintings; urns large and small are placed against the walls, sculptured in relief with sirens and sea horses, and Gorgons' heads and horsemen, and a variety of ornaments, with curves, and volutes, and twistings, which remind one of the designs of our Renaissance. Some three miles away from the town is the far-famed conical hill, with its labyrinths of mysterious passages, and streets of tombs excavated out of the solid rock-side, in tiers one above the other, like the floors of an ordinary dwelling-house. Here were found many beautiful vases and bronzes and gold ornaments, besides sculptured urns and *cippi*. The greater part have been dispersed through various collections, but the little museum belonging to the town has kept some interesting objects, particularly in pottery of the black unglazed kind, with quaint archaic low-reliefs.

On every side of the town lie sepulchres, covered up under the earth and the cornfields, the entrance part alone cleared away, and the key held by some peasant near at hand. Homes of the dead though they be, they are neither dismal nor suggestive of melancholy thoughts: they feel warm and dry, and would on the whole make not unpleasant retreats for one sick of the world.

As we walked on for miles, picking up every moment bits of bright coloured glass or curious crockery, of times very long passed by, our guide—a hale, bright-eyed elderly man—gave us a good deal of amusement. Excavating is the pursuit of his life; his whole mind is wrapped up in it; it is a passion with him, and with his own hands he has opened many of the tombs that have been explored during the last half-century. Every now and again he stopped to scratch or grub about, like a dog at a rat-hole, thinking he

saw some precious odds and ends, or the indication of some hidden tomb. Although quite illiterate, he knows the names and descriptions of all the sculptures, and is most intelligent as to the history and value of what he finds—very proud, too, of Chiusi and its Etruscan descent. No amount of centuries seems to him enough for its antiquity. When asked if the present Chiusi people have come from the Etruscan stock, ‘*Diamine!* I should rather think so,’—he answered indignantly, ‘who else? Ah! poor Chiusi, she is no longer what she was: she is come down—*è andata!* Yet nowhere else is it so good to live: good bread, good air, good water. *Per Bacco!* life is pleasant here.’ ‘Better than Orvieto?’ we suggested. ‘*Che!* Orvieto!’ giving the ‘*Che!*’ the expression which a Tuscan only can give, ‘it is a miserable place—so dirty—such pavements, and such bad people—*proprio cattivi!* but they are all so over the “*confine.*”’

Chiusi is just on the border between Tuscany and the Papal States. ‘Oh, that is well known,’ we said, ‘*si sa, si sa.* Different from *vai altri.*’ ‘*Altro che, altro che,* they are savages without education, civilisation, *gentilezza. Gente rozza, via.*’ ‘And,’ we asked, ‘what takes people to Orvieto?’ ‘*Cosa vuole?* Only *forestieri* go, and they look at the façade of the Duomo—a thing of yesterday!’ And he shrugged contemptuously. He had been excavating at Girgenti with Mr. Dennis, and thought it a poor affair after Etruria. The people of Girgenti were quite barbarous, he informed us, ‘only eat *maccheroni*—did not know actually how to make *minestra!*’ All which the worthy fellow evidently deemed very base and wretched.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of our second day at Chiusi, and our minds being in a different mood from that of the day before, we began to look about us. The

place is by no means devoid of attraction, and some quiet days might be spent there pleasantly enough. The inn outside the town gate is neat, with bright-tiled floors, and white curtains, and snowy linen and prints and flowers. From the windows is a lovely view over the soft country and sunny woodland and rich vegetation on to the hill-top a few miles off, where, amidst turreted walls and bell-towers, lies the birthplace and home of Perugia—Città della Pieve. It was Sunday, and all the inhabitants were in the streets, and the *trattorie*, of which there are an extraordinary number, were full of *contadini* sitting in knots together over the strong heady wine of the country. It did not seem to loosen their tongues much. These Chiusi people are grave in aspect, and even the men—a thing rare in Italy—are deficient in good looks, and untidy in their dress. As for the women in this part of Italy, it is in vain you look for picturesque costume. They are quite regardless of the Graces, and content themselves with dark, ugly cotton dresses and a shawl thrown over their heads. Although it was Sunday, our *padrona* assumed no more ornate garb. She is a well-meaning person, and makes quite artistic *friture*, but no Frau of Vaterland could be more ungainly or phlegmatic. She informed us that she was the mother of fifteen children, of whom half were dead—a circumstance which did not seem in any way to disturb her stolidity.

What with the swaddling system and the frightful compounds of oil, sour wine, uncooked vegetables, and unripe fruit, the manner in which Italian children are reared must be fatal to a large population.

On leaving Chiusi we had been assured that we should find an abundance of conveyances at the Montepulciano station to take us to Cortona. There turned out to be not a single one. A ‘mere chance,’

we were told—a '*mala sorte*,' a '*combinazione*.' That one should so often stumble on these '*combinazioni*' is passing strange—but no doubt it supplies incident to one's travels, and relieves the road from dulness.

It seemed probable that we were to spend the night on the railway platform, or else must send for a vehicle to the town of Montepulciano, seven miles off, which might arrive when it was too late in the day to start on our long drive through the hill country. As we were weighing the alternatives, one of the small knot of people around stepped forward, and, with the air of a person doing a favour, informed us that we might have his *baroccino*, mentioning at the time about twice the usual fare. Too glad of an escape from the horns of an unpleasant dilemma, we made no difficulty on that score, and after a delay of about an hour, devoted to Baron Ricasoli's model farm, we started on our way across the Val di Chiana. It does not require much knowledge of hydraulic engineering to understand why the Tuscans are so proud of what they have done in this region. The broad space between the hills of South Tuscany and the Umbrian Apennine was, not long ago, a tract of between thirty and forty miles of swamp and shallow lakes. The drainage which nature provided was carried southward into the Tiber; but the outfall was not sufficient, and this country lay unproductive of anything but fever and mosquitoes. The minister Fossombroni, a man of great ability and versed in engineering science, saw what could be done, took the matter in hand, and applied unsparingly the resources of the State. This great work of public improvement was accomplished with signal skill and success. The streams have been reversed in their course, and now run northward to the Arno; Lake

Thrasymene alone fills up the deeper part of the valley, and luxuriant crops of maize wave over the reclaimed morass as far as the eye can reach. All this is done in the grand imperial style one is used to in Italian public works. The dykes are strikingly massive, and built of solid masonry; the channels are deep and broad, and the bridges have ornamental cut-stone piers and parapets.

When in Florence we had declared our intention of making our tour in a *baroccino*, but this was the first occasion on which we made acquaintance with the national vehicle of this part of Italy. We were not long in coming to the conclusion that it should, if possible, be the last. That such a simple apparatus can inflict so much discomfort on the human body will always remain a wonder to our minds. To begin, you have a square frame of wood laid upon two wheels, with a piece of rope-netting stretched below. From two uprights above this a seat holding two, or at a pinch three, is hung by leather straps. Your box or portmanteau goes into the netting, and you naturally seek support for your feet on these, but, once fairly on the road, you live and learn. The swinging to and fro, and, what is worse, from side to side, at every roughness of the way, makes you feel that the attempt to steady yourself with your feet only makes matters worse. As long as the road is very smooth you can grin and bear it, but when you come on broken stones, or venture on a gentle trot down a hill, or where the rain has cut channels in the slopes, thumps and bumps and bruises follow each other in quick succession all over your body, and you come to reflect gravely and sadly that *baroccino* travelling is too picturesque to be agreeable.

Under these circumstances the drive to Cortona seemed somewhat long. Our driver was an amusing

fellow, loquacious and communicative. Only, if ever we asked him anything he did not happen to know, he became very irascible. 'How should I know? *Corpo di Bacco!* my business is to drive horses; I can't tell you, *via*; ask somebody who has nothing else to do.' But his good humour would return soon again. When, however, after crossing two ranges of hills, we descried the ancient city of Cortona on a much higher hill still—we should call it a mountain in England—our '*barocciaio*' fairly broke down. '*Ma . . . che cosa mai; what devil ever put a town up there? Why, it is only the beginning of the journey. Corpo della Madonna!*' and then followed a string of choice blasphemies. He actually proposed to stop the night at the village below, and the most careful management and brilliant prospects of *buona mano* were all required to get him up the long, weary pull. Such, at any rate, it seemed to us, with our sore bones.

At last we got into the narrow main street of the town, and passing an irregular piazza through an archway, turned down a steep lane, and stopped before a low door, with all darkness within. It was the inn. No bell was visible, so we called out loudly. After some time a personage with a black velvet cap on his head, and a *lucerna* in his hand, made his appearance. He uttered no greeting, and was altogether unemotional. Proceeding up a crooked staircase he pointed to us to follow. We did so, through various passages with steps here and there, groping our way along in the dim light with much difficulty, and feeling somewhat as if in the wake of an aged wizard, through an enchanted mansion; all was so silent, dark, and mysterious. Finally the *lucerna* halted, a door opened, and we suddenly returned to daylight in a room overlooking the tops of the old houses and

a wide stretch of the Val di Chiana.

We were hungry, but somehow to ask for supper seemed a wild proposition, when to our inexpressible relief the silent man became vocal and discovered a not uninviting prospect in that direction. One of us, emboldened by this last act of condescension, begged for tea with milk; but that was indeed going too far. Our host gave an impatient pull at the velvet cap, and answered gruffly that milk was out of the question at that hour of the day. Upon which he turned away apparently very much disgusted.

We surveyed our rooms. There seemed difficulties as to basins and jugs, and indeed as to most appliances of civilisation, and we fancied a strong smell of mulberry leaves pervaded the air, reminding us of that sickly decoction of childhood's unhappy hours senna tea. For a moment a deposit of silkworms in some secret recess suggested itself, but that proved to be the dream of an excited imagination. There were no bells, and no human creature seemed to be within call. However, on clapping our hands Eastern fashion in the silent corridor, help appeared in the shape of a short, thick maiden carrying a water bottle and glasses of cold water, which she presented to us. This never-omitted ceremony in Italy has a drearly comic effect when one is all hunger and fatigue, and much in want of stouter support.

However, supper was not long in making its appearance, and we were attended again by the thick maiden—a pasty-faced young person of slow progression. She performed her duties in an abstracted, perfunctory manner, with an air of pious resignation. There was a half-plethoric, half-devotional look in her eyes; she had a method of lowering them when spoken to by

anything male, which all made us put her down on the spot as a local *dévôte*. Forthwith we evinced much interest in the great female saint of Cortona, and the heavy face brightened up instantaneously. Her name was Margherita, she said, and she proceeded with a volubility which astonished us to tell us of the great doings long ago, and the more recent cures and miracles performed by her patron saint. Much edified and refreshed, and our supper amply done justice to, we went out for a walk, and found a crowd of people walking up and down on an open space arranged amphitheatre-wise for the Biga-races on the ramparts. They were well-dressed and had the air of people conscious of being '*persone distinte.*' We already knew that many very ancient, broken-down Tuscan families still inhabit Cortona, and theirs are those substantial houses on the walls which overlook the surrounding country far and wide, and are provided with an unlimited supply of fresh air. These ramparts are laid out with seats, to enjoy the view—an unusual thing in Italy.

This place cannot compare with many others that we have seen for its remains of former times, and yet I fancy that in years to come we shall preserve a more definite idea of Cortona, as pre-eminently *the* ancient city of Etruria, than of any of its rivals. Students of Etruscan art and Etruscan history will resort to Volterra for its sculptures, and to Chiusi for its necropolis, but in none of these can one fancy that the town where he is living is the same place that was famous in the days when Rome was not yet a city.

At Volterra you trace the great old walls at intervals, and you see that they run out into the country, and that the modern town barely fills one corner of the ancient enclosure. At Chiusi, you form an idea of former greatness and importance, from the vast extent of the sepul-

chral monuments, but scarcely anything, if anything, remains to mark the place where a great population lived and worked. Here, at Cortona, there is no doubt about it; such as the city was, in shape and dimensions in times before the history of Italy began, such it is at this day. One cannot help laughing at the Cortonese, when they tell you that the utmost pretension of the upstart Romans was to trace their descent from a man who escaped from the East after the fall of Troy; whereas the man who founded the race that built Troy was a citizen of Cortona, who migrated from Italy to Asia Minor! But, after all, the citizenship of Dardanus is not more fabulous than the stories of local antiquaries all over the world, and one argues well of people who are proud of and preserve the traditions of their native town. Meanwhile, we have merely to stroll out in any direction, to perceive that we are enclosed by the old Etruscan or Umbrian wall, in most places quite uninjured, the huge blocks lying undisturbed; and the main streets of the city must be still very much where they were when this steep slope was first fixed upon as a place of safety. The actual buildings have, of course, been renewed many times in the long roll of centuries, but, if the foundations of the houses could speak, they might perchance tell tales to astound the most learned historian.

The streets are more crooked and precipitous than at Volterra, and the houses have a more important, aristocratic look, as if they belonged to people of estate and substance. They jut out irregularly, through the twistings and bendings of the streets, and sometimes their heavy cornices seem to meet over your head. Some have crooked exterior stone staircases climbing up to low doorways, from which steps go down to the entrance hall. Here and there will be a pointed arch, and a

balcony of curious, elaborate iron-work; but nobody will ever be seen looking down from these balconies, and not a head peeps out of the windows. Indeed, they are generally decorated with various and enigmatical articles of clothing hanging out to dry.

No plan whatsoever seems to have been followed in the building of these streets. Many of them begin and end in the most impulsive, abrupt fashion, and lead nowhere particular, as one soon discovers to one's discomfiture. Out of a tolerably wide street, where you are wending your way, you will find yourself suddenly taken into a narrow paved lane, up steep steps and under deep archways, and landed on an open space, where, as likely as not, you behold a goodly-sized house, dilapidated and weather-worn, with ironwork falling to pieces, and shutters closed, seemingly for hundreds of years. Yet it still wears a stately air, and somewhere on its walls is the escutcheon of some family whose name has passed out of the memory of man. Opposite will be a high, crumbling wall, covered picturesquely with greeneries, and an elaborate iron gate leading into a garden all choked up with shrubs and rank growths and aged trees, and here and there a mutilated, blackened statue. You are in a *cul-de-sac*. You retrace your steps and try a new direction, to find yourself, perhaps, brought to a standstill, face to face with the amazing, stupendous Etruscan wall, shutting out all exit. If you make another effort, you will find yourself probably back again at the point whence you started.

All this would be endlessly picturesque, the light and shade effects would be most striking, when the bright sunbeams find their way through these many intricacies; but no sun shines for us. It is a raw, cold day, with a wind which blows, and whistles, and makes one shiver

through and through. Just a day for a comfortable arm-chair, a pleasant book, and a good fire of *carbone fossile*, that bugbear of the Italians. We remembered we were tourists, and had stern duties awaiting us; so, taking our courage with two hands, we went forth manfully to see the church of Santa Margherita. It is 1,800 feet above the sea, on the crest of the hill on whose slope Cortona lies, and within the Etruscan wall. The walk was a severe one, what with violent gusts of wind and beating rain. We saw the striking view, however, clearly enough, though not to advantage. The great long plain, bounded by Apennines and hills, looked dreary and desolate. Montepulciano of the seductive wines stood out in black, stern isolation, and the wide lake of Thrasymene was one sheet of dull grey.

In this breezy spot, amidst the tall cypresses, Santa Margherita retired to pray and do penance, and here she died, and a fine church has been erected to her memory. It is a great place of pious resort to all the surrounding country, particularly on the occasions when the body of the saint is exhibited. At such times the Sindaco remains all day in the church, in his robes of state, surrounded by all his officers. The monk who took us about told us that his convent, which is annexed to the church, had been suppressed by the Government and put up for sale, but pious benefactors stepped in and bought back the convent, and restored it to the monks. This has happened often in the so-called suppression of monasteries by the new kingdom of Italy, either where the *frati* have had funds to effect the purchase themselves, or where they have found persons sufficiently persuaded of their merits and usefulness to supply the money needful. No doubt in many instances these

houses have been converted into barracks or hospitals, with a view to prevent an undesirable number of religious communities becoming again established in the country; but, strange as it may sound to some, one never meets among the poorer people the least regret for those that are gone. Our monk showed us some good old lace in the sacristy on the albs and rochets, and evidently took a pride in possessing it still. We were glad to see it and to compliment him on its being preserved, for one seldom sees anything now in Italian churches but vile imitation crochet of the meanest anti-macassar description. The real lace has been all sold for a song to people who sell it again at extravagant prices. An effective laces work is made in Cortona with old designs reproduced, but it is worked on machine-made *réseau* in cotton or bad thread.

This church is being enlarged and repaired, for which collections are made all round the country, and the church walls are covered with prints representing St. Margaret blessing each commune which contributes and the sum contributed. It must rejoice the heart of the people and reward them mightily to see the name of their commune in big gold letters before the eyes of all! Here, too, is the crucifix which bent its head when St. Margaret prayed before it; but not much fuss is made about it. They are used to miracles here.

On our way down the hill we stopped at the lonely oratory of San Niccolò, where Luca Signorelli painted. The fresco by him, discovered not long ago, has been, as usual, much spoiled by restorers. There is still much beauty and grace remaining, and enough of the early Umbrian feeling of Luca to make it interesting and attractive. We stayed before it a long time, to the evident delight of the large female who had opened the church for us. She stood by us

the whole time, muttering, gesticulating, exclaiming, and holding up her hands in admiration, and showing off the painting as if it were a favourite child. 'Look, look, *che cara Madonnina! è la Maddalena poveretta!* . . . and St. Julian, and our good father St. Niccolò with his balls. *Bel giovane quel San Sebastiano, via!* And see our holy San Rocco, how *graziosamente* he lifts his tunic to show the plague-spot—and with illustrative action she hitched up her petticoat, and displayed a neatly-turned foot, enough, with slipper down at heel. She had a rolling gait and a merry eye, and somehow had the look of a fat canon in disguise.

Cortona has many fine works by Luca. His early and late manner are well seen in the pictures of the Last Supper and the 'Deposit' at the Duomo; and the Florentine influence shows itself remarkably in a charming Virgin and Child in San Domenico, with the angels peeping in at eitherside and the two Dominicans adoring. The noble Fra Angelico in this church are a good deal browned by time and the smoke of the worthy friars' candles. Those in the Gesù are better preserved and more beautiful again. The Annunciation is, perhaps, the most exquisite that the Beato Angelico has ever painted; it has a delicate bloom, a spontaneity, a sweet fragrance of innocence and grace that tell of the first fresh inspiration and dreamy enthusiasm of youth. It was painted in his early days when he worked here. Nor in originality, in beautiful tender feeling, in fineness of execution, has he ever surpassed the Lives of the Virgin and Saint Domenico on the *predelle* in this church.

We found the *Museo* closed and the *custode* gone, no one knew where or seemed inclined to find out. However, we made so clear our determination not to be put off, and to wait any time, that a police official, who had been lounging about,

staring at us with mild contempt and curiosity, suddenly withdrew his hands from his pockets, pushed his hat off his eyes, and ordered a search to be made for the *custode*, and for him and the key to be brought forthwith. He then, with a condescending air, showed us into his office and pointed to chairs. It was a spacious, lofty apartment, as full of paper and writing materials as if the affairs of all Italy were transacted there. These Italians dearly love red-tape, blue-books, pretty printing, and plenty of it; they throw away no end of time and money on such things. After a long wait, the *custode* appeared, dangling about a very rusty key. It turned in the lock with no small difficulty, and when the door did open at last we found ourselves in complete darkness—all the shutters were closed. However, some light was let in, and we saw a large, handsome library, disused and dusty-looking, like so many here. In a room off it are the famous treasures of this museum, the Etruscan candelabrum, and, better still, the picture of 'the Greek Muse'—a wonderful vision of beauty, all aglow with life and colour, fresh and bright as if painted yesterday. She seems to breathe and feel, as

if the quick blood of youth still ran beneath that warm, firm flesh. Her look is calm and proud, as of one conscious of beauty and power. The *pose* and bust are statuesque, but with none of the coldness of marble. Despite that half-disdainful gaze, passion has breathed within this beautiful Muse, and she has made it burn within those who looked on her in the days long past of the ancient faith of Hellas, when beauty was its god, and forms of unfading loveliness peopled its forests and streams and mountain sides. This precious thing was found in a ditch, and built into a peasant's fire-place. There it was discovered by a casual passer-by; and the learned declare it the only remaining specimen of Greek pictorial art. Why not Etruscan?

Outside, the walls of the Palazzo Publico, where the museum is kept, are covered with shields of the former captains of the people—all foreigners, as was usual in those times—a suggestive and picturesque decoration. Coats of arms are always pretty things; many of these are carved in the stone with care and delicacy, and bear the names of great Tuscan families, many extinct, some still living through their descendants.





## THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION—ATTEMPTS AT LEGISLATION.

**T**HE Irish University Question entered upon a new phase when the Protestant churches in Ireland were disestablished and disendowed. The principle of religious equality was affirmed by the Legislature; and it was further laid down that that principle was to be carried out by the substitution of voluntarism for establishment, and by the non-recognition on the part of the State of all religious denominations in Ireland.

It was manifest from the first that this measure necessarily involved a change in the position of the University of Dublin. One of the chief functions of Trinity College, Dublin, had been, from the first, to educate the clergy of the Church of Ireland; and, by its statutes, all the members of its corporate body—its Provost, Fellows, and Scholars—were members of that Church. Its original constitution, indeed, was even more exclusive; but near the close of the last century an Act of the Irish Parliament, followed by a royal statute, admitted Roman Catholics to degrees. And the step thus taken was followed by many others, all tending to remove the impediments to religious equality; until at length the position of the College became (in the words of its late Provost) that of a national school under a Protestant patron. In other words, the religious teaching was that of the then Established Church; but no student belonging to any other Church was compelled to receive that teaching, while all had their secular instruction in common.

But, liberalised as the constitution of Trinity College had become, the Irish Church Act made a further change inevitable. The Roman Catholic College of May-

nooth had been (at least nominally) disendowed, and received fourteen years' purchase of its annual grant, to deal with as it pleased. It was plain, therefore, if the principles of the Bill were to be carried out, that a similar provision should be made in the case of the Protestant Divinity school of Trinity College; and it was further evident that the exclusively Protestant character of the Provost and Fellows (other than those engaged in the instruction of Divinity students) could no longer be maintained, unless by the abandonment of all pretension, on the part of the University of Dublin, to be the national University of Ireland.

In this state of things Trinity College did not hesitate as to her course. In the debate in 1869 on Mr. Fawcett's Bill, she announced, through her members in Parliament, that she no longer objected to the repeal of all religious tests; and in the following year the Bill was again introduced, with new clauses, mutually agreed upon by Mr. Fawcett and the authorities of Trinity College, and the name of one of the Members for the University was placed upon the back of the Bill.

This procedure on the part of Trinity College, although consistent with her whole course of action for the greater part of a century, was evidently a surprise and a disappointment to those members of the House who advocated concession to the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Mr. Gladstone himself seemed to have expected that the College would have accepted the position of a denominational institution, in which case the mode of dealing with it had already been determined by the precedent of

Maynooth; and he could not but foresee that the Bill of Mr. Fawcett might prove a serious obstacle to the adoption of measures which, as far back as 1865, he seems to have contemplated. And the Roman Catholic Bishops hastened to ward off what they regarded as an impending evil. Assembled at Maynooth on the 18th of August, under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen, they unanimously adopted a series of resolutions upon the education and the land questions of Ireland, in the former of which they renewed their denunciation of the system of united education. Their first resolution was as follows:—

They (the Bishops) reiterate their condemnation of the mixed system of education, whether primary, intermediate, or University, as grievously and intrinsically dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic youth; and they declare that to Catholics only, and under the supreme control of the Church in all things pertaining to faith and morals, can the teaching of Catholics be safely entrusted. Fully relying on the love which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cherished for their ancient faith, and on the filial obedience they have uniformly manifested towards their pastors, the Bishops call upon the clergy and the laity of their respective flocks to oppose by every constitutional means the extension, or perpetuation, of the mixed system, whether by the creation of new institutions, the maintenance of old ones, or by changing Trinity College, Dublin, into a mixed College.

And, in accordance with this, they demand the extinction of that system in the Queen's Colleges.

The Bishops furthermore declare that a settlement of the University question, to be complete and at the same time in accordance with the wishes of the Catholic people of Ireland, must include the re-arrangement of the Queen's Colleges on the denominational principle.

Thus the demands of the Roman

Catholic Prelates involve the complete reversal of the educational policy which guided the action of the State in 1793, when, at the instance of the University of Dublin herself, her doors were thrown open to Roman Catholics;—the reversal of that policy which had been maintained, in the matter of primary education, for the last forty years by all succeeding Governments; and under which the Queen's Colleges were founded in 1845. And, be it observed, these demands are made by those whose principle of separation dates from the appointment of Cardinal Cullen to the position he now occupies in the Roman Catholic Church, and the resolutions of the Synod of Thurles, which were obtained through his influence.<sup>1</sup> In proof of this it is only necessary to mention that the immediate predecessor of Dr. Cullen was an earnest supporter of the National system of education in Ireland, and warmly approved of the further step taken in the direction of united education in 1845, by the foundation of the Queen's Colleges.

But the Roman Catholic Bishops further demand that their 'University College' shall be endowed by the State. In other words, they require, that after 'putting an end'—to use the words of Mr. Gladstone in introducing the Bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Ireland—'to the system of public endowment for religion in Ireland,' the State should revivify and restore the principle on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church! This, then, is the conception of religious equality, which the Roman Catholic Bishops now maintain!—that principle to which they never ceased to appeal before the Act of

<sup>1</sup> Those who desire to understand the history of this remarkable change of policy, and of the means by which it was brought about, will find it fully exposed in a paper by Professor Cairnes, in the *Theological Review*, entitled 'University Education in Ireland,' published in 1866.

1869, and to which, even now, they venture to appeal on behalf of the Catholic University! And this is done by those very men who, when the Irish Church question was under the consideration of Parliament, refused to listen to any solution of the question which involved in any degree the endowment of all.

Finally, the Roman Catholic Prelates claim, that the institution thus to be endowed shall be, as far as the teaching of Catholics is concerned, 'altogether in the hands of Catholics, and under the control of their Bishops.' And accordingly, in the draft charter submitted by them to Lord Grey in 1866, it is provided, that the 'Governors' (i.e. the four Roman Catholic Archbishops, and eight Roman Catholic Bishops, for the time being) 'shall have full power, from time to time, to appoint, and, as they shall see occasion, to remove, as well the Rector, Vice-Rector, the Professors, and other members of the Faculties, the Tutors and Masters, as also the Secretary and all officers, agents, and servants of the said College.'<sup>2</sup>

It need hardly be said that such claims as these would not be listened to by any Roman Catholic State in Europe.

But extravagant as are these demands, there are some who think that, with certain modifications, they ought to be conceded, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland joined generally in the demand. Now, without assenting to this principle, it may be worth while to enquire how far such a consent of opinion really exists. We are unfortunately unable to collect the views of lay Roman Catholics from what they have said on this subject. Whatever their real opinions may be, they are unwilling—from various motives—to oppose their priests

openly. But that they do not concur with them upon this question is plain enough from many facts.

In the first place, they do not send their sons to the Catholic University. The number of Art Students in the Catholic University is believed—for there is no official return—to be under twenty! An attempt is made to explain this startling fact, by the circumstance that the Catholic University has not the power of conferring degrees. But that such an explanation is insufficient is plain from this, that the University of London is ready to hold examinations for its degrees in Dublin, if required; and that it has actually held such examinations in the provincial College of St. Patrick at Carlow. Indeed, the Roman Catholic Bishops themselves, in their communication with Lord Mayo, referred to this circumstance to prove that the power of conferring degrees is, in the case of the Catholic University, of secondary importance.

The next fact which we shall adduce is that when, at the instigation of Cardinal Cullen, the attempt was made to elicit an opinion from the Roman Catholic laity in accordance with that of their bishops, and when for this purpose a meeting of Catholics was summoned to meet at their cathedral church in Dublin, and every nerve strained to render the demonstration imposing, the result was a complete failure. The number of lay Roman Catholics present who had any direct interest in the question of University education was miserably small.

But we have yet further evidence of the fact that lay Roman Catholics, generally, do not object to united education, in the actual numbers of those receiving it. The average

<sup>2</sup> Memorials addressed to the Secretary of State for the Home Department by Roman Catholic Prelates in Ireland, on the subject of University and National Education in Ireland. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 5, 1868.

number of students in Trinity College under the standing of Master of Arts is 1,200, of whom about 200 are English and 1,000 Irish; and that of the *matriculated* students of the Queen's Colleges about 700. Now of these 1,700 Irish students, about 300 are Roman Catholics, and 1,400 Protestants of all denominations. But as among the latter are included many young men preparing for the ministry in the Church of Ireland and in the Presbyterian Church, we must—to make the comparison a legitimate one—either *add* to the number of *Roman Catholics* those receiving academical education at Maynooth, or else *subtract* from the number of *Protestants* the students preparing for the ministry in Trinity College and in the Queen's Colleges. The number of Roman Catholic students at Maynooth is about 550; and accordingly the proportion of young Irishmen of the two religious denominations receiving academical education, is 850 Roman Catholics to 1,400 Protestants, or as three to five nearly; and in this we have taken no account of Roman Catholic students preparing for the ministry in other seminaries. This proportion far exceeds that of the University-going classes in the two denominations. If, on the other hand, we exclude Divinity students on both sides, the number of Protestants must be reduced by about 300—namely, 240 preparing for the ministry of the Church of Ireland in Trinity College, and 60 for that of the Presbyterian Church in the Queen's Colleges.<sup>3</sup> The proportion of Irish academical students intended for lay professions is therefore 300 Roman Catholics to 1,100 Pro-

testants: the former number being more than one-fourth of the latter. Now Dr. Lyon Playfair has shown that this is very nearly the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants in the University-going classes in Ireland; and we may therefore conclude that the number of the former who are debarred by any cause from sending their sons to the existing Universities is insignificant.

In reply to this we shall doubtless be told, that in the 'Declaration of the Catholic Laity of Ireland, on the subject of University education,' the subscribers state 'that a large number of Irishmen are at present precluded from the enjoyment of University education, honours, and emoluments, on account of conscientious religious opinions regarding the existing systems of education.' Now it is a noteworthy fact, that the subscribers do not assert that they themselves, or their sons, have been so debarred. Their testimony extends only to what they believe of others; and such testimony, we venture to think, can have little weight in opposition to the facts above adduced, and to the actual conduct of these persons in reference to academical education. And we venture to think that this Declaration itself supplies sufficient evidence that the educated Roman Catholic laity are not at one with their bishops upon this question, and that most of them dread the bondage under which they would be placed, if the demands of the prelates were conceded. We can readily understand why they should shrink from direct opposition to the urgent command of their spiritual guides (enforced, as it has been, by the authority of the Pope himself), by

<sup>3</sup> The average number of students in Trinity College entering the Divinity Classes in each year is 60; so that, in the four undergraduate classes, there are about 240 preparing for the ministry. The average number ordained yearly for the Presbyterian Church is 21; and as the course in the Queen's Colleges in which these are educated extends to three years, there are consequently about 63 students preparing for the ministry at the same time.

<sup>4</sup> Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 30, 1870.

expressing their approval of united education; but what we cannot understand is this—that they should never have been induced to *unite with their bishops* in demanding *denominational education*, if they really concurred with them in preferring it.

We now proceed to consider how far Mr. Fawcett's Bill meets the fair demands of all religionists.

By its first provision it repeals all religious tests; and, therefore, at once opens the fellowships and scholarships of Trinity College—in fact, all its honours and emoluments, to persons of every creed. In this provision it goes beyond the corresponding measure for the English Universities; for it reserves nothing in favour of any class of Churchmen.

By its second provision it constitutes a governing body of the University, which is to have the control of all matters connected with teaching and examining, the election of professors, and all other academical work. This University Council is to be a representative academical body, framed upon the model of the Councils of Oxford and Cambridge, as constituted by recent Acts of Parliament. It is to consist of the provost, a certain number of the Fellows, a certain number of professors not Fellows, and a certain number of other members of the Senate—each division being chosen freely by the members of the body from which it is taken, and under the principle of cumulative voting, so as to secure the fair representation of the minority. Such a rule could not fail to bring into the Council the best men of each division of the academical body. It has indeed been objected to this measure, that it would take many years to introduce into the Council, by such means, a fair proportion of Roman Catholics. The answer to this objection is, that *three* out of the four classes which compose the Council

are *at once* open to Roman Catholics; and the whole recent history of the University has shown that the minority has been treated not only with impartiality, but even with generous favour.

We have never heard any objection to the fairness of this scheme from any lay Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Bishops indeed say that there are departments of knowledge, such as metaphysics, moral philosophy, and history, in which Catholic youths ought to be instructed by Catholic teachers only. But the objection is at once removed by the simple expedient of appointing two or more professors in the same subject, and by leaving it to the student (or to his parent or guardian) to select his own teacher among them. In the German Universities, whose academic system is so much in advance of those of other European nations, there are several professors in the same subject, and the student may attend whom he wills. Thus in the University of Leipsic—by no means among the first in Germany—we learn from Mr. Pattison that there were, in the winter session of 1866-7, *six* courses of lectures, delivered by distinct lecturers, in modern history, and *five* in mental and moral science.

The partial separation of the students in controverted subjects, thus provided for, should of course be carried further by a complete separation in religious teaching, and by the erection of hostels for those who desired to live together. The statutes of the Queen's Colleges make provision for such teaching on the part of the respective Churches; and the provision has been acted upon by all the Churches of Ireland, except the Roman Catholic. Thus the grievance of the divorce of religious from secular instruction is the work of the Roman Catholic Bishops themselves.

We believe, therefore, that it is perfectly possible, and even easy, to work such a scheme as that proposed in Mr. Fawcett's Bill, to the satisfaction of all, excepting those who object to the meeting of young men of different religious creeds in the same halls—all, in fact, but those who believe (with the Roman Catholic Bishops) that the intercourse of Roman Catholic with Protestant youths is dangerous to the faith and morals of the former. That this was not the opinion of Roman Catholic laymen thirty years ago, when the Queen's Colleges were founded, is evident from the speeches made by Roman Catholic members of Parliament upon the occasion of the introduction of that measure. The eloquent words of Sheil in that debate deserve to be remembered:—

I coincide with my honourable friend the member for Kerry (Mr. M. J. O'Connell) in thinking that education in Ireland should be mixed—I mean secular education. We must in manhood associate in every walk of life. The Catholic and Protestant merchant must place in each other that entire reliance which is the foundation of all mercantile transactions. To the Protestant and Catholic solicitor, to the Catholic and Protestant advocate, men differing from them in religious opinions entrust fortunes, life, and honour. At the bar, where our faculties are in collision, and our feelings are in contact, our forensic brotherhood is not interrupted by theological discriminations. In the noblest of all professions—in the army—the Catholic and the Protestant Irishman are comrades, and are attached by a devoted friendship: they stand together in the same field of fight; they scale the same battery; they advance in the same forlorn hope; and, to use a fine expression of the great poet whose remains the First Minister of the Crown lately deposited hard by—from the 'death-bed of Fame they look proudly to heaven together.' And if thus, in our maturer years, we are to live and die together, shall we be kept apart in the morning of life, in its freshest and brightest hours, when all the affections are in blossom, when our friendships are pure and disinterested, and those attachments are formed which last through every vicissitude of fortune, and of which the memory survives the grave?

Sheil, indeed, and other Roman Catholic members, pointed out a blot in the scheme as first proposed, namely, the absence of provision for religious teaching. But this was soon supplied, and the heads of the various Protestant Churches at once availed themselves of it. The Roman Catholic Bishops alone abstained, because the system of united education was, in their eyes, fundamentally wrong.

Twenty years had elapsed—from the time in which the Queen's Colleges were established—before it was discovered by British statesmen that Roman Catholics had still a grievance in the matter of academical education. This discovery was made by Sir George Grey and Mr. Gladstone in the last days of the Palmerston Administration. As stated by Sir George Grey, it was this:—'A student leaving a Roman Catholic College in Ireland cannot obtain a degree; and he is therefore at a great disadvantage as compared with the student leaving Trinity College or the Queen's University. To that extent, I think, there is a reasonable ground of complaint, and it is one the justice of which the Government admit.' Mr. Gladstone himself spoke in that debate. He admitted the existence of 'disabilities of a positive character' in the 'want of degrees;' and he characterised this want as 'the imposition of civil disabilities on account of religious opinion.'

We shall not now enter into the history of the 'supplemental charter,' which was issued soon after this debate. We have a higher task than that of impugning the conduct of any Minister, or set of Ministers. The 'Catholic grievance,' as stated by the friends of even-handed justice in Parliament, is now before us, and to what does it amount?—that those Roman Catholics—and we have shown that they are few in number—who object to united education, and who for that

reason enter a denominational institution such as the Catholic University, cannot obtain from it the recognition which other Universities in Ireland bestow, in the shape of a degree. Now we think that the advantages of a degree have been overrated, even by Mr. Gladstone himself. There is, we believe, no civil disability in Ireland connected with the want of a degree. It is not a necessary passport to any of the professions. It is not required as a condition of ordination by any of the three Churches in Ireland. It is not demanded of the candidates for admission to the bar, or the medical profession; and we believe that the only legal advantage still annexed to its possession is the shortening of the apprenticeship of attorneys. Beyond this, a University degree is nothing more than the mark placed by the University itself upon the student, testifying that he has acquired a suitable amount either of general culture (as in the case of the degrees in Arts), or of special culture (as in the professional degrees). The degree in Arts is indeed regarded as a recommendation, although not a necessary qualification, in most of the professions. But the professional degrees are so little insisted upon, that their possession does not even dispense with the testing examinations for admission into the professions themselves. They weigh only with the general public; and the amount of that weight is, of course, commensurate with the estimation in which the University itself is held.

But granting that some advantage is attached to the possession of an academical degree, and that it is desirable that it should be enjoyed by denominational as well as by open Colleges, the practical question is, how is this to be done? The London University is prepared to send its examiners to Dublin, and to confer degrees on all who pass its examination creditably;

and there are many who think that, with such a provision, denominational Colleges have no cause of complaint. But we do not desire to ignore the sentimental grievance—for it is nothing more—of obliging Irishmen to seek this qualification from an English University; neither shall we press the objectors with the fact, that they have long submitted without a murmur to the regulation which compelled them to seek admission to their own bar through the portals of one of the London Inns of Court. We desire to make every allowance for the complaint of those—few though they be—who are debarred from any advantage in the gift of the State by conscientious scruples; and we believe that the want is one which may be easily and simply satisfied. All that is necessary is to enable the University of Dublin, following the precedent of the two English Universities, to matriculate ‘unattached students’ not members of Trinity College, who should be required to pass terms by attendance on the lectures of the University professors. Under this arrangement the student of the Catholic University College, or of any other sectarian College in Dublin, would be enabled to proceed to his degree, while under the religious teaching and moral discipline of members of his own Church. Such a provision as this, coupled with that of plural professorships already adverted to, would remove the last trace of a Catholic grievance, so far as it can be removed consistently with the principles already adopted by the State in reference to religious teaching in Ireland.

Let us now turn to Mr. Gladstone’s measure for the solution of the so-called Irish difficulty.

The Bill which has recently been laid upon the table of the House of Commons, and which has undergone such a searching discussion

upon the occasion of its second reading, may be described, generally, as an indirect attempt to recognise and to endow denominational Colleges. And just because it is indirect, it is forced to operate by means of liberal and unsectarian institutions, whose academical character it would degrade, and whose liberal constitution it would destroy. It is thus, in the language of Dr. Lyon Playfair, based upon two principles which are incompatible. And accordingly the superstructure is anomalous. It is a mass of detailed contrivances, not only unconnected and unrelated, but even antagonistic and opposed. This, we think, will appear from a brief statement of its leading provisions.

It abolishes the two existing Universities of Ireland, both of which are unsectarian, and supplies the place thus left void with a single central University constituted upon the same unsectarian principle, which is to possess the exclusive power of conferring degrees.

This new University is to be a Teaching University, with a professoriate complete in all departments of knowledge, with the exception of theology, mental and moral philosophy, and modern history. And it is likewise to be an Examining Board, which is to test the knowledge of all comers, whether they receive its teaching or not.

To the central University, so constituted, are to be affiliated, not only the unsectarian Colleges of Ireland—Trinity College, which is to be thrown open, and the Queen's Colleges, which are already so—but also the Catholic University College in Dublin, and the Presbyterian College in Londonderry. And provision is made for the affiliation, upon easy conditions, of an indefinite number of minor Colleges, or schools, which may be sectarian or free.

The University, so constituted,

is to be governed by a Council composed in the first instance of Government nominees, to whom are afterwards to be added persons chosen by the affiliated Colleges, upon terms extremely favourable to the smaller institutions, and which would eventually place the entire government in their hands.

The Council so composed is to possess an almost uncontrolled power in the government of the University, appointing and punishing professors; determining the curriculum; fixing the examinations; and distributing prizes, which are to be of very large amount.

All tests are to be abolished in Trinity College; and its Theological Faculty transferred to the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland; and a portion of its income is to be handed over to the new University, to defray in part its expenses.

Finally, the Queen's College in Galway is to be suppressed.

Such are the main features of the scheme which Mr. Gladstone has proposed in order to redress the grievances of the Catholics of Ireland. It has a specious air of liberality; and in the form in which it was presented to the House by its skilful contriver, it succeeded in dazzling, if not convincing. But a little study of its complicated provisions soon dispelled the illusion; and the first burst of applause with which it was greeted has been followed by a chorus of denunciation. And the dissatisfaction is not confined to extreme politicians, or extreme religionists. Moderate men of all parties are equally hostile to it; and, as has been remarked in the debate, those who have studied it with most care—and especially academical men who are the best judges of its probable effects—are the most unfriendly in their criticism of it.

We ask, then, what is the purpose and end of this revolution?



Why overturn the two existing Universities? Is it that they have failed? The answer to this question is, that the elder of the two is acknowledged to have done its work well, and to have earned for itself a foremost place among the Universities of Europe; while the younger has accomplished much more than is usually effected by kindred institutions in the earlier years of their growth, and that in the face of the most powerful opposition. Is it, as professed in the Bill, for the advancement of learning in Ireland? To this all literary men reply, that learning would be degraded, and all high culture destroyed, by its provisions. Is it, lastly, to secure liberty of conscience—the other assumed object of the Bill? To this the answer is equally simple. The Catholic grievance, such as it is, may be removed (as we have already shown) by much easier means.

We may perhaps be told, in defence of the change, that a single central University is preferable to many, in giving unity and force to the academical system. Experience has shown that the unity thus gained degenerates into uniformity, and that the concentration of power is opposed to all free development. All this is proved by the intellectual history of the two greatest of the Continental nations. The monotonous mediocrity which is the result of centralisation in the University system of France is deplored by all her learned men; while the intellectual progress, which is the chief glory of Germany, is in great part due to the multiplicity of her independent academic centres. There are, of course, limits to the multiplication of Universities in any country, determined by the numbers in its upper and middle classes, as well as by its geographical extent; and there are also limits, as Professor Cairnes has well shown, dependent upon the separate modes of culture which are, or may be de-

veloped. But who will say that such limits have been transgressed, or even yet reached, in Ireland? If any change be made in this respect in that country, we should desire to see the number of independent Universities increased rather than diminished, and full University powers conferred upon two at least of the Queen's Colleges, as was long since proposed by Dr. Andrews, in his able essay upon the University system of Ireland. The combination of distant Colleges under a single centre is at variance with all the soundest principles of academical organisation, and was unknown in Europe until the military instincts of Napoleon I. introduced it into France.

What, then, we repeat, is the purpose of a change which is condemned by all experience? We fear the reply must be, that there was a work to be executed from which the existing Universities would shrink. Provision was to be made for the development of sectarian education; and the denominational character which, by the short-sighted policy of the clergy of the disestablished Church of Ireland, has been stamped upon the primary schools of that country, was to be extended to the higher education.

This brings us to what we believe to be the most dangerous provision of the Bill—that relating to the affiliation of Colleges. We have already adverted to the mistaken principle which was accepted by the State in 1850, when an Examining University, under a nominated Board, was founded in Dublin, in order to confer University privileges upon the members of the provincial Colleges. The proposal now before the Legislature, however, goes far beyond this. Colleges are to be affiliated, of which the Magee College in Londonderry, which has been raised to such unhappy notoriety, is a type; and with such a precedent.

there is no second-class grammar-school in the country which may not claim a place in the new University. Who can doubt that such a scheme as this would end in the degradation of learning in Ireland? The attainments, no less than the culture, represented by a University degree, would sink to the level of the weaker members of the ill-assorted system, and an Irish University degree would become a by-word.

But beyond all this, there is a principle involved in this part of the Government scheme which cannot be accepted by the British Parliament. The greater number of the institutions thus to be recognised by the State will be denominational Colleges of the strictest type; and there is no halting-place between State recognition and State endowment. It would at once be said by the patrons of such institutions—it has, in fact, been said already—that it is useless to grant the shadow of power without the substance; that if the State acknowledges denominational Colleges as integral parts of the academic system, it is bound to afford them the opportunity of raising themselves to the level of its other members; and that it is mockery to confer upon them the privilege of competing for prizes without the means. Sooner or later such a claim would be conceded; and the State would thus be driven, by the admission of a false principle, to the rejected measure of concurrent endowment.

There is no subject about which the Roman Catholic Prelates are more anxious—and we say this in their commendation—than the success of their diocesan seminaries. Of this we have plain indication in some of their utterances. And we apprehend that, if once the demand for the endowment of these Colleges were satisfied, little effort would be made to send their pupils out

into the wider arena of general competition. The basis of the whole policy of the Church of Rome in regard to education is *separation*; and not only prizes, but even academic qualifications, will be claimed to be administered apart, under the absolute control of the Hierarchy. We cannot but think that some astute friend of these institutions may have prompted these provisions of the Bill; and it is a significant fact in connection with it, that the qualification of the College to take its place in the academical system is the number of its students who have *matriculated* in the University, not of those who have *graduated*.

But this is not all. There are yet larger issues involved in these proposals. If purely sectarian Colleges are admitted into the new University system of Ireland, and are to be represented in its Council, the same principle must be acted upon in primary education, and every denominational school must be connected with the National Board of Education. Thus the whole fabric of united education in Ireland, which has been raised with such care and cost, will crumble and fall.

Next in importance to the principle of affiliation is the proposed constitution of the governing body. The Council of the new University is to be composed of ordinary members, and collegiate members. The ordinary members, 28 in number, are in the first instance to be nominated by the Crown. This bureaucratic government is to last for ten years, at the expiration of which time the new institution is supposed to be fitted for self-government. In its autonomous form, the 28 members are distributed into four groups, of seven each, one of which is to be named by the Crown, as before; one elected by the existing Council, one by the professors, and one by the University Senate. It

is plain that the original stamp branded upon the institution by the State, whatever it may be, would thus be perpetuated.

Little more need be said of the principle of nomination. The Government would be compelled, whether they desired it or not, to maintain in its appointments a balance between the advocates of the two conflicting views of education, and between the members of the leading religious sects; and thus the elements of internal strife would be introduced at the very outset into the new University. We have not far to seek in evidence of the truth of this. The proposed constitution is that of the National Board of primary education in Ireland; and the public have had recently some curious instances of the character of its working. It is likewise the principle upon which the Senate of the Queen's University has been constructed; and Mr. Bouverie has recalled to the remembrance of the House of Commons, with telling effect, the peril in which that institution was thereby involved in a critical period of its history, and by a Government nearly identical with the present.

The collegiate members of the Council are to be chosen by the affiliated Colleges, every College which possesses 50 matriculated students sending one representative, and every College having 150 such students, or upwards, sending two. It is easy to see how this might be made to work. There are 32 Roman Catholic diocesan Colleges in Ireland, many of which

would claim affiliation, and probably be able to send a representative to the Council pledged to support the denominational system. These collegiate members would be supported by at least one-half of the ordinary members; and thus the principle of that system would eventually prevail.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the other defects of the Government measure—such as the mutilation of the curriculum; the abject condition of the professoriate under what have been called 'the gagging clauses;' and last, not least, the 'winding up' of Galway College. These have been so effectively exposed in the debate upon the second reading, that the members of the Cabinet have been compelled, for very shame, to acknowledge that they are not of the *essence* of the measure. What that essence may be, none of its supporters have been able to pronounce; for its principles are conflicting, and its details incongruous. But that its *object* is to introduce into the very heart of the academical system elements which, in the course of a few years, would transform its nature, and uproot the system of united education, few can now doubt.

While we write these lines, the debate has closed, and the House of Commons has rejected the Bill. But the rejected measure, and the discussion which it has evoked, will not be without some good results. They will serve at least as a beacon to point out the PEARL-ROCK to future navigators in approaching this dangerous shore.



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# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1873.

LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

FIRST LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, MARCH 22, 1873.

PHILOSOPHY is not, as is sometimes supposed, a mere intellectual luxury; it is, under varying disguises, the daily bread of the whole world. Though the workers and speakers must always be few, those for whom they work and speak are many; and though the waves run highest in the centres of literary life, the widening circles of philosophic thought reach in the end to the most distant shores. What is thought-out and written down in the study, is soon taught in the schools, preached from the pulpits, and discussed at the corners of the streets. There are at the present moment materialists and spiritualists, realists and idealists, positivists and mystics, evolutionists and specialists to be met with in the workshops as well as in the lecture-rooms, and it may safely be asserted that the intellectual vigour and moral health of a nation depend no more on the established religion than on the dominant philosophy of the realm.

No one who at the present moment watches the state of the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, can fail to see that we are on the eve of a storm which will shake the oldest convictions of the world, and upset

everything that is not firmly rooted. Whether we look to England, France, or Germany, everywhere we see, in the recent manifestoes of their philosophers, the same thoughts struggling for recognition—thoughts not exactly new, but presented in a new and startling form. There is everywhere the same desire to explain the universe, such as we know it, without the admission of any plan, any object, any superintendence; a desire to remove all specific barriers, not only those which separate man from the animal, and the animal from the plant, but those also which separate organic from inorganic bodies; lastly, a desire to explain life as a mode of chemical action, and thought as a movement of nervous molecules.

It is difficult to find a general name for these philosophic tendencies, particularly as their principal representatives differ widely from each other. It would be unfair to class the coarse materialism of Büchner with the thoughtful realism of Spencer. Nor does it seem right to use the name of Darwinism in that vague and undefined sense in which it has been used so frequently of late, comprehending under that title not only the care-

fully worded conclusions of that great observer and thinker, but likewise the bold generalisations of his numerous disciples. I shall mention only one, but a most important point, on which so-called Darwinism has evidently gone far beyond Mr. Darwin. It is well known that, according to Mr. Darwin, all animals and plants have descended from about eight or ten progenitors. He is satisfied with this, and declines to follow the deceitful guidance of analogy, which would lead us to the admission of but one prototype. And he adds, that even if he were to infer from analogy that all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth had descended from some one primordial form, he would hold that life was first breathed into that primordial form by the Creator. Very different from this is the conclusion proclaimed by Professor Haeckel, the most distinguished and most strenuous advocate of Mr. Darwin's opinions in Germany. He maintains that in the present state of physiological knowledge, the idea of a Creator, a Maker, a Life-giver, has become unscientific; that the admission of one primordial form is sufficient; and that that first primordial form was a *Moneres*, produced by self-generation.

I know, indeed, of no name sufficiently comprehensive for this broad stream of philosophic thought, but the name of '*Evolutionary Materialism*' is perhaps the best that can be framed. I am afraid that it will be objected to by those who imagine that materialism is a term of reproach. It is so in a moral sense, but no real student of the history of philosophy would use the word for such a purpose. In the historical evolution of philosophy, materialism has as much right as spiritualism, and it has taught us many lessons for which we ought to be most grateful. To say that materialism degrades mind to the level of matter

is a false accusation, because what the materialist means by matter is totally different from what the spiritualist means by it, and from what it means in common parlance. The matter of the materialist contains, at least potentially, the highest attributes that can be assigned to any object of knowledge; the matter of the spiritualist is simply an illusion; while, in common parlance, matter is hardly more than stuff and rubbish. Let each system of philosophy be judged out of its own mouth, and let us not wrangle about words more than we can help. Philosophical progress, like political progress, prospers best under party government, and the history of philosophy would lose half its charm and half its usefulness, if the struggle between the two great parties in the realm of thought, the spiritualist, and the materialist, the idealist, and the realist, were ever to cease. As thunderstorms are wanted in nature to clear the air and give us breath, the human mind, too, stands in need of its tempests, and never does it display greater vigour and freshness than after it has passed through one of the decisive battles in the world of thought.

But though allowing to the materialist philosophers all the honour that is due to a great and powerful party, the spiritualist may hate and detest materialism with the same hatred with which the conservative hates radicalism, or at all events with such a modicum of hatred as a philosopher is capable of; and he has a perfect right to oppose, by all the means at his disposal, the exclusive sway of materialistic opinions. Though from a purely philosophical point of view, we may admit that spiritualism is as one-sided as materialism, that they are both but two faces of the same head, that each can see but one half of the world, yet no one who has worked his way honestly through the problems of material-

ism and spiritualism would deny that the conclusions of Hume are more disheartening than those of Berkeley, and that the strongest natures only can live under the pressure of such opinions as those which were held by Lametrie or Schopenhauer. To some people, I know, such considerations will seem beside the point. They hold that scientific research, whatever its discoveries may be, is never to be allowed to touch the deeper convictions of our soul. They seem to hold that the world may have been created twice, once according to Moses, and once according to Darwin. I confess I cannot adopt this artificial distinction, and I feel tempted to ask those cold-blooded philosophers the same question which the German peasant asked his bishop, who, as a prince, was amusing himself on week-days, and, as a bishop, praying on Sundays. 'Your Highness, what will become of the bishop, if the Devil comes and takes the prince?' Scientific research is not intended for intellectual exercise and amusement only, and our scientific convictions will not submit to being kept in quarantine. If we once embark on board the *Challenger*, we cannot rest with one foot on dry land. Wherever it leads us, we must follow; wherever it lands us, there we must try to live. Now, it does make a difference whether we live in the atmosphere of Africa or of Europe, and it makes the same difference whether we live in the atmosphere of spiritualism or materialism. The view of the world and of our place in it, as indicated by Mr. Darwin, and more sharply defined by some of his followers, does not touch scientific interests only; it cuts to the very heart, and must become to every man to whom truth, whether you call it scientific or religious, is sacred, a question of life and death, in the deepest and fullest sense of the word.

In the short course of three Lec-

tures which I have undertaken to give this year in this Institution, I do not intend to grapple with the whole problem of Evolutionary Materialism. My object is simply to point out a strange omission, and to call attention to one kind of evidence—I mean the evidence of language—which has been most unaccountably neglected, both in studying the development of the human intellect, and in determining the position which man holds in the system of the world. Is it not extraordinary, for instance, that in the latest work on Psychology, language should hardly ever be mentioned, language without which no thought can exist, or, at all events, without which no thought has ever been realised or expressed? It does not matter what view of language we take; under all circumstances its intimate connection with thought cannot be doubted. Call language a mass of imitative cries, or a heap of conventional signs; let it be the tool or the work of thought; let it be the mere garment or the very embodiment of mind—whatever it is, surely it has something to do with the historical or palæontological, and with the individual or embryological evolution of the human self. It may be very interesting to the psychologist to know the marvellous machinery of the senses, beginning with the first formation of nervous channels, tracing the process in which the reflex action of the molecules of the afferent nerves produces a reaction in the molecules of the efferent nerves, following up the establishment of nervous centres and nervous plexuses, and laying bare the whole network of the telegraphic wires through which messages are flashed from station to station. Yet, much of that network and its functions admits, and can admit, of an hypothetical interpretation only; while we have before us another network—I mean language—in its endless variety, where every movement of the mind, from the



first tremor to the last calm utterance of our philosophy, may be studied as in a faithful photograph. And while we know the nervous system only such as it is, or, if we adopt the system of evolution, such as it has gradually been brought from the lowest to the highest state of organisation, but are never able to watch the actual historical or palæontological process of its formation, we know language, not only as it is, but can watch it in its constant genesis, and in its historical progress from simplicity to complexity, and again from complexity to simplicity. For let us not forget that language has two aspects. We, the historical races of mankind, use it, we speak and think it, but we do not make it. Though the faculty of language may be congenital, all languages are traditional. The words in which we think are channels of thought which we have not dug ourselves, but which we found ready-made for us. The work of making language belongs to a period in the history of mankind beyond the reach of tradition, and of which we, in our advanced state of mental development, can hardly form a conception. Yet that period must have had an historical reality as much as the period during which small annual deposits formed the strata of the globe on which we live. As during enormous periods of time the Earth was absorbed in producing the abundant carboniferous vegetation, which still supplies us with the means of warmth, light, and life, there must have been a period during which the human mind had no other work but that of linguistic vegetation, the produce of which still supplies the stores of our grammars and dictionaries. After the great bulk of language was finished, a new work began, that of arranging and defining it, and of now and then coining a new word for a

new thought. And all this we can still see with our own eyes, as it were, in the quarries opened by the Science of Language. No microscope will ever enable us to watch the formation of a new nervous ganglion, while the Science of Language shows us the formation of new mental ganglia in the formation of every new word. Besides, let us not forget that the whole network of the nerves is outside the mind. A state of nervous action may be parallel, but it never is identical with a state of consciousness (*Principles of Psychology*, II. 592), and even the parallelism between nervous states and states of consciousness is, when we come to details, beyond all comprehension (*Ib.* I. 140). Language, on the contrary, is not outside the mind, but is *the* outside of the mind. Language without thought is as impossible as thought without language; and although we may by abstraction distinguish between what the Greeks called inward and outward Logos, yet in reality and full actuality language is one and indivisible—language is very thought. On this more hereafter.

Just at the end of his interesting work on the *Principles of Psychology*, Mr. Herbert Spencer shows, by one remark, that he is well aware of the importance of language for a proper study of psychology.<sup>1</sup> 'Whether it be, or be not a true saying,' he writes, 'that mythology is a disease of language, it may be said with truth that metaphysics, in all its anti-realistic developments, is a disease of language.' No doubt it is; but think of the consequences that flow from this view of language for a proper study of psychology! If a disease of language can produce such hallucinations as mythology and metaphysics, what then is the health of language, and what its bearing on the healthy functions of the mind?

<sup>1</sup> Spencer, *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. II. p. 502.

Is this no problem for the psychologist? Nervous or cerebral disorders occupy a large portion in every work on psychology; yet they are in their nature obscure, and must always remain so. Why a hardening or softening of the brain should interfere with thought will never be explained, beyond the fact that the wires are somehow damaged, and do not properly receive and convey the nervous currents. But what we call a disease of language is perfectly intelligible; nay, it has been proved to be natural, and almost inevitable. In a lecture delivered in this Institution some time ago, I endeavoured to show that mythology, in the widest sense of the word, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity, including metaphysics as well as religion; and I called the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, one uninterrupted battle against mythology, a constant protest of thought against language. Not till we understand the real nature of language shall we understand the real nature of the human Self; and those who want to read the true history of the development of the soul of man, must learn to read it in language, the primeval and never-ending autobiography of our race.

In order to show the real bearing of the Philosophy of Language on the problem which occupies us at present, viz. the position of man in the animal world, it is absolutely necessary to go back to Hume and Kant. Nothing seems to me so much to be regretted in the philosophical discussions of our time as the neglect which is shown for the history of former struggles in which the same interests were at stake, and in which the same problems were discussed, not without leaving, one would have thought, something that is still worth remembering. A study of the his-

tory of philosophy cannot, at the present moment, be too strongly recommended, when one sees men of the highest eminence in their special spheres of study, approaching the old problems of mankind as if they had never been discussed before, and advancing opinions such as Sokrates would not have dared to place in the mouths of his antagonists. Even if a study of ancient philosophy, and particularly of Oriental philosophy, should appear too heavy a task, it seems at all events indispensable, that those who take an active part in the controversies on the theory of general evolution and development, as opposed to specific variety and a reign of law, should be familiar with the final results of that great debate which, about one hundred years ago, was carried on on very similar, nay, essentially the same topics, by such giants as Berkeley, Hume, and Kant. In the permanent philosophical parliament of the world there is, and there must be, an order of business. The representatives of the highest interests of mankind cannot be discussing all things at all times. At all events, if an old question is to be opened again, let it be opened in that form in which it was left at the end of the last debate.

In order to appreciate the full import of the questions now agitated by positivist and evolutionist philosophers, in order to understand their antecedents, and to do justice to their claims, we must go back to Hume and Kant. The position which Kant took and maintained against the materialist philosophy of Hume and the idealist philosophy of Berkeley, may be attacked afresh, but it cannot be, and it ought not to be, ignored. Kant's answer was not simply the answer of one German professor, it was a vote carried in a full house, and at the time accepted as decisive by the whole world.

The circumstances under which Kant wrote his *Criticism of Pure Reason* show that his success was due, not only to his own qualifications, great as they were, but to the fact that the tide of materialism was on the turn, that a reaction had set in in the minds of independent thinkers, so that, when he wrote his great and decisive work, he was but lending the most powerful expression to the silent convictions of the world's growing majority. Unless we keep this in view, the success of Kant's philosophy would be inexplicable. He was a Professor in a small university of Eastern Prussia. He had never been out of his native province, never but once out of his native town. He began to lecture at Königsberg as a *Privat-Dozent* in 1755, just a year before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when other questions rather, and not the certainty of synthetic judgments *à priori*, would seem to have interested the public mind of Germany. Kant worked on for sixteen years as an unpaid University lecturer; in 1766 he took a Librarianship which yielded him about 10*l.* a year, and it was not till he was forty-six years of age (1770) that he succeeded in obtaining a Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics with a salary of about 60*l.* a year. He lectured indefatigably on a great variety of subjects:—on Mathematics, Physics, Logic, Metaphysics, Natural Law, Morals, Natural Religion, Physical Geography, and Anthropology. He enjoyed a high reputation in his own University, but no more than many other professors in the numerous universities of Germany. His fame had certainly never spread beyond the academic circles of his own country, when in the year 1781, at the age of fifty-seven, he published at Riga his *Critik der reinen Vernunft* (*The Criticism of Pure Reason*), a work which in the onward stream of philosophic

thought has stood, and will stand for ever, like the rocks of Niagara. There is nothing attractive in that book, nothing startling; far from it. It is badly written, in a heavy style, full of repetitions, all grey in grey, with hardly a single ray of light and sunshine from beginning to end. And yet that book soon became known all over Europe, at a time when literary intelligence travelled much more slowly than at present. Lectures were given in London on Kant's new system, even at Paris the philosopher of Königsberg became an authority, and for the first time in the history of human thought the philosophical phraseology of the age became German.

How is this to be explained? I believe simply by the fact that Kant spoke the word which the world had been waiting for. No philosopher, from Thales down to Hegel, has ever told, has ever taken and held his place in the history of philosophy, whose speculations, however abstruse in appearance, however far removed at first sight from the interests of ordinary mortals, have not answered some deep yearning in the hearts of his fellow-men. What makes a philosopher great, or, at all events, what makes him really powerful, is what soldiers would call his feeling for the main body of the army in its advance from truth to truth; his perfect understanding of the human solicitudes of his age, his sympathy with the historical progress of human thought. At the time of Kant's great triumph, the conclusions of Locke and Hume had remained unanswered for a long time, and seemed almost unanswerable. But for that very reason people longed for an answer. The problems which then disquieted not only philosophers, but all to whom their 'Being and Knowing' were matters of real concern, were not new problems. They were the old problems of the world, the questions

of the possibility of absolute certainty in the evidence of the senses, of reason, or of faith, the questions of the beginning and end of our existence, the question whether the Infinite is the shadow of a dream, or the substance of all substances. The same problems had exercised the sages of India, the thinkers of Greece, the students of Rome, the dreamers of Alexandria, the divines and scholars of the Middle Ages, the Realists and Nominalists, and again the schools of Descartes and Leibniz, in their conflict with the schools of Locke and Hume. But these old problems had in Kant's time, as in our own, assumed a new form and influence. If, in spite of its ever varying aspects, we may characterise the world-wide struggle by one word, as a struggle for the primacy between matter and mind, we can clearly see that in the middle of the last, as again in the middle of our own century, the materialistic view had gained the upper hand over the spiritualistic. Descartes, Malebranche, Leibniz, and Wolf might influence the opinions of hard-working students and independent thinkers, but their language was hardly understood by the busy world outside the lecture-rooms; while the writings of Locke, and still more those of Hume and his French followers, penetrated alike into boudoirs and club-rooms. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of philosophy did the pendulum of philosophic thought swing so violently as in the middle of the eighteenth century, from one extreme to the other, from Berkeley to Hume; never did pure spiritualism and pure materialism find such outspoken and uncompromising advocates as in the Bishop of Cloyne,—who considered it the height of absurdity to imagine any object as existing without, or independent of,

that which alone will produce an object, viz. the subject,<sup>2</sup>—and the Librarian of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, who looked upon the conception of a subjective mind as a mere illusion, founded on nothing but on that succession of sensations to which we wrongly assign a sentient cause. But it is easy to see, in the literature of the age, that of these two solutions of the riddle of mind and matter, that which explained the mind as the mere outcome of matter, as the result of the impressions made on the senses, was far more in harmony with the general taste of the age than that which looked upon matter as the mere outcome of the mind. The former was regarded by the world as clever, the latter almost as silly.

That all-powerful, though most treacherous ally of philosophy, Common Sense, was stoutly opposed to Berkeley's idealism, and the typical representative of Common Sense, Dr. Samuel Johnson, maintained that he had only to strike his foot with characteristic force against a stone in order to convince the world that he had thoroughly refuted Berkeley and all idealists.<sup>3</sup> Voltaire, a less sincere believer in Common Sense, joked about ten thousand cannon balls and ten thousand dead men, being only ten thousand ideas; while Dean Swift is accused of having committed the sorry joke of keeping Bishop Berkeley, on a rainy day, waiting before his door, giving orders not to open it, because, he said, if his philosophy is true, he can as easily enter with the door shut as with the door open. Though at present philosophers are inclined to do more justice to Berkeley, yet they seldom speak of him without a suppressed smile, totally forgetting that the majority of real thinkers, nay, I should almost ven-

<sup>2</sup> *Berkeley's Works*, ed. Fraser, Vol. IV. p. 376.

<sup>3</sup> *Berkeley's Works*, Vol. IV. p. 368.

ture to say, the majority of mankind agree with Berkeley in looking upon the phenomenal or so-called real world as a mere mirage, as mere *Mâyā*, or illusion of the thinking Self.

In the last century the current of public opinion—and we know how powerful, how overwhelming that current can be at times—had been decidedly in favour of materialism, when Kant stood forth to stem and to turn the tide. He came so exactly in the nick of time that one almost doubts whether the tide was turning, or whether he turned the tide. But what secures to Kant his position in the history of philosophy is, that he brought the battle back to that point where alone it could be decided, that he took up the thread in the philosophical woof of mankind at the very point where it threatened to ravel and to break. He wrote the whole of his *Criticism of Pure Reason* with constant reference to Berkeley and Hume; and what I blame in modern philosophers is that, if they wish to go back to the position maintained by Hume, they should attempt to do it without taking into account the work achieved by Kant. To do this is to commit a philosophical anachronism, it is tantamount to removing the questions which now occupy us, from that historical stage on which alone they can be authoritatively decided.

It has sometimes been supposed that the rapid success of Kant's philosophy was due to its being a philosophy of compromise, neither spiritualistic, like Berkeley's, nor materialistic, like Hume's. I look upon Kant's philosophy, not as a compromise, but as a reconciliation of spiritualism and materialism, or rather of idealism and realism. But whatever view we may take of Kant, it is quite clear that, at the time when he wrote, neither Berkeley's nor Hume's followers would have accepted his terms. It is true that Kant differed from Berkeley in

admitting that the raw material of our sensations and thoughts is given to us, that we accept it from without, not from within. So far the realistic school might claim him as their own. But when Kant demonstrates that we are not merely passive recipients, that the conception of a purely passive recipient involves in fact an absurdity, that what is given us we accept on our own terms, these terms being the forms of our sensuous perception, and the categories of our mind, then the realist would see that the ground under his feet was no longer safe, and that his new ally was more dangerous than his old enemy.

Kant's chief object in writing the *Criticism of Pure Reason* was to determine, once for all, the organs and the limits of our knowledge; and therefore, instead of criticising, as was then the fashion, the results of our knowledge, whether in religion, or in history, or in science, he boldly went to the root of the matter, and subjected Reason, pure and simple, to his searching analysis. In doing this, he was certainly far more successful against Locke and Hume than against Berkeley. To call the human mind a *tabula rasa* was pure metaphor, it was mythology and nothing else. *Tabula rasa* means a tablet, smoothed and made ready to receive the impressions of the pencil (*γραφειον*). It makes very little difference whether the mind is called a *tabula rasa*, or a mirror, or wax, or anything else that the French call *impressionable*. Nor does it help us much if, instead of impressions, we speak of sensations, or states of consciousness, or manifestations. The question is, how these states of consciousness come to be, whether 'to know' is an active or a passive verb, whether there is a knowing Self, and what it is like. If we begin with states of consciousness as ultimate facts, no doubt Hume and his followers are unassailable. Nothing

can be more ingenious than the explanation of the process by which the primary impressions, by mere twisting and turning, develop at last into an intellect, the passive mirror growing into a conscious Self. The sensuous impressions, as they are succeeded by new impressions, are supposed to become fainter, and to settle down into what we call our memory. General ideas are explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions. For instance, if we see a green leaf, the green sea, and a green bird, the leaf, the sea, and the bird leave each but one impression, while the impression of the green colour is repeated three times, and becomes therefore deeper, more permanent, more general. Again, if we see the leaf of an oak tree, of a fig tree, of a rose tree, or of any other plant or shrub, the peculiar outline of each individual leaf is more or less obliterated, and there remains, we are told, the general impression of a leaf. In the same manner, out of innumerable impressions of various trees arises the general impression of tree, out of the impressions of trees, shrubs, and herbs, the general impression of plant, of vegetative species, and at last of substance, animate or inanimate. In this manner it was supposed that the whole furniture of the human mind could be explained as the inevitable result of repeated sensuous impressions; and further, as these sensuous impressions, which make up the whole of what is called Mind, are received by animals as well as by men, it followed, as a matter of course, that the difference between the two was a difference of degree only, and that it was a mere question of time and circumstances for a man-like ape to develop into an ape-like man.

We have now reached a point

where the intimate connection between Hume's philosophy and that of the Evolutionist school will begin to be perceived.

If Mr. Darwin is right, if man is either the lineal or lateral descendant of some lower animal, then all the discussions between Locke and Berkeley, between Hume and Kant, have become useless and antiquated. We all agree that animals receive their knowledge through the senses only; and if man was developed from a lower animal, the human mind, too, must have been developed from a lower animal mind. There would be an end to all further discussions: Kant, and all who follow him, would simply be out of court.

But have the followers of Mr. Darwin no misgivings that possibly Kant's conclusions may be so strong as to resist even the hypothesis of evolution? Do they consider it quite safe in their victorious advance to leave such a fortress as Kant has erected unnoticed in the rear? If no attempt had ever been made at answering Hume, there would be no harm in speaking again of the mind of man and the mind of animals as a *tabula rasa* on which impressions are made which faint, and spontaneously develop into conceptions and general ideas. They might revive the old watchword of Locke's school—though it is really much older than Locke—"that there is nothing in the intellect that was not before in the senses," forgetting how it had been silenced by the triumphant answer of Kant's small army, 'that there is nothing in the senses that was not at the same time in the intellect.' But when one has watched these shouts and counter-shouts, when one has seen the splendid feats of arms in the truly

\* Locke, 1632-1704. In a letter from Sir T. Bodley to Sir F. Bacon, February 1607, we read: 'It being a maxim of all men's approving, in intellectu nihil est quod non prius fuit in sensu.'

historical battles of the world, then to be simply told that all this is *passé*, that we now possess evidence which Berkeley, Locke, and Kant did not possess, and which renders all their lucubrations unnecessary; that, man being the descendant of some lower animal, the development of the human mind out of the mind of animals, or out of no mind, is a mere question of time, is certainly enough to make one feel a little impatient.

It is not for one moment maintained that, because Kant had proved that sensations are not the only ingredients of our consciousness, the question of the development of the human mind out of mere sensations is never to be opened again. Far from it. Only, if it is to be opened again, it should be done with a full appreciation of the labours of those who have come before us; otherwise philosophy itself will fall back into a state of prehistoric savagery.

What, then, is that *tabula rasa*, which sounds so learned, and yet is mere verbal jugglery? Let us accept the metaphor, that the mind is like a smooth writing tablet with nothing on it or in it, and what can be clearer even then, than that the impressions made on it must be determined by the nature of such a tablet? Impressions made on wax are different from impressions made on sand or water, and impressions made on the human Self must likewise be determined by the nature of the recipient. We see, therefore, that the conditions under which each recipient is capable of receiving impressions, constitute at the same time the conditions or terms to which all impressions must submit, whether they be made on a *tabula rasa*, or on the human Self, or on anything else.

And here is the place where Kant broke through the phalanx of the sensualistic school. That without which

no impressions on the human mind are possible or conceivable, constitutes, he would say, the *transcendental* side of our knowledge. What, according to Kant, is *transcendental* is generally identified with what other philosophers call *à priori* or subjective. But this is true in a very limited sense only. Kant does not mean by transcendental what is merely biographically, i.e. in each individual, or even paleontologically, i.e. in the history of the whole race of man, *à priori*. The *à priori* in these two senses has to be discovered by experimental and historical psychology, and Kant would probably have no objection whatever to any of the conclusions arrived at in this domain of research by the most advanced evolutionist. The *à priori* which Kant tries to discover is that which makes the two other *à priori*'s possible; it is the ontological *à priori*. Let all the irritations of the senses, let all the raw material of our sensuous perceptions be given, the fact of our not simply yielding to these inroads, but resisting them, accepting them, realising them, knowing them, all this shows a reacting and realising power in the Self. If anything is to be seen, or heard, or felt, or known by *us*, such as we are—and, I suppose, we are something—if all is not to end with disturbances of the retina, or vibrations of the tympanum, or ringing of the bells at the receiving stations of the brain, then what is to be perceived by *us*, must submit to the conditions of *our* perceiving, what is to be known by *us*, must accept the conditions of *our* knowing. This point is of so much importance for the solution, or, at all events, for the right apprehension of the problem with which we have to deal, that we must examine Kant's view on the origin and on the conditions of our knowledge a little more carefully.

According to Kant, then, there are, first of all, two fundamental or

inevitable conditions of all sensuous manifestations, viz. *Space* and *Time*. They are called by Kant pure intuitions, which means *à priori* forms to which all intuitions, if they are to become *our* intuitions, must submit. By no effort can we do away with these forms of phenomenal existence. If we are to become conscious of anything, whether we call it an impression, or a manifestation, or a phase, we must place all phenomena side by side, or *in space*; and we can accept them only as following each other in succession, or *in time*. If we wanted to make it still clearer, that *Time* and *Space* are subjective, or at all events determined by the Self, we might say that there can be no *There* without a *Here*, there can be no *Then* without a *Now*, and both the *Here* and the *Now* depend on us as recipients, as measurers, as perceivers.

Mr. Herbert Spencer brings three arguments against Kant's view, that *Space* and *Time* are *à priori* forms of our sensuous intuition. He says it is absolutely impossible to think that these forms of intuition belong to the *ego*, and not to the *non-ego*. Now Kant does not, according to the nature of his system, commit himself to any assertion that some such forms may not belong to the *non-ego*, the *Ding an sich*; he only maintains that we have no means of knowing it. That Kant's view is perfectly thinkable, is proved by Berkeley and most Idealists.

Secondly, Mr. H. Spencer argues that if *Space* and *Time* are forms of thought, they can never be thought of, since it is impossible for anything to be at once the form of thought and the matter of thought. Against this argument it must be remarked that Kant never takes *Space* and *Time* as forms of thought. He carefully guards against this view, and calls them 'reine Formen sinnlicher An-

schaung' (pure forms of sensuous intuition). But even if this distinction between thought and intuition is eliminated by evolution, it remains still to be proved that the forms of thought can never become the matter of thought. The greater part of philosophy makes the forms of thought the matter of thought.

Thirdly, Mr. Spencer maintains that some of our sense-perceptions, and more particularly that of hearing, are not necessarily localised. This objection again seems to me to rest on a misunderstanding. Though it is true that we do not always know the exact place where sounds come from, we always know, even in the case of our ear ringing, that what we perceive is outside, is somewhere, comes towards us; and that is all that Kant requires.

But besides these fundamental forms of sensuous intuition, *Space* and *Time*, without which no sensuous perception is possible, Kant, by his analysis of Pure Reason, discovered other conditions of our knowledge, the so-called *Categories of the Intellect*. While the sensualistic school, beginning with the ordinary *à priori* of experience, looked upon these forms of thought as mere abstractions, the residue or shadow of repeated observations, Kant made it clear that without them no experience, not even the lowest, would be possible, and that therefore they could not themselves be acquired by experience. Grant, he would say, that we have, we do not know how, the sensations of colour, sound, taste, smell, or touch. They are given, and we must accept them. But think of the enormous difference between a vibration and a sensation; and again between a succession or agglomeration of the sensations of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness, and what we mean when we speak of an orange! The nerves may vibrate for ever—what would that be to us?



The sensations might rush in for ever through the different gates of our senses, the afferent nerves might deliver them to one central point, yet even then they would remain but so many excitations of nervous action, so many sensations, coming and going at pleasure, but they would never by themselves alone produce in us the perception of an orange. The common-sense view of the matter is that we perceive all these sensations together as an orange, because the orange, as such, exists without us as something substantial, and the qualities of yellowness, softness, sweetness, and roundness are inherent in it. This is, no doubt, very unphilosophical, and ignores the positive fact that all that we have consists and can consist only of sensations and phases of consciousness, and that nothing can ever carry us beyond. Yet there is this foundation of truth in the common-sense view, that it shows our utter inability of perceiving any sensations without referring them to something substantial which causes them, and is supposed to possess all those qualities which correspond to our sensations. But if we once know that what is given us consists only of phases of sensation, whatever their origin may be, it then becomes clear that it can only be our Self, or whatever else we like to call it, which adds all the rest, and does this, not consciously or deliberately, but of necessity, and, as it were, in the dark.

We cannot receive sensations without at once referring them to a substantial cause. To say that these sensations may have no origin at all, would be to commit an outrage against ourselves. And why? Simply because our mind is so con-

stituted that to doubt whether anything phenomenal had a cause would be a logical suicide. Call it what you like, a law, a necessity, an unconscious instinct, a category of the understanding, it always remains the *fault* of our Self, that it cannot receive sensations without referring them to a substance of which they are supposed to tell us the attributes.<sup>5</sup> And if this is so, we have a clear right to say with Kant, that that without which even the lowest perception of an object is impossible must be given, and cannot have been acquired by repeated perception. The premiss in this argument, viz. that what we mean by cause has no warrant in the Non-ego, is indeed accepted, not only by Kant, but also by Hume; nay, there can be no doubt that on this point Kant owed very much to Hume's scepticism. Kant has nothing to say against Hume's argumentation that the ideas of *cause* and *effect*, of *substance* and *quality*, in that sense in which we use them, are not found in actual experience. But while Hume proceeded to discard those ideas as mere illusions, Kant, on the contrary, reclaimed them as the inevitable forms to which all phenomena must submit, if they are to be phenomena, if they are to become *our* phenomena, the perceptions of a human Self. He established their truth, or, what with him is the same, their inevitability in all phenomenal knowledge, and by showing their inapplicability to any but phenomenal knowledge, he once for all determined the limits of what is knowable and what is not.

These inevitable forms were reduced by Kant to twelve, and he arranged them systematically in his famous Table of Categories:—

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Bacon, *Nov. Org.* I. 41. 'Omnes perceptiones, tam Sensus quam Mentis, sunt ex analogia Hominis, non ex analogia universi. Estque Intellectus humanus instar speculi inaequalis ad radios rerum, qui suam naturam Naturae rerum immiscet, *con-que* distortquet et inficit.'—Liebmann, *Kant*, p. 48.

- (1) *Unity, Plurality, Universality* ;
- (2) *Affirmation, Negation, Limitation* ;
- (3) *Substantiality, Causality, Reciprocity* ;
- (4) *Possibility, Reality, Necessity*.

There is no time, I am afraid, to examine the true character of these categories in detail, or the forms which they take as *schemata*. What applies to one applies to all, viz. that without them no thought is possible. Take the categories of *quantity*, and try to think of anything without thinking of it at the same time as one or many, and you will find it is impossible. Nature does not count for us, we must count ourselves, and the talent of counting cannot have been acquired by counting, any more than a stone acquires the talent of swimming by being thrown into the water.

Put in the shortest way, I should say that the result of Kant's analysis of the Categories of the Understanding is, '*Nihil est in sensu, quod non fuerit in intellectu.*' We cannot perceive any object, except by the aid of the intellect.

It is not easy to give in a few words a true abstract of Kant's philosophy, yet if we wish to gain a clear view of the progressive, or, it may be, retrogressive, movement of human thought from century to century, we must be satisfied with short abstracts, as long as they contain the essence of each system of philosophy. We may spend years in exploring the course of a river, and we may have in our note-books accurate sketches of its borders, of every nook and corner through which it winds. But for practical purposes we want a geographical map, more or less minute, according to the extent of the area which we wish to survey; and here the meandering outline of the river must vanish, and be replaced by a bold line, indicating the general direction of the river from one im-

portant point to another, and nothing else. The same is necessary if we draw, either for our own guidance or for the guidance of others, a map of the streams of philosophic thought. Whole pages, nay, whole volumes, must here be represented by one or two lines, and all that is essential is that we should not lose sight of the salient points in each system. It has been said that every system of philosophy lies in a nutshell, and this is particularly true of great and decisive systems. They do not wander about much; they go straight to the point. What is really characteristic in them is the attitude which the philosopher assumes towards the old problems of the world: that attitude once understood, and everything else follows almost by necessity. In the philosophy of Kant two streams of philosophic thought, which had been running in separate beds for ages, meet for the first time, and we can clearly discover in his system the gradual mingling of the colours of Hume and Berkeley. Turning against the one-sided course of Hume's philosophy, Kant shows that there is something in our intellect which could never have been supplied by mere sensations; turning against Berkeley, he shows that there is something in our sensations which could never have been supplied by mere intellect. He maintains that Hume's sensations and Berkeley's intellect exist for each other, depend on each other, presuppose each other, form together a whole that should never have been torn asunder. And he likewise shows that the two factors of our knowledge, the matter of our sensations on one side, and their form on the other, are correlative, and that any attempt at using the forms of our intellect on anything which transcends the limits of our sensations is illegal. Hence his famous saying, *Begriffe ohne Anschauungen sind leer, Anschauungen ohne Begriffe*

*sind blind.* ('Conceptions without Intuitions are empty, Intuitions without Conceptions are blind.') This last protest against the use of the categories with regard to anything not supplied by the senses, is the crowning effort of Kant's philosophy, but, strange to say, it is a protest unheeded by almost all philosophers who follow after Kant. To my mind Kant's general solution of the problem which divided Hume and Berkeley is perfect; and however we may criticise the exact number of the inevitable forms of thought, his Table of Categories as a whole will for ever remain the Magna Charta of true philosophy.

In Germany, although Kant's system has been succeeded by other systems, his reply to Hume has never been challenged by any leading philosopher. It has been strengthened rather than weakened by subsequent systems which, though widely differing from Kant in their metaphysical conceptions, never questioned his success in vindicating certain ingredients of our knowledge as belonging to mind, not to matter; to the subject, not to the object; to the understanding, not to sensation; to the *à priori*, not to experience. They have disregarded Kant's warning that *à priori* laws of thought must not be applied to anything outside the limits of sensuous experience, but they have never questioned the true *à priori* character of those laws themselves.

Nor can it be said that in France the step which Kant had made in advance of Hume has ever been retraced by those who represent in that country the historical progress of philosophy. One French philosopher only, whose position is in many respects anomalous, Auguste Comte, has ventured to propose a system of philosophy in which Kant's position is not indeed refuted, but ignored. Comte did not know Kant's philo-

sophy, and I do not think that it will be ascribed to any national prejudice of mine if I consider that this alone would be sufficient to exclude his name from the historical roll of philosophers. I should say just the same of Kant if he had written in ignorance of Locke and Hume and Berkeley, or of Spinoza if he had ignored the works of Descartes, or of Aristotle if he had ignored the teaching of Plato.

It is different, however, in England. Here a new school of British philosophy has sprung up, not entirely free, perhaps, from the influence of Comte, but supported by far greater learning, and real philosophical power—a school which deliberately denies the correctness of Kant's analysis, and falls back in the main on the position once occupied by Locke or Hume. This same school has lately met with very powerful support in Germany, and it might seem almost as if the work achieved by Kant was at last to be undone in his own country. These modern philosophers do not ignore Kant, but in returning to the standpoint of Locke or Hume, they distinctly assert that Kant has not made good his case, whether in his analysis of the two feeders of knowledge, or in his admission of general truths, not attained and not attainable by experience. The law of causality on which the whole question of the *à priori* conditions of knowledge may be said to hinge, is treated again, as it was by Hume, as a mere illusion, produced by the repeated succession of events; and psychological analysis, strengthened by physiological research, is called in to prove that mind is but the transient outcome of matter, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. No phosphorus, no thought! is the triumphant war-cry of this school.

In speaking of the general tendencies of this school of thought, I

have intentionally avoided mentioning any names, for it is curious to observe that hardly any two representatives of it agree even on the most essential points. No two names, for instance, are so frequently quoted together as representatives of modern English thought, as Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, yet on the most critical point they are as diametrically opposed as Hume and Kant. Mr. Stuart Mill admits nothing *à priori* in the human mind; he stands on the same point as Locke, nay, if I interpret some of his paragraphs rightly, he goes as far as Hume. Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the contrary, fights against this view of the human intellect with the same sharp weapon that Kant had used against them, and he arrives, like Kant, at the conclusion that there is in the human mind, such as we know it, something *à priori*, call it intuitions, categories, innate ideas or congenital dispositions, something at all events that cannot honestly be explained as the result of individual experience. Whether the prehistoric genesis of these congenital dispositions or inherited necessities of thought, as suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer, be right or wrong, does not signify for the purpose which Kant had in view. In admitting that there is something in our mind, which is not the result of our own *à posteriori* experience, Mr. Herbert Spencer is a thorough Kantian, and we shall see that he is a Kantian in other respects too. If it could be proved that nervous modifications, accumulated from generation to generation, could result in nervous structures that are fixed in proportion as the outer relations to which they answer are fixed, we, as followers of Kant, should only have to put in the place of Kant's intuitions of Space and

Time, 'the constant space relations, expressed in definite nervous structures, congenitally framed to act in definite ways, and incapable of acting in any other way.' If Mr. Herbert Spencer had not misunderstood the exact meaning of what Kant calls the intuitions of Space and Time, he would have perceived that, barring his theory of the prehistoric origin of these intuitions, he was quite at one with Kant.

Some of the objections which Mr. Herbert Spencer urges against Kant's theory of innate intuitions of Space and Time were made so soon after the appearance of his work, that Kant himself was still able to reply to them.<sup>6</sup> Thus he explains himself that by intuitions he does not mean anything innate in the form of ready-made ideas or images, but merely passive states or receptivities of the Ego, according to which, if affected in certain ways, it has certain forms in which it represents these affections, and that what is innate is not the representation itself, but simply the first formal cause of its possibility.'

Nor do I think that Kant's view of causality, as one of the most important categories of the understanding, has been correctly apprehended by his English critics. All the arguments that are brought forward by the living followers of Hume, in order to show that the idea of cause is not an innate idea, but the result of repeated observations, and, it may be, a mere illusion, do not touch Kant at all. He moves in quite a different layer of thought. That each individual becomes conscious of causality by experience and education, he knows as well as the most determined follower of Hume; but what he means by the category of causality is something totally different. It is an unconscious process which, from a purely psychological

\* See *Das Unbewusste*, p. 187, Kant's *Werke*, ed. Rosenkranz, B. I, pp. 445, 446.  
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point of view, might truly be called prehistoric. So far from being the result of repeated observations, Kant shows that what he means by the category of causality is the *sine quâ non* of the simplest perception, and that without it we might indeed have states of feeling, but never a sensation of *something*, an intuition of *an object*, or a perception of *a substance*. Were we to accept the theory of evolution which traces the human mind back to the inner life of a mollusc, we should even then be able to remain Kantians, in so far as it would be, even then, the category of causality that works in the mollusc, and makes it extend its tentacles towards the crumb of bread which has touched it, and has evoked in it a reflex action, a grasping after the prey. In this lowest form of animal life, therefore, the category of causality, if we may use such a term, would show itself simply as conscious, or, at all events, as no longer involuntary, reaction; in human life, it shows itself in the first glance of recognition that lights up the infant's vacant stare.

This is what Kant means by the category of causality, and no new discoveries, either in the structure of the organs of sense or in the working of the mental faculties, have in any way, so far as I can see, invalidated his conclusions that that category, at all events, whatever we may think of the others, is *à priori* in every sense of the word.

Among German philosophers there is none so free from what are called German metaphysical tendencies as Schopenhauer, yet what does he say of Kant's view of causality?

'Sensation,' he says, 'is something essentially subjective, and its changes are brought to our cognisance in the form of the internal sense only, therefore in time, i.e. in succession.'<sup>7</sup> The understanding,

through a form belonging to it and to it alone, viz. the form of causality, takes hold of the given sensations, *à priori*, previous to all experience (for experience is not yet possible), as effects which, as such, must have a cause; and through another form of the internal sense, viz. that of space, which is likewise pre-established in the intellect, it places that cause outside the organs of sense.' And again: 'As the visible world rises before us with the rising of the sun, the understanding, by its one simple function of referring all effects to a cause, changes with one stroke all dull and unmeaning sensations into intuitions. What is felt by the eye, the ear, the hand, is not intuition, but only the *data* of intuition. Only by the step which the understanding makes from effect to cause, the world is made, as intuition, extended in space, changing in form, permanent in substance; for it is the understanding which combines Space and Time in the conception of matter, that is, of activity or force.'

Professor Helmholtz, again, who has analysed the external apparatus of the senses more minutely than any other philosopher, and who, in England, and, at all events, in this Institution, would not be denied the name of a philosopher, arrives, though starting from a different point, at identically the same result as Schopenhauer.

'It is clear,' he says, 'that starting with the world of our sensations, we could never arrive at the conception of an external world, except by admitting, from the changing of our sensations, the existence of external objects as the causes of change; though it is perfectly true that, after the conception of such objects has once been formed, we are hardly aware how we came to have this conception;

<sup>7</sup> Liebmann, *Objectiver Anblick*, p. 114.

because the conclusion is so self-evident that we do not look upon it as the result of a conclusion. We must admit, therefore, that the law of causality, by which from an effect we infer the existence of a cause, is to be recognised as a law of our intellect, preceding all experience. We cannot arrive at any experience of natural objects without having the law of causality acting within us; it is impossible, therefore, to admit that this law of causality is derived from experience.'

Strengthened by such support from opposite quarters, we may sum up Kant's argument in favour of the transcendental or *à priori* character of this and the other categories in this short sentence:

'That without which no experience, not even the simplest perception of a stone or a tree, is possible, cannot be the result of repeated perceptions.'

There are those who speak of Kant's philosophy as cloudy German metaphysics, but I doubt whether they have any idea of the real character of his philosophy. No one had dealt such heavy blows to what is meant by German metaphysics as Kant; no one has drawn so sharp a line between the Knowable and the Unknowable; no one, I believe, at the present critical moment, deserves such careful study as Kant. When I watch, as far as I am able, the philosophical controversies in England and Germany, I feel very strongly how much might be gained on both sides by a more frequent exchange of thought. Philosophy was far more interna-

tional in the days of Leibniz and Newton; and again in the days of Kant and Hume; and much mental energy seems wasted by this absence of a mutual understanding between the leaders of philosophic thought in England, Germany, France, and Italy. It is painful to read the sweeping condemnation of German metaphysics, and still more to see a man like Kant lectured like a schoolboy. One may differ from Kant, as one differs from Plato or Aristotle, but those who know Kant's writings, and the influence which he has exercised on the history of philosophy, would always speak of him with respect.

The blame, however, does not attach to the English side only. There are many philosophers in Germany who think that, since the days of Hume, there has been no philosophy in England, and who imagine they may safely ignore the great work that has been achieved by the living representatives of British philosophy. I confess that I almost shuddered when in a work by an eminent German professor of Strassburg, I saw the most advanced thinker of England, a mind of the future rather than of the present, spoken of as—*antediluvian*. That antediluvian philosopher is Mr. John Stuart Mill. Antediluvian, however, was meant only for Ante-Kantian, and in that sense Mr. Stuart Mill would probably gladly accept the name.

Yet, such things ought not to be: if nationality must still narrow our sympathies in other spheres of thought, surely philosophy ought to stand on a loftier pinnacle.



## PEASANTRY OF THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

BY A WYKEHAMIST.

THERE were kings before Agamemnon, but there never was a president of a labourers' union before Joseph Arch, for which reason we must say a word about him, in the great toil he has proposed to himself, viz. to travel through England till every labourer has heard of the Union as a proposed remedy for his inadequate wages.

Mr. Arch has great physical powers of voice and utterance, and he speaks in short, terse, Anglo-Saxon sentences, which enable him to be heard at a great distance. Whitefield, it was said, could be heard at one time by an open-air meeting of thirty thousand. The writer of this one evening last summer was at a quarter of a mile from a spot where Joseph Arch was addressing a meeting from a waggon, and can vouch for having caught a sentence here and there of his address. So far as we have read his speeches they seem temperate and to the point; and as a teetotaler he can speak with authority on the possibility of doing hard work without beer or stimulants. He exhorts the peasantry to make their cause strong by a good fund for defence, but not defiance; he repudiates the idea of striking for wages when the hay or the corn harvest is about. He asks 'for fair play with no abuse, no intimidation, and no retaliation, and in the better times which are coming (he says to his fellow-workmen) let us be temperate, frugal, and united.' He also presses strongly upon his followers the degradation of running to the relieving officer when by chance they are thrown out of work, or of going to the workhouse in

old age. If he shall persuade men to avoid parish relief by sobriety and thrift, who shall say that his mission is in vain? Hence his biographer argues: 'From Arch's work the farmers have everything to gain. Each man will cost them a few shillings more a week, but as a class their men, being better fed, will render them a more valuable service. There will be fewer demands upon them as ratepayers, since there will be less of that abject pauperism so common in our rural districts. Nor is it at all unlikely that the greater cost of labour will lead to a more general adoption of machinery and to a more remunerative class of farming.' (*Life*, p. 80.)

One thing we must notice in starting. It is repeated over and over again in all harangues of this kind, that farmers should pay in money, never partly in beer. But this assumes that the farmer gives beer *in unnecessary quantities and to save his pocket*. This is far from being the case. It is no easy task to provide fresh sweet beer for a large body of labourers in June and August, when the thermometer stands high. Then there is nearly the work of one servant to draw and fill bottles for a number of men. The farmer does it at the men's importunate request, to save journeys to the public-house, often a long walk in remote farms, also to save the men the temptation of stopping at the beerhouses when they go for their beer, and chiefly because men can work on farmhouse beer and they cannot work on the stupefying stuff sold as malt liquor. Home-brewed beer is seldom to be found now in the houses of the upper classes, for the

risk of spoiling a brewing and the waste, besides the trouble and expense, have driven housekeepers to resort to the brewer. There is the same risk, waste, and expense to the farmer, besides the trouble of serving out the beer. If, therefore, he provides home-brewed for his labourers, it is reasonable to argue that he does it from good motives.

The biography of Joseph Arch hardly exhibits him in so good a light as his own speeches do. He has not found a Boswell in the compiler of his memoirs. The third chapter of this book describes the exit of Arch the elder from this world in these words: 'Fifty years a worker, thirty years a ratepayer, a life's saving of four shillings and sixpence, a choice between the workhouse and his son's poor cottage, eighteenpence a week and a loaf for two months—this was the life story of Arch senior.' (P. 38.) In the next chapter (p. 43) we are told 'Arch's dwelling, which is his own, having been left him by his mother, is a plain, unpretending house at Barford near Warwick; it is somewhat better than the run of village houses.' The parish is considered hard upon the elder Arch for this modicum of allowance; but if there was a freehold property in the shape of this house in the family, surely the guardian of the parish of Barford was right in granting but a little, as he was dealing with other people's money; and it is not clear he was not breaking the poor law in giving any relief at all. If Arch had been a larger ratepayer, probably he would have thought the guardian lavish in his expenditure.

Arch the younger, the hero of this biography, having emerged from crow-scaring at fourpence a day, which accounts for his excellent lungs—the exercise of Demosthenes on the sea shore shouting to

the waves was nothing as a preparation for oratory compared to Arch shouting at the Warwickshire rooks—at ten years old was promoted to be a ploughboy. If the description of the sorrows of the future President of the Union while driving plough is true, there can be no doubt that, much as he abused that exciting but somewhat vociferous amusement of crow keeping, he now devoutly wished himself back again at it. Hear what his biographer relates: 'Sometimes the lads driving plough can only get along in the heavy soil by hanging to the horse gear. Arch says, many a time when he has been clinging as for life, the horse, teased by some insect, has switched his tail and caught him in the face with such force as to wound and nearly blind him.' We don't blame the horse; for having a plough heavy to draw in land such as this is described, the animal had a notion that Master Arch might walk. If Arch had said to the horse, in the spirit of prophecy, 'Cæsarem vehis'—'You carry the President and founder of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union'—probably the horse would have behaved better. But to continue. 'Now and then the stumbling, clinging boy will drag the horse out of the line, and so endanger the straightness of the furrow; whereupon the ploughman will hurl a heavy clod at him, which will drive him face downwards into the dirt, whence he will rise with nose crushed, or eyes blackened, or mouth and cheeks bruised and bleeding. Thus at least Arch's ploughman dealt with him.' This certainly lowers one's opinion of the working man, the person who in other places is described as the very soul of nobleness and meekness.

But Arch was destined to survive the clod, and to be fined 17s. because he endangered the whole



parish by refusing to have the Government orders of vaccination carried out in his family.

'More recently a gentleman standing high in the county sent for Arch, and said, "Well, Joseph, I have been thinking you might like to improve your condition. You are a good scholar, you have a capital knowledge of farming, and as a bailiff you might make your 200*l.* a year. What do you say?" "Well, sir, I should like to improve my condition, and I know very well, sir, that you want me to be bailiff to a friend of yours. But I could not improve my condition in that way, in accordance with one or two principles which I hold rather tight." "What are they, Joseph?" "Well, sir, if by being a bailiff I should have to crush and grind the men, so that the master might have more money out of the estate, I could not do it." So Joseph was not made a bailiff.

What, then, does this book teach of the prospects of the agricultural labourer?—that they are hopeless? No. But that a man, by nature obstinate, may refuse to accept all the opportunities of bettering himself which, according to this biography, have been continually turning up for Arch in spite of himself—may, in open disregard to Parson Malthus, marry at twenty years of age; yet still shall have prosperity thrust on him in spite of all this to such an extent that he shall have a son, a mere boy, already a colour sergeant, a daughter married to a respectable tradesman (p. 54)—shall have a following greater than that of both the Gracchi—shall have his expenses paid, and an unlimited supply of the cup which cheers but not inebriates, and perhaps end by having a statue erected by a grateful peasantry to his memory, or 'be made into a tract' for the Primitive Methodists. Instead of saying the labourer is

in a bad way, we rise from the contemplation of this book with the notion that, as the author of *Giuz's Baby* says, 'To the able-bodied labouring man all things are possible.'

That much-enduring person 'the labouring man' is now fairly before the public. From not having been thought of at all, as his advocates say (which, however, may be doubted), he is now likely to pass to the other extreme, and become the hero of the day. He is more talked of than the Queen or Prince of Wales. When the newspapers get hold of a man now-a-days his fortune is considered to be made. The newspapers have got hold of the working man with a vengeance; and as if to be got hold of by the newspapers was not enough, the working man has got hold of a newspaper. *The Labourers' Union Chronicle*, published weekly for one penny, circulates largely among Union men. In a village in the South, where we enquired of the local secretary, we were told it circulated five dozen copies in a population of 500. Now a paper in a village passes from hand to hand, and therefore has much greater influence than the *Telegraph* or *Standard*, which railway travellers buy and leave in the carriages. Nor is it only that each copy does so much service in this kind of village paper, but the faith of village readers is so strong. It does not occur to the illogical mind of Hodgo that the facts may probably be invented and the reasoning false, or that, if he could hear the other side of the questions argued, he would know how little trust is to be put in *ex parte* statements. But he believes with all his heart. If he were told that a squire had roasted the Vice-Presidents of the Union, and a parson had lighted the fire, he would believe it. It is a saying in country places, 'It must

be true, I saw it in the newspaper.'

Hodge therefore being of strong faith and a gross feeder, the food provided for him is strong meat and not milk for babes. He is asked, 'What right have the aristocracy to the land?' which might be answered in a rival paper (suppose Hodge could be got to take one) by a series of articles on 'What right has the labourer to his pig when he has paid for it?' 'What right has the labourer to the chairs and tables his father left him?' 'The labourer therefore grows warm under the stimulants provided for him weekly; he learns to hate England, and is only anxious to shake off the dust of his feet at the door of all the squires and parsons, and to set out for Australia or some other distant place, the farther off the better, where he imagines he has nothing to do but to eat colonial beef steaks, and dwell in a house with a spare bedroom for each of his children, forgetting that an industrious man can live in England and that a lazy one cannot live out of it. In addition to the papers getting hold of Hodge, a Bishop also has got hold of him, and we know how hopefully Sydney Smith speaks of any work in which a Bishop is concerned. The good Bishop Ellicott has taken hold of the labouring man, and has more particularly interested himself in the political agitators, to whom he in the first instance promised a *cold bath*, which on consideration he changed for a *hot dinner* at the Palace at Gloucester. Macaulay, writing in 1848, says: 'In the times of Charles the Second philanthropists did not yet regard it as a sacred duty, nor had demagogues yet found it a lucrative trade, to expatiate on the distress of the labourer. The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the

working man than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution.'

This question, which Thomas Carlyle twenty years ago called 'People of England question,' has long been heaving below the surface, and it is as well it should come out and make itself heard. It was not likely that the peasantry in an age of reading would be the only class to be silent and contented, and it needed but some one with ready wit and speech to become the spokesman for the class. Joseph Arch, like a modern Spartacus, was ready as the leader of another servile war. He has been thirty years a total abstainer from spirituous liquors, which is a great vantage ground in addressing men whose weakness is public-house beer. Professional lecturers of more or less fluency are stumping the villages, and retired mechanics, who have learnt the lore of strikes and unions when working in towns, occasionally become the centres of gatherings in the villages where they live. In Cambridgeshire and in other places, a man with some cottages to let, a shopkeeper anxious to do a better trade, and occasionally a publican ambitious of a quick draught on his barrels, puts on the ill-fitting garb of the leader and friend of the poor. Trades-unionism of all kinds (including unions of agricultural labourers) is yet in its infancy. And a very ugly infant it is. No doubt the first spade was an awkward tool to dig with, and the first plough did not handle lightly behind horses. But all things are capable of improvement. If you see a dealer offering a very gaunt pig, he describes it as a *very improving pig*, being a sort of implied compliment to the keep of the person to whom he offers it. It has had a bad cupboard, but with you no doubt will be well fed and improve.

We may say the same of 'unions;'

they of all things are improvable. At present they resemble Polyphemus, bellowing in his cave with his sightless eye.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

But when they have been jostled and probed and criticised, they will lose their angles and become round, like stones which have for centuries been the sport of the waves, and are become smooth pebbles.

Combination in its simple form of a club is obviously a potent force. In a London club a man of moderate means has luxuries which a prince may envy. Co-operative stores are an acknowledged success. Naturally therefore it is to a club in some shape that weak units will look for the solution of the difficulty before us. When labourers combine against capital, farmers form a club of resistance—both admit the principle. It is like the race between plate armour on ships against larger guns—each improves—which will ultimately prove the stronger? Probably unions will be better managed, and see their true interests, and settle down as normal approved institutions, in less time than it took for the first spade to become a handy instrument, or than it took to develop the first rough idea of a plough into Howard's or Ransome's champion plough. No one can question the right of the labourer to form himself into a union for obtaining his rights.

Nor is there any sense in the reply which we have seen put forth: if the labourer wanted more money why did he not ask for it? If he had asked as an individual, he would not have got a hearing, and indeed few farmers (however well disposed) would have liked to take the initiative in a rise of wages. It would have been a very unpopular thing to do. Nor is it clear that as a general rule farmers are in

a position to pay more wages, unless they can make fewer men do the work. The peasantry of England therefore are very much in the position of the schoolfellows of the big boy who, standing over a hamper of cakes and oranges, said, '*Now, then, those who ask shall not have; those who don't ask cannot want.*' This is how the case stands. 'The labourer aforetime had not asked for a rise in wages, therefore he could not want.' Now we are told that 'the labourer is a complaining party, therefore he shall not have.'

Farmers have formed Chambers of Agriculture, with a Central Chamber in London, to discuss the things which affect them. They enlarge on the evils of over-preserving game, the advantage of tenant right, and payment of outgoing tenants for improvements, the wisdom of the clauses in the Holkham lease, and other things at their fancy. Clearly, therefore, they have stopped their own mouths from saying to the labourers, when they form a Union, 'It is wrong to combine for the redress of grievances.'

There may be, however, great reason in the farmer claiming to himself a discretion about employing *Unionists*. It cannot be denied that a member of a union has, to a certain extent, sold his freedom by subscribing to a society, and becoming a member of that society, which professes to lay down a course of action for him. This tyranny has been abundantly exemplified in the strike of the colliers of Wales. If a labourers' union was strong enough to make men strike contrary to their wishes (as the Union of the colliers has done), a farmer, in hiring a Unionist, would not be hiring a free agent. Men who talk most of liberty are those who sell themselves first for slaves. 'I should like to join the Union, sir, if you have no objection. Not that

I shall ever leave you, and I am quite satisfied with my place; but you might die, or give up farming, and then I should be in the awkward position of not belonging to a Union which would prohibit its members from working with non-Union men.' This was said last summer by a labourer to his master. To whom the farmer replied, 'But, if you join the Union to-night (as you propose), you will be the only man out of twenty on this farm who will be a Unionist. Then, suppose, to-morrow, the other nineteen say, "We non-Union men cannot work with you, you must go elsewhere;" would not that be tyranny? And yet would it not be literally carrying out the principles of what you call freedom?' He was silent.

Everyone is anxious to put money into the labourer's pocket, if it can be done without taking it, in an unfair proportion, out of some one else's pocket.

1. We want to see clearly the labourer's position.

2. The farmer's real position.

3. The landlord's real position.

If the land has to keep these three people, in their several states of life, in order for either of the three to have more than he now has, two must give up something, unless, indeed, the land can be made so much more productive that the farmer can pay an *equal rent*, and more *wages*, without being a loser, or that, by *two labourers* doing, when better paid and better fed, the work of *three*, wages may be increased, by fewer hands being required to till the land. This appears to be the question before us—let us try to answer it faithfully and fully.

First let us see that we have before us a fair specimen of the honest, faithful labourer, having long lived under one master, who does not treat him as a mere machine. There are, thank God, hundreds of such *men*, and hundreds of such *masters*. There are greedy masters, who pinch

their men to the lowest, and stop short days and wet days—more shame to them! There are also servants who cannot be trusted out of sight for a moment, who, if they are at *day work*, loiter away their time, and if they are at *task work*, scamp the jobs—more shame to them! But these are the exceptions, not the rule. To say there are such of both—masters and men—is only to say that human nature wants mending, which nobody denies. The tendency of an agitation like that of the past year, is to pick out a few specimens of the most degrading kind of masters, and to bring them, on platforms and in speeches, before the world as if they were average specimens of their kind. In this way some lean Hodge, serving under a bad master, is put into the frontispiece of this story of woe, as Oliver Twist, with his basin and spoon, is put into the frontispiece of the immortal fiction of Dickens, as if he were a fair specimen of a workhouse boy.

Let us avoid this scarecrow, tatterdemalion Hodge, who is only a caricature of his race, and bring forward the true, respected, cheerful labourer—*his country's pride*.

The great trick by which false and unreal Hodges are introduced in declamations on the woes of the peasantry, is by the *suppressio veri*. The proverb justly says, 'Half the truth is the greatest lie.' Which we may illustrate in this way: An easy, kind-hearted squire gave to a poor man a pig. After a few months he met the labourer, and said, 'I hope the pig I gave you is going on well?' To whom the labourer, indulging in the suppression of part of the truth, replied, 'I am very sorry to say, sir, the pig you so kindly gave me is dead;' but he might have added, 'and the bacon is up the chimney drying,' but that would have spoilt his hopes of another pig.

We are (be it remembered) speaking chiefly of the southern counties of England. As you travel from Kent, westward, through Dorsetshire and Devonshire, we are told the wages decrease. If Kent is fairly put at 12s. or 14s. a week, Dorsetshire and Devonshire may be said to possess the unenviable reputation of giving 10s. or 9s. But as the peasantry seem to be as well dressed and as well fed, and their cottages as comfortable, in the *west* as in the *east*, there must be some counteracting influences at work. We do not propose to go into that question, but to take Hampshire for our standard. Hampshire is the centre in geographical position on the south coast, and is reported, as to its wages, to be a medium between Kent and Dorsetshire.

Now, how can we best arrive at what the wages really are of an able-bodied agricultural labourer? What the earnings of a family? What the variation between day work and piece work?

These facts may be come at partly by asking what are the wages of railway porters, of police constables, and putting the wages of the labourer somewhat lower. In the same way Lord Macaulay, speaking of the year 1685, formed an estimate of the wages of the peasant, by ascertaining the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line at that time. But from the wage books of two or three fair employers of labour, we can come at the exact earnings of men in a certain district, and it may be supposed that other districts do not materially differ. For the wage of a county is tolerably uniform; and if some farmers were willing to raise the price of weekly labour, it would be an invidious and unpopular task to take in hand.

Three years ago a paper was read before the Hants Chamber of

Agriculture on the earnings of the labourer; and in the debate which ensued, several large employers of farm labour produced their wage books, in which it appeared that (including harvest extras) the able-bodied man's wage was an average of 16s. a week.

Thus much of the individual. The next question is, taking the average of several large families, how many members of that family bring in money on Saturday night? It is often stated loosely on platforms, that a family of ten children has hard work to exist on 10s. a week, which is all the father earns; that if you deduct for rent and fuel, each individual has to exist on about a penny farthing a day. But however rapid the increase of labourers' children, there cannot be ten children who are all a dead weight at one time on the father's earnings. As families increase, so do the wages of the family increase. Lads go out as plough-boys very early; and if they bring only 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week, it is a great increase to the weekly haul. One little boy who earned 3s. a week was described graphically by his father in these words—'He earns the rent and finds the fuel.' So that if there are two or three boys earning perhaps 3s., 5s., &c. each per week respectively, a large family, to a certain extent, rights itself as it grows. The wages of the very poor will be injured by an Act which compels boys to remain in school to a given age; the deduction of the little ploughboy at 2s. 6d. from the weekly earnings will be severely felt. Nor do the farmers like it; for the other day an old-fashioned smock frock farmer said, pointing to a first-class school in a country district, which by its good education induced boys to stay longer at school, 'No plough-boys to be got for half-a-crown now; them schools will be the ruin of I.'

Taking, then, twenty cases from a wage book, we find *one case of a man in work, wife in work*, having no young children, *four boys in work*, two driving a steam plough, one at each engine, and the other two at work on a farm at 9s. a week and harvest wages; the boys managing the two steam engines which drive the steam plough have 10s. a week, and perhaps 3d. an acre. The united earnings of this family, therefore, would astonish anyone who worked out the figures. But we only quote this as a favourable case, although it has not arisen from any extraordinary circumstances. Except that the father is strong, the mother strong, these four boys, the only children of their parents, all doing well, and all living at home, there is nothing out of the way, as they live in the village where they were born, and have no advantages of education. We quote this to show that there is hope yet for the agricultural labourer by thrift; the boys in the family are single, and are saving half their wages. Of course, they may at any time settle and have families, and get back to the old story of a large family and short keep. Even now, of course, if they all *earn as men they eat as men*; and, in fact, this ought, perhaps, to be spoken of as a *number of households, not one*, as the boys pay their mother so much for their keep. But we give the facts, honestly, for what they are worth.

We find next several cases where the father and one big boy, or two small boys, bring in about a guinea a week, the mother earning occasionally something. Besides this, there is harvest for man and boys, and a good meal for all at hay and corn harvest. The meal consists of what an old farmer calls the natural food of the labourer—the three B's, home-

cured bacon, home-made bread, home-brewed beer, and there are many things worse than the three B's. The incomes of these families may be stated to be 60l. per annum, and no house rent to pay.

In several other cases somewhat similar to the above, the man is not a carter, and therefore he has a small rent to pay. But then, as he and his boys are on piece work from the end of April to the end of October, he earns considerably more than *day pay*. The only objection to piece work is that the carters and shepherds, who have the extra hours and the Sundays, do not get so good a chance as the other men. But this may be obviated by allowing the carters and shepherds, if they have not an allotment, to do some turnip hoeing, or other work, after they have done their day's work. Why should not a carter, by getting his horses into the field of a summer morning by five o'clock before the flies are busy, have done his acre's ploughing by two o'clock—or even earlier—and earn some money at task work? Our readers may perhaps say, What jobs are there which can be done by task work in these counties? We reply, There is a regular succession, which seldom fails. Bark stripping to begin with, at which men often earn 1l. 5s. a week; ash burning, done by the hundred bushels—if fine a man can earn (at 4s. 6d. a hundred) perhaps 30s. a week; pea hoeing; hay harvest; and between that and corn harvest, turnip and mangold hoeing; seed vetches and peas to cut; after harvest storing roots, &c.

There are cases, of course, in the beginning of a man's married life, where he may have four or five children, and no bread winner but the father—the wife unable to leave the children to earn anything—these are, of course, cases of hardship. But without wishing to say a

word against early marriage, would not the curates, the young barristers, the clerks in London, be equally poor and distressed, if it were the rule with them, as it is with the peasantry, to marry a girl of eighteen without a shilling, they themselves being about twenty and also without a shilling? If the present agitation wakes up the thinking powers of the peasant, we may reasonably hope that in another generation young labourers will be more thrifty, and such as to place themselves in an independent position before taking a wife. As the labourer is able to keep a wife on his wages, he could, by remaining single a few years, clearly save considerably, and as he generally marries a maid-servant, who could also, on the wages that are paid now-a-days, save also something considerable, they might, by postponing the wedding-day from twenty to twenty-five years of age, reasonably have put forty or fifty pounds into a savings bank. Instead of that, the girl has put her wages on her back and head, the man has put his down his throat to help the malt tax. They start with no furniture and one week in debt at the village shop, and (as credit has to be paid for like any other commodity) there is nothing which takes twenty per cent. off an income like a village shop-book—there is nothing which realises the Scriptural idea so forcibly, that ‘Unto him that hath shall be given, unto him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.’ While the rich man, by buying largely and for ready money, gets a large saving in his chest of tea, the poor man, by having to solicit credit, gets tied to one shop and takes home his ounce of tea of bad quality weighed out in thick paper. The benefit of even one pound saved to start with, and the consequent independence which this gives,

having the week's outlay in hand, in the choice of a shop, to the thrifty, those only can tell who have lived in contact with the labourer in his every-day cares and sorrows.

The articles which the labourer has to purchase have risen by the foolish tyranny of the trades' union, working on the same principles which the labourers' unions are desirous to copy. Coal and fuel are dearer, iron goods are dearer, shoes are dearer, and shoes are a chief article to ploughmen and ploughboys who walk sixteen miles a day over rough ground. But clothing, though not wearing so well, is not much dearer; bacon is only the usual price, as pigs have been selling for 6*d.* a pound, notwithstanding the rise in beef and mutton; and tea and sugar (part of a Liberal Ministry's untaxed breakfast table) are cheaper than they used to be. Bread, the main commodity, is a trifle above the average, but not in proportion to the demands of labourers.

We give one specimen of the way in which cases of hardship are manufactured for declamations and newspaper articles.

In the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* of November 9, 1872, No. 12. in an article headed ‘Notes by the General Secretary,’ we have the case of Louis Humphrey stated. He was one of 300 labourers who emigrated to Queensland through the agency of the Union. He is described as having eight children and a wife to support on 13*s.* a week. This was noticed by his employer, W. B. Tomes, of Western Sands, Stratford-on-Avon, in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, a farmers' paper, in the early part of January of this year. His total earnings turn out from the wage book to be equal to 6*ol.* 18*s.* 1*d.* in the year, besides which his wife and children for two months had parish relief and

medical advice gratis. But how about the eight children? When his wife died in the early part of 1872, he married a young woman with three illegitimate children. He was not a reliable servant at any time, but grew more and more careless after he joined the Union, took more frequently to the public-house, and ran in debt at shops where he could get trust. As the Secretary of the Union says, 'What could he do but emigrate? He has done the best thing the poor fellow could.' Certainly both for himself and his late master, to whom he was shepherd, and perhaps for the sheep also, not to mention the young woman with the three illegitimate children.

In opposition to the over-drawn pictures of rags and poverty which the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* and the speeches made by paid lecturers have brought before us, there could be drawn other pictures widely different. Of the father, with his decent cottage and large garden, with a pig in the sty and another on the shelf, his wife perhaps taking in washing or going out to work charing or in the fields, one or two boys at work, the others receiving a first-rate education for a penny a week: the elder boys all dressed in nice cloth on Sunday, with smart ties of all colours and billycock hats; the girls all in service or looking out for service, and, in fact, according to their status in life, far less unreal appearance to be kept up than there is by the poor governess or the fortuneless, patronless curate. And all this notwithstanding that the father and mother mated (as the poor say) when they were mere boys and girls, and did their best to set at nought Parson Malthus on population and the ordinary laws of political economy.

Without doubt there are cases of distress: what portion of the

community is without them? Some there are who end their days by an occasional job at stone-breaking on the roads, and have before them no haven but the workhouse and the grave. How much of this is their own fault, it would be a long story to describe; in some few cases, perhaps, it may be ill luck or destiny; but it is generally traceable to improvidence, drink, laziness, or incivility. Guardians of the poor in country parishes, and who are up to their work in knowing the details of every case, and the causes which lead to applications for relief, would do a great deal towards the solution of these questions if they could but record their experience.

We believe, then, that though the labourer is poor—and one would gladly welcome any feasible plan for improving his wages—yet, in proportion to his station and what is expected of him, he is not in the degrading state of destitution which agitators make out. They describe him as being ill-housed, clothed in rags, and unable to do a fair day's work from insufficient food, without anything to vary the monotony of a life passed in the bottom of a wet ditch or drain, and without hope except in the workhouse or the churchyard.

He no more necessarily is in such work as ditch cleaning or wet drainage always, than a sportsman is always wet through in a snipe bog; he is found in indoor work in barns in wet weather.

As to the monotony of his life and its having nothing cheering about it, how is this? Compare him in the ever-varying round of the seasons, watching while he works the co-working of nature in the perfecting the fruits of the vegetable kingdom. One time in peas, another in beans, then in clover, in sandfern, in trifolium, in corn, in roots. If these are the



things to superintend and watch, which make the life of farmers so much to be envied, why should they make the life of labourers other than happy? True, the farmer sees his own gain in the well-doing and growth of crops, but is the labourer to have no sympathy with the work because he has no direct profit from it? We believe, speaking from daily experience, that the labourer does enter into it and enjoy it; else why the use of the word *we* instead of *you*? 'We shall get the prize with these here ewes, I do believe, this year,' said a shepherd. And a few weeks before, the carter said, 'You don't mind my putting these here ribbons on to our horses when I goes to market? Our four chestnuts be just admired, I can tell you.'

Compare the labourer's life with the collier's, or the factory worker's, or the iron smelter's. Then there are the rise and welfare of a man's own children, the interest he takes in his own pig or his garden. Perhaps there is a village lending library, or at all events what Mr. Disraeli calls the inestimable blessings of a halfpenny paper.

Nor is hope wanting: men who see their fellows rising to be drillmen, to work a steam plough, to be foremen on off-lying farms, have no reason to despair.

Many agencies are at work for bettering the poor man's condition. The Licensing Act seeks to make him more sober, the Post Office Savings Bank more thrifty, the Education Bill a better scholar. The private sympathy of individuals does and ever will do more than Acts of Parliament, however wise; and the resident squire and his family, and the resident pastor and his family, do more for the poor man than the world generally is ready to admit. The *Labourers' Union Chronicle* defeats its own ends with the most intelligent of the

peasantry, because men who have felt the kindness of resident gentry are slow to believe the indiscriminate abuse of squires and parsons with which this paper is seasoned. The dead level of small holdings, held up in this paper, by a subdivision of property, would leave the labourers in a far worse condition than they are now, and would plant in England the evils which have been the curse of Ireland. Let every man be true to himself, and we see no fear for the future of the agricultural labourer. He can help himself better than charity can help him. Samaritanism is very good for the man fallen on by robbers and left half dead by the wayside, but it will not take the place of self-help with the sound and able-bodied. Charity is only the workhouse system under other names. 'Charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates.'

We must consider the farmer's real position. It is said, with corn selling well—wheat at 6*s.* a quarter, barley at 4*s.* the quarter, and beef and mutton at a shilling a pound, the farmer must be doing so well that he can afford to raise his wages thirty per cent. If this picture which the consumer draws were true, we admit that the farmer might and ought to do so.

We except from this discussion the grass land farmer, who is doing well, no doubt, to a certain extent, owing to the rise in cheese and butter, provided his dairy and oxen have escaped the disease; but we except him for this reason, that the dairyman and the grazier have very little to do with labourers. A man and his wife and a boy can look after a dairy, and therefore it is with the arable land farmer that we have to do. Hence people say, 'If wages rise, we must put down our fields to grass.'

The arable farmer is almost the sole employer of labour. The ques-

tion therefore is, have times been good for the plough land occupants? In the discussion in the House on Mr. Clare Sewell Read's motion for a Select Committee to enquire into 'The Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act,' much was said which the public did not know before, though farmers did know it well. Now look back through the last decade of years. In 1865 there was the destructive murrain. In 1868 there was a fearful drought, all the hay and all the roots perished, and the sheep-breeders were obliged to sell their breeding ewes, which otherwise would have died of starvation. The last two years herds and flocks have been ravaged by two epizootic diseases, pleuromonia (a sort of rapid and most infectious disease, like consumption in human beings, only that it kills in a few days), and foot and mouth disease, which draws animals up in a heap, and though it does not generally affect life, yet dries up the milk of dairy cows, takes 3*l.* a head in a few days off fattening oxen, and 10*s.* a head off sheep. If one sheep has it, it takes perhaps a month to go through a flock, and then leaves them a set of skeletons. Nor is the healing art of the Veterinary College able to find any remedy—Professors Spooner and Gamgee, like the veterinary surgeons of Virgil's time, are useless.

Cessere magistri,

Phillyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus.  
(*Georgic* iii. 550.)

These diseases have recurred of late years so frequently that they have shaken the faith of breeders; and as stock is so expensive in consequence of the breeding flocks being done away with from the short keep of 1866, few people have the confidence they had in breeding. As lambs are killed in great abundance at three months old, and as sheep are slaughtered from twelve to eighteen months old

—owing to the demands of an increasing wealthy population requiring meat at a shilling a pound—so it has come to pass that stock is dear and scarce. But though this proves national wealth it does not necessarily show that the farmers are doing well. If a man sells his mutton at a shilling instead of sixpence or sevenpence, yet, if he has to give fifteenpence a pound or even eighteenpence a pound for lean stock, sheep or lambs, it is obvious the farmer may be taking immense sums, but still be making but a very moderate profit. There is something to be said in reply about breeders of lambs. If a man breeds his own stock and sells it at a shilling a pound, surely he must be doing well? And if a breeder of sheep has fortunately been able to keep his stock through the years of drought and scarcity, no doubt the turn has come for him, if he has escaped the diseases which overran the whole South district last year. If a man has to give 300*l.* for a hundred stock ewes, for which he used to give only 150*l.*, it is true he may turn 300*l.* by his lambs and wool for the year. This shuts out the small farmers, who have not capital to buy sheep. They give their root crops to dealers and men who have large flocks, and are glad even so to get them fed off rather than go to the trouble of chopping them up and ploughing them in. This drives the profit into few hands, and the big fish swallow up the small. A man, then, who knows a neighbourhood can form a just opinion as to whether farmers are doing well. If he sees men chopping up fields of turnips, he may presume it is not because *choppers are cheap*, but because *sheep are dear*, and the absence of stock to consume crops is a proof that farmers have not the money to make the most of their produce. If, therefore, crops are wasted, and

the most that can be made of them is not made, owing to what we have said, and the expenses on land going on, we may fairly say that plough-land farmers of small holdings are doing badly. Ask the land agents, ask the country bankers, ask landlords who have small arable land farms, and they will tell you the same. Ask the Secretary of the Royal Benevolent Agricultural Society how many applications there are from broken-up farmers, besides the 500 now on the books, and you will find this corroborated.

The wealth of the country is increasing—not only the upper, but the artisan classes are accustomed to live on joints of fresh meat—hence the price of beef, mutton, and veal is a shilling, while pork is only sixpence a pound; and if you offer to sell such bacon pigs as our forefathers used to rejoice in, the pork butcher politely says, ‘Nothing over 100 pounds weight—people won’t buy fat pigs now—no one ever thinks of eating anything half so coarse now, sir.’

Then having got thus far with the small arable farmer—how about his outgoings? He pays tithes—now tithes are up many per cent. above the 100—by a rise in wheat of late years. Perhaps, then, this rise in wheat has helped him; no, there have been heavy blights—this year, even on well-farmed land, the ears were only half filled and the crop was deficient by more than one-third. Four sacks and three sacks were often spoken of as the yield.

Then historians tell us that the original intention of tithes in their integrity was a tripartite partition—one third to the pastor, one third for education, one third for the poor—and there is no doubt that in matter of fact, before the Reformation, the monasteries and almonries did so use the tenths. Now the farmer has to pay tithes which the pastor claims as his own, and is asked for

another large sum for poor rates, and will be again for a third sum for rate schools; the *landlord* in all such rates and county rates &c. paying only on his house and grounds, the tenant being taxed over the farm he holds. So that it may happen that a large landowner is really very little concerned about rates, though in theory it depreciates his property. After a while a road rate, on the abolition of turn-pike gates, will come also amongst the tenant’s payments.

Most arable farmers on small holdings have gone into their farms with what even when stock was low was an insufficient capital. This capital has been clipped by bad years, blights and cattle diseases. If it costs three pounds to buy a stock ewe instead of thirty shillings, a capital of fifteen pounds an acre is required to take a farm and work it properly. When it was said ten pounds an acre was a sufficient capital, many people took farms with about half this; clearly, therefore, bad times have found out their weak point, and it must be admitted that many small farmers are worse off than their labourers. If we assume, then, that a man’s wages are about twenty per cent. above his rent, reckoning wages as in times past, a small farmer with 150*l.* rent in plough land has 180*l.* to find for wages.

Our conclusion therefore is, that the majority of arable farmers are not in a position to give more wages weekly to their men unless they can get fewer men to do the work.

It is quite the fact that here and there farmers drive their carriages and mix in expensive society; but these are the exceptions—such people have private means, or have gone into good farms with such a heavy capital—say 20,000*l.*—that seasons have not affected them, they have been able to average the good against the bad seasons. And if men of these means had invested

their large capital in other things, say in breweries or the Manchester trade, they might have been entitled to a deer park or a grouse moor. It is only in Warwickshire that rapid fortunes are made by the very small farmers. Hear what Mr. Arch told a labourers' meeting last year :

'I remember some few years ago a farmer came into my own neighbourhood and entered upon a farm with a capital of 200*l.*, as he told me himself. During the first five years he had bought himself a fine hunting horse. I said to him, "I should judge that hunter you have bought is worth 150*l.* Now if you commenced business with 200*l.* how is it that you could buy that hunter?"' (*Life*, p. 19.)

In a future paper we will discuss the various remedies which have been proposed—co-operative farming, allotments, cow runs, piece work, and many other things—which, though neither of them will work in all cases, or can be considered a specific to cure the insufficient incomes of the peasantry, yet each may do something; and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, 'the people of England's condition,' as Carlyle calls it, may not be suffered to remain in its present state, but may see better times. This upheaving of the lower strata of society, like the upheavings of an earthquake, cannot leave the world exactly as it was before. It behoves the middle and upper classes so to study the nature and protect the rights of the cottier, that he shall of his own accord say to the agitator, 'I do not want you—your occupation is gone—I am satisfied.'

The question of the agricultural labourer, much as it presses upon us now for a solution, will become more pressing as population increases. The farmer cannot do all, though he can do much. Let it be remembered that many masters do now keep on, in the winter months,

more hands than they require for their actual staff, and this, though it may be done from expediency in part, must not be overlooked. Many farmers have said very practically to the men something of this sort, 'I have only a certain sum to spend in labour: if you want more per week in the summer, there will be less to divide amongst you in winter; or if you want more wages all the year round (as I have only such a margin between *expenses* and *living*, that you can have, without making me a bankrupt), you must divide what there is amongst a smaller number. If ten can do the work of twelve, then by all means do it and take the wages of twelve.' And by a judicious system of piece work, applied to all things to which it is applicable, much can be done in this way. It is hard upon the carters and shepherds, as you cannot pay them by the acre, or the rod; if you did, the carter would soon kill his horses, ploughing two acres a day instead of one, and the shepherds would soon run the hurdles over a field of turnips and surfeit your sheep. But we have shown how—and it is our own plan, practised for many years—this may be obviated, by letting piece work to carter and shepherd, say a bit of turnip hoeing close to his cottage after he has done his day's work; or by giving him a few rods of ground close to his cottage to cultivate, which on a large plough farm would be only a trifling sacrifice, and would restore the balance between him and the other men who were going ahead by piece work. Some few masters are so niggardly that they begrudge paying a man on Saturday night a large sum, even though he has earned it by task work. They say, 'This comes heavy upon me on Saturday nights, I cannot stand it;' but if the result be looked at, it is in the farmer's favour, because if he has ten acres of turnips to set

out, and they are ready, the sooner it is done the better. And if fewer men can perform the work and get over the field, he will have fewer hands to provide for in winter. But this requires reason, and some men have not the faculty of reasoning. They look at the cash passing out of the pocket, and they feel it like having a tooth drawn.

Still, supposing masters to cooperate well with men in setting to work on a good system of piece work, and the result was that fewer men did the work, then the old and feeble would be driven out of work. A certain number of people live in a village or on an estate, and they must be all employed. Here, therefore, unless other agencies come to hand, we are on the horns of a dilemma.

We believe most thoroughly that land is only half farmed. If every man who had 400 acres was driven to spend the same money on 200, and the 200 acre man driven to 100 acres, they would all do better. If so much rent and so much tithe and taxes is to be paid on every acre, the most ought to be made off each acre. But this is difficult in practice, because it is hard to turn out old tenants; and if you did, could another race be got with double or treble the capital to take the farms? A farmer naturally holds on to the last, because no one is so notoriously unfit for any other profession as a broken-down farmer. There is no doubt that the average of small plough land farmers cannot show a capital of five pounds per acre; and it is equally certain that, to make the most of the land at the present price of stock, they ought to have 12*l.* or 15*l.*

A Bill is before the House, introduced in a very practical manner by Mr. James Howard, having for its object a better relation between landlord and tenant. It is argued, if men had better security by leases

(which are to be made transferable) and compensation for all improvements—in fact, a *sort of tenant right*—they would invest money more freely in land, and no doubt they would. The only difficulty we have always seen in the practical working of any such measure, comes on the *landlord's* side of the question. If the *tenant* had infinite security to give, the question would be fair on both sides. But suppose the case (not an uncommon one) of an unsatisfactory, spendthrift tenant getting hold of a farm for twenty-one years; the landlord then has parted with his estate for that term of years, and in fact might as well not be the possessor of it, as he could get better interest in other securities.

But, fancying land as a security, a gentleman buys an estate. He grants leases of twenty-one years to a body of tenants—leases, remember, which they can dispose of to other tenants, so that, if the *first series* of tenants are good and moneyed men, the *second* may possibly not be so. At the end of a term of years the leases fall in; if the land is improved, the landlord has to pay, or, what is the same thing, find another tenant who will pay, for the improvements. But suppose the reverse to be the case—the land worked out and the tenant in difficulties. Who is to make up the compensating money to the landlord? And if this is so, is it not a fast and loose agreement? Is it not a *tenant right* without a *landlord right*?

We look, however, for some solution of the difficulties in this measure from the very practical men in whose hands it is admitting and holding most firmly the principle that security for outlay would induce men to farm more expensively. A good measure of this sort, when it had become universally the law of the country, would let loose capital into the soil—just as vitriol

poured on bone lets loose the phosphates. This, no doubt, will act beneficially to the poor man's interest—in a better style of farming it is to be hoped the crumbs of the rich man's table will fall to the labourer, and an improved system of husbandry will elevate the social status and the income of the cottager.

Those 'who are not in the ring,' meanwhile, have a very small notion (if indeed any notion at all) of the proportion wages on an arable farm ought to bear to the other expenses of that farm. We have often asked this question of intelligent men, who on most points are well informed, men who live in the country, landlords who have tenants, and most people say, 'I never thought on the subject—I have no notion;' others say, 'Half the rent,' or 'A quarter of the rent.' This shows how little right outsiders, who are not concerned in the matter, have to dictate what tenant farmers ought to do. You often hear it said, 'Why don't they give the poor fellows who work for them more? What would it hurt them to raise the wages three or four shillings a week?' This is rather like Sydney Smith's illustration of charity. A says to B, 'Don't you observe C has no fuel? Ask D to give him some.'

But if a practical man, answering one who gives this sort of advice to a third party, explains that on a farm wholly arable (if well done) the wages come to twenty per cent. more than the rent (so that if a man's rent is 20*l.* his wages would be fairly estimated at 24*l.* per annum), then the original speaker says, 'Very likely it is so, although I should not have thought it. Of course that makes a difference—the case wants consideration.'

If it is shown him further that the very small farmers (*the twenty or thirty acre men*) are worse off than the labourers, and that the

arable farmers, except the very large flock masters, are with difficulty able to raise the money to meet the Saturday nights, even on the present scale of wages, then he says, 'The landlord, then, must reduce the rent; if the tenant cannot help the labourer, some one else must—the landlord must.' There is too much disparity between the very rich and the very poor; the front wheel of society's coach has run away from the hind one. Why, if the millionaire were to shake off tyrant fashion, and dispense with only the entrées at his dinner, he would enjoy his dinner a great deal more; his cook would be in better temper, and come to him for less wages; the people who dined with him would feel that there was some chance of enjoying the turkey and the joint; and his neighbours in the classes beneath (who owe debts, like Mrs. Mardle, to the lower circles of society) would say, 'Well, we will not make ourselves miserable all the rest of the week by eating warmed-up entrées, for if the Duke of Omnium does not consider them necessary, then they are not necessary, and we will give our parties without entrées.'

To this we have very little to reply. The sumptuary laws of Edward the Third, which limited meals on ordinary days to two courses and on festivals to three courses—passed by the nobility and great men of that age—show at least how *fashion* dared in those ages to speak up for Spartan simplicity of diet.

Yet it must be stated that under large territorial proprietors and public bodies, farms are likely to be more easily rented than under small holders, who have to keep their own place in the social scale by making the utmost of their moderate properties. There are more tenants than farms, and hence farms fetch a high price, because the tenants who want farms can turn their hands

to nothing else than farming, and so are obliged to bid against each other whenever a vacancy occurs. Yet even if farms were *let by tender*, a still higher price might in many cases be obtained, because a greater competition would be brought to bear. But this is not good policy, for the highest bidder may often be far from the best farmer, and evil consequences naturally follow upon an estate which is over-rented. As rent goes up, so do rates—for assessments are from time to time made with increased severity upon improved property—and rent is the chief basis from which assessors derive the data on which to form their new calculation of the value of an estate or farm.

It is not to be wondered at that those who seek the cheerful outdoor life of agriculture are an increasing body. The younger sons of great proprietors, now that farming is admitted to be raised by science out of the mire of vulgar pursuits, are finding it a more suitable pursuit than the risk of earning a livelihood in the learned professions. What Cicero said of old is now admitted: '*Agriculturâ nihil suavius, nihil libero homine dignius.*' And what wonder? Compare the man who toils within the narrow confines of an office with the agriculturist. Look at the different life which a man leads at a desk over ledgers to what *he* does who becomes a fellow worker together with nature and the seasons in the cultivation of the soil. For though in one sense anyone can be a farmer (we should rather say *anyone can rent land*), yet to follow out agriculture to its highest ends needs the tact and the grasp of intellect which can '*drive all the sciences abreast.*'

There is hope in a Bill proposed by Sir Massey Lopez and others for deriving the taxation, which now falls on land, from a wider area. Truly the answer to all taxation has hitherto been, '*Put it on the land.*' The Duke of Omnium pays only on his castle, his park, and woods—his tenants pay the rates. And though, in one sense—or, rather, we should say in theory—every fresh rate comes out of the landlord's pocket, because it is supposed to reduce the value of his estate, and consequently to lower the rent, yet it is a matter of everyday experience that this is not the case. The argument is that which was used about the repeal of the compulsory Church Rate Act. It was said, if you save a tenant ten shillings by doing away with his Church rate you put ten shillings into the landlord's pocket, because his farm will be worth ten shillings more when he re-lets it. But this does not operate in practice, because '*De minimis non curat lex.*' We never heard of any landlord asking less for his farm because it was not liable to a compulsory Church rate. It is so *de jure*, but not *de facto*.

Apply the same reasoning in the converse, and the case holds good. We are to have, in most parishes, an education rate—where turnpikes are abolished, a road rate—in addition to our present rate for parish roads. People say it will come ultimately out of the owner's pocket, not the tenant's. We doubt it.

The land, therefore, is heavily taxed. Under its present stress of canvas it might sail—if everyone had capital to make his land a meat-producing estate—growing but little corn, and then heavy crops as a natural consequence.



## GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

1810-1855.

THE recent death of M. Théophile Gautier, with scarcely that fullness, either of years or of honours, which his genius and puissant nature seemed to promise, calls attention to the school of artists of which he was almost the last survivor, the most famous, and the most successful. Time has dealt hardly with the romantic group which, forty years ago, was so full of life and hope. The poets have died one by one, victims of pleasure, of the satiety and insatiable eagerness of their lives; or the poet within them is dead, and they exist, like M. de Saint-Victor, only as the most refined of critics. They are sad books, with all their light tone, in which M. de Villemessant and M. Champfleury collect their memories of the old feasts and the old boon companions, masquerades in houses long dismantled, nights like those of Goethe's youth in Rome. It is of one of that group—the least known perhaps in England, but in many ways the most attractive, and of the most amiable memory—that this paper proposes to speak. In writing of Gérard de Nerval, it is a necessary preliminary to say something of the origin and influence of the movement in which his career began, though he wandered far from that at last, and from other ties of society and sympathy.

The younger school of thought and art in France, like that from which much of our later English activity springs, received its main impulse from the study of the Middle Ages. But no two things could be more unlike than the manner in which this same influence acted on the youth of the two countries. It was all the difference between an Oriel common room in the time of Newman or of Clough; and the

famous studio in the Rue du Doyenné, where Corot or Rousseau might be decorating a panel; Gautier dreaming over *La Comédie de la Mort*; and *La Cydalise*, the beauty of the hour, swinging in a silken hammock. On young Englishmen the re-discovery of the past acted chiefly as a motive in politics, religion, the study of society. It was generally seen that life had once been ordered in another than our modern fashion; and the knowledge of this, and the effort to revive what was good in the old order, led men into various paths, and often into hostile camps, but always survived in width and seriousness of thought, and in all that, for good or bad, is known as earnestness. Ten years ago, anyone estimating the results of the Oxford movement and its causes, might have given himself this account of it, and might have added that in architecture there was much imitation of the Gothic, and that Mr. Tennyson had chosen mediæval themes for some of his most graceful idyls. Of late years, the relation of English art to the Middle Ages has entirely changed, but the change is due to exotic influences, and greatly to that of the Romantic School of 1830, in France.

France, too, had her Catholic reaction, and Mr. Thackeray saw several old women at prayers in Notre Dame. But in France it was not so much religion, politics, and the graver literature, that were stimulated by a recognition of the harmonious thought, the strength and order of feudalism, and Catholicism, as art that was coloured by the reflection of the fantasy, the wild passion, the inner contradictions of the mediæval times.

A number of young men of un-



usual genius were entering on the career of letters. They had inherited all the license, but none of the hope of the Revolution, had seen the Restoration, and were persuaded that politics were a vulgar profession, and philanthropy an organised hypocrisy.

Art alone was worth cultivating for its own sake, and art was without a law, a conscience, or an aim. Then came the production of Victor Hugo's plays — what the Germans call 'epoch-making works.' A bitter controversy arose, and from their antagonism to the 'periwigged,' or classical school, the Romanticists struck out an æsthetic and canon of their own. Recognising that both art and society were decadent and corrupt, they accepted with joy the situation, and urged the historical necessity of working in the taste of decadence. They were to be free in choice of subject, free to be as profuse in colour and decoration, as morbid in sentiment, as they chose. They were to inspire themselves not from the catholic perfection of the art of Greece, but from all that was strangest in the art of remote times and peoples. To Mr. Arnold's charge against modern literature — that it wants sanity — they would have replied that it is a mad world, and that, to have any value, poetry must go mad with the times, of which it is the ultimate expression and final result. With this fatalist theory to justify them, and with the art of all the ages and all lands, from Assyria to Japan, to choose from, they turned for inspiration to what is certainly the most effective side of the mediæval spirit, its inner contradictions. They were taken with the fantastic colour and splendour; with the lawless love, that was held at once a deadly sin and a glorious passion, only to be expressed in words of mystic longing and desire. It was not the harmony of the ages of faith that pleased, but

the wild ways in which passion broke through this harmony, and turned the sacred symbols of heavenly love to the uses of earthly desires; the madness of the Flagellants, the sins of the Templars, the monstrous guilt that loved to walk amid smoke of censers and choirs of singing boys. All that was most terrible and grotesque in the mediæval decadence, the ancient comedy of Death, all the art that hid itself where the light fell dimmest and least religious, through glass of strange green and lurid red, was to be adapted to the decadence of the modern time. For that longing that cannot be uttered, of mediæval mysticism, they substituted a new *Sehnsucht*, a new sadness; the melancholy of Werther and of Obermann. Like these they 'felt that the world was a trap of dullness into which their great souls had fallen by mistake,' but they had the example of Byron, and the instincts of youth, to point one way out of the trap. So they partook of their life in a free and picturesque fashion, lodging together in an ancient house near the Louvre, which Rousseau and Corot and Wattier decorated, and they all helped to fill with *bric-à-bric*, and old furniture, dances, laughter, and ladies of the Opera. This mansion of the Rue du Doyenné was no bad figure of their style and school; the gloomy walls tenanted by careless youth and genius, as in literature they informed the sombre mediæval world with a wantonness that was gay enough, when it forgot to be as sad as night.

To this brotherhood of men, who signed themselves *Petrus* and *Jehan*, for Pierre and Jean, who wrote sonnets to Yolandes and Yseults, and introduced the rage for pale faces shadowed with crisp tawny hair, a new recruit joined himself about 1830. This was the writer who adopted the *nom de plume* of Gérard de Nerval. There is a kind of ro-

mance even in the name of this gentle and amiable poet, as indeed in all his surroundings. For he was not one of those to whom poetry is the lyre to be taken up, and sounded, and laid down again. Rather it was the wind that blew where it listed, the breath of life that took visible form in himself and his adventures. Of all the group of comrades, his end was the most tragic, and yet it may be that he was the least unhappy. For to him all life was a spectacle and a dream; poverty and wealth, great cities and Arab tents, and the quiet of forgotten villages, success and failure, even madness itself, only shifting scenes, each with its own surprise, its own power to waken visions and memories that soon became as real as the experience that begot them. To him, a Stoic without knowing it, the world was indeed 'the beloved city of Zeus,' and he seems to say like Marcus Aurelius, 'Nothing comes amiss to me that fits thee, O Universe!'

Gérard de Nerval was the son of an officer of the Grand Army. His mother, whom he never remembered to have seen, died of the fatigues of the Russian expedition, leaving him his restless spirit and love of travel. He was brought up in one of the little old towns of the Isle of France, and all his life loved to wander in that 'happy poplar land.' Ancient ways, ancient songs and stories still lingered there, and the world-old custom of the ballad-dance, now extinct, save in corners of Italy and the Grecian islands. Even after the Revolution there remained traces of that rustic golden age which is not all a dream. He saw what Gawain Douglas saw in Scotland before the Reformation.

Wenches and damosels

In grassy greens, wandering by spring wells,  
Of bloomed branches, and flowris white  
and red,  
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head;  
Some sang ring-songs, dances, ledes, and  
rounds!

He caught the last accents of the living folk-song, and thus describes a scene in a France that has passed beyond recall, on the horizon of our time, dim and peaceful as the Phœacian island.

'In front of a château of the time of Henri IV., a château with peaked roofs, with a facing of red brick varied by stone-work of a paler hue, lay a wide green lawn, set round with limes and elms, and through the leaves fell the golden light of the setting sun. Young girls were dancing in a circle on the mossy grass, to the sound of airs that their mothers had sung, airs with words so pure and natural that one felt oneself indeed in that old Valois land, where for a thousand years has beat the heart of France.' The daughter of the château, fair and tall, enters the circle of peasant girls. 'To obtain the right to join the ring she had to chant a scrap of ballad. We sat around her, and in a fresh clear voice she sang one of the old ballads of romance, full of love and sadness. . . . As she sang, the shadow of the great trees grew deeper, and the broad light of the risen moon fell on her alone, she standing without the listening circle. Her song was over, and no one dared to break the silence. A light mist arose from the mossy ground, trailing over the grass. We seemed to be in paradise.'

Among such scenes, among these woods, where the peasants still talked of Henri IV., and Gabrielle, where Rousseau died, where here and there a mouldering temple of the *genius loci* survives from the classic taste of the eighteenth century, Gérard found his innocent first loves. To these he always returned, or to the woods haunted by their memories, and he has written of them with a freshness and tenderness as sweet as the idyllic prose of Heine. Célénée and Sylvie were his little lovers, peasant damsels,

who loved the grottoes of the woods, the ruins of the old châteaux, the huts and fires of the charcoal burners, where they would tell the legends and sing the ballads of the country. The ballads told how

John of Tours came home with peace,  
Yet he came home ill at ease;

or of the loves of 'Three Sisters by the Mere,' or under the apple blossom of their father's close. Another favourite was the song of the king's daughter imprisoned for seven years in the tower for her lover's sake, and how she feigned death, and how he met her funeral at the third church on the way, and cut her shroud with his *couteau d'or fin*, and she arose and followed him. The ballad, like several that Gérard collected, is common to Scotland, and probably to the peasantry of most countries; for folk-songs, like fairy-tales, are the same everywhere. It is curious to think that Goethe in Germany, and Chénier at Byzantium, and Scott in Smailholme, and Andersen in the island of Funen, must have had their imaginations wakened by the same stories, and lulled by the refrain of the same cradle-songs. This free life among the peasant children, this association with all that was left of the beauty of old France, seemed a fit boyhood for a poet. 'Il y avait là de quoi faire un poète, et je ne suis qu'un rêveur en prose,' De Nerval says sadly in one of the few passages of his writings where he complains or desponds. Not only the surroundings of his youth, but the variety of his studies, seemed to mark him as one with a great future. He read Italian, Greek and Latin, German, English, Arabic and Persian. His schoolfellows looked on him as Lamb at Christ's Hospital regarded Coleridge; and indeed the bent of his mind led him to the same pursuits, reveries of the New Platonists, Pythagorean dreams. These dim musings, the shifting

cloudland about the setting light of Greek thought, have hung around the dawn of many a clear philosophy, but De Nerval never passed beyond them into a purer air. The desultory guesses suited his turn of mind, which was, as Sir Thomas More wrote of the great Italian Mirandola, whose learned youth Gérard's so much resembled, 'to be always fitting and wandering.' He passed from one field of knowledge to another rapidly, in a dreamy fashion, gathering, like Pharamond in his vision, here a flower, and there a gem, precious to him, but worthless enough to the waking world. The most substantial result was that the Greek led him to the German mystics, and so to Goethe; and his first, probably his most permanent work, was a translation of *Faust*. For this he received the thanks of the great poet of Weimar, and with this distinction still fresh, he entered the career of letters in Paris, and joined the circle of his old school-fellow Théophile Gautier.

Had De Nerval possessed, along with Heine's tenderness, anything of his keenness and vigour, the contact with the Romantic School might have hardened and tempered his genius. But he found himself in a life compounded of activity and hesitation and indolence—a world of bright Utopias and vague enthusiasms; of languid ambition, languid conscience, of paradoxes that justified indulgence. 'We aspired,' he says, 'to the mystic roses wherewith the lovely Isis was to renew our hearts; the goddess ever young and ever pure appeared to us in the night, and we blushed for the hours of our wasted days. Without energy, without care for success, we took refuge in the enchanted tower of poetry, mounting ever higher to isolate ourselves from the crowd.' Most natures would have been soured by a sense of this impotent genius and futile conscience, but it

was De Nerval's way to take things as they came, to find a pleasure even in the refined sense of the contradictions of his existence. It was 'as if a man should play the part of a chorus in the tragedy of his own life.'

Of all the fantastic school, he was the most innocently and simply fantastic. He did not 'pose' himself, like Baudelaire, or assume *bizarre* desires and inordinate affections. The ruling taste for *bric-à-brac* became a passion with him, and, along with his habit of wandering through the night, led to strange contrasts and adventures. Thus, it is said that he had a garret full of precious porcelain, but it was a garret in a friend's house, and he lodged neither there nor elsewhere. His home was the street, and any chance shelter sufficed him—with soldiers who listened to his stories of Africa, with vagrants at little rustic inns; in prisons often, from carelessness of papers and passports, and what he calls 'exaggerated Troubadourism.' Once—it was when he had inherited a small fortune—he actually bought a bed, a wonderful and ancient piece of the Medicean period, carved with Loves and cherubs. This couch had to be fitted with hangings of a certain silk only to be found in Genoa; the curiosity shops of Flanders were ransacked to supply a missing leg. Gérard's bed was as famous as Balzac's cane, but by the time it was completed his wealth had taken to itself wings, and it is not believed that he ever slept beneath his silken canopy.

This period bore little fruit in poetry. Certain *Odelettes* show the influence of Ronsard and the Renaissance, for the interest in the Renaissance was reviving, and, like Sainte-Beuve, De Nerval wrote an unsuccessful prize essay on the poets of the sixteenth century. Sainte-Beuve's studies resulted in the *Tableau de la Poésie française*, a classical and permanent criticism.

De Nerval only produced snatches of song, which he was wont to chant himself, holding, like Du Bellay, that Music and Poetry were inseparable sisters. Perhaps for this reason his verses have a musical quality, which to us, 'with the German paste in our composition,' French lyrics frequently lack.

Où sont nos amoureuses ?  
Elles sont au tombeau ;  
Elles sont plus heureuses,  
Dans un séjour plus beau.

Surely this is not, as Mr. Arnold complains of French verse, 'deeply unsatisfying,' but a natural and ringing lyric note. In another little poem, called *Fantaisie*, there is a wonderful power of vision; before the reader, as before the poet, the ancient castle 'rises into towers,' to the melody of the magic tune.

Il est un air pour qui je donnerais  
Tout Rossini, tout Mozart et tout Weber,  
Un air très-vieux, languissant et funèbre,  
Qui pour moi seul a des charmes secrets.

Or, chaque fois que je viens à l'entendre,  
De deux cents ans mon âme rajeunit ;  
C'est sous Louis treize, et je crois voir  
s'étendre

Un coteau vert que le couchant jaunit.

Puis un château de brique à coins de  
pierre,  
Aux vitraux teints de rougeâtres couleurs,  
Ceint de grands parcs, avec une rivière  
Baignant ses pieds, qui coule entre des  
fleurs.

Puis une dame, à sa haute fenêtre,  
Blonde, aux yeux noirs, en ses habits  
anciens—

Qui, dans une autre existence peut-être,  
J'ai déjà vue—et dont je me souviens.

Another poem, the *Point noir*, is a criticism of his own weak ambition. As a black point swims before the eyes of one who has looked too long on the sun, so to him, who had gazed on the glory that might be his, the reality of things was ever obscured, and things not present floated in a luminous mist.

Another task of this period was the libretto of an opera composed for the *début* of an actress whom he

loved with an inexplicable passion that survived her death, and his own madness. He seemed to recognise in her a being loved in a former life. For the 'fallings from us, vanishings, misgivings,' that Wordsworth knew, possessed De Nerval's mind in an extraordinary degree. The conditions, whatever they may be, that make us feel that some experience has occurred before, were constantly and actively present to him. His was a soul, Plato might have said, that had drunk too sparingly of the water of forgetfulness, and that was haunted by memories of a lost estate.

Returning one night from the theatre where he went every evening to watch this siren, De Nerval's mind slipped back to a real and innocent past, and without further thought he made his way to the scenes of his childhood. Was Sylvie still alive and unwedded? could the old childish affection be revived? He found her a woman grown, beautiful, unspoiled, still remembering the primitive songs and fairy tales. They walked together through the woods to the cottage of the aunt of Sylvie, an old peasant woman of the richer class. She prepared dinner for them, and sent De Nerval for the girl, who had gone to ransack the peasant treasures in the garret. Two portraits were hanging there—one that of a young man of the good old times, smiling with red lips and brown eyes, a pastel in an oval frame. Another medallion held the portrait of his wife, gay, *piquante*, in a bodice with ribbons fluttering, and with a bird perched on her finger. It was the old aunt in her youth, and further search discovered her ancient festal-gown, of stiff brocade. Sylvie arrayed herself in this splendour; patches were found in a box of tarnished gold, a fan, a necklace of amber. The holiday attire of the dead uncle, who had been a keeper in the royal woods, was not far to

seek, and Gérard and Sylvie appeared before the aunt, as her old self, and her old lover. 'My children!' she cried and wept, and smiled through her tears at the cruel and charming apparition of youth. Presently she dried her tears, and only remembered the pomp and pride of her wedding. 'We joined hands, and sang the *naïve* epithalamium of old France, amorous, and full of flowery turns, as the Song of Songs; we were the bride and the bridegroom all one sweet morning of summer.' It is only the author of the *Village on the Cliff* that can rival this picture of happy youth, of happy age: the pathos and the mirth; the tears that turn to laughter; the laughter that ends in a sigh, for love fulfilled and unforgetten, for the presage of love never to be fulfilled.

De Nerval went back to Paris, and, like Lancelot in the romance, 'fell to his old love again,' to her whom he calls Aurélie. But the wandering fever was astir in him, and he passed to Germany, with little money, and few needs. Thence he wandered to the East, with the touching confidence of the children in the *Boys' Crusade*. They, too, set out for Palestine, without gold, without staff or scrip, asking at each town, 'Is not this Jerusalem?' Each was Jerusalem to Gérard, a spiritual city; for in each life was busy, and novelty, and food for visions, and the stuff that dreams are made of. There is some story of a love adventure with the daughter of a Sheik in the Lebanon. Probably the Eastern reverence for those whom God, as they think, has darkened with excess of light, was his protection. The East was disastrous to his genius, and 'the Sphinx of the Nile ended what the Fairies of the Rhine had begun.' His dreams grew incoherent. Arabian genii, pagan gods, demons of the Talmud, all the ghosts of old Theosophies, crowded

in his brain, as they filled the pantheon of decaying Rome. On his homeward way, he visited Pompeii, and sought out the temple of Isis. 'The sun was setting over Caprea, the moon rose slowly through the thin smoke above Vesuvius.' There, between sun and moon, in the temple where, long ago, they had been adored as Isis and Osiris, he sat dreaming of the death and birth of creeds. The Revolution had denied all. Might he not accept all, and find that all the ages uttered one truth under many names; life made perfect in sacrifice; death, resurrection; rest in the arms of the universal, the eternal mother, Cybele, Persophone, Demeter, Isis, Mary?

Probably the poem *Le Christ aux Oliviers* belongs to this period. It is inspired by Richter's dream of a dead God, and alone in French poetry approaches in sorrowful denial Clough's Ode on Easter Day.

Quand le Seigneur, levant au cielses maigres  
bras,  
Sous les arbres sacrés, comme font les  
poètes,  
Se fut longtemps perdu dans ses dou-  
leurs muettes,  
Et se jugea trahi par des amis ingrats,  
Il se tourna vers ceux qui l'attendaient en  
bas,  
Rêvant d'être des rois, des sages, des  
prophètes,  
Mais engourdis, perdus dans le sommoil  
des bêtes,  
Et se mit à crier, 'Non, Dieu n'existe pas !'  
Ils dormaient. 'Mes amis, savez-vous la  
nouvelle ?  
J'ai touché de mon front à la voûte éternelle,  
Je suis sanglant, brisé, souffrant pour  
bien des jours !  
Frères, je vous trompais; abîme, abîme,  
abîme,  
Le Dieu manque à l'autel où je suis le  
victime.  
Dieu n'est pas, Dieu n'est plus !' Mais  
ils dormaient toujours.

De Nerval's frail genius did not long endure the burden of these thoughts. There was a sudden and violent crisis of madness, and he never again was, even in the old

degree, a man among other men. M. de Saint-Victor tells how he might be found in some lonely country place, 'dreaming with open eyes, watching a leaf's fall, an insect's flight, the passage of a bird, the shifting shape of clouds, all tender and subtle changes of earth and air.'

Rapt, twirling in his hand a withered spray, And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

There came another malady, another period of darkness. But strangely, De Nerval did not 'lose the years of darkened mind.' The night of his spirit had been luminous with stars, and meteors, and spaces of light. He has told the experience of his own madness, in a book called *Aurélie, ou Le Rêve et la Vie*. This strange work does for insanity what the *Dream of Gerontius* has done for death. If dying be not what Father Newman has found words to tell, if De Nerval has not lifted the veil from before the confusions of delirium, scarcely elsewhere can a sane and living man learn what manner of end may await his life or his reason. All through his mania, he felt that his feet were losing hold of earth, and wandering into emptiness; and his dream took the form of a return to the surer ground of his past life, that he might convince himself he still lived. It was to Aurélie, the singer, that his confused memory returned. As long ago he had sought, and found for a season, his former love, his former self in the woods of Valois, so now he pursued a later self, and a fiery remembered passion. But now he did not wander among the grottoes of the woods, by the flags on the stream-side, watching for the ballad airs. Through graveyards, and tracts of clouds, and unknown worlds of stars, the Bridegroom seemed to seek the Bride, to follow the fleeting shade, and listen for the departed music.

This 'cantic of madness, this song of songs of delirium,' was to be the last of Gérard's labours. The end came suddenly. He had ever loved the old streets of Paris, the Paris of Gringoire and Esmeralda, the gable ends, the towers, and spiral lanes that survive only in Hugo's novel, and in the etchings of Méryon. Late one night, De Nerval left a supper of artists, where he had sung his own verses, as long ago. It will never be known how the homeless poet wandered to the most horrible place of the dark places of old Paris, the ill-omened Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, nor how he came by his death there.

The fate of men like Murger and Roger de Beauvoir can scarcely be regarded without some indignation as well as pity. If De Nerval's life calls for pity, it is all tender,

and without contempt. Blame is out of place. He never, alone perhaps of his *coterie*, stimulates luxury, or appeals to the senses; if he did not increase his talent, at least, he kept the treasure of his genius pure. Like Plato's poet, he was indeed a light and sacred thing, sacred as children are, and those whom God has enlightened and afflicted. He was not of the world, nor of those whom the world can spoil. And if, when he made haste to be poor, he wooed Poverty in another fashion than St. Francis, it was on the impulse of a nature gentle and guileless, though untamed. In any age he would have been a figure of mark and interest. That the beauty and interest should be so dimmed, is the fault of evil days, and the sad later fates of France.

A. LANG.



## A 'NOTE' OF INTERROGATION.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A NOVEL of genius has appeared. Its writer once put before the world (in a work of fiction too), certainly the most living, probably the most historically truthful, presentment of the great Idealist, Savonarola of Florence. This author now can find no better outlet for the heroine—also an Idealist—because she cannot be a 'St. Teresa' or an 'Antigone,' than to marry an elderly sort of literary impostor, and, quick after him, his relation, a baby sort of itinerant Cluricaune (see *Irish Fairies*) or inferior Faun (see Hawthorne's matchless *Transformation*).

Yet close at hand, in actual life, was a woman—an Idealist too—and if we mistake not, a connection of the author's, who has managed to make her ideal very real indeed. By taking charge of blocks of buildings in poorest London, while making herself the rent-collector, she found work for those who could not find work for themselves; she organised a system of visitors—real visitors; of referees—real referees; and thus obtaining actual insight into the moral or immoral, industrial or non-industrial conduct of those who seemed almost past helping, except into the workhouse, she brought sympathy and education to bear from individual to individual—not by ruling of committee, but by personal acquaintance, utilising the committee-relief as never had been done before, and thus initiated a process of depauperisation; so that one might be tempted to say—Were there one such woman with power to direct the flow of volunteer

help, nearly everywhere running to waste, in every street of London's East End, almost might the East End be persuaded to become Christian.

Could not the heroine, the 'sweet sad enthusiast,' have been set to some such work as this? Indeed it is past telling the mischief that is done in thus putting down youthful ideals. There are not too many to begin with. There are few indeed to end with—even without such a gratuitous impulse as this to end them.

Another Ideal has just been published, most powerful, yet lame and impotent in its conclusion, for—if its conclusion it has—it is this: That Christ was, or would have been had He now lived, a Red Republican.

Yet in that book is a true embodiment of what will make itself be recognised, and in political storm and social tempest soon, if we refuse to recognise it by shutting our eyes and writing, 'There is happiness enough,' viz. (1) the intense miseries in our one dark London alone; (2) the undeniable fact that upon the great mass of London poor all existing forms of religion have lost all hold whatever; and that 'Charity Organisation people'<sup>1</sup> are helpless to cope with the former, farther than by preventing mischief being done—which is doubtless a great thing; as helpless as are 'Bishop of London' Funds to cope with the latter.

Another Ideal—really an ideal, though somewhat marred by flippancy on the most serious of all subjects, and by a tendency not to

<sup>1</sup> Not one word against 'Charity Organisation people.' They are doing a great work—leading the way to a greater. But they pander (unconsciously) to the prevailing fallacy: that, if we do not give to vagrants, they will find work for themselves. While helping the industrious to help themselves, there is a greater thing still to do yet;—to help the helpless to help themselves.



fight like a man, but to scratch like a cat—has also lately appeared, which, while discarding miracle and legend, shows a true and even deep insight into the character of Christ and the value of Christianity, as teaching us (1) to cherish our own higher, inner self—to 'find' our own 'soul'; (2) to deny, nay more, to disown our lower, outer self; (3) to be mild and gentle, 'meek and lowly in heart.'<sup>2</sup>

On the other side we have a Professor, a real man of science, undoubtedly one of the prime educators of the age, but making a profound mistake when he says to mankind: 'Objects of sense are more worthy of your attention than your inferences and imaginations. You can't see the battle of Thermopylæ take place. What you can see is more worth your attention.'

We might almost, and more truly say: On the contrary, the finest powers man is gifted with are those which enable him to infer from what he sees what he *can't* see. They lift him into truth of far higher import than that which he learns from the senses alone.

As our penultimate author speaks a great deal of 'extra-belief' (Aberglaube), meaning, not superstition, but belief in things not verified by the senses, so this most able Professor and man of science advocates or succumbs to a sort of *infra*-belief; covering, indeed, but small part of the ground man stands upon, less still of the horizon he looks on.

All these are 'signs of the times.' They suggest a ?—a note of interrogation.

Faint, indeed, is the note of this 'note,' the veriest hint, that will be here sounded.

I.

'Because I am God, and not man,' said One a few thousands of years ago. Then surely, is it not the most important and at the same time the most neglected point in theology, to determine *what* God is—what His character is like ?

Reams of sermons are written on every point but this. And yet this is the foundation of all.

It may seem a little too familiar an illustration to say that in marriage it is a constant reproach brought against continental nations, that they do not let the woman know what her husband is like, nor the man his wife, before they are married.

A poet who is gone from among us said, that 'love' was 'fellow-service.' That is just what it is. And how can there be 'fellow service' in the way in which men and women meet now ?

And how much more is this the case with regard to Him whom we (some of us) say we serve ?

Yet Him we have always with us. And we make no effort to know Him.

Indeed, it does not seem to be included as a part of theology, as a point of enquiry, as a basis of all sermons—the knowledge of, the acquaintance with God.

The same poet writes:—

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, tho' I perish, Truth is so;  
That, howso'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Yes: but 'Truth is so' that 'I' shall *not* 'perish.'

'Though He slay me,' says Job, 'yet will I trust in Him.' Yes: but I trust in Him because I know

<sup>2</sup> Very curious, this difference as to who Christ was—in two contemporaries publishing in the same tongue, the same year, and almost the same street, or 'hill.' One says Christ the Red Republican—the other, Christ the teacher of self-knowledge, self-renunciation, mildness, and lowliness.

that He will not 'slay' me or anyone else.

It always seems to be a fact ignored, or put out of sight, that for no one of our beliefs, religious, physical, moral, scientific, have we any dependence but—the character of God.

It is said that the reason why we believe that the sun will rise to-morrow is that the sun has always done so. But Joshua did not think so. Surely the reason is, our dependence on the invariable character of God.

And this seems to most people to be a very poor dependence. At least few take the pains to find out what is the character of God.

A very great deal of foregone conclusion, of what, as it appears, is untrue to fact and to feeling, is talked, for instance, as to belief in a future state—that this is 'instinctive,' 'intuitive,' the fruit of the natural craving of man, &c. &c. We do not see such 'craving.' On the contrary. There is perhaps no one subject interesting himself on which ordinary man thinks so little, cares so little. Of the best men there are, too, many now who would rather not have a future state for themselves. Alas! the highest stamp of men are oftenest those who feel this—men who have consecrated themselves to the good of their kind. Such men are generally extremely sensitive. And the very strain of constant self-consecration acting on such a temperament produces that condition of mind—so far more common (at least in this age) than any ecstasies of the saints—that longing, not to live for ever, but to die for ever, to be at rest.

But, whether this be so or not, whether there are 'instincts' or 'cravings' for a future state now or not, surely it is a complete fallacy to reason from them to the existence of a future state.

Surely the 'presumption' of an immortality 'grounded' merely on

'unsatisfied instincts,' is a fallacy. It is another thing to say: 'A perfect God, whose only design can be to lead every one of us to perfection, put those "instincts" into us. He never leaves any work unfinished. He is invariable, and without a shadow of turning. Therefore He will enable each one of us to fulfil in another state those aspirations after perfection which are necessarily left "unsatisfied" in this—because this world is not perfect, and cannot be made perfect till all mankind agree to make it so.'

Says Coleridge (in a better mood): 'We must earn earth before we can earn heaven.' Rather let us say: Mankind must make heaven before we can 'go to heaven' (as the phrase is), in this world, or in any other. Is God's whole scheme to put us in the way to make heaven? 'We have to earn the earth before we can think of earning heaven.' Yes, but when only a few are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, they cannot be 'filled.'

Why, then, is there a future state? Because God is.

For no other reason.

And let us drop the word, 'a future state.'

What 'future state'?

An eternal life which, beginning here, shall lead each and every one of us to finite perfection, and therefore to happiness.

Because there is a God, therefore there is this eternal life for each and for all of us.

For no other reason.

And let us also drop the word, 'a God.'

What God? that is the question. And no one answers it. It is only 'because God is'—the perfect God—that we shall have eternal life.

It is said of the French soldier in an expeditionary force, that he always wants to know where he is going, what he is doing, why he is suffering. Except on the condition

of letting him know this, you will not get out of him all he can give.

And if any can justly be called an expeditionary force, it is surely the expedition of mankind sent by God to conquer earth, to conquer perfection, to create heaven!

And how can man give his best unless he knows, unless you will try to find out for yourselves and for him, what is God's plan for him in this world and in the next (as it is truly called)—why there are such sufferings in this world—who is this God who has put him here, and why He has put him here, and put him here to suffer so much? In short, he wants to know why he is here, where he is going, what he is doing, why he is suffering.

Is it not a simple impertinence for preachers and schoolmasters, literally *ex cathedra*, to be always inculcating and laying down what they call the commands of God, and never telling us what the God is who commands, often indeed representing Him as worse than a devil? 'Because I am God, and not man.' But you represent Him as something far below man, worse than the worst man, the worst Eastern tyrant that ever was heard of.

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.' Ah, from the mouth of Him who said those words, they are indeed 'the first and greatest commandment.' He who went about doing good, who called all of us who are weary and heavy laden to come to Him—who towards His cruel torturers and murderers felt nothing but, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'—*He* might well say, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' for He needed not to explain to us His character.

But—and what a descent is here!—for us to lay it down as a *command* to love the Lord God! Alas! poor mankind might easily answer:

'I can't love because I am ordered—least of all can I love One who seems only to make me miserable here to torture me hereafter. Show me that He is good, that He is lovable, and I shall love Him without being told.'

But does any preacher show us this? He may say that God is good, but he shows Him to be very bad. He may say that God is 'Love,' but he shows him to be *hate*, worse than any hate of man. As the Persian poet says: 'If God punishes me for doing evil by doing me evil, how is He better than I?' And it is hard to answer. For certainly the worst man would hardly torture his enemy, if he could, for ever. And unless God has a scheme that every man is to be saved for ever, it is hard to say in what He is not worse than man. For all good men would save others if they could.

A poor man, dying in a work-house, said to his nurse after having seen his clergyman: 'It does seem hard to have suffered so much here, only to go to everlasting torments hereafter.' Seldom has the feeling, which must be that of half the world, been so simply expressed.

How, then, is it possible to teach either that God is 'Love' or that God commands any duty—unless God has a plan for bringing each and all of us to perfection? How can we work at all if there be not such a plan? It is not enough that God should not be willing to punish everlastingly—to show that He is good. He must be accomplishing a *design*, 'invariable and without a shadow of turning,' the design to save every one of us everlastingly. There must be no giving the go-by to searching out, as the very first condition of religion, whether there be such a plan.

Sermons sometimes start from a knowledge (or *would-be* knowledge) of human character. But none start from a knowledge of, or even an enquiry into, God's character.

And yet, one would think, if this is really His world, if He governs by His laws, which are the effluence of His character, not only the universe, but every, the minutest, circumstance in it—it must be of paramount importance to find out what His character is. Else how do we know where we are going?

Indeed, it may be said that the greatest, the most world-wide, and the most fatal mistakes, extending through all time, which have been made in this world, have arisen from not understanding His character.

It is not that men have not been absorbed, throughout the history of man, in religion. Probably no subject, not even how to procure food, has absorbed man more. But scarcely any study has received less attention than that of the character of God. Men have been content to take it upon authority, upon sympathy, antipathy, blind 'intuition,' or association—they have been content to give this study not even the serious enquiry which is given to the anatomy of a pigeon or the construction of a bivalve shell—they have even written their 'passing thoughts' on religion. What wonder if there is no subject in the world on which man *has* such crude, such 'passing' thoughts as religion? And this the most important, the most *surpassing*, the most difficult subject of all.

How would it be possible to construct any other science without knowing its fundamental law? to construct the physical science of astronomy without knowing whether the sun or the earth moved round the other? to construct moral science without knowing man? 'Know thyself,' said the Greek wisdom which we have scarcely surpassed. 'Know God,' has indeed been said—and that to know God is eternal life—as indeed it would be. But has one step been made in knowing Him since that time? Have

not indeed the most awful retrograde steps, the most astonishing mistakes been made, upon which whole polities have been founded, from *not* knowing the character of God?

Take, e.g., some of the most familiar instances of mistakes arising from not understanding the character of God.

That God regards suffering as good in itself, that He pays well those who inflict it on themselves, is the basis on which was founded a very large polity in the Roman Catholic Church.

That God has so let go man as to become essentially wicked, for which He has instituted no other system of help except letting Another pay the penalty for man, was the foundation of another theory of religion sometimes called 'Evangelical.'

That this barbarising doctrine does not make man barbarous, at least not very, can only be because men are so much better than their God.

That God has made a scheme of salvation and damnation by which a certain number of His creatures are 'saved' everlastingly, a certain number 'damned' everlastingly, is considered by all the orthodox millions of the Church which calls itself 'Christian,' whether Roman Catholic, Greek or Protestant, as the fundamental doctrine or one of the fundamental doctrines of their faith.

Then the (so-called) 'Liberal' steps in and says, 'No, God would not be so ill-natured.' But if you ask the 'Liberal' you will find that he does not suppose God has made any other plan, any plan for conducting each and all of us to perfection; he simply supposes that God has no plan at all; or that, if He has, we can't find it out.

In that case, it is difficult to see how his God is better than the others'. Indeed, in point of intellect, He is worse. But what is the use of working on at all, what is the use

of sermons at all, if we do not begin at the beginning—if we do not know who God is? Why should I be told to serve Him if I do not know whom it is I serve? To please God, I am justly told, is the end of my being; but I must know what God is like, in order to know what is pleasing to Him. The most frightful crimes which this world has ever seen have been perpetrated 'to please God.' So strange and fatal have been the mistakes as to what He is and what does please Him. Is it not, therefore, the beginning of all knowledge to know Him? the very first step in theology, in education, in every line and moment of our conduct, to find out what is God's character? But we do not even make it the last. 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending,' the first letter and the last and every intermediate one of all this life-alphabet of man. How true those words are! 'I am the beginning and the end.' And how little they are attended to! E.g. we are told that God looks only at our 'intentions.' It would seem indeed as if we thought God Himself had only intentions. For, as to crediting Him with a plan within which we have to work, without which we can do nothing, we never so much as believe that He has any.

It is strange how, *à priori*, and in direct opposition to every testimony, every positive experience since the world began, we lay down or take for granted that God has such and such qualities.

Take, e.g., this dictum, that God looks only at our intentions—a cloak, by the way, for every laziness, every unwisdom of man, an excuse for not taking the means of success which we must take for every walk of life—for not cultivating judgment, obtaining experience, watching results, as we do in every other profession, science, and business.

And yet we say, and say truly, that He visits the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation; that is, so far from 'looking only at the intentions,' the race, the place, the climate, the conditions (sanitary or otherwise), the education, the moral influences and associations, all that goes to make up that vast item which we call by the little word 'circumstances,' all this tells on the next generation, and the next, and the next, and makes the world. Mankind is to create mankind. Mankind has to create the circumstances which make mankind. Mankind has even to find out from experience what is virtue and what is vice. No instinct shows him this, no conscience. All that conscience tells him is to do what is right, and not to do what is wrong. But *what is the right and what is the wrong mankind has to find out.*

Yet we see that inexorably consequences are visited upon the 'third and fourth generation.' Consequences of what? Of ignorance. Why? Because this is the very plan of God to teach man through inexorable consequences. To teach him what? That suffering is to be the inexorable, the interminable consequence of error. *Not so:* for under this and through this all is the river deeply flowing (the imperishable, never interrupted Nile), the warp upon which all this suffering is the woof, the 'still small voice'—which is the plan of God to bring each and all of us to perfection through mankind learning to create mankind by experience, learning by means of the invariable, the inexorable nature of these consequences.

It is said that, in Japan, every one in whose house a fire originates, whether accidentally or not, is beheaded without appeal; that is, no one looks at his 'intentions.'

Is not this something like the government of God? If one has

not had the wisdom to prevent the fire, does He the less permit the fire to burn us and our children? Does He 'forgive' us the consequences? But there seems in almost all present teaching of Christianity an ineradicable prepossession that 'forgiveness' means the removal of future eternal punishment, that God has nothing to do with laws regulating or registering<sup>3</sup> results in this world, but that He keeps, as it were, a rod in pickle for us in the next; which rod in pickle is to be averted, it really seems to be taught, by a certain number of ceremonial observances.

This is another of those curious practical mistakes extending through centuries from misunderstanding the character of God—the believing Him to be pleased, to be best worshipped, with ceremonial, not moral, service. How could this mistake have originated in Christianity, since Christ may be said to have preached beyond all other things the *spiritual* service of God, the serving Him by serving man? It is a mistake actually more prevalent now in Christianity than it was in some other religions, such as Buddhism.

Mysticism in all ages and in all creeds—as in Oriental religions, so in Western Christianity—seems to have been a reaction against this.

## II.

But, as often happens, there has been another reaction besides Mysticism in quite another direction, and this is Positivism.

By Positivists it is thought that, to learn the laws of nature as far as we can, without troubling our heads about Him who made them,

if indeed there be One (about whom, they say, we *can* know nothing), is the only course for man.

Is not this leaving out the most inspiring part of life?

Suppose Plato had said, 'I find certain words, a certain life, on which I mean to base my own; but I do not care as to whether these are the words, the life, of Socrates. I can know nothing really about him. He is indifferent to me.'

The whole inspiration of Plato's life seems to have been his having known Socrates. And shall it be less of an inspiration to us to have known God, to know God?

By Positivists it is said, the aspirations, the 'unsatisfied instincts' of man point not to the development of that particular man, to 'eternal life' for *him*, as the moralists say, but to the development of 'humanity.' This appears strictly illogical. If one human life is a disappointing fragment, humanity means a mass of disappointing fragments—a crowd of unfinished lives—an accumulation of worthless abortions. Is it worth while for me to work either for humanity or myself if this be so? Above all, is it worth while for me to work if there be no God, or if there be only such a God as this? Unless I am a fellow-worker with Divine Power, who is working up all our poor little puny efforts into a whole—a whole of which our efforts are only parts, and worth anything only in as much as they *are* parts—shall I work at all?

To be a fellow-worker with God is the highest inspiration of which we can conceive man capable. But how can we be fellow-workers with God if we do not know His plan?

<sup>3</sup> A law is only a register, a register of the will of God—always the same.

<sup>4</sup> 'Collective Humanity'—a term of religion much used by the Positivist, and, indeed, by the 'extremely not so' too. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—a 'collection' of abortions—a 'collection' of 'me's. Is this what I am to reverence? this which I am to work for?

The world is God's, not thine : let Him  
Work out a change, if change must be,

says the Tempter, in the ballad.

The Tempter says what is (though in a different sense) strictly true. It is God (who made the world and all that is in it) whose plans must work out its progress and perfection. And we can only be anything or do anything towards it exactly in as far as we are fellow-workers with God ; exactly in as far as we study, discover, and work in accordance with His laws, His designs.

The Tempter (in the ballad) goes on :

The hand that planted best can trim  
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.

Quite true, Tempter ; but not true in so far as we are not trees. At least, we advance beyond being trees. And then we must help to 'trim' and 'nurse' not only ourselves, but those who have not yet advanced beyond being 'trees.' And at present their name is Legion.

The world is God's, not thine.

Even the Positivist acknowledges this in the sense that there are inexorable laws beyond altogether, not our ken but, our touch. We cannot move them a hair's breadth to the right or the left.

The world is God's, not ours. But God means to make it ours. And how can He make it ours, except by leading us, by His invariable laws, to know how to govern *by them* ? It is law which makes us kings. His kingdom is a kingdom of law. Without laws there can be no kingdom. He wants to give us His kingdom. How is He to do this ?

### III.

Into this kingdom we scarcely seem up to this time to have effected the smallest entrance. And for two reasons :—

(A) That we have but the vaguest and most general acquaintance with the character of its King, restricted indeed only to a few words, to which words mankind attach the most opposite meanings. (B) That we have not as yet even begun to enquire into any method for ascertaining the laws of the kingdom—moral philosophy, as I believe it is usually called.

And first:

(A) It is of no use saying that God is just, unless we define what justice is. In all Christian times, people have said that 'God is just,' and have credited Him with an injustice such as transcends all human injustice that it is possible to conceive, e.g. that He condemns to 'everlasting fire' for not being baptised, little babies who certainly could not get themselves baptised. What is the most horrible and wholesale infanticide compared with this ? Not even that of the Frenchwoman farmer of babies who poured vitriol instead of milk down the babies' throats, and dipped their heads in boiling water. For she certainly did not mean to do this for eternity.

But would God be the more just, even though He does not damn the little babies, if He does not *save* them—if He has no scheme by which the little babies, who were never asked whether they would come into this world or not, are to be brought to perfect happiness ?

Also, there is extraordinary confusion about what happiness is. Whole books have been written to prove that there is a very equal distribution of happiness all over the world in all classes and conditions of men. 'Paupers are accustomed to pauperism, rich people are accustomed to ennui, savages to savage-dom. All these have their pleasures.' This is the argument. Do people who argue thus ever ask themselves for one moment what happiness is ? Or do they

really call the excitement of gin, the beastly momentary pleasure of sensuality, which alone diversify the miserable lives of hundreds of thousands of London poor, happiness? Or do they call the dead lock of carriages in Hyde Park, with dogs' heads instead of children's out of window, which is the break to the ennui of the rich, happiness?

As well might they write to prove that every man in London, taking the average, has 10,000*l.* a year, as that every man, taking the average, has happiness.<sup>5</sup>

What a poor idea of happiness this is!

Is not the happiness of God, so far as we can conceive it, the only type of what happiness is? And why has God happiness? Not because He can do what He likes.<sup>6</sup> But because what He likes is good.

It would seem, then, as if we had to define what the very word that we are most in the habit of using, *happiness* (in moral science), means, before we can go a step farther in determining what the moral kingdom is, what the laws of the kingdom of God (or of moral science) are.

Take another word in common use: 'Love.' It is of no use saying that God is Love, unless we define what love will do. That 'God is Love' has been said for eighteen centuries, while the most hideous cruelties have been perpetrated in the name of this God of 'Love,' cruelties such as the most savage hate of savage life had never invented.

Is all we have to do in theology, all we have to say in moral philosophy, only (as sometimes said) by way of illustration, or anecdotes, of a few great principles, such as 'God is Love,' 'God is just,' 'God is happy,' &c. &c.?

Rather, have we not first to lay down the very elementary notions and definitions of what these few great principles are—then to extend the application of these principles over the whole of the moral world? They cover the whole domain of moral philosophy—the whole field of human action, since all human action springs from the great principles of the character of God. *Therefore* we must know what that is.

In the very measure of the progress we make in finding out the real facts of moral science, e.g. educational science, or the real facts of physical science, e.g. sanitary science, in that very measure those facts show the perfect God leading man on to perfection.

Take the newspapers of the day for illustrations. (1) Advertisement of a book: '*Fever in London, its Social and Sanitary Lessons.*' Exactly as we find out the real facts, we find that every one of those facts has attached to it just the lesson which will lead us on to social improvement. Were 'contagion' a fact, what would be its lesson? To isolate and to fly from the fever and cholera patient, and leave him to die; to kill the cattle; instead of improving the conditions of either. This is the strictly logical 'lesson' of 'contagion.' If it is not strictly followed, it is only because men are so much better than their God. If 'contagion' were a fact—this being the lesson which it teaches—can we escape the conclusion that God is a Spirit of Evil, and not of Love?

Now take the real facts of 'infection.' What is their lesson? Exactly the lesson we should teach, if we wanted to stir man up to social improvement. The lesson of 'infection' is, to remove the conditions of dirt, of over-crowding, of foulness of every kind under which

<sup>5</sup> The great Lecky has actually made this transcendent blunder about happiness.

<sup>6</sup> Is not the usual idea of happiness 'to be able to do as one likes'?



men live. And even were not so-called 'infectious' disease attached to these conditions by the unchanging will of God, it would still be inseparable from social improvement that these conditions should be removed. Disease is Elijah's earthquake, which forces us to attend, to listen to the 'still small voice.' May we not therefore say that 'infection' (facts and doctrine) shows God to be a God of Love? And this is but one instance.

(2) The facts of what is more strictly called education, though sanitary facts are one of the most powerful means of educating mankind, show, if possible, still more strongly what here has been imperfectly expressed.

Two powerful addresses to the Universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow take up the subject of education in its true light, viz. that education is to teach men not to know, but to do; that the true end of education is production, that the object of education is not ornamentation, but production—(after man has learnt to produce, then let him ornament himself)—but 'production' in the widest sense of the term. And, to teach man to produce, the educating him to perfect accuracy of thought—and, it might have been added, to accurate habits of observation—and to perfectly accurate habits of expression, is the main, the constant way—what a grand 'lesson' this is.

But to hasten on. The modern Positivists have told us till we are sick and tired of hearing it: the moral world as the physical world is entirely governed by laws. This is an undeniable truth. But we have never gained one step farther—they have not told us what one of these laws is.<sup>7</sup>

Perhaps the only one we know is

that acts of the moral nature, acts of the intellectual nature, become easier by habit, i.e. vicious habits as well as virtuous ones become more powerful by repetition. A man, any more than a nation, cannot will himself free all at once—cannot will himself good (in any one sense) all at once.

But, otherwise, this, the most practical study of all, the study of man, since man we have always with us—God and man we have always with us—is almost entirely neglected for want of a method to begin it.

But may it not be found that—as mankind has in the last thirty years gone at a pace hitherto unknown in all kinds of discoveries in physical science, discoveries in chemistry, discoveries in mechanical forces, in light and electricity, discoveries by sea and discoveries by land—if mankind would but set to work on the moral laws as they have done on the physical laws, equal discoveries would be achieved?

Could we not, e.g., discover how to redeem man from pauperism, how to teach every man, not infirm or incapable, to produce? Scarcely a single step has been made in this direction in England—among us, the most practical nation of the earth. Could we not discover how to redeem men from habitual crime? Though our ears are dinned by Habitual Criminals Bills and the like, crime is actually increasing instead of diminishing, it is sometimes said.

In the worst years of the worst Pope, 300 years ago, a Roman bandit refused a pardon on the ground that robbing was more lucrative and the robber's life more pleasant and secure than the honest man's in Rome. What is this but the state of London now?

<sup>7</sup> One of the greatest of American writers, and a 'Transcendentalist,' has written that the discovery of how Law rules the moral world is like setting us down to a 'feast.' It is a 'feast' of empty dishes, then!

Is it possible to believe if, instead of calling injustice justice in God, and imitating it, mankind were to lay their heads together in order to find out what *are* the ways for bringing man to perfection, what *are* the laws that govern the moral world—is it possible to believe that just as great strides might not be made during the next thirty years in this almost untrodden field as have been made in the field of natural science?—that mankind might not be redeemed from habitual pauperism, from habitual crime, and that the face of this world of men might not be transformed on its way to perfection after a manner that 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive'? Could man have conceived the electric telegraph half a century ago, or even travelling by steam?

(B) But secondly, the very foundation of moral science has to be laid, the method by which we have to arrive at it.

Bacon and Newton laid the foundation for physical science in England; that is, they discovered the method by which all enquiry into physical science must be conducted in order to be successful.

Has not this now to be done for moral science?

As Macaulay says, what would Socrates have thought of us had he known that, since he was here, we have measured the diameters and distances of bodies millions of millions of miles off? Yet of the nature, the metaphysics of man, we know hardly more than he did.

Of God perhaps we know less; in one sense, the conception of a *perfect* God was perhaps clearer in Plato's mind than in ours. We are not speaking here of practical, real Christianity.

Who is to be the founder, who the Bacon, of a method of enquiry into moral science?

But is it wonderful that no steps in moral science are made, if no one has ever yet discovered or even thought of discovering a method of enquiry?

Observation, careful observation, in moral science is almost unknown.

*A priori* reasoning upon 'facts' which are not facts, begging the question upon foregone conclusions, is all the art or method we know.

The preacher, the legislator, the statesman, the poor law administrator, the criminal law administrator, the legal world, the politician, the educator, the moral philosopher, all these have the moral nature of man for their subject, their field of work. Yet the moral nature of man is the only subject they do not know, do not even investigate, do not treat of—the only field they do not work in; or, if they do, it is only by a sort of rule of thumb.

If, then, moral science, the science of the social and political improvement of man, the science of educating or administering the world by discovering the laws which govern man's motives, his moral nature, is synonymous with the study of the character of God, because the laws of the moral world are the expressions and solely the expressions of the character of God, shall we not undertake now, with all our minds, and with all our souls, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength, this study, which is the oldest, the newest, the most important, the most untouched, the most Christ-like, the most philosophical, the most practical, the most human, the most divine, of all the work that God has given us to do?



## OVER THE MARCHES OF CIVILISED EUROPE.

A KNIGHT'S move at chess is sometimes very convenient. So the benevolent reader will please to transport himself mentally *per saltum* to the extreme east of Hungary, where we—that is, an Oxford undergraduate and his brother, a Harrow boy—found ourselves in the train in August of last year, bound for the little village of Petrosény, the last limit of rail in the south-west Carpathians, near the frontiers of Wallachia, but just within the limits of Transylvania. Perhaps, on the whole, travellers for these regions had better not try to pick up bits of useful information from their Hungarian fellow-passengers, or else they might gather, as we did, the following particulars, interesting perhaps, but hardly reassuring, as to the Rouman part of the Carpathians, viz. that you will be robbed by the Wallacks as a matter of course, and that if the wolves and bears which wander about in flocks don't speedily put an end to your existence, 'why, then you are certain to be shot from *behind*.' 'Ah,' said another, 'do let me persuade you to alter your minds, and try a tour through some of our plains, where people speak good honest Magyar.'

We did not follow his advice, and on the contrary we were extremely glad when these eternal plains, which were fast reviving an infantile idea that the earth was flat and that you would tumble off the edge somewhere if you did not take care, gave place to the first offshoots of the Carpathians. The hills are covered with dark fir

trees, against which glitter silver church spires in every variety of form. We are already among the Roumans, weird mysterious people in sheep-skin mantles and great shaggy caps, who realise some vague ideas I had about Don Cossacks. Does it rain? they cover their heads with shaggy hoods, and then you are among Esquimaux. At last, after a weary journey, we reached our destination in the middle of the mountains, only four hours late.

Petrosény is a little ground-floor village nestling among the gigantic downs which, by courtesy, I have called mountains. Four parallel straight lines of equal length will give a correct ground-plan of its two streets, in which an official notice about muzzling dogs is put up in three languages—Roumanian, German, and Hungarian; but the inhabitants are apparently to a man Roumans,<sup>1</sup> except our host, who speaks German. To-day it is milder, so they have for the most part divested themselves of their shaggy cloaks, and walk about in the full glory of flowing white trousers and tunic, and a broad leathern dagger-belt round their waist indented with strange spiral decorations, and curiously reminding one of the bronze belts discovered in the pre-historic cemetery at Hallstadt. Some have rugged caps of shaggy skin, others three-cornered hats or wideawakes of straw or felt. They have moustaches occasionally, but no beard, black eyes and long lank tresses to match. As to the women, they may be readily distinguished from the men, showing more of

<sup>1</sup> I call them by the more general name of 'Rouman,' to distinguish them from the Wallacks of Wallachia proper; though they are of the same race, and are called *Walacher* by the Germans. They call themselves 'Romans' pure and simple! Their language, in its preference for *u* rather than *o*, resembles more the Sicilian dialect than the literary Italian, and differs from all the other Romance speeches by possessing, like the Scandinavian, the post-positive article—e.g. *l'homme, il uomo, el hombre = ille homo*; but the Rouman equivalent is *homul = homo ille*.

their legs and less of their hair; they wear white dresses reaching nearly down to the knee and Turkish waistcoats elaborately embroidered with flowers.

We now set off on foot for our mountain journey to Hermannstadt, Transylvania's capital. There is no pass, but we intended to strike right across the Carpathians, trusting as best we could to a compass and an Austrian map. Our first day's journey was over mountains, a little too like downs, but with here and there splendid bits of rock and precipice. Habitations grew more and more primitive till they sank into small wooden huts, and the villages dwindled into groups of two or three such hovels and then disappeared altogether. Luckily about dusk we came upon a party of Rouman peasants. Not a word of German did they understand, so I tried Latin: 'Dormire?' 'Dormire!'—they understood at once, but pointed far away towards Petrosény. That wouldn't do; so we got one of them to lead us to his home in the mountains. We found that their speech resembled Latin and Italian enough for us to comprehend a little of what they said, and even for them to understand us a little. One of them showed us the spot where he had killed the wolf whose hair formed his head-gear. Darker and darker it grew, and still our guide led us on along the rough mountain-side, through woods and over rocks, till, almost worn out by continual stumbling, we stopped before his hut, a rude circular wigwam of rough spars, situated on a small level spot on a steep slope.

There was no room for us inside when we got there, but the inmates were very hospitable. They brought us out hay to lie on, fresh milk (*lapte dulce*) to drink, water (*apa*) to cook with, and made us a roaring fire (*focu*). Their supper was a little piece of black bread and some

toadstools, which they roasted by the simple process of throwing them on their backs in the hot embers, having first sprinkled them with some crystals of mountain salt. We tasted a crumb of it and found it excellent, but very peppery.

That night we had to lie out on the bare mountain-side in a pouring rain, which began at 10 P.M. and continued without intermission for fourteen hours; and next morning we began to climb the largest mountain we had yet come to, called Tartareu. The ascent, through thick woods of fir and beech, was very laborious, as the rain had made the ground so slippery that we slid back at every step. The lightning has made great havoc with the beautiful beech and fir trees of the higher regions. Some have been shivered to pieces, others have a black tell-tale scar at top and bottom, and others, again, have been chiselled by its coils into gigantic cork-screws of black. The view from the summit was extremely beautiful—a panorama of dark undulating mountains on every side, covered with dense fir-forest, and fringed with white clouds and mist just lit up by the returning sunshine. But it was fearfully wild.

We followed the mountain ridge at an elevation of about 6,000 feet. Still amidst the same profoundly lonely scenery, in a silence only broken by the croak of a raven (the commonest bird in these wilds) and an occasional woodpecker, hammering away with his red head. In the lower and somewhat less desolate parts were also crossbills, magpies (some of them of a brilliant blue), pigeons, and many kinds of tits and wrens, especially the little golden-crest, true to its love of fir trees.

Hour passed on hour, but in vain we gazed down into valley after valley for any sign of man. Many glades we saw, far below, well adapted for cultivation, but none was there, and for the rest the mountains were covered with endless, trackless fir

forest, the trees growing to an incredible height. Yet the Carpathians derive a certain peculiar beauty from their sombre garments—a deep heavenly blue hangs over even the nearer distance, which you rarely see elsewhere. The fir trees when superannuated are clothed in a grey charity-suit of lichen, which hangs from the top to the bottom of the tree, wreathing and festooning the dead wood in unbroken threads from branch to branch. This is the forest primeval, and we found forcing our way through it a work of extreme labour, as at almost every step we were confronted by vast natural barricades of fallen trees, and branches torn off by hurricanes, for here the wind acts as woodman, and the lightning is charcoal-burner. But who is to carry off the fine timber that lies on the ground?

While engaged in this difficult work we came upon the track of a bear. There were his foot-prints, claws and all, indented in the soft clay, and a magnificent animal he must have been, to judge from their size! We were not fortunate enough to meet their owner, but Bruin's tracks were a decided help to us, as they led very much in our direction, or rather what we thought was our direction. But we soon lost his track in less impressionable soil. We were, however, consoled by a delicious feast of fine wild strawberries, and raspberries of exquisite flavour spread all around; and we fancied that we had found Bruin's dining-room.

We kept on, guiding ourselves as well as we could in a north-east direction, and found, towards evening, a shepherd's track leading down into a valley, which, though converted into a stream by recent rains, we followed in hopes of getting a night's lodging. It was lucky, on the whole, that we had some such clue, for soon a thick cloud settled over us, and we saw nothing till a dog, flying at us, revealed a Rouman

shepherd milking his sheep—snow-white, as all the sheep are here. He led us to his *casa*, and told us we might sleep there. A queer primitive dwelling it was. A hut of unhewn wood, guiltless of chimney or window, but with a hole at each end under the eaves to let out the smoke; and as to light and ventilation, the architect had admirably provided for them by the simple but original device of leaving half an inch of daylight between each of the rough trunks that formed its sides. It was all one room, with just a little partition shutting off a sanctuary sacred to cheese and milk, and with a wooden dais running round it, raised about three feet from the ground, and serving as chairs by day and beds by night—for which latter purpose it was partitioned into berths by little wooden knife-edges, by reposing your head on which you may dream that you are on the guillotine. But I anticipate. A few stones in the middle of the room form the hearth, and a wooden hook swings over it from the blackened beam above—the good old Homeric *μέλαθρον*.

In fact, the scene is altogether of epic days; in such a home as this the old swine-herd Eumæus might have received the way-worn Odysseus; outside lie dogs such as those that nearly tore the wanderer in pieces, and pigs, too, such as the old herd kept for his lord. And surely those forms that stand out in the firelight are big-limbed and noble and simple as ever those that floated before the mind's eye of the blind poet. I have never seen a family of larger mould. There is the father, our host, a magnificent man, over six feet tall, and broad and big in proportion, there are his mother and comely wife, his grown-up son, *suo similis patri*, and two twin daughters about twelve years old, but evidently very large for their age, with great black lustrous eyes

and black cascade of hair, cut square over their foreheads. There is a natural refinement about these people which we notice wherever we come across them, a politeness which prompts them even in the heart of the mountains to touch their hat to a stranger, a delicacy which in spite of their evident curiosity holds them back from prying into our knapsacks and chattels. Of course we must share their supper, delicious sheep's milk, curds and black bread—they wouldn't hear of our eating our own food. Then we were shown our bed, one of the wooden compartments above mentioned, four feet long, by three broad—one between us two. No dressing or undressing here; but you get into bed just as you are, and if you happen to have a great-coat, put it on. They gave us two little bits of fleece for sheets, and so we went to sleep on the hard boards.

Taking what we saw yesterday and to-day among these Roumans of the mountains, we have a strange picture of primitive life presented to us. Cut off from intercourse with mankind at large by the forest and far-stretching mountains, these people live in a little world of their own. They have neither beer nor wine; neither tea nor coffee, and their diet is apparently mainly vegetarian—curds and cheese, and a little maize cake or black bread, eked out by wild fruit and fungus; their drink is water, or the milk of their sheep. They spin their own clothes, every woman has her distaff and spindle, and the men mend their own rents. A piece of wood, a broken bit of pottery, or even a green walnut, serves them for spindle whorl. Sheep, wolves, and bears supply them with cloaks and hats. Metal is almost or entirely unknown. Their vessels for cooking and drinking are of rude pottery, sometimes barbarically painted, and judging by their shape and look

might have been dug up from some prehistoric barrow. A gourd supplies them with a bottle, and they make cups out of bark. Wooden pegs supplant nails, their corn is ground in stone handmills, their little patches of maize are tilled by spades, forks, and even ploughs, of wood hardened in the fire. If they had stone celts, the old-world picture would be perfect.

Our host insisted on guiding us part of the way to La Sibie, as the Roumans call Hermannstadt. We were glad of any help as we had completely lost our bearings, and had somehow got over the Wallachian frontier, indeed the ten hours' progress we had made yesterday was anything but in the right direction.

After our guide left us, we became once more enveloped in clouds, and as we did not know where we were when that event took place, we were afterwards still more at sea. A compass was only a very slight help, as going straight ahead was impossible in the mountains. Still we struggled on as best we could through voiceless forest and wilds, till about four P.M. we came upon the brink of a lovely valley, with a stream at bottom, to which we made our way by a steep descent, and finding a projecting rock, resolved to pass the night under its shelter, as we had already had nine hours' walk. So we lit a fire, and began making ourselves at home.

It was evening, and my brother was fishing in the stream, while I was out of his sight in another direction getting firewood, when he detected a head cautiously peering at him from some bushes about a hundred yards off; he went on fishing as if he had noticed nothing, keeping, however, a sharp look-out the while, and shortly became aware that there were two men with guns, creeping stealthily towards our bivouac. They dodged

cautiously from tree to tree, and absolutely crawled along the ground where the cover was not good. He was naturally not a little alarmed at these proceedings, so he put up his line in a nonchalant way, and returned to our fire, where I luckily came up directly afterwards. We held a council of war, and all that those communicative Hungarians had said to us in the train recurred to our mind. In fact it had become too evident that we had been run to earth. There was, however, some consolation in this view, as it tended to show that they would wait for nightfall.

Still, no time must be lost in making up our minds what to do, and they were soon made up to de-camp. Accordingly we put some damp wood on the fire to make it smoke well, and look as if we intended passing the night by it, then hastily doing up our knapsacks, we commenced our retreat. The rocks rose too precipitously behind our intended sleeping place to allow of our escaping in that direction, and we were, so to speak, in a kind of trap. Therefore we had to descend through the forest towards the dangerous quarter, and pass near to where by our calculations the men would now have advanced, though their advance over such ground must necessarily be so slow as to make a hundred yards equivalent to a quarter of a mile in more open ground. We climbed as silently as we could along the tree-covered steep, holding our revolvers, which we had carefully loaded, straight before us, prepared for the worst. However, we passed safely. We felt we had got a start; the imminence of danger took away all fatigue, and we felt fresher than when we started in the morning. We hurried on nimbly, quickly through the trees, over the rocks, across the ridge, down another steep gorge, across a stream, and at

last, to our great joy, found the best path we had seen for days. It was night, but we still kept on; and four hours after beginning our retreat, we had the good luck to hit on the remains of a woodman's old shed, with three sides and part of the roof still standing. Here we crept in, lit a fire, and passed a comfortable night, with earth for a mattress and growing fern for a pillow, after thirteen hours' walking and climbing.

Next day we kept along the same beautiful valley, which was worthy of any part of the Alps. Above us on either side towered the mountains several thousand feet, below roared a river, a continual sheet of foam, and the rocky sides of its deep gorge though almost precipitous were covered with dense fir forest, whose darkness was relieved by bright beeches and silvery birches and waving mountain ash, scarlet with berries, while at every turn, like the ruined castles of giants, started up spires and towers and pinnacles of rock. There are two specialities about this scenery: the trees are so immense that they must be seen to be believed in, and the rocks are all ablaze with glittering mica. As to flowers, this valley is a perfect garden—a cottage garden—you wander among beds of sweet-Williams, sometimes the pale pink, sometimes the bright crimson; you tread under foot phlox and pinks and sweet peas. You fight your way through thickets of wild sunflower! Then there are labiate spikes of brilliant blue, a plant like a zinnia with a crown of flame, a large bell-shaped flower growing like Solomon's-seal, but of the colour of the purest lapis lazuli, and any number of others equally beautiful, but above all a blue geranium with leaves in form and fragrance like the scented plant of our greenhouses. Had we hit on the Garden of Paradise itself? After a long walk, signs of habitation

began to appear once more, and we passed several villages.

In dress, house and utensils, these Roumans of the Carpathians exactly resemble the Croats. The villages here might be taken bodily from Turkish Croatia. There is the same palisaded courtyard into which the house door opens, the same queer *chevaux de frise* over its gateway, the same system of wooden roofing, the same granary on stilts, a gigantic wicker-work basket raised aloft on four poles. There are the same mud walls, the same little windows raised high above the ground. The men have the same beardless face and long tresses, they wear the same broad belt stuck with daggers or pistols, the satchel slung over their back, the white flowing tunic and trousers, and the sandal shoes. Add to this that the common pitcher of the country exactly resembles the '*stutschka*,' the ordinary crock of Croatia, Austrian and Turkish. These facts become still more suggestive when it is remembered that the Roumanian, though a Latin language, has a large Slavonic element in it. When you get into the more open country of Wallachia you notice an infusion of baggy trousers, loose jackets, and of Eastern architecture, the relics of Turkish rule; but *here* in the bosom of the mountains these people have preserved their old national costume and dwellings. Here you see the people purely as Trajan saw them when he subdued the old inhabitants of Dacia and left them as an heirloom the Roman name and language. Here you still see them as they are depicted on the column and coins of their conqueror. The Romans have altered their language, but neither they, nor Turk, nor Magyar could alter their dwellings or costume. They are still Slavonic.

After about ten hours' walk the valley opened, and we emerged from the mountains at the little village of Petersdorf, German in

name, but apparently populated exclusively by Roumans, and soon afterwards we arrived at the old Saxon town of Mühlenbach, one of the Sieben-Bürgen, where we once more got civilised quarters. This is a thoroughly German town, with a large market-place, and streets of two-storeyed houses with high sloping roofs. In the centre is an old Gothic church, with a spire of variegated tiles like St. Stephen's, Vienna, surrounded by a circle of high walls, for defence in time of war. Remains of the same kind of church-citadel may be seen at Hermannstadt. Round the town again is another circle of old walls, and beyond these is the Vorstadt, the suburbs, almost entirely inhabited by Roumans, and consisting of miserable hovels. The inhabitants of the town proper are Saxons, who speak to one another in their own dialect, but address the stranger in *literary* German, which even the children know fluently. Their houses are neat and cleanly, and you feel at once that you are among a learned people. A Saxon came up to me while I was sketching, and invited me into his house, a tiny little cottage with three rooms in all, but filled from top to bottom with collections illustrating the natural history of the country; there were cases of birds, and butterflies, and moths, cabinets of beetles, boxes of land-shells, and a few treasured specimens from distant seas, all collected, set, stuffed, named, classified, loved by himself. He was very poor, and the rest of his furniture consisted, as far as I remember, of some rough chairs, a table, a bed, and a few pots and pans to cook his dinner with. This was a characteristic picture.

Next day we had a delightful surprise—it was nothing less than the great annual market, at which some 30,000 peasants attend from the country and mountains, far and



wide. By an early hour the large market-place, the streets, and every available space in the town was filled with hastily erected booths, and a living mass of peasants. What a surfeit of costumes! What brilliant colours! They were chiefly Roumans, some Saxon, with a sprinkling of Magyars, Zingari, and other representatives of Transylvania's fourteen nationalities. The Rouman men wore broad black wideawakes, which here supplanted the ruder caps of the mountains. They had converted themselves into walking flower-pots for the occasion, with immense nosegays of bright dahlias stuck into their hats. Their women wore high white coiffures, often half of lace, and above this a fungoid straw hat. The same hat was worn by the Saxon women, who, however, were to be distinguished from the Roumans by their closed vest. The peasants brought all their little produce and manufactures—fruit, cheese, cabbages, gherkins, honeycombs in small casks, coarse woollen homespun cloths, queer wooden pails and sieves. They went away laden with every variety of strange clothing, archaic belts, hats three feet wide, barbaric jewellery, mediæval knives, and Roman pots, brilliant scarlet bands to put round their hats, and many such like things. Brummagem was, of course, a little represented amongst the wares; but by far the greater part were marvellously primitive. Who shall describe the crockery!

Meanwhile a storm was brewing. We had unfortunately thought passports a relic of barbarism, and not brought any with us. The day before we had been asked for one by a sour-looking man at an inn, who drew a very long face on finding we had none. Still we thought that the incident was over. As I walked through the market-place suspecting nothing, I stopped to look at some notices affixed to the Stadthaus, when suddenly up comes

a villanous-looking little man, clad in brown rags. 'Would the Herr like to walk in?' I followed the little seedy man upstairs and along a gloomy passage into a small stone room; then the door was locked, and he left me to my reflections. Presently I was ushered into another room, where sat an elderly official in plain clothes, to whom, to my horror and astonishment, he began pouring forth a torrent of accusation and invective. Motioning the little wretch away, the official asked me whether it was true that I had not a passport. Such, I had to admit, was unfortunately the case. How had we got there? 'By Pesth and Vienna.' 'Pesth and Vienna!' the thing was absurd! no human being could go to Pesth or Vienna without a passport. 'Do you know,' he said at last, with the air of some one unveiling the head of a Medusa, 'do you know before whom you stand?' I replied that I had not that honour. 'I will tell you, then. I am the Head of the Police.' Here he threw himself back in his chair to watch the effects of this awful announcement, and then added, 'and I am going to send you both back to Pesth at once.'

Things were looking serious, when I luckily remembered the name of a Transylvanian friend, a judge and member of the Septemvirate, whose address I had with me, but who lived at the other end of the country. 'Did he know Herr von P.?' It was a happy thought! it seems he did know him. Yes, the address was correct. From that moment Herr Nupkins began to melt, slowly, but surely, till at last he gave me his hand, saying, 'Gehen Sie in Gottes Namen!' I went.

Outside, I began looking at the notices again, when up comes the little ruffian who had decoyed me in. He was not a gendarme, not even an official, but a paid official spy, a beggar dressed in rags, a modern *delator*. Such, I was assured,

was the regular Transylvanian system, though there are gendarmes in plenty as well! He was evidently extremely annoyed at my getting out, and throwing on me a fiendishly malicious glance, cried: 'Be off, you can't understand that!' Here he gave me a push. I turned to a bystander, saying, 'Who is this man?' Thereupon the little man sprang at my throat, hissing, 'I'll get you into prison after all!' He missed my throat, but tore off my tie, and then, clutching hold of me, tried to drag me into the Stadthaus once more. Naturally I resisted, and dragged him towards the middle of the market-place instead. A large crowd collected, and horrified at seeing an official spy dragged about, advised me to go with him to the Stadthaus. As they were evidently my well-wishers, I thought it prudent to comply, only resisting enough to ward off the blows which the little wretch aimed at me seeing that I yielded. Once more I entered the gloomy building, and was pushed into a kind of condemned cell full of peasant prisoners, while the little spy went to the head of the police and accused me of assaulting him! I got a private interview with the official, and told him that if he did not believe me he had better call witnesses. The official saw that this would never do, so he told me I might go back quietly to my hotel.

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. 'Go back quietly to my hotel!' It was too much—the British lion was roused at last. I told him that Englishmen would never consent to put up with such treatment; we had an Ambassador at Vienna, and if he did not give me redress then and there he should hear more of it. This brought him down. He would come to the Herr's hotel with some

one who spoke English, and arrange matters. He came and gave me my choice, of formally prosecuting the little spy or allowing him to have the honour of giving the little wretch a summary imprisonment of forty-eight hours. I agreed to the forty-eight hours.

We went on to Hermannstadt by *Eilwagen*, a regular stage-coach, with three compartments and six horses, for railways have not yet invaded the Transylvanian capital. This is a very pleasing town, like Mühlenbach thoroughly German, with a large Gothic church and variegated spire as there. These queer chimneys, these pointed roofs, these warm-tinted houses—how unlike they are to the white shuttered, cadaverous uniformity of so many Austrian towns! It reminds one a good deal of Nuremberg.\* Here may be seen Saxon boors, with blue, brass-buttoned coats, top boots, and black wideawakes; their little girls with true German pigtails, and their older maidens with broad girdles, and long satin streamers from their hair, with round brooches on their breast, which might have been exhumed from some old English barrow, going to church in hats which in front resemble the chimney-pot of civilised conventionality without its one redeeming feature—the brim.

And truly Hermannstadt is a place for old memories. There is little business here, no life; a melancholy hangs over the town. To English eyes at least it is sad to find every third person you meet a soldier. And why—though there are so few Magyars here—should official notices be stuck up so ostentatiously in Hungarian? The suburbs here, as at Mühlenbach, are chiefly Rouman.

From here we proceed by *Eilwagen*, through a barren country,

\* When I wrote this I was unaware that Hermannstadt deduces its origin from Herman, a citizen of Nuremberg.

to Kronstadt, in the eastern extremity of the Carpathians. But how is it that you come upon villages with Saxon names and hardly a Saxon inhabitant, or others where they have entirely died out? How is it that you can walk about the suburbs of the 'Royal Cities' and meet none but Roumans? Such are the questions that suggest themselves to the traveller through Sachsenland; and to Englishmen, who love to claim a closer acquaintance-ship to the Saxons<sup>3</sup> than to other German tribes, it is a sad enquiry. The answer is somewhat startling. These stout Saxons of the Lower Rhine, who in the twelfth century, at the invitation of the Hungarian king, colonised this part of Transylvania; who have thrown on Magyar and Szekler and Rouman the light of a higher civilisation; who, surrounded by hostile nations, have retained through six hundred years of constant struggles their old Teutonic nationality and municipal freedom; who have survived the cruel ravages of the Turks and the fierce jealousy of the haughtiest nation in the world, to gain more recent victories over Austrian centralisation; these are dying out year by year and being superseded by less noble races, owing to nothing but their own short-sighted prudence! The problem they have set before themselves is, 'How can we leave most property to each of our children?' The conclusion they have arrived at is, 'By having as few children as possible to subdivide it among.' Q. E. D. Corollary—a tacit agreement not to have more than two. So their numbers stagnate while the thoughtless races around will persist in multiplying in the ratio of nature—improvident Roumans! Thus the enterprise of the people is stamped out; for why should the children, ready provided

for, care to fight the battle of life with energy? So Hermannstadt is palsied, and even in livelier Kronstadt the foreign trade is almost entirely in Rouman hands. So Moldavians and Wallachians, Jassy and Bucharest, have their railways, while the learned Sieben-Bürgers still jolt along in coaches.

Kronstadt is as finely situated as town can be. In one direction, indeed, you get glimpses of the long plains far below, stretching away till they are lost in purple mist, but the town itself nestles in the very lap of the mountains, enfolded on every side by their dark pine woods and naked precipices. It is a kind of outpost of German civilisation in the East: it stands at the junction of three passes, and so preserves a certain amount of trade, and its gay shops and busy streets present a pleasant contrast to quiet, drowsy Hermannstadt, whose real trade seems confined to a few bearskins. Nor does it yield to the other town even in internal picturesqueness. Here, too, are ancient walls, and towers, and arches, and old Gothic church, and beyond the limits of the 'city,' far-reaching suburbs, with little cottages, Saxon and Rouman, each tipped with a silvery knob or weathercock, and Greek churches with silvery spires and pinnacles, and flaring frescoes, and houses of Greek clergy with quaint mediæval saints painted outside them, and lesser heights all round, capped with ruined towers and modern forts. What strikes one especially is the large proportion of Rouman respectability. One newspaper at least is published in that language, and a great deal of the trade is in Rouman hands. Things have changed since the days when the proud Saxon burghers let no one but themselves live within their walls.

<sup>3</sup> These *Platt-Deutsch* Saxons must not be confounded with the High German inhabitants of modern Saxony.

Everywhere we had been we were told that to cross the Roumanian frontier without a passport was impossible, and the people here were open-mouthed as to the futility of such an attempt. When we said we were going over the mountains, they shrugged their shoulders. They have but one epithet for the mountains and their inhabitants. That epithet is *Sacramentische*. But we were encouraged by the fact that we had already strayed within the Wallachian border without any particular consequences, and so started off once more to fight our way across the Carpathians, and run the gauntlet as best we might amongst forests and rocks. We now plunged into an amphitheatre of more Alpine mountains than we had yet encountered. Our first progress was along a good road, with glimpses of glorious bits of peak and precipice, till about twenty miles south of Kronstadt we passed the night at the little village of Törzburg, the last Saxon abode we were to see. Here is a mediæval castle, perched on the top of an isolated peak of precipitous but wooded rock. Surely never was building so finely situated! We were now underneath Mount Buschetz, which has the credit of being the highest point of the whole Carpathians, attaining a height of 9,528 feet. Here we tried to get guides over the mountain, who might also show us how to get unobserved into Wallachia. They all hung back; none of them would take the risk; there were sentries, they said, posted all about the mountains. So we had to start alone.

But, alone, to surmount the topmost precipices of Buschetz was, we thought, beyond our power; we therefore kept along the forest-covered heights below them, to discover some shoulder of the mountain which we could manage. On we clambered from one rocky gorge

to another—on through woods of firs and beeches, some of which were so copper-coloured that we mistook one at some distance for a red flag—through open glades, brilliant with large wild geraniums of red and whitish blue, and pinks, and lilac leafless crocuses, amongst which flitted butterflies of every hue, commas and painted ladies, walls, and clouded yellows, and giant grasshoppers, with wings of red, black, or grey. At last we began the ascent of the great shoulder which we must surmount. The beech woods already lay below us, and we climbed up a steep covered with firs of the usual immense size, up rocky watercourses, over forest barricades, till the pines grew smaller, and finally ceased, and nothing but heath and rock remained, and on surmounting a small headland we found ourselves at the summit of the mountain ridge which forms the barrier between Transylvania and Wallachia. We were at a height of between seven and eight thousand feet, but the higher precipices of Buschetz, to which the snow can scarcely cling, still towered above us. The view was splendid, embracing the whole of the highest part of the south Carpathians, peak after peak lit up by the setting sun, till they faded away in the purple mists of evening; while far away in one direction lay the pass for which we were to make, and in the other the long plains of Transylvania exactly like a distant sea. And nowhere any sign of man.

Not knowing where the most advanced outposts of Roumanian sentries might be, we resolved to take every precaution, and accordingly waited till it was nearly dark before we descended to the zone of fir forest on the Wallachian side, cautiously gliding down as much under shelter of the rocks and stunted herbage as possible till the cover grew larger. By the time

we got once more among the high fir trees, it was quite dark, and it was so steep that the only way to descend was by digging the alpenstock as far as possible into the ground and letting oneself gradually down with its support. But at last we came to a place too steep even for this, and as either to retreat or advance in the dark was now impossible, thought ourselves lucky in discovering a small hollow, out of which some giant of the forest had been uprooted by the gale, and just large enough to prevent us rolling down. Here we lit a fire and lay down to pass the night once more, 'sub Jove frigido.' What a strange scene it was—the great trunks, lurid in the fire-light, standing out against the darkness, the silence that might almost be felt, and above all the marvellously brilliant stars peeping down through the dark fir branches overhead, with such lustre that it really seemed that one must be a bit nearer heaven.

Next morning we descended to a rocky stream, along whose gorge we had literally to fight our way, through the almost impervious thickets, and sometimes found it best to take to the water, so that our progress was very slow till we came to more open glades and bits of mountain pasture. At last, on surmounting a height, we beheld the Wallachian high road, for which we were making, lying below us. And there too was a sight which can never be forgotten! Almost straight before me, its great shadow thrown against the green meadow-land at the base of the cliff, was one of the brown vultures of these mountains circling about in mid-air, which, as I gazed, rose towering overhead, and floated about the sky apparently without a motion of its wings, upwards, ever upwards, till it dwindled to a speck and finally vanished from sight in the vast azure. Later on we saw

several more. We now got into the pass, a long way from the summit, where is the frontier station, and therefore safe from sentries, though we came upon some Roumanian soldiers in sheepskin cloaks and caps, and a wilder set of men I never wish to see, with arms in their hands.

Farther down the pass we came to a miserable little hut, calling itself an inn, where they showed us a wooden dresser to lie down on. The furniture of our hotel consisted of the said dresser, two very pre-Raphaelite pictures of saints, a pair of benches, a big dog, a caldron, some fowls, and a fir branch with which the whole place was swept out at 5 A.M. precisely.

We got a lift in a hay-cart from this place to Kimpina, where the pass opens into the great plain of Wallachia: the mountains were only exaggerated downs, over whose tops frowned the fine southern precipices of Buschetch: they were at first covered with pine forest relieved with fiery copper beeches, but farther on the country became more barren; the hills became smaller, and even woods disappeared. The cottages here present a new feature, for the wooden roof projects and a wooden colonnade runs all along the front, with often a porch in the middle which stands forward from the rest of the verandah, and possessing a slightly pointed gable, looks a little like the front of a Greek temple in miniature, with the slight difference that the marble columns are supplanted by small posts of wood and that the space occupied by the frieze is filled instead by wattle and daub. At any rate the driving here is classical, not to say Olympian, for there are rarely less than three horses or oxen driven abreast, sometimes as many as five. Apollo himself might have condescended to take the reins of some of these waggons; but considering

that the road picked out all the precipices it could find to run by; considering that the horses had a facetious trick of practising the outside edge, and keeping as near the brink as possible; considering, moreover, that the road was, to say the least, jolty, and that hay is a springy body, the top of our vehicle was a trifle too romantic.

Kimпина is a small Wallachian town with a fair inn, the remains of old walls, and a Greek church with a silvery excrescence a little like a tin saucepan which has lost its handle. We are now in a land of plum woods and petroleum wells; indeed, we have heard that in some parts you have only to put a light to the ground to ignite it. Great caution must be used not to drop lighted fuses and set the earth on fire; and it is probably for this reason that the natives only use flint and steel or little horseshoes of magnetic iron for the purposes of ignition.

Here we got the return fare of a carriage to Ploesti, a large town on the Roumanian railroad, and started before it was light, accompanied by a Wallack gentleman and his dog, who ran behind. The sun had just risen, revealing a vast treeless plain, bounded on one side by the low southern offshoots of the Carpathians, on the other by only the linear horizon. Suddenly the dog behind stopped, and began howling. What had he found? We got out and looked. And there by the side of the post road, in the full sight of anyone who happened to look that way—there in the bright morning sunshine—lay the corpse of a murdered man; his hands clenched tight at his side, his throat cut from ear to ear. It was our conviction, and that of our Wallachian fellow-traveller, that it was a case of murder and not suicide; indeed, it seems that this method is not uncommon among the assassins of these parts. Judging from his clothing it was a poor man, and the features

were of Zingar cast. But the strange, the horrible part was, that he should have been allowed to lie on the high road of the country, passed every day by the post, for evidently over a week; that he should be left with no one to bury him; left for women and children to gaze on, till some wolf shall be his sexton, or some vulture his tomb!

At the next Wallack village our companion mentioned what we had seen. The people grinned and shrugged their shoulders. There are, it seems, no police in these country districts, but soldiers accompany the post, as it was recently robbed on this road by twelve armed men.

We passed a gypsy village of miserable mud hovels, so small that apparently their sole object is to protect a fire. The men may be distinguished from the Wallacks by their olive-brown skin, their dirtier costume, and the brown coat which they generally wear over the white tunic. The women cover the lustrous black plaits of their hair with a light kerchief; round their neck is a necklace of coral beads; for the rest, a white dress and dark apron before and behind; the costume of the Wallack women is the same, but the apron and kerchief are of bright colours. There is a large gypsy population in Wallachia, and here, as also in Transylvania and Bulgaria, they are looked on as the dangerous classes. And well they may be, poor people. The Roumanian Zingars were, till within the last few years, in a state of slavery, and they still have to pay a capitation tax for their liberation; poverty and degradation have set their stamp upon them, but in their faces handsomeness is strangely mingled with ferocity, and most are gracefully limbed.

Ploesti is a vast village with a nucleus of civilised houses and good shops, a large market-place, and fair hotels. Most of the mud hovels have wooden porches and porticoes, and

some even of the better houses of over onestorey have these verandahs all the way up. Many of these by their peculiar arches betray their Turkish parentage. The respectable part of the town presents a strange veneering of civilisation. Imagine a French provincial town with elegant iron balconies and railings to every storey, but overdone at every point with most pretentious paint and stucco, and built of such execrable bricks that paint and stucco alike peel off them as if they were recovering from some horrible eruption! Antiquity there is none—how could there be? Each of these eggshell houses must die a natural death every two or three years. They are literally ruinous before they are finished building.

Everywhere may be seen the signs of Orientalism; not only many of the houses, but a large proportion of the wares, as, for instance, the cutlery and jewellery, are of Turkish shapes, and even the white tunic and trousers are here to a great extent superseded by 'bags' of brown or indigo, blue or crimson scarves, and gold embroidered jackets. Of course the costume of the respectables is European and funereal enough.

We went on by rail to Bucharest, through a thinly populated country, a vast plain with maize and pasture, beech forests, and unreclaimed land. The train was crowded with passengers—a hopeful sign.

Bucharest is Ploesti on a larger scale; here, as there, the greater part of the town is far-reaching suburbs, with mud hovels and muddier roads—one of them has the appropriate name *Strada Odorei*; but the central portion presents the same caricature of a French town, and the same state of 'premature and perpetual decay.' There are, however, some fine stone buildings, as the Palace and University; there are theatres, a museum, a fair garden, good shops, and even tram-

ways in course of construction. A general air of wealth is about this part of the town; it is appallingly civilised; everywhere the costume of cosmopolitan conventionality; in the shops, Paris modes, London hats, Vienna gloves, Roman shawls.

The cabs here are most elegant carriages, with two horses, and to walk is considered disreputable: everybody rides who can possibly afford it, and many who can't.

Everything here is very dear, for all the wealth of the country collects in the capital, and the rich landholders take up their abode here. The cause of this abundance of money is the vast exportation of grain, especially of maize, from 'the granary of Europe.' The markets here show signs of a warmer climate; there are peaches, figs, and lemons in abundance, and magnificent grapes. The *vin ordinaire de pays* is something to remember, it would compete with the best French wines, and considering the facilities for exportation afforded by the Danube, it is marvellous that it should not be known in England.

Who would have thought that prehistoric archæology had penetrated to this region? Such however is the case. The last number of the *Trompeta Carpaților*, one of the ten newspapers published here, had its outer sheet covered with fair illustrations of Neolithic implements found in Roumania. I called on the chief editor, who has a fine collection of stone celts, hammer heads, arrow heads, and especially a lance head of exquisite workmanship; he has some bone sockets, pottery, and burnt cereals from a lake in Wallachia and resembling those discovered in the Swiss lake-dwellings. He is well acquainted with the works of Sir John Lubbock. There were also some bronze-age antiquities, a large collection of Roman coins, inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and pottery; but, especially interesting,

a series of the pre-Roman coins of Dacia, which are imitated from the Greek coins of Rhodes, and also, like the pre-Roman coinage of Britain, from those of Macedon. What makes the parallel with the ancient British coins still more striking is that the Dacian moneyers like the British tried to reproduce the head of Apollo, and in both cases the attempt has been attended with like results. In Dacia as in Britain poor Apollo's face was gradually modified away, till only the wreath remained! Ornament both with Dacian and Briton was the highest approach to art of which they were capable. Amongst the Roman pottery found here, two forms, a kind of patera and a water-pot, are still to be seen for sale by the hundred in the markets of Bucharest.

'Dacia,' 'Trajan,' 'Roman,' those are the three words you meet at every turn, they are the three ideas uppermost in the mind of your true Rouman. Trajan's effigy supplies the place of the 'king's head,' there is the 'Roman' café and the 'Dacia' hôtel. *They*, and *they* alone, are the true Romans; they just tolerate members of the Latin race as weaker brethren, but all else are outer barbarians, Gentiles, Cimmerians. Those who know the country will tell you that this is the real feeling which underlies their treatment of the Jews. My own observations corroborate this. For example, I had a conversation with another of the editors of the *Trompette*. I purposely avoided introducing the subject of the Jews, as it is at present rather a tender point, owing to the recent interposition of the guaranteeing powers, and the threat of the Turkish Suzerain. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. He began almost immediately a long exculpatory tirade against the Jews. 'Ah, sir, it's not their religion, it's the men! You should go into Moldavia if you want to see what

the men really are.' And I hear that if the Jews were expelled to-morrow, the next agitation would be to get rid of the Greeks, and then the Germans, and so on till no foreigners were left to infect the pure Roman breed! There are about a quarter of a million Jews in Roumania, and a large proportion of them are very poorly off. There are a large number in Bucharest, but I saw only one Jewish heading over a shop: this struck me as a wonderful piece of boldness. I looked—it was a *pork butcher's*!

Nevertheless, as may be gathered from their physiognomy, the population of Bucharest is of very mixed blood. This is greatly owing to the Fanariotes of the Greek quarter of Constantinople, to whom the government of the country was entrusted by the Turks. The Court jeweller, who had bought the post of Hospodar, naturally made the speculation pay, and made not only his own fortune but that of his relatives who settled in the capital, and lived on the fat of the land. Their rule is over, but their descendants form a large ingredient in the upper classes here. Besides this there is a considerable colony of Germans and some Italians.

But there is one nation which the Roumans really believe in, that is the French. Not only do they imitate their town architecture, but they send their children into France to be educated; they read French literature, they ape French dress and manners, and anyone with the slightest pretensions to respectability can speak French fluently—a great boon to foreigners. Even the headings of the shops in Bucharest are as often French as Rouman, and they use French gold money. They delight to call their capital '*petit Paris*,' and indeed some of the streets would deserve the title if they were built of better brick, but these people will begin at the wrong end—they have the orna-



ment, the luxury, the polish, but not the solid foundations of civilisation; in this respect they present a marked contrast to the Servians. Of course all this has its bright side, they are brought into the current of European thought by French literature, they have already given up the Cyrillian alphabet for the Latin, and will no doubt soon lose many of their insularities. Not only here, but at Ploesti and Giurgevo, spacious national schools are to be seen, and at Bucharest one of the few stone buildings is a University. And the taste displayed in the arrangement of their shops and the decoration of their houses might well be imitated in England.

A great effort has been made of late years towards the unification of the Roumanian dialects, and the establishment of a literary standard. A congress was accordingly assembled at Bucharest to which came deputations from every branch of the race. The fact is, that with a few breaks here and there, a band of Latin-speaking people might be traced from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. In Servia there is a large Rouman population, about 250,000 or nearly a fifth of the whole population, and when there we saw some of these proud descendants of Augustus—for that I believe is part of their creed!—resembling beasts rather than men: *Sloths*, for example, with legs, body, arms, and head, swathed in shaggy skin. Remembering that in Transylvania they form five-eighths of the population, that they have a Banat in Eastern Hungary, that they occupy Bessarabia and the Buckowina, and have an independent nucleus amounting to some five millions in Moldavia and Wallachia round which to cluster, it becomes evident that such an experiment as a free *plébiscite* in these regions would result in a tolerably compact Rouman State, ex-

tending from the Dniester almost to the Theiss, and from the Northern Carpathians to the Danube, exclusive of the numerous islands of Rouman population which are scattered right through Hungary into Moravia, Silesia, and Galicia, which stretch all along the military frontier into Croatia and even Carniola, which penetrate beyond Servia and Bulgaria to the farthest limits of Turkey-in-Europe and Greece, and form about Mount Pindus an isolated population, often living in lofty houses, estimated at about half a million. So widespread, even in Eastern Europe, are the representatives of ancient Rome.

The great difficulty the congress had to contend with was the rivalry between Wallachia and Moldavia; but matters were smoothed over, and before parting it was decided that a grammar and lexicon should be drawn up, which are now nearly complete. This congress was not renewed owing to the jealousy of the Austro-Hungarian Government. Indeed the Magyars have their eyes on Roumania; there is a certain proportion of Hungarians especially about Romanin, Moldavia, although it seems they have in many cases lost their original language and speak the Moldavian dialect. To collect information about these the Hungarian Government has sent two or three commissions. What will be the next step? An uneasy feeling prevails here, but there is probably more real reason to fear the designs of Russia.

From Bucharest we took the rail for Giurgevo on the Danube, thence to cross to Rustchuk in Bulgaria. What progress this country has made in the last few years! A stranger who travelled on the same route seventeen years ago told me that then he had to follow a winding track, or absolutely force his way through a prairie of grass saddle-high, where now is a good high road in addition to the railway; that then the streams that are now spanned

by fine iron bridges were crossed by miserable chains of boats covered with unhewn firs, impracticable after rainy weather; that then scarcely a house of crumbling brick relieved the mud hovels of Bucharest, and oxen waded up to their bellies in mire where now are tramways and macadamised roads.

Giurgevo is in its general features so like Ploesti or Bucharest that it needs no separate description. The English Consul at Bucharest had told us that Englishmen had the free right of ingress and egress in Roumania without passports. Not so thought the official at Giurgevo; we must go back to Bucharest. Luckily we found a man of position in the town who knew the prefect, spoke French, and was obliging enough to accompany us to the prefecture, when the matter was arranged in a minute.

Rustchuk is more completely a congregation of hovels than even a Roumanian town; there are by the port a few European houses, such as hotels and consulates, and a few shops, with at least glazed windows, but for the rest, it is composed of mud, or unburnt bricks, eked out by sticks, then roofs of Roman tiles, projecting eaves, wooden verandahs; average height of houses about eight feet—one door I noticed was not four feet high, and the telegraph wires sail contemptuously over the low housetops from one post to another. The shops are open to the air, and contain, besides the Turkish, a decided proportion of English goods. But the bulk are purely Oriental. There was the hat market, with fezzes and Bulgarian caps; the boot market, with sandal-shoes; one street was devoted to second-hand objects, from old clothes to coffee-pots; there were toy-shops, with the rudest wooden playthings, manufactories of rough glass bracelets and rings, others for pottery, and a peculiar black earthenware

inlaid with metal. At the street corners might be seen money-changers, with little tables such as they may have had in Scriptural times: nearly all had a little lot of coins found in the neighbourhood, chiefly Macedonian and Roman imperial. Then there were bakers, with rolls the size of large beads strung on threads into little necklaces, and confectioners with 'Turkish delight' and other sweetmeats. As to fruit, the low hills that surround the town supply the market to overflowing with peaches, pears, plums, figs, grapes larger than we met with anywhere else, as big as the largest gooseberries: the best wines, however, come from Wallachia.

Most of the inhabitants are Turks. Men in turbans or fezzes, embroidered jackets, and pink shirts, crimson scarves round the waist, and Zouave-like continuations of blue or brown; looking from behind rather like trussed fowls. Pigtailed girls in embroidered bags, long-haired boys, women who wear dull dresses of black, brown, or green, and give their beauty, except the eyes, decent interment in a white winding-sheet. It is in the *cafés* that the Turks are to be seen in their element; there they sit cross-legged on the wooden daïs that runs round the room, sipping coffee and smoking hookahs by the hour together, without uttering a syllable. They have honest, open countenances, which do not belie their character, and there is a great deal of good-nature about them. They are, in fact, more like Englishmen than any foreigners we met. One, a very amiable soldier, insisted on showing me about the town. There are a few civilised Europeans, English employed on the Varna Railway, and of late years quite a colony of Germans. There are some Roumanians, Greeks with their own *Xenodocheia*, and a decided ingredient of negroes and

Arabs. One quarter is chiefly inhabited by gypsies, who have the usual character; no one thinks of walking there without a revolver or so.

The Bulgarians live mostly in their own quarter outside the antiquated fortifications that surround the town. They hate the Turks, and won't mix with them; they have their own *cafés* and wine-houses, and their own costume, less brilliant and Oriental than the Turks'. They still cling to the Cyrillian character, but one of their books which I saw, a kind of national—or Russian?—magazine, was well printed, and beautifully illustrated. They have, too, pictures of a decidedly national character. The subject of one print, I remember, was some Bulgarian insurgents swearing to die rather than surrender to the Moslem. It was, however, less artistic than patriotic, and probably less patriotic than Russian.

From Rustchuk we went by steamer up the broad Danube stream, on one side the low Wallachian plains, on the other the alternating plains and barren hills of Bulgaria, only relieved here and there by patches of stunted shrubs. Hour after hour would pass without seeing a habitation, much less a village. Then we came to an island completely covered with pelicans, to another clothed with willows, which also sometimes line the shore. Now and then we stopped at a town: if on the Bulgarian side, gay costumes, minarets, Oriental trains of mules; if on the Wallachian, European dresses and buildings. We passed Calafat, whose earthworks were so bravely and successfully defended by the Turks against the Russians in the Crimean war; Turnu Severin, Severus' tower, which still shows Roman remains; Orsova, where the Hungarian bank commences, and where, among the trees, you catch a glimpse of a chapel, raised over the spot where Kossuth

hid the Hungarian crown; next the 'Iron Gates,' the foaming eddies, the dark rocks around, between which the steamer literally dodges, and then reached the grandest part of the whole Danube, where the stream, now so narrow that you could almost throw a stone from shore to shore, now a rolling flood a mile wide, cleaves the Balkan from the Carpathians. To our left, tilted upwards by volcanic action, the rocks rise escarpment on escarpment, like the bastions of some gigantic fortress; but the spires and pinnacles on the right suggest a dreamy image of a Gothic cathedral: and there, high above, is a line of fleecy clouds which float along the topmost heights, and every now and then, like sheep amongst briars, catch against the mountain side, and leave some of their snowy locks entangled among the dark fir trees. Farther on may be seen the traces of Trajan's road, a magnificent work running along the rocky steep a little above the river. Then we pass the ruins of a Byzantine castle; now a legendary rock starts up in mid-stream, and at last the mountains become lower, the river-pass opens, and we arrive at Bazias, where the steamer meets the railway to Vienna.

Here in the Servian Banat of Hungary we were detained a day amongst a very mixed population of Magyar officials, Suabians, Servian and Rouman peasants in conical sheepskin caps. Some of these are real Troglodytes; all you can see of their dwellings is a thatched roof and square hole, which leads down to a subterranean room, in whose floor is another square hole leading down to another still more underground chamber.

What a contrast to Bucharest! this is the first impression on landing at Belgrade: it becomes still stronger as we see more of the town and its inhabitants. The

Roumans take the French as their model, the Servians the Germans; here German is as regularly known as French at Bucharest. There is none of that pretentiousness so offensive to the eye in the Roumanian capital; the houses resemble those of a modern German town, and are built of proper bricks. Certainly Belgrade is far poorer than Bucharest; there are here absolutely no millionaires, and wealth is more equally divided. Among the Servians proper there seems to be no proletariat class. In the old Turkish quarter of the town along the bank of the Danube there are indeed miserable hovels and every sign of poverty, but then the inhabitants are mostly Turks and gypsies, whereas in the Servian part of the town few houses sink below a certain poor but respectable mean. The Roumans imitate French elegance, but not French *égalité*; their snobbishness is truly English. Not so the Servians. People here don't try to seem to be what they are not. The houses, it is true, are not large nor ornamental, but then they are neat and solid, and most, even of the smallest streets, have rows of trees, which make them prettier and pleasanter than the gim-crack rows of Bucharest. They are poor, but why should they try and look rich? Many an English merchant has a larger dwelling than the Palace; many a London suburban villa a larger garden; but Servia is neither rich nor large—why should it have a Tuileries? The women of the wealthiest class, by manners and education ladies, who are well enough off to possess a carriage, go about in the national costume, and don't mind walking. Here there is no great gulf fixed between rich and poor.

However plain their houses are, in their costumes these people display extraordinary taste. And they are as gay as they are graceful.

Nowhere between the Black Sea and the Adriatic are the colours so brilliant—they literally take you by storm! With the Turks it is the men that wear the bright clothes, but here it is the women; among the men, even those who dress most like the Turks, the colours are dull, as among the Bulgarians—besides they always have some attempt at petticoats. Their typical costume is an embroidered jacket over a light white flowing tunic, as among the Roumans and Croats, and similar trousers tucked below the knee into embroidered stockings, the whole surmounted by a red fez. Here is one of the market women. What is apparently a comb rises majestically at the back of the head, and the bright scarlet drapery that partly confines her hair is drawn over this, and thence radiates in graceful falls down the back; she wears a low sleeveless body richly embroidered and half open at the front, below which is a light tunic of white, whose loose sleeves are contracted just below the elbow and then expand again, falling about the arm in gauzy undulations; round the waist a rich sash; and before and behind, over the rest of the white dress, two elaborate aprons, worked in diamond patterns with every colour of the rainbow; and at each side a kind of 'Dolly Varden,' equally brilliant. She is selling cabbages. Other costumes show variations, but this is the prettiest type; amongst the colours scarlet prevails. There is a lady marketing; behind her head, but a little elevated, is a red fez, which, however, only shows its tasseled top, as it is encircled by the plaits of her hair, kept in their place by long pins with large amber heads and small pendants; she has a velvet jacket of rich purple (some have black), with expanding sleeves, trimmed round the neck by a broad band of fine brown fur, elsewhere by exquisite silver embroidery.

Forming an X across her bosom are two transversal bands, which may be also noticed on the peasant women, and as it is one of the features that strike the stranger among the Wendish population of Carniola, is probably a truly Slavonic characteristic; and round her waist is a richly-embroidered sash of glistening satin, whose ends hang down gracefully above the bright blue fountain of her skirt.

The Servians, especially their women, are pre-eminent among the surrounding races for the beauty and refinement of the features. Their hair is black, though not polished jet like that of the gypsies; their eyebrows elevated and angular, which often gives the upper part of the face just a dash of the horned owl; their nose is delicately chiselled and generally just a little *retroussé*—

Tip-tilted as the petal of a flower.

The side ridge of the forehead bone is very marked, and throws a soft shadow over the temples, but the cheek-bone is often a little too prominent. The children especially have large black lustrous eyes, reminding one of a dormouse's, but in a fine, milk-white setting, which, however, sometimes has the effect of giving the men a glaring and rather ferocious expression. Of course, these are only the general outlines of a typical Servian face; but they are certainly a refreshing contrast to the depressed eyebrows, the diminutive snub nose, the low facial angle, and repulsive mixture of fragility and degradation which charac-

terise the countenance of so many of their neighbours in Sclavonia, and also to the coarser, plumper features, and rounder, lower brows of the average Rouman.

As to the dependence of Servia on Turkey, it is looked on here as certain to come shortly to an end, nor is any attempt made to conceal this feeling. A picture, for instance, was especially prepared to do honour to young Prince Milan's coming of age. Photographs of this picture are sold everywhere about the town, the subject being as follows. The Prince is surrounded by a crowd of figures emblematic of the victory of Servia and Christianity, and at the side of this brilliant group is a mosque, from whose minaret the red flag of the Turks is being hurled by a flash of lightning, while out of the window serpents, typifying Turkish rule, dart writhing away. As to this red flag, the Servians are by treaty obliged to have it float beside their own on the fortress, but they have a very large national one, and a very small rag for Turkey. In the Turkish quarter and elsewhere the mosques are shunned and are falling to ruins, and the minarets decapitated. Servia has organised too fine an army to fear the Turk any longer: fear comes from the North now, for the jealousy of the Austro-Hungarian Government is shown perpetually. And there is another Power in the North besides Austria. 'I try to keep up their spirits,' were the ominous words of our representative at Belgrade.

A. E.



## PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE LABOUR QUESTION.

BY AN ARTISAN.

ONCE upon a time, the working bees in a certain hive, feeling or fancying themselves aggrieved, struck work. They complained that, while upon them devolved all the hardest labour of the hive, only a small portion of the honey fell to their share; that their lives were consumed in exhausting toil, in the prosecution of which they were exposed to attacks from birds, and various other evils, through which their span of life was seriously shortened. There being that year an abundance of flowers and an unusual demand for honey, the general community felt compelled to listen to them, and thus the workers secured not only a slight addition to their usual share of the common property, but, what they valued more, a curtailment of their hours of labour. But now arose a clamour among the drones, who began to find that each concession to the workers involved a diminution of some luxury to themselves, and certain of them fiercely denounced the new movement, declaring that, if persisted in, it must end in the utter ruin of the hive.

All similes break down somewhere: we confess we should not care to apply this one very rigidly to the case before us. Many of those who are alarmed at the present aspect of the labour question, are not drones in any sense or degree. Moreover, bees have rather a summary method of dealing with droneism, scarcely applicable in human affairs; but that there is a large amount of droneism in this human hive, and that this is accountable for very much of our present high prices, it will not be difficult to show, and the parable will roughly indicate the views and feelings of not a few of the working class

upon the present situation. As the picture presented to the public has been painted almost entirely by one side, it may not be amiss to have a sketch from the other. Let us consider first some of the circumstances antecedent to the question before us.

During the last half-century, owing to free trade and mechanical improvements, the production and commerce of this country have progressed at a rate unparalleled in human experience. Since 1852, we are told, realised property has advanced 200 per cent., namely from 2,000 to 6,000 millions; but beyond an advantage through cheapness of manufactured articles, the working class has been scarcely at all benefited. The wealth has come like a snowdrift, thick in some places and none in others. Large incomes have increased and multiplied, but the manual workers, eleven millions in number, have only derived incomes averaging eleven shillings and twopence per week, while Mr. Brassey shows that, notwithstanding the prodigious expansion of manufacturing industry, artisans' wages have been for years at a standstill, and this while some of the necessities of life have doubled in price. This anomaly in the distribution of wealth, sufficient, if it were possible, to shake the faith of an economist in the 'natural law,' has been deprecated by good men of all classes. Mr. Mill declares that even Communism would be far more tolerable than a perpetuity of the present reign of injustice. When, therefore, some few months ago, the general prosperity and exceptional demand for labour seemed to warrant a claim by the manual workers for better terms, one would have thought that such

a claim would have been well received. And for a time such was the case; but now, when with the advance of wages there comes to be a coincident advance in the price of certain commodities, many are beginning to think that the artisans are pushing matters too far, and shake their heads dubiously, apprehending all manner of evil to the State.

It perhaps would not be easy nor is it necessary to defend every step taken during the agitation scarcely yet subsided; but in spite of the efforts made to fasten the onus of the advance in prices upon the working class, the fact is oozing out that a very small proportion of it goes to replenish their pockets. For example; before the upward movement in the price of coals began, colliers were paid from two to three shillings per ton; coals then went up ten per cent., and about the same time we heard of the colliers demanding and gaining a rise of ten per cent.; and with the general public this seemed to balance things, few considering the difference between ten per cent. on 25s., the price then of a ton of coal, and 2s. 6d., the wage of the miner. Supposing, now, that the advances made to the men have amounted altogether to 50 per cent., it is clear that this, viz. 1s. 3d. per ton, is a mere fraction of the sum exacted from the public. The iron trade presents, or at least last year presented, a similar phenomenon, and many other trades might be adduced.

What, then, becomes of the vast amount of money with which the community is being taxed just now in the shape of enhanced prices? We answer, it is absorbed by that vast army which in one capacity or another intervenes between the consumer and the actual producer. It is another illustration of the necessity of bringing these as near as possible together, without the inter-

vention of a costly intermediate machinery. It is estimated that the extra profits now falling to the coal owners will amount to forty-four millions in a year, and merchants and speculators will probably reap a still larger amount. Mr. Gourley, M.P., stated not long ago that he knew one ironmaster who had cleared over a quarter of a million within two years. For getting out a ton of coal, a collier, at the immense wages he is said to be securing now, receives 3s. 2d.; allow as much for other expenses; it costs 8s. to carry it to London, and there the householder must pay 50s. Carlyle has long taught that *laissez faire* and universal competition result in 'Lies, shoddy and sham.' John Bull may, perhaps, be touched in a more sensitive part if he finds that they are economically wasteful and expensive. This case of the price of coal presents the evil of middlemanism in a rather extreme form, otherwise it is not at all exceptional. In some articles profits of two or three hundred per cent. are realised in the ordinary way of trade; and that the commission of a single agent should exceed the whole amount paid for labour, is a very common affair.

It is a pregnant fact that while to labour, labour of brain and muscle, we owe all the greatness of which we boast, from this intermediate profit region has sprung nearly all the sham, adulteration, knavery and panics which afflict the social state. What if these labour struggles should at last compel society to move somewhat out of this huckstering groove, and seek out a more rational and honest commercial system—would that be a result to be deplored?

But then we are told, if we are not taxing the community directly, we are the cause of it, because we have demanded shorter hours of labour. No doubt there is a limit beyond which such demands must

not go, and no doubt also the coal trade is now in a very abnormal state; but passing this for a moment, we observe that the assumption that a lessening of time one-tenth involves a similar lessening of production, is shown by Mr. Brassey's book to be altogether fallacious. Notwithstanding all the vaticinations made on this subject, we question whether the whole production of this country is not now as great, or greater than ever. Messrs. Ransome's testimony, that their production has not diminished by the adoption of the nine hours' movement, might, we are sure, be very widely corroborated. Emerson says, 'The Englishman works twice as many hours in the course of a year as any other European.' This is exaggeration; but Taine shows that we are far more effective as workmen than other nations. When we remember the effervescent character of most continental nations; the number of saints' days and holidays, amounting in Russia to over a hundred a year, most of them days of entire or partial suspension of business; one cannot see why a slight limitation of our hours of labour should be economically impossible, unless it be that English industry is saddled with a relatively greater load of non-production.

And now, turning to the coal question. Few, I dare say, will contend that ten hours a day, or even nine, is not too much for human beings to be doubled up underneath the earth in a stifling atmosphere, oft-times, too, in slush and water; nor was it unreasonable that when they saw an opportunity to remedy this state of things, they should do so. Whether they have hit the exact mean in this respect, taken the precise stride which the whole of the circumstances justified, is another matter. We think that, considering the inexorable requirements of society, not a few are abusing their opportunity, and

limiting their labour more than is consistent with the general weal. By thus injuriously limiting supply, they are merely playing the game of the mine owners and speculators, and filling their coffers far more expeditiously than they could have done it themselves, and are likewise making a scourge for themselves; for sooner or later there must be a reaction from a state of things so exceptional and unnatural as the present. However, considering the untoward influences of a miner's life, philosophic moderation is scarcely to be expected in all cases, and they are certainly not more blameable than those who, with full knowledge of the calamitous effects, have nevertheless conspired to force up prices, and coolly pocketed all that they could thus filch from society. But even if the miner is the chief delinquent in the matter, he is more sinned against than sinning. The community has gone on its way, and left him, from infancy upwards, to go on his way in drudgery and ignorance; well content if he only turned out to be a good coal-digging animal. A nation which has thus sown the wind may expect to reap the whirlwind. Brought up under the miner's daily influences, you, reader, would possibly have been just an average miner. A certain degree of leisure is essential to moral and intellectual development. As in past geological periods certain forms of life built up some of the strata which go to form the habitable globe, so the manual-workers are now, half blindly, half consciously, fighting out the conditions indispensable for a higher phase of humanity.

Perhaps the most painful feature brought out in these industrial conflicts, is the utter want of confidence and sympathy which seems to prevail in industrial relations. The feudal system, in its day, secured a certain slumberous, social tranquillity, but that system has now passed



away; and, inasmuch as it purchased tranquillity by the obscuration or obliteration of the great mass of the people, it is not to be lamented. Nevertheless, there were admirable features about it. The relation of master and servant, for instance, involved on the part of the master not only self-interest, but also duty and responsibility. But with the growth of the commercial spirit this relation was sapped and subverted. From the proposition that a man's labour is merely an object of barter, it followed as a natural corollary that when the labour was no longer wanted the labourer might be sent adrift. And when men found that, after helping to build up a fortune for another in the summer, they were left to shift for themselves in the winter, the affection and veneration which were the foundation of the feudal relationship could not possibly exist. And now appears a wide feeling of distrust, as though each were afraid of being over-reached by the other. Take the case of the South Wales strike. The colliers seeing the repeated advances in the price of coal asked for an advance of ten per cent.; this was refused, and the notice was withdrawn. The masters then demanded a reduction of ten per cent., alleging as a reason the lower price of iron. The men ask, How can this be when the Welsh ironmasters have all along paid the ironworkers five shillings per ton less than is paid in Staffordshire?—and point also to the fact that, four years ago, the price of iron was three pounds less than it is now, and ask what must have been the profit last year with the price more than doubled? The masters offer to show the books; the men ask for arbitration; the masters refuse, and so the sad strife went on. Evidently the tie which bound men together when Boaz, entering the field, accosted his reapers with, 'The Lord be with you,' and they

replied, 'The Lord bless thee,' is nearly severed. The *cash nexus*, as Carlyle calls it, is scarcely likely to supply what is wanting, and we shall have to search elsewhere for a new fraternal bond.

It is to this disruption of the feudal relationship, and the encroaching tendencies of the commercial spirit, that trades-unionism owes its existence and justification. Trades-unions have played a prominent part in the recent movements, and in the opinion of many are the mainspring of all our industrial disorders. But we would ask, Without some such organisations as these, what security is there against the permanent depression of the manual worker? We are told that a man's labour is as much an object of barter as a piece of cheese; but, admitting this, it may be urged that, owing to his pressing necessities and inferior social status, the labourer is not in a position, single-handed, to obtain equitable terms. And owing to the general redundancy of labourers in those occupations where there is no mutual understanding or organisation, the terms made by the least scrupulous employers with the most helpless and wretched of the labourers become in time the terms of all in the trade. We may illustrate this. Take some single article, say a box of superior matches, its cost a halfpenny. Now here is an example of cheapness over which free-traders rejoice, and ordinary people wonder how they are made for the money. Let us see *how* they are made for the money. Many will remember the story of a clergyman in London who, visiting some of those wretched abodes which lie so near to the offices of the millionaire, the ends of the world in contact, took a little girl upon his knee who, ever since infancy, had been engaged in helping to win the family bread by making match-boxes at 2½d. the gross, finding her

own paste; and who had 'never seen a tree, nor a field, nor a blade of grass in all her life.' This can scarcely be said to be a result of foreign competition, since we export about 100 million boxes a year; nor is it the wish of the British public that any of their fellow-creatures should be half starved bodily and quite starved mentally that they may have two or three boxes of matches for a penny. No, the fault is inherent in the system. Here are the matchmaker and his production; there the purchaser; but between them stand a row of persons, manufacturer, merchant, retail trader, each seeking to do the best he can for himself, and yet woo the purchaser by offering a cheaper article than his neighbour, and who in this case divide among them profits considerably exceeding the whole charge for material and wages. Thus there is through competition a constant downward pressure in the direction of material and wages, and if there is no combination among the workers they become the sport of every fluctuation, the prey of every unscrupulous speculator.

One great object, then, of trades-unions is, to present a firm and united front against this inevitable aggression; for there is no natural limit to this downward tendency of wages, save one, which is arrived at when the remuneration will no longer suffice to keep the human machine going on. Thus Ricardo says, 'That which is sufficient to place the workman in a condition to exist and to propagate his species is the true natural measure of the natural rate of wages.' And the more intelligent of the workers fail to see why they should be thus utterly sacrificed for the benefit of the rest of the community; as is very much the case in occupations where there is no combination; in fact, agricultural labourers may be considered as hav-

ing been from time immemorial pressed down to about the limit spoken of by Ricardo. And when, with all our increase of wealth, their condition, according to the best authorities, had become not better, but actually worse than it was four centuries ago, that surely was some justification for their combining to enforce better terms from society.

That trades-unions should sometimes lead to strikes is no doubt to be deplored. In the abstract all war is to be deprecated; but even war, under certain circumstances, is a sacred duty. Fighting at least indicates vitality. Better that men should fight than that they should suffer themselves to be crushed beneath the inexorable wheels of competition, or be sunk in the torpid resignation which sees no hope, and is scarcely conscious of an evil. Of course one would not care to defend everything done by the unions. They are but the rude machinery of an imperfect civilisation; still they embody, though in the rough, the grand idea of federation, in opposition to the selfish individualism which is so much lauded now-a-days. And when purged of some grossness and errors, we have faith that they will yet prove a great lever in the cause of human advancement. Already there are indications that they will partly initiate, and partly compel, the adoption of the co-operative principle, which, after all, presents the only way of escape from our difficulties. What is the natural law which is said to regulate these matters so beneficently, if left to itself by this administrative nihilism, as Professor Huxley calls it, what is it in practical operation but, to a large extent, a vulgar scramble, in which not only the weak get out-distanced by the strong—this we could put up with, for it certainly is not for the well-

being of humanity that imbecility should be propped up and perpetuated—but in which likewise the modest and disinterested get driven to the wall by the rough-and-ready and unscrupulous? What, too, are we to think of a natural law, which seems to tend chiefly to substitute an uncultured commercial for a cultured feudal aristocracy, under which the poor are becoming poorer and the rich richer, which apports to the gambling speculator untold wealth, and to the tiller of the soil ten shillings a week with the union for his old age? Arbitration is, no doubt, valuable until we can find something better. It cannot, however, be always applied. But, even if it could be, how can an order of things be said to be natural which is so perpetually liable to break down, and needs such continual patching up? Then there is education, which we all believe in. But is it not a significant fact that both here and elsewhere, with growing education there appears a growing dissatisfaction with what Mr. Mill calls mere wages servitude, and a growing distrust also, to use a mild term, of the pietist doctrine that human allocation is altogether a providential work, and that therefore the whole duty of a working man is to attend regularly at church, to live very mean, build his own cottage, save his own soul, and be content with the position in which, according to the theory, it has pleased God to call him?

Then again, according to others, the salvation of the working class depends upon their taking to heart the Malthusian doctrine. Now it is undoubtedly true that, so long as there are twelve men always waiting to take the work of ten, wages will be low; but, as Mr. Greg shows, these population theories influence least those to whom they are intended to apply most, so that they only tend to bring

about a selection of the least fitted. Whatever the value of these prudential counsels, men must be first elevated, lifted above the animal before they can manifest philosophical discretion. The same objection applies to the 'self-help' teaching of successful men of business. It fails to reach those who stand most in need of help of some kind. Lord Elcho, for instance, talking to the miners the other day from this text, reminded them how it had raised this and the other miner to be a capitalist or an engineer. All very well so far. But he forgot to tell them that it left the mass just as they were. We cannot all be civil engineers or middlemen; and the defect of this kind of teaching is, that it merely serves to lift one here and there, a little more enterprising or self-absorbed than his fellows, into the ranks of the middle class. What is wanted is, that the *mass* of manual workers should be raised, and this we think can only be brought about by association.

A distinguished champion of the working class, Mr. Frederic Harrison, lately declared co-operation to be but a 'bastard form of Socialism.' Possibly the extreme democratic conception of this principle may not be calculated to produce anything better than 'bastards.' Inequality and diversity of power and capacity are irreversible ordinations of nature. Just as a multiplicity of mediocre daubers could never fill the place of one Rubens, so leaders among men there always must be, captains of industry as of art and science. But co-operation in the sense of harmonious action for the common good, in opposition to individual greed and self-seeking, we must have, or we may despair of earth ever seeing its millennium. Indeed the problem how to reconcile the interests of capital and labour has already been solved by this method; solved too in those depart-

ments where the difficulty lately has seemed to be greatest. Some years ago the strikes and discord at Messrs. Brigg's collieries in Yorkshire were so chronic that they contemplated withdrawing from the business. One of them, however, suggested trying first the co-partnership principle, and the result has been to them abundantly satisfactory, regarded merely as a commercial speculation. The philanthropic experiment of Mr. Gurdon, in Suffolk, of giving to the labourers a direct interest in the farm they cultivated has been still more satisfactory. The wonder is, that with such examples so little has been attempted in this direction. But alas! the discipline of money-getting seldom engenders a disposition to do anything very noble for humanity. Mammon is about the only god recognised as presiding over business relations, and he is the least heroic of all the gods. I am aware that any hint about heroism in the higher towards the lower, will expose one to the taunt of hankering after paternal aid; but we submit that although the most advanced and prescient among us cannot tell what precise form future civilisation should assume, yet there is ever a vanguard and a rearguard in human progress. That the strong should help the weak, the enlightened instruct the ignorant, is something loftier than doing what we will with our own, and leaving ignorance and depravity to maxims of self-help. It is better even than doing as Mr. Galton lately proposed in his despair, namely getting together a guild of the choicest people, and if necessary escaping away to some other land, leaving the residuum to their own devices. The real evil now is that the *aristos* given us by competition is not always the genuine *aristos*—that not nobility of soul, nor intellectual breadth, nor even always native skill, none of these necessarily, but power to

mass money is what secures the title to leadership and pre-eminence. This state of things, fruitful of immorality, will also be fruitful of discord so long as it shall continue. To co-operation, then, we look for help from our present difficulties. It is not a mere working man's question, but one in which the interests of morality and civilisation are deeply involved.

But this, we fear, as a general practice, is yet a good way off. It cannot be denied that the bulk of the working classes are far from possessing, in sufficient measure, the co-operative virtues and intelligence. Unfortunately too the general spirit of the age is adverse to their development. And without suitable character co-operation cannot prevail, for there are no short cuts to human felicity. A new social régime, happily for us, will never, like a Paris Commune, be 'proclaimed' in this country, and meanwhile something may perhaps be done to improve the existing arrangement.

It may be, as Mr. Herbert Spencer intimates, that this money-grubbing age is but the larva gorging itself with the materials that are to form the future Psyche, and that if we will only wait patiently, a million years or so, all our social evils will be eliminated by natural selection, that is if the sun does not grow cold meanwhile. But we can hardly afford to wait so placidly: man, every man, needs something of a soul now, if only to keep the body going. If then we, the working class, are still charged with imperilling the stability of society for our own short-sighted advantage, we ask Who has cared to present before us either by precept or example right views of duty and society? What agency is there to teach anything higher than the sordid maxims current in the world? The Church, with

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its branches ramifying to every town and hamlet, seems to offer such an organisation admirably fitted for the purpose. But, alas! what do we find? A ministration of miracles, mysticism, and sacerdotalism! Anyone afflicted at the dense ignorance and grossness everywhere abounding, could weep over such perversion of a potent machinery. Gentlemen who meet in Convocation, or assemble in large halls with a 'working man' upon the platform, know that there are many in England besides yourselves who see a splendid potentiality in the Establishment, but know also that it is not to be saved from the hands of the spoiler by identifying it for ever with exploded dogmas.

We contend, then, for the infusion of a moral element into business relations and into business science and philosophy. Tigers, crocodiles, and such things may get on without it, but man cannot live by bread alone, nor yet by maxims which tell him to look only after his own bread. Take this coal question. Some of the workmen, we are told, find that by idling part of their time the value of their labour is increased; the masters also aim to keep a limited supply, knowing that their profits will be doubled. Now, both workman and employer who do thus, knowing that they are victimising the community, are alike immoral; but what say the organs of public opinion? Why, that both are to some extent absolved since they are only following a universal rule and practice. Could there be a more painful illus-

tration of moral degeneracy? It is surely a low view to say that this is natural or the working of a natural law. Nature, in the broad sense, comprehends not only the actual but the potential; and if it is right to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, then surely we ought to endeavour to make that natural instead of apologising for the opposite, and saying it is useless to expect men to go contrary to nature, meaning thereby the lowest type of nature. I know that this will be set down as visionary, and I know also that if Jesus Christ were to come now and preach another Sermon on the Mount it would be called by the same name. But morality after all is as essential in the order of nature as gravitation. Virtue and culture are not accidental embellishments, but necessities of the higher nature in man, and there can be neither complete harmony nor safety so long as in human affairs they are treated as curious exotics, which the few may cultivate with unrewarded toil, but the many are persuaded that it will never pay to trouble about. England abounds in wealth, after a fashion, and knowledge we hope is coming, but something more is still needed, for '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, the wild horses may bring the poor fool to Phaeton's end and set the world on fire.'<sup>1</sup>

W. S.

<sup>1</sup> *Short Studies.*



## VIENNA.

**A**MONG the many considerations which have invested the Exposition just now opening at Vienna with peculiar interest, may be reckoned a general feeling that it represents, to some extent, a more liberal and humane policy on the part of Austria. It is felt to be not so much a financial scheme as a festivity, held in celebration of the passing away of the old rule by pitting one ethnical element against another, and the inauguration of a method which shall pay greater respect to the sentiment of provincial patriotism, while cultivating a freer and friendlier intercourse between the diverse sections of the country—an effort after fraternity based upon the recognition of reciprocal interests. Since the withdrawal of Austria from Italy there has been a notable alteration in the tone of political critics towards her; we have heard far less of 'the crimes of the Hapsburgs,' and known much more sympathetic expressions of hope for a future begun in conflicts with the clergy, and continued in apparently honest, and partially successful, efforts to include the seventeen provinces within the national franchises. We may expect the success of the Exposition—which there is every reason to anticipate—to be followed by an increase of popularity to Austria. We shall have defences and eulogies of her government and social usages, with perhaps too little discrimination in them. It is to be hoped, however, that some visitors from other countries will avail themselves of the opportunity to study the curious and instructive conditions of life by which they will find themselves surrounded in the beautiful capital, a city which, considering its importance and antiquity, has been less unfolded to the knowledge of English readers than any other

in Europe. The guide books—of which Murray's is by far the best—give but little of the curious lore and notable associations of the place concerning which we propose to offer a few rambling notes.

That Austria is a 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' is a fact which presses itself upon the observant visitor to its capital at every step. The element of chance which meets the student of Austrian history at its legendary origin, attends him as he visits its art-galleries, its Court, its institutions, and is not forgotten as he passes through the public gardens, whose sections are named after the various regions of the globe, or witnesses the masquerade of races and costumes thronging its streets.

The legend of the reigning House is a story of happy accidents. A young Swiss Count, poor and obscure, while riding in the chase, comes to a river, where he finds a priest on foot, anxious to cross the stream, but unable to do so. Having addressed the pious man kindly, he learns that he is hastening to administer the sacrament to a dying parishioner, and thereon freely offers his horse, on which the priest passes over the river, and hastens to the death-bed. Next day the horse is returned, with expressions of gratitude, but the Count declines to receive it. 'God forbid,' he exclaims, 'that I should again ride a horse which has carried my Saviour!' Whereon he returns the animal as a gift to the priest and the Church. In course of time the priest becomes chaplain and confidential adviser to the Prince Elector of Mentz; he remembers the pious Count, and persuades his patron to name him to the Assembly of Electors of the Empire. Enquiry having shown that the Count is as brave as he is

pious, he is chosen to be the monarch, and appears in history as Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg—a word which we may translate in connection with the good hap which has generally attended the family. This Rudolph has charming daughters, they marry five powerful Princes, and the marrying-on, so to speak, of nations becomes the structural growth of Austrian dominion. The beauty of Austrian Archduchesses has been a political element in the shaping of Europe. Napoleon, having conquered the country, is satisfied to be paid with the hand of one of the pretty Princesses, instead of with milliards, the horrors of Austerlitz ending in a friendship between Austria and France which even Solferino was not able to destroy. There is, perhaps, no more attractive Queen in Europe than she who has knit together the thrones of Austria and Belgium.

Notwithstanding the bloody wars of races which have arisen out of the heterogeneous character of the Austrian Empire, of which Vienna has generally been the centre, its people are proud of their cosmopolitan character. They admire the many-hued costumes parading their streets, and respect each however *outré*. The chants of Greek and Jew, Catholic and Armenian, mingling in the morning air of Sunday, are reflected in the wide toleration which has availed to give even the seventy Unitarian churches of Transylvania full leave to grow to their strength. Even the Spanish Jews, who in earlier times were forced to find among the followers of Mahomet a protection denied them by those of Christ, are now welcomed to the city to which they have brought so much of the wealth of the East. The Viennese gentleman loves to set before his guest a dozen varieties of international wines, and to regale him with oysters and crabs from the

Adriatic, and little lobsters from some far-away sea laid upon the fig-leaves in which they were packed; with Bohemian eels, Styrian chamois, sturgeon from the Elbe, and pheasants from near Prague, of the same sort that Napoleon I. thought so delicious as to have five hundred of them sent to the Tuileries annually. He does not complain that Vienna has so few luxuries not borrowed, while making much of the boneless big-headed *Kopen* fish, and the *Huchen*, a scaleless trout, which Austrian Jews, who will eat nothing scaly, buy up at large prices.

The Fine Arts Department in the Exposition will be extremely good, for the living artists of Europe have long regarded Austria as a region which has not sufficiently recognised the claims of modern art. Of the regular galleries there are two, both of which merit more attention than they commonly get. The Lichtenstein can hardly be called a great one, and it must be admitted that amongst its fifteen hundred paintings one can find but few that represent the best workmanship of the great masters. One must note, however, the portrait of Perugino by Raphael, and that of Wallenstein by Vandyke, the latter one of the finest paintings of the kind in existence. Guido's *Charity*, Domenichino's *Sibyl*, and Rubens' six pictures representing the history of Decius, are very fine indeed. But the rooms devoted to engravings are more important than those assigned to paintings, and there are few spots where a lover of old portraits and representations of ancient costume and life-scenes will find so much to interest him as here. There are minor private collections to be thrown open to visitors during the Exposition which have each gems that should be seen—those of Count Czornin, Count Schönborn, and others. The latter has a wonderful picture by Rem-

brandt—wonderful if not very pleasing—the blinding of Samson by the Philistines. In the Esterhazy collection readers of Mrs. Jameson will be glad to see the remarkable picture of the Conception (Tavarone, 1590), in which the Virgin is represented as a dark-haired Spanish girl only nine or ten years of age.

But it is in the Belvidere Gallery that the lover of art will find the fullest reward if he can be patient enough to grope his way through the heterogeneous accumulation of splendours, a task not easy even with an excellent catalogue for his guide. The Belvidere is one of the most valuable collections of pictures in the world, and it is the very worst arranged; in fact it is hardly arranged at all, the various schools and different ages of art having to be picked out here and there from most incongruous quarters. The Belvidere Gallery was not made to order, like those of Dresden and Munich: it grew as Austria grew, and its treasures bear trace of the ancient history and political constitution of the country (if it can be said to have a constitution). And this fact represents the peculiar value of it as compared with the majority of other European galleries. It may not have so many great masterpieces, but the historical development of art in nearly every country is represented here, making it an invaluable collection for the art-scholar or the critic. We are borne back to the fourteenth century, when a German school of art was just burgeoning out, the main stem of it being in Bohemia. There it was under the patronage of Carl IV., who, much wiser than many later patrons of artists, preferred to give them good institutions and special advantages rather than foster their love for the luxury of his palaces. So here we have the old Bohemian collection, show-

ing strokes well worthy any artist's study for their blended strength and sweetness. Theodoric of Prague, Nicholas Wurmser, Thomas of Mutina, and others had founded a school different from all others, but it perished amid the convulsions of the age, leaving the *disjecta membra* here. It is to be feared, if every picture in the Belvidere could tell its history, and should do so honestly, the relations would hardly rebound to any reputation the Hapsburgs may have for possessing an intuitive perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. We are told, however, by the Teutonic authorities, that the Gallery is 'the result of a profuse liberality, the creation of powerful sovereigns, who enjoyed unlimited access to all those channels which poured forth their rich stream of the most precious treasures of art for the gratification of those who thirsted for them.' It is to be hoped, therefore, that the various countries parted with the treasures pleasantly. Be this as it may, the rule among empires in such matters is just that which is said to have originally rendered society possible in California—respect for such maxims as *status quo, uti possidetis*, let bygones be bygones; above all, a remembrance that all palaces are glass-houses, and stone-throwing strictly prohibited.

The two points in which to the art-student the Belvidere presents the greatest attractions are in the specimens of Albrecht Dürer, and a collection of Flemish and Italian art made by Teniers. Maximilian I. was the personal friend of Albrecht Dürer. It was while that Emperor resided at Prague that he learned to love literature and art, and above all to esteem Dürer. Most of the Dürer pictures at Vienna were brought there by him. Teniers was the friend of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, who was Governor General of the Netherlands, and whose enthusiasm for the fine arts proved



much more beneficial for Vienna than for the Dutch. This Archduke employed David Teniers to go about and make a collection, particularly of Flemish pictures, for him. Teniers repaired to Brussels, and it really was the collection there made that forms the basis of the Belvidere Gallery. For it must be remembered that the numerous little collections which Austrian emperors, archdukes, and noblemen have been making for five hundred years or more had no reference whatever to a public gallery. Each was meant to decorate a palace or private mansion. When Teniers brought the collection he had made (1657) there was no room for it in the Imperial palace, so the pictures were hung in a neighbouring building called the Stallburg. It seems to have become thus slightly detached from the person of royalty; and though a hundred years ago the pictures were transferred to a palace again, that building has ever since been the palace of the people. The princes for whom the Belvidere was built live, as art enables them, on its walls, there frescoed by Van der Hooke, Solimena, Auerbach. The emperors and archdukes have discovered long ago that an individual cannot monopolise great treasures in this world without losing the most real enjoyment of them, and so rill after rill has come in from generation to generation as tributaries to swell the singular collection.

None need to be informed that Vienna is the metropolis of music. The visitor there finds himself floating about, as it were, in an ethereal musical sea. Even the brass bands perform good music. The only difficulty on this musical score is, indeed, that the varieties of harmony in Vienna are likely to form in the less sophisticated ear a medley something like the ancient 'Quodlibet' (which still may be heard occasionally), in which the persons of a company sing each a different ballad simul-

taneously to one theme—a solemn hymn jostling a bacchanalian ditty. The opera is the most perfect in the world, the symphonies perfect, and the sacred music also; and none of them can surpass the majesty with which the military bands send abroad through the air *Gott erhalte Kaiser Franz*. Generations of culture have gone to build up the musical taste and the fine ear which of old made this city the Mecca of musicians.

Mozart found it up-hill work at Vienna. The people looked upon his thin, pale face, and his light, boyish hair, with incredulity. They could hardly imagine that the little man was more than an ambitious youth. It was just eighty-five years ago that he was trying to accomplish something there, but had more reputation for his game of billiards than for music. At the time the two great librettists of Vienna were Metastasio and the Abbé de Ponte—a man who passed twenty weary years as an Italian teacher in New York, where he died in destitution! This Abbé de Ponte wrote the drama of *Don Juan*, after consultation with Mozart, who believed that the traditions of the wild nobleman formed a good theme for an opera. The composer did his part in less time than any opera was ever written in. He wrote day and night, his wife keeping his wits awake by bringing in punch, his favourite drink, and so got it ready for a grand occasion in Prague. Prague was delighted. After being thrice performed, it was wafted to Vienna on Bohemian raptures. At Vienna it fell dead. The Emperor Joseph sent for Mozart, and said, 'Mozart, your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it.' 'There are just as many as there ought to be,' replied Mozart, deeply offended. This fine piece of Imperial criticism may have got wind, for everybody was in the habit of saying there was certainly merit in the piece, 'but,' &c. Being in a

company one day where the new opera was the subject of dispute, Haydn, in reply to a demand for his opinion, said, 'All I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence.' Haydn suffered from the cavils of the critics, but his genius met with recognition from Mozart. A composer of some merit, but of a jealous disposition, was expatiating on the defects of Haydn, when Mozart broke out with the abrupt reply, 'Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we could not make one Haydn!' Mozart gracefully dedicated his quatuors to Haydn. Frederick the Great offered Mozart a situation at Berlin, with a salary of five thousand florins, in place of the miserable sum of eight hundred (80*l.*) which he was getting at Vienna. While he was hesitating Joseph II. called on him and said, 'Mozart, you are going to leave me.' 'No, never will I leave your majesty,' said the tender-hearted composer, with emotion. Beethoven had a better experience, for Vienna recognised his genius from the start. When he brought out his Fifth Symphony there before a vast audience, the crowd rose, shouting their plaudits. Beethoven, who had conducted the piece, did not accept their applause. A member of the orchestra took him gently by the shoulders and turned his face, that he might see the enthusiastic audience. The audience then remembered that the artist who had been so charming them was stone-deaf. Beethoven, when he beheld the scene, burst into tears.

With all the social conservatism in Vienna, and the hardness of the aristocracy—the noblemen being more like kings than even the Junkers of Prussia before Bismarck compelled them to commit harikari—one cannot help being struck by the degree of freedom allowed in that city. It is said, indeed, not to be found in other cities under

Austrian rule; poor Prague especially being under such surveillance that many of the best plays are prohibited to its public theatres. In Vienna, Herr Etienne, an old revolutionist of 1848, who edits the *Free Press*, informed me that he was able to print as much radicalism as he pleased in his paper without interference from the police. I remember on one occasion, while visiting the celebrated crypt in which the remains of the emperors are preserved in fine coffins loaded with wreaths, our party paused for some time at that of the late Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico. It was inscribed by the Emperor 'To our dear brother, who was shot by Mexican barbarians.' Two Germans present commented upon the inscription in their own language and very audibly to the company present, one declaring that the Mexicans had served 'our dear brother' just right; the other expressing the belief that the Emperor had helped to send his brother away through jealousy of his greater attainments and popularity, and fear of his tendency to radicalism, and that he (the Emperor) was by no means sorry when he heard of the Prince's tragical end. Such free talk as this one continually hears in the *cafés*. The freedom accorded to religious heresy is equally great. One hears continually loud theological discussions going on in public rooms, where Greeks, Armenians, and Catholics assemble. There is very apt to be present also a Unitarian, whose arguments sometimes make one fancy himself in the atmosphere of Boston. In Transylvania there are near two hundred Unitarian congregations, with a very systematic organisation, and some allege that this form of belief is spreading to Vienna and other parts of Austria. In the public libraries one sees shelves high up inscribed 'Verbotene Bücher,' and on them heretical theology is curiously min-

gled with works of immoral tendency (such as Rousseau's *Confessions*, Ovid's *Art of Love*, &c.), but these shelves have become so little prohibited and so popular, that it is doubtful whether the warning does not act rather as a guide to the heretically or pruriently disposed.

The most quiet and aristocratic quarter of Vienna is, the 'Tein,' where are the stately palaces of the Lichtensteins, the Stahrenbergs, the Esterhazys, &c. These noble families are looked upon with much awe, as is natural, the Austrian monarchy being limited by the nobility. In Russia, the Czar can deprive a nobleman of his hereditary dominions, but it is not so in Austria. The present Emperor is the first who ever set aside the will of the nobility. There are three hundred of these families, ten ducal, the chief of these being the Lichtensteins, Schwartzembergs, Lobskowitzes, and Esterhazys. They are entitled Regents, and have body guards. They are by birth-right Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the fleece symbol may be seen on the cornices of their houses. Their fortunes are immense. Though the Esterhazys' fortune has been diminished by one or two spend-thrifts, it is said to be larger than the revenue of the Kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony put together. How formidable is the power of these families, was shown by an incident that occurred in 1805. During the war with Napoleon, Prince Appony was entrusted with the Austrian forces on the Danube. After the capture of the Austrian army at Ulm, this Prince was ordered to destroy a wooden bridge near Vienna; he disobeyed the order, and Napoleon's pursuit, facilitated by this bridge, resulted in the disaster at Austerlitz. All Europe expected Prince Appony would be shot; but he was only temporarily banished, not from Austria, but from the Imperial

head-quarters! His descendant is now Austrian Ambassador in France, where his memory is blessed. As for the age of these great families, who can estimate it? In the Esterhazy Palace there is a chart of the family tree which represents it growing out of the stomach of Adam! In these houses, there is not only a great deal of refinement and culture, but also of mirth and entertainment. The children are well taught, the tutor being ordinarily a lawyer or a divine. Their little brains are said to be terribly over-tasked, as it is thought they must learn all languages in such a polyglot empire. In many of the palaces there are rooms fitted for private theatricals, and there is no end to the masquerades, *tableaux vivants*, and balls. The favourite dance is still the old 'chain-dance,' upon which more modern terpsichorean gems have been threaded; in it the company winds like a serpent from room to room, through corridor and hall, until at last the sinuous form breaks up into waltzes, which pass from one species to another, ending in the giddy whirl of the German.

Considering that Vienna successfully claims the honour of having established the first University on the Continent (1333, says Bouterwek), one is surprised to find so few literary characters in high society in Vienna. The possession of a fine University did not prevent Hartmann Schopper, the most scholarly editor of the *Reinecke Fuchs*, from having to sleep Diogenes-fashion in a barrel in the streets of Vienna, just three hundred years ago, until Josias Hafnagel gave him shelter; and the flourishing condition of the same institution there does not avail now to render the city the great literary centre that it ought to be. It is to be feared that few things thrive in Austria in which the Court is not interested; and as its earlier despotism acted as an extinguisher on the fine genius of

Bohemia, its indifference has prevented the intellect of Austria from lighting up at all. It is probable that such a poet as Grillparzer would have found a welcome at Court in any other capital, but at Vienna he was hardly known except by the lower classes. He held some petty office bringing him an amount equal to 250 thalers; and when some of his friends petitioned the Emperor (1828) for his promotion to a place that would bring 600 thalers, the monarch exclaimed, 'Let me alone with your Grillparzers; he would make verses instead of reports.' After his journey to Italy, and when he had grown out of the phase of his genius which produced *Schicksalsstück* (an imitation of Werner) to that which could thrill audieççes with the subtle passion of *Medea*, he was taken up by the Imperial Burg Theatre as its poet, at a salary equal to 1,000 thalers. But that sort of occupation which quickened the genius of Schiller depressed that of Grillparzer, and I suppose there have been few men of equal power who have left so little monument of it. Moritz Hartmann, too — who, though a Bohemian by birth, passed much of his life at Vienna — had a good deal of genius which came to little and reached its climax in *Chalice and Seward*. Somehow but few men of genius are born among the aristocracy, or no doubt they would make much of him, as they did of Von Hammer, the Orientalist. The Germans have their own theory of this matter, and say that when the Austrian Government by its despotism and espionage stopped the German immigration that was coming to it along the Danube, it committed intellectual suicide. It was an ancient impolicy, and it enabled the imported Faber of Suabia to earn at Vienna the title of 'Mallet of Heretics' by stamping the first germs of Protestantism in the time of Lu-

ther. Since then the only genius in Austria, i.e. the German, has dwelt in poor attics, industriously pursuing useless knowledge. In one house Maelzel devoted royal powers to the fashioning of an automaton trumpeter, and in another Faber worked twenty-five years to produce his talking-machine. However, we will not forget that Michaelis is proving almost as terrible a 'Mallet' to Bishops as Johann Faber, Bishop of Vienna, was to Lutherans in the dawn of the Reformation. Were the Old Catholic scholar to make an appeal straight to the reason and conscience of the people, there would be, I am persuaded, far more hope for the new movement in Vienna than at Munich; but the effort to convince the priests is hopeless. The ignorance of the rural Austrian priest is quite unfathomable. Berthold Auerbach relates that he once walked a little with one of these priests during the revolutionary excitement in '48. 'We walked some distance,' says Auerbach, 'and the conversation turning on religious subjects, the priest said, "Ay, the liberty men would lord it over the great God, but the great God is far too great for them. All the mischief comes from philosophical religion." I asked what he meant, and he replied, "Philosophical religion comes from Rousseau in France; his friends once said to him, "We have no drums now-a-days," to which he answered, "Skin men, and make drums of their hides." Now that's philosophical religion, and it all comes from Rousseau, who died *anno* 5." All Auerbach's objections were vain; the priest resolutely maintained that he had himself read in a book in a convent that this was called philosophical religion.

In what I have just written I have not meant to disparage the literary gifts of Austria to the world. Nay, I am persuaded

that it is much more through the ignorance of the world generally that the fine specimens of Austrian genius are not more widely known than through any lack of such specimens. Thus in the English Beeton's Biographical Dictionary, one finds mention of Grynæus, an old and dull editor of Greek books in Vienna, who has attained the honour because he visited England; but Anastasius Grün, who might well occupy this particular place, is not mentioned; nor in any English authorities will one find any trace of the existence of him, or of Ladislaus Pyrker, Nicolaus Lenan, or even Von Hammer Purgstal. If Englishmen are not familiar with what Grün has done, I advise them to forthwith look into the charming translations of various verses of his by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, in America. Grün was not indeed born in Vienna, but in the Austrian Duchy of Carniola, but he won his fame by his *Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten*. It is significant, however, that this work was published at Hamburg, and his *Gedichte* at Leipzig. Lenan too is full of mystical depth and purity. One must not forget that one of the leading contributions to mythological science in this age has just come from Vienna, namely, Roskoff's *History of the Devil*. But at the same time it is impossible not to see his learned work as a solitary column in an arid theological desert. Baron Von Prokesch-Osten, a Styrian, is certainly a man who has shown fine powers as a numismatist and a thinker; and if a mathematical professorship in Austria had been able to compete with the temptation of a position of private secretary to Prince Schwarzenberg, he might have built up a nobler fame than that of a reactionary diplomatist, by adhering to the studies which he abandoned, and to which he returned to bring the homage of his grey hairs. Although, as I have already

intimated, Vienna does not hold a very high position in Europe as a patron of pictorial art, nor has contributed much in that direction, that city is to be credited with having given to the world Eugène von Guerard. This vigorous painter, who has won a good name, in America especially, was the son of the Court painter in Vienna at the beginning of this century, but his genius was developed in Italy, and his individuality was found only amid the wild grandeurs of Australia, where he went never to return, though often solicited, I am told, by the nobility among whom his father (Bernard) flourished.

But if we turn from literature and fine art to see what Vienna has done and is doing, we shall find that she has cultivated a power of beautiful workmanship unequalled in any other city of Europe. Vienna alone among highly civilised and manufacturing cities has the blood to sympathise with the Byzantine love of having everything beautiful, whatever be the coarse utility to which it is devoted. The kitchen skewer must have an ornamental head like a golden hair-pin. And Vienna is the only European city which is in a position to know completely the wants and tastes of the East. Hence a stranger roams among the shops endlessly, as under woven spells. The clocks kill time by their beauty while they record it; the shawls are of the magic-carpet kind, that transport one to far-off realms of beauty; and there is a touch of transcendentalism in their meerschau pipes. What stearine works are these! Who can ever burn a candle irreverently after seeing here a huge grotto, with crystal stalactites, and a noble white bear, all artistically done in stearine! Beautiful bronzes, heraldic engravings, theatrical decorations, cabinets, glass, all these things in Vienna show where its

genius is at work. They have a way too of calling their shops by pretty names, 'Laurel Wreath,' 'L'Amour,' &c.

One may find much that is curious, if less beauty, in the markets; the parrot market, the monkey market, and the Hofmarket, where the old women called Frotschelweiber chatter quite as unintelligibly as the animals just named. One need not follow the plan of the Emperor Joseph, who is said to have gone to the market *incognito* and kicked over a basket of eggs in order to hear the Frotschelweiber's vocabulary of expletives; he will hear enough of it without that. And there, too, he will see the wretched Croats, who seem to be under a doom to for ever sell strings of onions, like that which binds poor Jews in so many cities to the merchandise of old clothes. The Croats are, indeed, a much more despised race in Vienna than the Jews, the Germans especially having never forgotten the part they bore in the butcheries of 1848. 'They have yet to pay for the blood of Robert Blunn,' said an aged German to me, as a party of Croats passed by. 'I saw them looking on with laughter—so many hyænas—when the great man was executed. He said ere he fell, "For every drop of my blood a martyr of freedom will arise." It doesn't look like it now, but it will come—it will come.'

In the year 1583 Elise Plainacherin, seventy years of age, was, after torture, condemned to be bound to a horse's tail at the so-called 'Gänseweide,' near Vienna, and there dragged, after which she was burned alive. The Bishop of Vienna, Kaspar Neudeck, saying mass over her granddaughter, whom she had bewitched, announced that 'this maiden had on August 14, 1583, been happily freed from all her devils, 12,652 in number, and would now enter the cloister of

St. Laurentia.' The multitude of the demons which were said to have possessed this girl is the reflection of the vast number of ancient pagan deities which from time to time were believed in at this spot, where so many religions were alternately triumphant and overwhelmed. Christianity demonised all these deities, but for ages they were supposed to haunt every tree and fountain, and to waylay every traveller for good or evil, according to the treatment—as the offering of a bit of bread and meat, or the withholding of the same—they received. One old tree survives from the ancient Wienwald, which we may suppose to have been originally regarded as haunted by exceptionally potent deities. It is close to the cathedral, and some antiquaries believe that the cathedral was built where it is in order to inherit or borrow some of the sanctity with which the tree was invested in the popular mind. Those who are interested in such subjects will find mention of this curious object in Mr. Ferguson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*. It is called the *Stock am Eisen*, the trunk and few branches that remain (fastened to a wall) being literally changed to iron by the nails which have been driven into it for good luck. We must look to Thibet to find the general use of the nail as a charm. So carefully does cunning History drop the grains, that we may track her in every byway to her hiding-place! There is another curious bit of Plant-Lore in Vienna also, namely, an old picture in the Library of the goddess of Invention presenting a mandrake to Dioscorides. Near to the two figures is a dog in convulsions, showing how universal was the legend, that the shriek of the mandrake when torn from the earth being fatal to any being hearing it; a dog had to be tied to it and whistled to, when in rushing to his master he

would pull up the root, expire, and leave the magic charm to be detached at will. The goddess of Invention was, perhaps, the last goddess ever invented, which adds interest to this queer picture. It is, however, mainly as it has been merged into Roman Catholic legends that the old mythology is preserved. Many persons are astounded at the utter childishness of many of the Church legends and marvels in Catholic countries, simply because they do not observe the relation they bear to the original mythology of the place. A North German philosopher has quoted a Vienna legend of which much is made, as an instance of the paltriness and childishness of the Church fables. At Klosterneuberg—a quiet village eight miles out—this worthy Protestant was shown the stump of a tree and a veil, from which the famous monastery of the place grew, as it were, and about which the piety and offerings of the district cluster. On listening to hear the romance of the stump and the veil, it proved to be as follows. Leopold was a margrave in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, who, two years after his death, was canonised by Pope Innocent VIII., the Pope who issued the great Bull against witches, under which so many thousands were burned because the Innocents were too pious to ‘shed blood.’ However, Margrave Leopold may have been a canonisable man for aught the world knows. ‘One day,’ says the legend, ‘he with his spouse, the Margravina Agnes, were standing on the summit of Leopoldsberg, scanning the landscape, with a view to fix upon a suitable spot for the location of a monastery. Whereupon a gust of wind carried away the lady’s veil. Many persons searched for the veil, but in vain. Nine years after, when Leopold was hunting, he found the veil, as good

as new, hanging on an elder tree on the spot where Klosterneuberg now stands, the Margrave regarding the locality for the monastery as having been thus miraculously pointed out. The disgust with which a man of common sense listens to the sacristan relating this feeble story over the log and rag, which are the cloister’s most sacred relics, is only heightened as he learns that the Emperor Maximilian considered this spot so sacred that he entrusted to the place the Archducal coronet of Austria, which remains on the head of Leopold’s statue, a huge copy of it being raised over one of the towers. But examined in the light of mythological science, the story is valuable for preserving three elements of pre-Christian and pagan lore—the sanctity of the number nine; the sanctity of the veil (type of ascetic chastity in the East, inherited by all brides, and devoutly associated with Mary); and, above all, the sanctity of the elder tree, which in nearly every part of Germany and of Scandinavia was anciently believed to be the home of the goddess Huldah (whose name probably came from Elder), and the abode of the elves who were her servants.

Yet another trace of tree-worship survives in various parts of the country, in a custom known as the ‘Church wake.’ On a certain day of the year the young men of the village are accustomed to cut a tree out of the wood, and having stripped it of bark, and planed it neatly, raise it in the centre of a pavilion, which is consecrated to the ‘Church-wake.’ They adorn this pole with garlands and ribbons, and various emblems of rural life and work—an apple, a small sheaf of wheat, &c. Then they raise to the top of it a small fir tree. Having done this, they repair each to some house in the village wherein resides a maiden, and each of these is escorted to the pavilion, none being neglected. There they dance around the pole

and the fir tree all night. It used to be a general understanding, and it survives in the more remote districts, that a youth might kiss any maid he met on Church wake day, whether he had ever seen her before or not. A superstition so agreeably surrounded is apt to live a long time.

The impression I have received in Vienna, however, is that the people in that immediate vicinity are by no means so superstitious as those of Northern Germany. The many fauna and flora of superstition, in a country where many religions must be tolerated, each with its own stock of legends, has, on the whole, had a tendency to liberate the minds of the people; for each Church is able to detect and deride all superstitions save its own, and so each variety suffers exposure. Moreover, there is a tremendous law in Austria which prohibits anyone from getting married who cannot read and write, the result of which is that every child born in wedlock is apt to inherit some degree of education. There are, however, many customs which I think owe their origin to old superstitions, even though these may not be any longer associated with them in the popular mind. The little invocation which anyone finds uttered over him by all who happen to hear him sneeze is probably to be referred to the age when all involuntary agitations of the body, from St. Vitus' dance down to sneezing, were supposed to be the work of tricky little demons, which had to be exorcised. And I think it must have been to some such primitive explanation of the whooping cough, that there has grown up in Austria the unique custom of treating that disease by administering the rod. When the child is seized with one of the coughing fits, the rod is vigorously applied. The physicians declare that this strange custom has been

preserved because it is effectual. The whooping cough, they allege, is rather a nervous affection than anything else, and the flogging, besides being a good counter-irritant, rouses the child to an exercise of the will which often suppresses a cough. Whether it be true or not that the great St. Stephen's Cathedral was founded on a place previously hallowed by a sacred pagan grove, of which only the *Stock am Eisen* remains, that building and its superb steeple seemed to me an emblem of how the Christian faith, ascending above all others, was nevertheless compelled to bear on it many of the earlier religions amid which it grew. On its roof, in its cornices, inside of it, are found a fauna and flora of its own; mosses and lichens, and curious grasses grow on it; crows, jackdaws, hawks and bats find it a comfortable domicile. And similarly the myths and superstitions which haunted the uncultured imagination of man have climbed into the creed, and nestle in the ceremonial inside of it. It is the darkest church in Europe. In its crypt are hundreds of the unburied, uncoffined dead, whose mummied forms, thrown there in the time of some great plague, remain to suggest the thousands who perished ere this proud monument of religious victory could be raised. It is marked all over, too, with the strange, wild history of Austria. The bells were cast from Turkish cannon, captured during the famous siege. The crescent still stands which was raised to induce the Turkish bombs to spare the tower. And on the roof is spread out the double-headed eagle, wrought in the tiles of the roof, each eye four gilt tiles, each beak thirty tiles, and a distance of 180 feet lying between tip and tip of the outstretched wings. This one sees from the top of the steeple, reached by 700 steps, the greatest artificial height in the world.



Early in the spring the Viennese betake themselves to the various retreats in the neighbourhood, where most of the social enjoyments take place during the warm weather. There are no people who better understand the luxuries of the *dolce far niente*, and one may see it in perfection at Vöslau and at Baden. If one of the explanations of the ancient Roman name of Vienna, Vindobona, which makes it mean good wine, be correct, it was probably given because of the prolific vintages of Vöslau, though I fear there may be two opinions as to the excellence of the wine they produce. One vinegrower, however, gave me an excellent glass of red wine, which he declared was too good to sell. The final cause for the existence of a town amid these vintages seems to be the admirable swimming bath around which it has grown. This bath is really beautiful. It is a large marble basin, oval, some thirty yards in greatest length, and about twenty yards in width, filled with fresh water, clear as crystal. The smooth bottom is plainly seen, even where the water is twenty feet in depth. This basin is fringed with little alcoves, and the handsome youths standing in front of them, preparing for a plunge, look like so many Apollos. A dozen or more of them were English, and they were the most shapely and statuesque there.

Charles Kingsley has lately been preaching to the English in a dolorous way about their physical degeneracy; but I can well believe what is told of him, that his muscular Christianity is a phase of his later life, and that in his University days he pored over books during play-hours. He read and re-read, no doubt, about the superb statues of ancient Greece, which he now holds up before the English youth to show them how inferior they are to such forms—forms, one may be pretty sure, which were ideals combined

from many models. Kingsley did indeed study his books to good advantage, and no one could wish one of them unread; but he might have not learned poetry less perhaps, while he would have estimated the physical character of his young contemporaries better, had he oftener gone on such long-vacation expeditions as that which Arthur Clough has made into one of the finest poems in the language. Clough could see the Greek god in his Oxonian comrade:—

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed,  
an Apollo, down gazing,  
Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere  
he flung himself into it,  
Eyeing through eddying green waters the  
green-tinting floor underneath them,  
Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead,  
like a cloud, rising to it,  
Drinking in, deep in his soul, the beautiful  
hue and the clearness,  
Arthur the shapely, the brave, the un-  
boasting, the glory of headers.

‘Halloa, fellows, jump in! It’s awfully jolly!’—I recognise the Oxonian glory of headers at once, as, having made his curve in the air and darted like some silvery salmon beneath the clear water, he rises on the other side and shouts out his hearty English amid a group of Greeks. Their small olive bodies are almost dwarfed by the Anglo-Saxon, whose blonde and rounded form represents a sum of selected shapes.

The floor of the bath is graded so as to give a depth suited to every age and every degree attained in the art of swimming. On the sides goes on the work of teaching little boys to swim. They are attached to the end of rod and line, and the teachers have the appearance of having just caught each a curious species of human-like frog. As I passed one of these merry fellows his plump little body suggested a pat so irresistibly, that, simply for the eternal fitness of things, I administered a gentle one. The liveried servant who held the fishing-rod in his case

made a little ejaculation of mingled surprise and amusement, and my Viennese friends, laughingly informed me, that I had touched the ark of Austrian royalty! One of them found in the performance an illustration of the strength of republican instincts. I had the pleasure of chatting with the object of my unconscious political malice afterwards, and found him remarkably clever; he could hardly have been over nine years of age, yet he was already well advanced in his knowledge of English and French.

The ladies have preceded us in the bath, and when we emerge we find them gathered about the garden and porticos of a pretty fairy-like chalet on a small hill, where, as we begin to ascend, they look like parterres of flowers. They are dressed in the richest and most becoming costumes, presenting varied and brilliant colours. When the ladies of London dress in rich colours—just such colours as these—at the fêtes of the South Kensington or the Botanical Gardens, critics sneer at the costumes and call them ‘loud’ or ‘vulgar.’ And they really do so appear under the English sky. But here similar colours seem appropriate and refined. The ladies themselves are so lovely that I was almost shocked to hear them talking in German; for I think the most enthusiastic friend of the Germans, however much he may appreciate the simplicity and sparkling intelligence of Gretchen, will generally concede that she is rarely beautiful outside the pages of poets. When the gentlemen swarmed up the hill these ladies began to beam, and their faces blossomed into smiles, showing them more flower-like than ever, and then ensued an amount of *naïve* and elaborate flirtation which I had never known equalled elsewhere. The whole company parted off, two and two, on the solid old principle that it is not good for man or woman to

be alone; and if any of the fair creatures were left without a gentleman she sat aside in gloomy silence, almost pouting, like a disappointed child. This transparency of feeling in a company consisting in good part of the higher classes was charming. They seemed a bevy of grown-up children. After strolling about the grounds for a time, they sat, still by twos, at the little marble tables and took coffee, or enjoyed ices, or sipped the sourish red wine of the vines which covered the hills around them as if they liked it. ‘This,’ remarked my handsome Greek friend from Vienna, ‘is the finest wife-bazaar in this part of Europe. It would be safe to pronounce these ladies bold hussies in London [he had once resided there], but custom makes a great difference. These ladies are strolling here, flirting more or less seriously, forming engagements for life, exactly as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. Our society furnishes nothing else so innocent; it is an invention of common sense and social necessities to build up a little civilisation within the rigid walls which have lasted from ages that ran from the extreme of barbaric license to that of ascetic hypocrisy, and there hardened. Go a little way east of this, say to Roumania, and you will find the wife-bazaar completely undisguised, the ladies seated in a line in their carriages, the youths filing by, and pausing before this or that beauty to bargain with papa about her dower under her very nose.’

The most celebrated place of resort near Vienna is Baden, about fifteen English miles from the city, about half-way to Vöslau. Many thousands go out to this place during the summer, especially on Sunday afternoons, the religious associations of that day ending at noon and making way for a somewhat more noisy and sportive after-

noon than is known to any other day of the week. Baden is noted for its bread—Rothschild in Paris will have no other baker in his house but one bred at Baden—and its wonderful and abundant hot fountains. The place was called by the Romans *Aquæ Hannomæs*. The temperature of the waters was as high as  $104^{\circ}$ . There are about twenty sources, the largest of which is the *Ursprung*, which springs in the middle of the public promenade, and supplies the large swimming baths for men and women, which are little lakes ten or twelve feet in depth, strongly exhaling sulphuretted hydrogen, limpid and warm. This fountain pours forth half a million gallons every twenty-four hours. All these waters are considered especially useful in cases of paralysis, scrofula, wounds, and catarrhal affections. They contain a comparatively small quantity of salts and about a cubic inch of sulphuretted hydrogen to the pint. There are many legends about the discovery of the various baths of this region, most of them diabolical. Their healing beneficence has not availed to deodorise the sulphurous character of its infernal suggestions. The legend of the discovery of the Carlsbad springs by the Emperor Charles IV., who saw a deer plunge into one of them, and a puff of smoke arise, has also been made to invest many another fountain. The baths of Baden present some features quite novel to Western eyes. Each bath is a large round tub in shape, some twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and made of stone. The water is warm, almost hot, as it rushes in, and at times the atmosphere is thick with a not disagreeable steam. Around the wall runs a circular gallery, where sit or stand parties gazing upon or criticising the curious scene below. All around, below the water, attached to the side of the bath, runs a seat, upon which the elderly or the ill

sit, while the younger or more sportive swim or paddle about. The bathers are of both sexes, and as the only garment they wear is of white cotton or linen the effect is startling enough, and is apt to shock those who have been brought up with English or American notions of propriety. Nothing, however, could exceed the decorum of the bathers so far as behaviour is concerned; although there appeared to be a kind of free-masonry among them, permitting each to chat with the other and offer civilities. It is indeed considered the proper thing if a gentleman sees a lady entering the bath or leaving it, or attempting to go from one side to the other, for him to start forward and offer his support whether he is acquainted with her or not. No incident, I was told, had ever occurred to suggest any separation of the sexes into different baths or hours; and when I expressed some surprise that the ladies did not demand some less diaphanous costume, it was said that the physicians considered this the best. The keeper of one of the baths assured me that the baths were conducted now just as they were when ancient Romans used them; though whether the classical invalids of the *Thermæ Cetiæ*, as they were anciently called, had cotton gowns seemed to me doubtful. There is, indeed, a *Frauenbad* set apart for ladies who wish to bathe alone, but few go to it, as the merry society of the others is less lonely to the victims who are ordered to sit for hours in the caldron.

The town of Baden itself seemed to me on an ordinary week day unattractive. It contains, apparently, a population of invalids. There is a pleasant-looking square in front of the chief hotels, *Theresiengarten*, covered with a thick grove of trees, but those who promenade through it are pale victims of disease, and

the shady depths have a silent sadness almost sepulchral, which the feathered songsters above can hardly relieve. A mile or so out of the town, however, there is the Vale of Helen (Helenthal), which is certainly beautiful. In it is the Schloss Weilburg, where the old Archduke Charles used to pass his summers, amid his 800 species of roses; and near it the ruined castles Raubeneck and Scharfeneck. There is also in the Helenthal an ancient ruin called Raubenstein, once a stronghold of Robber Knights, and haunted by legends of them. The castle of these aristocratic brigands was destroyed soon after they had exceeded the prudent usages of their class so far as to rob the Emperor Maximilian I. on the highway. The never-failing legend that in time of war the Wild Huntsman's diabolical and noisy procession is heard issuing from or returning to the ruin may still be heard told by the peasantry of the neighbourhood. The fact that the Wild Huntsman legend is always vigorous wherever there is an old Robber-Knight ruin confirms the theory that the ancient myth of Odin's career in the storm was transplanted from the Teutonic religion in its decay to the great centres of human devilry existing in the Middle Ages, chiefly represented by the mounted knights who rode rough-shod over the people, before the idea of chivalry arose among them beneath the first warm touch of Christianity.

The Slavonic type preponderates in the superstitions of Vienna and the region round about, though happily the weird horrors of that type are here much mitigated. Thus the terrible Vampyre legends, the hungry corpses that reappear in pleasing shape, and suck the blood of their surviving friends, so firmly believed in in every part of Russia, are here represented by the

faith of the peasantry (and even some of higher position) that on All Souls' Eve, at midnight, any one visiting the cemetery will see a procession of the dead drawing after them those who are to die during the coming year. There is a gloomy drama founded on it, which is still acted on every All Souls' Eve in the people's theatre. It is called *The Miller and his Child*. The Miller has a lovely daughter, the daughter a lover: the Miller obstinately opposes the marriage. After some years of despair the youth goes to the churchyard at midnight and sees the spectral train, and following it the cruel Miller. The Miller, then, will die during the year. The drama might have passed at this point from the graveyard to the marriage bells; but it would never be allowed in Austria that young people should be so encouraged to look forward cheerfully to the demise of parents, however cruel; and consequently the youth sees following close to the Miller—himself. In course of the year the poor girl loses both father and lover. During the performance of this drama the audience is generally bathed in tears, some persons sobbing painfully. It is evidently no fiction to them; and it is impossible not to believe that the heaping of their friends' graves with wreaths next day is in part due to the surviving belief that the dead have some awful power over the living, which is generally exerted for evil. But *quisque suos patimur manes*. Have we not Spiritualism in England and America? Looked at, however, from the abyss of Slavonian superstition, the bright fairies of Western Europe and the communicative familiars of the mediums have a happy sunshine about them which reminds us that Humanity has in its Westward march at least got safely past Giant Despair.

## ON THE REGENERATION OF SUNDAY.

NOTHING can be more lovely and glorious than the ideal picture of Christian goodness, as we read it in the Apostolic Epistles. In how many Christians it was a living reality, it is impossible to judge. That it was exceedingly marred by violent doctrinal quarrels among themselves, and not a little also by the impure or rude habits which they brought with them out of Paganism, is made too plain by various allusions. Some Christians are even denounced as covering licentiousness by a form of godliness. Nevertheless, the sound-hearted believers set the goal of their moral aspiration high. When they talked of holiness, they did not mean an ecclesiastical, a formal sacredness; neither the outward washing of baptism (which Peter contemptuously calls 'the putting away of the filth of the flesh'), nor attendance on Church ordinances, maceration of the body, subjection to priestly rule, or any other artificial sanctity. At least their chief and most honoured teachers esteemed Holiness to mean the highest goodness of every sort appreciable to the mind, springing up from within the heart, and overflowing in love to man, in gratitude and devotion to God.

Accordingly, the Church, its ordinances and its teaching, were regarded as an instrumental means of vitally quickening all the members; and of so elevating their characters as to rise above Duty and Law into the spiritual region of Love and Freedom. No lower form of morality was for a moment disesteemed; on the contrary, the function of the Church was to cultivate in *its converts* all that elementary rectitude of mental or bodily habits in which under heathenism they had generally been

very deficient. Regarding holiness as only the higher stage of moral development, we may say that the function of the Church was 'to cherish moral excellence *in its members.*' According to the phraseology of the Apostle Paul, his office was to *minister the Spirit*; and in the Spirit was included holiness, liberty, and practical wisdom. The Spirit was with him opposed to the Flesh, or baser nature. In the works of the flesh he comprised every form of immorality; but the fruit of the Spirit, he says, is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith [faithfulness?], meekness, temperance. So abundantly was the moral element expanded in his ideal.

But the Church of that day was in its own theory an exceptional body. It could not cohere or cooperate with so very corrupt a world as surrounded it, nor did it for a moment conceive the vast idea of converting the whole mass. To take out of the world an *elect* people was its sole ambition; and it was manifest that only certain temperaments (in their language, partakers of *grace* or God's special favour) were susceptible to conversion. From this antagonism to the world they shunned alike public posts, public amusements, and private company, thereby bringing on themselves dislike and suspicion. Thus they were kept in high tension, and by the persecution (small at first, soon severer) which followed, felt themselves to be a peculiar people, whose task was to promote good works and holiness. The whole life was to be holy. No distinction was made of working day and Sunday. On the Sabbath, that is, *Saturday*, no common trade-labour was exercised by Jewish Christians: the Pagan converts met for worship, if able, on Saturday

evening, when in Jewish computation the Sabbath was over, and the First Day of the week was begun; but they had no day at all without ordinary work. Neither Romans nor Greeks had any week of seven days: hence the phrase '*first day of the week*' could only be interpreted from a Jewish sense. Gentile Christians (except when they had learned from the Jews to keep Saturday) counted no day of the week holy more than another.

Whether in the second and third centuries Christians collectively were really inferior to those of the first, it is difficult to know; but certainly the standard of holiness held up before them was constantly sinking, by ecclesiasticism growing up, and by controversy ever exalting the relative value of right opinion. In the fourth century, under Constantine, the First Day became at last, by the Emperor's edict, a day of cessation from common labour; and from it our modern *Sunday* is derived. The Puritanical Sunday of England (falsely called Sabbath) dates barely from the reign of James I. Baseless as it is in matter of argument, the idea of it was noble in the mind of the Puritan. It was to be a day nationally devoted to teaching, learning, or meditation on holy things—to religious exercises of the heart, in private and public, or to philanthropic action; with the least possible spending of minutes on the needs of physical life. The churches of modern England have adopted this theory, and the first question here arising is, how far they have realised it.

I do not question that there is numerically a large body of persons who approximate to this ideal. But it must be remembered that the institution has been made *national*; the law establishes it, and defends it with fines and penalties. *Nationally*, the failure of the institution is enormous. With a

great majority it is a day for lying late in bed and other bodily indolence, a day for eating a more expensive and probably less wholesome dinner—a mere indulgence of 'the flesh.' With very many the hours pass in stupid languor; with vast multitudes it is a day in which an extra quantity of intoxicating drink is swallowed. With others it is a day for rural excursions, in which, however innocent, no one can discover anything specially religious. Debauchery prevails in the evening so widely that on Monday many an artisan is unfit for work, and the police offices show a great excess of crime. This is an eminently unsatisfactory Christian Sunday.

But even as to the portion of time spent in church, no very high account can be given. There are, I well believe, some who, happy in their minister, and highly devout in themselves, find the attendance in church very profitable; but how slight is the efficacy on the great mass of a congregation! Weariness under long prayers, and listlessness under a sermon, is a widely applicable description; moreover, when we ask how often the pulpit directs itself against public immoralities, or exerts any appreciable effect against them, the reply is highly damaging. Moral topics are seldom treated at all from the pulpit. To preach (what is called) Dry Morality would probably empty any church or chapel; nor are adults likely to get much benefit from scholastic treatment of morals. To preach against the Crying Sins of the day is quite a different matter. This is what Wesley, Whitefield, and their associates did; this is what Baxter and many Puritans before him did—vehemently and successfully. If one asks why this is on the whole so very rare, now or formerly, the reasonable reply is that the preacher has not sufficient weight of charac-

ter, conviction, and earnestness of mind; only exceptional men can do the thing well or usefully. A large number of preachers are too young; they are deficient in fire; they have not stern intensity and recklessness of man's judgment where that of God is clear to them. Apostolic fervour in no age at all has been a common endowment. An underlying sense that if the clergy collectively were to preach against the sins of the day, they would often become mere partisans and advocates in matters on which wiser men doubt, has led to a very prevalent disuse of such preaching. It is seldom that any widespread vice or injustice can be redressed without aid from the State; indeed, generally the State itself is guilty—perhaps is an accomplice. To preach against such sins is stigmatised as 'political agitation.' Even in the great movement against slavery, which began with Clarkson and Wilberforce, though some Episcopalian ministers and very many Dissenters were warm in the cause, I believe they seldom dared to bring the matter into the pulpit; they argued only on the platform, where their ecclesiastical character was merged—where they appeared, not as ministers, but rather as lay philanthropists. A long list of national sins, vices, and injustices might be drawn up, as to which the pulpits have been utterly dumb. Even such scandals as bribery at elections, excess of drink-shops, immoralities of theatres and other lower places, with ever-spreading social corruption, draw out from very few indeed (as far as I have heard) such preaching as in the movement of Wesley was prominent and fruitful.

It must not be omitted that another cause has greatly conduced to strip the *pulpit* of its moral functions, namely, the development of what we now call the *platform*. The essential difference is this, that from the platform *many* speak; and

though they oftenest speak all on one side, yet opponents, if they are desirous to promote discussion and not confusion, will generally be welcome. When a society has been formed to promote a definite object, its uniform difficulty—perhaps its greatest difficulty—is to get intelligent opponents to attend and argue against it. In general they disdain to come; friends only attend, and there are too few in the audience who need conversion. Yet room is open for debate. One man has it not all to himself, in such dogmatic style as needs in him a weight of character not often to be found. There is room also for taking a vote of the audience; and little as may be the value of the vote, it much conduces to attention; for when men have something to *do* as the result of listening, they listen far more earnestly. A sense of responsibility comes in. But if nothing practical is to come of listening, inattention more easily steals on them. Moreover, far greater *interest* is raised by a variety of speakers, even if many of them are inferior.

On the whole, the influence of the modern churches against precisely the worst evils of the day—those which are supported by State institutions, by interested politicians or office-holders, or by great vested interests—is almost as feeble as under Paganism itself. If the function of Church organisations is to promote *that* public morality without which Religion is fanaticism or hypocrisy, their failure on a national scale is most lamentable. The Clergy have not, even by indirect influence, guided or spurred the laity to contend in any vital matter. It is not Reorganisation merely that the Churches need, but Regeneration—the infusing of a new vitality. Yet—believe this as we may—outsiders can do nothing but make such suggestions concerning possible new arrangements, as may give freedom

to a new spirit, trusting that it does exist among us.

Indeed, the defects of the new system which has arisen—that of Voluntary Societies and public meetings—are very grave. The waste of effort, time, and money is enormous, and too much is thrown on *the same* philanthropic persons. The number of such societies is in itself a serious embarrassment, and the expense makes it difficult for a poor man to set them at work at all. In so far as such societies are philanthropic, that is, disinterested as well as useful, it belongs properly to the Church or Churches to conduct them, for which they would have many facilities; and by the very fact the Church as an organisation would recover her true position in society.

No National Church attempts to imitate the *form* of the Apostolic action. In every age a few eccentric societies attempt it, with devout, self-sacrificing zeal; and they are a useful protest against our selfishness and luxury. But no one can take a broad view of history, with a heart embracing all mankind, and be satisfied with so limited an action on the millions of our brethren and sisters, as alone was possible or imaginable to the Apostles and their contemporaries. It is an axiom with us, that God cares for the unfortunate many, as much as for the happy few; and that a first duty incumbent on those who, whether by inward or outward resources, are favoured, is to employ their ability for the welfare of the less favoured. An Apostle who said, 'Silver and gold have I none,' could with equal truth have said, 'Political influence have I none.' A deputation of Christians to Galba, Vespasian, or Trajan, imploring a political change in the interests of morals or humanity, would have been treated even by these respectable emperors as impertinently offensive. 'Do you think that the

Emperor and the Senate do not know their duties without your instruction?' was the mildest reply they could expect. But the majority of our nation is contained in the Churches, which, if united in any philanthropic aim, become politically all-powerful. With the vast increase of means, the scale of duty enlarges itself. Apostles could not dream of uprooting the *causes* of vice and misery, because these were political as well as social and personal; with us, to uproot the *causes* is just the primary duty, and is, of course, the only way of removing the effects.

Nor is it possible for the Churches now, as in some measure then, to keep themselves apart from the contaminations of a guilty and foul world; for with us, Church and World are inextricably mixed. Only while a Church is a small and special community, can it at all successfully isolate itself. Enthusiasm may for a while keep such a Church in a high-strung frame of mind, which resists the world's corruptions; but such enthusiasm barely outlasts in purity a second generation: the evil world drags the Church downwards. No Church can sustain its own higher life long, unless active to purify society which is outside of it, on its outskirts, or in general interfused with it. Every way, therefore, the enterprise of healing the world's ulcers, and cleansing away moral pestilence, is an essential duty of the modern Church.

The Church has the *pulpit* entirely to herself; but the influence of the pulpit, by universal confession, has immensely declined. Why should she not try to attract the *platform* within her limits, and work it under her own auspices, so far as it purposes to promote justice, mercy, and moral goodness? The Church overlooks her own facilities for this. First of all, she has, all ready for use, the building in which a public



meeting can be held. Next, the cost of advertisement and placards in a large movement would be greatly economised. One or two placards outside the building would make an announcement to the congregation, and by mutual agreements the different Churches would soon learn to help each other in such advertising. They would often work in harmony, debating the same subject simultaneously. Thirdly (what is by far most important, and is the matter to be here specially developed), every local Church has the *time* at her disposal for philanthropic action, if Sunday, that ecclesiastical day, were duly digested. From the severe pressure of business, attendance at philanthropic meetings is impossible in the prime of a working day, and is a troublesome effort to most persons late in the evening. This grave difficulty would vanish if the meeting were held at the church itself, and on Sunday. Fourthly, a meeting so gathered would not be packed from any select clique, but would take up more independent elements than now. Reasoning on both sides would be heard from the beginning. A futile project would be more quickly stopped; a good measure would more rapidly rise in public esteem. Fifthly, far greater solemnity would be maintained. Neither noisy excitement of applause, nor unseemly riot, would be endured. A more sober enthusiasm, a more earnest gravity, a greater general self-control might be counted on. Sixthly, the clergyman or chief minister of the building would be the natural chairman, whose official character would certainly give him weight to restrain the meeting, if restraint were needed; and would be a full guarantee for decorum, in no small measure also for religious earnestness. Few clergymen have, or can have, the fire of a Reformer or Prophet; but a large majority of those in full maturity of life have

the qualities needed in a vigorous and useful Chairman or President. And every such President, if he had a word in his heart, would have a full right and a free opportunity to speak it out at any convenient length. Each would earn the influence which his practical wisdom might deserve.

A secondary organisation would be sure to rise. A Committee of Elders, similar to the Deacons of many churches, would consult with the Minister as to the desirableness of holding a meeting for the discussion of a certain subject. The *initiation* of the idea would rest with voluntary movement; that is, any individuals (or any amounting to a prescribed number) might make suggestion to the Elders, who, if they pleased, would discuss it with the Minister. If it seemed plausible enough to deserve fuller debate, it would be brought into a general meeting. If there it were disapproved, the matter would go no farther. No harm would have been done; no cost whatever would have been incurred.

As a result of holding meetings of philanthropic tendency every Sunday—on the one hand, persons who do not esteem the ordinary church-ministrations enough to frequent them, would be attracted by a service which they appreciate, conducted on the day which is least pre-occupied; on the other hand, all the ordinary church-attendants would learn that philanthropists are not a special class, but that philanthropy is the duty of every religious man. Owing to the severe engagements of business, a great majority of men now are apt to imagine that it belongs to *others*, not to *them*, to bestir themselves for the benefit of the world. If indeed they are rich, the pressure of others may get money out of them; but this is not at all so beneficial to them, as themselves to take part in good enterprises, nor does it so call out their liberality.

The selfishness and materialism now dominant would receive a wholesome check, if Sunday, instead of being a day in which the laity are passive hearers and receptive of abstract truth, became a day in which kind, just, or merciful actions were promoted by their co-operation and advice.

To bring about the change which I imagine, a commencement must be made in Churches really free. At this moment, the Episcopalian or Anglican Church is wholly incapable of such development; but if that happen, which to many minds seems fast approaching, that this Church should become free from the State, and able to re-organise herself, she has in her cathedrals and other ample buildings facilities far beyond all the rest. It would only be requisite to have courage to turn them to the best account.

With no small timidity, I proceed to state more in detail, what changes would regenerate the Sunday: with timidity, because there are of course many ways in detail of applying the same principles, and those which I suggest cannot to all minds seem the best. I fear (for this often happens) that readers, instead of improving my scheme where it may seem to them defective, will look on what they regard as its defects as a refutation of the fundamental idea. But unless I sketch a plan in detail, many readers will not get any vivid notion of the mode of action which I conceive. To fix ideas, I shall name definite hours, and define other matters as well as I can.

Suppose that on Sunday the church doors were to open at twenty minutes past ten, and ten minutes were allowed for the congregation to assemble. I believe that *an hour and a quarter* amply suffices for what is called the ordinary Church Service, which might terminate at a quarter to twelve (11.45). The

long prayers of the Anglican Church were never intended by the compilers of the Prayer Book. The modern system has been brought about by an arbitrary and hurtful accumulation of three liturgies—viz. the Morning Prayers, the Litany, and the Communion, besides the Sermon: in some churches and on some days the Baptismal Service, or the Churching of Women, or the Communion is added. It is reasonable to believe, that this will be reformed in a state of freedom. English Christians are morally unable to pray on so many topics as their ancestors. It is neither necessary nor profitable to open this remark more fully; but it is visible, that a church no sooner becomes free, than it much shortens its prayers. And is not this in close accordance with a precept of Jesus himself? In different modifications of religious theories the details cannot be the same; but there are many who will think it would suffice to allow twenty minutes for Reading, ten minutes for Prayer, fifteen minutes for Hymns, and twenty-five minutes for Sermon. An interval of nearly a quarter of an hour would remain, before twelve o'clock, when the Philanthropic meeting might begin.

But according to my ideal and prospectus of the future, perhaps in this same space of time (viz. from 10.30 to 11.45) three other forms of service would either always or often go on, in the wings of the same building: namely, the youths (say) from the age of thirteen to eighteen would receive instruction, moral and religious, from an elder priest; the girls of the same age, from a matron priestess: thirdly, the younger children would get school-teaching. Whether such arrangement may be possible, would depend on the available teachers. Here it suffices to insist on two things; *first*, that at present the moral instruction of young persons of both sexes on

subjects of all others vital to them is perniciously omitted, and will be omitted, until they are taught separately, by an elder man and by a matron: next, that children are cruelly and mischievously tired out, by teaching them in school first, and bringing them into church afterward. It is an ingenious way of making them hate the church service, for which they are every way too young. But unless the school be *simultaneous* with the church service, what is to be done with the children?

How very defective is our teaching of Morals, few appear to me to be aware. As the happiness or misery of life is made up chiefly of small things, so is its morality. The boys of England are perhaps as reckless and as rude as of any nation in the world. See (at least in the towns) the great incivility of our lads to those whose dress has anything not in the cut of the day, or unusual to their eye: observe the rudeness of their fun, the coarseness of their language and jokes, their excessive pertness. A Turkish boy, however poor, is a perfect gentleman in comparison to them. Look again to the sons of the gentry. Unless the school boys of this generation are prodigiously improved, much of the same story might be told of them. Indeed, the accounts given of our youths on their way to India, while passing through Egypt, and after reaching India, exhibit them as not only disgraceful to our country, but as fostering grave political mischief by their illegal violences and excessive insolence. What are called 'practical jokes,' which are anything but jokes to the sufferers, prevail, unless put down with a high hand. Everywhere English names are cut on wood and stone (by grown men also), damaging even historical or antique monuments. Even if every offence were itself small, yet the total mischief

to the character and to society is very serious. But it is hard for anyone to preach from the *pulpit* on such things; they should be taught in the *school*.

And they can be taught well in school—so taught as to be instructive to well-bred young gentlemen and ladies. Mr. William Ellis so teaches in schools the elements of Political Economy as to make it a profitable lecture on Morals. Conversely, lectures on all the small duties and graces of life, opening their moral grounds, would at once inculcate gentleness, politeness, and honesty, and also explain the laws of the market and the rights of every cultivator to the fruits of his labour. Surely such lessons are far more profitable to children than a premature inculcation of religion, the learning of a catechism, or even instruction in reading, if it is to be never used and soon forgotten. To be contented with simple food and avoid greediness, and many other matters, would also be taught.

So elevated and mighty an idea as that of GOD cannot be received by a young child. To a mother endeavouring to inculcate it, her little boy replied, 'Mamma is Charley's God.' Another boy, taken to church for the first time, said on his return, 'Papa, I have seen the LORD!' His father, on enquiry, found that what the boy had seen was the minister in a white surplice. After a child has learned to feel and practise Universal Kindness it is quite time enough to begin upon religion. Until he loves Man, whom he has seen, he cannot love God, whom he has not seen, or get any profitable idea of Him at all. Much less is there any use in indoctrinating him with a creed, though it be the soundest and surest creed in the world. Let the flower set well, and hope for the fruit in due time, under the blessing of God's Sun; but to expect autumn in spring is to waste labour and

damage your tree. In general, by teaching confession of sin, or thankfulness for its atonement, you do but teach hypocrisy.

The instruction of youths and elder girls of course cannot be solely and always on the topics on account of which it is desirable to have the sexes apart. Experience, and the ability or genius of teachers, would regulate details. There would not be, and need not be, uniformity in different churches. But there are other topics ill taught from the pulpit, but well taught when young people are the audience; such as conscientiousness in small service, the wrongfulness of petty stealing to indulge the appetite, and of all such rudeness and damage to others as were named above; the duty of politeness and distance between young men and women; the sin of waste, the value of economy; the delight of generosity out of our savings. To the young women, especially, the folly and wrong of expensive dress; the excessive stupidity of 'Fashion,' which, by dressing all alike, whatever their physical aspect, necessarily makes a large number ugly. They should be taught that the beauty of dress does not depend on the costliness of the material, but on the elegance of the form and suitability to the wearer. I have heard a gentleman say that if a shawl, however coarse and mean, is given to a Hindoo girl, she has half a dozen ways of putting it on, all becoming. Then, also, lessons of cleanliness, tidiness, and conscientious work have to be taught. The numerous evils of smoking—to the purse, to health, to furniture, and to other people's comfort—might here be inculcated with the greatest advantage to youths. I need hardly add, the supreme importance of implanting in them a hatred of intoxicating drink: but to teach them not to indulge the appetite by needlessly expensive food approaches to

it in importance. What length of time the Philanthropic meeting would take must depend on its nature, and the interest which it might cause. If such meetings were adjourned from week to week one hour might ordinarily suffice; but in all such matters a Free Church would secure for itself *flexibility*, and would adapt arrangements according to the materials before it. Moreover, instead of adhering to a single routine of what is called the Lord's Supper, would it not be far more reasonable to revert to the freedom of the original institution? I think that if Christians get more manliness of mind, and insist that traditional routine shall not impede that Spirit of Liberty in which Paul glories, some such development will even yet happen.

What is the exact relation between the Love Feasts (Jude 12) of the early Christians, and the Lord's Supper as described by Paul (1 Cor. xi. 20), I do not mean dogmatically to pronounce. But it is clear that the Supper to which Paul refers, was a real and solid *meal*; and the original Supper (according to the Three First Gospels) at which Jesus founded the institution, was a meal upon the Paschal lamb. The obvious inference is, that this was originally identical with the Love Feast; but that in consequence of the abuses denounced by Paul, and indeed later by Jude also, a modification took place. Some Churches probably adopted Paul's advice early, and destroyed entirely the nature of the Supper as a true meal, making it a mere shadow or pretence of a meal: this is the form which has come down to our day, since ultimately the influence of Paul predominated in all the Gentile Churches. While it was a real supper, its name (Charity) I suppose implies that the expense was defrayed by one or more of the richer members.

When rich and poor partook of it in common, it was a pledge of religious union. The Tea-meetings of our Dissenters aim at the same mark.

It is not likely that any British Churches will consent to lay aside the element *wine*, which has been made a sacred emblem. But some of them already interpret it (as do very many American Churches) to mean the *unfermented* juice of the grape (Matt. xxvi. 29), and treat the use of fermented wine as a pernicious deviation from the original practice. If this interpretation were to become general, it would enable them to revert, without design, to what none can doubt to have been the primitive idea—that the Supper was a true meal. In any case, the rise of Tea-meetings displays the desire of recovering the Christian *agapè*.

If, from any cause, a meeting or meetings in the church were prolonged, the *agapè* would conveniently and beneficially reappear. After the ordinances of religion and the business of philanthropy, what more reasonable than to unbend the mind and refresh the heart by pleasant conversation? In a country parish and in fine weather, the open field would be preferred to the inside of a building; but our weather does not often permit this. Surely the time will come, when that superstition will vanish, which forbids the use of churches for meetings on which the blessing of God can be asked. If Bread and Wine remain the type of that extreme simplicity which reduces a meal to its fewest elements; if that horrid notion be set aside, that Sunday is the day for gormandising, the *agapè* might itself initiate a sounder idea of what a devout man's eating ought to be. To learn practically that hunger may be satiated and strength sustained on figs and bread, or other simple viands, without hot dishes, flesh

meats, laborious cookery or fermented liquors, would be in itself a more profitable lesson than many a long sermon can impart. The friendliness between different ranks, which is cherished by the participation of a common meal, is totally lost in the modern Lord's Supper, where each recipient is isolated and dumb, and is a *Communicant* in a solitary sense only.

If then it be supposed that the congregation, without dispersing, took a simple meal of charity, another possibility would open. After they had sufficiently refreshed their heads from the tension of thought by the cheerful interchange of words, a Lecture might be delivered by the minister on an instructive subject. *Ecclesiastical History* is the topic most pertinent to the Churches, and most neglected; but if once larger views be taken, a wider survey of human nature will be seen to be appropriate, such as the *history of human religion*—I mean, in outline; not the tedious and repulsive groping into the details of human error, or any display of the airy fancies of mythology; but a narrative of the efforts of the human mind towards truth, and its partial attainment; also the relation between religion in every age and the contemporaneous metaphysical or physical conceptions. It does not appear to me that metaphysics, any more than physical science, in its detailed or scholastic development, is at all suited to the Church, nor are Church ministers likely to be competent to lecture upon it. But so far as these subjects are embraced in a concrete form, as embodied in this or that human religion, they are perfectly clerical. Another topic for Lectures, also appropriate to the Church, is *scientific Morals*, which may be treated in various ways according to the knowledge and genius of the Lecturer; frequently the history of one particular branch of *Morals* is highly instructive, or the treatment

of specific questions of Morals, such as Military Service, War and its Laws, Pleading in Law for Fees—though, when these subjects admit much debate, it might be more satisfactory to discuss them in public meeting, with leave to speak on both sides. Another form of Lecture is, continuous exposition of sacred books, and other parts of what is called *Theological Science*, which, if expounded in the pulpit, are too argumentative to harmonise with acts of devotion. Minds unequal to receive such Lectures would depart with the children before they began. This is but an outline of the developments which might make the Sunday less formal and more beneficial, the ministry more fruitful and more honoured.

Certain Dissenting Churches, and probably (if I were well enough informed) some ministers of Anglican Churches also, have Lectures and popular Teachings in their schools, where questions can be asked by members of the audience; but, as far as I ever heard, on week-days only. They do not take advantage of the fact, that Sunday is the special day of leisure for such things, and that on Sunday the people are already assembled. In the suggestions here made, I have wished not to go beyond that which an educated and reasonable Puritan might approve. Philanthropic action, and debate concerning it, must, according to their strictest views, be appropriate to Sunday; so is an eminently simple meal, promotive of kind feeling between different ranks. The conversation during the meal would be in accordance with their own view of what Sunday conversation *ought* to be—whether more strict, or less. The topics of Lectures here named are such as harmonise with the

ecclesiastical temperament Puritanically limited. Nevertheless, I see not how to doubt, that the increased learning of the Dissenting ministers through Collegiate instruction cannot fail to open their eyes to the utter fatuity of identifying our First Day with the Sabbath. The Italian Language, the modern Greek and the Arabic, have no *other word* to denote Saturday but simply *Sabbath*.<sup>1</sup> This is, in all three nations, an undeniably unbroken tradition, coming down from the earliest times, and even singly is enough to disprove the arbitrary fiction—of which the first Protestant Reformers had never so much as heard—that Sunday is the Sabbath. It may be added, that learned Jews emphatically protest against the notion, that intellectual cultivation was ever forbidden on their Sabbath.

The social history of England more and more manifests the deplorable evils which have arisen from the ever declining influence of religion upon the action of the State. Measures of legislation or of execution are controlled and almost moulded by the morality prevailing among political men, with whom Ambition and Avarice have predominant sway. Under every constitutional government, be it monarchical or republican, Wealth has enormous power not only by direct influence on dependants, but by its easy command of tools which enable it to blind and pervert public opinion. However much a minister, or even a whole ministry, may desire to act for moral interests, these are almost always subordinated to political convenience or the wishes of rich men. There is no one to *moralise* the action of the State, if the Churches neglect it; hence the

<sup>1</sup> So in Dehèque's *Dictionnaire grec moderne français*, 'Σάββατον, ἡ, sabbat. Samedi.' In Kazimirzki's *Arabic Dict.*, 'Sabb—sabbat, jour de repos des Juifs; Samedi.' Conversely in Boethor's *Dict. français-arabe*, 'Samedi—el sabbat.' In Lownd's *Engl. and Mod. Greek*, 'Saturday, ἡ Σάββατον.' In Baret's *Anglo-Italian*, 'Saturday—sabbato, nome del settimo di della settimana.' So in Spanish, Sabado; in Polish, Sobota. The Russian Subboma, as French Samedi, is apparently only Sabato in disguise.

foul impurities, rank injustices, and besotted ignorances, equal to those of Paganism, which domineer among us. They never could have reached such a height, but for the moral ruin of the Church which the restoration of Charles II. caused. We have not at all recovered from that deadly mischief. To go into the matter in detail, would carry me wide. Suffice it to say, that while Calvin and perhaps the Puritans wanted the State, in its care for public morality, to cripple indi-

vidual freedom too much; since Charles II. the State has become reckless, and seldom takes cognisance of morality at all.

Whether the Churches can ever recover their social influence, so as to infuse morality into a State dominated by Mammon, I cannot foresee; but obviously it is very much wanted; and no possibility of it opens, unless they will reorganise and regenerate their use of the Sunday.

F. W. NEWMAN.



## THE JESUITS, AND THEIR EXPULSION FROM GERMANY.

THE recent decree by the Protestant head of the German Empire for the expulsion of the Jesuits from its territories is merely an appendix to the historical records of similar policy adopted at various times, but in regular succession, by all the Roman Catholic nations of Europe. The zeal, the discipline, and the devotion of this celebrated religious order, which has been accused of mingling too often in political and revolutionary intrigues, had early acquired for its members the distinctive appellation of being 'The Janissaries of the Pope.' While anathemas have been openly hurled from the Vatican against princes and potentates, the associates of that body, muffled in the cloak of zeal for their church, are believed to have been frequently the missionaries of sedition, when its aim was to stab the liberties of men, or disturb the repose of States. Being stern Infallibilists, they would seem to be peculiarly favoured by Pius IX., and, the Superiors being resident in Rome, they are supposed to have obtained admission into his cabinet council. Apprehensive that the unity of Italy may be secured as well by the alliance as by the consolidation of the German Empire, and feeling that the Church has ceased to be supreme, even in that city, the fomenters of a religious war threaten a formidable organisation. The avowed object is to restore the temporal power of the Pope, as we trust and believe a forlorn hope, but the inevitable consequence would be the annihilation of Italian independence. The Ultramontane antagonism of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood in Germany is also a concerted movement to dislocate if possible that union of States which the sympathies of language and of race would speedily cement. In politico-religious con-

tests against nations ambitious of peaceful unity, the warriors of the Faith seem, as usual, disposed to rally under the spiritual direction of the Jesuits. The policy of the German Chancellor is merely protective; his determination is to resist any aggressive attempts against a power which the Pope has already denounced as the European Colossus. That great minister, while rejecting all pretensions to religious supremacy, is willing to concede to the priesthood their rights as German citizens. We may therefore assume that any measures which he may be compelled to adopt, apparently opposed to the spirit of toleration, must be dictated by imperious necessity, and by a high sense of duty to the sovereign and his subjects. Even his edict for the banishment of the Jesuits has been marked by moderation, for while Protestant Prussia allowed three months for their expatriation, it has been publicly stated that the Roman Catholic Kingdom of Bavaria, which has been emphatically distinguished as the 'German State of the Church,' deemed three days amply sufficient for their final departure.

The founder of the Order, Ignatius Loyola, a native of the Biscayan Province of Navarre, afterwards annexed to Spain, had early predicted that his followers would yet become the Pretorian Guards of the Roman Church. Although his original success was due mainly to his enthusiasm, he was not deficient in the cool and calculating qualities of a politician. The depth of his conceptions was manifested in the organisation of the numbers who embraced his tenets, and his sagacity was shown in the establishment of a German College at Rome for the education of missionaries of that race, who were afterwards deputed to eradicate from



their native soil the doctrines of the Reformation. This device was imitated with respect to England, by planting similar seminaries in Continental cities within easy reach of our shores. The founder had from the outset determined that the government of the Order should be monarchical, and he was of course elected by his associates their first General, that being the term applied to their Superior, who is chosen for life, and cannot be deposed, except for high crimes against its constitutions.

The fame of Loyola even attracted female devotees, and he was induced by their persuasions to admit Isabel Rozella, a noble Spanish widow, with whom he had once been a favourite, and two Roman ladies within his rules; but he soon repented of his pious gallantry, and declared that the government of the three sisters was more troublesome to him than that of the whole Society. Having gotten rid of his charge, he obtained the Pope's Apostolic letter exempting the Jesuits from all future combination with the fair sex, whether singly or in association, a privilege to which it would seem that his followers have since rigidly adhered.

The Order of the Jesuits invites our attention in three distinct aspects—religious, educational, and political. The great Charter of Jesuitism, which is impressed with the name '*Monita Secreta*,' or the Secret Instructions, is believed to have been revised by the founder, and forms an Encyclopedia of precepts, inculcating in every shape the doctrine of 'right divine to govern wrong.' The existence of this code has been doubted and denied, but its recent publication in Paris by Charles Sauverne, author of *Les Congrégations Religieuses*, places its authenticity beyond question. In preserving its secrecy the Order has imitated the priests of ancient Egypt, who buried in the ground under their altars the doctrines

they reserved to themselves to guide the people; while the Church reposes on the double principles of authority and universality. The aim of Jesuitism has ever been the religious government of the world; and its guiding principle, that but one religion must be tolerated on earth. To encourage their increase the members are divided into six classes, the Probationary or Jesuits Proper, the Spiritual Coadjutors, the Approved Scholars, the Lay Brothers or Temporal Coadjutors, the Novices, and those that are affiliated, or Jesuits of the short robe. The leading educational policy of these new preceptors of mankind was to acquire the reputation of being the most learned body in Christendom; and by inspiring an almost exclusive taste for the classic authors of antiquity, they sought to damp the mental energies, and to stifle all desire of enquiring into matters either controversial or philosophic. By rigidly enforcing the vow of submissive obedience, they have necessarily restricted the sphere of intellectual acquirements; and they have invariably endeavoured to model science so as to suit the interests of their creed. By devoting more time than any other branch of the priesthood to their own peculiar studies, they acquired more insinuating polish in their manners; while the casuistry of their schools instructed them in the sophisticated arts of dissimulation. Their ecclesiastical discipline prescribing obedience on the part of every member as passive as if he were a corpse, sackcloth and ashes were selected as the gloomy fashions of the order. Their educational as well as their religious system was ingeniously devised to make Jesuits, but not men, in the more extensive acceptance of the term. In their political conceptions they attribute to the Court of Rome a dominion as extensive and as arbitrary as was ever claimed, even in the dark ages, by the most audacious Pontiffs.

The first Jesuit mission into Germany, composed of Spaniards, Italians, and Netherlanders, dates from the year 1550, when they settled at Cologne, and thence spread over the districts adjacent to the Rhine. From the period of the Reformation the Popes had ruled more by address than by authority, and they soon perceived that the most efficient weapons of aggression and defence were to be found in the armoury of the Order. The beatification, as it is termed, and the subsequent canonisation of Loyola as Saint Ignatius by two successive Popes, presenting fresh attractions to wavering fanatics, speedily recruited their ranks. Conscious that the great religious revolution had made most progress among the Teutonic races, their enthusiastic ardour pushed their missions beyond the Rhenish Principalities into Bavaria, and other States. The influence they there acquired, after a time became so perceptible, that the Papal Nuncio announced to his Court they had won many souls and done great service to the Roman See. Some of their members even obtained chairs in the Bavarian Universities, and the first effective anti-Protestant impression made upon the Lutheran nations may be traced to their presence and their preaching. There is no precedent in the history of reactions for the rapidity of their progress; the inhabitants formerly attached to the Romish faith who had yielded to the early Reformers, were re-converted into Catholics. To that period may be traced a counter Reformation, in which States where the Gospel light had earliest beamed again relapsed into mediæval darkness. Frequent vicissitudes of fate are to be found in the early Jesuit annals. Even the Emperor Charles V., a bigoted Roman Catholic, who abdicated all his crowns in order to pass his latter days within the cloisters of a monastery, having become jealous and alarmed at the

political influence they had acquired and exercised, sanctioned their banishment from some of the cities of his vast dominions. The series of their expulsions commenced in the first century of their existence; they were driven in 1555 from the Spanish city of Zaragoza, from the Italian Valteline in 1566, from Vienna in 1568, from Avignon, a Papal State, in 1570, from Antwerp in 1578, from England in 1579, from Bordeaux in 1589, from Holland in 1590, and from France in 1595. We reserve for the present the category of their expulsions in later times, but the political events of 1848, which expelled the Order from other European countries, opened a wide field of action in several of the German States. In their strange alternations of fortune, while they were permitted to settle in Protestant Prussia, they were expressly excluded from the Roman Catholic Kingdom of Saxony, by the Constitution of 1831 regulating the Government of that State.

The Order first settled in France in 1554, at the Abbey of Mont Martre, originally in the days of the Romans Mont de Mars, and afterwards Mont des Martyrs, where Loyola had for a time pursued his scholastic studies. On their appearance, the Faculty of Theology at Paris publicly denounced their principles as calculated to wound the honour of religious life, to alter the ceremonies of the Church, and to encourage schisms and even apostasy. Contemporary historians have asserted that members of the Order were implicated in many of the bloody scenes of the League, but as our notice is at present confined to their expulsions from Roman Catholic States, we proceed to the event for which they were first expelled from the soil of France. After the conversion of Henry of Navarre had enabled him to ascend the throne, the two successive attempts of Pierre Barrière and Jean Châtel, who were alleged to have been

both incited by the regicide doctrines attributed to the Jesuits, created vast indignation against the Order. Châtel had been unquestionably educated at their great seminary, and on the failure of the attempt so popular was the King, that the multitude proceeded with menacing cries to their college in the Rue St. Jaques, and there would have been a general massacre of the members if the King and the Parliament of Paris had not intervened by force. The Jesuits Guignard and Guéret were arrested, and subjected to torture in the hope of fixing them as accomplices in the crime. Guignard, who was Regent of the College, was afterwards convicted of having written several seditious libels to prove that it was lawful to kill the King. The Parliament of Paris, on the 7th of January, 1595, decreed that he should be strangled in the Place de Grève, and his body consumed to ashes, a sentence which was carried into execution on the same day.<sup>1</sup> The decree then ordered that the priests and scholars of the College of Clermont, and all others calling themselves members of the Society, as corruptors of youth, disturbers of public peace, and enemies of the King and the State, should, within three days after notice of the decree, quit Paris and all other towns and places where they had colleges, and within fifteen days after leave the kingdom, on pain, if found after the expiration of that time, of being punished as criminals guilty of high treason. Their goods, movable as well as immovable, were declared forfeited, and to be devoted to charitable purposes. All subjects of the kingdom were forbidden to send their sons to Jesuit colleges out of the kingdom to be educated, also under pain of high treason.<sup>2</sup> Henry IV., when afterwards receiving the

congratulations of the Parliament, declared with peculiar emphasis, 'Je suis Catholique, Roi Catholique, Catholique Romain, non Catholique Jésuite! Je connais des Catholiques Jésuites; je ne suis pas de l'humeur de ces gens-là, ni de leurs semblables.' In the true spirit of that toleration which dictated to that sovereign the Edict of Nantes, the banished Order was permitted to return in 1603.

That edict, declaring amnesty for the past and religious freedom for the future, was dictated by noble and generous sentiments; but, as it proposed to equalise all creeds, it was opposed to their principles and hateful in the eyes of the Jesuits. The hero of Ivry would seem to have had a strong presentiment of his impending fate; and a vague rumour that he contemplated a war against the Catholics, and to depose the Pope, re-animating the fanaticism of the former members of the League. He was also destined to fall in a public street in Paris by the dagger of a religious visionary, François Ravallac, who had in vain endeavoured to be received as a Jesuit lay brother, but who to the last denied that he had any instigator or associate. Henry of Bourbon is the most popular name in the long line of French kings, and the blow of this fanatic assassin deranged for years the destinies of France. The College of the Sorbonne immediately after the event renewed their decree condemnatory of the treatise by the Jesuit Mariana, *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, which had defended the assassination of Sovereigns. The book was accordingly seized and publicly consigned to the flames.

During the regency of the royal widow, Marie de Médécis, the Jesuits would seem to have regained favour with the Court, and the wily Richelieu, probably in the hope of

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, par T. Crétineau-Joly. Paris, 1844. Vol. I. p. 459.

<sup>2</sup> *Histoire des Jésuites*, par l'Abbé Guettée. Paris, 1858. Vol. I. pp. 264-5.

tranquillising the contending factions, or with the view of extending his own political influence, selected a father of the Order as his confessor. While Ann of Austria was regent, the Order was not so courted; Mazarin kept them at a distance, and would not permit them to meddle in affairs of State. On the accession of Louis XIV. after his long minority, they became the humble flatterers of absolute power and received as their reward the royal authority to confer on their College at Clermont the title of 'Le Collège de Louis le Grand.' Madame de Maintenon, who subsequently became the married mistress of the King, granted them her protection, and in 1685 their representations obtained from bigoted infatuation the fatal revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That hateful measure, so disastrous in its consequences to France, has been always attributed to the Père La Chaise, who had become the Jesuit confessor of the King, and had afterwards arranged his secret marriage. The result of that revocation was to prohibit to the Huguenots not only the exercise of their religion, but of every branch of industry; the natural authority of parentage was disregarded: children were taken by force from their Protestant fathers, and educated by the members of an adverse creed. Certificates of marriage were burnt in the presence of the married pair, the husband was sent to the galleys, the wife into seclusion, and their property confiscated. The scenes in the Cévennes were frightful; apostasy was preached and enforced by a brutal and unrestrained soldiery; men, women, and children, were trampled down by dragoons, whose licensed atrocities acquired the name of the dragonnades! History has not solved the question, whether the Massacre of St. Bartholomew or the persecutions of Louis XIV. were the greater crimes, but the latter

involved in misery and ruin five times as many victims as the former. That revocation has been defended on the ground that it was merely retaliation for the severities practised against the Catholics in Protestant States. Irrespective of its cruelty, no state of circumstances can palliate the impolicy that, reversing the mild and tolerant principles of Henry IV., banished from the soil of France five hundred thousand of the best, the bravest, and the most enlightened of her people, to introduce and improve the useful arts, increase the commercial wealth, and augment the military strength of foreign and hostile nations.

This reign was remarkable for one of the most celebrated controversies, religious, doctrinal, social, and political, between parties all professing the Roman Catholic creed, that had arisen since the Reformation. The Jansenists assailed the Jesuits, among other grounds, for the gaudy ornamentation with which they adorned their churches and for their alleged worship of images and pictures; while their opponents retorted that the simplicity they sought to introduce was Calvinistic. Irrespective of its religious aspect, the contest has acquired historical interest from the fate of the once famous Conventual Institution of Port-Royal, and from the provincial letters of the celebrated Blaise Pascal. Although a devoted Romanist, his name is associated with that splendid philosophical galaxy which followed the path opened by Galileo to the temple of science. As one of the associated inmates of Port-Royal, he became its champion and arraigned the Jesuits with acrimonious accusations, in which playful raillery was intermingled with the most stinging irony. His hostility to the Order, as well as to the system, may be estimated from the separate titles of some of the letters, which

may perhaps be taken as an index to the principles he condemned: '*Différents artifices des Jésuites pour étudier l'autorité de l'Évangile, des Concilles et des Papes.*' '*De la fausse dévotion de la Vierge, que les Jésuites ont introduite.*' '*Diverses facilités qu'ils ont inventées.*' '*Leurs maximes sur l'ambition, l'envie, la gourmandise, les équivoques, les restrictions mentales,*' and '*Les maximes sur Simonie et sur homicide,*' &c. The scholasticism of the Jesuit defences has been long forgotten, while the letters still rank among the French classics of the period. The blow which had been aimed by the Jansenists at the heart of Jesuitism was too deadly to be ever forgiven, and in the end the malignant perseverance of the Order prevailed. Such was the merciless vengeance of the Jesuits, their patrons, and their partisans, that not a stone remained upon a stone to mark the spot where Port-Royal once stood.

As the illusions of religious zeal declined, the heroic age of Jesuitism was at length destined to pass away; and the last century will be long memorable in the annals of the Order. During the administration of the mild and pacific Fleury, in the early years of the reign of Louis XV., the Jesuits were comparatively quiescent; but the Cardinal has thus recorded in a manuscript letter his estimate of the members: '*Ces sont d'excellents valets, mais de mauvais maîtres.*' (They are excellent servants, but bad masters.) They found in his successor, Choiseul, a sterner statesman, who wrung from a reluctant sovereign the Edict of November 1764, which practically suppressed the Order in France. By its decree the members were not permitted to sojourn in the country unless associated with the secular clergy, and were forbidden in any case to reside within a less distance than six leagues from Paris. Having been thus reduced to the position of mere citizens, they preferred exile, and, according to Mura-

tori, bent their steps towards Lorraine. They attributed that edict to the secret influence of Madame Pompadour, the mistress of the King, although she did not survive to witness their expulsion. Choiseul owed his elevation to her patronage, and, as they allege, she was incensed against them for having refused the semblance of religious sanction to the immoral position in which she lived. It was their boast that when banished from a Roman Catholic State they were received with open arms in the dominions of Frederick the Great, as well as in those of Catherine II. Frederick, not even pretending to have any religion himself, was willing equally to patronise the priests of any creed; but even he required the Order to abandon its constitution, and the members to become teachers under the name of The Priests of the Royal School Institute. He afterwards, in conversation with the Prince de Ligne, thus explained his policy: '*As my brothers, the Catholic kings, the most Christian, the most Faithful and Apostolic, have all driven them out, I that am the most heretic collect as many as I can! I keep up the race.*' His favour might perhaps be traced to political motives, for he and the Russian Empress had previously contemplated and were then negotiating the treaty for the partition of Poland. It has been surmised that they hoped to find in the Jesuits whom they befriended: useful auxiliaries in reconciling the Poles by their persuasions to that atrocious conspiracy of despots. After the restoration of the Order in 1814, the Jesuits were once more welcomed in France by the Bourbon dynasty, which was itself contemporaneously restored; but the Revolution of 1830 again proved fatal to their prospects, and they never received any peculiar favour from Louis Philip of Orleans. The secret history of the recent war has not as yet revealed to us how far religious

impulses or influences might have instigated or encouraged a policy which in its consequences, to borrow a remarkable expression of Talleyrand, 'avait désossé la France' (has disboned France).

The era which comprises the reign of Elizabeth in England was one of the most execrable periods in modern European annals. France was distracted by civil wars under the masks of rival religions, its nationality disgraced by the massacre of its Huguenot subjects, and its loyalty attainted by the assassination of Henry III., its Sovereign. While the English Queen was insulted with invectives from the Vatican, as the English Jezebel, Mary Stuart was in secret alliance with her cousins the Guises, the founders of the Holy League, with the English malcontents, the King of Spain, and the Pope. The Jesuits, from their Spanish predilections, were the most active missionaries of sedition; their pretext was the extirpation of heresy, their aim the life of the Queen, and their text, which was adopted as a proverb by their devotees, that 'the end justified the means.' Urged by their representations, the Spanish Monarch had procured from Simancas the evidences of his title to the English crown on the anticipated failure of the Stuart line. The spirit of the Queen, the determination of her people, the wisdom of her counsels, and the intrepidity of her seamen, saved England from being, at least for a time, a dependency of Spain. Can we feel surprise therefore that Elizabeth, surrounded by avowed and secret foes, felt alarm, and resolved to enact severe laws for the protection of her person as well as of her power? We would willingly draw the veil of oblivion over the hideous scenes which are recorded in our annals as attendant on the cruel administration of those laws, in times when the rack and even death seemed to have lost their terrors for

the infatuated and fanatic refugees. The machinations of enemies, foreign and domestic, forced upon England the origin of that penal code, which continued with modifications and relaxations down to the present century, when repealed in 1829 by the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation. The illustrious warrior who was the author of that repeal, was not a man to be affrighted by phantoms, but still, in deference to our national traditions, he introduced enactments by which Jesuits, unless natural born subjects, were forbidden to come into the kingdom without license; and the Order was prohibited from assisting in the admission of any person into their body under pain of banishment. These restrictions, in the tolerant spirit which now prevails, have been allowed to rest in oblivious disuse.

The Jesuits were ever desirous of extending the sphere of their devotion beyond the mere centres of European civilisation, and early pushed their missions into the most remote regions of the East. Their over-zeal in Japan led to frequent massacres, which were transmuted by the Papacy into martyrdoms, while it suspended and almost extinguished for ages all commercial intercourse between that jealous people and the States of Europe. The conquest of the South American continent by Spain encouraged extensive Jesuit missions amongst the docile and timid natives of the Indian race, which necessarily introduced some usages of civilisation. They succeeded in supplanting a debased and cruel idolatry by more mild and more attractive ceremonials, but the achievement of which the Jesuit missionaries ought to be most proud was the settlement they founded in Paraguay. They first entered these fertile regions about the year 1580, and the territory on which they settled was the rich district lying be-

tween the mountains of Potosi and the confines of the river De la Plata. Their romantic success in establishing a Utopian Republic may have been exaggerated, but we have the authority of Montesquieu that it was a glorious institution, being the first that ever exhibited in these countries religion joined with humanity; and that, by combining those principles with sentiments of honour, sought to repair the devastations of the Spaniards.<sup>3</sup> As colonists the Jesuits exhibited their jealousies, for in 1690 they obtained an arbitrary mandate prohibiting other Spaniards from entering the territory without their permission. They were thus enabled to establish an independent theocratic Government, but their efforts to semi-evangelise the natives excited jealousies in the governors of neighbouring provinces. Spain had ceded a portion of her territory to Portuguese Brazil; and it was intended to transfer the Jesuits with the soil, but they refused to be treated as serfs or slaves. They were then charged with instigating the Indian races to revolt against the treaty of Cession, and the revolt was followed in 1767 by their expulsion. That expulsion was directed by Roman Catholic authorities and enforced by Roman Catholic officials, but, according to the details which have reached us, it was attended with circumstances not only cruel but even sacrilegious.

The ultimate fate of the Order, terminating in its temporary fall, arose from the avowed hostility of the two Roman Catholic nations of Europe most blindly devoted to the Church of Rome. No soil was so congenial for a Jesuit settlement as Portugal, which resembled a vast monastery rather than a kingdom. Jesuitism had been introduced as early as 1540 by Francis Xavier, a name in its annals second only to that of its founder. Being

also a native of Navarre, he was one of the original associates of Loyola. He aspired to render his spiritual progress co-extensive with the maritime discoveries of the great Portuguese navigator Vasco de Gama, and, having acquired the title of 'The Apostle of the Indies,' was also canonised. That country had been thrown into the depths of distraction and distress by the frightful earthquake of 1755, at Lisbon, in which it was said that 50,000 of the inhabitants had perished. A conspiracy, known in Portuguese history as the Tamoras conspiracy, was detected by the failure of an attempt in September 1758, by a mounted party armed with muskets, to shoot the King. The minister, Sebastian de Carvalho, afterwards created Marquis of Pombal, had obtained from Benedict XIV. a brief for the reform of abuses in the Jesuit discipline, which aroused their hostility. Carvalho was supported in his design by Cardinal Saldanha, Patriarch of Portugal, who was appointed by the Pope visitor and reformer of the Jesuits. The brief of the Pope ordained that the Order should be remodelled, so far as regarded its relations with the bishops and the State. The Cardinal Patriarch was charged with this reform, which the Jesuits resisted, insisting that it would render the Patriarch in effect the Pope of Portugal. Suspicions of having been implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the King fell on some members of the Order, who were arrested and imprisoned in the Fort of Junquiera, where torture was resorted to in order to extort confessions. The Jesuit writers assert that several of those prisoners died miserably in the dungeons of Pombal. Gabriel Malagrida, an Italian Jesuit, who had been the confessor of some of the guilty conspirators, was brought to trial before the

<sup>3</sup> *L'Esprit des Loix*, c. 6.

Sovereign Court in the capital, and, it appearing that he had in various letters prophesied the death of the Sovereign, he was condemned. His execution was, however, suspended in consequence of the immunity which ecclesiastics then claimed from the sentences of civil courts, and his case was remitted to the Inquisition, a tribunal which had been previously favoured and extolled by his Order. He was again condemned by that tribunal, composed exclusively of ecclesiastics, but, as the Jesuits alleged, of their deadly enemies the Dominicans, on a pretended charge of heresy; and, having been first strangled, his body was publicly burned in the Square de Rosico at Lisbon. Besides their resistance to the proposed religious reform, there was a political accusation against them—that they pretended to universal dominion, sought to establish in the territory of Brazil under the Portuguese Crown the same power which they had exercised in Paraguay, and to substitute an ecclesiastical democracy for the royal authority. These several causes combined led to the decree of the 3rd of September, 1759, which directed the summary expulsion of the Jesuits from all the territories subject to the House of Braganza. Under that decree, which declared them traitors and rebels as well as confiscating all their property, the members of the Order to the number of 600 were expelled from the kingdom. Some of the Jesuits having refused to obey the decree, the bold and powerful minister caused them to be seized by the soldiery, to be embarked by force in ships, and transported to the States of the Church. Clement XIII. having complained of the sacrilege, Pombal, in 1760, caused the Papal Nuncio to be conducted to the frontier. A rupture appeared imminent between one of the most

bigoted of the Roman Catholic States and the head of the Church, when the Pope died. He was succeeded by Ganganelli, who, as Clement XIV., restored harmony between the Roman See and the Portuguese Crown.

The example of this expulsion was speedily followed by Spain. All the Jesuits in that country, amounting to 6,000 were secretly seized on the same day throughout all the provinces. The Jesuit authors attribute this arbitrary measure to the Count d'Aranda, President of the Council of Castile, and allege that it was caused by the influence which the Society had by their religious teaching legitimately acquired over the minds of the people. The Spanish authorities, on the other hand, asserted that treasonable papers had been discovered in one of their colleges, declaring that the King was illegitimate, and not the rightful heir to the throne. The order for their expulsion, signed by his hand, was addressed under seals impressed with the royal arms to the Governors of Provinces and Captains-General, with directions not to be opened until the appointed day, on pain of death. So peremptory were its terms that if a single Jesuit, even an invalid, should be found after their embarkation, the official charged should answer for it with his head.<sup>4</sup> Having been simultaneously seized and embarked, to the number of 6,000, in wretched ships, they were insultingly transported to the Papal shores, with this intimation, that as they were so obedient to the Pope they should become his own subjects. The French ambassador represented to his Court that the vessels in which they were crowded resembled slave ships, and Clement XIII., indignant at the outrage, issued orders to warn off the Spaniards and to turn the guns of Civita Vecchia against

<sup>4</sup> *L'Église pendant les quatre derniers Siècles*, par M. Capefigue. Paris, 1858. Vol. III. p. 177.



them. The Pope was naturally irritated at his States being converted into a prison for such religious orders as it should please Roman Catholic nations to banish from their homes, on the allegation that their presence was dangerous to public order. The French then occupied the maritime coast of Corsica, where the patriot Paoli had raised the cry of independence. The ports were neutral, and permission having been given to the proscribed, they entered the harbour of Ajaccio, a city which was almost contemporaneously the birthplace of Napoleon I., where they slept for a time on the rock of San Bonifacio under such shelter as they could procure. Driven as outlaws from their homes, abandoned, and denied an asylum even by their natural protector, they were loud in their clamours against the head of their Church. The Republic of Genoa having subsequently ceded the island to France, the first care of Choiseul was to direct their immediate expulsion. Again expelled, they turned towards the Genoese coast; they next presented themselves at Bologna; and ultimately settling at Ferrara, which had once been the asylum of Calvin and other Reformers, they mingled with the different clerical orders, and spread over Italy.<sup>5</sup> In contrasting these severities thus practised by Ultra-Roman Catholic States against the Jesuits with the mild but firm procedure of the German Chancellor, the most zealous of their devotees cannot evade the admission that the governments of those States must have been most grievously provoked and incensed.

The events in Spain and Portugal immediately forced the adoption of similar policy on other Roman Catholic States, and the Jesuits were summarily expelled from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the Duchy of Parma.

In the beginning of 1769, the ambassadors from the Bourbon Courts of France, Spain, and Naples, appeared at Rome, jointly to demand from Clement XIII. the final abolition of the Order. The humiliation which awaited the Pope was beyond his endurance; he was seized with convulsions, during which he expired. The attitude of the Roman Catholic Courts was so threatening, and their influence with the Conclave so powerful, that Lorenzo Ganganelli was selected for the triple crown, as the man best suited for their purposes. Belonging to the Franciscans, who had ever been antagonistic to the Jesuits, he had been a follower of the Augustinian theology, and was not altogether free from Jansenism. The Jesuits even went so far as to pray publicly in their churches for the conversion of the Pope. The pontificate of Clement XIV. has been rendered memorable in history by the Papal decree of July 21, 1773, which in its policy adopted the maxim of Lorenzo Ricci, the inflexible General of the Jesuits, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sunt*—Let us be as we are, or let us not be! That decree declared that, from the very origin of the Order, sorrow, jealousies, and dissensions arose, not only among its own members but between them and the other religious orders and their colleges. After further declaring that, urged as its head by a sense of duty to restore the harmony of the Church, and feeling convinced that the Society could no longer subserve the uses for which it was created, and on other grounds of prudence and governmental wisdom, he by his decree abolished the Order of Jesuits, its offices, houses, and institutes. He felt that, politically, their affiliations had entangled him in an inextricable net; in breaking from his early religious connections, he seemed to consider the

<sup>5</sup> *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus*, par T. Crétineau-Joly. Vol. V. pp. 306-7.

Order as a warlike institution, unsuited to a state of peace, and he aimed by his energetic act at the adaptation of Catholicism to the spirit of the age. The other religious orders at Rome were jealous that Jesuits should have been the confessors of Sovereigns at Westminster, Madrid, Vienna, Versailles, Lisbon, and Naples. The influences of the Dominicans, the Benedictines, and the Oratorians were accordingly exercised for their suppression. The Jesuits had entertained hopes of averting their doom through the fears or irresolution of the Pope, and they attributed to him some expressions of remorse—*Compulsus feci, compulsus feci*, seeming to forget that if the expressions were ever used, he referred alone to the compulsion of the Catholic powers. The Papal Bull *Dominus Redemptor noster* was at first resisted by the Jesuits, and their General, Lorenzo Ricci, was sent to the Castle of St. Angelo. Bernardine Renzi, a female Pythoness, having predicted the death of the Pope, two Jesuits, Coltrano and Venissa, who were suspected of having instigated her prophecies, were consigned to the same prison. All that follows relating to the fate of Ganganelli is of mere historic interest; his end is shrouded in mystery, which has been as yet, and is likely to continue, impenetrable. According to the revelations of Cardinal de Bernis, Ganganelli was himself apprehensive of dying by poison, and a sinister rumour respecting a cup of chocolate with an infusion of *Aqua de Tofana*, administered by a pious attendant, was generally prevalent throughout Europe; but the time has long since past for an inquest over the deathbed of Clement XIV.

The Jesuit Order remained in abeyance for a period of forty-two years, until Pius VII. on his return to Rome, after his liberation from

the captivity he endured under Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau, issued his brief of August 7, 1814, *solicitude omnium*, by which he authorised the surviving members of the Order again to live according to the rules of their founder, to admit novices, and to found colleges. With singular fatuity the Papal Edict for the restoration of the Jesuits, contradicting its own title, assigns on the face of the document as the principal reason for its being issued the recommendation contained in the gracious despatch of August 11, 1800, received from Paul, the then reigning Emperor of the Russias.<sup>6</sup> We have the histories of all nations concurring that Paul was notoriously mad, and within six months from the date of that gracious despatch he was strangled in his palace by the members of his own Court, as the only possible means, as they conceived, of rescuing the Empire from his insane and vicious despotism. In return probably for the successful intercession of Paul, Thadæus Brzozowski, a Pole by birth but a Russian subject, was elected the first General of the restored order. We find a striking comment on his recommendation in the Imperial Ukase of his successor, the Emperor Alexander, by which, in June 1817, he banished the Jesuits from all his dominions. Spain, the scene of their former ignominious treatment, was, under the degraded rule of the Ferdinandian dynasty, the first country to which they were recalled; but they were soon again expelled by the National Cortes. Our limits here confine us to a simple category of their subsequent expulsions from Roman Catholic States: from France in 1831, from Saxony in the same year, from Portugal again in 1834, from Spain again in 1835, from France again in 1845, from the whole of Switzerland, including the Roman Catholic Cantons, in 1847,

<sup>6</sup> *Parliamentary Debates*, 1815. Vol. XXXI. p. 1098.

and in 1848 from Bavaria and other German States. In the Revolution of 1848, they were expelled from every Italian State, even from the territories of the Pope; but on the counter Revolution they returned, to be again expelled in 1859 from Lombardy, Parma, Modena and the Legations. They have had to endure even a more recent vicissitude, for, in December 1871, a measure relating to the vexed question, the Union of Church and State, received the sanction of the National Council (*Bundesrath*) of Switzerland, by which the Jesuits were prohibited from settling in the country, from interfering even in education, or from founding or re-establishing colleges throughout the Federal territories. They have thus within a recent period received sentence of banishment from almost every Roman Catholic Government; but they still remain in Rome to concert with the Pope, within the walls of the Vatican, their machinations against the peace and liberties of Italy.

The events of three centuries that are past have been thus briefly presented to our view, and we now proceed to describe the modern reappearance of the Jesuits in the British Islands. On the upheaving of society in France by the great revolution, the ancient aristocracy, as emigrants, attended by the French religious orders, found a generous reception and a secure asylum in England. The members of the Order after its suppression assumed a variety of names, and those who first settled in this country called themselves *Pères de la Foi*, or Fathers of the Faith, but they were Jesuits in disguise. The patron under whose protection they arrived was a member of the House of Broglie, which ranked high amongst the old noblesse, and whose father, a Marshal of that name, had perished in 1794 by the guillotine.

The banished refugees located themselves in Kensington House, an antiquated and stately building, nearly opposite the avenue leading to the Palace, a house which had in former days been the residence of one of the many mistresses of Charles II. The mansion within which the most profligate of our Stuart kings had been fascinated by the voluptuous blandishments of the French courtesan Louisa Quenouaille, whom he ennobled as Duchess of Portsmouth, thus became a sanctuary for the pious followers of Saint Ignatius. A brilliant essayist, the late Richard Lalor Sheil, who had been a pupil in the establishment, has bequeathed to us in his *Recollections of the Jesuits* some striking sketches both of the men and of the manners of the Community.<sup>7</sup> As the writer was to the last a strict adherent of the Roman Catholic religion, he cannot be suspected of having satirically over-coloured his portraits. The Fathers are represented by him as having re-assumed their Continental costume, long robes of coarse black cloth with a cowl thrown over the head, and a girdle of strong black leather round the waist, to which a rosary and a crucifix were attached. We are assured by our authority that there were amongst the members one at least who, according to the fashion of the foreign cloister, was very sparing of his ablutions, probably deeming 'uncleanliness amongst the incidents attached to devotion.'

We select four of the individual portraits, drawn from vivid recollections, in which the high finish of a master is apparent.

'Père Alnot' was at the head of a society called 'The Sodality,' an institution which is adopted in all Jesuit seminaries and which selects the Virgin Mary as the object of its veneration. A separate chapel was dedicated to her by the Père Alnot, which he took a special care in adorning. It was painted with green, representing

<sup>7</sup> *Sketches, Legal and Political.*

heaven, and was studded over with spangles by way of stars. I always looked upon him with an instinctive aversion, in which I was confirmed by a Genoese Jesuit, the Père Molinari, who represented him as a person of the darkest and most evil character. 'Molinari' was the only one in the whole school who knew a word of Greek. Though entirely free from the monkish gloom of the Père Alnot, there was a large infusion of fanaticism in his character. He believed firmly in witchcraft, and was versed in all the mysteries of demonology. The bodily presence of the Devil was among the articles of his creed, and I recollect him to have told me stories of the appearance of Lucifer with such a minute specification of circumstance as made 'my fell of hair to stir as life were in't.' Another point on which he was a little weak was the fatal influence of the 'Illuminés' in Germany.

I have heard him describe the midnight orgies of the German philosophers, who, according to him, assembled in chambers covered with rich scarlet cloth, and brilliant with infernal light, where, by the power of sorcery, every luxury was collected, and where men devoted themselves to Satan in a registry kept by the secretary of the Society, where every man's name was enrolled in his own blood. He was exceedingly mild in his temper, but had frequent recourse to punishment of a very intense sort. He had a whip made of several strong cords with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of the scholars in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. He had a very extraordinary method of reconciling the devouter students to his torture. He sentenced you first to nine lashes, and then ordered you to hold out your hand. 'Offer it up to God and His saints,' he would say, 'as a sacrifice.' He would then select you nine saints. The first blow was to be suffered in honour of St. Ignatius—'Allons, mon enfant, au nom du plus grand de tous les saints, saint Ignace,' and down went the whip from a vigorous and muscular arm. 'Oh! mon Dieu!' cried the little martyr, withdrawing his hand after the first operation. 'Allons, mon enfant, au nom de saint François Xavier,' and he inflicted a second laceration on the culprit. 'Mais, mon père, ayez pitié; jamais, jamais je ne ferai des solécismes. Oh! mon père, jamais.' The Jesuit was inexorable. 'Allons, mon enfant, au nom de saint Louis de Gonzague,' and thus he proceeded till he had gone through his calendar of infiction. . . . The person who next to Molinari attracted my attention was 'Le Père Caperon.' He was a great Oriental scholar, was regarded as a master of the Arabic language, and

was, I believe, as profoundly versed in the Koran as in the Gospel. He believed himself to be occasionally tempted by the Devil, in a more direct and palpable fashion than Satan is apt to use. This conviction made him frequently an object of entertainment with us. When he said Mass, he used to throw himself into such strange attitudes, and indulge in such extra-clerical ejaculations, that the Frenchmen used to rejoice whenever he administered to their devotions. The poor man conceived that he was struggling with the demon in a corporeal wrestle, and cast himself in postures corresponding with his grotesque delusion. Sometimes he used to bid the fiend begone to the Red Sea, and at other times used to stamp, as if he had got the head of Lucifer under his feet.

After the transfer of the establishment to Stonyhurst in Lancashire, we are thus introduced to an English Jesuit, Father Reeves:

His favourite tenet was that England was the dower of the Blessed Virgin, and had been assigned to her by a peculiar gift from Heaven. Accordingly, in his spiritual exhortations, he never called England by any other name than *Dos Mariæ*. . . . He used to fall into paroxysms of prophesy in the pulpit, when he announced that England would be speedily converted, that the Virgin would be restored to her rights, and that she would be reinstated in the plenitude of possession in '*Dos Mariæ*.' . . . 'The Retreat' is a period of annual seclusion, which lasts about seven days, during which the students are forbidden to speak, even at their meals, and are compelled to expend their time in religious contemplation. In all Jesuit colleges, some days in every year are appropriated to the holy sequestration from which it derives its name. To persons living in the world, it might be of considerable use to retire for a limited period from its pursuits, but I question whether it does school-boys (who have at a Jesuit school at least an abundance of daily prayer) any very substantial or permanent good. However, everything that could be devised in the way of external form was resorted to for the purpose of giving impressions to the observances of this dismal week. Adjoining the great dormitory there was a large apartment situated immediately between the two great towers. Here a small altar, with a single lamp burning upon it, was placed; all other light was excluded. The students assembled in this spot. An hour of taciturn meditation was first ordained. This was followed by a sermon. Father Reeves appeared at the altar in the robes

of his Order; but, both in the selection of his subjects and in the manner of treating them, inflicted upon us a tedium which superseded all necessity of penance. His favourite topic was the overthrow of the fallen angels. He described the whole campaign in heaven, in which Lucifer had been worsted, with a minuteness of celestial strategy which I shall not cease to remember. His favourite text was, 'Quasi rudentibus detracti.' The pulling down of Satan with a rope from heaven was the subject of many and many a description, which in elaborate particularity of incident it would be difficult to surpass.

The present seat of British Jesuitism would seem to be the mansion and demesne at Stonyhurst, presented to the spiritual community by the late Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, who, in return, was created a Cardinal in 1820, by Pius VIII. Several branches of this sacred corporation have been since established in other quarters of the country, and a sum of 16,000*l.* being in the hands of the last Irish Jesuit who had survived the abolition of the Order, it was invested in the purchase of an estate in Ireland, and in the establishment of Clongowes. In estimating the character of the Jesuit Order as existing in England, the eloquent rhetorician from whom we have quoted, and who may be considered both an admirer and an apologist, declared: 'I am at a loss to discover any evil to society, and much more surprised to hear it suggested that any danger can accrue to the State, from the extension of a body which is far more a literary than a political confederacy in these countries.' He, however, added this candid admission: 'The general policy of the Order may have been found injurious to the well-being of States, in which they acquired an illegitimate ascendancy; their diplomatists and politicians may have accommodated their morality with too ready a flexibility to the inclinations of kings and of women; they may have placed the confessional too near the cabinets of the one and the boudoirs of the other.' We have also his assurance that the body is 'far

more a literary than a political confederacy in this country, the rule of the Order being that a Jesuit should entertain and teach no political tenets which are not in conformity with the institutions under which he lives.' Whatever political sentiments they may secretly impart in their religious homilies, it is but justice to avow that the English Jesuits would seem to have cautiously secluded themselves from the party conflicts of the kingdom; but the Irish branch of the Order, catching the perilous infection which is endemic in that island, is beginning to disavow and disdain the prudent reserve of their English brethren.

From the days when the Popes, asserting under the donation of Constantine, now admitted even by Papal authorities to have been a forgery, dominion over all the Islands of the West, transferred Ireland to the British Crown, its history has exemplified the maxim that superstition differs from every other description of power, being most implicitly obeyed in countries most remote from its seat. The Papacy has ever been, and still continues to be, most admired and adored where its government and its despotism are least understood. All the later wars with England, in which Ireland was invariably destined to be subdued, were wars of religion as well as of race. The Jesuits were believed to have been early bound by a vow of devotion to Spain, so that even Popes have protested against the selection of their General from the natives of that realm. After they had instigated, towards the close of the sixteenth century, the Spanish invasion of that island, Jesuit missionaries tracked the footsteps of Tyrone's rebellion against Elizabeth; they accompanied the camp, and presided over the combined counsels of the foreign invader and the native rebel. In the subsequent war for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, James II., in imitation of his royal patron and ally of France, selected Father

Petre, a Jesuit, as his confessor. In their spiritual communications the ex-king learned that lawless things become lawful when they tend to serve religious ends; while, by following the political counsels of his spiritual adviser, James forfeited for himself and his descendants for ever the crowns of three kingdoms. Innocent XI. was opposed to the aggressive ambition of Louis XIV. ; and, by a strange reversal of their policy, the Jesuits, who in their extreme Ultramontanism had even denied the claim of Œcumenic Councils to control the Papacy, became estranged from the Pope, and even mutinied against his authority. Elated by their success in having led to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and flattered by promises of further ascendancy, they attached themselves to the French King, and sustained in Ireland the desperate schemes of Tyrconnell. In order to secure his support to their designs, their General forwarded to him a special diploma under the seal of the Order dated at Rome, September 2, 1686, conferring peculiar favours on 'Illmo et Excmo Dño Ricardo Talbot Comiti de Tirconnel, supremo Regiâ Militari, in Hiberniâ Præfecto,' &c.<sup>8</sup> Thus encouraged we can readily conceive how his practices led to the calamitous events and disastrous confiscations which were the consequences of his career.

The declaration of Italian independence has been the signal for a general clerical revolt in the hope of totally eclipsing the glorious prospect about to open upon that people, of again attaining their ancient rank amongst the nations of the earth.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit  
And foam in fetters, but—

notwithstanding the avowal of M. Thiers that her traditional policy had ever been, and that his own is still, opposed to Ita-

lian unity, even France must now in her humiliation prove a feeble, if not a faithless, ally. The first prominent movement by the Irish Jesuits was the recent celebration, at their church in Dublin, of a High Mass, with great solemnity, for the souls of those native warriors in the Papal pay who fell in resisting the deliverance of Rome from the tyranny of Popes, Cardinals, and Priests. While proclaiming that these heroes were 'as deserving of veneration as any of the ancient martyrs,' the occasion was selected for the inauguration of a modern religious crusade. The avowed design is to reconquer and wrest by force of arms the Papal States from the Kingdom of Italy, and restore them to the Pope. The scene was got up with every attraction of theatrical effect, and its Jesuit authors have conferred upon this spiritual confederacy the title of 'The League of Saint Sebastian.' Although it has been ostentatiously announced that there are extensive and expanding affiliations in other countries, they have not as yet enlightened even their votaries as to the origin of that designation, leaving to our researches the merit of its ascertainment. By some the appellation has been traced to the memory of the primitive martyr of that name, a native of Narbonne in Gaul, whose existence is obscured in the clouds of fable which surround the reign of Diocletian. This saint is only known to us by pictorial productions of Italian fancy, in which he may be seen pierced by the arrows of Mauritanian archers. Others derive the epithet from Sebastian I., King of Portugal, a contemporary of Loyola, who had been educated by the early Jesuits, and, inspired by similar fanaticism, had conceived the gigantic scheme of rivalling the glories of Alexander the Great. He contemplated the subjugation

<sup>8</sup> The original document, on parchment, is in the British Museum. Addition MSS. 8905.

of Africa, thence to overrun India, to penetrate into Persia, then to return to Europe through Turkey, and finally to rescue Constantinople from Islam. All these magnificent designs suddenly collapsed. The warriors of the Faith who composed his army ingloriously fled before the Infidels, leaving the King a prisoner; and on August 4, 1578, a Moorish chieftain, with his scimitar, struck off the head of the aspiring Sebastian. Having early resolved to tread in the footsteps of the pious Crusaders, he was by many believed to have been canonised, but we are yet in doubt whether this distinction, if conferred, was designed to commemorate his ambitious conception or his inglorious fate. The report, industriously circulated by the priesthood, that he still survived in captivity, led to the appearance of several impostors, who all ended their days on the scaffold or in the galleys.<sup>9</sup> It remained for the Jesuits to exhume these ill-omened names, which had lain in obscurity for ages; but we may venture this prediction, that the liberties of Italy have little to apprehend from warriors enrolled and arrayed under the auspices of either the mythical martyr or the headless hero.

The Scandinavian nations have hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom from the missions and intrigues of the Jesuits. Christina, Queen of Sweden, the daughter and successor of Gustavus Adolphus, the great warrior champion of Protestantism, owed her conversion to a Spanish Jesuit, who was in the suite and under the protection of the ambassador from that country; but

that conversion coerced her to abdicate her crown. The earnest persuasions of Christina, when afterwards sojourning in the Low Countries, failed to induce the Belgian Jesuits to visit, far less to settle in, any of the Swedish Provinces. They prudently felt averse to incurring the risk of that cruel infliction which an ancient and barbarous law of the kingdom imposed upon that class of spiritual intruders.<sup>10</sup> Prince Bismarck may, perhaps, in the plenitude of his power, yet turn the movement of the Old Catholics to more account than its timid and feeble founders have as yet been able to effect. The success of the Imperial measures may be estimated from the recent public announcement, that the Jesuits have submissively departed from the Saxon States, from Würtemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg, Lauenburg, the Hanse Towns, Brunswick, Anhalt, and Schwarzburg. Mayence is also free; and in the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, their establishments at Strasburg, Metz, and Issenheim have been finally closed. By the policy of disendowment, in withholding the stipends which the State had provided for the bishops and the priesthood, he will probably soon appease the dissensions between creed and creed, so as to consolidate the Empire. Finally, this moral may be safely deduced from the concurrent testimonies of history—that every political or revolutionary movement conceived or conducted by the Jesuits has invariably proved a signal failure, attended with disastrous consequences to its dupes.

<sup>9</sup> An interesting volume, *Le faux Dom Sébastien : étude sur l'histoire de Portugal*, par Miguel d'Antas, &c., was published in Paris in 1866.

<sup>10</sup> *Harleian Miscellany*. London, 1809. Vol. IV. p. 418.



## BODLEY AND THE BODLEIAN.

WHEN we try to call up the Devonshire of Queen Elizabeth's days, the figures which rise before us are for the most part those of the great sea-captains and adventurers—Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Raleigh—with whose doings everyone is more or less familiar. These men were not only Devonshire born. They were closely connected with their native county throughout the whole of their active lives; whilst many an Elizabethan worthy, of whose birth Devonshire may well be proud, following a more pacific calling, passed early from the 'sweete hive and receptacle of western witts,' as old Carpenter calls 'our Dævon,' and has left the chief mark of his life elsewhere. Such were Jewell and Hooker, whose 'pious ghosts would rise up in opposition' should they be ranked among the worthies of any other county, although they saw little of Devonshire after they had once left it; and such was Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of that famous Library at Oxford which 'has rendered his name more immortal than the foundation of a family could have done,'<sup>1</sup> and of which Casaubon wrote as a 'work rather for a king than a private man.'

Bodley left Devonshire at an early age, at first for a studious University life, and afterwards for a life of Court service and employment. So little is his name associated with the glories of his native county—although he lived through a period in which Devonshire was certainly more distinguished than any other part of England—that he is hardly recognised as one of the brightest 'Dævonian witts,' as eminent, thought Carpenter, 'as their native mountains, approaching far nearer to heaven in excellency than the

other in height transcend the valleys.' Bodley's work was done elsewhere. Yet it would be impossible to find a truer son of Devon, or one more worthy of the 'sweet western hive.'

The family of Bodley belonged to that class of squirelets—something more than franklins, yet perhaps in many ways not so favourably placed—of which Devonshire in the days of Elizabeth was very full. The Bodleys were entitled to 'coat-armour,' and their 'five martlets in saltire, sable, on a shield argent,' no doubt dignified the window of the great parlour at Dunscombe, in the parish of Crediton, where they had been settled for some time before the opening of the sixteenth century. There are no remains of the old house at Dunscombe, but the modern farm occupies the same site, on a rising ground above the quiet green meadows through which the little river Creedy winds onward towards its junction with the Exe. Wooded hills, pastures, and broken plough-lands rise at the back, and the scene is still the same as when Leland, riding from Exeter to Crediton, found it 'exceeding goodly and faire, all by gresse and corn.' The line of ancient road, now of course greatly changed, passes close under the house at Dunscombe.

The Bodleys intermarried with the lesser gentry of the county, and, more rarely, with houses of greater mark, such as that of 'Copleston of the white spur,' 'the great Coplestons,' as they were called, then flourishing in state within the bounds of the same parish of Crediton. A cadet of Dunscombe married Joan, daughter and part heiress of Robert Hone, of Ottery St. Mary. This was John Bodley, father of Sir

<sup>1</sup> Hallam, *Lit. Hist.* iii. 454.



Thomas. He settled in Exeter, where, owing, no doubt, to advantages of family and inheritance, he became a prominent and wealthy merchant. In due time five sons were born to him. Thomas was the eldest. The others were John, Lawrence, Zachary, and Josias. John and Zachary 'lived privately,' and are called 'ministers.' Lawrence was a Canon of Exeter, and parson of Shobrook. Josias was a 'worthy soldier,' active in 'Tyrone's wars,' and knighted in Ireland by the Earl of Devon. So they are described by Thomas Westcote, author of a curious *View of Devonshire*, who lived and wrote at Shobrook, within sight of Dunscombe. He was a personal friend of Lawrence Bodley, who, as he tells us, 'was greatly assistant to his brother's chargeable work,' the foundation of the great Library at Oxford.

Thomas Bodley was born at Exeter on the 2nd of March, 1544. He was not removed from his birthplace until 1556, when he was twelve years old; but during that time events had taken place at Exeter which cannot but have made a deep impression on him. In 1549 occurred the rising of the two western counties, Devonshire and Cornwall; when the insurgents, who professed to be in arms for the support of the 'old religion,' besieged Exeter for more than a month. The city was itself greatly troubled, 'the serpent of division and the fire of malice having entered it,' says Hooker.<sup>2</sup> But the Mayor, and others of the 'ancientest,' although many were inclined to Rome, yet determined to hold out for the King's Government, and did so. John Bodley had set himself strongly on the side of the Reformation; and when Lord Russell, who had been sent

against the insurgents, was unable to advance from Honiton for want of supplies, Bodley, with other merchants of Exeter, provided money on their own security. The defeat of the rebels, and the harsh measures afterwards taken, can hardly have tended to soften the feeling with which the opposed parties regarded each other, and Mary's accession in 1553 greatly depressed, of course, that to which the Bodleys had attached themselves. There was extreme agitation in Exeter in the following year, when the Spanish match was in question. It was rumoured that Philip was about to descend, with a large force, on the coast of Devonshire. The Carews and Courtenays were deep in plots, and Sir Peter Carew, who in 1549 had been active on the side of order, was now compelled to escape in all haste from his house at Mohun's Ottery. Whether John Bodley was at all concerned in the disturbances of this time is not evident, but, as his son tells us, 'he was so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed by those that maliced his religion,'<sup>3</sup> that he found Exeter no longer a safe place of abode, and accordingly, in 1556, he took refuge in Germany, where his wife and family soon afterwards joined him. They then settled themselves at Geneva, where there was a considerable English 'congregation,' consisting for the most part of persons who, like Bodley, had fled from England on account of their religion. The University of Geneva had but lately been established, and, young as he was, Thomas Bodley (so he tells us himself) attended the public lectures of Chevalerius in Hebrew, of Beroaldus in Greek, and of Calvin and Beza in Divinity.

<sup>2</sup> John Hooker or Vowell, Chamberlain of Exeter, and author of a curious history of the 'Commotion,' as it was called in Devonshire, of 1549. He was uncle of the 'Judicious' Hooker.

<sup>3</sup> The very short sketch of his own life written by Sir Thomas Bodley will be found in the *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, published by Hearne in 1703.

In later years he became an excellent Hebrew scholar, and was, indeed, an accomplished linguist, speaking well and fluently French, Italian, and Spanish. But he did not remain long at Geneva. The whole family returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth in 1558. John Bodley then settled in London, and in 1560 his son Thomas was entered as an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford. From that College he took his Bachelor's degree in 1563, and in the same year was elected a Fellow of Merton. He remained at Oxford until the year 1576, lecturing in Greek in the Hall of Merton, reading natural philosophy in the public schools, and serving for some time as University Orator. In 1576 he went abroad, and spent four years in different cities of France, Germany, and Italy. On his return he applied himself to the study of history and politics, and was made gentleman usher to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, or the great statesmen who surrounded her, soon recognised the ability of Bodley, and after serving on various embassies, he was sent to the Hague in 1588, where he remained, with only a short interval, until 1597. In 1585 he had married Anne, 'daughter of Mr. Carew, of Bristol, and widow of Mr. Ball,' a lady of considerable fortune.

Affairs at the Hague were at this time in their usual troubled condition. Elizabeth, by virtue of her treaty with the States, had the right to appoint two of her subjects to be members of the Council. One of these was Bodley, who, in this position, was accused of overbearing demeanour and intemperate language. He says himself that he did wonderfully well at the Hague, but he was one of those fortunate persons who are always on the best terms with themselves, and his good

opinion of his own judgment was not to be shaken. He certainly made many enemies. Walsingham, shortly before his death, regretted having placed 'so unquiet a spirit' in so important a place; and the Queen was greatly offended with Bodley on account of a sudden visit to England in 1595, with a secret proposition from the States about the money advanced by Elizabeth—always a sore subject. Bodley then wrote from London to Anthony Bacon, that he had not stirred abroad for ten days past, nor knew when he should, he saw so little hope of better usage at Court, 'when I did hear for my comfort that the Queen on Monday last did wish I had been hanged. And if withal I might have leave that I should be discharged, I would say, "Benedetto sia il giorno, e' l' mese, e l' anno."'"<sup>4</sup>

His public life closed in 1597. When he returned to England he found himself surrounded by jealousies and intrigues; and accordingly, in his own words, 'examining exactly for the rest of my life what course I might take, and having sought, as I thought, all the ways to the wood, to select the most proper, I concluded, at the last, to set up my staff at the Library door in Oxon, being thoroughly persuaded that . . . I could not busy myself to better purpose than in reducing that place to the public use of students. For the effecting whereof I found myself furnished, in a competent proportion, of such four kinds of aids as, unless I had them all, there was no hope of good success. For without some kind of knowledge, as well in the learned and modern tongues as in sundry other sorts of scholastic literature; without some purse ability to go through with the charge; without great store of honourable friends to further the

<sup>4</sup> Birch's *Queen Elizabeth*, i. 244.

design; and without special good leisure to follow such a work, it could but have proved a vain attempt and inconsiderate.' Bodley's 'purse ability' may have been partly acquired at the Hague; but his wife had brought him the greater portion of his means, and it must be set down to the self-importance which so strongly marks him, that, as Chamberlayne says, 'although he had written his life in seven sheets of paper, he did not so much as make mention of his wife, or that he was married at all.'

There was at this time no public library in Oxford. The older University Library, at first established in a chamber attached to St. Mary's Church, was greatly increased by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the patron of all learning; and in consequence of his numerous donations, a new building, which now forms the central portion of the great reading-room of the Bodleian, was begun, and was completed about 1480. This library was literally destroyed by the Commissioners sent to Oxford in 1550 by Edward VI. 'for the reformation of the University.' All illuminated manuscripts were condemned, without examination, as eminently Popish. The few others that remained were stolen or uncared for; and in 1555 the fittings of the Library, its shelves and stalls, were sold under the direction of certain 'venerabiles viri' appointed for the purpose. When Thomas Bodley first came to Oxford, an eager student to whom all books were precious, he found round him in all directions traces of the recent destruction. 'His stationer may have sold him books bound in fragments of those manuscripts for which the University but a century before had consecrated the memory of the donors in

her solemn prayers; the tailor who measured him for his sad-coloured doublet may have done it with a strip of parchment brilliant with gold that had consequently been condemned as Popish, or covered with strange symbols of an old heathen Greek's devising, that probably passed for magical and unlawful incantations.'<sup>5</sup> At any rate, Bodley carried with him in all his wanderings the ardour of a student, and never forgot the losses and needs of his 'deare mother Oxforde.' Accordingly, in February 1597-8, he wrote to the Vice-Chancellor, offering that 'whereas there hath bin heretofore a publike library in Oxford, which, you know, is apparant by the roome itself remayning, and by your statute records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it again to his former use'—by fitting it with shelves and seats, by procuring benefactions of books, and by endowing it with an annual rent. The offer was gratefully accepted. Merton College undertook to supply wood for the purpose, and in little more than two years' time the old Library, above the Divinity School, partly built by Duke Humphrey, was refitted for the use of students, and ready to receive books. More than 2,000 volumes had been supplied when, on November 8, 1602, it was solemnly opened by the Vice-Chancellor, attended by a numerous company of red-robed doctors. In 1604, the year after his accession, James I. granted letters patent, in which the Library receives for the first time the name of its founder, by which it has ever since been known. The King himself visited the Bodleian in the following year, and declared that if he were not King James he would be a University man; and that if it were his

<sup>5</sup> *Annals of the Bodleian Library*, by the Rev. W. D. Macray, 1868. This excellent book contains a very full 'chronicle' of the Library, year after year, from its foundation. It need hardly be said that the present writer is largely indebted to it.

fate to be at any time a captive, he would choose such a library for his prison. Bodley had been knighted by James on his accession to the throne; and on reading the inscription below the bust of the founder, placed in the Library by the Chancellor, the King remarked that he ought to be called Sir Thomas Godley rather than Sir Thomas Bodley. Besides this bust, the Library contains a contemporary portrait by Cornelius Janssen, the most skilful and most refined limner of that period. The head of Bodley is that of a thoughtful, observant man, not without such a cast of shrewdness as might be expected in a long resident at the Hague. His dress is rich. His right hand grasps the hilt of a sword, suspended from an embroidered belt. A fur-lined mantle hangs from his shoulder.

Foreigners, and all who chose to submit to the regulations of the statutes, were allowed to study in the Bodleian. It was indeed the first truly public library established in Europe; although it was speedily followed by that of Angelo Rocca at Rome (1604), and the Ambrosian Library at Milan (1609).<sup>6</sup> Bodley himself, from the commencement, was a most liberal donor of books and manuscripts; but his 'store of honourable friends' contributed largely; and their names are duly entered in the folio register '*aureis umbilicis fibulisque fulgidum*,' as it is described, enriched with silver-gilt bosses, and with the arms of Bodley and of the University. Among the earlier donors were Savile and Camden; Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who sent 100*l.* from Ireland for the purchase of books; Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Robert Cotton, who, with other manu-

scripts, gave a text of the Gospels which is believed to be one of the books sent by St. Gregory to Augustine, one of the most ancient books that ever were read in England, belonging to the '*primitiæ librorum totius Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*,' as these gifts of St. Gregory's are called by Elmham. The Bodleian is rich in manuscripts which, like this, formerly one of the treasures of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, had belonged to the dissolved monasteries. They found a fitting resting-place at Oxford; but it is hardly possible to say as much for the '81 Latin manuscripts' sent to Sir Thomas Bodley in 1605 by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. His brother, Lawrence Bodley, 'parson of Shobrook,' was at this time a Canon of Exeter; and we must conclude that it was at his instance that the Chapter stripped their library of some of their most ancient and most precious ornaments. Among them are many manuscripts which had been given to the Church of Exeter by her first bishop, Leofric, under whom the see was transferred from Crediton in 1050. His native county did well to recognise and to assist the noble work of Bodley; but it is difficult to understand by what right the Chapter thus alienated their books. They clearly despised (or perhaps could not read) the words written by Leofric in each volume, by which he gives over whomsoever should abstract it 'to bondage with all the devils.' At a later period the Dean and Chapter of Windsor followed the example of Exeter.

Before the year 1610 the restored Library had become crowded with books; and Sir Thomas laid the foundation of a new building

<sup>6</sup> Macray's *Annals*, p. 47, note.

<sup>7</sup> Besides Leofric's books, there are MSS. given to the Church of Exeter by Hugh, Archdeacon of Taunton; by Adam of St. Bridget, Chantor; by Richard Brounst, Vicar Choral; by the executors of Bishop Lacy; and by those of John Snetesham, Canon and Chancellor.

at the east end of the Divinity School, and arranged transversely to it. He lived to see this finished; but it can hardly have been stored with books before his death in 1613. In the mean time he had not been idle. He procured an arrangement with the Stationers' Company by which they granted to the Library a copy of every book they printed, an arrangement which long afterwards was made binding by the Copyright Acts. He began the permanent endowment of the Library, bestowing on it sundry manors and tenements. He provided a massive iron chest with three locks for the due safety of the money to be kept in it, and the ironwork of these locks is so beautiful and intricate, that the chest is now exhibited in the picture gallery; and he set up a large bell to announce the closing hour, which has been lately restored to its place, 'daily thundering forth an unmistakable signal for the departure' of all students. Whatever additions might afterwards be made, Sir Thomas had clearly established his right to call the foundation 'after his own name;' and although he had not exceeded the age of sixty-eight, his work was well done when he died in 1613, at his house in Little Street, Bartholomew Lane, London.

In accordance with his own desire, his body was brought to Oxford, and was interred in great state, with long processions and with many orations, in the chapel of Merton, his own college, to the library of which he had been a great benefactor. After the fashion of the time, the University set forth two volumes of elegiac verses, in which the 'Ptolemy of Oxford' was commemorated with due honour. One of these volumes was entirely composed by members of Merton College. Among the contributors to the other were Laud, then President of St. John's, and Isaac Casaubon. A stately monument, for

which Nicholas Stone, the sculptor, received 200*l.*, was raised above his grave, which is on the north side of the chapel, immediately opposite a cenotaph erected to his friend Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton, but also Provost of Eton, where he was buried. Bodley appears on his monument surrounded by books, and attended by Grammar, Rhetoric, Music, and Arithmetic; but 'the labour of an age in piled stones' could have afforded him no such lasting memorial as he had constructed for himself in his lifetime.

Of this he may have been fully conscious. At least he has not escaped the charge of being so 'drunk with the applause and vanities of his Library,' that with great 'unthankfulness' to his friends and brothers, he left little or nothing to them, 'not even to the children of his wife, by whom he had all his wealth,' but bestowed by his will nearly the whole of his money toward the advancement of his great undertaking. His brothers, at any rate, did not require his assistance; and it was to the means thus provided that we are principally indebted for the completion of the quadrangle of the schools, of which the Library forms a part. This was finished no long time after Bodley's death; the architect being Thomas Holt of York, who was also employed in the building of Wadham College, where the chapel is a very remarkable example of late Gothic. The court of the schools, plain and somewhat bare as it is, has nevertheless a grave, antique character, not unbefitting the exterior of a great library. It has sometimes suggested reminiscences of old Italian cities, and especially of Padua, which are due mainly to its height, and to the Gateway Tower, on the east side. The five storeys of this tower display the five classic orders interspersed with various arabesques and ornaments, and decorated, in the fourth storey, with a seated figur

of James I. This 'picture,' as Anthony à Wood calls it, and other emblems, were at first covered with gilding; but when the King himself came from Woodstock to behold the new building, he found them too 'glorious,' and commanded that they should be 'whited over and adorned with ordinary colours.' The 'whiting' has happily disappeared. In other respects, the Solomon of Britain was, as before, highly content with the Library; and soon afterwards (1620) presented to it the folio edition of his own works. This most weighty volume was received by the University with great ceremony, and was conveyed in solemn procession to the Library, attended by the Vice-Chancellor and four-and-twenty Doctors. There it was placed 'in archivis' with much respect; greatly to the satisfaction of King James, who had frowned and muttered when the University of Cambridge received their copy with less solemnity. Yet he gave a word of praise to George Herbert, then Public Orator, who to his letter of thanks for the book, added the lines:—

Quid Vaticanum Bodleianumque objicis,  
hospes?  
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca liber.

The King pronounced the Orator to be the Jewel of the University.\*

Vast accessions have enriched the Bodleian since this quadrangle was completed, and the royal volume was duly installed; but the interior of the Library, at least so far as the principal rooms are concerned, has been but little changed. The roof of the central reading-room—that chamber above the Divinity School with the restoration of which Bodley began his work—still displays, on its bosses, the arms of the founder, quartered with those of

Hone, his mother's family (two bars wavy between three hone stones), and having on a chief the three ducal crowns of the University shield—an addition granted to Bodley at this time—together with the motto, 'Quarta perennis erit.' The main panels are occupied by the University shield itself—the open Bible with its seven clasps, between the three crowns. The room remains much as it was seen by King James; but time alone—the two centuries and a half which have passed since James visited it—could bestow on it that charm of reverend antiquity so difficult to put into words, yet so real and so impressive; a charm felt in the stillness and seclusion of the place, re-peopleing it with those illustrious dead whose feet have often trodden the floors, and whose best thoughts now lie enshrined in the cases along its walls. Few libraries, whether in England or on the Continent, have a more venerable air than the Bodleian. Like some great musical symphony, it at once excites and tranquillises; and many an enthusiastic student might confess, with Sir Walter Scott, that his feelings within its walls resemble those of the 'Persian magician, who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager sages retired in alarm.'<sup>9</sup> There is indeed one sound which occasionally floats through the air, but only to deepen the impression of quiet and distance 'a strepitu sæculari.' The latticed cells wherein readers sit, 'from year to year have been, and still are, the resort of grand and grave old bees, majestic in size and deportment, of sonorous sound, and covered with the dust, as it were, of ages. Just as a solemn rookery befits an ancestral mansion, so these bees of the Bod-

\* Walton, *Life of George Herbert*.

<sup>9</sup> *Life*, by Lockhart, ix. p. 55.

leian form a fitting accompaniment to the place of their choice.' <sup>10</sup>

At the present time the Bodleian Library contains about 350,000 printed volumes, and about 25,000 manuscripts. The growth has been very gradual. After Bodley's 'store of friends' had sent their contributions, and after Bodley and his generation had passed away, many very important MSS. were given by the Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University, and by Sir Kenelm Digby; but the first great benefactor was Archbishop Laud. Between the years 1635 and 1640 he sent to the Library nearly 1,300 MSS. in various languages, some of which are of the highest value. From a curious letter addressed by Laud to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctor Frewen, it appears that the books hitherto placed in the Library had been chained to the shelves after the ancient fashion (a fashion which may still be admired in perfection in the Chapter Library at Hereford). Laud's books, in 1639, stood unchained. 'And I would to God,' he writes, 'the place in the Library for them were once ready, that they might be set up safe, and chained as the other books are; and yet then, if there be not care taken, you may have some of the best and choicest tractats cut out of the covers and purloin'd, as hath been done in some other libraries.' The books indeed, and more than the books, were on the eve of exposure to great perils. Laud's formal letter, in which he resigns his office of Chancellor, dated from the Tower, June 21, 1641, is displayed in one of the cases near the entrance of the Library. In 1642 the King borrowed 500*l.* 'out of Sir Thomas Bodley's chest,' a sum which was never repaid; and it was in the winter of the same year that Charles I., while at Oxford, visited the Library, and amused

himself with what was then a favourite method of enquiry into the future—the 'Sortes Virgilianæ.' His ill-luck has often been told. If the story be true, he opened on Dido's denunciation of Æneas, the words of which are curiously appropriate to his own fate; and Lord Falkland, who next consulted the oracle, was answered just as fittingly. Oxford surrendered to the troops of the Parliament in June 1646, and Aubrey tells us that 'the first thing General Fairfax did was to set a good guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian Library.' Fairfax was a true lover of learning and of art, as he showed by his care for the Library at Oxford (which at his death he enriched with the Dodsworth manuscripts), and for the stained glass in York Minster. The Cavaliers are said to have done more harm in the Bodleian than the Puritans; but either party was less to be dreaded than the Council of War which sat at Westminster in 1649. In that year the Jews offered 600,000*l.* for St Paul's Cathedral and for the Library at Oxford. The former they would have turned into a synagogue, the latter they would have sold. The Council refused to take less than 800,000*l.*, and the offer was not renewed. This dangerous time passed away at last without much evil, and ten years later (1659) the Library received the second great addition to its stores, in the collection which the learned Selden left to it by his will. This numbered nearly 8,000 volumes, most of which contain Selden's motto, 'περί παντός τὴν ἐλευθερίαν.' Among them is a MS. of Harding's Chronicle, which once belonged to a Percy, Earl of Northumberland, whose border antipathies seem to have been considered in an appended map of Scotland, where 'Styx the infernal flood,' and 'the palais of

<sup>10</sup> Macray's *Annals*, Preface.

Pluto, King of Hel,' are noted as 'neighbore to Scottz.'

No such benefactor as Selden appeared until the year 1755, when Richard Rawlinson, a bishop of the Nonjurors (he was consecrated in 1728), left by will to the Library the whole of his collections—printed books, manuscripts, and antiquities. There were about 1,900 printed books, and 4,800 manuscripts. The collection is especially strong in history, biography, and topography, and had been gathered at the dispersal of many famous libraries. It was from Rawlinson that the Bodleian acquired the acknowledgment of the Duke of Monmouth, signed and sealed on the day of his execution, that Charles II. had declared to him that he had never been married to his mother. This acknowledgment is now displayed in one of the glass cases in the Library. The diary and note-books of Hearne the antiquary,

Who snatched old stories from the jaws of time,  
And drove the spiders from much prose  
and rhyme,

were also among Rawlinson's treasures. Extracts from them were published by Dr. Bliss in 1857; and they are full of such curious personal anecdote, gossip, and denunciations of 'anti-monarchical Whigs,' as might have been looked for from so thorough-paced a Jacobite and Nonjuror. In 1701 Hearne had been appointed Janitor or Assistant in the Bodleian. He resigned this office in 1716, when an Act was passed compelling all office-holders to take the oaths to the existing Government. His Jacobitism had already brought him into trouble, and he had been 'reported' to the Vice Chancellor by a certain Whigish visitor, to whom he imprudently exhibited a portrait of the Pretender. He fell upon hard times, for his love for the great Library, and his zeal in caring for its treasures, could not well have

been exceeded. Whenever, in his explorations among the manuscript volumes, he came upon the handwriting of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester—the founder, as we have seen, of the first Library at Oxford—he was wont, as he tells us, 'to show a sort of particular respect to it.' 'Probably,' suggests Mr. Macray, 'by such a reverential kiss as he once bestowed on a certain pavement of sheep's trotters, believing it to be a Roman tessellation.' The 'religious, good, and learned Prince,' as Hearne calls the Duke, wrote his motto, 'moun bien mondaine,' in many volumes which have found their way to the Bodleian.

To the present time the only rivals of Rawlinson in the extent of their donations have been Gough and Douce. Gough's collections, received in 1809, related chiefly to Anglo-Saxon and Northern literature, and to the topography of Great Britain and Ireland. There were about 3,700 volumes. The library of Francis Douce, consisting of 16,480 printed books, 393 MSS. and a large collection of early and valuable prints and drawings, was bequeathed to the Bodleian in 1834. This library is the delight of antiquaries. Among the manuscripts are some of the finest illuminated service books in the world; Horæ, executed by the chief artists of their day for emperors and princesses, and volumes of earlier date, which, if less elaborately enriched, are of still greater historical interest.

These are the memories—not only of the founder and the great donors, or of men who, like Hearne, have found their chief 'bien mondaine' in the diligent study of its stores, but more especially of the books themselves, with their varied and often eventful histories—that give such a charm to a stroll through the chambers of a great library like the Bodleian. Massive volumes, which grew slowly, year



after year, in the 'scriptorium' of many a noble monastery, long ruined, or, it may be, utterly swept away from the face of the earth; spoils of war, like the Wurtzburg manuscripts, rescued from the troopers of Gustavus Adolphus, and given to the Library by Laud, or like the books of Osorius, Bishop of Faro, carried off when that town was captured by the English fleet under the Earl of Essex in 1598, and bestowed on Bodley's new foundation, it is said, by the influence of Raleigh, who was a captain in the squadron; the choicest treasures of great princes, dispersed, like the library of Charles I., in the storm of revolution; or volumes which have been handled and pored over by possessors whose names alone would give distinction to the simplest old 'tractate,' 'dark with tarnished gold';—it is, in truth, under a 'weight of time and of history' that the 'groaning shelves' are bending. What changes and what dispersions, wrote Southey of his own library, 'must have taken place, to make it possible that these books should be brought together here among the Cumberland mountains!'<sup>11</sup> What changes, what dispersions, what revolutions, and what passing away of whole worlds of thought and of action, tell their silent stories in the collections which make up the great Library of Oxford! Here, for example, among the Laudian manuscripts is the Peterborough copy of that old English chronicle which before, and for a short time after, the Norman Conquest was regularly compiled in certain of the greater monasteries. This record was continued for nearly a century after the others; and neither the great existing church of 'Peterborough the Proud' nor the fragments of its once stately monastery take us back so completely into the days of

the 'alien king,' and of the struggle between Norman and Englishmen, as those leaves of grey parchment on which the monk entered his record of the troubles that had fallen on England. Here, again, one of many precious manuscripts bequeathed to the Library by Francis Junius in 1678 is the famous poem of Cædmon, the 'ceorl' attached to St. Hilda's Abbey on the Whitby headland, whose first verses (so Bede asserts) were composed in his sleep, and who afterwards elaborated this long paraphrase of the Scriptures. This is the solitary manuscript of what is the earliest English poem; and its adventures, could they be recovered, might well prove as remarkable as the poem itself. The *Codex Rushworthianus*, given in 1681 by John Rushworth, the historian of the Long Parliament, carries us across the Irish Sea and back to the days when Ireland was in truth a land of learning. It is a MS. of the Latin Gospels, written by an Irish scribe, MacRegol, who records his name on the last leaf; and is glossed with an interlinear Anglo-Saxon translation. It is said, though improbably, to have been in Bede's possession; but the Saxon gloss tells its own story, and quietly asserts the intercourse between the Churches. Not one of the superb manuscripts which, displayed under glass, immediately attract the attention of the visitor as he enters the Library, but is worth dwelling upon, not only for its beauty as a work of high art, but for its actual history, and, not less, for the associations which it suggests and illustrates. It may be mentioned that some of the finest of these manuscripts formed part of a collection made by a Venetian Jesuit named Canonici, who died in 1806. In 1817 the Bodleian bought the whole of his manuscripts, about 2,045 in number, for the sum of

<sup>11</sup> *Colloquies*, Vol. II. 'The Library.'

5,444<sup>l.</sup>, a larger sum than has been expended at one time by the trustees of the Library before or since. In this collection came fifteen manuscripts of Dante, the first which the Bodleian possessed, notwithstanding a wonderful story told by a certain Girolamo Gigli about 1717—how in the Bodleian Library at 'Osfolk' there was a MS. of the *Divina Commedia* which had been used for wrapping up Florentine cheeses, and so had been brought into England. The odour of the cheese (says this voracious chronicler) had so penetrated the manuscript that it was necessary to protect it from mice by a brace of traps constantly placed near it. Hence it was known as the 'Book of the Mousetrap.'

The Bodleian is famous for its vast assemblage of Oriental manuscripts, collected at various times, but begun by Bodley himself, who had desired the Consul at Aleppo of the Company of English Merchants to procure for him such books. But it would be idle to attempt any further delving among the treasures of this great storehouse. Two additional books only shall find a place here—the first because it is the handywork of a countryman of Bodley's, and deserves the respect of all Devonians; the second because it is in itself unique, and is one of the great marvels of the Library. The Rev. William Davy, vicar of Lustleigh, in Devonshire, wrote and printed with his own hands, between the years 1795 and 1807, twenty-six volumes of *A System of Divinity, in a Course of Sermons on the First Institutions of Religion*. Fourteen copies only were printed, in a very indifferent type, of which the author possessed only sufficient to print two pages at once. It must have been with no small zeal that he worked—'arte meâ,' he says, 'diurno nocturnoque labore'—in his remote parsonage under the shadow

of the Dartmoor hills. Whatever the merits of the *System* may be, the book so laboriously elaborated well deserved a place among the 'Curiosities of Literature' in the Bodleian. The second book or 'collection' is of very different quality. In 1839 Mrs. Sutherland presented to the Library the folio editions of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, of his *Life*, and of Burnet's *History of his own times*. These are inlaid and bound in sixty-one elephant folio volumes, and illustrated with no less than 19,224 drawings and engravings: 'portraits of every person and views of every place in any way mentioned in the text or connected with the subject-matter.' The collection was begun in 1795 by the husband of the donor, who continued it after his death. It is enough to say that there are 743 portraits of Charles I., 373 of Cromwell, and 552 of Charles II. The views of London are in number 309, and there are 166 of Westminster.

Such curiosities as are frequently assembled under the wing of a great library, are not wanting in the Bodleian. The founder himself procured from Sir Richard Lee, to whom it had been given by the Czar of Muscovy, a cloak lined with the wool of 'certaine living creatures in the shape of lambes, which grow out of the ground in Tartaria,' the wool being 'of excellent use and vertue, especially against the plague and other noysome diseases of those cuntries.' This was, of course, the famous *Agnus Scythicus*, the mystery of which is explained by the remarkable woolly growth which is found on the large *Polypodium Barometz*—a Tartarian fern, of which specimens may be seen at Kew and elsewhere. Sir Richard Lee's cloak was greatly envied by the 'Kinge of Swethland,' whom he visited on his homeward journey. He brought back 'divers other rich fures and rari-

ties . . . the greatest part whereof the Queene tooke of him, and promised him recompense for them, which she never performed; which was partly the cause that he concealed this garment from her during her life.' Thus it came to the Bodleian, where it is no longer to be found, although an 'ark of sweet-smelling wood' was prepared for its reception. This was a more worthy marvel than Guy Faux's lantern—still to be admired in the Picture Gallery. It was given to the University in 1639 by Robert Heywood, the son of a 'Justice Heywood' who assisted in searching the cellars of the Parliament House, and arrested Faux with the lantern in his hand. It has a neighbour in a chair made from the wood of the *Golden Hind*, the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world. It is hardly fair to number among similar curiosities the fragment of Charles the First's

waistcoat (so called) in which a New Testament exhibited in one of the glass cases is bound. More interesting, because certainly authentic, are the specimens of Queen Elizabeth's skill in embroidery. A New Testament which belonged to her is bound in a covering worked by herself, with various mottoes—as 'Celum patria,' 'Scopus vitæ Xpūs.' Another book, sent by her from Ashridge in 1644, to 'our most noble and vertuous Quene Katherin' (Katherine Parr), is embroidered with the Queen's initials, on a ground of blue silk.

An annual speech, in honour of Sir Thomas Bodley, is still made 'in scholâ linguarum.' But it is little needed. His memorial will endure so long as Oxford 'stands where it does,' and while one stone of his great Library remains on another.

RICHARD JOHN KING.



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*Rejected Contributions cannot be returned.*

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1873.

LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

SECOND LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, MARCH 29, 1873.

IF we want to understand the history of the Norman Conquest, the Reformation, the French Revolution, or any other great crisis in the political, religious, and social state of the world, we know that we must study the history of the times immediately preceding those momentous changes. Nor shall we ever understand the real character of a great philosophical crisis unless we have made ourselves thoroughly familiar with its antecedents. Without going so far as Hegel, who saw in the whole history of philosophy an unbroken dialectic evolution, it is easy to see that there certainly is a greater continuity in the history of philosophic thought than in the history of politics, and it therefore seemed to me essential to dwell in my first Lecture on the exact stage which the philosophical struggle of our century had reached before Mr. Darwin's publications appeared, in order to enable us to appreciate fully his historical position, not only as an eminent physiologist, but as the restorer of that great empire in the world of thought which claims as its founders the glorious names of Locke and Hume. It might indeed be said of Mr. Darwin what was once said of the

restorer of another empire, 'Il n'est pas parvenu, il est arrivé.' The philosophical empire of Locke and Hume had fallen under the blows of Kant's *Criticism of Pure Reason*. But the successors of Kant—Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel—disregarding the checks by which Kant had so carefully defined the legitimate exercise of the rights of Pure Reason, indulged in such flights of transcendent fancy, that a reaction became inevitable. First came the violent protest of Schopenhauer, and his exhortation to return to the old fundamental principles of Kant's philosophy. These, owing to their very violence, passed unheeded. Then followed a complete disorganisation of philosophic thought, and this led in the end to a desperate attempt to restore the old dynasty of Locke and Hume. During the years immediately preceding the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1860) and his *Descent of Man*, the old problems which had been discussed in the days of Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, turned up again in full force. We had to read again that sensuous impressions were the sole constituent elements of the human intellect; that general ideas were all developed sponta-

neously from single impressions; that the only difference between sensations and ideas was the faintness of the latter; that what we mean by substance is only a collection of particular ideas, united by imagination, and comprehended by a particular name;<sup>1</sup> and that what we are pleased to call our mind, is but a delusion, though who the deluder is and who the deluded, would seem to be a question too indiscreet to ask.

But the principal assault in this struggle came from a new quarter. It was not to be the old battle over again, we were told; but the fight was to be carried on with modern and irresistible weapons. The new philosophy, priding itself, as all philosophies have done, on its positive character, professed to despise the endless argumentations of the schools, and to appeal for evidence to matter of fact only. Our mind, whether consisting of material impressions or intellectual concepts, was now to be submitted to the dissecting knife and the microscope. We were shown the nervous tubes, afferent and efferent, through which the shocks from without pass on to the sensitive and motive cells; the commissural tubes holding these cells together were laid bare before us; the exact place in the brain was pointed out where the messages from without were delivered; and it seemed as if nothing were wanting but a more powerful lens to enable us to see with our own eyes how, in the workshop of the brain, as in a photographic apparatus, the pictures of the senses and the ideas of the intellect were being turned out in endless variety.

And this was not all. The old stories about the reasoning of animals, so powerfully handled in the school of Hume, were brought out again. Innumerable anecdotes that had been told from the time of

Aelian to the days of Reimarus, were told once more, in order to show that the intellect of animals did not only match, but that in many cases it transcended the powers of the human intellect. One might have imagined oneself living again in the days of La Mettrie, who, after having published his work, *Man, a Machine*, followed it up by another work, *Brutes, more than Machines*. It is true there were some philosophers who protested energetically against reopening that question, which had been closed by common consent, and which certainly ought not to have been reopened by positive philosophers. For if there is a *terra incognita* which excludes all positive knowledge, it is the mind of animals. We may imagine anything we please about the inner life, the motives, the foresight, the feelings and aspirations of animals—we can *know* absolutely nothing. How little analogy can help us in interpreting their acts is best proved by the fact, that a philosopher like Descartes could bring himself to consider animals as mere machines, while Leibniz was unwilling to deny to them the possession of immortal souls. We need not wonder at such discrepancies, considering the nature of the evidence. What can we know of the inner life of a mollusc? We may imagine that it lives in total darkness, that it is hardly more than a mass of pulp; but we may equally well imagine that, being free from all the disturbances produced by the impressions of the senses, and out of the reach of all those causes of error to which man is liable, it may possess a much truer and deeper insight into the essence of the Absolute, a much fuller apprehension of eternal truths than the human soul. It may be so, or it may not be so, for there is no limit to an anthropomorphic interpretation of the life of animals. But

<sup>1</sup> Hume, *Treatise on Human Nature*, book i. sec. i. p. 33.

the tacit understanding, or rather the clear compromise, established among the philosophers of the last century, and declaring the old battlefield, on which so much useless ink had been shed over the question of the intellect of animals, to be forever neutralised, ought hardly to have been disturbed, least of all by those who profess to trust in nothing but positive fact.

Nor do I think that philosophers would have allowed the reopening of the flood-gates of animal anthropomorphism, if it had not been for the simultaneous rise of Mr. Darwin's theories. If it can be proved that man derives his origin genealogically, and, in the widest sense of the word, historically, from some lower animal, it is useless to say another word on the mind of man being different from the mind of animals. The two are identical, and no argument would be required any longer to support Hume's opinions; they would henceforth rest on positive facts. This shows the immense importance of Mr. Darwin's speculations in solving, once for all, by evidence that admits of no demurrer, the long-pending questions between man and animal, and, in its further consequences, between mind and matter, between spiritualism and materialism, between Berkeley and Hume; and it shows at the same time that the final verdict on his philosophy must be signed, not by zoologists and physiologists only, but by psychologists also, nay, it may be, by German metaphysicians.

Few men who are not zoologists and physiologists by profession can have read Mr. Darwin's books *On the Origin of Species* and *On the Descent of Man* with deeper interest than I have, and with a more in-

tense admiration of his originality, independence, and honesty of thought. I know of few books so useful to the student of the Science of Language, in teaching him the true method for discovering similarity beneath diversity, the general behind the individual, the essential hidden by the accidental; and helping him to understand the possibility of change by natural means. There may be gaps and flaws in the genealogical pedigree of organic life, as drawn by Mr. Darwin and his followers; there may be or there may not be a possibility of resisting their arguments when, beginning with a group of animals, boldly called 'organisms without organs,'<sup>3</sup> such as the *Bathybius Haeckelii*, they advance step by step to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom, and to the *primus inter primates*, man.

This is a point to be settled by physiologists; and if Carl Vogt may be accepted as their recognised representative and spokesman, the question would seem to be settled, at least so far as the savants of Europe are concerned. 'No one,' he says, 'at least in Europe, dares any longer to maintain the independent and complete creation of species.'<sup>3</sup> The reservation, 'at least in Europe,' is meant, as is well known, for Agassiz in America, who still holds out, and is bold enough to teach, 'that the different species of the animal kingdom furnish an unexpected proof that the whole plan of creation was maturely weighed and fixed, long before it was carried out.'<sup>4</sup> Professor Haeckel, however, the fiery apostle of Darwinism in Germany, speaks more diffidently on the subject. In his last work on *Kalkschwämme* (p. xii.), just published, he writes: 'The majority,

Haeckel, *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*, p. 165.

<sup>3</sup> 'Personne, en Europe au moins, n'ose plus soutenir la création indépendante et de toutes pièces des espèces.' Quoted by Darwin, in his *Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 1.

<sup>4</sup> See Durand, *Origines*, pp. 77, 78.



and among it some famous biologists of the first class, are still of opinion that the problem of the origin of species has only been reopened by Darwin, but by no means solved.'

But, however that may be, and whatever modification Mr. Darwin's system may receive at the hands of professed physiologists, the honour of having cleared the Augean stable of endless species, of having explained many things which formerly seemed to require the interference of direct creation, by the slow action of natural causes, of having made us see the influence exercised by the individual on the family, and by the family on the individual, of having given us, in fact, a few really new and fresh ideas, will always remain his own.

In saying this, however, I do not wish to imply assent to Mr. Darwin's views on the development of all species; I only wish to say that, in the presence of such high authorities, one ought to refrain from expressing an opinion, and be satisfied to wait. I am old enough to remember the equally authoritative statements of the most eminent naturalists with regard to the races of man. When my own researches on language and the intellectual development of man led me to the conclusion that, if we had only sufficient time (some hundreds of thousands of years) allowed us, there would be no difficulty in giving an intelligible account of the common origin of all languages, I was met with the assurance that, even hypothetically, such a view was impossible, because the merest tyro in anatomy knew that the different races of man constituted so many species, that species were the result of independent creative acts, and that the black, brown, red, yellow, and white races could not possibly

be conceived as descended from one source. Men like Prichard and Humboldt, who maintained the possibility of a common origin, were accused of being influenced by extraneous motives. I myself was charged with a superstitious belief in the Mosaic ethnology. And why? Simply because, in the Science of Language, I was a Darwinian before Darwin; simply because I had protested against scientific dogmatism; simply because I wished to see the question of the possibility of a common origin of languages treated, at least, as an open question.<sup>5</sup> And what has happened now? All the arguments about hybridity, infertility, local centres, permanent types, are swept away under the powerful broom of development, and we are told that not only the different varieties of man, but monkeys, horses, cats, and dogs, have all one, or at the utmost four progenitors; nay, that 'no living creature, in Europe at least, dares to affirm the independent creation of species.' Under these circumstances it seems but fair to follow the old Greek rule of abstaining, and to wait whether in the progress of physical research the arguments of the evolutionists will really remain unanswerable and unanswered.

The two points where the system of Mr. Darwin, and more particularly of his followers, seems most vulnerable to the general student, are the beginning and the end. With regard to the beginning of organic life, Mr. Darwin himself has exercised a wise discretion. He does not, as we saw, postulate one primordial form, nor has he ever attempted to explain the first beginnings of organic life. He is not responsible, therefore, for the theories of his disciples, who either

<sup>5</sup> See 'The Possibility of a Common Origin of Language,' in my letter to Bunsen 'On the Turanian Languages,' published in Bunsen's *Christianity and Mankind*, 1854.

try to bridge over the chasm between inorganic and organic bodies by mere 'Who knows?' or who fall back on scientific mythology; for to speak of self-generation is to speak mythologically.

Mr. Herbert Spencer writes thus in answer to Mr. Martineau, who had dwelt on the existence of this chasm between the living and the not-living as a fatal difficulty in the way of the general doctrine of evolution: 'Here, again, our ignorance is employed to play the part of knowledge: the fact that we do not know distinctly how an alleged transition has taken place, is transformed into the fact that no transition has taken place.'

The answer to this is clear. Why allege a transition, if we do not know anything about it? It is in alleging such a transition that we raise our ignorance to the rank of knowledge. We need not say that a transition is impossible, if impossible means inconceivable; but we ought not to say either that it is possible, unless we mean by possible no more than conceivable.

Mr. Spencer then continues: 'Merely noting this, however, I go on to remark that scientific discovery is day by day narrowing the chasm. Not many years since it was held as certain that chemical compounds distinguished as organic could not be formed artificially. Now, more than a thousand organic compounds have been formed artificially. Chemists have discovered the art of building them up from the simpler to the more complex; and do not doubt that they will eventually produce the most complex. Moreover, the phenomena attending isomeric change give a clue to those movements which are the only indications we have of life in its lowest forms. In various colloidal substances, including the albumenoid, isomeric change is accompanied by contraction or expansion, and consequent motion;

and in such primordial types as the *Protogenes* of Hæckel, which do not differ in appearance from minute portions of albumen, the observed motions are comprehensible as accompanying isomeric changes caused by variations in surrounding physical actions. The probability of this interpretation will be seen on remembering the evidence we have, that in the higher organisms the functions are essentially effected by isomeric changes from one to another of the multitudinous forms which protein assumes.'

This is, no doubt, very able pleading on the part of an advocate, but I doubt whether it would convince Mr. Spencer himself, as a judge. I see no narrowing of the chasm between inorganic and organic bodies, because certain substances, called organic, have lately been built up in the laboratory. These so-called organic substances are not living bodies, but simply the secretions of living bodies. The question was not, whether we can imitate some of the productions turned out of the laboratory of a living body, but whether we can build up a living body.

Secondly, unless Mr. Spencer is prepared to maintain that life is nothing but isomeric change, the mere fact that there is an apparent similarity between the movements of the lowest of living bodies and the expansion and contraction produced in not-living substances by isomeric change, carries no weight. Even though the movements of the *Protogenes Hæckelii* were in appearance the same as those produced in chemical substances by isomeric change, no one knows better than Mr. Spencer, that life is not merely movement, but that it involves assimilation, oxidation and reproduction, at least reproduction by fission. No chemist has yet produced albumen, much less a *moneres*; and till that is done we

have as much right to protest against the hypothetical admission of a transition from no-life into life as Mr. Spencer would have to protest against the assertion that such a transition is impossible.

By the frequent repetition of such words as *generatio spontanea*, *autogony*, *plasmogony*, *Urzeugung*, and all the rest, we get accustomed to the sound of these words, and at last imagine that they can be translated into thought. But the Science of Language teaches us that it is always dangerous to do violence to words. Self-generation is self-contradictory; for as long as we use generation in its original sense, it is impossible that the object of generation should be the same as the subject. Why, therefore, use the word generation? We should never venture to say that a man was his own father or his own son; and if anyone believes that the production of life is possible by means of purely mechanical combinations, a new word should be coined for this new idea. What is really intended, is a complete reformation of the two concepts of organic and inorganic substance, of lifeless and living bodies. The two are no longer to be considered as mutually exclusive, but as co-ordinate, and both subordinate to some higher concept. Life may hereafter be discovered as the result of a chemical combination<sup>6</sup> of given substances; a peculiar mode of force or being, dependent on ascertainable conditions, and analogous to heat and electricity. Or it may be proved that millions of years ago the chemical state of the earth was different, and that what is impossible now in our laboratories was possible then in the primeval laboratory of nature. But, for the present, it seems to me a violation of the fundamental laws of scientific research, were we to use such an hypothesis as a real explana-

tion of the problem of life, or were we to attempt to use *autogony* as a real word. The origin of life is as unknown to us as it was to Zoroaster, Moses, or *Vasishttha*; and Mr. Darwin shows a truly Kantian spirit in abstaining from any expression of opinion on this old riddle of the world.

But while with regard to the first point, viz. the beginning of life, Mr. Darwin would seem to hold a neutral position, we shall see that with regard to the second point, viz. the development of some higher animal into man, Mr. Darwin is responsible himself. He feels convinced that, if not lineally, at all events laterally, man is the descendant of an ape. Much stress has lately been laid on this, as a kind of salve to our wounded pride, that man need not consider himself as the lineal descendant of any living kind of ape.<sup>7</sup> We might, indeed, if we had any feelings of reverence for our ancestors, hope to discover their fossil bones in the tertiary strata of Southern Asia and Africa, but we need not be afraid of ever meeting them face to face, even in a South African congregation. I confess I do not see that this constitutes any real difference, nay, the statement that man is *only* laterally, not lineally, descended from a catarrhine ape, seems to me to rest on a complete confusion of thought.

Supposing the first ancestor of all living beings to have been a *Moneres*, as Haeckel tells us, and that this moneres developed into an *Amæba*, and that the *Amæba*, after passing through sixteen<sup>8</sup> more stages of animal life, emerged as a *Prosimia*, a half-ape, which *Prosimia* became a *Menocerca*, or tailed ape, then an *Anthropoid* ape, like the gorilla, then a *Pithecanthropus* or an ape-man, till at last the ape-man (a

<sup>6</sup> Strauss, p. 171.

<sup>7</sup> *Ib.* p. 578.

<sup>8</sup> Haeckel, p. 577.

purely mythological being) begat a man; surely, in that case, man is the lineal descendant of an ape, though his first ancestor was the small speck of protoplasm, called a Moneres, that has not yet reached even the dignity of a cell.<sup>9</sup> The admission of hundreds and thousands of intermediate links between the gorilla and man would not make the smallest difference, as long as the genealogical continuity is not broken. Even if we represented to ourselves the genealogical tree of the animal family as a real tree, sending out by gemmation leaves and branches, representing the different species of animals from the amoeba to the ape, and developing its leader into man, we should gain nothing; for if the primordial moneres is our common ancestor, all his descendants are brothers; all have, strictly speaking, some molecule of that living substance which existed in the first living individual; all are liable, therefore, to the capricious working of an unsuspected atavism.

Nor do I see any necessity for softening the true aspect of Darwin's theory, or disguising its consequences. The question is not whether the belief that animals so distant as a man, a monkey, an elephant, and a humming bird, a snake, a frog, and a fish could all have sprung from the same parents is monstrous;<sup>10</sup> but simply and solely, whether it is true. If it is true, we shall soon learn to digest it. Appeals to the pride or humility of man, to scientific courage or religious piety, are all equally out of place. If it could be proved that our bodily *habitat* had not been created in all its perfection from the first, but had been allowed to develop for ages before it became fit to hold a human soul, should we have any right to com-

plain? Do we complain of the injustice or indignity of our having individually to be born or to die? of our passing through the different stages of embryonic life, of our being made of dust, that is, of exactly the same chemical materials from which the bodies of animals are built up? Fact against fact, argument against argument, that is the rule of scientific warfare, a warfare in which to confess oneself convinced or vanquished by truth is often far more honourable than victory.

But while protesting against these sentimental outcries, we ought not to allow ourselves to be intimidated by scientific clamour. It seems to me a mere dogmatic assertion to say<sup>11</sup> that it would be unscientific to consider the hand of a man or a monkey, the foot of a horse, the flipper of a seal, the wing of a bat, as having been formed on the same ideal plan! Even if 'their descent from a common progenitor, together with their adaptation to diversified conditions,' were proved by irrefragable evidence, the conception of an ideal plan would remain perfectly legitimate. If this one member could be so modified as to become in course of time a wing, a flipper, a hoof, or a hand, there is nothing unscientific, nothing unphilosophical in the idea that it may from the first have been intended for these later purposes and higher developments. Not every member has become a hand; and why? Three reasons only are admissible; either because there was for the hand a germ which, under all circumstances, would have developed into a hand, and into a hand only; or because there were outward circumstances which would have forced any member into the shape of a hand; or lastly, because there was from the beginning a correlation

<sup>9</sup> Haeckel, p. 168.

<sup>10</sup> Darwin, *Descent*, vol. i. p. 203.

<sup>11</sup> *Descent*, vol. i. p. 32.

between that particular member and the circumstances to which it became adapted. I can understand the view of the evolutionist, who looks upon an organ as so much protoplasm, which, according to circumstances, might assume any conceivable form, and who treats all environing circumstances as facts requiring no explanation; but I am not prepared to say that Kant's view is unphilosophical when he says: 'Every change in a substance depends on its connection with and reciprocal action of other substances, and that *reciprocal action* cannot be explained, except through a Divine mind, as the common cause of both.'<sup>12</sup> At all events the conception that all these modifications in the ascending scale of animal life are the result of natural selection, transcends the horizon of our understanding quite as much as the conception that the whole creation was foreseen at once, and that what seems to us the result of adaptation through myriads of years, was seen as a whole from beginning to end by the wisdom and power of a creative Self. Both views are transcendent, both belong to the domain of faith; but if it were possible to measure the wonders of this universe by degrees, I confess that, to my mind, the self-evolution of a cell which contains within itself the power of becoming a man, or the admission of a protoplasm which in a given number of years would develop into a *homunculus* or a Shakespeare—nay, the mere formation of a *nucleus* which would change the moneres into an amoeba, would far exceed in marvellousness all the speculations of Plato and the wonders of Genesis. The two extremes of scientific research and mythological speculation seem sometimes on the point of meeting; and when I listen to the language of the most advanced

biologists, I almost imagine I am listening to one of the most ancient hymns of the Veda, and that we shall soon have to say again: 'In the beginning there was the golden egg.'

It is easy to understand that the Darwinian school, having brought itself to look upon the divers forms of living animals as the result of gradual development, should have considered it an act of intellectual cowardice to stop short before man. The gap between man and the higher apes is so very small, whereas the gap between the ape and the moneres is enormous. If, then, the latter could be cleared, how could we hesitate about the former? Few of those who have read Darwin or Haeckel could fail to feel the force of this appeal; and so far from showing a want of courage, those who resist it require really all the force of intellectual convictions to keep them from leaping with the rest. I cannot follow Mr. Darwin because I hold that this question is not to be decided in an anatomical theatre only. There is to my mind one difficulty which Mr. Darwin has not sufficiently appreciated, and which I certainly do not feel able to remove. There is between the whole animal kingdom on one side, and man, even in his lowest state, on the other, a barrier which no animal has ever crossed, and that barrier is—*Language*. By no effort of the understanding, by no stretch of imagination, can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of anything which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose. If anything has a right to the name of *specific difference*, it is language, as we find it in man, and in man only. Even if we removed the name of *specific difference* from our philosophic dictionaries, I should still hold that nothing de-

<sup>12</sup> Zeller, *Geschichte der Deutschen Philosophie*, p. 413.

serves the name of man except what is able to speak. If Mr. Mill<sup>13</sup> maintains that a rational elephant could not be called a man, all depends on what he means by rational. But it may certainly be said with equal, and even greater truth, that a speaking elephant or an elephantine speaker could never be called an elephant. I can bring myself to imagine with evolutionist philosophers that that most wonderful of organs, the eye, has been developed out of a pigmentary spot, and the ear out of a particularly sore place in the skin; that, in fact, an animal without any organs of sense may in time grow into an animal with organs of sense. I say I can imagine it, and I should not feel justified in classing such a theory as utterly inconceivable. But, taking all that is called animal on one side, and man on the other, I must call it inconceivable that any known animal could ever develop language. Professor Schleicher, though an enthusiastic admirer of Darwin, observed once jokingly, but not without a deep meaning, 'If a pig were ever to say to me, "I am a pig," it would *ipso facto* cease to be a pig.' This shows how strongly he felt that language was out of the reach of any animal, and the exclusive or specific property of man. I do not wonder that Mr. Darwin and other philosophers belonging to his school should not feel the difficulty of language as it was felt by Professor Schleicher, who, though a Darwinian, was also one of our best students of the Science of Language. But those who know best what language is, and, still more, what it presupposes, cannot, however Darwinian they may be on other points, ignore the *veto* which, as yet, that science enters against the last step in Darwin's philosophy. That philosophy would not be vitiated by admitting an independent

beginning for man. For if Mr. Darwin admits, in opposition to the evolutionist *pur et simple*, four or five progenitors for the whole of the animal kingdom, which are most likely intended for the *Radiata*, *Mollusca*, *Articulata*, and *Vertebrata*, there would be nothing radically wrong in admitting a fifth progenitor for man. As Mr. Darwin does not admit this, but declares distinctly that man has been developed from some lower animal, we may conclude that *physiologically* and *anatomically* there are no tenable arguments against this view. But if Mr. Darwin goes on to say<sup>14</sup> that in a series of forms graduating *insensibly* from some ape-like creature to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point where the term 'man' ought to be used, he has left the ground, peculiarly his own, where few would venture to oppose him, and he must expect to be met by those who have studied man, not only as an ape-like creature, which he undoubtedly is, but also as an un-ape-like creature, possessed of language, and of all that language implies.

My objections to the words of Mr. Darwin, which I have just quoted, are twofold: first, as to form; secondly, as to substance.

With regard to the form which Mr. Darwin has given to his argument, it need hardly be pointed out that he takes for granted in the premiss what is to be established in the conclusion. If there existed a series graduating *insensibly* from some ape-like creature to man, then, no doubt, the very fact that the graduation is *insensible* would preclude the possibility of fixing on any definite point where the animal ends and man begins. This, however, may be a mere slip of the pen, and might have been passed by unnoticed, if it were

<sup>13</sup> *Logic*, i. 38.

<sup>14</sup> I. 235.

not that the same kind of argument occurs not unfrequently in the works of Mr. Darwin and his followers. Whenever the distance between two points in the chain of creation seems too great, and there is no chance of finding the missing links, we are told again and again that we have only to imagine a large number of intermediate beings, insensibly sloping up or sloping down, in order to remove all difficulty. Whenever I meet with this line of reasoning, I cannot help thinking of an argument used by Hindu theologians in their endeavours to defend the possibility and the truth of Divine revelation. Their opponents say that between a Divine Being, who they admit is in possession of the truth, and human beings who are to receive the truth, there is a gulf which nothing can bridge over; and they go on to say that, admitting that Divine truth, as revealed, was perfect in the Revealer, yet the same Divine truth, as seen by human beings, must be liable to all the accidents of human frailty and fallibility. The orthodox Brahmans grow very angry at this, and, appealing to their sacred books, they maintain that there was between the Divine and the human a chain of intermediate beings, Rishis or seers, as they call them; that the first generation of these seers was, say, nine-tenths divine and one-tenth human; the second, eight-tenths divine and two-tenths human; the third, seven-tenths divine and three-tenths human; that each of these generations handed down revealed truth, till at last it reached the ninth generation, which was one-tenth divine and nine-tenths human, and by them was preached to ordinary mortals, being tenths, or altogether human. In this way they feel convinced that the gulf between the Divine and the human is safely bridged over; and they might use the very words

of Mr. Darwin, that in this series of forms graduating *insensibly* from the Divine to the human, it is impossible to fix on any definite point where the term 'man' ought to be used.

This old fallacy of first imagining a continuous scale, and then pointing out its indivisibility, affects more or less all systems of philosophy which wish to get rid of specific distinctions. That fallacy lurks in the word 'Development,' which is now so extensively used, but which requires very careful testing before it should be allowed to become a current coin in philosophical transactions. The admission of this insensible graduation would eliminate, not only the difference between ape and man, but likewise between black and white, hot and cold, a high and a low note in music: in fact, it would do away with the possibility of all exact and definite knowledge, by removing those wonderful lines and laws of nature which change the Chaos into a Kosmos, the Infinite into the Finite, and which enable us to count, to tell, and to know.

There have always been philosophers who have an eye for the Infinite only, who see All in One, and One in All. One of the greatest sages of antiquity, nay, of the whole world, Herakleitos (460 B.C.), summed up the experience of his life in the famous words, *πάντα ῥεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*, 'All is moving, and nothing is fixed,' or as we should say, 'All is growing, all is developing, all is evolving.' But this view of the universe was met, it may be by anticipation, by the followers of Pythagoras. When Pythagoras was asked what was the wisest of all things, he replied, 'Number,' and next to it, 'He who gave names to all things.' How should we translate this enigmatical saying? I believe, in modern philosophical language, it would run like this: 'True knowledge is im-

possible without definite generalisation or concepts (that is, number), and without definite signs for these concepts (that is, language).'

The Herakleitean view is now again in the ascendant. All is changing, all is developing, all is evolving. Ask any evolutionist philosopher whether he can conceive any two things so heterogeneous that, given a few millions of years and plenty of environment, the one cannot develop into the other, and I believe he will say, No. I do not argue here against this line of thought; on the contrary, I believe that in one sphere of mental aspirations it has its legitimate place. What I protest against is this, that in the sphere of exact knowledge we should allow ourselves to be deceived by inexact language. 'Insensible gradation' is self-contradictory. Translated into English, it means gradation without gradation, degrees without degrees, or something which is at the same time perceptible and imperceptible. Millions of years will never render the distance between two points, however near to each other, imperceptible. If the evolutionist philosopher asks for a few millions of years, the specialist philosopher asks for eyes that will magnify a few million times, and the Bank which supplies the one will readily supply the other. Exact science has nothing to do with insensible gradation. It counts thousands of vibrations that make our imperfect ears hear definite tones; it counts millions of vibrations that make our weak eyes see definite colours. It counts, it tells, it names, and then it knows; though it knows at the same time that beyond the thousands and beyond the millions of vibrations there is that which man can neither count, nor tell, nor name, nor know, the Unknown, the Unknowable—ay, the Divine.

But if we return to Mr. Darwin's argument, and simply leave out the word 'insensibly,' which begs the whole question, we shall then have to meet his statement, that in a series of forms graduating from some ape-like creature to man as he now is, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point where the term 'man' ought to be used. This statement I meet by a simple negative. Even admitting, for argument's sake, the existence of a series of beings intermediate between ape and man—a series which, as Mr. Darwin repeatedly states, does not exist<sup>15</sup>—I maintain that the point where the animal ends and man begins could be determined with absolute precision, for it would be coincident with the beginning of the Radical Period of language, with the first formation of a general idea embodied in the only form in which we find them embodied, viz. in the roots of our language.

Mr. Darwin was, of course, not unprepared for that answer. He remembered the old pun of Hobbes, *Homo animal rationale, quia orationale* (Man is a rational animal, because he is an orational animal), and he makes every effort in order to eliminate language as something unattainable by the animal, as something peculiar to man, as a specific difference between man and beast. In every book on Logic, language is quoted as the specific difference between man and all other beings. Thus we read in Stuart Mill's *Logic*:<sup>16</sup> 'The attribute of being capable of understanding a language is a *proprium* of the species man, since, without being connoted by the word, it follows from an attribute which the word does connote, viz. from the attribute of rationality.'

It is curious to observe how even Mr. Darwin seems, in some places, fully prepared to admit this. Thus he says in one passage,<sup>17</sup> 'Articulate

<sup>15</sup> *Descent*, i. p. 185.

<sup>16</sup> Vol. i. p. 180.

<sup>17</sup> I. p. 54.



language is peculiar to man.' In former days we could not have wished for a fuller admission, for *peculiar* then meant the same as *special*, something that constitutes a species, or something which belongs to a person in exclusion of others. But in a philosophy which looks upon all living beings as developed from four or five primordial cells, there can, in strict logic, exist four or five really and truly peculiar characters only, and therefore it is clear that peculiar, when used by Mr. Darwin, cannot mean what it would have meant if employed by others.

As if to soften the admission which he had made as to articulate language being peculiar to man, Mr. Darwin continues: 'But man uses, in common with the lower animals, inarticulate cries to express his meaning, aided by gestures, and the movements of the muscles of the face.' No one would deny this. There are many things besides, which man shares in common with animals. In fact, the discovery that man is an animal was not made yesterday, and no one seemed to be disturbed by that discovery. Man, however, was formerly called a '*rational animal*,' and the question is, whether he possesses anything peculiar to himself, or whether he represents only the highest form of perfection to which an animal, under favourable circumstances, may attain. Mr. Darwin dwells more fully on the same point, viz. on that kind of language which man shares in common with animals, when he says, 'This holds good, especially with the more simple and vivid feelings, which are but little connected with our higher intelligence. Our cries of pain, fear, surprise, anger, together with their appropriate actions, and the murmur of a mother to her beloved child, are more expressive than any words.'

No doubt they are. A tear is more expressive than a sigh, a sigh

is more expressive than a speech, and silence itself is sometimes more eloquent than words. But all this is not language, in the true sense of the word.

Mr. Darwin himself feels, evidently, that he has not said all; he struggles manfully with the difficulties before him; nay, he really represents the case against himself as strongly as possible. 'It is not the mere power of articulation,' he continues, 'that distinguishes man from other animals, for, as everyone knows, parrots can talk; but it is his large power of connecting *definite sounds with definite ideas*.'

Here, then, we might again imagine that Mr. Darwin admitted all we want, viz. that some kind of language is peculiar to man, and distinguishes man from other animals; that, supposing man to be, up to a certain point, no more than an animal, he perceived that what made man to differ from all other animals was something nowhere to be found except in man, nowhere indicated even in the whole series of living beings, beginning with the *Bathybius Haeckelii*, and ending with the tailless ape. But, no; there follows immediately after, the finishing sentence, extorted rather, it seems to me, than naturally flowing from his pen, 'This obviously depends on the development of the mental faculties.'

What can be the meaning of this sentence? If it refers to the mental faculties of man, then no doubt it may be said to be obvious. But if it is meant to refer to the mental faculties of the gorilla, then, whether it be true or not, it is, at all events, so far from being obvious, that the very opposite might be called so—I mean the fact that no development of mental faculties has ever enabled one single animal to connect one single definite idea with one single definite word.

I confess that after reading again and again what Mr. Darwin has

written on the subject of language, I cannot understand how he could bring himself to sum up the subject as follows: 'We have seen that the faculty of articulate speech in itself does not offer any insuperable objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower animal' (p. 62).

Now the fact is that not a single instance has ever been adduced of any animal trying or learning to speak, nor has it been explained by any scholar or philosopher how that barrier of language, which divides man from all animals, might be effectually crossed. I do not mean to say that there are no arguments which might be urged; either in favour of animals possessing the gift of language, but preferring not to use it,<sup>18</sup> or as tending to show that living beings, to use the words of Demokritos, speak naturally, and in the same manner in which they cough, sneeze, bellow, bark, or sigh. But Mr. Darwin has never told us what he thinks on this point. He refers to certain writers on the origin of language, who consider that the first materials of language are either interjections or imitations; but their writings in no wise support the theory that animals also could, either out of their own barkings and bellowings, or out of the imitative sounds of mocking-birds, have elaborated anything like what we mean by language, even among the lowest savages.

It may be in the recollection of some of my hearers that, in my Lectures on the Science of Language, when speaking of Demokritos and some of his later followers, I called his theory on the origin of language the *Bow-wow* theory, because I felt certain that, if this theory were only called by its right name, it would require no further refutation. It might have seemed for a time, to judge from the protests that were

raised against that name, as if there had been in the nineteenth century scholars holding this Demokritean theory in all its crudity. But it required but very little mutual explanation before these scholars perceived that there was between them and me but little difference, and that all which the followers of Bopp insist on as a *sine quâ non* of scholarship is the admission of roots, definite in their form, from which to derive, according to strict phonetic laws, every word that admits of etymological analysis, whether in English and Sanskrit, or in Arabic and Hebrew, or in Mongolian and Finnish. For philological purposes it matters little, as I said in 1866, what opinion we hold on the origin of roots so long as we agree that, with the exception of a number of purely mimetic expressions, all words, such as we find them, whether in English or in Sanskrit, encumbered with prefixes and suffixes, and mouldering away under the action of phonetic decay, must, in the last instance, be traced back, by means of definite phonetic laws, to those definite primary forms which we are accustomed to call roots. These roots stand like barriers between the chaos and the kosmos of human speech. Whoever admits the historical character of roots, whatever opinion he may hold on their origin, is not a Demokritean, does not hold that theory which I called the *Bow-wow* theory, and cannot be quoted in support of Mr. Darwin's opinion that the cries of animals represent the earliest stage of the language of man.

If we speak simply of the materials, not of the elements, of language — and the distinction between these two words is but too often overlooked — then, no doubt, we may not only say that the phonetic materials of the cries of animals and the languages of man

<sup>18</sup> See Wundt, *Menschen- und Thierseele*, vol. ii. p. 265.

are the same, but, following in the footsteps of evolutionist philosophers, we might trace the involuntary exclamations of men back to the inanimate and inorganic world. I quoted formerly the opinion of Professor Heyse, who appealed to the fact that most substances, when struck or otherwise set in motion, show a power of reaction manifested by their various rings, as throwing light on the problem of the origin of language; and I do not think that those who look upon philosophy as a 'knowledge of the highest generalities' should have treated Professor Heyse with so much contempt.

But neither those who traced the material elements of language back to interjections and imitations, nor those who went farther and traced them back to the ring inherent in all vibrating substances, ought to have imagined for one moment that they had thus accounted for the real elements of language. We may account for the materials of many things, without thereby accounting for what they are, or how they came to be what they are. If we take, for instance, a number of flints, more or less carefully chipped and shaped and sharpened, and if we were to say that these flints are like other flints found by thousands in fields and quarries, this would be as true as that the materials for forming the words of our language are the same as the cries of animals, or, it may be, the sounds of bells. But would this explain the problem which we wish to explain? Certainly not. If, then, we were to go a step farther, and say that apes had been seen to use flints for throwing at each other,<sup>19</sup> that they could not but have discovered that sharp-edged flints were the most effective, and would therefore have either made a natural selection

of them, or tried to imitate them—that is to say, to give to other flints a sharp edge—what would antiquaries say to such heresies? And yet I can assure them that to say that no traces of human workmanship can be discovered in these flints,<sup>20</sup> that they in no wise prove the early existence of man, or that there is no insuperable objection to the belief that these flints were made by apes, cannot sound half so incongruous to them, as to a man who knows what language is made of being told that the first grammatical edge might have been imparted to our words by some lower animals, or that, the materials of language being given, everything else, from the neighing of a horse to the lyric poetry of Goethe, was a mere question of development.

It would not be fair, however, to disguise the fact that in his view that animals possess language, Mr. Darwin has some very powerful allies, and that in quarters where he would least expect to find them. Archbishop Whately writes: 'Man is not the only animal that can make use of language to express what is passing in his mind, and can understand more or less what is so expressed by others.'

But even with bishops and archbishops against me, I do not despair. I believe I have as high an opinion of the faculties of animals as Mr. Darwin, Archbishop Whately, or any other man—nay, I may perhaps claim some credit for myself for having, in my Lectures delivered in 1862, vindicated for the higher animals more than ever was vindicated for them before.

But after reading the most eloquent eulogies on the intellectual powers and social virtues of animals—of which we have had a great deal of late—I always feel that all this and even much more might

<sup>19</sup> 'The Pavians in Eastern Africa.' See Caspari, *Urgeschichte*, i. p. 244.

<sup>20</sup> See Whitley's *Researches on Flints near Spiennes, in Belgium*.

be perfectly true, and that it would yet in no way affect the relative position of man and beast.

Let us hear the most recent panegyrist: 'To become man! Who should believe that so many, not only laymen, but students of nature, believe in God becoming man, but consider it incredible that an animal should become man, and that there should be a progressive development from the ape to man? The ancient world, and even now the highest among the Eastern nations, thought and think very differently on this point. The doctrine of metempsychosis connects man and beast, and binds the whole world together by a mysterious cord. Judaism alone, with its hatred of nature deities, and dualistic Christianity, have made this rift between man and beast. It is remarkable how in our own time and among the most civilised nations a deeper sympathy for the animal world has been roused, and has manifested itself in the formation of societies for preventing cruelty towards animals, thus showing that what, on one side, is the result of scientific research, viz. the surrendering of the exclusive position of man in nature, as a spiritual being, is received at the same time as a general sentiment.

'Public opinion, however, and what I may call the old orthodox natural science, persist nevertheless in considering man and beast as two separate worlds which no bridge can ever connect, were it only because man is man in so far only as he from the beginning possesses something which the beast has not and never will have. According to the Mosaic account, God created the beasts, as it were, in a lump; but in the case of man, He first formed his body of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. This living soul of the old Jewish writers has afterwards been

changed by Christianity into an immortal soul, a being different in kind and dignity from such other common souls as might be allowed to beasts. Or, the soul of man and beast being admitted to be the same, man was endowed in addition with a spirit, as the substantial principle of the higher intellectual and moral faculties by which he is distinguished from the beast.

'Against all this,' the writer continues, 'we have now the fact of natural science which can no longer be ignored, viz. that the faculties of beasts differ from those of man in degree only, and not in kind. Voltaire said truly, "Animals have sensation, imagination, memory, also desires and movements, and yet no one thinks of claiming for them an immaterial soul. Why should we, for our small surplus of these faculties and acts, require such a soul?" Now the surplus on the side of man is not indeed so small as Voltaire's rhetoric represents it; on the contrary, it is enormous. But for all that, it is a *plus* only, it is not something new. Even with animals of the lower orders it would take volumes, as Darwin says, to describe the habits and mental powers of an ant. The same with bees. Nay, it is remarkable that the more closely an observer watches the life and work of any class of animals, the more he feels inclined to speak of their understanding. The stories about the memory, the reflection, the faculties of learning and culture in dogs, horses, and elephants are infinite; and even in so-called wild animals similar qualities may be detected. Brehm, speaking of birds of prey, says: "They act after having reflected; they make plans and carry them out." The same writer says of thrushes: "They perceive quickly and judge correctly; they use all means and ways to protect themselves." Those varieties which have

grown up in the quiet and undisturbed forests of the North are easily taken in; but experience soon makes them wise, and those who have once been deceived are not easily cheated a second time (therein they certainly differ from man). Even among men, whom they never trust completely, they know well how to distinguish between the dangerous and the harmless; they allow the shepherd to approach more nearly than the hunter. In the same sense Darwin speaks of the incredible degree of acuteness, caution, and cleverness on the part of the furry animals of North America, as being chiefly due to the constant snares and wiles of the hunter.

'Mr. Darwin tries particularly to show in the higher animals the beginnings of moral sentiments also, which he connects with their social instincts. A kind of sense of honour and of conscience can hardly fail to be recognised in nobler and well-bred horses and dogs. And even if the conscience of dogs has not unjustly been traced back to the stick, it may well be asked whether the case is very different with the lower classes of man. Those instincts in animals which refer to the education of their young, to the care, trouble, and sacrifices on their behalf, must be considered as the first germs of higher moral faculties. Here, as Goethe says, we see indicated in the animal the bud of what in man becomes a blossom.'

So far the panegyrist; in reply to whom I can only say that, without doubting any of the extraordinary accounts of the intellect, the understanding, the caution, the judgment, the sagacity, acuteness, cleverness, genius, or even the social virtues of animals, the rules of positive philosophy forbid us to assert anything about their instincts or intellectual faculties. We may allow ourselves to be guided by our

own fancies or by analogy, and we may guess and assert very plausibly many things about the inner life of animals; but however strong our own belief may be, the whole subject is transcendent, i.e. beyond the reach of positive knowledge. We all admit that, in many respects, the animal is even superior to man. Who is there but at one time or other has not sighed for the wings of birds? Who can deny that the muscles of the lion are more powerful, those of the cat more pliant, than ours? Who can doubt that the eagle possesses a keener vision, the deer a sharper hearing, the dog a better scent than man? Who has not sometimes envied the bear his fur, or the snail its house? Nay, I am quite prepared to go even farther, and if metaphysicians were to tell me that our senses only serve to distract the natural intuitions of the soul, that our organs of sense are weak, deceptive, limited, and that a mollusc, being able to digest without a stomach and to live without a brain, is a more perfect, certainly a more happy, being than man, I should bow in silence; but I should still appeal to one palpable fact—viz. that whatever animals may do or not do, *no animal has ever spoken.*

I use this expression advisedly, because as soon as we speak of language, we open the door to all kinds of metaphor and poetry. If we want to reason correctly, we must define what we mean by language. Now there are two totally distinct operations which in ordinary parlance go by the same name of language, but which should be distinguished most carefully as *Emotional* and *Rational* language. The power of showing by outward signs what we feel, or, it may be, what we think, is the source of emotional language, and the recognition of such emotional signs, or the understanding of their purport, is no more than the result of memory, a resus-

citation of painful or pleasant impressions connected with such signs. That emotional language is certainly shared in common by man and animals. If a dog barks, that may be a sign, according to circumstances, of his being angry or pleased or surprised. Every dog speaks that language, every dog understands it, and other animals too, such as cats or sheep, and even children, learn it. A cat that has once been frightened or bitten by a barking dog will easily understand the sound, and run away, like any other so-called rational being. The spitting of a cat, again, is a sign of anger, and a dog that has once had his eyes scratched by a cat would not be slow to understand that feline dialect, whenever he hears it in close proximity. The purring of a cat has a very different meaning, and it may be, as we have been told, like the murmuring of a mother to her beloved child. The subject of the emotional language of animals and man is endless, but we must leave it to the pen of the poet rather than of the philosopher.<sup>21</sup>

What, then, is the difference between *emotional* language and *rational* language? The very name shows the difference. Language, such as we speak, is founded on reason, reason meaning for philosophical purposes the faculty of forming and handling general concepts; and as that power manifests itself outwardly by articulate language only, we, as positive philosophers, have a right to say that animals, being devoid of the only tangible sign of reason which we know, viz. language, may by us be treated as irrational beings—irrational, not in the sense of devoid of observation, shrewdness, calculation, presence of mind, reasoning in the sense of weighing, or even

genius, but simply in the sense of devoid of the power of forming and handling general concepts.

The distinction here made between emotional and rational language may seem fanciful and artificial to those who are not acquainted with the history and origin of language, but they have only to consult the works of modern physiologists and medical men to convince themselves that this distinction rests on what even they would admit to be a most solid basis. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in some articles published in the *Medical Times and Gazette* for December 14 and 21, 1867, speaking of the disease of a particular part of the brain, says: 'This disease may induce partial or complete defect of *intellectual* language, and not cause corresponding defect of *emotional* or *interjectional* language. The typical patient in this disease misuses words or cannot use words at all, to express his thoughts; nor can he express his thoughts by writing, or by any signs sufficiently elaborate to serve instead of vocal or written words; nor can he read books for himself. But he can smile, laugh, cry, sing, and employ rudimentary signs of gesticulation. So far as these means of communication serve, therefore, he is able to exhibit his feelings to those around him. He can copy writing placed before him, and, even without the aid of a copy, sign his own name. He understands what is said to him, is capable of being interested in books which are read to him, and remembers incidents and tales. Sometimes he is able to utter a word or words, which he cannot vary, and which he must utter if he speak at all, no matter on what occasion. When excited, he can swear, and even use elaborate formulæ of swearing<sup>22</sup> (as, for example, "God bless my life"),

<sup>21</sup> See Darwin, *Descent*, vol. i. pp. 53, 54.

<sup>22</sup> Dr. Gairdner, *The Function of Articulate Speech*, 1866, p. 17.

which have come by habit to be of only interjectional value.<sup>23</sup> But he cannot repeat such words and phrases at his own wish or at the desire of others. And as he is able to copy writing, so he can, when circumstances dictate, as it were, to him, give utterance to phrases of more special applicability. Thus, a child being in danger of falling, one speechless patient, a woman, was surprised into exclaiming, "Take care." But in this, as in every other case, the patient remains perfectly incompetent to repeat at pleasure the phrase he has just used so appropriately, and has so distinctly uttered. . . . It would seem that the part of the brain affected in such cases is that which is susceptible of education to language, and which has been after the birth of the patient so educated. The effect of the disease, in relation to speech, is to leave the patient as if he had never been educated at all to language, and had been born without the power of being so educated. The disease in question is an affection of but one side, the left side, of the brain.' And again: 'Disease of a particular region of the left cerebral hemisphere is followed by a complete or partial loss of power in the *naming* process, and by consequent inability to speak, even when all the machinery of voice and articulation recognised in anatomy remains unchanged.'

The whole of this subject has of late been very fully examined, as may be seen in Dr. Bateman's book on Aphasia; and though one may feel doubtful as to the minute conclusions which Dr. Broca has drawn from his experiments, so much seems to me established: If a certain portion of the brain on the left side of the anterior lobe happens to be affected by disease, the patient becomes unable to use rational lan-

guage; while, unless some other mental disease is added to aphasia, he retains the faculty of emotional language, and of communicating with others by means of signs and gestures.

In saying this, I shall not be suspected, I hope, of admitting that the brain, or any part of the brain, secretes rational language, as the liver secretes bile. My only object in referring to these medical observations and experiments was to show that the distinction between emotional and rational language is not artificial, or of a purely logical character, but is confirmed by the palpable evidence of the brain in its pathological affections. No man of any philosophic culture will look on the brain, or that portion of the brain which interferes with rational language, as the seat of the faculty of speech, as little as we place the faculty of seeing in the eye, or the faculty of hearing in the ear. That without which anything is impossible is not necessarily that by which it is possible. We cannot see without the eye, nor hear without the ear; perhaps we might say, we cannot speak without the third convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain; but neither can the eye see without us, the ear hear without us, the third convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain speak without us. To look for the faculty of speech in the brain would, in fact, be hardly less Homeric than to look for the soul in the midriff.

This distinction between *emotional* and *rational* language is, however, of great importance, because it enables us to see clearly in what sense man and beast may be said to share the gift of language in common, and in what sense it would be wrong to say so. Interjections, for instance, which constitute a far more important

<sup>23</sup> In another paper Dr. Jackson describes an oath extremely well as 'a phrase which emotion has filched from the intellect.'

element in conversation than in literary composition, are emotional language, and they are used by beasts as well as by men, particularly by a man in a passion, or on a low scale of civilisation. But there is no language, even among the lowest savages, in which the vast majority of words is not rational. If, therefore, Mr. Darwin (p. 35) says that there are savages who have no abstract terms in their language, he has evidently overlooked the real difference between rational and emotional language. We do not mean by rational language, a language possessing such abstract terms as whiteness, goodness, to have or to be; but any language in which even the most concrete of words are founded on general concepts, and derived from roots expressive of general ideas.

There is in every language a certain layer of words which may be called purely *emotional*. It is smaller or larger according to the genius and history of each nation, but it is never quite concealed by the later strata of rational speech. Most interjections, many imitative words, belong to this class. They are perfectly clear in their character and origin, and it could never be maintained that they rest on general concepts. But if we deduct that inorganic stratum, all the rest of language, whether among ourselves or among the lowest barbarians, can be traced back to roots, and every one of these roots is the sign of a general concept. This is the most important discovery of the Science of Language.

Take any word you like, trace it back historically to its most primitive form, and you will find that besides the derivative elements, which can easily be separated, it contains a predicative root, and that in this predicative root rests the connotative power of the word. Why is a *stable* called a *stable*? Because it stands. Why is a *saddle* called a *saddle*? Because you sit in

it. Why is a *road* called a *road*? Because we ride on it. Why is *heaven* called *heaven*? Because it is heaved on high. In this manner every word, not excluding the commonest terms that must occur in every language, the names for *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, *hand* and *foot*, &c., have been traced back historically to definite roots, and every one of these roots expresses a *general concept*. Unless, therefore, Mr. Darwin is prepared to maintain that there are languages which have no names for *father* and *mother*, for *heaven* and *earth*, or only such words for those objects as cannot be derived from predicative roots, his statement that there are languages without abstract terms falls to the ground. Every root is an abstract term, and these roots, in their historical reality, mark a period in the history of the human mind—they mark the beginning of rational speech.

What I wish to put before you as clearly as possible is this, that roots such as *dā*, to give, *sthā*, to stand, *gā*, to sing, the ancestors of an unnumbered progeny, differ from interjectional or imitative sounds in exactly the same manner as general concepts differ from single impressions. Those, therefore, who still think with Hume that general ideas are the same thing as single impressions, only fainter, and who look upon this fainting away of single impressions into general ideas as something that requires no explanation, but can be disposed of by a metaphor, would probably take the same view with regard to the changes of cries and shrieks into roots. Those, on the contrary, who hold that general concepts, even in their lowest form, do not spring spontaneously from a *tabula rasa*, but recognise the admission of a co-operating Self, would look upon the roots of language as irrefragable proof of the presence of human workmanship in the very elements of language, as the earliest manifes-



tation of human intellect, of which no trace has ever been discovered in the animal world.

It will be seen from these remarks that the controversy which has been carried on for more than two thousand years between those who ascribe to language an onomatopœic origin, and those who derive language from roots, has a much deeper significance than a mere question of scholarship. If the words of our language could be derived straight from imitative or interjectional sounds, such as *bow wow* or *pooh pooh*, then I should say that Hume was right against Kant, and that Mr. Darwin was right in representing the change of animal into human language as a mere question of time. If, on the contrary, it is a fact which no scholar would venture to deny, that, after deducting the purely onomatopœic portion of the dictionary, the real bulk of our language is derived from roots, definite in their form and general in their meaning, then that period in the history of language which gave rise to these roots, and which I call the *Radical Period*, forms the frontier—be it broad or narrow—between man and beast.

That period may have been of slow growth, or it may have been an instantaneous evolution: we do not know. Like the beginnings of all things, the first beginnings of language and reason transcend the powers of the human understanding, nay, the limits of human imagination. But after the first step has been made, after the human mind, instead of being simply distracted by the impressions of the senses, has performed the first act of abstraction, were it only by making one and one to be two, everything else in the growth of language becomes as intelligible as the growth of the intellect; nay, more so. We still possess, we still use, the same materials of language which were first fixed and fashioned by the rational ancestors of our race. These roots, which are in reality our oldest title-deeds as rational beings, still supply the living sap of the millions of words scattered over the globe, while no trace of them, or anything corresponding to them, has ever been discovered even amongst the most advanced of catarrhine apes.

The problem that remains to be solved in our last Lecture is the origin of those roots.



## PEASANTRY OF THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

BY A WYKEHAMIST.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE agitations of all the toiling classes of the community have been so prominently before the public of late, that it must be evident to all that we are in a transition state. Such epochs occur in the domestic history of every nation. Three have already occurred in England, which are marked by broad lines, and which are easy to be discerned. We are now for the fourth time fulfilling the prophecy of the poet :

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

There was, first, the state of master and slave; secondly, the lord and serf; thirdly, in the fifteenth century, payment as wages took the place of feudal service, and a money contract 'cash nexus' became the order of the day. But now in the last few years trades unions and agricultural unions have formed clubs seeking a share in the profits of capital, either by co-operative stores and farms, or by a participation in the pecuniary results of the industries in which they are engaged. The voices of men, when heard as they have been lately, encourage their fellows to speak; and certainly that is not the case now which Sir A. Helps wrote (in 1844, in the *Claims of Labour*): 'The poor, the humble, your dependants will often be afraid to ask their due from you; be therefore the more mindful of it yourself.'

In the feudal times England had little commerce, and the manufacturing spirit which pervades our northern counties had not sprung into existence. We are still dependent on the bone and sinew of our people, but partly through manufactures and partly through the cultivation of the land. In

early times England existed only by agriculture. In one of the earliest MSS. which has come down to us from Anglo-Saxon times we have this passage: 'Every throne which standeth upright standeth upon three pillars—the priest, the warrior, and the labourer. The priest prayeth for all, the warrior fighteth for all, the labourer tilleth the earth and worketh for the livelihood of all.' (*Treatise of Elfric.*)

If therefore this fourth transition epoch throws us a little out of gear, let us take heart from the way in which things righted themselves under changes of greater magnitude. Look at England as she emerged from feudal times; consider what it would be to beliving and cultivating land during the desolating wars of the White and Red Roses; look back at the burdens which land sustained under the old poor law; look at the times of the riots; and then say that these times are *significant* rather than *portentous*, and though we are passing through a crisis, yet it is one in which the ship obeys the helm, and we have charts and experiences of many former mariners to guide us. Let us also remember that by doing our duty to the men of our own times we shall best anticipate revolutions which may be looming in the future.

It is very difficult to place ourselves so exactly in the past with all its surroundings as to feel what this country was, as regards master and servant, three or four hundred years ago. But we shall perhaps not be far wrong, if we define the ante-Poor-Law state of England as very much what Australian or American backwoods life is now. There was no pauperism, but at the

same time there would be great hardships to encounter and occasionally great privations to be endured. The hunter may one day kill a fat buck and live to a surfeit on venison, but he may have an interval between killing two stags when he may be very short of food, and almost sigh for a week's credit at the village shop or a week's shelter in a union workhouse. The excitement which hope generates in the heart of the colonist enables him to bear up against privations which to the acclimatised pauper seem unbearable. For no one would deny that the early settler may have a worse shelter than the pauper's hovel, and be for a time more pinched for food and clothing than the ditcher with a large family in England. He may certainly no more want pasture for his cattle than the patriarchs did. But with this rude plenty, which exists because civilisation has not yet encroached on it, there may be great lack of many of the comforts which the interchange of nations has introduced into modern thickly populated countries. For while there were flocks and herds roaming at large, and runs for any number of cows, so that milk would be plentiful, there would perhaps be no tea and sugar, which are no less necessary than milk to a modern breakfast table. It is the benefit of quick travelling and carriage by railway that, while it takes some commodities to the distant village from London and the seaports, it also takes away native products, as butter and milk. It is at first sight strange, but with reasoning becomes most evident, that milk is nowhere so difficult to obtain as in those villages where a 60 or 70 cow cheese is made, or where a hundred cows are milked for the London market. The rent is high because the land is valuable, and the farmer strains every nerve to make the most of his specialty, be it Cheddar cheese or new milk, from which his rent and

other expenses are to be met. It is therefore notorious that where a man only keeps one or two cows milk may be bought, but where he keeps a hundred none can be bought. The farmer works up to agony point to excel in the article he prides himself on, his big cheese or his milk. It is therefore the result of the natural working of economic laws. There were no quick milk-trains running in the days of the Plantagenet kings, and therefore the serf had plenty of milk, which, as they say, is a fine thing for children; but the swift clippers which now bring tea had not started from China, nor had sugar become a commodity saleable at every village shop. In the roll of the household expenses of Richard de Swinfield, Bishop of Hereford, edited by the Rev. John Webb, we find in 1290 rude plenty of primeval food, but few comforts—fifty beeves were driven in to be salted for the winter use, the salt being brought from Droitwich, and numbers of sheep and pigs; also five casks of wine came from Bristol, and immense quantities of ale were brewed, chiefly by women. Amongst the list of the spices and precious things, we find a pound or two of the then valuable article of sugar, with which the Crusades had familiarised Western Europe, but we find the price was eightpence a pound, and the same sum of eightpence is entered for seventy gallons of strong beer. The carrying trade was then in its infancy, and home produce was as cheap, because it could not be exported, as foreign produce was dear, for a contrary reason. We must therefore balance the excess of one commodity against the want of another before we say which would be better off, the old serf or the modern labourer. Rude plenty of nature's products were at hand, and no one competing for or claiming them; they were as free as blackberries in our hedges or nuts in our

autumnal coppices. But beyond this little else. It was colonial life, with free pasture of commons for cows, pigs, and geese; fire-wood as plentiful as in an American forest, and elbow room as much as there is on a prairie, but few comforts.

Non omnis feret omnia tellus.

As to clothes, they were spun at home. There was little money, and the lord paid by what we should call 'the truck system;' he had tenants to whom he gave *commonage of estover*—that is, *necessary* run for the man's horses—in exchange for which the man was to plough and cart for his lord, and serve him with man and horse in time of war. There was also common right of *turbary*—to cut peat and fuel—called also *wood-bote*; and commonage of *piscary*—to catch fish. We have heard of the domestic servants in Scotland, in old times, bargaining that they should not have salmon more than three days a week, but the Great Northern Railway now prevents their being overdone with salmon or grouse. The London aldermen save them putting that covenant into their hirings.

But in fact it is luxury which now divides classes; in those days wealth could buy nothing, and therefore money, which is only a means to an end, was valueless. We find that all classes lived much the same—the serf boarded with his master, and they had only the salt-cellar between them.

Splendet in mensa tenni salinum.

We read of the rich having in winter only a grass-fed calf, salted and fresh-water fish. A man described his winter progress, to his friend, in this way: 'I am half-way up one side of the calf, and shall soon be coming down the other.' A great falling off this from Solomon's 'stalled ox and contention therewith.' Fancy being invited out to

dinner with a Plantagenet noble, and finding salted veal and fresh-water fish—a few roach and dace, or a carp that had spoiled a bottle of port wine by being stewed in it. The *entrées* would have been very acceptable then. The veal being salted would, at all events, save the trouble of bacon or ham as an opposite dish. The serf certainly was not made unhappy by the smell of his lord's kitchen. Everywhere there was rude hospitality, a welcome to all comers, and no questions; it was in the epoch before begging as a trade had been invented. Rushes to sleep on and a billet of wood for a pillow enabled hospitality to be without stint and without hypocrisy. No one was very rich, no one had luxuries; all had occasional mischances, leading to privations, for crops might fail, and there were no roads. When there was no corn in Canaan they must saddle their mules and go elsewhere for it. Such is the life of all newly settled countries. Longfellow's description (in *Evangeline*) is very much of universal application to all backwoods and sheep-run settlements:

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds  
of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes  
of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love, these simple  
Arcadian farmers—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man.  
Alike were they free from

Fear that reigns with the tyrant and envy  
the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors nor  
bars to their windows,

But their dwellings were open as day and  
the hearts of their owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest  
yet lived in abundance.

When it is debated, as in the present Parliament, whether land and tenements should endure all the burdens of taxation, or whether funded property should also contribute to the general exchequer, the question comes home—how came poor rates to rest upon land

only? By looking back to the feudal times we find the answer. Every lord had his vassals, living on his manor with their serfs under them, living also on their subdivisions of the manor, each owing service to the one above him; these (as there was no other wealth or property besides what came from land) had to support the army—every lord calling his clan together at the bidding of prince or earl. If property was to be defended, it must in those times be done by those who held the land, or be left undone. The tenure of land was suit and service in the battle-field. If the population was to live in the *pre-manufacturing* age, clearly it must live off the land. As land became enclosed, and got gradually into large farms and estates, instead of small holdings, those who had lived partly by working for the lord and partly by cultivating their plots, aided by the right of common for their cows and geese, and the right of forest for their swine and for their wood and turf, must be supported somehow. That by which they had existed was gone, and therefore it was but common justice that those who swallowed up those old privileges should disgorge what they had swallowed up in some other shape. The land had fed and supported the cottagers—clearly the land must support its children. And its owners chose to say, No more rights of common, be they estover, piscary, or turbary; we will employ you to work for us as your masters; and if you are feeble or old, and cannot work, we will support you. Hence poor rate, at first attempted by a voluntary subscription amongst the landowners; and when the voluntary principle proved too weak, a rate to be levied on the land.

Sir Thomas More says, in his *Utopia*, that in the time of Henry VII. the demands to supply the wool trade of the Netherlands became so urgent, that vast flocks of

sheep were introduced, and the crofts of the cottiers were over-run. The dissolution of the monasteries also sent forth vast households of dependants into the world, with their occupation gone and no new mode of gaining a livelihood put in its place. Hence numerous bodies of sturdy and valiant beggars went about demanding, as they could earn nothing, that something should be given them. There were many *casuals*, with no casual wards, as at present, in our workhouses. Hence the laws against mendicancy were forced into existence by the mendicants. But the severity of the laws defeated their own object. In the reign, therefore, of Henry VIII. it was ordained that every landholder should contribute to a fund to be distributed by the bishops and clergy among those who were in actual want. This was the germ of that which in 1601 became known as the Poor Law Act of the 43rd of Elizabeth. In 1723, the ninth year of George I., workhouses began to be built; and in 1834, in consequence of the abuses of out-door relief, what is called the new Poor Law came into operation. Thus those who formerly lived on the land are now kept by the land.

It is very interesting to be able to trace, from old documents, the way in which small holdings have during the last two hundred years been swallowed up by the larger ones.

One who had studied this subject, writing in 1829, says:

In the parish of Clapham in Sussex there is a farm called Holt; it contains 160 acres and is in the occupation of one tenant. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it seems to have been a hamlet in which there were at least twenty-one proprietors of land; we have now lying before us twenty-one distinct conveyances of land in fee, described to be parcels of this hamlet. These documents are in a perfect state of preservation, and bear various dates from 1200 to 1400. In 1400 the number of proprietors began to decrease; by the year 1520 it had been reduced to six. In the

reign of James I. the six were reduced to two, and soon after the restoration of Charles II. the whole became the property of one owner, who leased it to one occupier as tenant. In 1840, near about 100 persons existed out of the produce of this piece of land—now, we may assume, including the farmer's family, not more than thirty or forty at most, if indeed so many.

'Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

In 1709 we find the first notice of an application to Parliament to enclose and cultivate commons and waste lands. Many Bills were from time to time passed with similar powers, and at the time of the war with Napoleon the high prices of corn seemed to justify all land that was worth cultivating being enclosed for this purpose. A calculation has been made that from the date of the first Enclosure Bill to the end of the Peninsular War, five thousand parishes have been brought under similar Acts. We find that during the war Bills were introduced at the rate of from 120 to 150 a year, and as one Bill often includes a manor containing several parishes, we can understand that very little valuable ground remains unenclosed. There have been at times loud murmurs from those who saw their cow-run or goose-run taken away, which is natural enough; but at the same time opposition clamours have been raised to give the people cheaper bread by extending cultivation over common lands. And the same people who shout with one side of their mouth, 'Shame to take away the poor man's chance of turning out a cow,' say with the other, 'Why not break up all the forests—the New Forest for instance? Shame to have unproductive land while the people want bread.' In the same way people say, 'Shame to eat up crops with ground game;' and when you have done away with ground game they will say, 'Shame no rabbits for sale; taking away almost the only food within reach of a poor man's purse.' But the cries of the public,

like the street cries, are not always intelligible, and are sometimes contradictory, and *vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*.

However, when commons were enclosed, those who had common rights put in their claims, and had portions assigned to them, a bit to each house. And the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth decrees that no house shall be built as a residence without four acres being assigned to the owner. But in later times cottagers were only tenants, and not owners, of the dwellings they inhabited, and so it came to pass that the landed proprietor added to his demesne, and the cottier's cow had to take to the highways and byeways, which the later road Acts decline to allow to the aforesaid cows. So the cow had to be got rid of. With regard to the times when a few acres were assigned to the cottier or crofter, when land was not of much value, and when there were few claimants and little competition for it, it was given, in lieu of his right to turn out cattle and cut wood and turf, to the cottier. But as cottiers came on evil days, or when the property at death was to be divided, so in various ways it was parted with, and the neighbouring proprietors, to whom it was worth most, usually bought it, the hedges were thrown down, and so we are gradually approaching the days of joint-stock farming companies and steam ploughs. The cottier would, as Tusser points out in his *Hundred and One Points of Husbandry*, have been better off with his section of the common than he would have been with his right to rove over the whole; but then who was to stop him from selling it? His award under Enclosure Commissioners was secure against the law turning him out, but it was not secure against his own improvidence. If every cottager now had four acres given him, how many would have it in

their family in 100 years? Good offers would tempt them; they would not say with Naboth, 'God forbid that I should sell the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.'

In 1762, in a Norfolk parish a few miles from Sandringham, we find an old record stating that forty-one cottiers claimed common rights in that year, and each obtained three acres of land; but in 1804 these had decreased to ten small occupiers. In the parish of Sidlington, in Bedfordshire, it appears that in the year 1758 the parish contained fifty-eight occupiers of crofts and orchards. In 1801 twenty-three of these small holdings had ceased to exist, being merged in larger ones; and many labourers being out of work, the poor rate of this parish rose from 6*d.* in the pound in 1758 to 4*s.* in the pound in 1801. In another parish the poor rates of 1780 were 5*0*l., and in 1820 they had risen to 6*0*0*l.* Of course, in estimating the increase in poor rates we must make allowance for police and other county rates, which, as years roll on, have been collected under the head of poor rates.

It is only by putting oneself back into this past age, when commons were fast melting away, that one can at all understand William Cobbett's reiterated injunctions to the poor man to keep a cow if he could possibly manage to buy one.

We look through the eyes of a past generation to understand such a passage as this one from Thomas Fuller in 1648:

The good landlord noteth that enclosure made without depopulating is injurious to none. I mean if proportionable allotments be made to the poor for their commonage, and free and lease holders have a considerable share with the lord of the manor. Object not that enclosures destroy tillage, the staff of a country, for it need not all be converted to pasture. Cain and Abel—the ploughman and the shepherd—may part the enclosures betwixt them.

So also of this 'Prayer for Land-

lords' in the last Primer of Edward VI.:

The earth is Thine and all that therein is, notwithstanding Thou hast given the possession thereof to the children of men. We heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds and pastures of the earth; that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of covetous worldlings; but so let them out, that the inhabitants thereof may be able to pay the rents, and to live and nourish their families, and to relieve the poor.

Under the existing and very altered state of things in England, can we return to the small crofter and cottier with common rights which we trace by looking back in the history of England under Plantagenet and Tudor kings? *Could we if we would?* let it be asked; and secondly, *would we if we could?*

In the first place, let us be acquainted with the fact, that in Northumberland and some other counties the labourer still has accommodation for his cow, and that by the recent returns to Government it is shown by undeniable arithmetic that there are in Great Britain 124,250 holdings of land in extent from one to five acres. As allotment gardens are generally under half or a quarter of an acre, we presume that they are excluded from this calculation. If, then, there be so many holdings of small culture as the report describes, and one-sixteenth of the whole land is embraced in holdings of less than twenty acres each, it cannot but strike intelligent, thinking men, that there is enough in small plots to accommodate anyone who has a special taste for a small farm. Here and there a bailiff whose wife is a dairy-woman may find it profitable in old age to occupy such a croft, and eke out his savings by keeping a little poultry and a cow and pig, spending the days of his declining strength in the same occupation which he has

followed all his life. But, as farming is notoriously slow in its returns of profit, and dependent upon many vicissitudes and also upon weather, as an investment it is about the worst thing out, and it would not pay any one who could work at a trade or get good wages as a labourer to give up his weekly earnings for the profits which can be made of a croft or a few acres of plough land, for which the horse work would have to be hired. We see that those who hold these small occupations are obliged to unite some other calling with them, such as that of carrier or dealer. The cost of meat and corn would be materially enhanced if many of the large farms were cut up into small holdings; and the labouring class as a body would suffer in another way (which has not been sufficiently considered by those who have advocated a return to small holdings), for they would be thrown out of work. The larger the holding, the richer the tenant; and the higher the state of cultivation, the more labour is employed. The large farmer, using machinery, employs perhaps six or seven hands to a hundred acres of arable land; the two hundred acre man reduces this staff of men to half; the hundred acre man still reduces it; the fifty acre man has perhaps only one labourer besides his own family; the twenty acre man does all the work himself, and perhaps goes out at hay time and harvest to help the larger holders of land. Consequently, if the soil were let off in small holdings, the day labourer would be almost entirely driven out of the country. This the writers on political economy, most of whom have been bred in towns and have studied theory without seeing it tested by practice, have overlooked. Let a man live in a country parish where there is perhaps one 500 acre farm worked with all the appliances of modern machinery—in fact, a meat-producing establishment—perhaps two farms

of moderate proportions, two small ones, and three or four under twenty acres. Let him as he walks through that parish look at the men employed on each, let him go into their cottages and hear what they say; then, when he has seen the results, let him go home and write down his conclusions: after that he may safely take up Mill's *Political Economy* and go into theory to his heart's content, seasoning it as he goes with experience and observation.

We have endeavoured in a previous article to show that a man and one strong lad—which will be below the average of the members able to work in any given family—will be worth with harvest gains at day labour 60*l.* a year. If such an average family spend their time on twenty acres of land, will the profit be 60*l.* per annum? If an arable farmer in prosperous times makes 1*l.* an acre profit, he will be a very lucky being. How, then, shall the cottier without any of the advantages of machinery make 20*l.* a year off his 20 acres? And 20*l.* a year would be considerably below what his day labour would bring him in.

Again: the following very true picture of things as they are and things as they are represented is from a recent leading article in the *Times* newspaper:

We see it stated indignantly, as if a charge at once grievous and unanswerable, that the labourer's family cannot get milk and butter and eggs and poultry and pork, and the other petty products of small husbandry. He can get nothing except from the village shop, the baker, or the butcher. We are invited to revolutionise property and subdivide land in the interests of a more varied and nutritious diet. Upon this we have to observe, with regret, that in extensive districts of this island—on the chalk downs for instance—there are no kine, and consequently no milk or butter; that under a *régime* of small holdings the butter, eggs, and poultry go to the market, the skimmed milk to the pigs; that, in fact, the best of everything, including the pork, goes to pay rent and other outgoings, and it is the merest offal, trash, rinsings



and sweepings of everything, that go to the children. It was so fifty years ago, and it is so now. It would be true kindness to put one of our dainty philosophers to board and lodge for a week at a twenty-acre farm, to be treated as one of the family.

We cannot put one hand of a clock back without putting the other back also, so we cannot have the imagined joys of old feudal times of 'merry Old England' without having also its inconveniences and discomforts. But anyone anxious to try what it was, can go and begin in the prairies and backwoods of a new country, and there he can be a philosopher in earnest—he can have the pleasure of building a log hut, and milking his own cow, and of making his clothes, as Robinson Crusoe did. He will be troubled with no squires or parsons, no game laws or poor rates. There is undoubtedly freedom about it; and the very thought, to one weary of over-civilisation, is as refreshing as a trout stream in Norway, or climbing Mont Blanc; but even in such invigorating pursuits one would not like to spend one's life.

Would we, if we could, cause every loom in Manchester to stop, that the good-wife should spin in the cottage porch? Would we do away with the corn-growing fens of Lincolnshire, that duck and mallard might be plentiful? or the turnip culture of Norfolk, that the green lane might exist to receive the cottier's cows? But what people want is the plums out of the cake of the Plantagenet and Tudor times stuck into our own civilised pudding, so that we may have *their* liberty and freedom from taxation, *their* unenclosed commons, &c., and *our* comforts and advantages of civilisation—in fact, the advantages of an old country and a new one combined. The old croft had a very winding fence round it, very ornamental and unlike Dutch gardening; the original serf, who enclosed it for his croft, followed the tortuous windings of the watercourse to save himself trouble in throwing

out the ditch and making the fence to prevent his cow from wandering. Would England gain in the sumtotal of her wealth if these were all restored as they used to exist? Ask Mr. Alderman Mechi. He tells us the pollard trees round this sort of small enclosures are worth one shilling at two hundred years old, and they lose five shillings every year to the corn of England by the injury they do with root and shade. The tendency of the age is, on the contrary, to go yet more in advance, to do away with middle-sized holdings, for political economy shows us clearly that large establishments can do any work much more economically than small ones. And if small farmers cannot raise the wages of their men because they get no profits out of which to do it, our hope is in large farms with great capital embarked. If great capitalists cannot be found to undertake the work, why not *joint-stock companies*? Steam ploughs are only recently admitted to be necessary to large tracts of land; but we have before us a paper recently read by Mr. Fowler, of the Prebendal Farm, Aylesbury, at the Central Farmers' Club, in which it is stated that one firm alone is turning out 200 sets of steam tackle annually for England and 50 for exportation. If we can plough by machinery, reap by machinery, and thresh by machinery, are we not in an age the onward signs of which are not to be mistaken? It is an age of progress, and an age not likely to listen to people who would persuade us to go back to barbaric tools—the spade and the flail—and to fields that would consume a fourth of the area of England in hedges and ditches to separate them. Man as the mere labourer is becoming man the director of other forces; and though in the origin of threshing machines the peasantry conceived that their craft as threshers was over, now the difficulty is to find an old hand

to use the flail; and the youth of the present age have never learnt to wield it.

And, in fact, labourers have moved with the movements of the age. The improvements which since the days of our forefathers have been introduced, they have shared in. Society, like the cloud of the poet's fancy—

Moveth altogether, if it move at all.

All classes have participated in the comforts and conveniences which are the result of more civilised times. Therefore it is unjust to look back and sigh for the freedom of early times when we have that which more than compensates us. True that there is far greater difference now than there used to be 500 years ago between the highest and the lowest classes of society; that, however, is the natural result of wealth. When there were few things to be purchased with money, the king and the peasant lived very much alike. Now the king can buy all that money can be exchanged for, and the peasant is only able to buy what his weekly earnings will afford. When, therefore, the poet laments that 'the wheel is silent in the vale,' by which he means that every good-wife does not weave or spin her own clothes, he utters a truth—but only one side of a truth—because the good-wife can with a shilling (which she can earn in a day) buy far more calico made by machinery at Manchester than she could fabricate in a week.

This seems too simple to need any statement, for it is one of the truisms of civilisation. Yet we speak of it because it is the custom now to dress up the feudal ages as 'the good old times,' without stating the question of loss and gain on either side, which is necessary to make a fair comparison between those times and our own. We will give two simple illustrations—education and medical science—to show that the peasant

and the artisan have shared in the advantages of being born in the nineteenth century. In most parishes throughout the kingdom, and when the new Education Act shall have come into full operation we shall be able to say in all parishes, education will be brought to the doors of every cottage. This education will combine knowledge sufficient for the children of peasants, and that discipline which trained teachers so well know how to instil, for the smallest sum imaginable. This is more than princes could command before the age of printing, and which now will probably leave the sons and daughters of the middle classes at second-rate boarding schools far behind. Again, to speak of improved medical science. A labourer meets with an accident, breaks a limb, or requires some difficult operation in surgery to be performed; he gets an order, and is moved into a hospital, where he gets better attendance, because trained nurses and resident surgeons are at his beck and call, than the squire can obtain at his country mansion, or than emperors could have had a hundred years ago. Let these things be borne in mind by those who say that the rich have a monopoly of all the practical outcome of science and of art.

One thing, however, and that a most important one, seems to have passed from us with the days that are gone—a thing which we probably shall never recover, but which, if we could regain it, would do much to reunite the employers and the employed. We mean that mutual reverence and affection which the master had for the servant and the servant for the master in feudal times. The present is an age of 'eye-service as men-pleasers.' The feeling which used to exist, akin to that of parent and child, has been broken up, partly by faults on either side, but chiefly by the 'cash nexus' tie, which loosed the ties

of fellowship and attempted to bind men with the fetters of Mammon. In the old days, Addison speaks with reverence of the feelings he entertained for Sir Roger de Coverley when he saw all the knight's servants grown old in their master's service. In these go-ahead days of running to and fro, servants consider it rather the correct thing to see the world by changing places often. 'Why do you want to leave, Sarah?' said a mistress. 'No fault, ma'am, but I have been here nearly a twelvemonth, and I thought I had better make a change,' was the reply. A strange reason for going, but not an uncommon one. 'Will you raise me a shilling next week, or I shall be glad of my money on Saturday night?'—a want of 'cash nexus' here clearly. In the days of the Tudor kings there was no running about; men were stationary on the same manor for generations, and the feeling of clanship descended from father to son for successive generations. Mr. W. R. Greg has well described the reasons why there was often good feeling between the lord and serf in these words:

The serf lived upon his master's land, often in his house; the same families served the same chiefs from generation to generation, till they became a portion of them; they were identified with their interests—partook of their pride—shared their fortunes, and were illuminated by their splendour. In this relation, amid much that was rude and brutal there was also much that was touching and affectionate. On the part of the vassal hereditary attachment and sublime devotion; on the part of the master sentiments of regard—he looked upon his vassals as a secondary class of children, whom it was his pride to *cherish* and to *foster*, as well as to *govern*.

The historian who has done most to illustrate the domestic history of this period quotes, in confirmation of this good fellowship, the oaths of the freeman and of the villain. The oath of the latter runs in these words:

The villain when he shall do fealty to his lord shall hold his right hand over the

book and shall say: Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in villanage; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all His saints.

And Sir Francis Palgrave, in the oath taken to an Anglo-Saxon king, adds these words:

Lord, I will be faithful and true to thee. All whom thou dost love, I will love; all that thou dost shun, I will shun; never wittingly or willingly will I do aught that is hurtful to thee.

If it were possible (now that circumstances have brought the relation of employers and employed before the world) that better feelings could be planted and made to grow on either side, feelings akin to those which existed in the old feudal times between the best specimens of master and serf, much might be done. Irritating demands make irritated combinations of masters, and *vice versa*.

The bystander often has power to use conciliatory words, which the parties interested cannot use, and to say things of them which they cannot say of themselves; hence, Lord Bacon has wisely observed that it is one of the offices of friendship to provide a person who can so speak. The press and the pulpit might, as bystanding agencies, do a great deal to conciliate parties.

We do not think the Labourers' Union will do much for the peasantry by way of *direct* results. But *indirectly* it may do much, and has done much. We know many whom it has already weaned from the public-house. It rouses men out of their lethargy; it leads them to look into their state and compare it with that of others. Then follow the questions asked by way of self-examination: If this is my present state, must it be always my state? If no one else will help me, can I not help myself? We have ourselves heard this sort of ques-

tions asked, and migration, emigration, allotment gardens, and the various other proposed remedies freely discussed by men in the fields. Early marriages, love of tobacco and beer, are admitted to be obstacles which have prevented many from getting a fair start. One man particularly we were amused at, a sawyer, about forty-five years old, who began reckoning up with a bit of chalk on a plank which he had just sawed out, what he had spent in beer since he was twenty years old. He put the sum at a shilling a day for twenty-five years as a basis of his calculations, and reckoning interest he considered 500*l.* what he should have saved. But as he very quietly said, 'We will put it at a shilling a day, but when the fit was on me a shilling a day had nothing to do with it.' He has been six months a total abstainer, and hopes to keep so.

There is a fear lest *the labouring man*, being made too much of, interviewed, got hold of by papers, by agitators working on that little knowledge which Pope pronounced to be so dangerous a thing, should be unsettled. There is fear lest a morbid feeling should spring up amongst the labouring classes; and from hearing so much about the hardships of labour, they should begin to think labour itself to be a degradation. If the Catechism of the Established Church should be driven out of rate schools, we hope this passage will be taught still in cottages, 'to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'

Many things combine to make this unhealthy morbid feeling take root in people's minds. Look at the love of tawdry dress amongst female servants; the cheap flashy but poor goods bought now, instead of serviceable wearing articles; look at the nonsense that is talked about

it being degrading for a labourer's wife (who, having been up at five o'clock of a fine summer morning, has managed her household affairs for the day) to go out hay-making or weeding. Why should not people say it is degrading for a countess to go into her conservatory if it is degrading for a labouring woman to shake out sweet-smelling hay? The hay-field is her conservatory, and much enjoyment and health she gains. But to work in a factory, because it is indoors, that is not degrading!

We are told education will make people more sensible, and will counteract all this. But it is not yet proved that high education will not make people despise the lowly offices of life. 'If you are a lady and I am a lady, who is to milk the cows?' says the old Spanish proverb. What time William of Wykeham and other like wise and benevolent men founded schools with money to support a number of poor scholars, things were different. Clerks were wanted in ages when kings used to sign their mark of a cross instead of writing, but clerks are not wanted now. Nothing is so injurious to a man as to fit him for a clerk without finding him a situation. He is not wanted in England—all learned professions are full; and the agents in the colonies write, 'Don't send us clerks, send us men who can rough it, and use a pickaxe and shovel.' If a boy of quick parts was sent to a foundation school four hundred years ago, he might rise to great eminence, and was sure to get a living; now he would be pretty sure to be a poor gentleman, a briefless barrister, a clerk out of office, or a curate on less pay than the squire's butler. A poor woman in her own station of life becomes a good cook or dairywoman, but educate her out of her sphere, and she becomes—what? A second-rate governess, and answers an advertisement for a situation, in reply to which applica-

tion she is told that her letter was one of 300 received that morning.

But if the enquiries which the present agitation has set afloat in men's minds leads the labourer to rise in his own path of life, it will not have been in vain. There is an improvable future before every man; there are steps in the labourer's ladder which follow on one after another, if only he is determined to rise by thrift and industry. These feelings want stimulating and calling out; they want fostering by hope, for hope is the great sweetener of life, and show a man others prospering, even if it be only one or two instances of men rising in the social scale, to manage an engine at increased wages, to be a foreman, to rent a few cows as dairyman—show him these things, and he says, 'I will strive, I will not be content to dream away my life, possibly I shall succeed.' How many men are wanted now as foremen on farms, and how difficult it is to find the man with the necessary requirements—few and simple as these are, viz. honesty, good temper, a little knowledge of accounts, and a quiet forethought, so as to know every morning how, without fuss, to send a number of men and a number of horses each to their allotted work. The observation of the seeing eye, as a man goes through his work in the lower grades of labour, has already raised many into the higher grades of the same industry, and will raise many more. We have the strongest possible illustration of this in the cowmen in the South-west of England. The hard-working dairyman saves a few pounds, and marries a domestic servant who has been acting as dairywoman at the farm-house, who also has saved some money. For these people as a class have thrift and energy; qualities, I admit, fostered by the hope of rising in life. The way is clear before them, and they seldom fail, but it is the fact of the way be-

ing clear that gives the stimulus to begin early to work and to save. Their next step is to rent a small dairy, which requires but little capital. They begin at Candlemas, and want one quarter's rent in hand, as by the next quarter the calves and butter have come in to meet the expenses. After this working of their small capital, they in a few years take farms, and the writer knows three such instance within a few miles of his residence, of men who are now farming with energy and economy good-sized holdings, whose beginning was at the bottom of the social ladder. It may be noticed in passing that something like the germs of the co-operative system exist in this system of renting a dairy. A farmer hires of a landed proprietor a tract of land; he finds capital to buy, say, twenty cows; these cows he lets out for 10*l.* or 12*l.* a year to an under tenant, who, with his wife, does the dairy work, and makes butter or cheese. Here the three parties share the returns, the landlord, the farmer, and the working man.

This movement has in it one excellent element, which is set forth in all speeches and will reach the ears of thousands—it encourages an independent spirit—it sets forth parish pay or a life passed in the bondage of a workhouse as the greatest possible degradation which can happen to a free-born Englishman. And herein it only confirms the old spirit which actuated our forefathers in the ante-Poor-Law times, who considered charity given to the able-bodied as the worst of crimes. Hence the severe laws which were passed 300 years ago against the givers as well as the receivers of unnecessary alms. Those who have read the articles from the pen of Sydney Smith and other writers in the *Edinburgh Review* of fifty years ago will remember how the system of outdoor relief, which was then rife,

would render Englishmen worse than slaves.

The poor law (says Professor Thorold Rogers) prevails in no other country besides England. Up to the Irish famine of 1846 it had not been adopted in that island. Up to the disruption of the Scotch Kirk, and the scarcity of the same epoch, it was existent in Scotland only in a very modified form. Even now in both these countries it is administered with a wise severity. As a consequence the ill-fed Irish labourer and the thrifty Scotch peasant are incomparably more enterprising and alert than the English farm labourer; though the Irish have never colonised independently, and the Lowland Scotch are of the same race as ourselves. (*Polit. Econ.* p. 126.)

The old English theory was that only the 'impotent beggar' should be relieved. To distinguish him, from the able-bodied, a certificate, signed with the seal of the parish which was his home, was given him, as a hawker's license would be given now-a-days. We know how severe was the punishment which the laws of that age ordained for the able-bodied if he degraded himself into a sturdy tramp. And the original Poor Law of the 43rd of Elizabeth carried out much of the spirit, and only in later times were these safeguards against idleness removed. In 1782 many of them were abolished by what is known as Gilbert's Act, and the same fatal policy was brought to a climax in 1815 by East's Act, by which out-door relief was made legal to all poor alike. If anyone doubts this, let him peruse the first two chapters of Professor Fawcett's admirable lectures on Political Economy, delivered in 1870. And who shall say that the Poor Law is not too lenient now in some of its provisions? for the Board in London this spring has sent circulars to all the unions to insist on a supply of hot and cold water being always ready for tramps who ask for a night's lodging in the casual ward. If any gentleman cannot afford to provide a tepid bath-room in his own house, he has only to become a

casual tramp and he can be supplied at the ratepayers' expense. True that *in theory* the present law prohibits out-door relief and orders the workhouse test, but *in fact* this cannot always be carried out; it must be left to the discretion of the guardians, for if you break up a poor man's home and his landlord lets his cottage to another, how is he ever to get back to a settled abode, and what is to become of his furniture? But in obstinate cases of laziness the workhouse test is the only alternative. Still, many ratepayers are indignant at the order to build tepid baths, as it certainly will not reduce strolling vagabondism to write up, 'Hot and cold baths to be had here at the lowest price and on the shortest notice: towels, soap, and attendants provided by order of the Poor Law Board,' and yet the order of this spring to union masters amounts to this. So did not our forefathers. For the old guilds took care to apprentice fatherless children to a trade. They also ordained that no man should legally enter into marriage until he could show himself competent to do some work, and in all ways decreed that idleness was the worst of sins, and that unless any man would labour neither should he eat.

Oh, modern amendments on the 43rd of Queen Bess, with what countless woes have you surrounded the dwellings of rate-paying mortals! How have ye driven the last feeling of honest independence out of the hearts of the sons of toil!

'*Be fruitful and multiply.*' For every extra child born two shillings shall be given to the labourer as an addition to his weekly dole. If the children are illegitimate a higher rate shall be given, as the poor little ones are more dependent on help. Let only the marriage column and the birth column be well filled in the local paper, and you shall have a premium out of the

rates. The law of settlement also decrees that you shall not go away, O Hodge! to other parts of England, but shall keep your birth settlement. Why, what was this process, devised by the wisdom of legislators, but to say, 'Put a wire fence round the rabbit warren; let them breed, but not stray outside the enclosure. Replenish the earth, but don't subdue it'?

Then it was clearly to the interest of every farmer to say he wanted no hands, to sign the papers which the roundsmen went about with to get the signature of each tenant that he could not give work to the bearer; for by this means he will get plenty of hands at a wage of four shillings a week, to be supplemented by six shillings more from the parish rates. True, men so hired cared not how little work they did; but the employer, driven by the system to do as others did, took them, and, paying little directly but much indirectly, was satisfied. So that, though excess of population was consuming him in rates, it was his interest to keep plenty of

surplus labour, and if he got men to do his work what cared he? Was it not the law, and are not lawgivers wise? The poor man, thus encouraged to apply for relief almost as a legally sanctioned right, ceased to feel degradation in being a recipient of alms, and settled down into a listless, reckless pauper.

The old spirit was departed; independence, as a virtue, was at a discount. Against this the Labourers' Union is lifting up its voice, and thus far at least the ratepayer and the farmer will give credit to its motives. It is an uphill game, and something may come of it. Many men will begin to feel that they are pointed at if they run for the parish dole the moment they are out of work. Whether, if the labourers have better wages, they will save more, at all events whether they will save enough to keep them in old age, remains to be proved. For we have seen in the North that high wages do not always imply money put by; sometimes they mean beer and little else.

*(To be continued.)*



## A WEEK OF CAMP LIFE IN INDIA.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

THERE is a very general complaint among Anglo-Indians of the want of interest felt and expressed in England not only about public affairs, but also as to the details and events of private life in India. You spend years of your life among 'dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left;' and when you return to civilised life you are welcomed with the undemonstrative, comprehensive 'How are you, old fellow?' after which, you are expected to drop into your old place as though you had never left it, and at once put yourself *au courant* with all the newspaper talk of the day. As for taking any interest in the country where so many years of your life have been passed, or in the questions which have filled your mind while there, that is out of the question; and the uninitiated would be almost tempted to suppose that your Indian career was a sort of Botany Bay experience, of which it would be painful, not to say discreditable to speak, and that the kindest thing for your friends to do is to ignore all that time spent outside the pale of society.

After the first feeling of surprise, the Anglo-Indian acquiesces in this state of things. After all, is it not natural? He is engaged in spreading the 'blessings of civilisation,' and he works, like the old Reformers, with zeal and a deep-rooted faith that he is doing a real and lasting good to the unwilling people upon whom he is grafting the new order of things. When he returns to rest from his labours, he finds himself thrown among men whose minds are tossed with doubts as to whether indeed this boasted 'civilisation' is anything but a curse, and whether the evils it carries in its train are not far more poisonous, far more

deadly to a nation's life, than those it has striven to supplant. The air is full of 'social questions;' everywhere he is surrounded by symptoms of revolution in the world of thought, and his experiences can throw light neither on the one nor on the other. For he has been occupied in building up, and now suddenly finds himself in a world where the men around him are only striving to pull down.

And yet it is difficult to believe but that there must be many English homes where there is one vacant chair always waiting for 'our son or daughter in India,' in which an account of an unfamiliar aspect of life there would not be wholly unacceptable. I speak of the camp life which forms so large a portion in the yearly routine of almost every Civil Servant's life, and is shared by his wife and children.

This little account will be domestic, superficial, and cursory, as the views which a woman takes of everything, from politics to cookery, are naturally supposed to be, and it will concern itself mainly with the Europeans, and with the natives only as far as those latter come in contact with their rulers.

I had, to start with, a vague impression that 'camp life' meant going out into the country for change of air, combined with a little sport, and without any ulterior object; and when, in answer to the question as to whether I should like a week of camp life, I answered eagerly in the affirmative, my answer was given with that reckless disregard of the dangers of the 'unknown' which is begotten of ignorance. I then strove, however, to recall all I had ever heard of the camp form of life. The 'all' was limited to accounts of Wimbledon during the rifle competition days—'such fun' as I was assured, but



part of the 'fun,' I remembered with dread, consisted in sleeping seven or eight in a tiny tent with one's feet towards the tent pole like the spokes of a wheel. I tried to glean some information from my host, and was relieved to learn that his wife had survived two months of camp life, and 'rather liked it.'

We were now requested to reduce our luggage within reasonable limits and to prepare for a thirty miles' drive to the happy camping ground. The month was December. Our journey was accomplished in a dog cart, with a fresh horse for every five miles, as was needful in view of the terrible state of the roads. They were so bad as to render the statement, 'No, I can't ride, but I can sit tight in a shay,' no such very contemptible boast; but the first three miles lay along the great Calcutta road, which is, I believe, the finest in the world, and runs all the way from Peshawur to Calcutta. The moment we left this we were bumped and battered and jolted; now toiling through deep sand, now wading through a portion of the road which lay under water, and then straining the springs of the dog-cart by a sudden jolt over a miniature mud canal which carried the water across from one field to another. Whenever the instinct of self-preservation left me free to look anywhere but on the road, I took in all the unfamiliar objects with keen delight. Carts made like the old Roman chariots, with small, thick, clumsy wheels, drawn by oxen, and surmounted by little howdahs made of scarlet cloth, with one or more natives inside in gaily coloured turbans and dresses, sitting cross-legged in a cramped position impossible to Europeans; great heavy-footed camels, with stupid, ill-tempered looking faces, one of them with a tiny little one lying in a basket on its mother's back, and followed by another young one, the most ungainly creature

imaginable, like a badly made ostrich on four legs; patriarchal looking groups of men, women, and children, driving flocks of bullocks and goats, and looking as Abraham and Isaac might have done. What is this these two long-legged natives are carrying between them suspended from a pole? It looks like a scarlet bonbonnière, a sort of bag the bottom of which is flat, and about the size of a five o'clock tea-table. And it contains?—a Hindoo lady, probably on her way to pay a visit, though how that bag can contain her is a mystery to me, unless indeed she is lying coiled round and round, as only these lithe dark-skinned daughters can coil themselves, and in this position they sometimes perform long journeys without fatigue.

One is disposed at times to suppose that their bones must be gristle, and their joints india-rubber. They never sit in any position except on their heels, which seems to afford them perfect rest, and it is marvellous to see the rapidity with which they move up and down, their feet touching each other, without putting their hands to the ground—all the strain and spring being in their back and knees.

The women attracted me most, by their graceful carriage, their picturesque drapery consisting of a full skirt and a sort of bournous, which passes over the head, almost completely veiling the face. These vary in colour, being sometimes bright blue and pink and yellow, the skirt often bordered with a hem of some other colour, often very gaudy, but the dark skin harmonises it all. The most artistic to my mind is the deep indigo blue, but it is more rare in the North-West than in Southern India, where almost all the lower class of women wear it. It is pleasant to watch the easy grace with which they walk, bearing round red earthenware or bright copper water-jars on their

heads, steadying their burden with one well-shaped, small-wristed dusky arm stretched up to its full length, and covered almost to the elbow and sometimes above it with numbers of bracelets. These are sometimes silver, but oftener plated metal or red and green lac. I once heard of a school, the pupils in which were trained to walk about with tumblers of cold water on their heads; and when I saw the firm-footed, easy grace of these burden-bearing women, I regretted that the practice was not universal. The pale-faced race may perhaps pride itself on its superiority in the use of the contents of its head, but these dusky daughters of the sun certainly outdo their more favoured sisters in the use they make of the outside of theirs. They carry everything on their heads, jars of water, pieces of cloth, baskets of vegetables, huge bundles of sugar cane, fuel, anything and everything, leaving their hands free for any additional burden.

They do not even carry their little black babies in their arms, but either balance them astride on their shoulders with their little hands on their mother's head, or else astride on one hip, encircled with a strong arm.

I have seen a woman with four water-jars towering on her head and her little baby on her hip, walking along with springy grace, jingling her silver anklets and toe bells as she went.

They sometimes wear large nose rings through the left nostril, or else a small star-like nail passed through the nose.

Miss Eden says that little black babies are the prettiest in the world, but I cannot agree with her, for although there is something very attractive in the bright dark eyes and the full, round black limbs, devoid of any covering, still they always looked to me misshapen. Whether it is natural conformation, or the result of their food, I do not

know, but seen *en profil* they display the proportions of the typical alderman, with paunches which would do credit to the stoutest of Punch's caricatures.

We passed through dreary mud villages literally swarming with these little creatures, and over miles and miles of flat fields each with its creaking well worked by a pair of slow-footed bullocks, and green with the young crops, though it is near Christmas.

Near the canals and marshes we saw bright-coloured king-fishers darting after their prey, and the meditative-looking, tender-hearted *sarus* birds, that live in pairs, of which if one dies the other pines away until grief ends its solitary life.

At last towards dusk we caught sight of the longed-for white canvas gleaming between the trees of a not distant grove, and a few moments more landed us with a final jolt on the borders of a scene bewildering in its strangeness and its picturesque detail.

In the first place, the sight of four large tents, larger than any I had ever seen except at a flower show, ditched close together, and flanked by some smaller ones, relieved my mind of an overwhelming dread, and left me to take in all the surrounding details with a lightened heart.

How can I describe all I saw? In the distance two huge elephants flapping their ragged ears and leisurely disposing of haycocks of sugar canes as though they had been straws. Near these, six horses with their blankets on tied to some trees, and the trusty steed who had borne us over our final troubles reaping the reward of his labours in a vigorous rubbing down and a hearty meal, while the dog-cart was apparently resting its much abused springs. Then there were the great bullock-carts cleverly balanced on two heavy wheels, and the large white lazy-looking bullocks lying

beside them, peacefully chewing the cud. Roosting on these same carts were the fowls and guinea fowls whose food is daily disputed by sparrows, green parroquets, and numberless little squirrels, not like ours at home, but having a fluffy resemblance to small ferrets, scudding hither and thither with a marvellous rapidity of motion, which they seem to derive in some unaccountable manner from the electricity of their up-turned tails. The crows, which abound—and are more impudent even than English crows—have a sort of grey collar and grey breast, and exactly resemble the pictures of the crow in bands who married Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, in the children's story book. There is no lack of animal life, for three dogs bark us a welcome, a little kitten scampers about with a tail which emulates those of the squirrels, two cows are being milked, and there is a patriarchal-looking flock of goats and kids.

A bright fire sends its tall flames licking up hungrily towards the tree it cannot reach, but only lights up from beneath, and round it are various little holes in the ground filled with charcoal, over which enigmatical little copper vessels are boiling, watched and stirred by the black cook sitting on his heels, and engaged in preparing, with means which would have filled a French *chef* with despair, a dinner of which, when served, that same French *chef* would not have felt ashamed.

Glancing round, my eye then fell on the pantry department, where the crockery for dinner was laid out in regular piles, the glasses all cleaned and ranged, and the 'butler' busy trimming the reading lamps. The next department in order was the laundry, and here the washerman, comfortably squatted in front of his ironingsheet and blanket, surrounded by piles of damp clothes, was leisurely passing a huge iron

filled with charcoal over the limp-looking linen.

The white-robed ayah flits in and out of the tents, finding a home for our various possessions, and thither we soon retire.

A delightful picture of comfort which greeted our eyes as, drawing aside the screen of the doorway, we entered the 'parlour.' Imagine a large room twenty feet square, of double-lined canvas, with a closed-in verandah running all round; the floor carpeted with a pretty striped cotton drugget; two large tables, the one laid for dinner, the other covered with books and writing materials; chairs of all kinds, cane, bamboo, wood, and finally a bright fire crackling and blazing in the open stove. As I looked in upon this warm, bright scene, so different from my anticipations, my last fears as to 'roughing it' melted away, and it was borne in upon my European spirit that comfort of every kind is thoroughly understood in India, and practised as it is only practised by the wealthiest of the wealthy in England. Comfort is a word of England's coining, and in the remote land of their exile her children do not belie their origin.

Our 'bedrooms' were equally spacious, and contained large comfortable beds, a dressing table, two chairs, a large wooden tub, and, I may even add, a bath-room, for the enclosed verandah which runs round the tent serves as such, and when a march is completed, the water-carrier toils from tent to tent bending under the weight of his heavy sheep-skin filled with water from a neighbouring well.

A shooting expedition had been arranged in the neighbourhood of our next encampment, and thither we repaired on the following morning—a party of six on horseback, the spare tents, the cooking apparatus, the elephants, and the flocks and herds having been sent on during the night.

We had a refreshing scamper across country for about twelve miles, and then, having duly equipped ourselves for wading and shooting, three of our party started off on foot. Our hostess, mine host—who preferred dry feet and a smaller bag—and I, scaled one of the elephants by means of a ladder, seated ourselves in the howdah, and started in search of our day's sport. I had a recollection of a former ride on an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, performed in the days of early youth, a source of infinite pride, pleasure, and delight, combined with a secret terror of the huge monster who so meekly obeyed the words and blows of the driver seated below us on his head. I confess to having experienced little of the delight, but also little of the terror, of those happy hours of childhood, but every now and again, when the huge monster gave vent to an unearthly trumpeting sound, which vibrated through its great carcase, I wondered what our position would be should this remnant of the antediluvian world suddenly take it into his head to resent the blows and proddings dealt out so liberally with a sickle by his driver, and assert his power.

We waded through fields of sugar-canes, the elephant uprooting great sheaves of his favourite food with his trunk, and dusting his great cushiony feet with the portions he considered as unfit for food. Then we went slushing through the marsh, and the little snipe started up all round us. They were very shy, but at length we got into a 'hot' corner, and did great slaughter, filling our bag very respectably, and adding quail, black partridge, and duck on our way back.

Two or three days succeeded each other much in the same fashion, and then, for the first time, I discovered that sport and change of air were by no means the aim and object of camp life, and that, the

Christmas week holidays having come to an end, it was absolutely necessary that our host should be at a certain town thirty-six miles off on the day but one following. There was to be a great meeting of landowners—zemindars—to receive their new rates of Government assessment from him. Camp life, in fact, forms a part of the round of duties of the greater portion of the Covenanted Civil Service, who go about trying cases in their district, making acquaintance with the people, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the condition of the country.

We looked forward with a certain amount of pleasure to being spectators of a meeting of several hundred natives, and the event did not disappoint our expectations, for a more picturesque scene I have seldom witnessed.

For miles before we arrived at the scene of action, we kept passing what looked like native outposts on guard, save that there was no uniformity in their appearance. As we passed they saluted us, touching their foreheads with their hands and bowing low over their saddles; and I learnt that these were landowners, who would sometimes ride thirty or forty miles, and stand waiting for hours, merely to salute the 'Sahib' as he passed. They hope by this mute appeal to soften the heart of the settlement officer, and to get their assessment lowered.

The neighbourhood of our camp looked like a large fair. Vehicles of every sort—common bullock-carts, some of them with a second storey on the top covered by a thatched roof, others with gaily covered howdahs, dilapidated buggies and dog-carts, were crowded together, and certainly no English or Flemish horse fair ever displayed such varieties of horse-flesh, both in colour and in shape. Piebald horses with pink noses, skewbald horses, white horses covered with large regular round spots and with black legs, like the

rocking-horses of our early youth, white horses with bright pink or blue legs, dun, roan, cream-coloured, of which you need have known the special idiosyncrasies of each owner in order to foretell what odd contrast in colour their legs and tails would present. They were covered with the most extraordinary saddle-cloths, saddles, and coloured cords, and set up a loud whinnying at our approach, which the natives regard as a display of fine spirit.

Wherever our eyes fell they beheld picturesque figures in coats like Joseph's, others in tight-fitting trousers and skirted coats, some of quilted cotton, pink, blue, green, yellow, black, others of cloth, delicate fawn colour, deep red, indigo blue, with many-hued turbans to contrast with the other parts of their dress. I here noticed that the natives are not at all susceptible of cold as to their legs, which are almost always among the lower classes fully exposed in all their meagre blackness, almost to the hip; for though it was bitterly cold, and many of the men had thick quilts, they swathed them round their head and shoulders, leaving their nether limbs quite unprotected. Probably, since their legs are so thin, there is nothing to feel the cold, mere bone not being susceptible to variations of temperature.

Having breakfasted we adjourned to a large tent, where the settlement officer was seated, surrounded by some native clerks and one or two large landowners belonging to another district, and here the natives came up one by one to learn their fate. We had expected some amusing scenes, as the natives are very demonstrative, and their payments were in some cases doubled and even trebled. But the full extent of their misfortunes was evidently not realised until the day following, as we found out later, and so they merely bowed and retired one by one, leaving us barely time

to take in the details of the quaint dresses, the eager black faces and brightrestless eyes, as they advanced, the palms of their hands pressed together as if in supplication, which is the attitude in which they always address Europeans. Some of them had on pretty blue and red shawls, not of course the richest kind, but still fine and beautifully worked, but for the greater part they were dressed as I have described above.

One of the landowners of the district, who holds a position somewhat similar to that of an English squire, and who is very loyal to the English, begged as a special favour that the ladies of our party would go on the following morning and see his wives, to which request we gladly acceded.

There were some zemindars present, who hate the pale-faced conquerors with an undying hatred. They sent their children to us with presents of fruit and sweetmeats, and they teach these same children to speak of the English with every filthy word of abuse in which their language is rich. They themselves, though apparently regarding an Englishman's shake of the hand as the greatest sign of honour, carefully wash off the defilement the moment they reach home. I will do nature the justice to say that the two I saw had most evil countenances, a warning which all who had eyes to see might profit by.

The following morning we started off on our visit to H. K.'s wives. On our way there, at the spot where we changed horses, we came upon and were pursued by two men whom I took to be violent and dangerous maniacs. They yelled and shouted and wept, shrieked out what to my untutored ears sounded like gibberish, but what was in fact a highly coloured lamentation of the evils and miseries which would surely overtake them if the Sahib refused to listen to their prayers and repeal their additional assessment. The noise and clamour were

deafening, and their gestures so eminently grotesque that each burst of hysterical grief on their part was greeted with a burst of laughter from us.

At last, when the horses were ready, we drove off, and then, with fresh cries of 'Alas! we are dead, we are dead!' they cast themselves down before the carriage, grovelling in the dust, making us into a sort of improvised Juggernaut, taking, however, great care to leave room for the dog-cart to pass between. After this, seeing that our hearts were hardened, they rose up and pursued their way, calmly laughing and talking to each other, and leaving us unmolested.

Shortly after this incident we arrived at the house of H. K., a great dreary brick building, a heterogeneous mass of courts and square towers, with a flat roof. We drove into a desolate-looking courtyard, where our host in his 'Sunday best,' with his two sons, fat black boys, and many attendants received us.

We were escorted up a narrow, dark stone staircase, into the principal room, a large half-furnished, unfinished looking place, with windows all round looking into the courtyard. Here we left the gentlemen of our party, and were escorted by our host towards the apartments of his wives. To our great relief, Mr. S.'s little boy was allowed to accompany us. He speaks Hindostanee like a native, and as his mother's command of the language was limited and mine confined to three words, we regarded him as the interpreter of our sentiments. I may as well state at once that this young gentleman proved utterly unworthy of the post to which he was appointed, for, from the moment when we entered the presence of the ladies to the moment when we left it, cajoleries, rebukes, sarcasms, proved alike unavailing, and he preserved a stolid and impenetrable silence.

We followed our host up and down narrow stone staircases, into what seemed to be the holiest of holies, so carefully was it screened from view; but a more dreary-looking prison I never saw.

In a little bare room open to the sky we suddenly came upon a hideous, fat, dishevelled woman, half dressed in a dirty white garment, whom I for a moment suspected of being her to whom our visit was due. But we passed her by with a mutual stare, and entered a sort of battlemented space looking over a dreary, grass-grown courtyard, where several women stood huddled against the wall, eagerly looking toward us with outstretched necks. We were led past them into a small dark room, with no windows and only the one door by which we entered, and which was filled by a large round table covered with an English table cover, and seven great arm-chairs, also English, in solemn order. Three of the women, taking off their shoes, entered after us; we all took our seats, and then followed a silent pause, in which we all surveyed each other with shy curiosity.

At length Mrs. S. bravely summoned up courage to break the silence, and with a supreme effort started a conversation with our host during which I surveyed his belongings.

Next to me sat a fat, ugly woman, H. K.'s cousin, holding on her knee his youngest child, an ugly little creature, fat and black. It was dressed in green and gold, with long petticoats to its feet, and a sort of loose dressing-gown lined with pink silk over that, and a tight little green silk 'pork-pie,' embroidered with gold, on its head.

Next in order came the favourite wife, young and pretty, with a sweet face, Egyptian in type, beautiful dark eyes, an aquiline nose, and a full, well-cut mouth, disfigured by daubs of red from the betel nut which they constantly

chew, and which is the colour of vermilion. She was splendidly dressed in a thick mauve-coloured silk, the skirt being bordered at the bottom with green and gold, and a sort of half jacket of the same on the body. Her head and the upper part of her figure were veiled in a delicate gauzy material, also mauve-coloured, with a hem of gold embroidery round it. She was literally smothered in jewellery, rough in workmanship, but very effective. A sort of necklace of gold, pearls, and uncut stones hung over her forehead, surmounted by her veil (the prettiest possible head-dress), from her ears depended long earrings which touched her shoulders, and round her neck were numberless strings of pearls and precious stones, which fell in one mass to her waist.

Her arms also were covered nearly up to the elbow; and on asking to examine her bracelets, I was allowed to do so. As I took the warm, soft, little hand in mine, I wondered whether after all a black skin is not preferable to a white one, the colour is so rich and deep.

Next to this attractive little creature sat the other wife, the mother of the two boys, an old woman, so fat and so ugly that a glance at her was enough. She was very plainly dressed, and wore no jewels, and I wondered how she liked her deposition, and also whether the jewels had been hers, and how she bore the transfer of them from her portly person to that of her younger rival.

The movement of withdrawal which we now made was the signal for a ceremony with which I could have dispensed. The young wife produced a bottle of attar of roses, out of which she poured a yellow, oily-looking substance like marrow fat. As the pure perfume is so expensive, they pound up sandalwood and mix with it; though how that mixture can produce anything so

greasy, I do not understand. She held out her hand and anointed our palms with the greasy compound, after which she also put some on our handkerchiefs. The scent was overpowering and sickening, and for days afterwards we could not get rid of it; it seemed to cling to everything we touched, or even looked at.

A large white handkerchief was next brought forth, and out of a knot tied in one corner Mrs. H. K. the younger took some silver rupees and a gold mohur and handed them to Harry, who salaam'd, but was desired by his mother to return them, which he did—reluctantly. I was sorry too, for I coveted the gold mohur, it is such a handsome coin.

We then rose, relieved that our visit was at an end, and with many bows and salaams and hand-shakings we turned away and left our less fortunate sisters to their dreary life. They pass their days squatted on pieces of cloth in the dreary rooms or out on the roof, with no interest or occupation save the occasional visit from or to a relation. I hear that they are some of them beginning to feel the want of a different life, and have asked to be allowed to learn to sing and draw; and the wife of one Rajah, who is cleverer than her sisters, and whose husband is devoted to her, transacted some of his business for him during a recent illness, and even received the visits of men. But they say that the social revolution will be a very slow one, and that our dusky sisters will have to wait a long time for their 'rights.' I felt very sad for them when we walked out free and happy into the bright sunshine.

H. K. mounted his horse and accompanied us to the boundary of his property, expressing great pleasure in our visit. He said it would raise him in the estimation of all the country round, and that we had conferred a great honour, &c. &c.

Mr. S. interpreted my admiration of the young wife's jewels, and he said that had he known of our proposed visit sooner, she should have worn many more, as she possessed a great quantity; and I inwardly wondered where she would have worn them, as there did not appear to be room for another ornament on her little person.

After many highly-coloured speeches he galloped away and left us, and we wondered what impression we had made on our hostesses. Mrs. S. was in her riding-habit, in which dress they generally take Englishwomen for men; and I had on warm serge and fur clothes, which I dare say they thought looked dull and unfestive.

This was the last noteworthy event in our week of camp life, our last pleasant day. For there is—shall I confess it?—a 'darker side,' and that we soon experienced.

The weather suddenly became bitterly cold; cold, clear, frosty nights were followed by days in which a keen wind searched out every chink and opening in our tents, and whistled in, drying up our skins, covering everything with dust, and making our lives a burden to us. It is true we had a stove, but as we marched every day, it followed us slowly on a bullock-cart, and only came up with us late in the afternoon, and till then we sat shivering, wrapped in shawls and blankets, vainly striving to keep warm. I had not time to experience it, but I can quite imagine that after a few weeks the con-

stant moving becomes monotonously wearisome.

However, on the third day of this disagreeable change of weather, our expedition came to an end, and we entered the town which was our destination in such a cloud of dust as I hope never to see again. The town was obscured by what seemed to us like a dense November fog, and which proved in fact to be a *dust* cloud, from which we emerged nearly stifled, with our mouths, noses, ears, and eyes full, and powdered over from head to foot like millers.

The drawback to camp life is the being so completely dependent on the weather; but the four winter months are usually cool and sunshiny, and the days of great cold and of biting wind are rare, and it only rains for a few days at Christmas. For the rest of the time one may count on fine weather; and so it must be acknowledged that two or three months of this fresh, cool, open-air life forms a pleasing variety to the other months in the stations down on the plains, where the heat is so great that even the birds pant with their beaks open.

I am painfully aware that there is a paucity of events and stirring incidents in this little account of a week of camp life; but then Indian life is for the most part made up, like English life, of minor details, which are trifling in themselves, but which in the aggregate make a wonderful difference—the difference between 'exile' and 'home.'





## ON THE EXTENSION OF RAILWAYS IN AMERICA.

EVERYONE who has directed particular attention to the United States has no doubt already heard enough, and perhaps too much, of their everlasting 'unprecedented material progress;' for it is an unpleasant characteristic of the less agreeable kind of Americans, that they are very apt to ram their prosperity down your throat.

There is a story of a Yankee persistently adopting this mode of treatment to a dear, irascible British Tory of the old school, till the latter, exasperated beyond endurance, snarled out, 'It's a thousand pities, sir, that Christopher Columbus ever discovered your d——d country.'

At the risk of having this impolite observation repeated, it may be again asserted that in some respects their progress really is very astounding. We have become gradually so used to big figures in the past five-and-thirty years, that we have to put ourselves back in recollection or imagination to 1840 to be properly impressed with the fact that America then had 17,000,000 people, and 2,000 miles of railroad, built at a cost of 14,000,000*l.* Now there are 40,000,000 people, and 70,000 miles of railroad, costing over 550,000,000*l.*, operated by some 400 separate companies or organisations, whose total earnings in the year 1871 were 80,000,000*l.* It is a curious and noteworthy fact, that this railroad mileage is as nearly as possible the same as the total European mileage for 300,000,000 people, so that in this respect the young republic has shot far ahead of the 'effete old monarchies and empires.' How George Stephenson would turn in his coffin if it could be revealed to him that the world has already spent nearly two thou-

sand millions sterling in developing his application of steam power; a greater sum than all the National Debts of all the world of his day!

American railroad authorities state that 8,500 miles of additional new road will be built this year (1873), and one of them gives a further glimpse into the future, saying, 'there are 35,000 miles more in various stages of incipiency.' Therefore there would seem to be a visible supply of 113,000 miles of 'track.' Leaving, however, the flowery paths of future imaginings, we may take it as fact that in the four past years (1869-72 inclusive) 25,000 miles of new road have been completed, inclusive of main and branch lines and sidings.

Estimating the actual cost of these at \$35,000 per mile, there must have been a *bonâ fide* expenditure of cash on these new undertakings of \$875,000,000, or, at exchange 133, 150,000,000*l.* There will be a further expenditure this year of 60,000,000*l.*, making a total of 210,000,000*l.* Now this is a very large transfer from floating to fixed capital in so short a space of time. Our largest expenditure in England on railroads was in the four years 1846-9 inclusive, when the total was 143,000,000*l.*, or an average of 36,000,000*l.* a year; and the largest sum in any one year was in 1848-9, 43,000,000*l.* We know that the financial negotiations for this then unprecedentedly large expenditure precipitated on us the panic of 1847. And America has not advanced to this outlay gradually, nor by unrestricted development of her resources without other strain on her capital or credit, for in the eight years immediately preceding 1869, the United States Government alone had borrowed

510,000,000*l.* for war expenditures, not to mention further very large borrowings by individual States and municipalities for the same purposes.

In fact, never before in the history of the world has there been borrowing on the scale on which America has borrowed during the past twelve years. It would be very interesting to have accurate figures of the amounts taken by Europe. Estimates differ widely; but perhaps of all descriptions of securities 300,000,000*l.* or 400,000,000*l.* would not be out of the way for Europe's present holding. It must therefore be a very important question to large numbers of persons on this side the Atlantic what the exact nature of their investment is.

There can be very little doubt about the present safety of the Government bonds; and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a glance at the railways only.

And in this matter we must be very careful accurately to define to ourselves the true meaning of terms. Speaking broadly, our railways in England have been built by the stockholders, and have then been mortgaged for one-third of their cost to the debenture stockholders. The position of the latter, therefore, is almost absolutely secure. There is some reason to apprehend that many English investors in the first mortgage bonds of American railroads, reasoning from analogy, suppose that these bonds are in all cases a kind of equivalent to our debenture stocks. It is of course perfectly well known to those who have cared to look into the subject, that there is in America no Government control over the relations between the cost of railroads and the mortgages upon them. Some roads are mortgaged avowedly for more than their cost; others fully up to their cost; others again for only a small per-centage of their cost.

Therefore whereas some bonds are merely an equivalent of a stock, where the holder takes all the risk of building the road, but is limited in his profit to a high fixed rate of interest, other bonds are as desirable investments for trust funds as can well be imagined. It is very natural that the Americans should wish to keep to themselves all the future increment of profit on their railroads; and if a bondholder is aware that he is paying the total cost of the road, and is getting in exchange a very high rate of interest for his money, there does not seem to be any decided objection to a system so carried out. There are worse ten per cent. risks dealt in every day on the London Stock Exchange. But then it is very necessary that such investor or speculator should have entirely reliable statements of the real cost of the undertakings to guide him. He may be willing to pay the full amount actually disbursed for building and equipping a road, but he will not wish in addition to pay gigantic profits in advance to the contractors or promoters: not, at any rate, without the evidence of such payments appearing plainly on the face of the accounts. He will bear in mind the following words on the subject from the *New York Railway Journal*: 'Peculation and knavery have incessantly laid heavy booty on capital used in construction in its transit from a floating to a permanent condition, and that this roguery has contributed largely to swell the cost of our American railroads there can be no possible doubt.' A curious and instructive illustration of the writer's meaning may be found in a comparison of the cost of different lines in the same States. In Mr. Poor's valuable *Railroad Manual* for 1872-3, which in the absence of any official statistics is the most reliable source of information, we find such instances as the following:

State		Miles	Total stated Cost	Stated Cost per Mile	Total Mortgage
ILLINOIS . . .	No. 1	869	21,500,000	24,700	4,500,000
	No. 2	419	17,000,000	40,600	4,500,000
	No. 3	219	11,300,000	51,800	7,000,000
WISCONSIN . . .	No. 1	80	2,000,000	25,000	1,400,000
	No. 2	65	3,500,000	53,800	1,500,000
MINNESOTA . . .	No. 1	122	4,500,000	36,900	Not given
	No. 2	283	15,000,000	53,000	16,206,500
IOWA . . .	No. 1	118	3,700,000	31,400	1,600,000
	No. 2	99	5,000,000	50,500	800,000
KANSAS . . .	No. 1	154	5,700,000	37,000	5,700,000
	No. 2	463	24,700,000	53,300	12,700,000
MISSOURI . . .	No. 1	275	8,600,000	31,300	5,800,000
	No. 2	353	24,800,000	70,300	9,200,000
VIRGINIA . . .	No. 1	203	5,000,000	24,600	2,600,000
	No. 2	428	18,000,000	42,100	11,400,000
GEORGIA . . .	No. 1	259	4,100,000	16,000	680,000
	No. 2	202	7,250,000	35,900	3,750,000
OHIO . . .	No. 1	261	11,500,000	44,000	3,800,000
	No. 2	570	Not stated	103,500	59,100,000

In the last-mentioned instance I have substituted the mortgage per mile for the cost per mile, and we may be sure the latter did not exceed the former. The above are a few examples that might be multiplied in pretty nearly every State in the Union; but for our present purposes it is sufficient to draw attention to the fact that the cost of one line is often double the cost of another line in the same State, and to the still more pregnant fact that we can find a railroad built and equipped in Georgia by stockholders at a cost of \$12,500 per mile, and another road in the far West built and equipped by bondholders at a stated cost of \$136,700 a mile, with a funded debt of over \$90,000 a mile.

We can further find 13 companies (inclusive of the above-mentioned) with an aggregate of 4,824 miles railroad stated to cost \$348,000,000 on which the total mortgages

or funded debts amount to \$300,000,000: an average stated cost of \$72,100 a mile, and an average funded debt of \$62,200 a mile. The interesting question arises, did these roads in the aggregate cost \$72,000 per mile or \$62,000, or was it not a very much less sum than either? No doubt the sums stated were actually paid to some one—perhaps to a *Crédit Mobilier*, acting as intermediary between the railroad company and the contractors, and composed of the same shareholders—but how much went to pay for actual construction of road and equipment at first hand? The nearest approximation to an answer to this question is the assertion in America that the average expenditure on Western railways ought not to exceed \$35,000 per mile for building and equipping, including those with very difficult gradients. We have seen above a first-class line of 869

miles built and equipped for \$24,700 per mile. We can find others in Georgia at \$16,000, and plenty more in various States at \$20,000 and \$25,000, and again we see them running up to \$70,000 and \$100,000 per mile. In some of these latter a lively business must evidently have been done by the contractors and promoters in discounting and pocketing future profits at the expense of the bondholder. Let us, however, take an instance of a road apparently built entirely with the proceeds of bonds. Here we find one in the South-west 326 miles, with no return of cost, bonded for \$6,520,000, or \$20,000 per mile. Total stock \$820,000! In its first 5 years of existence, in what must be termed a still uninhabited region, the road has with an average of 128 miles open earned nett \$602,000 annually, or \$4,700 per mile. The interest on the mortgage at 7 per cent. would be \$1,400 per mile. Therefore a profit of \$422,000 per annum must have gone into the pockets of the holders of \$820,000 stock. If the road has done this in the 'green' stage of its existence, what will it not do in the 'dry,' when the country it traverses becomes really populated? Its bonds, principal and interest (7 per cent.), payable in gold, are quoted in New York 90 currency *asked*. That is to say, at present rate of exchange, 128 for currency, a bond of \$1,000 can be bought for 158*l.*, paying an annual interest of 14*l.*; principal redeemable in 1891, when \$1,000 gold will produce 203*l.* Here, then, is interest at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum on the investment, and a gain of 45*l.* on 158*l.*, or about 28½ per cent. on redemption, supposing the bonds to be paid at maturity. Only 50 per cent. of the gross receipts has been consumed in the working expenses of this road, whereas 60 to 70 per cent. is the ordinary con-

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sumption in the Northern and Western roads, averaging nearly 65 per cent. all through.

The promoters of the road bid high for money, and they show their hand in the accounts. They do not profess to have subscribed any stock further than the few hundred thousand dollars above-mentioned. But they show that the nett earnings per mile are already far more than sufficient to pay the interest on the mortgage per mile; and anyone buying such bonds thoroughly understands that he is backing the continued prosperity of the new road—a fair risk in such a country, for which he is well paid. At any rate, if he does not so understand his position, it is his own carelessness in not investigating the accounts.

This is one instance of a fair application of the new American principle of railroad building. The figures here seem to correspond with the facts; and there are many more in the same category. As we have seen above, there are others that are simply incomprehensible as regards stated cost. Generalising on the mass of these new American undertakings, we may say with the old Latin line, 'There are good ones, a considerable number of doubtful ones, and many bad ones.' Apart altogether from any question of morality, it is a most fatally mistaken policy for a country like America, that must for years continue to be a great borrower from Europe on the security of new railroads, to flood us with bonds in so many cases representing more than any actual money expended on the undertakings. It lowers the tone of all her securities, and, if persisted in, will in very truth at last kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. America has been living and growing for years on her great borrowing powers; and as long as she does it with fair decency, Europe will only be too delighted to

secure the outlet for superabundant capital at tempting rates of interest. But Europe can afford to hold her hand unless the securities are trustworthy: America cannot afford even a temporary lull in the European demand for bonds: such demand ceasing, a most unpleasant commercial and financial picture presents itself to the mind's eye—'Over Niagara—and after?' Already to the accustomed eye the craft seems working dangerously near the rapids.

Ultimately, even the heaviest bonded road, running as a trunk line east and west, may be expected to pay its interest, the growth is so marvellous; but a very disagreeable hiatus may be conceived in the meantime.

Turning from these new roads to the older and better established, we find a mass of bonds as safe for investment as any securities in the world. We take, as instances, from Mr. Poor's book 27 roads, with an aggregate of 14,660 miles, whose total cost is stated at \$613,000,000 (an average of \$41,800 per mile), and whose total funded debt is \$215,000,000 (an average of \$14,800 per mile).

Besides these, there are millions of dollars of bonds whose relation to the cost of the roads, though not quite so favourable as the above, practically makes them very safe for investment. In fact, it is quite an exception with roads built even ten years ago to find the exaggerated mortgages of recently built roads, and in most cases it would now be impossible to duplicate the former roads at the old stated cost.

The conclusion of the whole matter as regards an investor is, that no general assertion can with truth be made about these mortgage bonds *en masse*. Each of the securities must be taken and carefully examined on its own merits, and it may always be borne in mind that

the financial house negotiating their sale is apt to take a very sanguine view of possibilities. The point to most of us in investing is not the certainty of great returns twenty-five or fifty years hence, but that we may count on a punctual payment of our interest year by year.

That said, there are many opportunities, by careful exercise of judgment, to make good investments or speculations in these American mortgages, old and new, and often without extreme risk. But it will probably be found more profitable for each individual to make such ventures on his own personal examination of facts and figures than to confide the selection to a 'trust company,' unless he is very sure that the promoters of such trust companies have no heavy load of unmarketable securities of their own to dispose of to their shareholders. It is a fallacy to suppose that over 7 per cent. can be obtained from American securities that can be compared in any fair way with English debenture stocks.

It might almost have been expected that, looking to the magnitude of the interests involved, a council of American bondholders would have been organised here to obtain trustworthy reports on the various lines from independent engineers, sent out for the purpose, aided by independent local information; but a curious characteristic of the ordinary British investor is that, as a rule, he will take very little trouble to acquaint himself with the true condition of his purchases. One man buys because another man whom he knows has bought before him, and very few of them like any security except at a high price, independent altogether of its intrinsic merits.

The Germans, with their keen educated eyes, get a good deal ahead of us in monetary transactions. How heavily they laid in Five-twenty

Bonds in New York, all the way from the thirties (London price) to the seventies. After that they resold them to John Bull. They are now attempting the same thing with the new railroad bonds.

Probably the anomalous basis on which American exchange is reckoned is a stumbling-block to many persons in England who have never had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the calculation. One often hears professional men arguing that the American Funded 5 per Cent. Loan at 90 is a good purchase, because they assume (before experience) that it will return them  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on their investment besides a gain of 10 per cent. on redemption; and indeed the mistake is a very natural one to those who have not been brought in contact with American dealings, or who may have forgotten or may never have heard of a *Modern Cambist*. For such persons I will venture to repeat a very old story. The American dollar was originally worth 4s. 6d. The par of exchange between the two countries was naturally so reckoned: that is, 1l. equalled \$4.44. But the American dollar was subsequently clipped, and became worth not quite 4s. 2d., making 1l. equal to \$4.84. Instead, however, of altering the par of exchange to \$4.84,<sup>1</sup> the old par was maintained, and the reduction in the value of the dollar was added as a premium upon it, so that the daily quotations of American 60 days' sight exchange, which we see in the papers from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent. premium (or 103 to 110), actually mean from 1 per cent. discount to 1 per cent. premium. The quotations of American dollar stocks in London have always been

reckoned at the old par of 4s. 6d. It is therefore obvious that when a stock so quoted is at 90, we are practically paying 90 four-and-sixpences for what is intrinsically worth only 90 four-and-twopences. The rate of exchange in America on England of course varies from day to day, so that it is impossible to give a fixed figure to add to the London price in order to ascertain the actual price with absolute accuracy. Assuming that \$4.84 is real par, that would be equal to 9 per cent. premium on the nominal par of \$4.44. But as a matter of fact America is a country always importing more than she exports, and therefore is a debtor to Europe, so that short exchange is more often at a premium than at real par or discount; and as bonds payable at maturity in America must be sent out there and proceeds remitted to England, an investor proposing to hold his bonds till due must, if he wishes accurately to establish their cost for comparison with home investments, add to the London price a rate of exchange that will enable him to have the gold dollars sent home if necessary. No rate under 11 per cent. premium will be safe for him to assume, looking to the chance of his bonds being paid in ordinarily worn gold. Therefore  $90 + 11$  per cent.  $(9.90) = 99.90$ , or par for all practical purposes. To prove that one-ninth (or 11 per cent.) is not too much to add to the London price to ascertain the real price, holders of American securities will find that they do not as a rule nett 4s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per dollar for their coupons sold in London, which is the exact equivalent of 111 exchange. To take an actual example of the working of the rule:

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was in print the par of exchange between America and England has been altered, by a law to come into effect on January 1, 1874, to \$4.86; so that next year we shall see exchange quoted from 1 or 2 discount to 1 or 2 premium.

A \$1,000 bond bought at 90 London price (4s. 6d. dollars) costs . . . . .	£202 10 0
The \$1,000 gold collected from the bond in New York and remitted at 111 ex. returns . . . . .	202 14 0
Difference . . . . .	£ 0 4 0

or the same difference as between 99·90 and par shown above.<sup>2</sup> In the case of buying a currency bond on the basis of the above London quotation of 90, an investor would add as before one-ninth for his 111 exchange, making a real price of 100, and then further add, as a per-centage, the existing premium on gold, whatever it might be. Thus, when gold is 17 per cent. premium, the real price of a currency bond bought in London at 90 is 117. The gold premium must of course be taken on the London price plus the per-centage of the New York rate of exchange for sight bills.

It need scarcely be remarked that it is a matter of the purest speculation what the future premium on gold may be, and therefore the sterling value of currency coupons will be constantly varying. Taking such an instance as we have mentioned, no one would buy a currency 8 per cent. bond in London at 90 unless he believed 17 per cent. to be as high a premium as gold would be likely to rule at on the date his bond matured, and also that the average rate during the currency of his bond would not be over 17, so that he expects to receive 8*l.* on every 117*l.* invested, or equal very nearly to a 6 per cent. investment if the bond had seven-teen years to run.

It follows that by whatever premium gold might be above 17 he

would lose on the final redemption and remittance of his bond; by whatever premium gold might be below 17 he would gain. In Europe, and especially in Germany, there has been a good deal of speculation for the fall in the premium on gold entered into through these purchases of currency bonds. That is to say, one of the great inducements held out to investors has been that, looking to the spread of a quickly increasing population over an ever wider area of country, the paper that is now redundant as a circulating medium in America will in time prove adequate only, and that its value will then approximate very closely to the value of gold.

This view would certainly appear likely to be fulfilled bar further issues of greenbacks by the Government. These issues are at present confined by law to \$400,000,000, with authority to issue 'such additional sum, not exceeding \$50,000,000, as may be temporarily required for the redemption of temporary loans.' The actual legal tender paper circulation has been as high as \$433,000,000. It is now \$358,000,000, but there have been very great efforts lately made to have that amount increased, and the tone of feeling in America on this subject must be very jealously watched by those who are speculating for a future approximation in value between greenbacks and gold. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the policy of expansion is abhorrent to all political economists, and to all the thinking classes in America; but expansion is a pleasant prospect to all debtors. And debtors are a very powerful class in America, where almost every man has a desire to possess with bor-

<sup>2</sup> To turn dollars into pounds, a quick way is to multiply by 90 and divide by 4 times the premium, as for example, at 111 exchange:

$$\begin{aligned} \$1,000 \times 90 &= 90,000 \\ 90,000 \text{ divided by } 444 &= \text{£}202 \cdot 70 \\ &\quad \quad \quad 20 \end{aligned}$$

14/00

rowed money more than he can own. On the other hand, the masses, whose wages do not advance in proportion to the augmentation in the price of commodities, consequent on increased circulation, and whose savings are mostly in bank in greenbacks, naturally are opposed to those greenbacks being depreciated in value, and the masses in America finally rule all policies. Meantime the state of feeling and parties is sufficiently uncertain to keep the premium at a figure that is tempting to speculators.

These are some of the aspects of the extension of American railways that may be interesting to the comparatively narrow class of investors in these securities. But there is a further view of the question. That 9,000 miles of new railroad have been completed in eight new States and Territories, with a population of only 2,800,000 people (or a mile of rail to every 300 people), may be but a sorry present experience for over-sanguine capitalists, but may at the same time have a much wider meaning, and a wholly beneficent effect over very much larger classes in Europe. What matters it to the labourer on Wiltshire Downs, in Essex Marshes, or in Lincoln Fens, whether mortgages bear a proper relation to cost or not? What he sees, or what he may see if anyone will point it out to him, is the fact that some one has done the thing for him. And the lines laid down on the other side of the Atlantic concern him much. For what do railroads mean in a country like America, teeming with every description of mineral, agricultural, and pastoral product, where the surface wealth has scarcely yet begun to be scratched? They mean in language seemingly hyperbolic, but in fact not here exaggerated, 'the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Look

how the wealth has already grown. In 1790 (within the memory of still living men) the population of the States was 4,000,000, and the value of their real and personal property was estimated at 150,000,000*l.*; in 1870 the Superintendent of the Census returns population at 38,000,000, and the true value of their real and personal property at 6,000,000,000*l.*! And this means not only so many added dollars, but the addition of what dollars will buy, and what is too hard for the many to get without dollars—a universal education; a general consumption of literature undreamed of in the Old World; a piano in every shanty; the feeling amongst all those whose mere manual labour is their only capital, that they too are equal with all other men—are a necessity to other men—that they can bargain with their employers as man to man—that they are not for ever to remain ignorant, treated to eleemosynary doles of coal or flannel in lieu of fair bargained wages; that the hope dear to men—that of absolute independence—is no longer forbidden to them. To be sure, it may be objected that this is only one side of the picture, and a highly-coloured one. It will be said that the venture of emigration is uncertain; that we are insufficiently informed of the conditions of the labourer in these new countries. But do we require much detailed knowledge to arrive at a conclusion that a country possessing every variety of climate, with any quantity of land, much of it still virgin soil—3,000,000 square miles for 40,000,000 people—only requires railroads to assure conditions for manual labour impossible of attainment in any old country? As in all great movements, cases of individual suffering in emigration are unavoidable. An English labourer in Minnesota, sick unto death in a sparse-peopled region,



will no doubt look back with a sigh to what he has left behind him. Here is no village green to gladden his dying eyes, nor Lady Bountiful to wipe the clammy brow with delicate handkerchief, nor parish rates to bury him. Death and sickness will be harder to him, though it is astonishing how tender he will find his rough fellow-workers in the wilderness. But then death and sickness are not the prevailing conditions of life. The argument is the old one of stage coaches *versus* railroads; hand-looms *versus* machinery. It is a sentimental minority argument. Lusty young fellows with lusty young wives, who are to be found by thousands among our labouring population, are not likely to be deterred from bettering themselves by fear of sickness or death, any more than they would refuse, if they had enlisted in the army, to go to India.

A harder life, with a prospect of ultimately rising to something higher and more independent, even accompanied by the risk of unattended sickness, is surely a preferable prospect to remaining for ever on that dreary old feudal footing of the 'benefiter' and the 'benefited.' Surely the great general rule may be applied to almost all things under the sun: that supply will be most favourably dealt with where demand is greatest. It is a mistake, if it can be helped, to form part of a community in over-supply. Much better be part of one in over-demand.

And if on the one hand we have conjured up for a possible emigrant a dreary scene from Minnesota, may we not on the other hand dwell on the attractions of California, that Land of Promise to agricultural labourers? Who that has seen them can forget the white painted wooden cottages, trellised with roses which grow nowhere else as they grow there?—the children as plump and rosy as the roses in our English lanes; the profusion of the finest

vegetables, fruit, and flowers; the climate always equable by the sea; no ice nor snow—

Soft blows the wind that breathes from  
that blue sky.

Miles of the very finest wheat in the world, waving beneath the forest trees, with never a hedgerow interrupting the view, 'in silence ripen, fall, and cease;' for notwithstanding that Nature has beneficently separated the wet season from the dry, so that the farmer can count on weeks when he can leave the grain ungarnered where it falls, the dearth of labour is so great that, in spite of all the marvellous mechanical contrivances of ingenious labour-saving Yankees, in every abundant year part of the crop has actually to be ploughed into the earth again. There beggary, except the beggary of decayed gentility, is unknown—there every man and woman able and willing to do hard work with their hands can not only earn good wages and comfortable living, but can finally dictate really their own terms to their employers, or, better still, occupy their own homesteads.

No doubt the end attained may be mere material well-being. But then that is a great point to people who don't seem even likely to attain to that in England.

Watching our poor agricultural labourers here preparing for a strike, is as painful as watching a bird striking itself against the iron bars of its cage, when all the time a door is open; but the exit not being the accustomed one, and requiring some knowledge to discover it, the poor blind, helpless thing, with only a passionate consciousness of inherent right to the free air, insists on testing which is the hardest—the iron bars or its own weak body. There can be but one end to that. Here the conditions are too hopeless. Let the Union spend its money in deporting the superabundant labour,

and so give the smaller number remaining behind a better chance. Let Warwickshire ponder the fact that from the year 1848, when San Francisco first really existed, till 1872 the exports from that port alone have been 250,000,000*l.* sterling value. Let the colliers in South Wales, before they again draw on themselves the self-inflicted misery of a strike, consider that America produced in 1871, 760,000 tons of rails—just double the quantity produced in 1866, and four times the production of 1862. Last year the production was further increased, and will be again very much increased this year. California is not now more than three weeks' travel from Leamington, Pennsylvania is not more than twelve days' from Cardiff. Why should English labour cut its own throat?

In this country a peculiar delight is taken by one section of politicians in pointing the finger of scorn at the political corruption in America: by another section, such corruption is sorrowfully admitted as a grievous blot on the institutions of a nation from which there is otherwise so much to hope for and to believe in for the future.

In this short paper we have already dwelt on the knavery practised in some of their railroad enterprises; and it may be asked, is it worth while for a gain in material conditions for English labourers to become citizens of a country where such things can be? Is it not better for them to remain in this land of grand old traditions, and grand old families that carry out these old traditions? The wages, to be sure, are small—18*s.* a week, and meat very occasionally; but if the living is low, the thinking must be high in such an atmosphere; where to approach a judge for the purpose of influencing his judgment, or to offer a cheque to a Member of Parliament for his vote, would of

itself be almost sufficient evidence to send a man to a lunatic asylum. Doubtless this is the great boast we can make in England. It is a blessing we cannot be too thankful for, nor too proud of. And it must be a profound discouragement to all lovers of republican institutions that America should have shown not one but many instances of lapsing from these inestimable virtues. But this discouragement should not be unalloyed with hope of improvement. The Irish, and latterly the negro, votes are answerable for a great deal. Education may be expected to improve them. The country is still very young, and perhaps the political corruption is not much greater than it was in England in Walpole's time. And however much we may deplore the failings of our neighbours, we are scarcely in the position to throw stones recklessly at them. For there is a kind of justice beyond the jurisdiction of Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn. Our Legislature has taken the people's taxes for all these hundreds of years, and yet has left millions of the population of these isles to-day absolutely uneducated, and in an ignorance so brutal that it could not be credited in America—is that justice? The very tone adopted by a large proportion of our upper and upper-middle class people in speaking of strikes is often revoltingly unjust. It is scarcely justice that a cottager who sees a hare in his garden destroying his produce, and knocks it on the head, should be branded as a criminal, and thereby be very probably ruined for life. Nor is it exactly a thing to be proud of that in Scotland deer forests of 100,000 acres in extent should be kept without sheep, lest sport should be spoiled; or that in England labour should be drawn from the fields to beat Norfolk stubbles or Yorkshire heather, that one noble sportsman may slaughter

with his own hands some 900 birds in one day. Is the tenure of our land, or the state of our great universities, or our method of representation, free from the grossest injustice? And yet, where we have so many crying needs of reform, we are told that the burning questions of the day and the rallying cries of a great party are the Central Asian difficulty, the maintenance of the aristocratic element in our institutions, the sacredness of endowments; and some people regard our Conservative statesmen as honestly devoting themselves to what they believe to be the best interests of their countrymen in proposing to attract the public attention mainly to such issues. But if by means of a co-operative emigration organisation our labouring classes could have conveyed to them an accurate conception of the conditions of life in America, they might perhaps be not unwilling to prove on their own vile bodies which is in reality the more corrupt state, so far as *they* are concerned.

It may perhaps be too late for

those of our hewers of wood and drawers of water who are already in their prime of life to understand even in the dimmest fashion what the very highest privileges of being an Englishman really are; but their children in America may have a fair start with all other classes of men; they will at any rate all learn to read and write the language which makes all the English-speaking races kin, and which enables them all to partake equally in the noblest common traditions.

That this should be a real possibility for every class; that a nearer equality between capital and labour should be a dominant condition; that there should be the wide elbow-room that alone can annihilate caste, and that alone can give scope to the experiments that are being now tried on a small scale in England to elevate by co-operation the status of our agricultural population: these are the greater, the wider 'potentialities' that every mile of new American railroad built brings a step nearer to practical attainment.



## THE FABLE OF THE BEES.

IN speaking of Shaftesbury, in a recent number of this Magazine, I remarked that his most complete antithesis was Bernard de Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the Bees*. Between them the two writers give a very fair summary of the ethical tendencies of the eighteenth century freethinkers in England. They are treated as joint opponents of orthodoxy in several controversial writings of the times, as, for example, in Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, in a very able essay on the *Characteristics* by John Brown, better known as the author of the *Estimate*, and in that amorphous mass of dissertation which Warburton called a *Demonstration of the Divine Legation of Moses*. Their theories are the Scylla and Charybdis between which it was a delicate matter to steer a straight course. Agreeing in refuting the teaching of divines, they are at the opposite poles of speculation in all else; and it was some consolation to the orthodox that two such enemies of the faith might be, more or less, trusted to neutralise each other. Their relations to each other and to their common enemies illustrate some of the problems which were then agitating men's minds. The agitation has not quite subsided.

Mandeville published the *Fable of the Bees* in 1714, three years after the appearance of the *Characteristics*. It opens with a doggerel poem, setting forth that a hive of bees, once thriving and vicious, lost its prosperity together with its vice on a sudden reformation. A line or two from the conclusion gives the pith of the doctrine:

Then leave complaints: fools only strive  
To make a great an honest hive—  
To enjoy the world's conveniences,  
Be famed in war, yet live in ease,  
Without great vices, is a vain  
Utopia, seated in the brain.

A comment follows expounding this cynical theory in detail. In subsequent editions, for the *Fable* enjoyed a wide popularity for many years, were added various explanations and defences of the doctrine. In 1723 the book was presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury of Middlesex. Observing, says that respectable body, with the 'greatest sorrow and concern,' the many books published almost every week by impious and licentious writers, whose 'principles have a direct tendency to the subversion of all religion and civil government, our duty to the Almighty, our love to our country, and regard to our oaths, oblige us to present' the publisher of the *Fable of the Bees*, and thereby, as it would appear, to give him a useful advertisement.

No harm followed to Mandeville in person. His reputation, however, was gibbeted in all the respectable writings of the day; his name became a bye-word, and his book was regarded as a kind of pothouse edition of the arch-enemy Hobbes. The indignation was not unnatural. Mandeville is said to have been in the habit of frequenting coffee-houses and amusing his patrons by ribald conversation. The book smells of its author's haunts. He is a cynical and prurient writer, who shrinks from no jest, however scurrilous, and from no paradox, however grotesque, calculated to serve the object—which he avows in his preface to be his sole object—of amusing his readers; readers, it may be added, far from scrupulous in their tastes. And yet, with all Mandeville's brutality, there runs through his pages a vein of shrewd sense which gives a certain pungency to his rough assaults on the decent theories of life. Nay, there are many remarks indicative of some genuine philosophical acute-

ness. A hearty contempt for the humbugs of this world, and a resolution not to be blinded by its professions, are not in themselves bad things. When, indeed, a man includes amongst the humbugs everything which passes with others for virtue and purity, his teaching is repulsive; though, even in such a case, we may half forgive a writer like Swift, whose bitterness proves that he has not parted from his illusions without a cruel pang. Mandeville shares Swift's contempt for the human race, but his contempt, instead of urging him to the confines of madness, finds easy vent in a horse-laugh. He despises himself as well as his neighbours, and is content to be despicable. He is a scoffer, not a misanthrope. You are all Yahoos, he seems to say, and I am a Yahoo; and so—let us eat, drink, and be merry.

Mandeville's view of the world is thus the reverse of the superfine philosophy of Shaftesbury. For the dignified he substitutes the bestial theory of human nature; and in perfect consistency he speaks with bitter ridicule of his opponent. 'Two systems,' he says, 'cannot be more opposite than his lordship's and mine.' 'The hunting after this *pulchrum et honestum*,' which with Lord Shaftesbury should be the sole object of human life, 'is not much better than a wild-goose chase; and if we come to facts, 'there is not a quarter of the wisdom, solid knowledge, and intrinsic worth in the world that men talk of and compliment one another with; and of virtue and religion there is not an hundredth part in reality of what there is in appearance.' The frankness with which this opinion is uttered, is rarer than the opinion itself. Mandeville is but a coarse and crude interpreter of a doctrine which is not likely to disappear for want of disciples. He prides himself on

being a shrewd man of the world, whose experience has amply demonstrated the folly of statesmen and the hypocrisy of churchmen, and from whom all that beautiful varnish of flimsy philosophy with which we deceive each other is unable to cover the vileness of the underlying materials. He will not be beguiled from looking at the seamy side of things. Man, as theologians tell us, is corrupt; nay, it would be difficult for them to exaggerate his corruption; but the heaven which they throw in by way of consolation is tacitly understood to be a mere delusion, and the supernatural guidance to which they bid us trust, an ingenious device for enforcing their own authority. Tell your fine stories, he says in effect, to school-girls or to devotees; don't try to pass them off upon me, who have seen men and cities, and not taken my notions from books or sermons. There is a part of our nature which is always flattered by the bold assertion that our idols are made of dirt; and Mandeville was a sagacious sycophant of those baser instincts.

The paradox which has given his book its chief notoriety is that which is summed up in the alternative title, *Private vices, public benefits*. The fallacy which lies at the base of his economical sophistries is, one might suppose, sufficiently transparent; and yet it not only puzzled the ablest thinkers of the day, but enjoys a permanent popularity. In slightly altered forms it is constantly reappearing, and repeated confutation never seems to kill it at the root. The doctrine is, in general terms, that consumption instead of saving is beneficial to labourers. Mandeville exhausts his ingenuity in exhibiting it in the most extravagant shapes. 'It is,' he declares, 'the sensual courtier that sets no limits to his luxury; the fickle strumpet that invents new fashions every week; the haughty

duchess that in equipage, entertainments and all her behaviour would imitate a princess; the profuse rake and lavish heir, that scatter about their money without wit or judgment, buy everything they see, and either destroy or give it away the next day; the covetous and perjured villain, that squeezed an immense treasure from the tears of widows and orphans, and left the prodigals the money to spend; it is these that are the proper food of the full-grown Leviathan; we require them in order to set all varieties of labour to work, and 'to procure an honest livelihood to the vast numbers of working poor that are required to make a large society.' The doctrine, however extravagantly stated, is only a logical development of that which is put forward whenever a body of labourers is thrown out of work by a change of fashion. Nobody would now commend actual vice, but we have quite recently seen a defence of luxury on the ground that it employs labour. The 'sensual courtier' indeed is not excused, but the rich noble who lives in superfluous state is exhorted to lay to his soul the flattering unction that he is providing employment for the tradesmen who supply his wants. Political economists have shown the fallacy of such arguments; but their refutation is constantly regarded as a gratuitous paradox.

The sophistry is indeed forced to conceal itself more carefully at the present day; for Mandeville delights in following it with perverse ingenuity to its furthest consequences. He pronounces the Reformation to have been scarcely more efficacious in promoting the national prosperity than 'the silly and capricious invention of hooped and quilted petticoats.' 'Religion,' he adds, 'is one thing, and trade is another. He that gives most trouble to thousands of his neighbours and invents the most operose manu-

factures is, right or wrong, the greatest friend to society.' Nay, he manages to cap these extravagances by arguing that even the destruction of capital may be useful. 'The Fire of London was a great calamity, but if the carpenters, bricklayers, smiths,' and others set at work, 'were to vote against those who lost by the fire, the rejoicings would equal if not exceed the complaints.' Foolish paradoxes, it may be said, are useful at most in so far as an extravagant statement of a foolish theory may help to bring about its collapse. And yet the writer who expounded such glaring absurdities was capable of occasionally attacking a commercial fallacy with great success, and of anticipating the views of later and more eminent authorities. Thus, for example, though he cannot shake himself free from the superstition that the imports of a nation should not be allowed to exceed the exports, he attacks certain current theories upon the subject by arguments which only require further extension to lead to a sound conclusion; and he illustrates the advantages of division of labour, not, indeed, with the felicity of Adam Smith, but in such a way as to show an apprehension of the principle at least equally clear. Mandeville, in fact, is not a mere dealer in absurdities. He has overlaid a very sound and sober thesis with paradoxes in which probably he only half believed. When formally defending himself, he can represent his arguments as purely ironical. He confesses, in a vindication against the Grand Jury, that he has stated in plain terms 'that what we call evil in this world, moral as well as natural, is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures; the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception; that there we must look for the true origin of all arts and sciences;

and that the moment evil ceases, the society must be spoiled if not totally dissolved.' The phrase, he admits, has an awkward sound; but had he been writing for persons unable to read between the lines, he would have explained in good set terms that his only meaning was that 'every want was an evil; that on the multiplicity of those wants depended all those mutual services which individual members of society pay to each other, and that consequently the greater variety there was of wants, the larger number of individuals might find their private interest in labouring for the good of others, and united together compose one body.' The streets of London, according to his own illustration, will grow dirtier as long as trade increases; and to make his pages attractive, he had expressed this doctrine as though he took the dirt to be the cause instead of the necessary consequence of the wealth. The fallacy, indeed, is too deeply embedded in his argument to be discarded in this summary fashion. The doctrine that the heir who scatters, and not the miser who accumulates savings, really sets labour at work, was so much in harmony with the ideas of that age, that even Berkeley's acuteness could suggest no better answer than the statement that an honest man generally consumes more than a knave. There is, however, a core of truth in the sophistry. Large expenditure is an evil so far as it indicates that consumption is out-running accumulation; it may be called a good sign so far as it indicates that large accumulations render large consumption possible. Mandeville, confusing the two cases, attacks in the same breath the frugal Dutchman who saves in order to supply future wants, and the savage who, consuming little, yet consumes all that he produces, and produces little because he has no tastes and feels no wants. As against the

savage, his remarks are correct enough. The growth of new desires is clearly an essential condition towards the improvement of society, and every new desire brings new evils in its train. Indeed, there is only too much to be said for the theory, when thus stripped of its paradoxical dress. The streets of London, to say nothing of the streets of New York, grow most undeniably dirty as a fuller stream of commerce flows through them, and leaves behind its questionable deposits. An increased cultivation of wheat is also unpleasantly favourable to the growth of tares; and it is in vain that our economical optimists repudiate all responsibility for the evils which inevitably accompany the blessings they promise. If, however, Mandeville had confined himself to this modest assertion, he would have fallen into the ordinary jog-trot of the moralists who denounce an excessive passion for wealth. It was pleasanter and more exciting to give a different turn to his doctrine. To make an omelette you must break eggs; don't deny in words what you preach by practice; admit frankly that the gain is worth the mischief; and it is but a step farther to say that the mischief is the cause of the gain.

The moral side of this edifying doctrine involves a similar ambiguity. Mandeville may be described as accepting the alternative forced upon us by ascetic moralists. Worldliness, they say, is vice: let us therefore abandon the world. We won't and can't abandon the world, replies Mandeville; let us be vicious and be candidly vicious. Accept in all sincerity the doctrine of contempt for wealth, with the fundamental theorem on which it reposes, that the natural passions are bad; and we should be virtuous and barbarous. Accumulation of wealth, as the later economists tell us, is the natural base of all the

virtues of civilisation, and the industrial view of morality is therefore opposed fundamentally to the views of certain orthodox preachers. Mandeville's paradox is produced by admitting with the divines that the pursuit of wealth is radically vicious, and by arguing with the economists that it is essential to civilisation. Luxury, according to his definition, should in strictness include everything that is not essential to the existence of a naked savage. Hence the highest conceivable type of virtue should be found in religious houses, whose inmates have bound themselves by rigid vows of chastity and poverty to trample the flesh under foot; or rather it would be found there if monks and nuns did not cover the vilest sensuality under a mask of hypocrisy, an opinion which has been confirmed by the evidence of 'many persons of eminence and learning.' He would subscribe to Dr. Newman's opinion that in the humble monk and the holy nun are to be found the only true Christians after the Scripture pattern, if he could believe that holiness and humility were ever more than shams. Now the ideal of a Trappist monk is plainly incompatible with the development of an industrious community.

From the same theory follows logically the denial of the name of virtue to every practice which is prompted by natural instinct. Thus, for example, the force of maternal love appears to the ordinary moralist to be one of the most beautiful of human instincts. Mandeville with perverse ingenuity twists it into a proof that all virtue is factitious. You cry out, he says, with horror at the woman who commits infanticide. But the same woman who murders her illegitimate child may show the utmost tenderness to her lawful offspring. As a murderess and as a good mother she is equally ac-

tuated by the self-love which is really the spring of all our actions. The murder is produced by a sense of shame; destroy the shame, and you suppress the crime; the most dissolute women are scarcely ever guilty of this sin. A mother's love is produced not by any force of principle, but by the operation of natural instincts. The 'vilest women have exerted themselves on this head as violently as the best.' Now 'there is no merit in pleasing ourselves,' and indeed an excessive love for children is often their ruin, which shows that it is prompted by a desire for our own welfare and not for the happiness of our children. Imagine yourself, he suggests, to be locked up in a room looking upon a yard through a grated window; suppose that you saw in it a pretty child of two or three years at play; and that a 'nasty overgrown sow' came in and frightened the poor child out of its wits. You would do all you could to frighten it away. But if the overgrown sow, being in a famished condition, were to proceed to tear the helpless infant to pieces, whilst you looked on without the power to interfere, none of the passions vaunted by moralists would equal your sensations of pity and indignation. What is the inference? That there would be no need of virtue or self-denial to be moved at such a scene, and that not only a humane man, but a highwayman, a housebreaker, or a murderer would feel the same. This pity, therefore, is a mere counterfeit of charity. It comes in through the eye or ear; and if we read of three or four hundred men being killed or drowned at a distance, we are not really more moved than at a tragedy. Reason would tell us to grieve equally for the sufferings which we see and for those which we do not see; but the vehement emotion of pity is only caused by the painful objects which immediately assail our senses. It is the



rising of the gorge at an offensive sight, not a deep-seated intellectual motive. In the same spirit, he argues with offensive coarseness that modesty is merely a sham. 'Virtue bids us subdue, but good breeding only requires that we should conceal our appetites.' Good breeding involves no self-denial; but only teaches us to gratify our sensuality according to the custom of the country; and a man may wallow in all kinds of indulgence and be sure that he will have 'all the women and nine-tenths of the men on his side.'

Once more, theologians condemn the military as well as the industrial passions; and here, too, they are merely covering over our brutal natural passions with a flimsy veil, and affecting to condemn what everybody knows to be essential to the welfare of society. Duelling, for example, is forbidden by law, and is yet essential to that code of honour without which there would be no living in a large society. Why should a nation grudge to see some half-dozen men sacrificed in a year 'to obtain so valuable a blessing as the politeness of manners, the pleasure of conversation, and the happiness of company in general,' whilst it exposes thousands of lives for an end which may often do no good at all? Religion bids you leave revenge to God; honour bids you reserve it scrupulously for yourself; religion forbids and honour commands murder; religion orders you to turn the other cheek, honour to quarrel for a trifle; 'religion is built on humility, honour on pride; how to reconcile them must be left to wiser heads than mine.' The argument is pointed by an elaborate portrait, which curiously recalls Richardson's ideal hero. He describes Sir Charles Grandison by anticipation. He sets before us a fine gentleman of the highest type, lavish in his expenditure, but always guided by the most exquisite

taste; cheerful and cordial in his demeanour; and yet never omitting due courtesy to the meanest of his guests; solid as well as amusing in his conversation, and never using an indecent or a profane word; careful in his religious observances, charitable to the poor, a father to his tenants, a liberal but strictly just master to his servants, and in that capacity remarkable for this special touch of good sense, that he never allows them to accept gratuities from his visitors on any pretence. What, then, is to be said against this pattern of all the virtues of a gentleman? Mandeville replies by putting the same dilemma which so terribly puzzled Richardson. Suppose our spotless hero to receive an insult from somebody of equal position but of less self-command. What will he do? Obey the laws of God, and submit; or the laws of honour, which have at most the force of an oral tradition? Richardson evades the problem by endowing his hero with a skill of fence equally remarkable with his other superlative excellences. Mandeville equally assumes that his Grandison will fight, and allows no evasion of this rather *naïf* variety. The hero's conduct supplies a crucial experiment, showing what is the ultimate law by which he is guided. The ridicule of his equals and the mob will have more weight with him than the fear of hell. In other words, pride is the dominant principle of his nature. It is the Protean passion which really accounts for the whole system of behaviour which we have so much admired. Christianity and honour lay down two different codes. Where they conflict, all gentlemen unhesitatingly obey the code of honour. If to covet honour, as Shakespeare puts it, be a sin, then clearly the men of honour are the most offending souls alive. We are like Catholics in a Protestant country, who cannot be trusted because they pay allegiance to

another than their lawful sovereign. Hide it from ourselves as we may, the master whom we really obey is not God, but public opinion. This theory of Mandeville's perhaps suggested some of Pope's keenest satire. It is a systematic statement of the poet's pet doctrine of the Ruling Passion.

Search, then, the ruling passion; there alone  
The wild are constant, and the cunning  
known;

The fool consistent, and the false sincere;  
Priests, princes, women no dissemblers  
here:

This clue once found unravels all the rest,  
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands  
confest.

The same theory, according to Mandeville, will include not only Wharton and Marlborough and Chartres and Bolingbroke, but Berkeley and Addison (the 'parson in a tie-wig,' as Mandeville called him), and all the saints and moralists, as well as the sinners and blasphemers of the age. The love of honour is our one principle, and love of honour is merely a decent periphrasis for a desire to gratify our vanity. The gentleman values himself on his fidelity to his word. 'The rake and scoundrel brag of their vices, and boast of their impudence.' In both the fundamental principle is the same.

The argument is, in one sense, a mere juggle. The artifice is transparent. Pride is a dyslogistic epithet given to a natural passion, which may be good or bad. Call it self-respect, and the paradox vanishes. To desire the sympathy and praise of our fellow-creatures is not a bad motive, though it may accidentally come into collision with virtuous desires. To say that the vilest have natural affections is not to prove that the natural affections are a sham, but that there is virtue even in the most abandoned. Beneath the paradoxical outside, however, there lies a rough protest against the old theological dogmas. Human nature rises against the

theory which pronounces it to be hopelessly corrupt, and which, by a logical consequence, proceeds to estimate all virtue by the degree in which natural instincts are suppressed. Mandeville may be interpreted as refusing to accept the monastic ideal of virtue; though his refusal certainly takes an awkward form. Your theologians, he says, have endeavoured to cramp men's intellects and to eradicate their passions. Possibly you may have fitted them for another world, but you have certainly incapacitated them for this. You exiled the masculine virtues from the sickly and attenuated forms of Catholic saints and hermits; but secular life cannot be carried on without them. The code of honour expresses an attempt of the native vigour of the race to break the fetters with which priests would shackle it. Our spiritual physicians, as Mandeville understood them, proposed to bleed us, like so many Sangrados, till we were fitted for a diet of herbs and water; and to justify the operation, they assured us that our blood was vitiated and corrupt. Mandeville says that if we would enjoy robust health we cannot afford to lose a drop of blood; but instead of inferring that the blood is not corrupt, he infers that corruption is good. Brand all enjoyment as vice, and the natural effect of establishing an indelible association will be an avowed justification of vicious enjoyment. Mandevilles are the inevitable antithesis to an overstrained asceticism; and we may so far sympathise to some extent with his refusal to be mutilated to suit the fancies of priests.

Mandeville, however, goes farther. Wilfully, or deceived by his own selfishness, he declares that this code of honour, and indeed that morality generally, is a mere sham. He opens the commentary on his verses by a singular history of the process by which virtue first made

its appearance in the world. Certain mysterious 'lawgivers'—persons who appear in all the theological speculations of the time—resolved for their own base purposes to invent virtue. These people 'thoroughly examined all the strength and frailties of our nature, and observing that none were either so savage as not to be charmed with praise or so despicable as patiently to bear contempt, justly concluded that flattery must be the most powerful argument that could be used to exalt human creatures.' They extolled our superiority over the other animals, and assured us that we were capable of the most noble achievements; and 'having by this artful way of flattery insinuated themselves into the hearts of men, they began to instruct them in the notions of honour and shame.' Thus mankind became divided into two classes: the 'wild grovelling wretches' who pursued nothing but the gratification of their own appetites, and the nobler creatures who reduced their appetites under the bondage of their reason, and thus obtained the mastery over their fellows. Thus by 'the skilful management of wary politicians' mankind was induced to stigmatise those actions which were harmful to the public as vicious, and to call those which were beneficial virtuous. Even the vilest were interested in maintaining this theory, inasmuch as they received a share of the benefits produced by virtue; and, at least, found their account in repressing the competition of other vile persons by advocating the new maxims. The doctrine is summed up in the aphorism that 'the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.' This preposterous caricature of modern utilitarianism is precisely analogous to the ordinary Deist doctrine that the sacred writings were simple forgeries. Virtue, like religion, was regarded as a mere

figment when it was no longer believed to come straight from heaven. The only alternative admitted to the supernatural origin of all the beliefs the possession of which distinguishes us from beasts was their deliberate invention. Virtue therefore naturally presents itself as a mere fashion, changing like taste in dress or in architecture. His argument, directed primarily against Shaftesbury, is simply an extension of that upon which Locke had conferred celebrity in the course of his attack upon innate ideas. Shaftesbury had tried to prove that the standard of taste was invariable; and upon that doctrine had founded his theory of morality. Mandeville plausibly enough argues that it is fluctuating and uncertain in the highest degree. Sometimes the florist admires the tulip, at other times the carnation. Beards are worn in one country and shaved in another. Broad-brimmed hats succeed narrow brims, and big buttons alternate with little ones. 'What mortal,' he asks, 'can decide which is handsomest abstract from the mode in being?' Our taste is the ultimate arbiter, and our taste varies indefinitely and capriciously. Now 'in morals there is no greater certainty.' The laws of marriage vary so widely that what is regarded as an abomination in one country is considered as perfectly becoming in another. A Mahomedan may regard wine drinking with an aversion as great as that which we reserve for the practices which we most abhor; and in both cases, the horror will be supposed to arise from nature. Which is the true religion? is the question which has caused more harm than all the other questions put together. At Pekin, at Constantinople, and at Rome you will receive three replies, utterly different, but equally peremptory. Is not the search after a single standard a mere wild-goose chase?

The argument is hardly calculated

to puzzle anyone at the present day. The believer in intuitive morality replies by pointing to certain primary beliefs which underlie the superficial variations; and the utilitarian replies, as Berkeley replied in substance and Hume with greater detail and completeness, by giving an external test of morality. Since different races have supposed different actions to be beneficial, the standard of morals has varied very widely; and since the beneficial tendency of certain actions is palpable, the variation has been confined within certain limits. By this reply, Mandeville, as he had explicitly stated the utilitarian criterion, should have been convinced. His purpose, however, being simply to startle the prejudices of his readers, he was content to dwell upon the difficulty without suggesting the answer. He was the more open to an easy apparent refutation; and, of the answers which he provoked, the most remarkable was the singularly clear and vigorous assault of William Law. Law, now chiefly remembered for his later divergence into mysticism, was amongst the very ablest controversialists of his age. Few of his contemporaries show the same vigour of reasoning, and it would be hard to mention one who can stand beside him for fervid eloquence. This book was re-published in 1844 with a preface by Mr. Maurice, and it is an amusing literary phenomenon to see Law's clear and manly English interpreted into the peculiar dialect of his expounder. A fog is drawn before the sun to help us to read. Law makes short work of Mandeville's superficial sophistries: he strikes them down at a single blow. An action, he says, is virtuous 'because it is in obedience to reason and the laws of God; it does not cease to be so because a body is formed by use or created by disposition easy and ready for the performance of it.' On Mandeville's strange

hypothesis that pity was not virtuous because spontaneous, 'all habits of virtue would be blameable' because all such habits make good actions more spontaneous. He, in short, who practises virtue with the least self-denial is the most virtuous man, for self-denial is not the essence, but an accident of virtue. Mandeville's attempt to prove virtue to be arbitrary is met as victoriously as his attempt to prove that it is not meritorious. The theory is self-contradictory. Science, says Law, is only an improvement of those first principles which nature has given us. The mathematician must start from axioms obvious to all mankind. Take them away and the science vanishes. 'Do but suppose *all* to be invented, and then it will follow that nothing could be invented in any science.' Morality would not be arbitrary, but inconceivable, if we had not some primary perceptions of right and wrong. The beautiful theory of a fiction started by hypothetical legislators is ingeniously parodied by a similar theory as to the origin of an erect posture. Some clever philosopher discovered that though man crept on the ground, he was made up of pride, and flattery might set him on his legs. They told him what a grovelling thing it was to creep on his legs like the meanest animals; and thus they 'wheeled him into the honour and dignity of walking upright to serve their own ambitious ends, and that they might have his hands to be employed in their drudgery.' Virtue is no mere cheat; it is 'founded in the immutable relations of things, in the perfections and attributes of God, and not in the pride of man or the craft of cunning politicians.'

This, and much more, is excellent logic—too good, one might think, to be thrown away upon such poor game as the big button theory of morality. And yet at this point there intrudes a certain doubt as

whether Law has really struck the vital point of Mandeville's theory. It is, doubtless, utterly absurd to suppose that men were cheated into virtue—as absurd as to suppose that they were cheated into an upright posture. The doctrine was only possible, even as an amusing paradox, in days when men could argue seriously that all the prophets and apostles were vulgar impostors. It might be summarily swept aside on to the rubbish heap, where extinct fallacies decay till they are picked up for the amusement of some student of human eccentricity. But Law's reply seems to assume that we are driven to a choice between two alternatives, neither of which is accepted by modern thinkers. Strauss does not hold that the early Christians were cheats, any more than he holds them to have been supernaturally inspired. The doctrines which they preached were the natural fruit of the human intellect working under certain conditions at a given stage of its development. The same change has passed over speculators upon morality. If not invented, it yet need not have been revealed. Man was not cheated into standing upright, nor was he made standing upright; the upright posture appeared at a certain period in the course of his development from monkeyhood. Prove, as Mandeville tried to prove, that morality was originally due to the working of certain simple passions, and it certainly will not follow that morality is a matter of mere arbitrary fashion, varying indefinitely in different times and countries, like the taste for big buttons. We shall rather be induced to accept another branch of the dilemma. If we go to the root of the matter, we should rather say that a taste for big buttons was itself the product of certain uniform laws, acting as inflexibly as those

which determine the details of our moral code. If morality is the creature of fashion, yet fashion is not the creature of chance, for chance has no existence. Springing from deeper and more uniform motives than those which regulate our taste in buttons, it is far less variable, but it is equally to be deduced from the workings of human nature and not from those vague entities, the 'immutable relations of things,' nor yet from our intuitions of the inconceivable essence of the Divine Nature. The *Fable of the Bees*, in fact, contains, in its crudest and most offensive form, the germ of what would now be called the derivative theory of morality, and falls into gratuitous perplexity by implicitly assuming chance as an objective reality, whilst in consistency Mandeville was bound to believe, and indeed actually professes his belief, in the universality of natural laws.

It is here, in fact, that we reach the logical foundation upon which Mandeville erected so strange a superstructure. The will of God (says Law) makes moral virtue our law. If we ask how this will appears, it is because we know that God is of infinite justice and goodness and truth. Every theologian must admit that this is the ultimate foundation of virtue; but the ever recurring difficulty cannot be evaded. Are God's justice and goodness the same with ours? Must we not derive our knowledge of the Deity from our moral ideas instead of inverting the process? If so, must we not discover some external basis for morality, and, in that case, where is it to be placed? Law's answer at this time, when driven to his ultimate standing-ground, would apparently have consisted in an appeal to the external evidences of Christianity.<sup>1</sup> Such thinkers, however, as Shaftesbury and Man-

<sup>1</sup> See his answer to Tindal's *Christianity as old as the Creation*.

deville, who, agreeing in little else, agreed in rejecting or ignoring the force of those evidences, were necessarily driven to a different answer. Law, in his anxiety to depreciate natural religion, declares that the light of nature amounts only to a 'bare capacity of receiving good or bad impressions, right or wrong opinions or sentiments, according to the state of the world we fall into.' Mandeville, sharing Law's contempt for human nature, would scarcely dispute this opinion; but he denied what Law strenuously asserted, that the light of revelation supplied the defects of nature. He calmly extinguishes both lights and leaves us to grope our way in the dark. Shaftesbury, on the contrary, maintains that the light of nature is abundantly sufficient by itself. The harmonies written everywhere on the face of the universe enable every reverent observer to discover the Creator. We 'look through nature up to nature's God.' Indeed, the essence of his theory is the identification of God with nature. His Deity is not the patron of a nation or a sect, or the inspirer of a priestly caste or a set of isolated fanatics, but the universal, immanent, and all-pervading essence. If not quite a Pantheist, he protests against that form of theology which represents God as an internal ruler, or as only one amongst many forces, though incomparably the most powerful of all. It is here that he comes into the most vital contrast with Mandeville. How, in fact, can theology which makes God a synonym with nature supply a basis for morality? As Pope said in the 'licentious stanza' afterwards omitted from the *Universal Prayer*—

Can that offend great nature's God,  
Which nature's self inspires?

Nature is an impartial and universal power: nature inspires hatred as well as love; and arms the murderer as well as the judge. It is

impossible, instead of wrong, to break the laws of nature; and morality understood as obedience to nature sanctions every action that ever was or ever will be performed. Shaftesbury's attempt at evasion, by calling some passions 'unnatural,' is either nugatory or involves the abandonment of his whole argument. The difficulty is that which, in one form or another, perplexes every attempt to substitute pure Deism for revealed religion. Nature is too vague a deity to supply intelligible motives for action, or to attract our love and reverence.

Butler's argument, both in the *Analogy* and in the *Sermons*, is intended to meet this difficulty. His purpose is to show that nature, when rightly interpreted, bears witness to the existence of a power external to itself. We can read the great riddle, obscurely indeed, but yet so as to answer Pope's question satisfactorily. Some things, he maintains, which nature's self inspires, may be shown to offend great nature's God most unequivocally. Mandeville, on the other hand, pronounces the riddle to be hopelessly insoluble. Nature is and ever must remain an unknown god; 'every part of her works, ourselves not excepted, is an impenetrable secret to us that eludes all enquiry.' The sufferings inflicted by nature are, with Butler, indications of Divine displeasure; with Mandeville, parts of a system, whose existence proves, indeed, that they have some purpose, but leaves that purpose utterly unintelligible. Nature makes animals feed upon each other. Waste of life, cruelty, lust, and voracity are the engines by which she works out her inscrutable purposes. Do you presume to blame them? 'All actions in nature, abstractly considered, are equally indifferent; and whatever it may be to individual creatures, to die is not a greater evil to this earth, or the whole universe, than it is to be born.' Every attempt at a

solution brings us back to the everlasting problem of the origin of evil. We see millions of living beings starved every year; we see the most exquisite organisms put together only to be purposely wasted. Nothing is too good to be eaten by the vilest of its fellow-creatures. A common fly, he argues rather quaintly, is a marvellous piece of workmanship, and yet flies are eaten in myriads by birds and spiders, which are of no use to us. The wondrous harmonies which excite Shaftesbury's easy rhetoric explain nothing. Look at nature impartially, and you must confess that admiration is balanced by horror. In seeking to enlarge our conceptions of Deity, He becomes too vague to excite any human emotion. You will not have a God who takes part with a section of the human race; and you find it impossible to esteem a God who takes part with virtue against vice, or with happiness against misery. When once the old anthropomorphic fancies are abandoned, nothing remains but a gulf of ignorance, across which no fine phrases can cast a trustworthy bridge. This, though it expresses the general tendency of Mandeville's argument, is not quite openly said; for, either to blind his purpose, or from real inconsistency, or, more probably, from love of paradox, he introduces an argument or two in favour of Providence, and even, ostensibly, in favour of the Divine origin of the Pentateuch.

Perhaps the most offensive, certainly the most original and instructive, part of Mandeville's reasoning, is in its application to society. It is curious to find the very questions which now cause the bitterest discussions cropping up, though of course in a cruder form, in the pages of Mandeville and Shaftesbury. The same battle is still raging, though the ground has a little shifted, and the combatants bring deadlier wea-

pons and greater stores of ammunition into the field.

Shaftesbury ridicules the Hobbesists as modern metaphysicians sneer at Mr. Darwin. How did man come into the world? Did he begin as a rudimentary embryo, from which presently sprouted here an eye, and there an ear, and then perhaps a tail, which luckily dropped off in time, leaving things, by good luck, just as they ought to be? 'Surely,' he says, 'this is the lowest view of the original affairs of human kind.' But recognise Providence instead of chance as the author of the world, and we must admit that the social affections are as natural to man as eyes and ears. Hobbes's state of nature implies a chaos which had no elements of stability. Society, too, must be natural to man, and it follows that he never did nor could exist without it. Shaftesbury, like Mr. Disraeli, is plainly 'on the side of the angels,' and would have taunted Mr. Huxley with his great-grandfather the ape. Mandeville replies in the spirit, and sometimes with the very arguments, of a modern believer in natural selection. Of nature, as a power apart from the phenomena which it governs, he knows nothing; and is, therefore, by no means disposed to sing hymns to it after the Shaftesbury fashion. We can only trace its purposes by its performances. 'Knowing, *à priori*, belongs to God only. . . . Wretched man, on the contrary, is sure of nothing, his own existence not excepted, but from reasoning, *à posteriori*.' Experience tells us that in the brute creation nature's great moving forces are pain, hunger, and suffering. Why should we look for anything different amongst mankind? The one great fact which we discover by observation is that which we have lately learnt to call the struggle for existence. Society, language, all that makes us differ from brutes, has been forced upon us by the conflict be-

tween our self-love and the conditions of our existence. The first thing that drove men to associate was probably the dread of wild beasts, as is testified by the legends of dragons and monsters which abound in all ancient history. The union was made firmer by their dread of each other. Pride, the universal prime mover, made the strongest and bravest force their dominion upon the weak and cowardly. The third step was the invention of letters, which made permanent laws possible, or, in other words, enabled men to take permanent precautions against the outbreaks of individual passions. Then followed the division of labour, which is the natural product of a peaceful state of society, and the groundwork of all civilisation. Religion arose from the natural tendency of children and savages to attribute feelings like their own to external objects; or, in Comtist phraseology, it began with fetishism. Legislators turned this fear of the invisible to account for strengthening the authority of the laws. Language is gradually developed out of the simple signs by which even brutes can make themselves mutually understood. Ages were doubtless required for its development, and to raise up politicians capable of putting the passions to their true use, and finally achieving the highest triumph of turning 'private vices into public benefits.' It is by slow degrees and by a series of successive failures that the machinery which is now fancied to be the direct work of nature was gradually brought to perfection. 'We often ascribe,' he says, 'to the excellency of man's genius, and the depth of his penetration, what is in reality owing to length of time, and the experience of many generations, all of them very little differing from one another in natural parts and sagacity; a truth which he ingeniously illus-

trates by the case of a man-of-war, the mechanism of which is now explained by clever engineers, but which was in fact put together by a steady application of the rule of thumb.

Arguments, such as these, have a strangely familiar sound. The dress rather than the substance is altered. Mandeville had not heard of Mr. Darwin's struggle for existence; he had not studied Mr. Tylor's investigations of savage life; he knew nothing of Malthus's laws of population or of Ricardo's analysis of the operations of modern competition. But the theory of the world which underlies his speculations, and the method for which it gives foundation, is pretty nearly identical. The world is the scene of a huge struggle of units driven by conflicting passions, and their mutual pressure gives for its final result all those complex social and intellectual products which others attribute to providential interference. Would you unravel the plan of this mysterious and shifting scene, it is in vain to rely upon *à priori* reasonings, or to fancy that you can discover the purposes of the hidden Creator. By observing the results you can discover how the phenomena are generated, and what laws they obey; but why the laws should be these, and none other, is beyond the reach of our intelligence. The historical cause may be discovered; the final cause is inscrutable. The modern man of science and the old reckless cynic agree in the resolution to look facts in the face, and to reject—sometimes rashly and brutally—anything that is not a hard tangible fact. Hunger, lust, self-love are forms which cannot be overlooked, but the finer creations of awe, reverence, and humanity may be dismissed as mere phantoms are resolved into coarser elements. If you wish to examine into the origin of things, it is extremely convenient to discard as non-existent



everything that defies a simple analysis. And thus it was tempting to regard human beings as moving exclusively under the influence of brutal and selfish passions, which are palpable to the most cursory observer, and which, by a little dexterous manipulation, can be made to account for everything. There is certainly enough self-deceit and hypocrisy and cruelty and selfishness in the world to be an awkward obstacle for optimists of the Shaftesbury type. So many things are humbugs, that it is but a step to declare everything to be a humbug, except the one moving force which we so dexterously disguise from ourselves and from each other. Assume that selfishness is to human beings what gravitation is to the planetary bodies, and the task of the psychologist is marvellously simplified. You say that the discovery is degrading; well, Mandeville would reply, I want to discover the truth, not to flatter your pride; and, on the same principle, you might call astronomy or physiology degrading. You are too proud to admit that the earth is not the centre of the universe, that you are made of flesh and bones, or that you have feelings in common with an ape; but, if those are the facts, what is the use of struggling against their recognition? Your dreams are pleasant; but it does not answer in the long run to mistake a dream for a reality.

The weak and the strong sides of the two theories are curiously contrasted. Each writer, of course, can resolutely ignore whatever is inconsistent with his hypotheses; it must be a very dull or a very acute philosopher who does not find that process necessary. Whilst Shaftesbury placidly shuts his eyes to the sin and suffering which offer insoluble problems to the consistent optimist, Mandeville seems almost to gloat over evils which may serve to perplex his adver-

saries. Nature, so far from exciting rapturous enthusiasm, appears to him almost as a Moloch, delighting in the tortures of her creatures. Not that he is horror-struck or driven to despair. What is the use of being angry with the inevitable, or puzzling our heads over the inscrutable? Let us take what we can get in this blind, fierce struggle, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can under the circumstances.

Virtue is an empty pretence; for upon what can the service of this terrible deity repose except upon a clever calculation of our own interests? To feather our own nests as warmly as may be is our only policy in this pitiless storm. Lust and pride are realities; to gratify them is to secure the only genuine enjoyment. It is necessary, indeed, to use the conventional varnish of fine phrases, for flattery is a more potent instrument of success than open defiance of the world. But nothing is substantially satisfactory which is not perceptible to the senses. Mandeville, in short, is the legitimate precursor of those materialists of the last century who acknowledged the existence of nothing that could not be touched, tasted, and handled, and who were accustomed to analyse man into so much hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, and declare that nothing remained to be discovered. Ridicule his conclusions by all means, as much as you please: condemn still more unequivocally the cynical levity with which he abolishes virtue, and proclaims the world to be a hateful farce. No language could be too strong to convey our protest against such theories, were it not that they are too dead to need much protesting. But after all is said that can or need be said, there is yet something on the other side. Mandeville's picture of the origin of society is far nearer the truth than Shaftesbury's, or than that of

most contemporary philosophers. Partly, it is because his theories, which are a libel on civilised mankind, are not so far wrong when applied to man still half-brutal, and only showing the rudiments of religion or morality. But partly, too, the comparative accuracy of his results is due to the fact that his method is sound, though his spirit is detestable. An unflinching scepticism is a necessary, though a disagreeable stage on the road to truth. Beautiful theories must be questioned however attractive, and phantoms laid whatever consolation they may have conferred. Mandeville, it is true, represents scepticism in its coarsest and most unlovely stage. He has taken the old theological system, and retained all that was degrading whilst summarily destroying what was elevating. If man be regarded as altogether vile, it is necessary to account for virtue by admitting the existence of some Divine element. But Mandeville will have nothing to do with the supernaturalism which has become incredible to him, nor with Shaftesbury's attempt to make nature itself Divine, which he regards as mere flimsy bombast. And thus he leaves nothing but a bare hideous chaos, entirely godless in the sense that it neither bears internal traces of Divine harmony nor of the interference of Divine powers from without. Denying the reality of virtue, he sees no

reason for providing any new form of belief round which the nobler impulses may gather. In short, he exhibits the result of taking the old theology and simply leaving out God. The result is naturally appalling. We have chaos without even a hint that some reconstructive process is necessary to supply the place of the old order. Theologians of the Warburton school so far agreed with him that they removed all Divine action as far as possible, and apparently held that God once interfered with the Jews, but had long given up any interest in the world. Their arguments pretty nearly come to this, that there is enough evidence to prove that there once was a God; and that, as there is no evidence of the contrary, we must suppose that He exists still, though He carefully preserves His incognito. Theology of that variety is not much more edifying, and is a good deal less frank, than Mandeville's practical atheism. To say this, though not quite in plain words, and to say it with a grin, does not imply a very noble character. Yet we may admit a kind of gratitude to the man whose sweeping demolition of the ancient superstructure evidences the necessity of some deeper and sounder process of reconstruction, and who, if the truth must be spoken, has after all written a very amusing book.

L. S.



## THE WORKMEN OF PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

## PART I.

## I

THE tremendous events which occurred in France during the years 1870 and 1871 have not wanted historians. No sooner was peace signed and order restored than, from every man who had acted a part in the drama just brought to a close, sprang a book commenting upon the origin and the course of the misfortunes of France. In turn, generals, diplomatists, ministers defiled before the public, each of them holding in his hand a volume destined to prove that he had been a clever tactician, a far-sighted ambassador, a provident secretary of state, at the very time when public opinion accused him of military ignorance, of diplomatic blindness, of reckless statesmanship. Such was, indeed, the general strain of those writings. I permit myself to give a sketch of their contents in somewhat ironical terms; but had I spoken in a more serious tone, I should none the less have felt bound to state that, composed as they are from a personal point of view, the books I allude to do not go far to settle the historical truth with regard to the facts to which they refer. At best, they lead to this result, that France, recovering from her wounds, and seeing so many great men at her bedside, can no longer make out how she was brought to the very brink of death.

As for myself, while taking up the pen to describe some events *quorum pars fui*, I do not assume to avoid all the faults with which I reproach others. It is difficult, all but impossible I may say, to speak of a great historical crisis without our words bearing the stamp of the political feelings of the mind that inspires them. Yet, as I have neither statesmanship nor general-

ship of my own to vindicate, I am less trammelled than many others in reporting about the events with which I was connected. Besides, convinced as I am that nothing has proved so disastrous to my country as those complimentary and delusive utterances through which it is imposed upon by its statesmen and writers, I consider it my duty not to shrink from saying aloud what I think to be the truth, though this truth may strike home to some.

There is, for instance, a question which still remains unsolved in the eyes of a great many. What were the bearing, the tendencies, the deeds of the workmen of Paris during the siege? Were they unappreciated by Trochu, or was this general entitled to disregard them? No question has been more distorted than this, and yet none requires to be more clearly and frankly decided, since it involves the sentence which posterity will pass upon the general and the ministers who represented in Paris the Government of the National Defence. Paris and its workmen were heroic, says one. They were not willing to fight, replies the other. Then the verdict, wavering from one extreme to the other, rests ungiven by the great majority of the public.

In fact, the subject is complex, and does not admit of being settled by an aye or a no. I mean that if we have a right to contend that the working classes of Paris were more boisterous than useful during the siege, we are at the same time compelled to confess that they might have been utilised and pushed on against the enemy. Thus, Trochu may, on the one hand, be excused for not having marched up such unwilling masses, whilst, on the other hand, he stands guilty of having overlooked or despised the

causes of this unwillingness. A few explanations are necessary to elucidate this opinion.

It would be a great mistake to believe that the Government which, on the 4th of September, undertook to face the German invasion brought upon the country by the Empire, was popular with the Parisian working classes. No doubt, the men who composed it had had their hour of popularity; but popularity soon wears away in Paris, and moreover, such characters as Jules Favre, Garnier Pagès, Simon, Picard, &c., were far from representing the Socialist tendencies now blending with the Republican principles in the minds of the artisans. Then, the accession to power of the Government of the National Defence was received, so far as the workmen were concerned, by a manifest display of distrust. The steps taken at once by the delegates of these workmen in order to obtain pledges from the Government are a proof of that distrust, whilst the manner in which these steps were received goes to show that the men of September wished to rely only on the bourgeoisie which had helped them to the Hôtel de Ville.

A very wrong way, indeed, was that they took on this important occasion. To throw itself in the arms of a bourgeoisie, which they ought to have known was too much enervated to be susceptible of military training, was a gross blunder nearly approaching madness when we trace it back to the time of its being committed. At such a time, it was the duty of the Government to silence its political preferences and to ally itself to that part of the population in which self-devotion and disinterested courage still survived—I mean the workmen. But this wise course was not taken. On the contrary, all the decrees issued by the Government were calculated to arouse the distrust already prevailing against it among the working classes.

General Schmidt, a rank Bonapartist, an intimate friend of the celebrated Count Montauban de Palikao, one of those officers who gave the Communists the example of arson, by setting fire to the Chinese summer palace, was appointed the chief of Trochu's staff. General Vinoy, a senator, was promoted to an important command. Admiral La Roncière, whose wife had been the governess of the children of Prince Napoleon, became the commander of several forts. And so on. In short, had Napoleon III. returned to Paris, he would have had scarcely anything to do for the generalships to be distributed according to his own wishes and predilections.

More ill-advised doings can hardly be imagined. I am not of those who foolishly pretend that generals could have been improvised out of mere civilians, and opposed on the battle-field to the long-trained chief officers of the German army. But it was easy to choose from among the many colonels of the army, men as capable of heading a corps of troops as were La Roncière, Vinoy, and their Bonapartist colleagues. At all events, nothing was so disgraceful and sickening to Republican eyes as the sight of these Imperialist abettors so recklessly trusted by a Government not without good reasons for declining their services.

I need not lay stress on these facts to convey an idea of the sad and uproarious effect they produced in the faubourgs of Paris. It may be asserted that, from this moment, the workmen made up their minds not to fight under such chiefs. 'They dislike us, and would lead us to the slaughter-house,' was the general cry adopted in the popular meetings. Of course, certain leaders of the people, who, it is impossible to deny, were more anxious to pave the way to a revolution than to take the field against the Germans, did not fail to encourage those feelings.

## II

In the preceding lines, I have endeavoured to convey an exact notion of the state of public spirit at the outset of the siege. The bourgeoisie, I have said, corrupted by the Empire, sunk in love of riches, was, with a few honourable exceptions, reluctant to fight. On the other hand, the workmen, indignant at the presence of so many Bonapartist officers at head-quarters, resolved to fold their arms until a new Government had enabled them to enlist under less suspected chiefs. I will quote the following facts in confirmation.

In the beginning of October, it was decided by the members of the Government to ask the population of Paris for 100,000 volunteers. This was a wise measure. From the first days of September, the population of Paris—that is, the National Guards—had been drilled twice a day, and so stood fair for supplying from among them 100,000 men to be sent to the outposts, mustered beside the regular army, and launched against the enemy. Then the Government made a proclamation; it stated that the hour had struck when the besieged ought to cut their way through the Prussian ranks; that the regular army was not large enough to undertake by itself so trying a task; that to have it assisted by the whole body of the National Guards would be as absurd as impossible; that, in fine, the help of 100,000 volunteers<sup>1</sup> would be sufficient to allow of the plans of General Trochu being carried out. At the same time, registers were opened in the several mayoralties of Paris for the volunteers to inscribe their names, and the press did its best to stir up the spirit of the population. In spite of all these efforts, the appeal

to volunteers turned out a failure. No more than 10,000 men, out of 300,000 National Guards, answered the call of Trochu, and the Government, in order to enroll the troops it wanted, was compelled to force upon the Parisians a decree by virtue of which every man from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age was marched out.

That the population of the capital endured, without uttering any complaint, the many privations connected with the siege, I readily admit. I am even happy to pay here a tribute of admiration to those women of the people whom so often I saw waiting, during many hours, in the nipping cold, at the door of a baker or of a butcher, for a piece of black bread or a bit of horse-flesh to be taken back to the children at home. But this forbearance of the Parisians and this resignation to their fate must not be mistaken for heroism.

## III

I was always satisfied that the result of the appeal to volunteers was a shock to General Trochu. Thenceforth he must have despaired of sparing Paris the shame of a capitulation. Cheered, as he had been, by the bourgeoisie on the day when on their shoulders he was carried on to the Hôtel de Ville; deafened, as he was, from morning to night, by the shouts of those battalions of bourgeois which paraded beneath his windows, crying out that they were ready to die for their country, he had a right to think that his call would be listened to by them. He was entitled to feel confident that a host of gentlemen, of good standing and education, would rally round him. Then, heading all this gentry, he would have taken the field without caring any more for the roughs of Belleville

<sup>1</sup> Volunteers should have been men consenting to serve just like regular soldiers for all the duration of the siege, though maintaining their character of National Guards. I mean that they should have formed a distinct corps, as did the 'marching battalions,' the organisation of which is described farther on.

and Montmartre. Such very likely were his dreams of that time, and I clearly realise how hard to his soul was the fall of his illusions. Yet anything might have been repaired had Trochu been another man, less prejudiced, less inclined to bend under the sway of the priesthood. Let him issue a proclamation to the workmen; let him silence, with those energetic and beautiful expressions of his which never failed his pen, the empty declamations of the agitators of the faubourgs; let him, in a word, speak to the people in the language of the people, and they may, perhaps, run up to his appeal and enable him to snatch victory. For they are brave those men, as they will prove in the civil war to come, when struggling against the army of Versailles. However, Trochu remains inactive, and from his lips, in a whisper, falls again the melancholy sentence, 'The defence of Paris is an heroic folly.'

What better conclusion could I find to this first part of my paper than the report of certain facts which, witnessed by me and susceptible of being still tested, sum up and confirm the explanations previously given. I belonged, during the siege, to the 16th arrondissement of Paris, in which two battalions of National Guards were recruited. The one, formed under the Empire, consisted only of bourgeois; the other, organised on the 6th of September, comprised only workmen. The former<sup>2</sup> mustered about 2,900 men; the second, of which I became the chief, numbered 1,800 men. Now, when the appeal to volunteers was made, the workmen of this latter battalion at first seemed disposed to ignore it, on the same grounds which caused its failure in the other quarters of the capital. Yet it turned out that the officers of this troop

were fortunate enough to counterpoise, by the confidence with which they inspired the men, the general distrust displayed against the members of the Government, and still excited by certain acts already defined. Those officers declared that, whatever might be the blunders committed by the Government, the moment was not opportune for discussing them; that the duty of every man, particularly of a Republican, at such a critical period, was to go forward to the battle-field, without caring for the political feelings of the generals who had there pitched their tents. In short, better to die than to sneak away from mere opposition, was the substantial decision arrived at by the workmen of the 16th arrondissement, a decision in pursuance of which 750 of them put down their names on the register at the mayoralty. At the same time, the battalion of bourgeois, already mentioned, supplied six volunteers! Such facts are conclusive. They evidence what I said, to wit, that the bourgeoisie of Paris, if it faced with equanimity the privations of the siege, lacked this courage which should have led it outside the walls; that the workmen of Paris, if they kept aloof like the upper classes, were susceptible of being inspirited. That is just what I intended to demonstrate.

## PART II.

### I

THE period to which I previously referred is that of the commencement of the siege. I have examined the conduct of the bourgeois and that of the workmen from a military point of view, and have concluded that neither of them, though from different motives, lent at that time any material assistance to the

<sup>2</sup> The number of battalions of National Guards recruited in an arrondissement was far from being the same in all. Some arrondissements comprised ten battalions each, others six, others four, &c. The number of men mustered in a battalion varied also in the different battalions. Some battalions consisted of 2,500 or 2,800 men, others of 1,500 or 1,800.

defence of Paris. My present purpose is to investigate the manner in which the National Guards, marched out by virtue of a decree, after the failure of the appeal to volunteers, behaved themselves at the outposts or on the battle-fields.

For the understanding of the present narrative, I must enter into some technical details. In every battalion of National Guards, four companies had been formed which comprised, in compliance with the decree of the Government, the men of from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age. These companies were called 'marching companies' or 'marching battalion,' and wore a special uniform, but retained the number of the battalion from which they had been drawn, and which was their rallying centre when they returned home after some days of duty at the outposts. The portion of the battalions, including the Guards not compelled to serve outside the walls, was called the 'sedentary battalion.' The marching companies were sent in turn to the outposts, and generally detained there for a week or a fortnight, whilst the sedentary companies mounted guard along the fortifications, each guard being of twenty-four hours' duration.

Now, I am bound to say that the behaviour of several marching companies at the outposts was often very disgraceful. Many of them, belonging to the battalions of Belleville and Montmartre, indulged in drunkenness and ran away before the enemy. As a rule, the officers in these battalions had scarcely any hold on their men. Appointed, in each company, by the votes of their soldiers, and generally deficient in those personal qualities which enable a man to keep his authority, though derived from popular vote, beyond the perpetual reach of universal suffrage, they only thought of maintaining good relations with their privates, who turned them out if not pleased

with their dealings and proceeded to new elections. Of course the generals, under whose command such companies were placed, did not lose the opportunity of complaining of them. Perfectly aware of their being distrusted and disliked by the workmen, they showed great eagerness in exposing the conduct of such of them as have been just alluded to. Their reports, forwarded to the Place Vendôme, the head-quarters of the National Guards, were commented on by Clément Thomas, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards, in his orders of the day. Poor General Clément Thomas was shot, it is known, on the day when the revolution of the 18th of March broke out. Undoubtedly his execution was a revenge for the courageous and somewhat pitiless manner in which he had made public the disorderly acts of some marching companies from Belleville and Montmartre.

Yet, such doings were not general. In opposition to them, I may quote the reconnoitring executed by my battalion at Bondy, a *sortie* much talked of and hailed with a warm reception when we defiled, some days after, along the boulevards, because it was the first time that workmen were put to the test in the field. But, at all events, the Government would have done better to reinedy drunkenness and bad officership than to stigmatise them in its bulletins. Without encroaching upon the principle of universal suffrage with regard to the appointment of officers, it might have decreed that, whenever a vacancy should occur in a company for the rank of lieutenant or captain, candidates willing to stand for these functions should be put through an examination—previously to their canvassing—before a committee appointed to this end in each arrondissement. Such examinations would have been, of course, very easy to pass, and intended to test the morality

of the candidate more than anything else. In this way, only men worthy of commanding would have offered themselves to the votes of the National Guards.

Unfortunately, the Government always seemed more desirous to find the workmen at fault than to turn them to account. Perhaps, had the generals who headed the army outside the walls displayed more confidence in the final result of the siege, it would have felt bound to surmount its repugnance towards the working classes, and to come to an understanding with them. But those generals never uttered a word but testified their discouragement. Clément Thomas himself, whilst giving orders for the equipment of the marching battalions, declared in private to an officer of his staff, who repeated it to me, that all these expenses would be useless, and that their only purpose was to keep up the spirits of the population. In such a frame of mind, the Government, far from endeavouring to stretch its military means, was almost unconsciously inclined to give way to every circumstance which might become an excuse for the foreshadowed capitulation. Then, between it and the workmen, matters went on in the strain I have already described. Distrust grew more and more in both camps. In short, this dreadful misunderstanding between the people and its rulers, which was to end in the revolution of the Commune, began to take deep root.

## II

When describing the battle of Waterloo, M. Thiers exclaims somewhere: 'But there was still time to change the course of events, had Grouchy answered the call of the cannon.' In imitation of the great chronicler of the First Empire, I will say that, in spite of all its blunders, an hour came before the end of the siege when the Government could have blotted out all its faults if it had been shrewd enough to grasp

the opportunity which offered itself in the shape of a sudden change in the feelings of the majority of the population of Paris.

We are now in the last days of the siege. Paris, cut off for four months from every communication with the outer world, begins to get feverish and tired. Bread is no longer any more than a compound of straw, potatoes, white beans, and earth, which scrapes the throat as it passes through it. Fuel is scarce and dear. Horse-flesh tries the most robust digestion. Mortality increases in frightful proportions. Children die by hundreds. Shells continue to pour over St. Denis, Point du Jour, and all the advanced points of Paris. Then 'Out with the enemy!' becomes the general cry raised by the population. Upon them necessity at length has forced the consciousness of their duties.

In presence of this burst of patriotism, what will the Government do? Will it take advantage of this rising ardour to make a last and strenuous effort against the besiegers, or will it consider it as one of those fussy displays in which Parisians excel? This latter view prevails. The Government cannot believe in the new military fervour of a bourgeoisie which, up to that time, has carefully kept aloof from the battle-field. As to the workmen, they are none the more people to be trusted to; to-day they ask for the *trouée*; to-morrow they will require that this hole through the German ranks may be made under the direction of Flourens, instead of being bored by Vinoy. In the eyes of the Government, bourgeois and workmen appear so many braggarts, who, though wishing now to fight, will fly away to-morrow if they are exposed to the range of the needle-guns. That this opinion was, in some measure, warranted, arises out of my previous explanations. That it was that of the rulers of Paris proceeds from what I am about to report—the battle of Buzenval.



## III

I was a soldier, and it was my lot to take part in several engagements; yet, such a thing as the battle of Buzenval I declare that I never saw. It was on the 17th of January that my marching battalion was ordered to muster on the next day, at ten o'clock in the morning, near the Arc de Triomphe, close to the Champs Elysées. At the appointed hour we were in readiness, and an hour after, having been joined by three other marching battalions<sup>3</sup> placed with mine under the command of a colonel, we began to go down the Avenue de la Grande Armée, that leads to the Porte Maillot, and thence to Neuilly, where we were to halt. The distance from the Arc de Triomphe to the church of Neuilly might have been walked in three-quarters of an hour. Yet it was five o'clock when we arrived at Neuilly; one of those useless barricades built up by poor Henri Rochefort had balked us, the men being obliged to pass one by one, and several regiments which preceded us having had to cross the impediment previously to our turn coming. I have never made out why this barricade had not been blown up in order to facilitate the passage of the troops.

In Neuilly, order is given to stand, with piled arms as usual. A drizzling rain has been falling for two days. The soil is muddy. What are we going to do? Are we to fight in the evening? Each of us foresees a battle, but when it is to take place nobody knows. At eight o'clock the men are permitted to shelter themselves, and to sleep in the surrounding empty houses. A ration of bread, horse-flesh, coffee, and wine, is delivered to them; they are informed they must live upon it for two days. At eleven

o'clock the chiefs of battalion are summoned to the colonel's. A great battle will be fought to-morrow morning in front of Fort Valérien, the objective of which will be Versailles. Ducrot will attack the Prussians at Rueil; Bellemare at Buzenval; Vinoy at Montretout. We belong to Bellemare's corps, and our battle-field must be the park of Buzenval. Our men ought to be awakened at once, and drawn up as soon as possible in the Avenue de Neuilly. Very well; it would have been better to send them to bed on their arrival at Neuilly, since they have had now but three hours of rest, thanks to the manner in which things have been managed. But never mind, they will get up all the same. At one o'clock we set off, and a tiring march it is, because, the artillery occupying the whole middle of the road, we have only the sides to walk upon. So much the better: this time at least we shall not need those field-guns the want of which, people say, has so often caused our defeats.

On our arriving at Courbevoie Circus, an order reaches us to turn to the left, that we may make for a road that runs along Fort Valérien. Another barricade stands in front of us, and takes a long time to pass. It would have been well to demolish it beforehand. At length the obstacle is cleared; we are told to double the pace; we run along Fort Valérien, and then turn to the right, debouching into vineyards, where the foot sinks to the ankle. It is now six o'clock; the men are exhausted, having marched at a pace continually impeded by artillery, barricades, orders and counter-orders. We march as quickly as we can through the vineyards; we go down a slope and find before us a long and high wall. 'Stop!' our colonel cries out.

<sup>3</sup> The young painter, Henri Regnault, who was killed at Buzenval, belonged to one of these battalions. No one has forgotten the two masterly works of his which were exhibited in London last year—the portrait of Prim and *The Execution*.

The wall forms the base of the park of Buzenval. A general rides to and fro along it. We are told it is General Valentin,<sup>4</sup> one of the generals of brigade belonging to Bellemare's corps. On a wave of his hand a captain of engineers and a few men approach the wall, and, by means of dynamite, blow up a portion of it. As soon as the breach is made, General Valentin turns to us: 'You are Republicans,' he says, 'are you not? Well, then, you must not care about your lives when your country is at stake. Now, look at those heights upon which stands the castle of Buzenval. The Prussians are there; you must dislodge them. Forward!'

All the marching battalions of National Guards and the battalions of the line, which constitute Valentin's brigade, rush on into the park, from the upper end of which ply the German needle-guns. But a great number of soldiers of the line, when in the park, refuse to go farther, and remain in the lower part of it, insulting the National Guards. 'It is you,' they say, 'who ask for the *trouée*: make it yourselves; that does not concern us.' This mark of the touching intimacy which links to each other the sundry corps of troops engaged in the defence of Paris is not an encouraging omen. Yet we go forward, and compel the Prussians to give way. After a little time our flag waves at the top of the castle of Buzenval. What shall we do now? On our left we hear the cannon of Vinoy; but on our right no gun fires, Ducrot being much behind his time. And our own artillery, where is it? We were so pleased to see it defile amongst us this morning. It would be the proper time for it to begin to pour its shells. Our artillery is stuck somewhere in the mud, and this loop-holed wall at

the end of the park, from behind which the needle-guns assail us, will still set us at defiance. No; here are a captain of engineers and his company; surely they have plenty of dynamite in their knapsacks. 'Captain,' said I, 'will you be good enough to rid us of this wall? You may see how easily the Prussians aim at us through its loop-holes.' 'Very sorry,' replies the officer, 'but I cannot do anything without orders; such are my instructions.' I look for a general or a colonel without being able to find one. I go down the park, and meeting there my colonel,<sup>5</sup> explain to him my situation. 'I regret it very much, but cannot assist you. There are no orders at all.' And an officer of his staff added, 'A few minutes ago, I applied for instructions to General Bellemare, and he replied, "The only orders I have to give are that the National Guards wish to make the *trouée*, and that they may make it if they can."' Well, but the National Guards cannot go on if you do not show them the way. I return to my men; they continue to fight with the loop-holed wall, after the example of Don Quixote and his windmills. A company tries to escalate it; half the men are shot point-blank. Decidedly it is a strange affair. Was the battle seriously intended and thoroughly organised? is a question I begin to put to myself.

At four o'clock an officer is sent up the park to order all the battalions which have been fighting since morning to retreat. Other troops, he says, are marching to relieve us. We take leave of the loop-holed wall and begin to draw off. A great many of us (one out of four) have been wounded or killed; nobody understands anything of what

<sup>4</sup> General Valentin was appointed Prefect of Police on the 17th of March, 1871. This appointment of a general to an office generally filled by a civilian caused a great excitement in Paris.

<sup>5</sup> This colonel, an able and energetic officer, the son of General de Brancion, killed at Sebastopol, was one of the military advisers of the Government.

has happened in the day. In fact, it was a curious day; no chiefs, no orders, and no cannons.

I again meet my colonel. He orders me to lead my battalion somewhere in the vineyards, beyond the range of the Prussian bullets. And after? Shall we return to the battle-field when we have had some rest? He does not know. As soon as he gets instructions he will communicate them to me. We make for the vineyards, ascending the slope we descended in the morning. But now the vineyards are rather hot quarters, for the German shells fall thick upon them. It is a great pity that our artillery cannot reply to this fire. Alas, it is always stuck in the mud, with the exception of four guns and two mitrailleuses, which have got out of the mess and try to answer the Prussian batteries. We go farther on, and it is my chance to pick up, by the way, a new proof of that union between the defenders of Paris which I pointed out elsewhere. Having been obliged to retrace my steps for a few minutes, in order to call some men who were about losing our track, I happened to be surrounded by a battalion of Mobiles, who threatened to shoot me as being one of those National Guards who have prevented the capitulation being signed long ago. These Mobiles are the very Bretons whom the pious press of Paris extol, on the ground that they ask for the benediction of their chaplain before fighting. Having had a narrow escape from amongst those friends of M. Veuillot, I continue my way, and a short while after we halt at a place where the German shells cannot injure us. Let us wait here for orders, and in the meanwhile go to bed on the ground. The firing begins to slacken, when we lie down after eating the crumbs of our dinner of the previous day. Is the battle at its end? No news reaches us nor the other troops encamped by us.

The following morning, the battle-field is silent on both sides. We are commanded to rally at Neuilly, and we there meet an officer who tells us to return to Paris. Matters appear more and more unintelligible. Everyone agrees in saying that the positions taken up the day before were maintained until night, and were then voluntarily abandoned. Everyone asserts that only 12,000 National Guards, out of 60,000 who were in readiness outside Paris, have been engaged. Everyone does justice to their courage. Now the Government issues a proclamation stating that a flag of truce will be sent at once to the Prussians in order that we may get time to bury our dead. The rulers of Paris seem depressed and desperate at the hour when, for the first time, the capital thrills with the fever of fighting. What does all this mean?

## IV

On the day but one after, I am sent for by my colonel. I find him walking to and fro in his sitting-room. He is rather pale, and seems quite uneasy with regard to what he is about to say. At last, breaking silence, 'You experienced heavy losses in your battalion on the 19th, did you not?' 'Yes, very heavy indeed, as we were standing foremost from morning till evening.' 'Then your men must have had enough of fighting?' 'Not in the least. Since they have been sent back to Paris, they speak of nothing else but recommencing the game.' 'Indeed!' and then the colonel paused. After which, stepping up to me and tapping me on the shoulder, 'All is over,' he said, sadly. 'Jules Favre is just now at Versailles to settle the conditions of the capitulation. The only thing you have to do, if you wish to serve your country, is to check the enthusiasm of your men, and to prove to them that the siege cannot be protracted any longer.'

'But why did the Government give battle if it intended to capitulate on the morrow? It has wantonly wasted a great many lives.' 'Yes, but Paris asked for the *trouée*, and, at a council of war which was held the day before the battle, and comprised all generals and colonels, it was decided to give satisfaction to the public feelings.' Thence the battle of Buzenval.

## V

I return home pensive and dull. Everything is now clear to my mind. The battle of Buzenval has been a sort of sham-fight for all those who prepared it, and so our chiefs were nearly invisible to us because men, however brave they may be, do not care to expose themselves when they know beforehand it is useless. We have given battle in front of Fort Valérien because the Government thought that the guns of this fort would be very useful to stop the enemy when the National Guards would run away, as it supposed they could not fail to do. In short, the Government has not believed at all in the burst of patriotism which the population has shown for some days; and if it gave to this patriotism an opportunity of displaying itself in the field, it was in the secret hope that all this excitement would be converted, under the influence of the needle-guns, into a dejectedness leading to a general claim for capitulation. Matters have turned out otherwise, and the Government has to force the necessity of a capitulation on the public mind,

when it hoped that this necessity would be imposed upon it, after the battle, by the population. All this is very sad; Paris remains feverish, and out of this fever, which has not been utilised against the Prussians, will spring a revolution.

## VI

I have finished, and my conclusion<sup>6</sup> is this: Undoubtedly, the workmen of Paris, regarded from the military point of view, did not do during the siege what they might have done, had they put aside for a time the political questions in favour of the military ones. In the last days, it is true, they adopted this course and fought with great spirit at the battle of Buzenval; but their courage was not believed in, nor turned to account, because it displayed itself too late. On the other hand, the Government never made any conciliatory attempt with the working classes, and was even incapable of feeling their pulse on the days previous to the capitulation. So, in my opinion, faults were committed on both sides; and if I am called upon to say which of these two sides—Government or workmen—was the less guilty, I unhesitatingly answer: the workmen. At first they were ill-advised by some agitators anxious to climb to power with their help. Besides, we must remember that, in France, workmen have a right to be diffident of every Government, since they have been always cheated and crushed by that of the moment, even when it styled itself—Republic.

J. DE BOUTELLÉE.

<sup>6</sup> This conclusion involves a strong disapprobation of the political attitude of General Trochu during the siege. Yet such a criticism of it as the foregoing paper implies must not be mistaken for an approval of the petty and unworthy accusations which it is the fashion in Paris to prefer against the ex-governor of the capital. General Trochu was not equal to the occasion, and could not be so, because his mind, stern and wrapped in a religious mysticism, was unable to enter into contact with the sceptical working classes.



## PRINCIPAL TULLOCH ON RATIONAL THEOLOGY AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.<sup>1</sup>

THE negative reply recently given by Strauss to the question, 'Are we Christians?' has no doubt startled a good many people in this country besides the Premier. In itself, however, there is nothing very surprising in Dr. Strauss' formal renunciation of what he understands by Christianity. It is the natural result of his strong mental tendencies, the significant consummation of his previous labours, the crown of a growingly negative but singularly consistent career. With all his well-known gifts and varied scientific attainments, his mind has always been deficient in the deeper and more essential elements of religious life. His writings everywhere display ample knowledge, trained critical power, intellectual sincerity, and high, if somewhat mournful, moral courage. But they are marvellously deficient in sympathy and insight, in emotional fulness and range, in intellectual light, and imaginative power. This last deficiency is a serious drawback in historical studies of any kind, and most of all in historical studies whose interest and value lie mainly in the moral phenomena they present. In these the illuminating power of sympathy and imagination are absolutely essential to success, essential even to the adequate perception of the facts to be explained. Without some power of this kind, the facts cannot be realised, much less interpreted. Strauss lacks, however, not only strength and delicacy of spiritual feeling and perception, but the vividness of imagination that might in part supply their place, that enables some critics to apprehend

realities and relationships lying beyond the range alike of their personal experience and power of logical analysis. In harmony with this central defect, Dr. Strauss has from the first looked at Christianity in its temporary, shifting, outside aspects, in its more extreme historical and dogmatic claims, rather than on its spiritual side, in its profounder moral elements and results. Looked at from the outside, the more elaborate as well as the ruder dogmatic and ascetic developments of Christianity would be sure to yield to a negative criticism like Strauss'; and it is most desirable for the welfare of humanity they should. And those who, taking this narrow, superficial view, identify Christianity with these developments, would naturally regard the refutation of its dogmatic and ascetic extravagances as fatal to its existence in any form. A hard and severely logical mind like Strauss', applying a negative criticism to the externals of Christianity, would be almost sure to land where he has landed.

The truth is, mere logical analysis is no sufficient or exhaustive gauge of vital elements and relationships, and when rigorously employed for this purpose is sure to issue not only in negative, but in essentially fallacious results. It may successfully expose the extravagant pretensions of principles that are permanent elements in human nature and the erratic ramifications of powers that are amongst the most beneficent agencies of human life. But the principles survive the attack, and the powers quickened by the purifying contact of hostile

<sup>1</sup> *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century.* Two Vols. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College in the University of St. Andrews. Blackwood and Sons,

forces will manifest themselves in new and nobler forms. The method employed by Strauss against Christianity might be applied with equal success to any of the primary forces and relationships of life. In reply to the question, 'Are we Christians?' we might pertinently ask, for example, 'Are we parents and children, brothers and sisters?' Take the fact of paternity and the relations arising out of it. They could not theoretically survive the rigorous application of the negative and narrow method of criticism. It is one of those facts which, in the nature of the case, cannot be established by direct evidence, and admits at best of only doubtful supports and presumptive proofs. Then, again, the historical basis of the relationship is slight and insufficient. In the earlier stages of society, paternity is not recognised at all, and filial feeling, instead of being concentrated, as in later communities, on an individual, is extended to the tribe. As civilisation advances, the relation is restricted and aggrandised in various ways, by individual usurpation, local custom, and legal enactment. By degrees, social, political, and religious influences work towards the conventional elevation and artificial development of family life. But even in its developed form, the relation of paternity is of so arbitrary a kind, and so entirely subordinated to social exigencies, that in large and civilised nations sonship by adoption is almost as common and quite as legitimate as sonship by descent. In the light of modern enquiry, such a relationship evidently rests on a very unsatisfactory and insecure footing. It cannot long resist the destructive inroads of searching, unbiassed criticism. In view of the supposed advantages of the existing theory, many good people would, no doubt, deprecate any minute enquiry into a subject so perplexing. But such dissa-

sions, however well meant, cannot of course be listened to by any real lover of truth. Paternity is not merely a speculative question. It has important practical aspects, bearing directly on the gravest responsibilities of life. According to the existing theory or assumption the relationship involves duties and obligations of a serious nature, and it is of vital moment therefore to ascertain the fact on which the theory is made to rest. A particular person is or is not your father, and the reply to this question must regulate your conduct in a number of important respects. If it is answered in the negative, your whole life, in one section of its interests and activities, may be an illusion and a mistake. With the progress of society, however, the answer to the question becomes growingly difficult and uncertain. In early stages, and amongst particular communities, these difficulties were indeed successfully grappled with. The relationship of paternity was vindicated and upheld by powerful external supports, by rights and privileges of the most distinctive and impressive kind. A father proved that the offspring were his own by doing as he liked with them—justified the claim of giving them life by retaining the power of taking it away again at will. But civilisation having removed these strong objective supports, the evidence of the fact is fast sinking into a merely subjective conviction or belief. Mere natural feeling is, however, evidently no sufficient basis on which to found so important a relation. Again, custom and the acquiescence of society can afford at best only a weak, temporary, and fluctuating support. The lingering legal sanctions of the relationship are daily threatened, and when criticism has done its work upon them they will no doubt disappear, and society once more resume the abandoned rights of paternity over its

entire offspring. Meanwhile the question recurs with increasing urgency, 'Are we still parents and children?' and with the progress of enquiry the logical reply must be more and more decisively in the negative.

Those who cannot accept such results will be disposed to question the soundness and sufficiency of the process by which they are arrived at. A little examination will abundantly justify this suspicion, and show that the negative method is grievously one-sided and imperfect. We have already hinted at the radical defect which vitiates so much of the revolutionary criticism applied to religion. It consists in confounding the essence of Christianity with its local temporary and often extravagant developments in the direction both of ritual and of doctrine. The force and relevancy of Strauss' reasoning on the subject depend to a great extent on this fundamental misconception. And the able paper in which Mr. Leslie Stephen has recently discussed Strauss' question for the benefit of English readers is marked by the same radical defect. He appears so completely to identify Christianity with its doctrinal and ceremonial forms, as to have hardly any conception of the deeper spiritual life which those forms have not unfrequently overlaid and disfigured. Mr. Greg, in replying to the question, 'Is a Christian life feasible in these days?' goes more truly and directly to the root of the matter. He emphasises the distinction, so often insisted on before, between the letter and the spirit, the accidental and the essential, separating what is merely local and temporary in Christian precept and example from what is of permanent authority and universal application.

But a far higher and more important contribution to the whole discussion will be found in Principal Tulloch's detailed exposition

of the rise of a *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*. No work could be more seasonable or more salutary in its bearing on the vital controversies of the hour. The exposition is, indeed, primarily historical, but the voice of the past is listened to and interpreted expressly because of its direct relation to all that is most living and progressive in the present. And the reply thus given by Principal Tulloch to the momentous enquiries, 'Are we Christians?' 'Is a Christian life feasible in these days?' appears to us at once more pertinent and profound than any that has yet been attempted. This arises in a great part from the close parallel between the religious and philosophic impulses stirring more thoughtful minds in the seventeenth century and those of our own day. Then, as now, there was a freshly awakened interest in scientific research, and experimental enquiry was extending the boundaries of natural knowledge. Then, as now, a one-sided materialistic philosophy springing out of the scientific movement covertly assailed, not only the existing sanctions, but the very foundations of morality and religion. Then, as now, the more active religious sects, the more aggressive ecclesiastical parties, confounding, with their usual narrowness of intellectual vision, scientific enquiry and philosophic thought with the crudities of erratic speculation, assumed the attitude of determined hostility to the new movement. Ritualist and dogmatist, Puritan and Prelatic, alike closed their ranks against the rational enquiry they regarded as a common foe, and did their best to arrest, and if possible overwhelm, the deeper and more vitalising currents of contemporary thought. Then, as now, a higher order of minds, perceiving the essential unity of truth, rose above all sectarian views whether

religious or scientific, and by forming a more comprehensive idea of the Church and a truer conception of religion, sought to harmonise the higher claims of reason and conscience, and secure under liberal and enlightened conditions the growing advancement of scientific knowledge, philosophical thought, and religious life. And finally, then, as now, the loud clamour of sectarian polemics not only silenced for a time the calm voice of a higher wisdom and truth, but produced a strong temporary reaction against Christianity itself.

Referring to this point in the preface to his work, Principal Tulloch says :

In a time like our own I have thought these sketches peculiarly appropriate. The questions discussed by the liberal theologians of the seventeenth century are very much the questions still discussed under the name of Broad-Churchism. Our present parties have all their representatives in the earlier period. The closeness of the parallel, not only in its great lines, but in some of its special features, must strike every attentive reader. We are nearer the seventeenth century, not only in our theological questions—supposed by some to be so novel—but in our scientific theories, than we are apt to think. And if this should incline any to despair of ecclesiastical or theological progress, it may also serve to convince them that the conditions of real advance are only to be found in a wide and intelligent comprehension of all that has gone before, in the spread of a thorough yet wise criticism, and the increase of the simplest Christian virtues in every Church—patience, humility, charity. There are even enlightened men now crying out for a new theology, which shall once more mould into a unity the distracted experiences of our modern spiritual life. But such a theology cannot spring from the ground, nor yet descend as a ready-made gift from heaven. Christian science has far outgrown the efforts of any single mind. The days of Augustinian dominance are for ever ended. It can only come from the slow elaboration of the Christian reason, looking before and after, gathering into its ample thoughtfulness the experiences of the Past, as well as the eager aspirations of the Present.

It is this direct relation of the historical movement which he deli-

neates to the activities of thought in our own day, that gives to Principal Tulloch's exposition such vivid interest and pregnant suggestiveness. The interest is deepened by the fact that one vital point of the parallel is strongly in favour of our own time. The modern representatives of the more thoughtful ecclesiastical reformers and Christian philosophers of the seventeenth century, though often assailed, are not silenced by the invective and denunciation of rival bigotries. On the contrary, their voices are heard with growing clearness and power above the strife of angry theological factions and the Babel of discordant sectarian tongues. The ranks of these modern reformers before the new Reformation are, moreover, continually recruited by the accession of the more earnest minds of the younger generation, and they are thus steadily advancing in numbers, position, and influence. So far from being confined to any single religious community, they are to be found among the higher and more liberal minds of all communions, though naturally in the greatest numbers within the pale of the Established Churches on either side of the Tweed. These far-sighted Christian thinkers, by whatever name they may be called, agree in regarding the moral and spiritual elements of Christianity as of infinitely higher importance than any symbolical refinements of ritual or metaphysical elaborations of doctrine. Above all, they agree in holding fast to the first principle of Protestantism, the right of private judgment, and the corresponding duty of free and rational enquiry in every department of religious truth. It is clear that in an age like our own the future of Christianity, all the deeper and more permanent interests of religious thought and life, very much depend on the persistent and united efforts of



thinkers holding these larger views of truth and duty. The time has come for urging in relation to ecclesiastical organisations the great truth asserted by Christ with regard to the higher needs of humanity. It holds no less of churches than of individual men, that they cannot live by bread alone, but 'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' whether that word is spoken through the volume of natural or revealed truth. And the more serious and reflective minds perceive with growing clearness that the living word has been in part rejected by the Churches, and in part reduced to dead traditionalism by the exigencies of past ecclesiastical conflicts and the hardened results of prolonged theological warfare. It is seen that in the history of the Church the growth of an elaborate ritual gradually destroyed the simplicity and power of spiritual worship until it sank into mere superstition, while the authoritative imposition of elaborate creeds petrified at their source the living springs of truth. Multiplied Confessions and Institutes of religion have no doubt served important purposes in the past, especially in the early stages of the Reformation, when the ferment of new spiritual life needed guidance, consolidation, and restraint. In themselves, however, these creeds are simply human interpretations of the Divine, designed in the main for temporary controversial purposes, and bearing strong internal marks of the local conflicts and sectional limitations out of which they arose. Unfortunately, in the history of Protestantism they have not only long outlived their original use, but have become prolific sources of evil to the Church. They have arbitrarily arrested the development of Christian thought, and dwarfed the sectional dimensions of the progress of religious life. They have helped

to paralyse the intellect and intelligence of the Church, and thus restrain the free play of the higher reflective and expansive energies on which the progress and even the continued existence of Christianity as a living and progressive power depend.

From an early period in the history of Protestantism one of its essential elements—that of living and progressive thought—has in this way been virtually suppressed within most of the Reformed Churches. The object of the new Reformation is to restore this neglected element to its due place, and allow it to operate freely as a modifying dynamic energy amongst the static forces of ecclesiastical life—in other words, to carry forward the Reformation in harmony with the broader and more comprehensive conception of spiritual life and Christian verities on which it was originally based. No more important or more urgent work could possibly be undertaken in our own day. The neglected factor of the great Reformation movement is exactly what is needed to bring religion into fuller harmony with the conditions of intellectual progress, and enable Christianity to appear in its true character as a spiritual power equal to the widest demands of modern thought and life. The other and more external elements of the movement, such as ritual and creed, government and discipline, have not only received adequate attention in Protestant Churches, but each in different directions has been carried to a pitch of excessive and therefore injurious development. In some shape or other they will no doubt continue to find a place in all religious organisations, but a place growingly subordinated to the higher requirements of rational thought and spiritual life, of which they are at best but partial, imperfect, and, to a certain extent,

temporary expressions. In other words, these essential elements of Christian life must be left free to manifest themselves in new and nobler forms, to combine harmoniously with all that is true and permanent in modern scientific knowledge and philosophical speculation. This can only be gradually effected by means of those who clearly grasp on their ideal side the powerful forces operating around us—in other words, who have a profound insight into both the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of the age. If Christianity is ever to penetrate with its own spiritual influences the wider thoughts and aims of a prolific age it can only be by allowing full scope to the spirit of free but reverent enquiry which has determined every important era in its progress, and appeared most conspicuously of all in the early stage of the great Reformation movement.

It is this higher element of Protestantism whose neglected history in our own country Principal Tulloch undertakes to trace. His work presents an outline, indeed, of the progress of rational thought as a modifying power within the Church from the earliest period of the Reformation struggle. But it is mainly occupied with the progress of this movement in England during the period which followed the establishment of Protestantism as the national faith, amidst the struggle of violent ecclesiastical factions within the Church during the seventeenth century. This central aim gives a unity of purpose and meaning to the work which cursory readers may not at first perceive, the biographical form of the exposition as the more prominent feature naturally producing the strongest impression at first. More careful readers will, however, soon discover the connecting links, the carefully traced continuity of rational thought and growth of liberal conceptions,

which constitute the essential unity of the book, and give its expositions so much living interest and permanent value. Principal Tulloch thus describes at the outset his general purpose :

I have endeavoured to sketch in the following chapters one very significant and not the least powerful phase in the religious history of the seventeenth century. At the commencement of the contest betwixt the Parliament and the King, there was a moderate party which was neither Laudian nor Puritan—a party of which the hapless but heroic Falkland was the head, and with which many, if not a majority, of the most thoughtful minds of the country sympathised. This combination—which was even then more intellectual than political—shared the common fate of all middle parties in a period of revolution. It disappeared under the pressure of violent passions and the urgency of taking a side for the King or the Parliament. But the principles with which it was identified, and the succession of illustrious men who belong to it, made a far more powerful impression on the national mind than has been commonly supposed. The clear evidence of this is the virtual triumph of these principles, rather than those of either of the extreme parties, at the Revolution of 1688, which—and not the Restoration—was the natural outcome of the preceding struggle. The same principles, both in Church and State, have never since ceased to influence our national thought and life. Their development constitutes one of the strongest, and, as it appears to me, one of the soundest and best strands in the great thread of our national history. It is of importance, therefore, that their origin and primary movement should be understood.

I have spoken of the Latitudinarians of the seventeenth century as in some degree a party; but they are rather, as Döllinger somewhere says of their representatives in our own time, a band or group 'of spiritually related savans,' than a party in the strict sense of the term. They pursued common objects, and so far acted together; but their combined action resulted from congruity of ideas, rather than from any definite ecclesiastical or personal aims. It is the inevitable characteristic of a moderate or liberal section in Church or State to hold together with comparative laxity. The very fact of their liberality implies a regard to more than one side to any question—a certain impartiality which refuses to lend itself to mere blind partisanship, or to that species of irrational devotion which forms the rude strength of

great parties. This characteristic makes the action of such a moderating force all the more valuable; and it may be safely said that no ecclesiastical or civil organisation would long survive its elimination. The 'rational' element in all Churches is truly the ideal element—that which raises the Church above its own little world, and connects it with the movements of thought, the course of philosophy, or the course of science—with all, in fact, that is most powerful in ordinary human civilisation. Instead of being expelled and denounced as merely evil, rationalism has high and true Christian uses; and the Church which has lost all savour of rational thought—of the spirit which enquires rather than asserts—is already effete and ready to perish.

The movement which I have described in these volumes appears to me the highest movement of Christian thought in the seventeenth century. I am far from disparaging the theology and literature of Prelacy or Puritanism during that eventful and fruitful period. There is much in both that still deserves perusal, and may be said to have permanently moulded and enriched our national intellect. There may be single writers on either side of more unique genius than any I have sketched. It is nevertheless true that the stream of Christian thought runs more free, and rises to a higher elevation in the rational theologians of the time, than in any others.

The biographical features of the work, however, as we have said, are those which naturally first attract attention. After an introductory chapter tracing the history of the critical and reflective element in the Reformation struggle during the sixteenth century, and the course of religious opinion and state of religious parties in England in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the work is divided into two series of sketches of about equal length. The first series or group of liberal thinkers, whose main object was to expand and liberalise the idea of a Church, includes the names of Lord Falkland, Hales of Eton, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Stillingfleet. The second group, whose main object was to deepen, vitalise, and simplify the conception of religion, includes amongst other less known but not

less eminent names those of Smith the Platonist, Cudworth, More, and Culverwell. One member of the group, who was in some respects as noteworthy as any, and personally more interesting than most—Benjamin Whichcote—is so little known that Principal Tulloch may almost claim the merit of having discovered him. The sketch of his life and teaching at Cambridge contained in these volumes is the first detailed notice calling general attention to his rare intellectual and moral gifts that has appeared. This second group in its local and personal associations has more the characteristic of a party or school than the first, and the leading members of it have already a small niche both in literary and ecclesiastical history under the well-known designation of the Cambridge Platonists. The members of both groups are sketched with all Principal Tulloch's well-known skill of individual portraiture. He is a master of the art that by felicitous touches of personal appearance, traits of gesture and manner, characteristic habits, and local colouring, makes a long past personality live and breathe before us with something of the freshness and reality of a personal experience. And what is much less common, as well as more important for his present work, he has a power of interpretation, a meditative depth of insight, a breadth of human sympathy, that enables him to perceive and depict with rare fidelity the inner life of those whose thoughts, feelings, and aims are the subjects of his exposition. To him the working of a noble mind is evidently a congenial atmosphere, and in the presence of great spiritual personalities he finds himself emphatically at home. Contact with their liberal thoughts and larger aims has a quickening, exhilarating influence, and the writer's best powers seem to freshen and expand as he follows their personal career, and unfolds

the pregnant conceptions in which their nobler life still lives. From the breadth and candour of his own mind, his elevation and liberality of spirit, Principal Tulloch is well able to appreciate fairly thinkers whose rational views and tolerant sentiments condemned them for a time to unmerited neglect. Those who attempt to take a middle course in times of fierce religious excitement have little chance of being fairly estimated either by their contemporaries, absorbed in the actual struggle, or by ecclesiastical historians, equally absorbed in recording from opposite points of view the crisis and its results. At such seasons those who rise above the immediate impulses and aims of the rival factions are almost sure of being misjudged by both. The liberality of their more comprehensive views will be looked upon as indifference, and their desire for conciliation and peace rather than victory and vengeance will be stigmatised as cowardice. This is to a certain extent true of the rational theologians and Christian philosophers whose life and labours fill the volumes before us. They have found for the first time in Principal Tulloch a sympathetic historian and expositor, one thoroughly able to understand their position, and do full justice to their motives, aims, and achievements. This fuller and more accurate appreciation appears in the record of their lives as well as in the analysis of their writings.

Principal Tulloch's prolonged and sympathetic study of these rational thinkers, not only as individuals, but in their relations to each other and the whole life of the time, makes his biographies of them more full and vivid, more consistent and complete, than any that have yet appeared. The finer perception of the mingled motives and less obtrusive currents of influence by which they are affected, the thorough knowledge of their

character and relationships, illuminates the record of their lives. As a striking example of this more adequate treatment, we may point to Principal Tulloch's account of Lord Falkland. This is not only more detailed and elaborate, but, as it seems to us, far more truthful and just than any we remember to have seen. Most readers of English history are familiar in outline with the brilliant but short career and tragic fate of this gifted nobleman. But from the conflicting estimates on either side, it is difficult to form any just or consistent view of his character and conduct. He has been greatly praised and harshly blamed by party historians, but never fairly appreciated from a higher and more impartial point of view. Taking his stand on this higher ground, Principal Tulloch gains a deeper insight into his character, and is able to give a more adequate and consistent picture of his life. In his full and sympathetic narrative we realise for the first time the inner unity and noble meaning of a career sadly distracted and confused by the fierce conflicting currents of envenomed political and religious strife. The same fulness and adequacy of treatment is conspicuous in many of the other biographies, especially in those of Chillingworth, Whichcote, and Henry More.

But while the breadth of historical handling and the vividness of individual portraiture make these volumes interesting to cultivated readers of all classes, it is in the luminous history of liberal thought that their higher and more permanent value is to be found. The lives of these rational theologians and Christian philosophers are of interest now on account of the great conceptions and comprehensive aims of which in an earlier day, and under adverse conditions, they were the faithful representatives. We go back to the pregnant

thoughts of Hales and the earnest arguments of Chillingworth, to the wise sayings of Whichcote and the eloquent pages of John Smith, because the truths that kindled them are of living interest at this hour, and are being discussed afresh in the full light of modern criticism by the most earnest and reflective minds of the age. The questions that interested the Cambridge Platonists are exactly the questions that must continue to interest all who reflectively consider the spiritual or ideal conditions on which the moral welfare and true progress of mankind depend. Their thoughts are still of living interest because they were working a vein of truth which is now beginning to unfold its wider resources as a mine of wealth for the race. The history of their thought is pre-eminently important on this very account, because amidst the speculative distractions of a transitional era in philosophical opinion and religious belief, the elements of truth they brought more clearly into view are precisely those which as possessing an inherent vitality, must continue, under some form or other, to regulate modern life and stimulate its nobler labours. As we have already intimated, it is this direct relation of his historical exposition to modern thought and life that gives so much inner unity and permanent value to Principal Tulloch's work. In tracing the history of liberal and rational Christian thought in England from the early period of the Reformation to the seventeenth century, he has laid a firm historical basis for those who labour now in the face of renewed sectarian activities to secure the conditions of wider Christian progress, by urging a more comprehensive view of the Church, and a more just and vital conception of religion. His volumes show that there has been a gradual but uninterrupted growth of liberal conceptions, both ecclesiastical and

theological, and this growth culminates in our own day in those who reject all merely sectarian symbols as the conditions of Christian communion, and who regard only the simplest Christian verities as essentials in religion. We can only just indicate in Principal Tulloch's own words the leading objects of the two groups of thinkers to whose lives and labours these volumes are devoted. The main object of the first or ecclesiastical movement is thus described :

Two parties stood opposed, each professing a theory of the Church which admitted of no compromise. Inheriting alike the mediæval idea of theological and ritual uniformity—which the Reformation had failed to destroy—they interpreted this idea in diverse directions, and so stood face to face in hopeless discord. Equally exclusive, and claiming each to absorb the national life, it was inevitable that they should clash in a violent trial of strength. The intensity of the conflict was proportioned to the intensity of the divisions betwixt parties, sundered, not only by political differences, but by rival ideals of religious government and worship, which they interpreted respectively as of Divine authority.

It was the merit of Hales and Chillingworth and Taylor, attached as they were personally to one side in this struggle, that they penetrated beneath the theoretical narrowness which enslaved both sides, and grasped the idea of the Church more profoundly and comprehensively. They saw the inconsistency of a formal *jus divinum* with the essential spirit of Protestantism, imperfectly as this spirit had been developed in England, or, indeed, elsewhere. According to this spirit the true idea of the Church is moral, and not ritual. It consists in certain verities of faith and worship, rather than in any formal unities of creed or order. The genuine basis of Christian communion is to be found in a common recognition of the great realities of Christian thought and life, and not in any outward adhesion to a definite ecclesiastical or theological system. All who profess the Apostles' Creed are members of the Church, and the national worship should be so ordered as to admit of all who make this profession. The purpose of these Churchmen, in short, was comprehensive, and not exclusive. While they held that no single type of Church government and worship was absolutely Divine, they acknowledged in different forms of Church order an expression more or less

of the Divine ideas which lie at the root of all Christian society, and which—and not any accident of external form—give to that society its essential character. In a word, the Church appeared to them the more Divine, the more ample the spiritual activities it embraced, and the less the circle of heresy or dissent it cut off. This breadth and toleration separated them alike from Prelatists and Puritans.

Whatever we may think of the position and character of these men otherwise, they were the true authors of our modern religious liberty. To the Puritans we owe much. They vindicated the dignity of popular rights and the independence due to the religious conscience. Save for the stern stand which they made in the seventeenth century, many of the elements which have grown into our national greatness, and given robustness to our common national life, would not have had free scope. But it argues a singular ignorance of the avowed aims of the Presbyterian party, and the notorious principles of the Puritan theology, to attribute to them the origin of the idea of religious liberty. As a party, the Presbyterians expressly 'repudiated this idea. Their dogmatism was inflexible. The Church, according to them, was absolutely authoritative over religious opinion no less than religious practice. It could tolerate no differences of creed. The distinction of fundamental and non-fundamental articles of belief, elaborately maintained by Chillingworth and Taylor, was held to be dangerous heresy; and the principle of latitude, with all the essential ideas of free thought which have sprung out of it, was esteemed unchristian. These ideas are to be found in the writings of the liberal Churchmen of the seventeenth century, and nowhere else in England at that time—at least, nowhere else broadly and systematically expounded.

The second movement was a reaction in part against the dogmatic exclusiveness of the Westminster Assembly, and in part against the license of a number of new sects, each claiming Divine authority for its fanatical extremes of doctrine and practice. These sects having rapidly multiplied towards the middle of the century, it was natural that thoughtful minds should consider more deeply the questions raised by their pretensions, should enquire into the nature of religion, the means of discriminating religious truth, and the use of reason

in relation to it. The ultra-dogmatic character of the Westminster Confession of Faith tended in another way to provoke the same enquiries, and was thus indirectly a part of the stimulus towards a simpler, deeper, and more rational theology. In the presence of sectarian license two things seem especially to have impressed the younger and more thoughtful minds of the age, 'the need of some broader and more conciliatory principles of theology to act as solvents of the interminable disputes which raged around them, and the need of bringing into more direct prominence the practical and moral side of religion.' In relation to this point Principal Tulloch says :

The Puritan theology in the seventeenth century, with all its noble attainments, was both intolerant and theoretical in a high degree. It would admit of no rival near its throne; it was impatient of even the least variation from the language of orthodoxy. It emphasised all the transcendental and Divine aspects of Christian truth, rendering them into theories highly definite and consistent, but in their very consistency disregarding of moral facts and the complexities of practical life. Younger theologians, of a reflective turn, looked on the one hand at this compact mass of doctrinal divinity, measuring the whole circle of religious thought, and carefully articulated in all its parts; and, on the other hand, at the state of the religious world and the Church around them. The sense of schism between theory and practice—between divinity and morals—was painfully brought home to them. It was no wonder if they began to ask themselves whether there was not a more excellent way, and whether reason and morality were not essential elements of all religious dogma. Their minds were almost necessarily driven towards what was termed in reproach by the older Puritans 'a kind of moral divinity.' Longing for peace and a higher and more beneficent action of Christian brotherhood, they naturally turned in a different direction from that which had been so little fruitful of either. They sought to soften down instead of sharpening doctrinal distinctions, to bring out points of agreement instead of points of difference in the prevailing medley of religious opinions. Especially they tried to find a common centre of thought and action in certain universal principles of

religious sentiment rather than in the more abstruse conclusions of polemical theology. They became, in short, eclectics against the theological dogmatism and narrowness of their time, very much as Hales and Chillingworth became advocates of comprehension against the ecclesiastical dogmatism and narrowness of theirs.

Again, in tracing more fully the inner meaning of the movement, Principal Tulloch points out that the conception of religion reached by the Cambridge Platonists was far deeper and truer than that of the Puritans on the one hand, or the Prelatists on the other. With these rival ecclesiastical parties, religion was something more or less distinct from humanity, a celestial gift in the keeping of bishops and presbyters of the Church or the Westminster Assembly. The rational theologians vindicated the realities of religion against the reactionary unbelief produced by these dominant forms of dogmatic excess.

They were Christian apologists as well as Christian rationalists, and their true position can only be understood when viewed in both aspects. On the one side they testified to the need of reason and faith, of morality and religion; on the other side they testified—and none have ever done it more nobly—that reason needs faith, and morality religion. This double attitude is of the highest significance. Religion, they said, is not a set of forms or magical round of rites; neither is it a set of notions or elaborate round of doctrines. It is a life—a higher, purer, nobler expression of the ordinary human life—a 'deiform seed' within the soul, growing up into spiritual blossom and fruit. The single condition of this spiritual culture is the Divine Spirit in contact with the human, guiding, educating, enriching, strengthening it. This was their idea of religion, alike against the formal mysticism of the Laudians and the formal opinionativeness of the Puritans. The essence of piety was not in the spiritual performances of the one, nor the spiritual exercises of the other, but in a pure, good, and beautiful life. But then they added—and no set of theologians have ever more emphatically added—such a life can only exist in the Divine, and the *Divine is a reality*. The spiritual *is* as truly as, and more truly than, the material. While religion is never to be dissociated from life, and, apart from it, exists only in its simu-

laca—'rites' or 'notions'—it is yet no mere culture of the common external life—no mere moral coating. It is the growth of the Divine side of life, and this side is as real as the natural side; nay, it is the deeper reality of the two. In this sense religion is distinctive, but in no other.

The concluding chapter of the work, from which this extract is taken, and in which Principal Tulloch sums up the results of the exposition, and applies them to the present and future religious thought, is perhaps the most important of all. It is marked not only by an earnest and devout Christian spirit, but by a comprehensive insight into the essentials of religion and the conditions of its advancement amidst the multiplied requirements of a critical and scientific age. It displays throughout, moreover, rare powers of thought and expression, strength of intellectual grasp combined with subtle reflective analysis, and a glow of masculine eloquence combined with the finish and grace of a cultivated literary style. The following passage, indicating the requirements of a comprehensive philosophy of religion, will illustrate this union of religious earnestness with philosophical and literary power:

A true religious philosophy can only be built up slowly by the process which verifies while it accumulates, and tests every addition to the fabric of discovery before it ventures to lay it to the pile. The religious experience of mankind through all the ages of historic and even pre-historic growth, is as much a reality as any other phase of his experience—a good deal more a reality than most others. Religion has been and remains the most powerful factor of human history. Amidst all its changes it has been this, and is likely to continue to be so. The idea that human progress shall ever transcend religion, or lay it aside, is the wildest dream that ever entered into the uncultured and semi-savage heart that still lurks in the bosom of modern civilisation. There it is, and has been always in the world, moving in some form or other its highest minds to their highest significance. There is no science, however exclusive, can refuse to recognise such facts, by the very right

which it itself has to exist, and enquire into its own series of facts. But theologians and Christian philosophers must come to acknowledge that religious facts are not, any more than other facts, of 'private interpretation.' They are individual, it is true, and in a certain sense cannot be investigated too closely as elements of individual experience; but in order to be fully and comprehensively understood, they must also be regarded as parts of the common experience of humanity through all its stages of growth. They must be studied, not only in their individualistic, but in their generalised form, as they appear in their gradual and complete development in history, before we can interpret them right, and form even a proximate theory of their true value. We must have, in short, some adequate criticism of religious ideas in all their mysterious growth, dependency, and involvement, before we can venture to construct any adequate theory or philosophy of religion. All true thought is merely fact idealised; all right theory is merely experience generalised. No thought that is worth anything can ever rise above an historic basis. No more than science can transcend nature, can religious thought transcend history. It may illuminate history, but it must first of all grow out of it; and a philosophy of religion, before it aims at settling for us the great problems which it involves, must be content to drudge for long yet in reading the varied records of religious experience which modern historical criticism has only begun to unfold and arrange. Light, therefore, is not to be sought in any sudden illumination, nor progress in any pet theories of modern, any more than of ancient, thinkers—but only in patient study and faithful generalisation. The vast volume of religious experience will slowly unfold its characters to inductive and patient thinkers, as other volumes

of experience have done. And as this volume is steadily read—its pages compared, and their facts co-ordinated and explained—the Divine meaning will become clearer. A religious philosophy will at least become possible when it is sought in this way, not in any favourite speculation of this or that thinker, however great, but in the comprehensive interpretation of the religious consciousness working through all history, and gathering light and force as it works onward.

The work as a whole is a valuable contribution to literature and history, as well as to theology and philosophy. It presents with requisite fulness of detail a most important but hitherto unwritten chapter in English ecclesiastical history, and completes a chapter almost equally interesting, but hitherto only imperfectly sketched, in the history of English philosophy. And the historical review is brought to bear so directly on the present, that the great lines of religious progress in the future are, as we have seen, clearly traced in the summary that concludes the exposition. To the question, 'Are we Christians?' Principal Tulloch virtually replies, Yes; and shall become more and more so as we advance in knowledge and goodness, in virtue and truth, since these things represent the Divine element in man, whose further development will bring him nearer to the source of all purity and all truth.

B.





## THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS, AND FOREIGN PREPARATIONS FOR OBSERVING IT.

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**L**AST March, after describing the general principles on which the utilisation of the transits of Venus depend, I gave an account of the suggested arrangements for observing the transit of 1874, so far as this country is concerned. I propose now to describe what other countries intend to do. It is manifest that our opinion as to what is proper for England to undertake, must in part depend on the arrangements of other countries. It would be absurd, for instance, to expect England to undertake difficult and dangerous Antarctic expeditions, if the corresponding northern stations with which comparison should be made were not occupied by Russia, in whose territory they mainly lie. Again it would be less manifestly England's duty to occupy Antarctic or sub-Antarctic stations, if less dangerous regions suitable for observing the transit were to be left unoccupied by other countries. In such a case the proper course for England would be to make a careful estimate of the relative difficulties as well as of the relative advantages, whereas if these regions were to be occupied by America, France, or Germany, we should have no choice but to man the less inviting stations which our great Antarctic explorers have made more particularly ours. It is therefore necessary, in order to the complete recognition of our position with reference to the coming transit, that the arrangements of foreign astronomers should be considered.

But in the first place, it will be desirable to discuss what has happened since my last paper on this subject appeared. It will be seen that while on the one hand the

justice of the views which I then indicated has been implicitly admitted, there has not yet been that explicit recognition of the position of affairs which can alone be really effective in inducing those in authority to do what is needful.

It will be remembered that in my former paper I described two methods in which a transit can be utilised. One, called Delisle's method, depends on the determination of the exact epochs when transit begins (or ends) as seen from two distant stations—the interval between these epochs affording the means of determining the sun's distance. The other, called Halley's method, depends on the determination of the duration of the transit as seen from two distant stations—the difference between the observed durations being the circumstance on which is based the determination of the sun's distance by this method.

So that in Delisle's method a certain interval of time has to be measured by two persons at nearly antipodal stations, one observer timing one end of the interval, the other timing the other end; while in Halley's method each of two persons times the duration of a certain event. It is manifest, at the outset, that the latter operation is the simpler of the two. For when an observer has estimated a duration there is an end of the matter; he has that duration recorded, and the comparison can be made with the other duration in the most direct way. Their clocks may have been wrong by many minutes, but the durations remain correct so long as the clocks did not gain or lose appreciably during the hours of

transit, which of course would not happen with any respectably rated clock. The observers by the other method have a far more difficult task. They must be certain that they have referred their observations to the same absolute time. For instance, if each knows the exact Greenwich time when he made his observation, the interval between their observations can be properly determined. But if either or both be at all in doubt as to the true Greenwich time, even by a few seconds, the estimate of the interval will be correspondingly in error.

A simple illustration will show the difference in the principles of the two methods, so far as the comparison of results is concerned. Suppose that two observers, one at Edinburgh and the other at London, are watching a display of meteors, and that they agree to compare the apparent motions of remarkable meteors. Then they might arrange beforehand either to take the duration of the more remarkable meteors as the means of identifying particular objects, or else to take the moment of apparition. If duration was their test, the matter would be simple enough. Thus the two observers might find that somewhere about midnight each saw a meteor whose train remained visible twenty-five seconds, and if the majority of the meteors lasted but about ten seconds they could not be mistaken as to the identity of this particular meteor. But suppose the observer at London saw a meteor at 1 min. 40 sec. past 12 by his watch. Then the observer at Edinburgh might have some trouble, if there were many meteors, in identifying this particular meteor. His watch might differ several seconds from the watch of the Londoner. Both watches might have been set by some trustworthy time-signal, the Londoner's perhaps by the Greenwich time-ball, the Scotsman's by the Edinburgh gun-signal. But they might have lost

or gained in the interval since this was done; and the probable amount of loss or gain might be difficult to determine, because perhaps varying with the temperature and humidity of the air, the motions to which the watch had been subjected in the interval, and other circumstances of which perhaps no exact account could be obtained.

To show how seriously Halley's and Delisle's methods differ in this important respect—relative simplicity—it will suffice to mention that in speaking of the application of Halley's method the Astronomer Royal has stated that a few days' stay at the selected station to 'rate' the clock would be sufficient for all purposes, and that for Antarctic observation fixed ice would serve as well as land; whereas he considers that to apply Delisle's method with advantage each station should be manned three months before the day of the transit, the observers being kept hard at work determining the longitude by 'moon and star' work all that time. When to this is added the circumstance that much more perfect instruments must be provided—the clocks especially being required to be first-class specimens of horological art—it will be manifest that provision for a Delisle station is a much more costly affair than provision for a Halleyan station. The country would not grudge the difference, no doubt, if it were really true, as the Astronomer Royal mistakenly supposed, that Halley's method cannot be applied with advantage in 1874. But the matter assumes another aspect, even as a money question, now that it has been demonstrated that Halley's method is the more advantageous of the two.

Now the question has been discussed on this very issue since my last paper appeared; and I cannot but think that the circumstances of the discussion will prove at once interesting and instructive to my readers.

Everything depends in Delisle's method on getting the 'interval' right, and in Halley's on getting the 'difference of duration' right. And since *cæteris paribus* the value of any application of either method depends on the number of minutes in the 'interval' or 'difference,' while admittedly the 'difference' is nearly half as long again as the 'interval' at the best stations for either method, the whole case of the Delisleans depends on showing that the 'interval' can be more exactly determined than the 'difference.' The Astronomer Royal has given his criterion for comparing the two methods in point of exactness, and the reader shall first judge whether the criterion seems a proper one.

In applying Halley's method, error can come in at four distinct points, viz. at the beginning and end of the transit as observed at the northern station, and at the beginning and end as observed at the southern station. In each case the error arises from the difficulty of determining the exact moment when Venus is just in contact with the sun's edge on the inside. An optical illusion occurs by which Venus and also the sun's edge are distorted at this critical moment.<sup>1</sup> Hence the difficulty in question. From a very careful investigation of the observations made during the transit of 1769, Mr. Stone, late First Assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, found that the greatest error from this cause did not exceed three seconds on that occasion. But in 1874 Venus will cross the

sun's edge more slowly because more aslant; and increasing the probable error of three seconds, in exact proportion to the slowness of crossing, Mr. Stone deduced  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds as the probable error in 1874. This estimate the Astronomer Royal has adopted. It will be seen that the larger this error is assumed likely to be, the greater is the disadvantage of Halley's method; for all the four errors (at the beginning and end of the transit as seen from the two stations) arise from this one cause.

Now in Delisle's method error also comes in at four distinct points. The northern observer must in the first place time the moment when Venus is just fully upon the sun's disc (either on entry or before exit), and will be exposed to the error described above; so also will the southern observer. Here, then, are two errors corresponding exactly to two out of the four which arise in Halley's method. But also both the northern and the southern observer must know what is the *true* time when their clock shows such and such time. Each may know the exact second *by his clock* when Venus was in contact; but he wants to know the exact second by Greenwich time.<sup>2</sup> He must therefore know his longitude, which in effect means the time-difference between his station and Greenwich; and not only that, but he must know what his local time is. To explain this without introducing complex astronomical considerations—suppose an observer is exactly 15 degrees west of Greenwich, then

<sup>1</sup> The phenomena can easily be reproduced artificially. A ground glass lamp-globe makes a suitable artificial sun, while a small coin makes an excellent artificial planet. Fix the coin anywhere so that it can readily be brought on the bright disc by the movement of the observer's head. Then move so that the coin appears to transit the bright disc, and note how when just upon the bright disc, this disc's outline seems to bend inwards towards the black disc of the coin, which disc in turn seems to extend outwards as if helping to make the contact.

<sup>2</sup> I take Greenwich time for convenience of expression; but the time really wanted is what may be called earth-time. When Greenwich time is given, Paris time is known, and Washington time, and so on; in fact the time at every station of ascertained place on the earth.

the sun will be due south exactly one hour later than at Greenwich, and the knowledge of that fact would be the knowledge of the longitude, which is *one* of the points a transit observer requires. Now clearly an error comes in if the longitude is not exactly determined. An observer at some such place as Woahoo or Kerguelen Island would certainly *not* know his longitude quite exactly, and by whatever amount he was in error in that respect by so much would his estimate of time be erroneous. But returning to our illustrative station 15 degrees west of Greenwich, an observer there who set his clock by the sun at noon, and we will say set it exactly right, might nevertheless have his clock wrong on the next forenoon, and if he *then* timed any particular phenomenon his time-estimate would be *pro tanto* erroneous. Combining the two sources of error, we get what is called the error of absolute time. Our northern and southern observers of Venus are each liable to an error of this sort. These two errors with the two contact errors make up the four above mentioned; and the smaller they are likely to be, the greater is the advantage of Delisle's method, which, be it noticed, only differs from Halley's in having two errors of this kind in place of two errors of the kind before discussed. Now the Astronomer Royal asserts that the absolute time errors will probably not exceed a single second. Here, then, Delisle's method seems to have a great advantage, for we have two errors each likely to be no more than a second, as against two each likely to be about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

Applying this criterion, it follows that Delisle's method employed at the Astronomer Royal's selected stations—Woahoo, Kerguelen Island, Rodriguez, Canterbury (N.Z.), and Alexandria—gives results *very little inferior* to Halley's

method applied at Nertchinsk, Tchefoo, Tientsin, Jeddo, Pekin, &c. in the north, and at Kerguelen Island, Kemp Island, Possession Island, Crozet Island, Enderby Land, Sabrina Land, and elsewhere, in the south. Absolute equality cannot be asserted, still less superiority, by Sir G. Airy's own criterion. The greater cost and complexity of Delisle's method cannot be denied. Every circumstance seems to point to the advisability of at least doing something by way of employing Halley's method. Nothing stands in the way but that unfortunate error which led to the verdict that Halley's method 'fails totally' in 1874. This only, I conceive, led to the amazing circumstance that Mr. Goschen, speaking on behalf of the Astronomer Royal in the House of Commons, positively asserted that even at a station where there will be an observing party and where Halley's method chances to be applicable as well as Delisle's, 'little reliance' will be placed on the former method, although by the Astronomer Royal's own criterion the method, even at this station (*selected for the application of Delisle's*), has nevertheless the advantage. I have heard this statement of Mr. Goschen's (for which, however, he is in no sense responsible) characterised as 'simply astounding' by an astronomical authority of the greatest eminence, and simply astounding it unquestionably is in my judgment.

But before proceeding to enquire into the provision which is actually being made for Halleyan northern stations by Russia, Germany, and America, I shall venture to make the enquiry whether the criterion above described is altogether a proper one; whether, in fact, it is not altogether overweighted in favour of Delisle's method.

It manifestly is natural enough that a criterion of this sort should be made as favourable as possible

for the method actually selected by the official representative of British astronomy, when we consider that if the other method, overlooked by an unfortunate mistake, should chance to be the better of the two, a certain degree of regret could scarcely fail to be occasioned by the loss of an important opportunity. One could not blame the Astronomer Royal, for example, if under these circumstances the probable errors of contact observations grew somewhat beyond their true dimensions, while the probable errors of absolute time were correspondingly reduced. Nevertheless, in a matter so importantly affecting the science of astronomy and the reputation of this country, it is necessary to weigh most scrupulously every consideration of this sort.

I note, then, that the probable magnitude of contact errors is inferred directly from the results obtained in 1769, without any allowance for improvement in instruments, observing skill, and so on. In 1769 the optical error was not anticipated; *now* it is not merely anticipated, but its source is known and understood. In 1769 very imperfect instruments were used.<sup>3</sup> The observers certainly were not so skilful as those of our time. Then there was no special selection of instruments as on the present occasion. Moreover, a variety of

ingenious arrangements have been suggested, the best of which will undoubtedly be employed, to make the observation of contact as free as possible from error.

Does it not seem reasonable to infer that these improvements combined should reduce our estimate of the probable error to an appreciable extent? For instance, since when *now* of these considerations are taken into account the error is assumed to be  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, may we not when *all* of them are taken into account assume the probable error to be no greater than 3 seconds? <sup>4</sup> Personally I am satisfied, after a careful study of the observations made on the transit of Mercury on November 5, 1868, that the mere knowledge of the cause of the phenomena observed at contact, by directing the observer's attention to a certain interpretable feature (the *breadth* of the 'connecting ligament,' which by an optical illusion seems to form between Venus and the sun), affords the means of reducing the error to little more than a second. But I am content to take 3 seconds as an estimate certainly more reasonable than that resulting from the complete neglect of all that has been learned since 1769.

And now as to the probable error of absolute time, estimated by the Astronomer Royal at a single second. Have we any means of forming an opinion on this point?

<sup>3</sup> Some of those used in the important observations in the South Sea had fallen into the hands of the savages, and were recovered with difficulty.

<sup>4</sup> To show how our knowledge of the source and nature of the contact difficulty may be applied to reduce the resulting error, I shall mention one fact which seems to me very noteworthy: Great stress was laid by Mr. Stone on the peculiarities observed during the transit of Mercury on November 5, 1868; for observers with large telescopes saw the disc of Mercury apparently connected with the sun's edge by a fine filament several seconds before any connection between the disc and the sun's edge had been recognised by observers with small telescopes. This, of course, was simply the telescopic *rendering*, so to speak, of the optical illusion I have spoken of above. Now in 1869, while a discussion was in progress between myself and Mr. Stone on the subject of the approaching transits, I showed that the two extreme cases of difference, where no less than 14 seconds intervened between the observed moments of contact, could be brought into agreement within the tenth part of a second by simply applying to the observer's statements Mr. Stone's own interpretation of the phenomenon of the 'black drop' or 'connecting filament.' These statements indicated the *breadth* of the filament in each case, and this one fact brought the observations into agreement, when rightly understood.

Have any observations been made which enable us to test the sanguine views of the Astronomer Royal by the results of actual experience? Fortunately, yes.

In the United States, owing to the great extension of that country in longitude, observations to determine the exact longitude are of great geographical importance. But the electric telegraph affords the means of directly determining the longitude in the most satisfactory of all possible ways, by instantaneous time-signals. Hence, a longitude determined by observatory work can be at once tested by telegraphic communication. Now the following are the results of the experience thus obtained. After three years of observatory work by practised astronomers and by the most approved methods in established observatories, the error of longitude is found to amount to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  second. Now this being the case, what opinion are we to form as to the probable error when observations have only been made for three months in temporary observatories, and that not by men whose whole time has been given for years to astronomical work, but by artillery officers trained to the work but for a short time? Surely we must dismiss the Astronomer Royal's estimate of one second as altogether inadmissible. Nor can we take  $1\frac{1}{4}$  second as a fair estimate when we remember how far superior all the conditions have been which resulted in so small an error. Can it be thought unfair to take  $1\frac{1}{2}$  second as the probable error, thus allowing only a quarter of a second for the unfavourable conditions? For my own part I am convinced the error cannot possibly be reduced so low; and I find that very eminent authorities share this opinion. Let us, however, take  $1\frac{1}{2}$  second as the absolute time error (noting that clock error is thus assumed as nothing, al-

though we might very fairly add half a second or so on that account).

The result of all this is, that our criterion has become greatly modified. Before, we had an assumed contact error of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  seconds, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  times the assumed longitude error of 1 second: now we have an assumed contact error of 3 seconds, or only twice the assumed longitude error of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  second.

Singularly enough, when the Astronomer Royal first found it desirable to employ a criterion in defence of Delisle's method, he did actually adopt precisely the criterion just deduced. 'Now I hope,' he wrote early in 1869, 'that with reasonable care the probable error of the geographical longitude will not be more than one-half of the probable error of ingress or egress.' By what process of reasoning he was led to substitute, within less than two months, the proportion 'less than a quarter,' for that of 'not more than one-half,' I am not to enquire. But I may note, as a mere matter of fact, that in the interval I had announced the actual degree by which the available difference of duration in applying Halley's method in 1874 would exceed the available time-interval in applying Delisle's method. And I may add that the earlier criterion applied to my result (the accuracy of which was not questioned then, and is now established by the *Nautical Almanac* data) would leave Halley's method far in advance of Delisle's, whereas the later criterion very nearly brings Delisle's method to an equality with Halley's in all respects save simplicity and expense.

But the main question is, after all, whether other nations are preparing to occupy such northern stations as would be useful for applying Halley's method. Because, although there are northern stations which England might very well occupy, as Jeddo, Pekin, the Bonin Islands, and others, yet

if England made a *proper* effort in manning southern stations she would have accomplished a very fair share of the work; and it would, perhaps, be requiring too much from her to expect that she should provide for northern stations as well.

In fact, the Astronomer Royal, in replying, at the request of the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, to my strictures on British preparations, dwelt strongly on the probability that no effort would be made to occupy northern stations for applying Halley's method. So strongly was this urged, that I was for a time under the impression that, owing to the neglect of this country in providing for southern stations, Russia had given up the plans she certainly had once entertained for occupying Nertchinsk in Siberia. Even then it remained certain that northern stations suitable for applying Halley's method would be occupied by Germany; but certainly it seemed as if the very best regions were not to be occupied.

Now, however, news of the most encouraging kind has come from Russia. Our five stations for applying Delisle's method seem scarcely to be sufficient for Great Britain's share in this important astronomical work, when we hear that Russia proposes to occupy no fewer than *twenty-seven* stations, amongst which eight are specially selected for the application of Halley's method. Nertchinsk and three stations in the same region appear in the list of the Russian Astronomer Imperial. When it is mentioned that these stations lie close to the pole of winter cold, that is to the region where is experienced the greatest cold to which any part of our earth is subjected at any time of the year, it will be seen that the occupation of these stations by Russia in December is as great a sacrifice in the cause of science as would be

the occupation of as many Antarctic or sub-Antarctic stations at a season which is nearly the midsummer of the southern hemisphere. Wintering in Possession Island would, indeed, be a greater feat, and would make this country *facile princeps* in the competition for national distinction in this matter. But wintering in Possession Island is by no means a *sine quâ non*; and the occupation of a few Antarctic and sub-Antarctic stations would quite suffice to place this country in her proper position in this matter.

Russia occupies a series of stations extending from the extreme east of Siberia to the Black Sea in an unbroken range. Speaking generally, it may be said that the eastern wing of the Russian army of observers is intended for the application of Delisle's method by observation of the beginning of the transit, while the western wing is intended for the application of Delisle's method by observation of the end of the transit. The centre of the Russian observing army is the Halleyan corps.

And in passing I may note as one marked advantage of applying Halley's method, even in cases where it is not so well suited for use as it has been shown to be in 1874, that it provides for the occupation of regions (one northern and the other southern) intermediate between the four regions (two northern and two southern) which are most suitable for Delisle's method. When we remember the possibility of cloudy weather at many of the observing stations we see how important it is that the chances of success should be made as numerous as possible. Especially is this manifest when we note that failure *either* at all the northern stations or at all the southern stations would be absolute failure in the whole matter, for in all methods comparison has to be made between observations at northern and at southern stations. Now bad weather in December is too

common an experience in the northern hemisphere to be overlooked: it must indeed be regarded as the most momentous of all the possibilities of failure. It is not counter-balanced in any way by the fact that December is a summer month in the southern hemisphere, since a hundred perfect observations in the south would be utterly useless if no successful observations had been made in the north.

But it may be argued that the northern observing region is to be properly manned, and that therefore it is unnecessary to dwell so strongly on the necessity. To this I reply that the manning of northern Halleyan stations will be useless unless corresponding southern stations are occupied. So that by leaving such southern stations unprovided for, we should in fact be nullifying a portion of the efforts made for providing against weather contingencies in the north.

Before passing from the consideration of the Russian preparations I may remark that the Russian central force will occupy a region not very far from that part of North India to which I have pointed as a region in which this country ought to occupy. In miles the distance from southern central Siberia to North India is considerable; but in an astronomical sense and with special reference to the approaching transit these regions present circumstances far more nearly alike than would be supposed from a mere study of a geographical chart. For in December both these regions, as seen from the sun, are foreshortened and thus brought into apparent contiguity; in other words, the circumstances under which the sun is seen from these regions are rendered similar. It is to be hoped that the North Indian region will after all be occupied by this country, and in force.

The plans of France for observing the approaching transit have not as yet been definitely announced, be-

yond a statement (in reply to a question by the Astronomer Royal) that the Marquesas Islands will be occupied for the purpose of applying Delisle's method. Janssen, however, has devised a very ingenious method for taking contact observations by photography, and this is specially intended to improve the qualities of Halley's method.

Germany has in a very decided manner indicated a preference for Halley's method by selecting for a northern station Tchefoo (a coast town on the peninsula which lies between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-che-lee), since this station has no value for Delisle's method. Professor Auwers, of Berlin, in a letter addressed to Lord Lindsay, mentions that besides the expedition to Tchefoo, there will be one to the Auckland Islands and one to the Macdonald Islands, 'but in the event of the last-named islands presenting too many difficulties, the expedition intended for them would be despatched to the Kerguelen Islands.' The Macdonald Islands lie to the south-east of Kerguelen Island; the Auckland Islands to the south of the New Zealand Islands. Both the Macdonalds and the Aucklands are better southern stations for Halley's method than any station to be occupied by Great Britain, and it is not a little creditable to a nation like Germany, not specially maritime, that it should thus show both England and America (as will presently appear) the way towards the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic regions, which one or other ought to occupy in force.

The special aim of the German astronomers, however, is not to apply Halley's method, or to trust to contact observations at all, but to apply what is called the direct method. I believe, but am not sure, that I was the first to point out not only the applicability of this method, but the principles on which the choice of stations for applying it



should depend. The method is simplicity itself. Halley's and Delisle's methods are both of them devices substituting time measurements for actual measurements of the apparent position of Venus on the sun's face. If Venus's place could be directly determined as seen at one and the same epoch from different parts of the earth, then the sun's distance would be determinable in the simplest of all ways, since we only use the other methods to enable us to infer Venus's displacement. Hitherto the observation has been regarded as too difficult to be attempted, but observational skill and appliances have increased so greatly of late as to suggest that at least the effort might be worth making. In a paper read before the Astronomical Society in December 1869,<sup>5</sup> I showed how Venus's place need not be completely determined if stations were properly selected, but only her distance from the sun's centre. The advantage of thus reducing the work to be done at each observation is obvious. Venus is moving all the time that any observation is being made, and therefore each observation should last as short a time as possible. Now, if one had to determine both the distance and bearing of Venus from the sun's centre, a considerable interval of time would necessarily elapse between the beginning and end of the operations; the more so that the two elements are determined in different ways; but if at each observation only the distance of Venus from the sun's centre<sup>6</sup> is required, the time is greatly shortened. The Germans propose to observe Venus in this way at the above-named stations and at the Mauritius. They will also send a photographic expedition to Persia.

It only remains that I should describe how America proposes to observe the approaching transit.

The main reliance of the American astronomers will be upon photographs of the sun with Venus on his disc, taken on a plan described by Professor Newcomb in an important paper on the subject of the transit. The choice of stations for applying this method depends on nearly the same conditions as for applying Halley's method. Accordingly we find that the Americans will occupy stations on the coast of China, Japan, and Siberia; 'one, probably, at Wladiwostok; one at or near Yokohama; one near Pekin, or between Pekin and the coast; and the fourth somewhere in Japan, China, or the adjacent islands.' All these may be described as excellent Halleyan stations. Now for southern observations, the selection, as the Americans well remark, is more difficult. 'Our choice,' says Rear-Admiral Sands, in a letter to Sir G. Airy, 'seems to be confined to Kerguelen Island, Tasmania, Southern New Zealand, and Auckland or Chatham Island. The most favourable of these stations is probably Kerguelen Island, which you mention among those you purpose to occupy yourself, and which I believe the Germans also intend to occupy. It is a delicate question whether there are not very grave objections to having so many stations together.' 'In addition to these photographic stations, it is our wish to comply with your desire that we should occupy a station in the Pacific. Here we prefer one of the Sandwich Islands as distant as possible from the point you may select. The objection to occupying a station so near yours seems to be counter-balanced by the very favourable conditions of that group, both astr.

<sup>5</sup> It appears in my *Essays on Astronomy*, recently published.

<sup>6</sup> I write thus for the sake of simplicity of expression. As a matter of fact the distance of Venus from the edge of the sun is what the observer actually determines.

nomically and meteorologically, and by its accessibility from our western coast.' As the whole transit 'will be visible from all the photographic stations, it is intended to observe them with five-inch' telescopes.

Now let the following startling facts be noted in conclusion. If there is bad weather *either* in the Sandwich Isles on one side, or at the Mauritius group and Kerguelen Island on the other, Delisle's method applied to the beginning of the transit will fail totally. If there is bad weather *either* in the New Zealand Islands, or at the opposite northern stations, Delisle's method applied to the end of the transit will fail totally. There would remain, then, only the chances depending on the three methods which require that the whole transit should be seen. For these methods ample provision has been made in the northern hemisphere, by Russia, Germany, and America; so much so that England's neglect as regards her North Indian stations becomes of relatively small importance. *But*, in the southern hemisphere, Kerguelen Island is the only really well-placed station to be occupied for applying these methods, and at Kerguelen Island fine weather occurs on about one day in ten. There remain the Macdonald Islands, suggested

only for occupation by Germany, but unlikely to be occupied except by a specially nautical nation. Yet the whole space between Kerguelen Island, Enderby Land, Possession Island, and Auckland Island, is suitable for the three methods (and also, be it noted as important, for Delisle's method). There are several islands scattered over this region, and probably many others which have not yet been discovered. It is most unfortunate that nothing has been done, during the four years which have passed since I noted these facts, to make reconnaissances over the whole of this region; but surely it will be even more unfortunate if no station is occupied in it. Of the duty of Great Britain in this matter I have spoken earnestly, because I feel warmly. Viewing the matter as an Englishman, I may say that I should feel concerned if this duty, neglected thus far by us, should be undertaken by America, the country to which, next after us, the duty belongs. But viewing the matter as a student of science, my great wish is to see due advantage taken of the great opportunity afforded by the approaching transit, without specially caring whether this country or another obtain more honour in accomplishing the task.



## THE ETHICS OF ST. PAUL.

## I

IT is a truism to say, though it is scarcely enough realised, that the writings of St. Paul are hard to be understood. Judging from what goes on before our eyes,—everybody trying to do something for St. Paul, everybody who can get a few idiots to listen aspiring to interpret this mighty inspiration,—it would seem that it is easy enough to understand him. The fact is, that most of us having heard him read from our very youth, when, of course, we could not understand a single syllable, have grown up without ever asking ourselves what he really did mean. We are quite satisfied with hearing a sound of words familiar to us, and it suits our laziness admirably, if a meaning must need be adopted, to swallow wholesale the traditional view stamped with the etiquette of the Church. It is only when we set out by ourselves that we discover that we are in a land bristling with immense fortresses and presenting well-nigh insuperable difficulties. Then it is too late to turn back, and we must go on with the cry of the brave queen, ‘If I perish, I perish.’

There are many reasons why, after eighteen centuries of elaborate research and microscopical investigation, it should still remain a matter of difficulty to interpret St. Paul. Difficulties may have been and are being removed as time rolls on, and culture, of which we hear so much, advances, but others come in their place. Our linguistic knowledge is greater than that of our ancestors, it is true, but the study of that strange language, born of a union between Greece and the East, the *κοινή*, is still sadly neglected. Our theologians devote themselves almost exclusively to the

study of classical Greek. And we have hardly any idea of the mighty revolution made by Christianity in the very language. The new ideas required a form of expression; moreover the peculiar Christianity of St. Paul stood in need of a special phraseology. Hence the many *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα*, the creation of new words and the remodelling of old ones. Besides the difficulty of the language, there is the peculiar style of the Apostle. The readers of our authorised translation find him oft quite unintelligible, and it is to be feared that they have, on the whole, no high idea of his literary ability. His style is indeed oft heavy, his sentences are involved, and his parentheses, as we all know, seem many and endless. *Dormitat quandoque bonus Paulus*, or at any rate his amanuensis. Yet his style is wonderful. *Le style c'est l'homme*. He lacks the correctness and oft wearisome polish which are the result of study and training; but his language is the adequate vehicle of his thoughts and the spotless mirror in which his feelings and emotions are faithfully reflected. He is oft very happy in the choice of his expressions, he is oft the reverse; but he is always himself. There is his mighty individuality in every word which he writes; sometimes his style flows on majestically and calmly, at other times it rushes past impetuously, hurried on by a mighty tempest of ideas and a very storm of emotions; at all times it bears the stamp of truth.

These are, however, the outlying forts. After having mastered them the real difficulty commences. Were the thirteen Epistles in our Bible written by St. Paul himself? If this be answered in the affirmative, there arises a question of chronology, all-important because without

having settled it we cannot trace the development of doctrine of the Apostle. Then coming to the Epistles themselves, we must remember that they were all *pièces d'occasion*. They were written for a special purpose to a special Church in special circumstances. They were oft written to combat certain heterodoxies and heresies with which we are but imperfectly acquainted. The Apostle had no idea that they would be preserved, and in many Churches of the nineteenth century supplant the Gospel. Else surely he would have left many things unsaid, and said many other things.<sup>1</sup> There would, no doubt, have been many alterations in form and matter.

Another difficulty arises from the fact that the Apostle was too fond of paradoxes. Truth is, no doubt, a great paradox, and if one loves not paradoxes one does not love truth. The Apostle walks like a powerful Blondin on the cord of his reasoning over the Niagara of the very deepest questions which have agitated the heart of humanity since its creation. Skilful, confident, bold, verging on the reckless, he passes before us—is it wonderful that we should oft be unable to follow him? After all, the chief difficulty is that he was a thorough Eastern Jew. He was the greatest Jew the world has seen. His classical culture was far from being extensive or profound. He writes better Greek than the author of the Apocalypse, or than the Apostles St. Peter and St. John; he quotes Menander, Epimenides, and Aratus, one of his countrymen; but to build on such a foundation the fabric of a considerable knowledge of

classical literature is simply absurd. At first, it seems strange that the Apostle should have been deficient in Greek culture. 'I am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city,' he exclaimed, as he stood on the steps which joined the Roman citadel to the Jewish temple. The fond pride with which he thus mentioned his native town was more than justified. The history of her foundation is shrouded in the mists of a fabulous antiquity, but as she emerges in the light of day she is found to be one of the great commercial cities and chief seats of learning in Asia Minor. Under her voluptuous sky flourished arts and sciences and trades; along the banks of her river, the Cydnus—on which Antony and Cleopatra once had met for an interview which decided the fate, not merely of Rome, but of the world—wandered the great masters whose fame was spread all over Asia Minor, and whose learning attracted young men eagerly thirsting after knowledge.

In this city, where Athenodorus, the master of Seneca, was born, was born the great Jewish Stoic Paul; in her streets he spent the days of his childhood and youth, and in her schools he received those first impressions which are indelible, and that culture on which afterwards when writing to the Corinthians he looked down, deeming the 'foolishness of preaching' far above the 'wisdom of the world.' But most probably he left Tarsus when fifteen years old; and, besides, culture is altogether a Japhetic idea, not understood nor appreciated by Shem.<sup>2</sup> The young enthusiastic

<sup>1</sup> One cannot be too careful in making such a remark. Historical criticism is pouring from its height a flood of light on the darkest corners. We now know that the cloak about which St. Paul writes was a cope, and that he used the word not to offend the then Low Church party. The parchment he mentions contained the proof-sheets of the first edition of the Anglican Prayer Book. As he thought that he might possibly visit Great Britain some time or other, he wished to carry it himself, so as to save expenses.

<sup>2</sup> I need hardly say, that though the Aryan idea of culture is foreign to Shem, it has a special culture of its own. Matthew Arnold, 'treating Hebrew things with the scornful insolence natural to a Greek,' might allow a share of intellect to the Hebrew race.

Jew, brought up in the most orthodox tenets and in accordance with the strictest traditions of Judaism, most likely did never more than tolerate it. He had no love for the 'religion of the beautiful'; he had no longings to recall the gods of Greece and to see the deserted shrines once more peopled. His traditions led him to look upon the worship of Tarsus as idolatry; as he passed her temples and monuments, and was now and then the involuntary witness of the mysterious, oft impure rites, which formed part of the services, he felt what he afterwards embodied in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and would fain have imitated the example of the iconoclastic young Abraham. What attraction could a laughing Venus or a charming Cupid exercise on this serious Shemitic nature, which has felt more than any that inexpressible 'Weltschmerz' and the deep need of consolation of an old world lying in the pangs of death?

Now commences the 'Sturm und Drangperiode' of St. Paul. He was sent to Jerusalem, and became one of the Pharisees. The Pharisees were the creators of Judaism and the national party *par excellence*. They were men of great learning and astonishing ingenuity, devoting themselves to the study of law or Jewish Chokma, or the exercise of practical philanthropy. They were the bearers of the spirit of the old theocracy, stern, uncompromising, exclusive, with its twofold motto: 'Noli me tangere' and 'Non possumus.' Such an atmosphere was undoubtedly congenial to him. At Tarsus, in the midst of Greeks, he had never felt at home; and though his lot was afterwards much cast among Greek populations, it always cost him a great effort to understand them. His master was Rabban Gamaliel, 'the glory of the law,' the grandson of the Liberal-Conservative Hillel, the famous

rival of Shammai. Gamaliel is supposed to have advocated charity above dogmas, and to have recommended the non-intervention policy, based on a philosophical calm, the characteristic of gods and the envy of mortals. He seemed to have taken to heart the precept, which his grandfather gave to a heathen, who wished to be converted and to be taught the whole law while he stood on one foot: 'What is unpleasant to thyself do not thou to thy neighbour. This is the whole law. All else is but a commentary on it. Depart and learn it.'

With what intense ardour the young Pharisee must have thrown himself into the work before him can scarcely be imagined. Naturally of a melancholy-choleric temperament, owing to physical causes, he was not likely to underrate the difficulties in his way. But he had an undaunted spirit, and 'Im Anfang war die That' was the great maxim which he endeavoured to carry into practice. Gifted with a brilliant versatile intellect, a bold intuition, and great powers of reflection, he might have become a passionate Hillel, and poured fresh life into the veins of dying Judaism.

So much is certain, that he became a master in Rabbinism. In all his life, his mode of expressing his thoughts, his arguments, and his style, he became a Rabbinical Jew. Hence the many curious expressions, the strange turns of thought, the singular proofs, the seeming quibbles, the apparent want of logic (Gal. iii. 16; iv. 24; Rom. iii. 1 &c.; 2 Cor. v. 11 and many others)—phenomena which startle the Western reader, but do not at all astonish an Oriental Jew. The method of St. Paul is that of the Jewish schools; he has nothing to do with Aristotle. He is an essential creation of the first century and the school of the Pharisees. His logic is of the very severest order, but it is like a path in a

dense forest, clearly marked, indeed, to the children of the forest, but traced with difficulty by the eyes of a stranger. For there are many unforeseen windings and huge trees with dense foliage, making the search difficult and throwing their shadow across the narrow path. St. Paul displays everywhere a profound knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures and traditional interpretations. The basis on which his theology rests is that of the Old Testament; nay, more than this, in his theology he seldom goes beyond it. He has created no new theology; if Christianity is theology, then the Christianity of St. Paul is at the very best a Judaism completed.

I have dwelt long on the Jewish character of the Pauline theology because it is the rock on which so many of his interpreters are miserably stranded. To stand on a Greek platform, to interpret him in accordance with the laws of culture, must lead to strange misconceptions and huge misunderstandings. It will fail to bring out the real St. Paul. Our great modern Athenians on the banks of the Seine and of the Isis must become Jews if they wish to tell us not merely what St. Paul may have meant, but what he did mean. Otherwise men will hesitate to accept the salvation so freely bestowed, and continue to ask whether these 'Zeitbilder' are not in reality so many 'Zerrbilder.' Perhaps on a future day, when we have taken enough of the 'lumps of Arnoldian delight, sweet reasonableness,' we shall rest and be thankful, but that day is still in the dim distance.

Lastly, to close this chapter of difficulties, we have not 'the spirit,' as St. Paul would have called it, that is, we are not in sympathy with the intense earnestness and mysticism of the Apostolical age. What to us seems a mere figure of speech was to the Apostle an intense

reality, for which he lived and died. We play with his ideas, as if they were toys given to amuse us, and we forget that to him they were questions of life or death. We forget that he obtained them at the price of great suffering, that he trod a *via dolorosa*, and marked every step with tears and blood, that he found them on the edge of a deep precipice. We know no longer 'den Schmerz der Wahrheit,' and hence we have no longer the intense love, the loyalty, the devotion to it which characterised our Christian Demiurges. Eighteen centuries have cooled the love which kindled the fire that created a new world. Mechanism and magic have taken the place of that living, all-absorbing love. Surely if we felt more, we should understand more. *ὅτι τὸ ὁμοιον τῆ ὁμοίῳ ἀνάγκη αἰε φιλοῦν εἶναι.* ('And Divine things must be loved in order to be known.')

## II

We shall return to St. Paul's theology hereafter: meanwhile we have done enough in stating some of the difficulties which accompany every enquiry into it; and we beg to suggest the question, whether it is worth while to drag her down from heaven and to put her in the market place, instead of leaving her amidst her native air?

Fichte has said, 'Our intellectual system is oft nothing but the history of our heart.' This is especially true in the case of St. Paul. It is therefore necessary to touch, however, briefly upon his personal history. The 'Sturm und Drangperiode,' to which we referred reached its climax when the scholar, instead of trusting to an intellectual defence of Judaism, took the sword. Repose was never one of his characteristics—the nature of the wolf of Benjamin was never thoroughly tamed; but this intense restlessness, this want of faith in a moral victory, this active hatred—the Devil alone

is supposed to hate for the mere pleasure of hating—reveal to us his inward state. He had evidently misgivings; he had commenced to doubt, and entered on the first stage of that intense struggle which led him to the very gates of death that thence he might pass to his resurrection. The 'vermittelnde' theology of Gamaliel had not been able to satisfy this thorough, passionate nature, abhorring nothing so much as lukewarmness and halfness. What more natural than that he should have made an attempt to drown the unwelcome doubts which were endeavouring to gain the mastery over him? He took to persecuting those with whom unconsciously he had points of affinity. And one of the martyrs had his revenge. What else is this great 'Apostle of the Gentiles' but a colossal St. Stephen?

One day on the road to Damascus the heavens were opened to him. There flashed upon him the ideal, and in its light he saw the real. Overpowered he fell to the ground, and when he rose again his life was changed. For life is devotion to an idea, the pursuit of an ideal; a great revulsion had taken place in his feelings and in his idea, and hence in his life. Three days he spent in silence and solitude. In the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans he has described the struggle through which he passed. It was severe and protracted; he was one of the violent that take the kingdom of heaven by force. Prostrated before that great new spiritual power, in contemplation of that moral grandeur revealed to him, he spent three weary days. Intellectually he had no doubts; it was a moral struggle in which he was engaged. Then out of the doubt that weeps, that suffers, that bleeds, which is in itself religion, was born the system afterwards matured and developed by reflection and experience. The analysis of his religious consciousness followed

hereafter, but when the three days were over he felt above all a Divine calm, a superhuman peace, a more than natural joy. 'Nehmt die Gottheit auf in euren Willen und sie steigt von ihrem Weltenthron.' For his conscience had received the supreme good and his reason acknowledged it as the supreme truth, and in the union of the two his heart adored the supreme beauty.

A moral moralist is a strange sight. It seems that those who attempt to cure others cannot cure themselves. But in the very highest moralist there is no such antagonism between theory and practice, precept and life. St. Paul at any rate could say of himself when standing before the highest tribunal of his nation: 'Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day.' Before the change that took place on the way to Damascus his morality had been that of the 'categorical imperative;' afterwards it had been that of Christ. But throughout he had exercised himself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.

The conscience! What is it? Whence is it? What place does it occupy in man? Every philosophy that soars beyond phosphorus and bile, that finds the fatherland of humanity not in a zoological garden, but believes in a moral life—a special life of humanity, a moral world governed by special laws—must make the attempt to solve the question. St. Paul is the first among the Hebrews who made the effort; in his Epistles the idea of the conscience is for the first time clearly expressed, and its significance pointed out. It was the fruit of those hours of agony when the tide of a mighty revelation swept over him.

The Hebrew language, it has been remarked, has no word to express the idea of the conscience.

The very richest theological language in the world has no word for the moral faculty. The conscience must be there, for it constitutes the very idea of man. But its cry is feeble, for it is drowned by the thunders of Sinai, and its form shrinks into insignificant dimensions before the lightning that surrounds the mountain top with a halo of fire. An intensely theological age is not favourable to the development of the conscience. It is evidently as unfair to take David as the representative of Old Testament Judaism, as it would be to take Plato as the representative of Hellenism. The effect produced upon the masses is the great criterion of a theology or a religion. The promulgation of the law—and here we must remember that the distinction between the Decalogue and the ceremonial law is unknown to the Old Testament and not acknowledged by St. Paul, and that every particle of the law was equally binding—seemingly resting on nothing else but outward authority, had a twofold result: it either drove men into open rebellion, or it made them yield an unreasoning, implicit obedience. The former state is immoral, and the latter may be designated as not yet moral. Hence the prophets, who were the embodiment of the nation's conscience, endeavoured to rouse the slumbering moral consciousness. In those matchless twenty-seven chapters of the second part of Isaiah, where the Old Testament reaches its climax, the great name by which the God of Israel is known is the Holy One. For when God is acknowledged as the Holy One, when His will as expressed in the law is looked upon as Holiness, then only is the individual placed in a true relation towards the objective law, because he becomes conscious within, not merely of a feeling of absolute dependence, inseparable from the idea of the creature, but of communion

between God and himself. And thus the conscience is awakened.

The Bible of Hellas is the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The word *συνείδησις* is, I believe, not found in any Greek author before the Christian era. But it would have been strange if the anthropological mind of Hellas had been without the idea. In Homer the existence of the conscience is acknowledged, and he speaks of it as feeling indignant at the sight of evil, and as a standing in fear of the gods. In the terrible *Ἐρινύες*, who avenge crimes and torture the criminals, the poets have embodied the terrors of an evil conscience. Juvenal excels in describing the anguish of a bad conscience. Many passages, too, are found in 'Seneca noster,' where he speaks of the 'consciousness of good' within us. He, too, abounds in pictures of the wicked trembling after they have done their evil deeds, their conscience not permitting them to rest, and expecting the punishment which they deserve. But the culminating point is reached, I need hardly say, in Socrates and Plato. Their appearance is like a flash of lightning revealing the upward path along which humanity has to travel. It would be easy enough to multiply quotations, and it might be shown that amongst the leaders of Greek thought there were many philosophical ideas about the conscience. But a philosophy of the conscience there was not, there could not be. The ethical is always subordinate to the physical; that they have each a special sphere with laws peculiar to each is not acknowledged. Though Plato has indeed attributed all perfections to the Godhead, he has never attained the idea of holiness propagated by the prophets of Judea. Power belonged to the gods of Hellas, but not holiness. The moral ideal was not in the Olympus; it was the privilege of the gods to be immoral. Man was in reality greater than the gods,



and the moment he became conscious of it his religion was doomed. For religion is the ideal, and the ideal cannot be beneath us. Under such circumstances the moral sense of the individual and the moral sense of the nation could not develop.

St. Paul pronounced for the first time the word *συνείδησις*, and became its Apostle. The Apostle, speaking of the day of judgment, 'when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ,' declares that the heathen, though to them is given no revelation, can be saved. 'For a Gentile, which has not the law, may do by nature the things contained in the law. In such a case, not having the law, he is a law unto himself. But he might say that he could not fulfil the law, for he knew it not. Then his conscience will rise up as a witness to declare that the law was written in his heart. Thereupon will arise a struggle between his thoughts: they will accuse or else excuse one another, and the conscience will listen in silence and confirm the sentence that will be pronounced.' This is the principal passage (Rom. ii. 14, 15, 16) in which St. Paul speaks of the conscience. It is psychologically interesting because it shows that the Apostle adopts the view of the Old Testament, according to which the heart is the central organ in man. But the centre of the heart is, according to the Apostle, the conscience. Within each heart, because he is a human being, there is the consciousness of a moral relation in which man is placed towards the Moral Ideal, which is God the 'Holy One.' Higher than the law written on pieces of stone hewn out of the rocks and given to a small Shemitic tribe, is that law engraved indelibly by God's finger on the heart of humanity. The will of God revealed to the Jews in a positive law is manifest in man's moral nature. Man knows

it; he has but to look within, or to listen to the voice that declares the fact of this Divine manifestation. Obey the law, says the voice, live in accordance with thy moral nature, set not up thine own will against it, but submit thyself, and thus thou shalt do thy duty. If thou wilt act thus, thy act is to be approved of; if not, thy act is to be condemned.

Here, then, is the fact of the conscience not merely acknowledged, but its genesis and its functions defined. It testifies of a moral relation, it commands a manifestation of it in life, and points to man's moral destiny. On such a basis the Apostle could appeal to the heathen world. He appealed to that of which they were conscious themselves. No responsibility, hence no guilt, could possibly have attached to them had they been born without a conscience, or had any event been able to destroy it. But now, planting himself on the fact acknowledged by themselves, he can boldly ask them to interrogate their conscience. What is its testimony? Does their conscience commend or condemn them? If it commends them, it is because they have obeyed the law of their moral nature, and they will have a good conscience; if it condemns them, it is because they have been disobedient, and they will have an evil conscience. In the one case they will be conscious of harmony, in the other case of disharmony.

To the Jews also the Apostle is able to address himself. They have a law; according to their relation to it they shall be judged. If they are conscious of having fulfilled its commands, they shall be saved; if not, they shall be punished. To know that our will is in unison with the Divine will, that is peace; to know that it is not, is confusion.

St. Paul had interrogated his own conscience, and this was the conclu-

sion to which he had come: 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?' 'Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,' sighs a Roman poet. 'Nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata,' is a well-known complaint. It was not mere imagination when St. Paul described the whole creation as groaning and travailing in pain. Joyous Hellas and earnest Judea join in the voice of lamentation. There is confusion and disharmony; the will refuses to obey the dictates of the conscience. This is the testimony of the elect among the nations; the masses continue in moral stupidity.

There is no more tragic picture in all human writings than that painted by St. Paul in the last verses of the seventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: 'I am carnal, sold under sin, for that which I do I allow not; for what I would that do I not, but what I hate that do I. I know that in me dwelleth no good thing. The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do. I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members.' He has dipped his pencil, so to speak, in his heart's blood; with undying sombre colours he has embodied his experience of those days which were the crisis of his life. A moral giant, he has sounded the very depths of hell that he might afterwards penetrate into the very heights of heaven. He has given utterance to the cry of the conscience protesting in the name of the right Divine against the usurpation of pretenders born of the revolution. Going to the very centre of his heart and listening to the echo of the voice resounding within, he becomes conscious of a disturbed relation between himself

and the ideal conscience: instead of peace he finds war; instead of harmony, disharmony. In one word, he becomes conscious of sin. Sin is the consciousness of the severance between the ideal and the real; it is the consciousness of disharmony in our moral nature.

The source of sin is 'ἀρνη,' says Homer. It is a blindness. The great sin of his heroes is 'ὑβρις;' conscious of great strength, they think that there are no limits to it, and boldly transgress the boundaries which separate the mortal from the immortal. Deeper is the view of Plato, who speaks of it as 'τὸ ἀθεον καὶ ἀκορεινόν.' We know how they accounted for it; it is to be found in the dualism between spirit and matter. This is also the doctrine of Philo, in whom the East and the West, the religion of Moses and the philosophy of Plato, whom he considers as an 'Athenian Moses,' are united in a 'religious philosophic.' Matter is evil; the imperfection of matter is the source of evil. The universal soul is polluted by coming into contact with matter. Evil was necessary; a sinless life was an impossibility. Plato did not believe that evil could be wholly conquered. Grecian philosophy has not understood the moral foundation of evil.

A different solution is that given by the Apostle. Matter *per se* is not evil, according to the Hebrew Scriptures. For when God created all things it is stated: He saw that it was good. Its source is therefore not in the imperfection of matter. Nor can it be, according to the Apostle's view, in the senses, for not merely are they a creation of God, who made all things so that they were good, but thus sin, being an inevitable result of creation, becomes a necessity.<sup>3</sup> Nor can it be,

<sup>3</sup> Moreover, such a theory does not account for the many sins of the spirit which the Apostle enumerates.

I need hardly remark, in God. For according to Plato the source of moral good is in the eternal ideas. The obligation to do good is derived from the nature of the Godhead. To become like the Godhead is to be our endeavour. All that is good comes from God, who is the source of good, for He is holy, says Philo. St. Paul's view of the 'holiness of God' is, of course, much more intense, and therefore he cannot consider Him as the source of evil.

Whence, then, this anarchy in our moral nature? It is because of the antagonism which has arisen between *σάρξ* and *πνεῦμα*. 'The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' The distinction between the two, which is an act of creation, became an antagonism. The *πνεῦμα*, the Divine breath, was to permeate the *σάρξ*, and to transform it into its own likeness by means of the *ψυχή*, which is the bond between the two. And thus, if the ideal had been reached, man would have been *πνευματικός*, a word peculiar to St. Paul, instead of being what he is now, *σαρκικός*. But man would have it otherwise. The will, which is the substratum of every being, when called into exercise, manifested itself as arbitrariness. The soul tears itself loose from the spirit, moved by the false representation that its Creator is neither Love nor Holiness, but Power, which shows itself in a despotic command. It rebels, calls in the aid of the senses, and having disturbed the centre of gravity, causes a revolution which makes the true development, that of the spirit, which is liberty, impossible. It has no magic formula wherewith to make recede the tide which it has called forth. The *σάρξ* masters the *ψυχή*, and the *πνεῦμα* feels the evil influence. So far does the usurpation of the *σάρξ* extend, that the

Apostle uses the word in an ethical sense. 'I know,' he says, 'that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing.' The word denoted primarily nothing else but the substance out of which man is formed. It is used to distinguish man from God—the creature from the Creator. But St. Paul gives it a new meaning; to him it is human nature in its state of estrangement, in its rebellion. Everywhere does he see the traces of the conflict between the inward and outward man—between the higher, better part of self, and the lower. And everywhere does he find the subjugation of the *πνεῦμα*. In the Jewish world he finds breaking of the law, and hence dishonouring of God; turning to the Gentiles, he finds that they have changed the truth of God into a lie, and served the creature more than the Creator. They are filled with all unrighteousness; they have given themselves up to all manner of iniquity, and they have pleasure in them that do such things. Seeing all this, and interpreting the cry of the conscience, it is not strange that he should exclaim, 'There is none righteous, no not one. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'

This view, therefore, of the cause of evil is opposed to that of Greek philosophy. Spirit and matter are now in a state of hostility; but this is not the source of evil, but its outflow. The rule of the *σάρξ* over the *πνεῦμα* is not the original institution. Plato himself looks upon the soul as having committed some crime in a former existence, and being for its punishment imprisoned in the body. It opposes all theories, too, which look upon evil as founded in man's original organisation, and make it hence a necessity and derive it in reality from God. And whilst other theories perpetuate evil, it holds out the possibility of a complete triumph of good and a total defeat of evil.

Man comes in the world as a free

being. The conscience assures him that it lies in his power to fulfil his moral destiny. All that is required of him is to live in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. The question is, therefore, in what relation he will put his will towards his conscience. Is he to be governed by the conscience, the conscientiousness of the Divine law? Thus he shall attain the end of life: good. If his will is not free, if he has not the power to carry out what he wills, his moral life is an illusion; he has mere natural and not personal life. But the will in itself is not moral; it can only become moral when acting in accordance with the dictates of the conscience. Now, besides the conscientiousness of God, man has the conscientiousness of self. He lives under the law of development; the very idea of development implies that of a want to be supplied, of imperfection. His conscience tells him that perfection consists in the union of the twofold conscientiousness. In choosing to sever the two, and putting the one in opposition to the other, man gives evidence of selfishness and becomes immoral. He isolates himself; he makes himself the very centre of the universe, and, in accordance with this notion, exercises his will. In doing so he violates a fundamental law of his moral being, and the effect of this departure cannot but make itself felt all throughout. His conscientiousness of self, of the world, of God, is considerably modified.

St. Paul, then, in accordance with the general view of the Old Testament, does not look upon evil as natural, but as unnatural; it is not a development, but an obstacle, a hindrance, a deviation. Looking at it in the light of the conscience, it appears to him as the negation of morality. Man now lags on the way; he has called a *δύναμις* into existence, called by the Apostle *ἀμαρτία*,

which retards his progress in every possible way. This *δύναμις* develops and establishes its sway over the whole of human nature. The senses are the instrument made use of, and by means of them the *νοῦς* and *πνεῦμα* and *ψυχή* are perverted. The *νοῦς* becomes *νοῦς τῆς σαρκός*; the *πνεῦμα τοῦ νοῦς* requires to be renewed; the *ψυχή* stands in need of deliverance; the will becomes the will of the flesh. We shall have occasion to refer afterwards to St. Paul's view of human liberty;<sup>4</sup> he certainly does not deny the capability of man to choose between good and evil: 'to will is present with me,' he declares expressly. Lastly, the conscience itself is affected. It becomes conscious of the dualism between man and God, and the thought of it fills it with inexpressible pain and sorrow. In spite of its warnings man has deliberately acknowledged that nature is a higher power than the moral spirit and has refused obedience to its commands. In the tumult of passions its voice died away unheeded. He might, he should, have listened to those calm, majestic tones, for reason itself proclaims that they are the utterance of truth. He should have allowed his conscience to guide him into the path of obedience, along which is the way to liberty, and thus his development would have been a true and undisturbed one, and he would have reached salvation; that is, he would have lost himself in the harmony of the all. Instead of this his *αὐτονομία* is indeed *ἀνομία*, his freedom licentiousness, the caricature of liberty, and his development retrogression. No wonder that the conscience should weep for him. Surrounded on all sides by symptoms of degeneracy and decay, she sits on her throne in garments of mourning beseeching and entreating, as if the

<sup>4</sup> I have not been able to do so, as I feared that my article would already take up too much space.

very sight of her impotence, to whom should have belonged all power, would surely melt the stony hearts of men. But at other times she commands and threatens and condemns; for man has sinned against her. Her wrath is roused against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, because they hold the 'truth in unrighteousness.' 'They knew God and yet they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.' 'They knew the judgment of the conscience, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, and yet they do the same.' Then man rises in self-defence; he must either renounce self that he may save himself, in other words yield to his conscience, or maintain self, that is destroy himself by attempting to kill the conscience. Therefore did men kill the prophets and Christ, the conscience of humanity, as an act of self-preservation. But in truth it was an act of suicide. If the conscience could be completely destroyed, if all traces of it could be obliterated, humanity itself would have ceased to exist.

We now come to a second point in St. Paul's system. The great fact of 'sin,' to use a theological word, based on the testimony of the empirical conscience, is undoubted. Humanity stands in need of help, for it is weak; the conscience proclaims it loudly. The end of creation cannot be frustrated; how is it to be realised? St. Paul points to the revelation of God's righteousness. 'The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.' In nature and in history—both are contained in St. Paul's words—God reveals Himself. The purpose of revelation is education; the idea of revelation is that of the education of humanity. It is now generally acknowledged that its necessity—if there be any such

thing—is independent of the so-called 'doctrine of the Fall.' Education requires necessarily an agent from without to impart knowledge, to give an impulse and to guide. However high, according to St. Paul, man's original state may have been, he acknowledges that there were latent powers which require to be brought out. God's revelation is to be the *παιδαγωγός* of humanity. Without entering into the question whether the 'heavens declare the glory of God' or the 'glory of the astronomer,' it is interesting from an ethical point of view to state in a few words St. Paul's view of the heathen or, as he generally calls it, the Greek world. The heathen knew God. 'He left Himself not without a witness in that He did good, and gave the rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness.' He revealed Himself, 'making of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and determining the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation.' They were called upon to seek in the things that are made the Lord that made them. Nature was full of signs and symbols, which it was their task to interpret. They had also, as we have seen, the conscience 'bearing witness of the law within in their hearts.' The 'uncircumcision' could fulfil the law; some of the Gentiles had done 'by nature the things contained in the law.' For to perceive the truth is to love it, and to love it is to obey it. There is no trace in St. Paul of the austere theology which explains the virtues of the heathen world, which it cannot deny, as 'splendid vices;' on the contrary, God is no respecter of persons; 'He will render to every man according to his *deeds*: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life.' The question put to them is not so much, 'What hast thou done?' but, 'How

hast thou done it? The earnest striving after the ideal, the purity of mind and heart, the passionate search after truth, the moral effort of the will—in all these things lies the kingdom of heaven.

Thus are the nations to be educated. The Apostle speaks of them as children in bondage under the elements of the world. The things of the world, on which, to quote Philo, 'God impressed the ideas and powers of the Logos,' are to be their tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father. It is a difficult task which is set before them. It is difficult, says Plato, to find the Creator, and impossible, after one has found Him, to make Him known. And Cicero complains: 'Igniculos nobis dedit parvulos quos celeriter malis moribus opinionibusque depravati sic restinguimus ut nusquam naturæ lumen appareat.' But these words were written after the nations had plunged into heathendom. For the education had failed. There is a grand description in the fortieth chapter of Isaiah of the God of Israel, concluding with the question, 'To whom then will you liken Me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.' And satirically the prophet speaks of the 'workman who melteth a graven image.' 'He that is so impoverished that he has no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh with him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image that shall not be moved.' St. Paul is on the whole wonderfully free of Jewish prejudices in regard to other religions. The cause of heathenism he finds in these two principles: 'That when they knew God, they did not glorify Him as God, neither were thankful.' They did not glorify Holiness, they did not adore Love. For their heart was not in conformity with their conscience. And thus the consciousness of the truth within them was weakened, their minds became vain, their

wisdom was foolishness, they followed no longer after righteousness, but 'gave themselves up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts.' It need hardly be remarked that this description applies to the condition of the world in general.

The education of humanity was to be progressive; from stage to stage man was to be led onward and upward. But it goes not beyond the first stage, for humanity refuses to be educated, and turns from the *παιδαγωγός*. But there still remains another method to be tried. A revelation is made differing not in kind but in degree from the one made to the Greek world. It is a revelation not in symbols but in words. The 'will of God' is declared, and written down in order that he who 'runs may read.' The objective ideal conscience is put before humanity. The law is 'good and holy;' its purpose is to stimulate the individual conscience. The contemplation of the 'moral ideal' is the basis of moral life. It stood before the eyes of the nation; there was no doubt about it; all possibility of a mistake was excluded. The Apostle looks upon this as a great advantage, for when he asks, 'What advantage then has the Jew, and what profit is there of circumcision?' he answers, 'Much every way; chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.' But the mentor of the individual conscience succeeds not in gaining the affection of the pupil. His 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not,' with additions of 'blessings' and 'curses,' reducing morality to a subtle form of egotism; his endless multiplication of commandments, hiding the basis on which they rest, and veiling the unity which ought to reign throughout; in short, the form in which he presents himself, calls forth the opposition of the *σάφξ*. What was seen, according to the Apostle, in Adam, is seen on a

larger scale in the Jewish nation. In very bold language, most liable to be misunderstood, the Apostle describes the effects of the law. 'What shall we say then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin but by the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. But sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law sin was dead. For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died.' In the Epistle to the Corinthians he says, 'The strength of sin is the law.' And in another chapter he describes the whole ministration of Moses as the ministration of death. For it was the ministration of the letter. The letter killeth. It is the spirit alone which giveth life. From these statements, then, we gather the effects of the law. Sin being the consciousness of sin, it may be said that the law created sin. It tore man violently out of the state of moral unconsciousness, or rather semi-consciousness, in which he was before the commandment; it roused his evil desires and passions; it drove him into by-paths, and made him go astray. It brought the ideal and the real in hitherto unknown collision; it widened the gap more than ever. Thus it failed, and must needs pass away to make room for something higher and better.

The idea of the law was good; its form was calculated to produce evil. What makes the Apostle look with such great terror upon the law is his Pharisaical training and the experience of those days. It is a well-known fact that the law becomes gradually a greater protection for the criminal than for the honest man. By means of ingenious though not ingenuous interpretations the former manages to keep

to the letter of the law, however much he may oppose its spirit. It would be impossible to give a catalogue of the legal immoralities committed by humanity. More criminals have escaped by the law than have been punished by it. Now, the Pharisees who dissected the law in numberless atoms, and who applied to it their traditional exegesis, were the very men to produce a clinging to the letter of the law and an evading of its spirit. Thus under the very shadow of the law, with its name on their lips, morality was in danger. Besides, the Apostle contrasts the state of the '*πνεῦμα*,' in which he is now, with that of the 'letter,' in which he was formerly. At the very best the law is imperfect. This arises from the fact that it must be embodied in a form which is the product of the age, and of the '*Zeit-Geist*' in which it is given. And the utmost it can do in a certain period is to create a nation of obedient servants, doing their duty for fear of the whip. But it cannot create loving children.

However, though the doers of the law shall be justified, it remains necessary to impart a new revelation, in order to manifest more fully the Divine ideal, and to complete the education of humanity. The idea of education is more than a mere communication of knowledge. But by the deeds of the law, according to the Apostle, no flesh is justified, and therefore a Divine interposition is all the more necessary. There is a gulf fixed between the objective ideal and the subjective reality, which it seems cannot be bridged over. In order to make the real, as it ought to be, ideal, it is necessary to establish that the ideal is real. This is Christianity. This is given in Christ. Christ and Christianity are identical.

It is well known how the Greeks endeavoured to embody their ideals. The *ἥρωες*, '*ἡμιθέων γένος ἄνθρωποι*,'

were the representatives of the Greek ideas of perfection. Beautiful, bold, fearless, strong, overcoming all resistance, and exalted after their death above ordinary mortals, they stood on the ideal heights to which human nature must aspire. The Greek nation, whatever a solitary philosopher may have done, did not soar beyond nature. Higher is the ideal of Seneca, for it is the intellectual ideal, when he describes the perfect philosopher. He lifts him far above the gods and above the world. But the *ἀπάθεια* is the great imperfection of his ideal; it is the perfection of a block of marble, icily cold. Much grander is the ideal of St. Paul, for it is the moral ideal. It is the embodiment of the highest good. This was the thought which struck him on the way to Damascus, when the voice said, 'I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' Engaged in the search after righteousness, this identification of Christ with His martyred saint, this manifestation of the highest love, seemed to him the very highest type of morality. And immediately he wished to shape his life in accordance with it: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'

The moral ideal embodied in a person! The concrete Jewish mind—and shall we not add the world, with the exception of the philosopher?—cannot rest satisfied with the mere abstract idea. The intellect demands the idea; the conscience calls for its realisation. The Apostle points to Christ. *Ecce Homo*—Behold the Man. He is the ideal Man, the second Man, the last Adam. He stands on the very summit of humanity, and becomes the Author of a new creation. In Him the heavenly ideal is fulfilled; He gives expression to the Divine idea of Beauty. He is good; He 'knew no sin.' He had the *σάρξ*, but not the *σάρξ ἀμαρτίας*. The Apostle, in his eagerness, fearing that his Gen-

tile hearers might conclude that the possession of the *σάρξ* necessarily involves that of *ἀμαρτία*, borders on Docetism when he speaks of Christ as being sent 'in the likeness of sinful flesh.' Yet from other passages, as when he speaks of Christ being crucified and dying, it follows that the Apostle ascribed to Christ the real *σάρξ*. But it is ideal, for He has the Spirit of Holiness. All men, it is true, have the *πνεῦμα*, but it is no longer in them the spirit of holiness. By virtue of it there is in Him not the antagonism between the *σάρξ* and the *πνεῦμα* which, as we have seen, is found amongst Jews and Gentiles. He is *πνευματικός*; his will is in harmony with the Divine Will, and His self-consciousness and consciousness of God are one, so that He can say, 'I and the Father are one.'

'The Holy One of Israel,' who had ever before Him the ideal 'to be perfect even as His Father which is in heaven is perfect,' with whom to know the good was to do it, in whom virtue had become incarnate, stands in absolute grandeur before the Apostle. He had not known Him in the days of His flesh, when He moved in the midst of His Galilean fishermen; he knew little of the circumstances of His life spent amidst the hills of Nazareth and the seaside of Capernaum. He had first seen Him in heaven, on the throne of God, amidst the Divine glories. Hence, every idea of relativity is at once excluded; Christ comes before him as the absolute ideal of humanity, independent of time, circumstances, and nationalities. He has felt the transcendent power of the moral ideal, the very highest, and he adores it, and proclaims it. He preaches to the world the reality of the ideal conscience, and demands its allegiance and worship. For the hour has come when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The reign of Mount



Gerizim and of Jerusalem has come to an end; religion is no longer a theology, it is morality.

The contemplation of the moral ideal, we said, is the basis of moral life. It says to those that are fallen, that are sinking, that are struggling in the waters below: 'Give not thyself up to despair; become not unbelieving, but believing. Thou too canst rise, thou too canst progress, thou too canst overcome.' And it speaks with authority, for in Christianity it is the voice of a living person. The yearning heart and the distracted conscience are pointed to an immaculate life. Surely to behold it gives strength, encouragement, consolation. But the mere contemplation does not suffice, for it might have a depressing influence and might send men away filled with doubts and fears. Faith is needed in order that the moral ideal may bring forth fruit. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, a brilliant disciple of the Pauline school, has explained to us what faith is. It is the evidence of the reality of the ideal. We are inclined to hold that what is, ought to be—that what is, is of necessity. But against this view the human conscience protests. Faith is the embodiment of that protest. It is the heart lifting itself above the visible, with its manifold contradictions and numerous dissonances, to a higher world, whence it returns with the message that the ideal is the true reality, that men ought to strive after it, and that true harmony can only be found when the ideal and real form part of one whole. But this is not all. This temper of the soul plunged, so to speak, in the ideal, must needs call forth a moral act. It stirs up the will to attach itself to and to act in accordance with the knowledge which it has obtained. Thus faith becomes sympathy with the ideal; by means of it we lift ourselves out of the lower

form of life, turning around self into that higher form the centre of which is Christ. Thus, faith in its highest meaning is not opposed to works; it is itself a work, a great moral act.

'Faith in Christ,' in that life which manifested itself most in His death, when He became 'obedient even unto the death of the cross,' must of necessity become the principle of a new life. The *καὶ ἐκ ἀνθρώπου* is born and grows under its influence. A restoring process is carried on as man is gradually cleansed. The communion with Christ, the power of His life, makes itself felt within us. The Epistle to the Hebrews and St. John describe it as a *καθαρίζου*. The former, contrasting the Old and New Testaments, declares that Christ *purges* the conscience from dead works, which are the works of the law, to serve the living God. The Spirit of Christ becomes the centre within us, and from it proceed light and life giving rays, penetrating to the very darkest and most hidden corners. It transforms the heart, and thence it proceeds to renew the mind and the spirit. The union between the new ideal life and ourselves is strongly insisted upon and illustrated by images taken from nature, as when the Apostle speaks of Christ being the head and we being the members. He exhorts, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' He tells his hearers that they must die with Christ and rise with Christ. He bids them to take up the new life, to receive it within them, and to let it do its work. To us the ideal is something without, which we must pursue with all our powers. The Apostle, on the other hand, plants the ideal within. To us the boundaries between the ideal and real are well marked and strongly defined; to the Apostle they are obliterated, for heaven descends upon earth,

and earth ascends to heaven. The ideal grows within him and transforms the real after its own likeness. And at last the purpose of creation is fulfilled: the antagonism, the disharmony, is at an end. The new man rejoices in the absolute consciousness of peace. The Spirit of God and his own spirit are one, and they declare the fact with one voice. We must confess that we stand here before a deep mystery. We are transplanted in the shadowy land of mysticism. The origin of life is shrouded in mystery. To expect legal definitions and mathematical accuracy is absurd. The place whereon we stand is holy, and only the heart filled with reverence can hope to stand within sight of the sanctuary.

It has been well said that Greece and Rome could not produce a great man. They might give birth to a great Greek or a great Roman, but beyond this they could not go. The same remark may be applied to their creation of a moral type. Their religion was Patriotism; their ideal was the State. It was the love of their native land, of the joyous sky above them, of the hills and valleys around them, that created those god-like heroes of whom it may be said, 'Es kann die Spur von ihren Erden-tagen nicht in Aeonen untergehen.' The affection with which they looked upon their country was their great source of inspiration; it led them to those deeds of valour which compelled the admiration of their enemies; it made them forget the tie of home and kindred, and sacrifice every prospect of life; it made them endure without a murmur all hardship and toil, and, having resisted unto the bitter end, accept inevitable death with resignation. Patriotism has never been such a passion as it was in ancient Hellas. The chieftain, wounded to death, joyfully laid himself down to die in the consciousness that he bequeathed to his country two immortal vic-

tories. He had been a good citizen; that was the realisation of the Greek ideal. The best evidence of this is found in Plato's ideal republic. The State is called upon to make its citizens moral. Morality has its basis in *σοφία*, on which rest *ἀνδρεία* and *σωφροσύνη*, and *δικαιοσύνη* is the climax. To obey the laws of the State is the great duty of which Socrates speaks. Plato has not surpassed his master. His State, with its absolute power, disposing according to its good pleasure of the life of the citizen, and looking upon him as a mere machine, does in reality destroy the idea of morality. For the idea of a free personality is reduced to a very minimum. But, at the best, what is the *δικαιοσύνη* of Plato? It is *τὰ αὐτοῦ πράττειν καὶ μὴ πολυπραγμανεῖν*. It is to respect the rights of others; it is conceived of in relation to the State. And, besides, morality is a state to which but few can attain. The philosopher stands at the head, and in vain do the masses endeavour to follow him. There is no admission; the gates to them are barred. Christianity alone understands the idea of humanity, and no one has painted so vividly the hitherto unknown picture of the 'New Man' as the great idealist of Tarsus. Considering his birth, his training, and former life, it is the most marvellous achievement in the religious history of humanity. The 'new man' belongs to no country, and is not the child of circumstances; going back to his very deepest origin, he is a creation of Heaven, a child of grace. 'Das Höchste ist nicht im Ringen und Streben, sondern in dem Empfangen freier Gaben.' He is humble, meek, gentle, filled with infinite sympathy, putting himself in the place of others, slow in judgment, never daring to condemn. He deems nothing that is human strange or common; he looks upon the world not as the possession of a Satanic power, but as one of the many mansions of his Father's

house. He does not separate himself from the world or from his fellow-men; he sees everywhere the Divine imprimatur, however obscured by the dust of earth; he discovers everywhere the latent germ waiting for the gentle spring to make it bud and bring forth fruit. To raise, to exalt, to ennoble all that is human, is his constant endeavour. As for himself, he leads a great inner life, known to none but himself. He appears oft to himself like Lazarus coming out of the grave, 'bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face bound about with a napkin.' He has to carry on a great work, and the great law of labour is also for him: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou labour.' He has to free his mind, to open his heart, to let the light of heaven stream through the windows of his soul, to learn discipline, to acquire habits of self-control, to exercise his will in accordance with the Divine ideal. He is a free man, not a servant. He is under the law of the spirit, under the law of love. The question he has to put to himself is, whether he is in accordance with the mind of Christ. He has to find the very highest freedom in the highest form of obedience—the obedience of love. Strong in the consciousness of an ever increasing faith, with a love strong enough to be just, and not the fruit of indifference, towards God and the world, he carries within his heart the hope, against which the gate of hell cannot prevail, that all God's children will one day throw themselves in the embrace of their Father. Quietly, but energetically, he labours, doing his duty, *advienne que pourra*, passionately searching after what is true, what is good, what is beautiful; dreading with a great fear selfishness in every form; studying and cultivating self-renunciation and sacrifice. A holy influence sustains him through life,

makes him resigned in the midst of persecution and suffering, and gladly lay down life in the bosom whence it came. And he desires no other epitaph but that he laboured for the kingdom of God, where the ideal and real are one; where the streams of humanity mingle with the ocean of the Divine, and where flows in an uninterrupted harmony the music of the universe.

### III

THE battle is still raging around St. Paul. The theologians are still at war, and the reconciliations witnessed now and then are but a suspension of arms. It must be so for ever. The atmosphere of theology is strife. She was born amidst the stormy waves of troubled seas. She owes her birth to the heretics, who took one truth which was a truth, and proclaimed it as if it were truth itself. She is developed amidst the shrieks of combatants, and marches to the music of drums. But when the fury of the warriors is exhausted, when the age to which she belonged is laid in the midst of those that rest in uneasy dreams, the new generation will ever ask whether what was once orthodox is not now becoming heretical, or it will pass by and look at her with the veneration or curiosity with which it regards a mummy. It will call for change, for progress, for development. It will follow St. Paul, the apostle of development, the great protestant against all kind of narrowness and limitation, the denouncer of fossils, and of the tendency which sets up the letter and clings to it as if it were the spirit.

St. Paul was a great theologian. The age after the Reformation, an age of reaction, has looked upon him almost exclusively as a theologian and a lawyer. On the doctrine of predestination, boldly and mysteriously stated by St. Paul, misunderstood and exaggerated by

St. Augustine and Calvin—on an exaggerated exaggeration of what must always remain a mystery, is built Puritanism. It is a theology. Its basis is the absolute sovereignty of God. It sits on the throne with God; judging from prayers and sermons, it is the great ministry of Heaven. The nations where it reigns are fond of calling themselves 'a second Israel,' and of imagining that a special Providence watches over the chosen nation. But they are entirely mistaken; their morality is either below or above the Old Testament, and their theology is, after all, more Greek than Hebrew. Israel was not revived in the stern Puritans of the North or in the mild Calvinists of Holland.

The present century is the age of humanity. It believes in humanity; it is intensely interested in all that concerns man and human life. It is intent upon solving the problem; in the midst of its restlessness and agitation it is willing to listen to every voice which has something to say upon that question. It may be true that metaphysics are at a

discount; but moral questions—the relation in which Christianity stands towards society and the individual—exercise a strange fascination. The spirit, the heart, the conscience, assert their *raison d'être*, and call out for the ideal in the face of an increasing worship of nature and a growing deification of matter.

It seems that the way to God is through humanity. No more human heart ever beat in this world than that of St. Paul. His sympathies were wide-spread; his love seemed to have no limits. With his high idealism he was exceedingly practical; he was not one of those dreamers sitting behind their desks and writing their Utopias in absolute ignorance of the world to which they announce the millennium. He was intensely religious, intensely moral; how to establish humanity on a moral foundation, how to make righteousness reign, was his great problem. He will lead us—if anyone can—to the feet of Christ.

A. S.



## OUR IRISH POLICY.

**PUBLIC** interest in Ireland centres at present in the approaching general election. The present Parliament, so far as Ireland is concerned, is regarded as virtually dead. It may linger to the full period of natural dissolution, or it may come to a speedier end, but in either case its proceedings are not likely to be of any very great importance. Neither the wishes nor the fears of the different parties are likely to be realised, nor does there appear any probability of any great measures being passed.

But it is different with the Parliament that is to succeed the present one. As regards it, if Ireland only proves true to herself, there is scope for the wildest imagination as to legislation on the most blazing principles. To it therefore every eye is now directed. Already the din of preparation is heard throughout the land; already the present representatives are being tried in the scales, and where they are found wanting, new men are being selected, who, when their day of reckoning comes, will be able to give good account of their stewardship.

The defeat of the Government on the Irish University Bill startled the country with the prospect of an immediate general election; and though subsequent events rendered such a proceeding, for a short time at least, unnecessary, the appeal to the country must sooner or later be made. The probable results of such an appeal as regards Ireland, and the course which we should subsequently pursue, are the subjects upon which we wish to offer a few brief observations.

The debate on the Irish University Bill was in some respects more damaging to the Government than the division. After long and frequent heraldings, when public curio-

sity was roused to the greatest degree, and public expectation would to the highest pitch, the great measure, which was to cut down the third and last branch of the deadly upas tree, was introduced. Every one now knows its fate; but we are inclined to think that, had the division on the Bill been taken without a debate, the result would not have been so detrimental to the Government, or so injurious to the cause of English government of Ireland.

The debate, however, brought conspicuously to light the hopelessly irreconcilable antagonism between Irish ideas and Imperial ideas; it has demonstrated the incompatibility of English Liberalism with Irish Ultramontanism, and it has loosed the tie which held the English Liberal and Irish Ultramontane parties together.

This latter fact may not be palatable to some; but it is none the less a fact, and the sooner it is recognised as such the better. As speaker after speaker rose on the memorable nights of the great debate, and as one Liberal Member of distinction after another delivered his opinions, not only upon the Bill itself, but upon the principles which should be pursued in legislating for Ireland, and upon the relations of that country to ours, the antagonism of Irish ideas and Imperial ideas became more glaring. For a time the Irish Liberal Members suspended their decision on the measure. At first they seemed inclined to support it, upon the understanding that it should be amended in committee; but as it became evident that all amendments would be in an opposite direction to their views, that all the concessions which had been offered to them by the Government—the gagging clause, the exclusion of modern history and philosophy, probably also the consti-

tation of the Council—would be, by the almost unanimous voice of the House of Commons, condemned, and were already abandoned by the Government, their resolve was taken, and they voted for the rejection of the measure.

Efforts have been made to prove that it is solely upon this question that there is a difference of opinion between the English Liberals and the Irish Liberal members, and that the latter are otherwise true to their allegiance; but this opinion is based upon an imperfect knowledge of facts, and in blissful ignorance that a change has come over the spirit of the Irish Liberal constituencies. We are quite willing to believe that as long as the present Irish Liberal non-Home-Rule Members remain in Parliament they will continue generally to support the Government, but their opinions appear more moderate than those which their constituents avow, and it is beyond doubt that a very different class of representatives will be returned at the next general election. Every vacancy that has occurred within the last few years in the representation of an Irish Liberal constituency has been filled up by a Home Ruler, and it is more than probable that the same conduct will become general when the occasion arises. Government candidates either have not come forward, or, when they have, were in the most unmistakable manner rejected; and so hopeless is the present position, that none of the Irish Law Officers of the Crown have a seat in Parliament.

Facts such as these do not prove the popularity in Ireland of the English Liberal Government, nor the existence of any genuine bond of union between the Irish and English Liberals. That union had begun when English Liberalism set itself the task of emancipating the Roman Catholics, and it would continue only until complete religious equality had

been established. If the English Liberals believe that this alliance still exists, the Irish people are not so blind to the true state of the case. They have not waited until this debate to learn the lesson which it teaches: to them it was but the crowning evidence of English bigotry and English hostility to Ireland's interests.

Special circumstances had within the last few years drawn the two parties more closely together, and given fresh life to the alliance between them—English Liberalism in what it conceived to be the noble work of removing unjust class or sectarian advantages, Irish Liberalism in its desire to deprive its opponents of ascendancy. The Fenian conspiracy had attracted greater attention to Ireland than was usually bestowed, for it led people to think that there must be something radically wrong in a country where such a movement took place. The Irish Church and Irish land tenure were considered by discerning statesmen to be the plague spots. To redress these grievances and to remove the anomaly of the Irish Church, and with the policy of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas emblazoned on their standard, the Liberals, English and Irish, were returned in overwhelming numbers to the new Parliament. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was the first-fruits. This measure, it may be remarked in parentheses, was the logical result and the necessary completion of Roman Catholic emancipation. Then came the Irish Land Act. Both measures received the support of Irish Liberals and of the Irish people as to a certain extent removing the grievances; but however complete the first of these measures may have been, the Land Act was quite insufficient. 'Fixity of tenure at a fair rent' was the least with which the people would be satisfied. They accepted the measure as an instalment of justice, as a partial

recognition of their claims, but they were far from being satisfied. And as it came to be administered and material was afforded upon which to form a judgment as to its real nature and effects, the loud praise with which it was received subsided, and there arose instead vehement denunciations. Already the faith of the Irish people in the liberal promises of the English Parliament was beginning to be shaken, already it was becoming clear to them that only an Irish Parliament would deal with their grievances in a manner consonant with their ideas.

The refusal to pardon the political prisoners, that is to say those who had been convicted of Fenianism, was another proof that it was useless to appeal to a British Government for anything they desired. The amnesty of the majority of these men was not sufficient: there should be no distinction between the prisoners, all must be released. But no, a deaf ear was turned to their petitions; an Irish Parliament would alone entertain their prayers.

A cry went forth too at this time, and one that had some truth in it, that Irish interests were being neglected by Parliament, that no time could be got to carry Irish Bills through Parliament, that debates on Irish subjects were postponed till the small hours, when but little attention could be given them. And so gradually a party calling itself a Home Rule party grew up. In the exasperation of the Orange party with the treatment they had received in the disestablishment of the Church lay the probability of the Orange and Green blending together to strive for that form of government under which such measures would not be repeated; but the Orange party, unable to accept as true the ardent professions of liberality and toleration made to them, and conscious that their welfare lay in a loyal adherence to the English connection, resolutely de-

clined to enter into any compact. Their refusal, however, had but little effect upon the Home Rule party, which gained daily fresh adherents, as its programme became more decidedly national, growing by degrees sufficiently powerful to control elections, and ultimately to return their own nominees to Parliament. Some of these were elected Members with the countenance and support of the Roman Catholic clergy, hence their conduct in Parliament did not differ much from that of the non-Home-Rule Liberal Members, and they were ready generally to support the Government, from whom the Irish people had received so many benefits, partial and incomplete though those benefits might be. In other cases, however, the elections were carried against even the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, and this small section of the party either offered only a partial support to the Government or absented themselves altogether from the debates and divisions. Their numbers were not, however, sufficient to render their votes of much importance, and the rest of the Irish Liberal Members were true to the Government.

One way or the other the English Liberal party, or, to speak more correctly, the Imperial Government, has been fast losing its adherents in Ireland; and although it was extremely probable even if an Irish University Bill satisfactory to the Roman Catholic hierarchy had been carried, the Roman Catholic clergy propitiated thereby, and their support gained, that the return of Home Rulers as representatives of Irish constituencies would not have been checked, yet that probability has become a certainty when the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Roman Catholic press pronounce in favour of Home Rule. It is probable that sooner or later the Roman Catholic clergy must have taken this step. Powerful as is

their influence over their flocks, they are not at all times able to guide. Occasionally they must follow; and in the present day, when education, and the press, and the numerous other sources of enlightenment have rendered the people more independent and self-asserting, this course is becoming more necessary. The Irish people have long been listening to the voice of their press, whose unchanging text has been the restoration of their national Legislature—'an Irish Parliament for Ireland.' This has been the burden of every discourse, the moral of every event; it has now become the first article of the political creed of the Irish people. But be the cause what it may, the pastorals of some of the Roman Catholic bishops, the speeches of numerous Roman Catholic priests, and the leading articles of their organs show that the great majority of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy have thrown in their lot with the Home Rule party.

The alliance between the English Liberals and the Irish Liberals was not one which in the nature of things could last long. That they were allies for so many years was due to the fact that to a certain extent they had common objects in view. But the motives which swayed each were not similar. Many of the Irish Liberals aimed at nothing further than the establishment of religious equality; but behind the action of the great majority of them were those motives, we should rather say extreme objects, which are now finding expression in Ireland, objects far more important and immeasurably greater than the petty acquisitions of the moment—behind the action of the English Liberals was the wish to be freed from all self-accusations which, judging by an English standard, had any real foundation, the wish to set ourselves right in the opinion of other nations, and the desire to be unshackled in future dealings with Ireland. 'We

have,' said Lord Kimberley in his speech last April at Ipswich, 'purged our consciences of whatever injustice we have committed towards Ireland.'

During this process the two parties held together, but during it also a change was going on in the Irish constituencies, and Irish Liberalism was assuming an extreme type. On the one hand the policy of the Ultramontane party was becoming more declared; on the other hand the voice of the Nationalist party was growing in strength. Between these two extremes Irish Liberalism of a moderate character is, or rather will at the next general election be almost if not quite unable to find expression, for these extremes are now the prevailing powers in Irish Liberal constituencies. With neither of them can English Liberalism or English patriotism have anything in common.

This state of affairs need not, however, form any subject of self-gratulation with the Conservative party. They likewise have suffered in the change, and will have to surrender many of their seats; and the power too which is to be employed against the Liberals will be employed equally against them should they assume the reins of office. The question is, in fact, no longer one of party. It has become an Imperial one, and as such can only be disposed of by Englishmen of different parties uniting.

Once more, then, are we brought face to face with an Irish difficulty. With a suddenness which was scarcely expected, yet with that inevitability which we have long foreseen, this difficulty is upon us. What course are we now to pursue?

To enable us to come to a conclusion, we must first understand the nature of the proposals made to us, or rather demands made from us, by the Home Rule party, who are so fast supplanting the Irish Liberal Members.



It has been the policy of the more thoughtful leaders of the Home Rule party to be studiously moderate in their language and ideas. They have, in fact, dressed up the wolf in sheep's clothing, and they disclaim the language and views and ulterior designs of their more noisy and outspoken supporters. They call simply for a readjustment of the relations between the two countries with the view of preventing the evils of over-centralisation. The Imperial Parliament is breaking down under the amount of work it has to perform—relieve it of the management of Irish internal domestic affairs; 'let each country manage for itself what concerns itself only, let both manage in a common assembly what concerns both collectively. Thus healthy national aspirations will be satisfied, and the dead-lock of Imperial business prevented. Thus will a desirable mean be found between the separation of countries which have so many interests in common, and the over-centralisation, which has been found to work so badly for both.'<sup>1</sup>

It looks very reasonable and very simple; and then, to make the plan appear less dangerous, 'if deemed desirable, it might be arranged that the establishment of any religious ascendancy, or the alteration of the Acts which settled Irish property in the reign of Charles II., should be placed beyond the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament.'

If we seek the reason for the readjustment of relations between the two countries, we are told that Irish interests are neglected in the Imperial Parliament, or that in things which concern Ireland most, English views are adopted in preference, often in direct opposition to Irish ones; but if we do not accept either of these reasons as sufficient for so great a change as the establish-

ment of separate and independent Legislatures, we are at once confronted with the usual rhetoric about Ireland's inalienable right to self-government, and then we see clearly through the disguise.

'A large and intelligent community geographically, historically, and actually distinct,' says Mr. MacCarthy, 'it is denied the management of its own affairs. . . . The results which generally follow so objectionable an arrangement have followed here. How can a calm and candid enquirer resist the conclusion that it would be desirable to revert to the natural order of things, and restore to this distinct ancient and idiosyncratic community the control of its domestic affairs?' Unless all the world, and all political thinkers and all sagacious observers, and all orators and poets, have utterly deceived themselves as to the practical advantageousness of civil liberty, this restoration must be attended with the political advantages which ordinarily follow the possession of such liberty.<sup>2</sup>

There are many statements made by the Irish National party in treating of this question which, on investigation, appear to be scarcely warranted by facts. One would think from the tenor of the language used that all Ireland participated in their views; one would think that the Irish people, whose name is so perpetually and glibly used, constituted the whole population of the island. The sound is imposing, for the mere idea of a people carries a weight with it which no other term would. The actual meaning of the term 'Irish people' is much less. It has no such deep significance as the whole population of the island; it does not include the Protestants, it does not include a large number—and that the wealthiest and most respectable portion—of the Roman

<sup>1</sup> *A Plea for the Home Government of Ireland*, by F. G. MacCarthy.

<sup>2</sup> P. 34.

Catholics, it has not even the merit of meaning persons of purely Celtic as opposed to Saxon blood; but it does mean simply and solely those persons who profess their belief in Ireland's inalienable right to self-government, who look upon what they consider their country as suffering under the tyranny of an alien rule, and who hold other equally National opinions. The 'Irish people' as at present in use in Ireland is the name of the followers of a political creed, and not of a distinct nationality, and this is a fact which should be remembered when considering the demands of the Home Rulers.

Another tacit sort of assumption, and one rather amusing in its way, is that things cannot go on as they are going now—that we must, so to speak, at our peril at once make the choice of 'separation' or 'federalism.' A specimen of this may be seen in the first extract which we quoted from Mr. MacCarthy's book. It may be a very convenient way of putting the question, and one which, if persevered in, might on a less vital point possibly lead people to think that the choice had to be made; but we distinctly decline to recognise the necessity for making any such choice. If Ireland is a source of weakness to England under the present form of government, it would not alone be a much greater source of weakness, but would probably be a source of danger under any other form of government or relationship between the countries. This much is evident, for Ireland is, to borrow National phraseology, 'garrisoned' in a way which at least secures us the possession of the country, and our own position as a great power, much more than if the countries were connected by some federal compact for the endurance of which there could be no possible guarantee. All those persons who are well affected to this country are immensely strengthened by the moral, to

say nothing of the physical, support which the Imperial Government affords; and from the Union many who might otherwise be hostile to us derive such advantages as to make their interests one with ours. Granting even what the Nationalists are so constantly trying to din into our ears, that a government which is not founded on the will of the people cannot be strong, we not alone have nothing to induce us to believe that if we cast off Ireland to-morrow and granted all her demands, the Imperial Government would be in a stronger position than it is under present circumstances, but we have positive reason to believe that it would be in a much weaker position. The views and tendencies of England and Ireland in matters of foreign policy are so directly opposed to each other, and the national leanings of each are so entirely at variance, that the same differences which now prompt only to the acquisition of self-government or control in domestic affairs would prompt then to government as regards foreign affairs. Although the Irish are now loud in asserting that once in possession of Home Rule they would link their fate irrevocably with us, we cannot believe that where such great divergence of views exists any permanent alliance could exist between the two nations.

We are, however, it appears, not to be left the choice of deciding in the matter. Ireland's opportunity has come. She will shortly be in a position to demand the restoration to her of her native Legislature. The form in which this demand is to be made from us will, we are told, be a compact number of Irish Members, not ambitious place hunters, for these will be carefully purged from Irish representation, but men pledged in the most solemn manner to a fixed and definite line of policy, acting on it in season and out of season, seizing every opportunity to embarrass every Govern-

ment, opposing every Government measure which by coalition with the Opposition they would be able to defeat, and thus by placing successive Governments in minorities render our Parliamentary institutions unworkable, and bring the Government of the country to a dead-lock. By a course of conduct such as this they hope to render themselves so obnoxious, that for the sake of convenience we will cast them out from our Imperial Parliament, and send them back to make a Parliament for themselves.

Various estimates have been made as to the number of Home Rule Members which will be returned to the next Parliament. Sixty is considered the most approximate, but even if only fifty are returned this will represent 100 votes on a division, and with the two great English parties at all evenly balanced, it cannot be denied that even fifty Members might cause serious obstruction to the government of the country. A line of conduct such as this is one against which our Parliamentary forms and usages appear to afford us no protection. Hitherto Irish discontent has assumed a form hostile to property, life, or government, and has consequently been easily dealt with by the Executive Government; now it comes forward under the protection of a constitutional guise, penetrating within the walls of Parliament, and assuming a form not so easily dealt with.

Supposing that all this actually comes to pass, why should we not rid ourselves of this trouble, concede the demands urged upon us, and restore to Ireland her national Legislature? The question is a useful one, for its answer affords us a guide as to what our course must be.

Suppose, then, Ireland set free from this country, the only remaining ties between us the same as those now existing between Great Britain and Canada. This form of connection seems to be the one

most in favour at present. The constitution, however, would be different in so far that in Ireland there is a titled aristocracy, which would form the Superior Chamber.

It is not too much to assume that the Parliament would be a popular one, based upon a lower franchise than the present, and consequently representing to a greater extent than the present Irish Members of Parliament do a lower class of the people. Nor is it probable that the Irish House of Lords would have more if even as much power in opposing popular measures as our British House of Lords has. A free scope would therefore be afforded to the Irish people for carrying into effect all their projects for making Ireland wealthy and prosperous, happy and free. The policy which would be pursued by the Irish Parliament is easily to be surmised from the speeches of Home Rulers and from the articles of the National press.

Naturally all the evils ascribed to the Union would be quickly removed, and laws passed embodying the principles now announced as the proper remedies for these grievances.

One of the first charges against the Union is its disastrous effects upon Irish commerce and manufactures. The Union drains Ireland of her income.

'If we estimate the exported revenue,' says a prominent Home Rule speaker, 'the absentee rents, and the loss on Irish manufactures conjointly amounting to 5,000,000*l.* a year for the 72 years the Union has lasted, the result will show a money drain of 360,000,000*l.* during that period. . . . Home Government would take the robber hand of England out of our pocket. Home Government would arrest the perpetual drain of Irish income.'

Although such language may be regarded as slightly exaggerated, having been used in the heat of addressing a public audience, it nevertheless expresses more or less

truly Irish views, for Irish National writers agree in believing that the Union injures Irish commercial and manufacturing interests. But it is manifest that an Irish Parliament could not remedy this state of things except by legislation, and the only legislation possible would be a return to the old, and with us long exploded, system of protection. It is the only way by which Irish manufactures can be put on a par with English, and unless some laws were made on the subject, trade would continue in its present channels, Home Government or no Home Government, and would have the same effects in draining the country as it is now considered to have. Any laws, therefore, made on this subject by the Irish Parliament, would be in a spirit hostile to free trade. That so shortsighted a policy could be adopted, would be a matter of surprise if the Home Rulers were not perpetually parading their ignorance of the first maxims, the commonest truisms, of political economy. To them this science seems unknown. They advance, as sound, doctrines which have long since not only been proved to be entirely false, but absolutely mischievous. We have not space here to enter into a discussion on the comparative merits of protection and free trade, nor is any such discussion necessary. Experience testifies to the mischievous effects of the one, and to the vast benefits of the other; experience, too, would soon teach Irish protectionists that the protection policy which they had adopted was rapidly impoverishing their country instead of enriching it.

Another evil mentioned in the last extract we have quoted, and one to remedy which is a special reason for demanding Home Rule, is absenteeism. There are few practices which have been more bitterly inveighed against. Even in temperate assemblies the idea of an

absentee tax has been proposed; but as absenteeism is one of the crying evils of Ireland, as it is looked upon as the main cause of Ireland's poverty, and as any partial measure would be only an imperfect remedy, very effectual steps would probably be adopted for its suppression. Whilst we believe that absenteeism is in more ways than one disadvantageous to the country, we are unable to see how it could be remedied except by some violent interference with the rights of private property. Yet we have ample reason to believe that the popular party in Ireland would not long tolerate a practice which they regard with such hatred.

Another evil to be remedied is the tenure of land; and here all the deepest passions of the Irish peasantry are involved: their cherished traditions point to it as theirs, ancient prophecies have foretold its future restoration to them. Their aspirations are fixed upon this one object: they were defrauded of the land, usurpers possess it; shall they not re-demand it when they are in a position to do so? The prospect of liberal legislation on this subject is the motive power of the Home Rule agitation; by Home Rule they see the means of attaining their end, means which would be quickly made use of to attain it. The reform to be satisfactory must be in accordance with popular ideas; and as these ideas would be represented by a large majority in any Irish House of Commons, there can be no doubt that the land question would be quickly legislated for in a manner consonant with the wishes and interests of the Irish people. Those wishes have been sufficiently often and sufficiently clearly enunciated. The reduction of the landowners to mere annuitants would be the first step, the practical termination of these annuities the next.

We have no wish whatever to impute unreasonably to a mythical

Irish Parliament a policy so subversive of order, so opposed to all moral laws, and so deeply fraught with evil. We take as grounds for our conjectures as to the probable policy of an Irish Parliament, the speeches of the Home Rulers and Nationalists. These may naturally be considered to afford an exposition of the tenets of the spokesmen and of the party to which they belong, nor can we be accused of any unfairness in thus treating their speeches. That we have understated rather than over-stated the popular views will be patent to any one who takes the trouble of referring to the accounts of the popular meetings, of perusing the speeches delivered at them by the popular leaders, and of noticing the sentiments which meet with most approval.

So far, then, for the material interests of the country. In measures affecting its other interests, namely, the social and moral welfare of the people, the guiding power would be the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood. People in this country are sufficiently familiar with the aims and policy of that Church, and its opposition to social progress, to enable them to estimate the probability of a nation's progress with such a hand at the helm. The constantly recurring declarations of the Head of that Church, and the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy in nearly every European country, do not leave us in the dark as to its objects. The increase of the power of the Church, the subordination of the State to the Church, the exclusive control not only over the education of the people, but over the people themselves, these are its first objects, and with a Parliament composed mainly of Roman Catholic Members these objects would sooner or later be carried into effect.

Such, we believe, would be the nature and policy of an Irish Parliament; and as a consideration as to

Ireland's future must form an essential element in helping us to arrive at a conclusion as to how to deal with the demand for Home Rule, an enquiry such as we have here made is necessary.

In coming to a decision on the question of Home Rule, it must be borne in mind that Ireland is not united on this subject. This is a fact which would not need to be stated, but that it is not alone persistently questioned, but often directly contradicted by those whose interest is to make it appear otherwise. Not alone have the Orange party, as we have before said, opposed themselves to this new agitation, but a very large portion of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the country are by no means inclined to favour it. Their property, their prosperity, and their interests are linked with the present form of government, and any change would but place them in a more disadvantageous and less secure position; in fact, the people who are opposed to the movement are those whose judgment is most entitled to our consideration, whose interests are of the most importance to the welfare of the country, and who themselves constitute the most industrious and law-abiding portion of the community.

Nor is the statement so commonly made by Home Rulers true, that the different religious sects in Ireland have become so mutually tolerant that there would be no probability of their quarrelling with each other, nor, if Home Rule were granted, any danger of their coming to blows. It is true that there is more mutual toleration now than formerly, but it exists chiefly, if not solely, among the higher and more educated classes. Amongst the lower orders, especially in places where the two sects are in nearly equal numbers, the bitterest animosity exists between them. The constantly recurring party riots in the North of Ireland are undeniable

evidence of this. These originate from pure sectarian hatred. There is no principle to be fought for; neither party can by any possibility benefit anything by defeating the other; no conceivable object can be gained; and yet these disturbances annually occur: men are killed, property is destroyed, and these scenes of diminutive civil warfare are only prevented from becoming general by the strong arm of the law.

It is simply the superincumbent weight of the British connection, and the powerful hand of a strong Executive Government, which preserves the peace in Ireland. That connection places out of the reach of Irishmen of either sect the possibility of attaining that supremacy which each is so eager to acquire, and it removes from their arbitrament those subjects which men regard with interest so vital as to make them ready to sacrifice their property and their lives in the cause. Remove the weight of the British connection, transfer to an Irish Parliament the power of making laws, and at once the motive to peace is destroyed, the incentive to strife is given. Nor would that strife be long in coming. The very first measures of an Irish Parliament would deal with subjects a difference of opinion upon which has before this deluged countries with blood, and would have the same effect in Ireland. Firmly convinced that so disastrous a calamity would be the inevitable results of the restoration of a separate Legislature to Ireland, we are bound in the interests of peace and all its blessings positively to refuse the demand for Home Rule which a portion of the inhabitants of Ireland are now so loudly making.

We differ entirely with the Home Rulers as to what is best for Ireland. —‘What! do we not know our own case much better than you can?’ they will impatiently exclaim. We answer, ‘No.’ It is like a case in

which the patient imagines that some drug would cure him which the physician knows would be his destruction.

We believe, and we have good reason for our belief, that Ireland’s interests will be best advanced by the peace and freedom which the present form of government affords. Our objects and those of the Home Rulers agree in this, that we both desire that Irishmen shall enjoy the fullest freedom—that we both wish to see Ireland prosperous, wealthy, and happy; but we have different ideas as to freedom, and different ideas as to how to attain the wished-for goal as regards those other objects.

Home Rule will not increase Irish commerce, it will not develop her resources, it will not convert her into a manufacturing country. These great changes are only effected by industry, and industry can only exist where the people are able to follow their pursuits in peace, and where they have the guarantee that they will be permitted to reap the fruits of their industry. That peace is at least secured to them, and that guarantee exists under the present form of government. Protected from external violence, they can devote themselves to industrial pursuits. It is our duty to protect them also from internal violence, which is more fatal to the welfare of a country. Prosperity cannot exist except where peace exists. Capital shuns the shores where there is insecurity, and dearly has Ireland already paid for the successive popular agitations which have made her notorious. The very suspicion of danger drives the wealthy and industrious inhabitants of a country to lands where undisturbed they can pursue that conduct which had they remained at home would have proved a blessing to their country; and the very symptoms of disturbance in Ireland have not alone retarded her own sons raising her

from poverty, but have deterred others from bringing their wealth, talents, and industry to her aid. What Ireland wants is peace, even if it is only an enforced peace. Then shall we find men turning to industry, and as they increase in wealth so will they come to have a greater interest in the established order of things. That peace can alone be maintained by the present form of government, by a strong executive freely endowed with those powers which shall enable it to deal with all disturbers of the peace. The agitation for Home Rule, faint as is the prospect of Home Rule being gained, is acting injuriously on the material prosperity of the country. How much more injurious, indeed how utterly ruinous, the realisation of Home Rule would be, it is not difficult to conceive.

That Irishmen would gain anything in freedom, or, more correctly speaking, in civil liberty, by Home Rule, is another proposition from which we dissent. The name of England and freedom are almost synonymous; a Constitution such as England enjoys has been and is the goal to which all nations in their march to freedom are striving; in no country is there greater personal liberty, in none is there such entire toleration of various religious and political creeds. What additional freedom Irishmen hope to obtain by Home Rule it is difficult to see. Exceptional laws are, we admit, in force in certain parts of the country, but this is because men have turned liberty into license, and they have only themselves to blame for the restrictions imposed on them. We have ever been ready to extend to Irishmen the same amount of civil liberty which we ourselves enjoy if Irishmen would not abuse it—more than that we cannot do.

In coming to a conclusion steadfastly to resist the demand for Home Rule, it becomes our duty to see that the charges brought against the

Imperial Parliament of neglecting Irish interests are enquired into; and where found to be based on fact, that a remedy shall be applied. Although we are not disposed to countenance an Irish Parliament such as existed from 1782 to 1800, or any single representative Irish assembly, we do not wish to be understood to say that legislation must be carried on exactly as it is at present. There is a good deal of truth in the statement that the Imperial Parliament is overburdened with work: matters connected with all parts of the world have to be legislated for by it, the most intricate social problems and international complications have to be solved by it, questions of world-wide importance come before it for settlement; yet with all this important business, it is hampered with railway Bills, gas Bills, canal Bills, towns improvement Bills, and other matters of comparatively petty interest and purely local importance. Not unnaturally, therefore, many local interests suffer in the annual slaughter of innocents, Irish interests along with others. Public attention is being increasingly directed to this subject, and some remedial measure may soon be adopted. The Local Government Act was a step in this direction; but a greater step will have to be made before the desirable facilities are afforded for legislation concerning local affairs. The present system of obtaining such legislation is expensive, lengthy, and unsatisfactory. Irishmen correctly state that they are put to heavy expense by being obliged to proceed to London to do what could not alone be equally well, but more quickly and far more satisfactorily done on the spot; but the hardship is felt also by Scotchmen and Englishmen, and any reform must apply equally to all parts of the United Kingdom.

To this extent it is desirable to accord Home Rule to Ireland; and

if the Home Rule agitation effects this reform, good will have sprung from evil. Moreover, in carrying into effect a reform which shall relegate to the inhabitants of a locality the means of obtaining at home the legislation which they are at present obliged to go to Westminster for, we shall be removing all just grounds for complaint.

But that this reform, however beneficial, would satisfy the present cry for Home Rule, is an idea which no one need for a moment entertain; that we should make, however, the satisfaction of unreasonable Irish demands the object of our policy, especially where the granting of them could not fail to react disadvantageously on the Empire at large, is another idea which can still less be entertained. This much is certain, that we cannot gain anything whatever by concession to the demand for the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament; we shall not advance one single step towards Imperial unity or consolidation of our power. Supposing even that we complied with Irish demands and gave Home Rule, we have not the faintest guarantee that we have then disposed of the Irish difficulty. The same tactics which are now to be pursued to compel us to grant Home Rule might be pursued again in the Imperial Parliament to compel us again to comply with some fresh Irish demand, nor would fresh demands cease until Ireland was a totally independent nation. And as regards the present, we believe

that in complying with the demand for Home Rule we should be opening the flood-gates of strife and bloodshed, and bringing ruin on the country united to us by the closest ties.

We are, however, threatened now with conduct which is to force us to comply. But we need not pay much attention to such threats. A little plain speaking now may save an infinity of trouble hereafter. We will not be deterred from following a policy which we conceive to be the best and most just. Cost what it may, we must uphold that form of government which recognises and protects the rights of property, which places all religious sects on an equality—so far as equality can exist—which affords the freest scope for the utilisation of the natural wealth of the country, and which gives the greatest facilities for the intellectual and moral progress of the people. We know that such a policy cannot but be unsatisfactory to either sect seeking for an ascendancy, for under such a Government no ascendancy would be possible. We know, too, that it would be distasteful to a large portion of the 'Irish people,' whose desires could thus never be realised; but we are thoroughly convinced that such a policy, based as it is on principles of justice and toleration, must in the end be productive in Ireland of that peace and prosperity and mutual good will which it has of late been the object of high-minded Englishmen to establish and promote.





# INDEX

TO

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